

## The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

### Part IV

#### The conspiracy in the International Criminal Court

##### 1.

#### The psychology of the ying and the yang and the battle over the one Pyramid (Newly Revised Version)

##### Part I

Ἀνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, μουσα, πολυτροπον, ὅς μαλα πολλὰ  
πλαγχθῆ, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πτολίεθρον ἐπερσεν,  
πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω  
πολλὰ δ' ὅ γ' ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἀλγέα ὄντα κατὰ θυμόν,  
ἀρνυμένους ἦν τε ψυχὴν καὶ νόστον ἐταίρων.  
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὡς ἐταροῦς ἐρρυσάτο ἱεμένους περ.  
αὐτῶν γὰρ σφετερήσιν ἀτασθαλίησιν ὀλοντο,  
νηπιῖοι, οἱ κατὰ βουζὺς Ὑπεριονὸς Ἡελίοιο  
ἦσθιον. Ἄνταρ ὁ τοῖσιν ἀφείλετο νόστιμον ἡμᾶρ  
τῶν ἀμοθῆν γε, θεὰ θυγάτηρ Διὸς, εἶπε καὶ ἡμῖν.

Sing Muse the man well traveled, who roved  
so far, so long, after he overthrew the holy citadel of Troy,  
of many men he saw their cities and their manners learned,  
and woes he suffered in the deep.  
He strove to save his comrades' life and safe return,  
but all his striving failed to rescue them.  
They perished by their own follies,  
fools, who ate the oxen of Hyperion the Sun.  
Hence never more saw they their native land.  
From some point at least, O daughter of God, tell us the tale.

(The beginning of *Odyssey*,  
translation modified from  
G. A. Schomberg, C.B.)

The year is 2010

*Dramatis Personae*

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, IV  
The psychology of the ying and the yang, I: Newly Revised Version  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Revision, Oct. – Dec. 2022

The Pyramid  
(ANGELINA “le Beau Visage”;  
the Great Pyramid of the Law Library)

Myself

The Pyramid’s father  
(White Mexican Monkey)

The Invisible Hand  
(master of the CIA clandestine service  
mistaken for “DGHTR”)

DGHTRCOM  
(pronounced “Daughtercom”  
or  
TCHTRKOM  
Prime Minister of Russia V. P.)

Mommy  
(CIA)

Maman  
(DGSE:  
Direction général de la sécurité extérieure)

DGSE Smart Woman

“Daddy” Chertoff  
(Mr Former Secretary  
of Homeland Security)

the Pyramid’s twin sister, brother, and mother

“BOL”  
(“British Old Lady”  
Madam President of the ICJ)

“The Boss”  
(the “Great Boss”:  
our (former) Vice President)

“Mr First”  
or  
“Monsieur Premier”  
(Director of the Chinese MSS as of 2008)

Mona, Wes,

“Five Second Double Smile Pyramid”  
(the smiling Russian agent in Starbucks,  
July 6 2009)

“Mr Fitting”

Nikki, the Old Man, the UCLA Vagrant Woman  
and others designated by their first names.

DGHTRLND  
(pronounced “Daughterland”)  
(or: TCHTRLND)  
(pronounced “Tochterland”)  
دخترپستن  
(namely, Russia)

DGHTRPPL  
(pronounced “Daughter People”  
or  
TCHTRLEUTE  
“Tochterleute”)  
(namely, the officials and officers of  
the Russian intelligence service SVR)

DGHTRWRLD  
(pronounced “Daughter World”)  
(or: TCHTRWLT  
pronounced “Tochterwelt”)  
(namely, the “new New World Order”  
which DGHTRCOM tried to actualize)

TOCHTRSPRCH  
(pronounced “Tochtersprach”)

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or  
DGHTRSPK  
*pronounced* “Daughterspeak”  
(namely, the Russian language)

ΘΥΓΑΤΗΡΜΑΤΑ  
(DGHTRTHINGS)

**PLANMEX**

“Mommylijk”  
(any white girl looking like a CIA agent)

The “Control Center”  
or  
The “Cave”  
(namely, the Homeland Security control center  
refitted as a court house for the International Court system)

The Law Library  
(the unspecified county library  
where the Pyramid worked)

We are here, in this newly revised version, to set the record straight once and for all. We have seen in the last episode (“The World of the Pyramids”) that DGHTRCOM had found a way to reward me for the hard work I had done to save his country and to cushion me against more work which he had, without my knowing, assigned to me in the road ahead. He was going to give me a “co-conspirator” to spare me loneliness now that I had to “finish my mission” with the Great Boss and the CIA and all the unfavorable evidences against Daughterland from before had to be replaced to “patch up all the holes”. He was going to pair me up with the Great Pyramid of the Law Library, just as I had desired. But he could not just set me up with her directly. That would be conspiracy. Since he had won the trial on the presumption that I had conspired with Mr former Homeland Security Secretary and the CIA to harm Daughterland, he could only “give me a girlfriend” when he was able to make it look like it was part of the conspiracy against him (an act to harm his country). He found a way to do this in the law “letting the suspect finish his mission”. Recall how the law of “letting the suspect finish his mission” was derived from the procedures of a normal terrorism investigation. When, say, the FBI discovers a suspect planning a terrorist act, they will not bust him right away but will send agents to him to pretend to be coming from some known terrorist organization here to help him as a way to sting him – in an effort, that is, to institute a reality around him which would fit his belief. The agents would try to supply him with a fake bomb and instruct him where to set off the bomb, etc., as the final shot of the sting operation: that is, letting him finish his mission. Only when the suspect was about to set off the bomb at the target place would the FBI agents appear *as themselves* to arrest him. His mission shall not

be “intercepted” until the last moment when he was about to accomplish it. Now that it was established that I was a terrorist suspect conspiring with Mr former Secretary and the CIA to harm Daughterland, DGHTRCOM was supposed to follow the international laws that had been established for my case and “allow me to finish my mission.” But he could only do so using my conspirators. He thus commanded the Invisible Hand, my most important conspirator, to lead me to believe that I was about to be “given a girlfriend”, and used this belief of mine as the legal justification for him to order my conspirators, most importantly the Invisible Hand himself, to “devise my environment to fit my belief” so as to “let me finish my mission” – namely, to give me the Pyramid. Thus, no sooner had Daughterland triumphed over France on the morning of February 12 than DGHTRCOM ordered the Invisible Hand to come to the Pyramid’s house on that night to discuss PLANMEX with her family (pairing her up with me and sending us off to Mexico to “discover Atlantis”). In other words, not only was PLANMEX a CIA plan, but it was also the Invisible Hand himself rather than some Russian legend DGHTR who was training the Pyramid and devising my environment from the control center. The rest was then just as in the original version: this act was the beginning of another round of battle between France and Daughterland that would be far stormier than the first round... It would effectively result in the loss of the world just won: the Great Pyramid of the Law Library would turn out to be something like the famed Chen Yuanyuan of late Ming Dynasty (陳圓圓)...

It is thus to correct the fundamental errors in the original version – mistaking the Invisible Hand for a Russian legend DGHTR and misconstruing PLANMEX as some “Russian plan” (even though it really was) – that we are now attempting this current revision. We shall skip over much of the Preface in the original version. Please, however, read them in the original version nonetheless: much of the comparison with Chen Yuanyuan, the description of the mind-reading computer, the explanation of the evidence-replacement process, and the account of the “Cheney Plan” remains valid. What was erroneous there was the summary of the last few days before Daughterland’s victory, the exculpation of the CIA, and the account of the Pyramid and her family situation. We shall start with these.

### **The replacement of evidence and the “script”**

As you have seen in “The World of the Pyramids”, DGHTRCOM had in fact no intention of forgiving, and reconciling with, the CIA. Now that there was a chance to gain complete control of the Agency forever, he of course grabbed onto it – completely ignoring my request. This is something which I had never quite understood until much later: neither the Chinese nor the Daughterlanders had much interest in Homeland Security or the neocons because these latter were inexperienced newcomers. They were much more interested in the CIA, their perennial foe who had been fighting them for a much longer period and who had much more beautiful, exciting, and interesting secrets than the neocons or Homeland Security ever did – even though the latter were far more brutal toward them than the CIA. And so even though, when I attempted to defect to China, I wanted the MSS to attack Mr Secretary of Homeland Security, the MSS attacked the CIA instead; and even though I wanted this time the Daughter People to nail Mr former Secretary and his Homeland Security while sparing the CIA, they in fact went after the CIA with far greater vengeance.

Although our description, in the original version, of the evidence-replacement procedures was mostly accurate, we didn't quite get this over there. As soon as Daughterland had definitively won on February 12, DGHTRCOM ordered the Invisible Hand to begin replacing evidences, not simply to remove all past instances in which I seem to have conspired with Daughterland (to enrich these instances with a new command structure), but also to demonstrate once and for all that the Daughter People's story about me when France joined the lawsuit – that I wanted to cry because I felt inferior before these “pyramids” – was indeed correct. Again, the real reason why I wanted to cry (that I was aware that the Daughter People were beating the CIA and thus felt guilty) must be covered up completely in the evidentiary record. It's partly for this reason that DGHTRCOM had thought the Pyramid to be a perfect partner for me – namely the perfect “pyramid” on her face. Recall what we have said in the original version about the “scripting system” (with some modifications):

The origin of, or legal justification for, this “scripting system” is the same International Court tradition of “an eye for an eye” or the rule that the victim of a conspiracy shall compensate itself by adapting the conspiracy to its own purpose (the rule of “reversing a conspiracy with a terrorist suspect to benefit the victim of the conspiracy instead of the conspirators of the suspect”). Recall how, when the Daughter People had opened up the “secret box” of the ICJ – and eventually the Great Boss' head – they discovered the “Cheney Plan” – that he wanted to chip the Chinese and Russian elites and then have a huge computer automatically coordinate the actions of all these remotely controlled Chinese and Russian officials as a way to direct them to play out the “script of World War III” which he himself would have written – making everyone believe that this “World War III” (with all its attendant natural disasters) was “real” and “natural”. Once DGHTRCOM had intercepted the “Cheney Plan”, the aforementioned International Court tradition allowed him to adopt this method of “scripting world history like a movie as if it were real” for his own interests. Well, his own interests were the “Triple Op”. So DGHTRCOM wrote a “movie script” describing how I met the Pyramid under the suit team's direction, how I was used as a patsy by them in a conspiracy against Daughterland – the episodes thus far would be used to replace the evidences from the “first run” – how the Agency then instructed the Pyramid to lure me to Mexico with her to discover Atlantis for our Great Boss, how I married her, and finally, as if naturally, how we came to rule Mexico together – at which point DGHTRCOM would himself intercept this “movie” and make me and the Pyramid fall under his command.

This much is roughly correct. And so the beginning of our new “script”, or our new “show”, is thus: I, a homeless guy, felt inferior in front of the Pyramid because of her perfectly triangular nose. Because of my inability to “climb the Pyramid”, I fell into depression and cried all the time. As you shall see, I even cut myself. Meanwhile, the suit team continued to use faulty surveillance on me in order to forge evidence to frame Daughterland – but I was completely indifferent to the process having been consumed by my own desires for the Pyramid. These beginning episodes of this new show were really designed to eliminate from the evidentiary record the truth that I had in fact conspired with Daughterland and had wanted to cry because of this – so that no more objections to Daughterland's

victory would be possible and the case can be permanently closed. Strictly speaking, it's only what follows upon these beginning episodes – the marriage with the Pyramid and our going to Mexico together – which shall constitute the terrorist suspect's "finishing his mission".

Thus, as soon as the CIA was definitively convicted of conspiracy against Daughterland on February 12 (insofar as the French attempt to save them had failed), DGHTRCOM ordered the Invisible Hand to start fixing the evidence in this way so that the Agency's loss could be made permanent and irrevocable. While this seems utterly sadistic, DGHTRCOM was merely doing onto the CIA what the CIA had done onto the MSS back in 2008. The loser, after he has lost initially, *is supposed to* help the winner win completely by beating himself up to the point of permanent disability.

Thus, in the following, when you see me feeling inferior before the Pyramid, obsessing over her, and falling into a deep depression – and becoming homeless on top of all this – all this was in fact required in order to seal Daughterland's victory. None of this was an accident on my part – although I wasn't quite aware of this.<sup>1</sup> When the Pyramid and her father were recruited into the show, they were also told that this was what the show was about – "This homeless Chink is gonna obsess over your daughter" – and yet, very soon, they started disliking the show – "We can't let this homeless Chink climb our daughter" – and wanted to change the script: from which catastrophe then followed. The following tragedy – how DGHTRCOM obtained his immortality potion but then quickly lost it – thus originated in the actors of the TV show suddenly becoming disgusted with the roles they were hired to play.

The next paragraph in the original version is also approximately correct (again, with some modifications):

The second run was thus supposed to consist in a series of events in my life which would (1) include episodes that were repetitions (almost like the existentialist *Wiederholungen*) of some past episodes in my life which stood in need of a new command structure for their origination, (2) result in my going to Mexico with the Pyramid to perform archaeological discoveries, and (3) then end up in my marrying her after she had, through DGHTRCOM's orchestration from behind the scene, become the ruler of Mexico because of her connection to a certain elected official in the Mexican government (the "Link"). To make sure that this series of events happen with the desired results, DGHTRCOM would have to write a "script" – like a "movie script" – which would dictate the "story" which the episodes of my life that I would be manipulated to live out would weave into being. In other words, DGHTRCOM's "Triple Op" (the discovery of Atlantis, the Queen of Mexico, and the replacement of evidences) was to be accomplished through something like a "scripting system". In regard to the central purpose of the whole affair, the replacement of evidences to remove Daughterland's conspiracy with me, the "script" is not the new "official story"

1 My comment in the original version is in fact quite fitting a description: "Now DGHTR was going to show off this expertise by making me play out my role in this show – in this movie, you may say – without having acquainted me with the 'script' at all: an unaware actor he would make me." Even though there was no DGHTR but only the Invisible Hand, the Daughter People, and the SVR Legend.

per se, but a “master script” which would contain individual episodes of the new “official story”; the new “official story” would be constructed by replacing problematic episodes in the original evidentiary record with these new episodes. In other words, the “script” would produce the ingredients for the new official story, but a “chef” would have to cook these ingredients together with the original evidentiary record to create the new “official story”.

Once the previous evidence had been fixed (my conspiracy with Daughterland eliminated and the real reason for my crying buried) and I had finished my mission (having discovered Atlantis, married the Pyramid, and become the ruler of Mexico), all these new episodes would thus together become the “official story” coming out of the International Court of Justice as to how this trial had come into being. As you can see, at least the first half of this story would be completely false but, presumably, both DGHTRCOM and BOL were only doing it out of legal necessity and would not be quite concerned if nobody would quite believe it (just as in the case of the discovery of Atlantis). That is, presumably it would be okay if I or anyone else shall one day tell the truth.

### **The Pyramid and her family**

It is now time for a detailed introduction to the other central character in the “second run” – our “Great Pyramid of the Law Library” who was to usher in the coming disaster – and DGHTRCOM’s additional designs for the “second run” besides the replacement of evidences. As I have noted, the Pyramid from this time around would figure tremendously different than how she was in 2008 and 2009. She would exhibit a sudden ten-fold increase in self-esteem and would seem much happier and excited. What was going on was easy to understand: when the CIA comes to your house one night and tells you they want to make your daughter, hitherto unnoticed for anything, into the “Queen of Mexico”, of course your daughter would get quite excited. The Invisible Hand would then daily come to the Pyramid’s house to train her in the dark art of the Agency’s clandestine service *plus* the even greater magics of the SVR, so that she suddenly knew how to act and how to walk and how to appear bigger and smaller and became so much more self-confident. What, then, was the Pyramid’s family background such that her family could believe that it’s not too far out of the ordinary for the most elite intelligence agency in the world to eye on them and their daughter?

The Pyramid’s family seemed to have something to do with the PRI political elites back in Mexico. In particular, they seemed to have a “Link” who was already an elected official (PRI) back in the Mexican government. Such seemed to be the “convenience” which DGHTRCOM had seen in the Beau Visage family – and we shall say more about this below but not here. That this family somehow had some special status would be quite surprising for anyone who knew them only superficially because, on the surface, they seemed really ordinary and had never had the habit of being ostentatious in any way.

Here are some other details. The family lived in a twin house right next to WMH, less than a mile away from Union Station. The Pyramid’s brother, Roberto, was the oldest child.<sup>2</sup> The Pyramid had a twin

2 Born August 1973.



sister,<sup>3</sup> Veronica – and that’s the second reason why DGHTRCOM had focused on the Pyramid: as noted, because the Pyramid and her twin sister could easily appear as David Chin and Lawrence Chin in faulty surveillance, DGHTRCOM can order the CIA to use them to pretend to perpetuate the legend of David Chin in the ICJ. The Pyramid seemed to love literature and wrote somewhat well, although her educational level was merely mediocre, with a bachelor degree in liberal arts from Cal State Dominguez. Veronica, on the other hand, went to San Francisco State University. Soon after graduation, the Pyramid got her current job at the Law Library. Since she had no expenses, she soon accumulated a large saving and, on July 30 2009, purchased her own home that was merely two blocks away from the original family home. Nevertheless, she would spend most of her time in the original family home, with her parents, brother, twin sister, and twin sister’s husband, Miguel,<sup>4</sup> and two little daughters.<sup>5</sup> Such was the family composition which the Invisible Hand would encounter when he first walked into the family.

There seems to have existed a fundamental difference between the Pyramid and her family in general and between her and her twin sister in particular. While the Pyramid was somewhat literary, the family was purely materialistic. Veronica, in particular, had skillfully invested in real estate, having purchased another house near USC Medical Center<sup>6</sup> and another one on S. Figueroa.<sup>7</sup> (Later this year, another one in Lancaster.<sup>8</sup>) However, she didn’t seem to be materialistic when it came to choosing mates, for her husband, Miguel, was totally not versed in money-making and would eventually declare bankruptcy.

The twin sisters were also totally unlike each other when it came to heterosexual relationships. Whereas Veronica was already married with children in her early twenties,<sup>9</sup> the Pyramid, now in her thirties, was still single. The big brother Roberto was also totally different from the Pyramid. He was an extrovert, loved race cars, and had something to do with radio shows. But he was also never married.

Although both born in the United States (in USC Medical Center!), the twin sisters fiercely identified themselves as Mexicans. (Not surprising considering the family’s political connections back in Mexico.) Veronica especially had a tremendous interest in promoting Hispanic people’s wellbeing and identity in American society. All this was of course supposedly an advantage when it came to “PLANMEX”.

The Pyramid had a very large extended family. On her father’s side (le Beau Visage) she had probably 50 relatives, both back in Mexico (Guadalajara) and here in California; on her mother’s side (URB), another 50 or so, both back in Mexico (Concepción de Buenos Aires) and here in California; and on the side of her brother-in-law (SRN), another 50 or so (all here in the US). These were the people among whom the amazing news must have rapidly spread about how an elite intelligence agency had come to

3 Both are born in January 1979; they are thus almost 10 year younger than I.

4 Born June 1975.

5 JL, around 7 year-old at this time, and SM, around 5 and a half year old.

6 What we would later call “House Z”, purchased Mar. 28 2008.

7 The “Figueroa House”. She seems to have purchased it from her relatives on Dec. 18 2007

8 The “Lancaster House”, to be purchased on Sept. 29 2010.

9 In February 2002, soon after graduation.

the Pyramid’s family to recruit the girl to be the “Queen of Mexico”.

Such is the basic information of which we are sure about the Pyramid. What we are not sure of is the precise character of the Pyramid. We know that, in the original version, we have wrongly portrayed her as some sort of black sheep and undiscovered literary talent in her family. She was for sure literary and different from the rest of her family, but in no way looked down upon at all. Neither are we sure that she was that into archaeology and radical politics. In the following, however, we have decided to keep intact this assumption from the original version – but for the sake of the integrity of the narrative rather than as a matter of accuracy.

### PLANMEX

While DGHTRCOM was writing out his “script” for the second run (to replace evidence and let me finish my mission while rewarding me with the Pyramid), he devised this “PLANMEX”, which would include the preparation for his design for Mexico within the new, upcoming, “Daughter World”. He thought that the Beau Visage family, with their connections in Mexico, could be of great value to his “Grand Design” here.

Why did DGHTRCOM have a special interest in Mexico? I was never told why, but I think the reason is kind of obvious. First of all, although DGHTRCOM had definitively nailed the United States and the Western alliance this time, he continued to harbor deep mistrust toward the defeated United States and wanted to make sure that the United States could never pose a threat to Daughterland in the future. DGHTRCOM, together with the Siloviki, thus decided to make Mexico an ally with his country. Mexico, with its strategic position in regard to the United States, could serve as a check on this giant perennial enemy. Secondly, as has been noted before, DGHTRCOM had always recognized that, given the upcoming planetary energy crisis, the control of the world’s energy supplies was the key to survival and prosperity in the hard times to come. As his victory in the International Court of Justice was about to allow him to control all the energy reserves of Eurasia, he wanted to add the oil productions of Mexico to his list as well. DGHTRCOM was thus looking for an ally in Mexico, and, seeing the Pyramid’s family’s political connections, thought that the re-installment of this family in the Mexican government would secure such an ally. DGHTRCOM thus gave the order to the CIA to recruit the “Beau Visage” family for the “Triple Grand Design” which the second run of the International Court trial had become.

Τις αν ουν ημιν... μηχανη γένοιτο των ψευδων των εν δέοντι γιγνομένων, ων δη νυν  
ελέγομεν, γενναιον τι εν ψευδομένους πεισαι μάλιστα μεν και αυτους τους άρχοντας, ει  
δε μή, την άλλην πόλιν...

Could we... somehow contrive one of those lies that come into being in case of need, of which we were just now speaking, some one noble lie to persuade, in the best case, even the rulers, but if not them, the rest of the city?<sup>10</sup>

10 Plato's *Republic*, 414 c.

ην δε ο μεν μέγιστος των τροχων, εις ον η θάλαττα συνετέρητο, τριςτάδιος το πλάτος, ο δ'εξης της γης ισος εκείνοι. Τοιν δε δευτέρωιν ο μεν υγρος δυοιν σταδίωιν πλάτος, ο δε ξηρος ισος αυ πάλιν τωι πρόσθεν υγρωι. Σταδίου δε ο περι αυτην την εν μέσωι νησον περιθέων. Η δε νησος, εν ηι τα βασιλεία ην, πέντε σταδίων την διάμετρον ειχεν.

Now the largest of the zones into which a passage was cut from the sea was three stadia in breadth, and the zone of land which came next of equal breadth; but the next two zones, the one of water, the other of land, were two stadia, and the one which surrounded the central island was a stadium only in width. The island in which the palace was situated had a diameter of five stadia.<sup>11</sup>

So what is this PLANMEX? Insofar as the following disasters had prevented DGHTRCOM from actualizing this plan, I can only speculate on the content of PLANMEX. No one has so far explicitly told me what the plan was actually about – but enough hints have existed to allow me to make the following conjecture. I can say for sure that this plan was devised as both an operation in itself and as a decoy operation at the same time. DDGHTRCOM, as noted, was planning on pairing me up with the Pyramid, both as a way to secretly and indirectly “reward” me while legally lumping me further with the suit team as the latter’s conspirator: one stone two birds. In this PLANMEX, it seems that DGHTRCOM wanted to send me and the Pyramid to Mexico to perform some archaeological discovery. Later clues would continually direct my attention to the discovery of the lost civilization Atlantis as if it were part of the Boss’ “End of the World” plan. I thus conclude that the archaeological discovery in this PLANMEX referred just to this forgery of a discovery of Atlantis. DGHTRCOM’s first additional purpose would thus be to let me finish my “mission” as a conspirator with the Great Boss as well. There was, therefore, a final chapter to the “Cheney Plan” which I have earlier omitted because of my uncertainty about the matter. I have mentioned how the Boss had wanted to orchestrate World War Three (a nuclear holocaust) in conformity to Biblical prophecies, how he had wanted the utopia established from the ruins of the holocaust to be an entirely mechanized earth whose every movement was directed by a giant computer, how he had wanted to let the remaining seeds for a new humanity be duped into Evangelicals, and how he may have even wanted to make himself immortal by interfacing his thoughts with the giant computer and running the entire utopia and mechanized earth like Yahweh. It seems that the Boss was also planning on a fake discovery of Atlantis as a way to consolidate the remaining humanity’s belief in the Biblical world-view. The plan seems to be that, after the world is destroyed in a nuclear holocaust in just the way in which both the New and the Old Testament have prophesied, the remaining seeds of a new humanity – both those idiots like Evangelicals and other unthinking people whom our Great Boss has chosen<sup>12</sup> – would suddenly come across this forged discovery of Atlantis believing that the discovery is real. This Atlantis would appear to be something very similar to the Garden of Eden narrated in the Book of Genesis, and the Evangelicals would believe that their long cherished belief that the Bible is an accurate historical

11 Plato's *Critias*, 115 e; the description of Atlantis.

12 These insulting epithets we have simply inherited from the original version. Today, we have hardly any desire to insult mainstream Christians after regaining, within the 10 intervening past years, profound respect for traditional religions.

manual has been confirmed. Since Atlantis was first described by Plato in his *Critias*, namely by a Pagan philosopher who had no knowledge of the Jewish and Near Eastern religious traditions from which the fable of the Garden of Eden emerged, the (forged) discovery could presumably fool everyone. (But this means that the Boss' Atlantis would look nothing like the geometrical and numerological island which Plato has described. Plato would be reconstrued as having passed down a historical memory which has been distorted by his own alchemical vision of the universe.) Imagine this: the story of the Deluge – God's, or gods', use of deluge to destroy humanity leaving behind only seeds for a new humanity because of His, or their, unhappiness with the original corrupt humanity – is found in the mythology of many different traditions (from the Near Eastern through the Chinese to the Native Americans) so that these independent “confirmations” from unrelated peoples have frequently convinced people that the Book of Genesis is something like an historical account. Now another independent account has been discovered confirming the Biblical account of the Garden of Eden – the Book of Genesis must be true! Not only would the faith of the Evangelicals be strengthened, even unbelievers would be converted to the Biblical world-view. Meanwhile our Great Boss, his thoughts having been immortalized in the super computer running the entire planet, would remotely control all the natural phenomena which these chosen idiots shall encounter, all according to the words of an emergent prophet (he would presumably replay the account in Exodus 19 in which Yahweh made clouds and storms so that Israel would believe in Him and Moses), so that these worthless creatures would never doubt that it is Yahweh who is hovering over them like this – they would never be able to imagine that what they think is Yahweh is actually just a frozen Dick Cheney enmeshed with a super computer. In this way our Great Boss would have established the last component of his utopia: it would be a perfect community existing under God, for atheism would have been rooted out from humanity: everyone has seen with his or her own eyes “how God works”.<sup>13</sup>

I have never been sure of this scenario, and the bizarre nature of the Great Boss' psychopathic mind which this “plan” reveals simply defies belief. Furthermore, I may have overly portrayed the Boss' plan for our future as stupid by omitting to mention that he intended his utopia to be super high tech. (The Boss' vision of a model citizen has always been an Evangelical who is a technology engineer in Northrup Grumman or something like that.) Although the exact truthfulness of this scenario is immaterial for the following story in any case, I do like to point out that the Great Boss, like most other conservatives and neoconservatives, have long ago bought into the common idea that the order of a human community is best maintained by the community's common belief in a supernatural entity who is both its origin and its future salvation. The Great Boss, and those neoconservative intellectuals from the Straussian background who have been feeding him with wisdom over many years, can be easily imagined to have taken literally Plato's suggestion of a “noble lie” which I have cited above. In the

13 In the years since I have written out this “Cheney's utopia” in 2012 and 2013, both here and in “The Cheney Plan, the CIA's war with...”, a certain author has traced out the outlines of the future human society that is indeed very similar to my conception. I have in mind Yuval Noah Harari, in *Homo Deus* (2016) and *21 Lessons for the 21st Century* (2018). For example, a society in which everyone, with a ton of biometric sensors on the body, transmits his or her biometric data every second of his or her existence to the super computers at Google or Amazon so that, as Google and Amazon now know oneself far better than one knows oneself, one merely has to follow Google's or Amazon's instructions as to who to date or which job to accept in order to live a happy and successful life. Here, non-invasive sensors instead of the invasive chips in the brain.

*Republic* Plato has Socrates suggest that a lie be devised to dupe everyone in the perfect polis he has devised into believing that all citizens are actually born and reared underground and are predestined according to the kind of metallic mixtures in their constitution, etc., in order to cement the citizens' organic attachment to their polis as a way to keep the community cohesive and orderly to the greatest degree.<sup>14</sup> It is in fact natural for Boss Cheney to think that making people believe in ridiculous falsehoods about their origin is justified, in fact noble, for the sake of their orderly existence in a community, since it is "duping them for their own good". You should also note that the Straussians, just like their antithesis the Voegelinians, believe in the dual origins of Western civilization – in both the Jewish and the Hellenic tradition. Using Platonic examples to reinforce the Biblical tradition is typical of the style of the neoconservative intellectuals who have populated the Great Boss' think tanks (like the American Enterprise Institute).

DGHTRCOM's idea seems to be that I shall be made to implement this part of the "Cheney Plan" (the discovery of Atlantis) so that I may (almost) complete my mission – my conspiracy with the neocons against Daughterland and the rest of the world – before he shall intercept it from his Macrospherian position. In other words, DGHTRCOM, as a Macrospherian, was going to command Boss Cheney, a Microspherian, to make me "finish up" our criminal conspiracy against Daughterland and humanity in accordance with the rule that, when an intelligence agency discovers a terrorist suspect planning attacks, they do not bust him right away but let him "finish up" what he has started and only bust him when he is almost done. DGHTRCOM was thus not just commanding Boss Cheney to "recommit" the West's past crimes against Daughterland, but even ordering him to "continue committing" those crimes which he was planning to commit, but which he had not yet had the chance to commit, against Daughterland and the world. Using me, though. But DGHTRCOM had kindly decided that I need not do this alone, but with the Pyramid. He was going to make the Boss' manipulation of me a rather pleasant experience. The Pyramid and I were supposed to look for, or pretend to look for and find, the "lost civilization Atlantis" in Mexico under the direction of the Great Boss (via the Invisible Hand). It would of course be strange that some Mayan ruins should turn out to be "Atlantis" and look remotely like the Garden of Eden. But since the point of doing this was to "simulate a crime" so that our Boss Cheney may be prosecuted for it, no one cared whether the discovery would make any sense. The good part of the story is the side product of this "mission", DGHTRCOM's third objective in the second run. According to PLANMEX, while digging in the rural areas of Mexico pretending to look for the remnants of "Atlantis", the Pyramid and I would form relationships with the Mexican underclass, link up with the relative of Beaux Visages who was already an elected official in the Mexican government (the "Link"), and eventually create a leftist government in Mexico more sympathetic to Daughterland. Daughterland would thus have procured a new ally in the Americas whose position in regard to the United States would be even more strategic than Nicaragua and Venezuela. This is how PLANMEX was an operation in itself. DGHTRCOM had ordered Boss Cheney to couple the establishment of a new Mexican government with the discovery of Atlantis in my "mission", so that, when he would come in to intercept this conspiracy against Daughterland and the world, the Pyramid and I would already be ruling Mexico together but would become *his* most trusted allies instead. This is how DGHTRCOM was going to reward me, so to speak.

14 This interpretation from the original version is of course better developed in "Mission accomplie, D".

To eventually become DGHTRCOM's ally, the Pyramid's family, like me, had to be made into a Microspherian conspirator of the suit team and we all had to pretend to be enemies of Daughterland. The governments around the world looked at us "cheat right in the open" but nobody could do anything about it because we had done well circumventing the laws governing conspiracy with our "Macrosphere" and "Microsphere" division. Besides, DGHTRCOM thought that he had gathered up enough good will around the world that nobody would *want* to do anything about what was not a fraud only from a strictly legal perspective. Unfortunately, Sarkozy would soon do something about it.

PLANMEX would also turn out to be a decoy operation because it would turn out that, throughout the process, I would be too distracted to pay attention to the intercepts that the second run would produce to replace or enrich the original evidentiary record. DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People thought that, by altering the command structure and assigning everything Russian to the CIA's command, they could rewrite my past acting to help them as futile attempts based on false beliefs. They had probably also expected that, when the second run started, as soon as I realized that nothing that happened to me (the manipulation of me as a patsy to produce evidences to harm Daughterland) could really harm Daughterland, I would simply lose interest in the process. But they might not necessarily have expected that I would be so seduced by the Pyramid that I would completely lose awareness of the meaning of the intercepts or evidences which they were producing out of me to replace old evidences. All this was good in any case, since the new evidences merely allowed the first run to be reconstrued as a course of events during which I had never acted and was indifferent to the fate of Daughterland or anyone else, as if the conspiracy to harm Daughterland weren't real. This new "official story" would work well, so that DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People weren't particularly concerned with it. They waited quietly for the same result, which was that all suspicions of my conspiracy with them – that I had intentionally and clandestinely helped them beat the United States in this lawsuit – would soon be eliminated from the evidentiary record or the "official history".

In sum, PLANMEX was the general framework in which DGHTRCOM's "Triple Grand Designs", namely the replacement of past evidences to remove Daughterland's conspiracy with me, the completion of the "Cheney Plan", and the preparation of a trusted ally of Daughterland in the Mexican government, were to take place. When DGHTRCOM assigned the Invisible Hand to "run me", he was basically assigning him the managerial position of this plan. Meanwhile, the "official story" would say that the Great Boss had assigned the CIA to send me on my MISSION DISCOVERY, and that the CIA had tasked the Invisible Hand with "running me". It seemed to be a good choice since the Invisible Hand had been studying me for four years and thus knew me the best.

Since I would not be alone in my mission but would do it with the Pyramid, the Invisible Hand would also be the Pyramid's runner. Both DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People saw our Pyramid as a perfect candidate for the implementation of PLANMEX – not just because she had already some literary talent, but also because she had been interested in the archaeology and anthropology of the indigenous peoples in Mexico. She had the required knowledge to "fake" a discovery of Atlantis together with me. How convenient that, on top of her connection with the "Link", she was also

interested in archaeology! DGHTRCOM thus thought the Pyramid to be the ideal ally in Mexican government whom he was looking for. The Pyramid's connection to the "Link" would ensure her a smooth path to her future leading position in a projected Mexican ruling elite. To speak figuratively, DGHTRCOM had chosen the Pyramid to be the "Queen of Mexico" to lead a Russia-friendly Mexico in the future. He did not foresee that he was setting up the Pyramid as a pawn which was about to bring down his entire country, just as Chen Yuanyuan had done in the case of Ming Dynasty China. He was about to commit the "greatest blunder" in his life.

You have to imagine that all that which seems to have disadvantaged the Pyramid was now suddenly regarded as assets. Insofar as DGHTRCOM was looking to establish a leftist government in Mexico – just as his ally governments in Venezuela and Nicaragua were all leftist in orientation – the Pyramid's radicalism – something for which she must have received quite a laughter in her snobbish family – was suddenly deemed as "just perfect". After growing up all these years in a family where no one could understand her – her political ideology and ideals of social justice – the Pyramid was suddenly "discovered" by political elites and intelligence officials from both here and a far away foreign land to be a most valuable jewel. What's more, the Invisible Hand, since he was supposed to manage PLANMEX, had personally taken up the training of the Pyramid for her work in the second run and for her political future. Insofar as the Invisible Hand, the white hair man with a beard in his sixties, was an academic philosopher in his own right, he quickly captured the Pyramid's heart by being able to understand the content of her mind – all her radical ideals, and all her studies on the indigenous peoples of Mexico, etc. As if that weren't enough, the Invisible Hand had also brought in a legend from the Mexican intelligence service. It was the first time in the Pyramid's life that she could actually converse with a group of scholars – from the CIA, the SVR, and the Mexican intelligence service – about what she was thinking everyday. (It's however important to note that the Pyramid had no expertise in politics, science, and philosophy – domains in which I was versed and which demand a greater degree of intellect.) The Pyramid's increasing attachment to the Invisible Hand, unfortunately, would be part of the root cause of the disasters to come.

Both DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People truly believed that the Pyramid's literary and artistic interests made her a perfect match with me, since they were all quite aware of my artistic talents and my giant theory of everything ("A Thermodynamic Interpretation of History" and "Scientific Enlightenment"). They were especially quite aware of my knowledge in archaeology and historical linguistics – because, remember, it was precisely on account of this knowledge on my part that the CIA even came to me in the first place back in 2006. The stage just seemed so perfectly set on first sight: my knowledge would not only capture the Pyramid's heart but would also serve well in this assignment of forging an archaeological discovery.

Now both my "theory of everything" and my ability to talk and act out the character of a conspirator against Daughterland which was non-stereotyped, complex, and realistic (not too good, not too bad) – how detailed oriented and thoughtful you have to be to do this – had caused DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People to be overly impressed by me and to shower the Pyramid with praises about me as if I were the great heroic genius who had saved their country (though their country I did save). And they

had also ordered the Invisible Hand to convey to her the Agency's extraordinary assessment of me. It was indeed very strange that, after DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People had looked at my thoughts on the computer screens in the courthouse for quite a while and seen all my strangely romantic and childish fantasies about the CIA and themselves – a guy so imbued with unwarranted guilt and love for a bunch of pretty white women who had until then never given a crap about him that he was obviously very sick indeed – they would somehow portray me, and order the Invisible Hand to portray me, like this to the Pyramid, setting her up for the upcoming disappointment, which would be another cause for the disasters to come. As you shall see more clearly below, those high-class figures from a far away place called “Russia” who have in the past seven months amply demonstrated their superior intelligence above all other peoples on the planet, would at times commit blunders so strangely stupid and unlike themselves that you wonder if they were possessed. In this case, the problem clearly lay in the fact that only DGHTRCOM and his five or six person team (led by the SVR Legend) in the International Court were actually watching over me in the past months – even though the entire Daughterland government was mobilized for this lawsuit in the past year, everyone else was simply too busy absorbing the vast amount of secrets hidden in the secret archives of Western governments such that no one outside this small Daughterland team was actually paying attention to me. DGHTRCOM himself was constantly on the edge trying to survive and devising geopolitical plans for use after his victory. The task of understanding what I was really about rested solely with the SVR Legend and the Invisible Hand under his command. At the time, our Pyramid of the Law Library, already euphoric over being chosen to be the “Queen of Mexico”, was now even happier about being chosen to pair up with the “legend who had saved Daughterland”. The moment of redemption had come for her at last, it seemed. Thus you shall understand her sudden, and very visible, surge of happiness ever since the morning of February 9 when I walked in front of her to offer to make her the recipient of my life insurance. Little did DGHTRCOM, the Daughter People, and the Pyramid expect that we were all seated for an utterly disappointing anti-climax – that, just as I would turn out to be a disappointment for the Pyramid, so the Pyramid and her family would turn out to be a major disappointment for the entire Daughterland government.<sup>15</sup>

This story is about the failure of PLANMEX, the original plan for the prosecution of the “Cheney Plan”, the acquisition of Mexico, and the replacement of evidences for the sake of permanently closing my case at the International Court of Justice. You need to grasp the gravity of the “failure” here. The failure of PLANMEX meant nothing less than the dismantling of Daughterland merely two months after it had gained control of the entire world to a degree which was unprecedented in human history – not even the Mongols had achieved this kind of world-domination in the 1200s, nor the European imperialists in the 1800s. I have been enumerating some of the causes for this most extraordinary anti-climax in world-history, and I will enumerate more of them in the coming narrative. Now I want to name the main causes before I begin the narrative. The main causes are the Pyramid's father's unbridled ambition for power and DGHTRCOM's fear of offending his allies despite his reputation as a “strong man”. But what made these two causes capable of doing damage to the situation was ultimately the Pyramid's morbid attachment to her father and the Daughter People's carelessness in

15 In my case, things were perhaps not so surprising. Both the Daughter People and the CIA had amply noticed that I seemed to operate as an “intellectual bipolar”.



guarding secret facilities. As soon as the Pyramid had been chosen to be the “Queen of Mexico”, she, in her euphoric mood, quickly made the request to DGHTRCOM that her father be allowed to enter into the “Cave” (the control center or the International Court house). In her traditional family, the Pyramid was terribly dependent on her father’s approval, and wanted her own father to be part of the “inside team” who would be watching over her performance. DGHTRCOM, even though his background in the most effective intelligence service the world had ever seen should have made him wary of such request – he should know that ordinary persons without experience shouldn’t be allowed into a room where the control of, not just myself, but also the entire world, was centralized – was however *afraid* to offend this little, actually ignorant, girl because he had chosen her to be the “Queen of Mexico”. DGHTRCOM thus agreed. Therefore, some time around mid-February, some days after the Daughter People had gained secure control of the whole world as Macropherians, they allowed the Pyramid’s father to go inside the control center, or the Homeland Security control center which had been refitted as a court room for the International Court system, and which, remember, was located somewhere underground in the area of Pershing Square, downtown Los Angeles. The Pyramid’s father would be allowed to sit next to the Invisible Hand to watch him run the computer system responsible for reading my thoughts, manipulating my environment, and controlling other living persons in my surrounding. Even the Pyramid and her family – all ordinary, mostly uneducated, people having nothing to do with top-secret clearances – would be occasionally allowed inside this otherwise highly restricted, top secret facility. The Daughter People could not have been more negligent. The result is perfectly characterized by the Chinese proverb: “Summoning the wolf into your room” (引狼入室). The Pyramid’s father, once he got near all the machines, would be coveting them and ready to unleash his destructive force upon Daughterland and the world.<sup>16</sup>

THE INVISIBLE HAND’S “PROMISE” (*yakusoku*)  
TO THE BRITISH OLD LADY

Finally, a word about the error in the original version concerning the UN Study Group. There was in fact no such “Study Group” in the sense that the team of scholars which BOL had presumably gathered around her to devise a new version of sustainable civilization – one that was alternative to both the Bilderberg version and the Boss’ version – was in fact quite small and completely unknown to everybody else in the United Nations.

Not just this, but we might have been wrong even about the circumstances under which this team of scholars had been gathered. What stands in need of reconsideration is our Introduction to “Periphery” (“The setup of the ICJ ‘lower court’ to sue Russia”). While we still regard the narrative in that chapter as mostly accurate (the Great Boss’ envoy to BOL to deposit the United States’ “global agenda” in the

16 Much of this is from the original version and I haven’t yet mentioned, as another important cause, the absurd “opposite world” which the Pyramid’s family’s entry into the control center had created. As you shall see in the following, my increasing depression – which would eventually give the Pyramid’s father the chance to hijack all the computers in the control center – was partly caused by the situation that nobody would communicate anything to me while everyone watched over me, read and controlled my thoughts, and made decisions about what to do with me. Everyone, that is, who was far dumber than I was. To give a bunch of monkeys the power to treat a human being as if it were a human being dealing with a dog – and you wonder why disasters soon ensue.

“secret box” of the ICJ upper court), we are today quite skeptical of our original statement about the nature of this “global agenda”. This is the scenario we subscribe to today: the Great Boss had merely sent the Invisible Hand to meet with BOL starting from late August 2008. Sure, BOL had already been told, some time earlier, that she could work on her own version of sustainable civilization which the United States would then take into consideration, but when the Invisible Hand showed up to present the United States’ global agenda, things became quite different. Everyone knew that BOL was particular among the UN bureaucrats because of her political incorrectness (just as Hannah Arendt was among the intellectuals of her era who were mostly quite left). The Invisible Hand, as you can imagine, was even more politically incorrect. The false version of the US “global agenda” which the Great Boss had ordered the Invisible Hand to convey to BOL was most likely just the Invisible Hand’s own conception of how a future, sustainable, civilization should be: where this stupid political correctness would have all been eradicated and people made smarter. (We shall later on call this version “sustainable civilization with smart people” in contrast to the versions of the Great Boss’ or the Bilderberg Majority’s). When BOL heard the Invisible Hand’s presentation, it’s as if the two had finally seen themselves in another being. It’s really unfortunate that the Invisible Hand was deceiving BOL insofar as he knew that his own conceptions about the future of human civilization would never be realized because the Great Boss couldn’t be opposed and this man didn’t want anything from the Invisible Hand’s version because he never liked smart people. (Namely, when the Great Boss heard the Invisible Hand’s ideas, he thought these were merely good for decoys to be used on BOL since *she* would like them.)

Since August 2008, then, BOL’s team must have been actively working with the Invisible Hand and the latter’s team of scholars to design together this version of “sustainable civilization with smart people”. When, in October 2009, the Daughter People had opened the ICJ “secret box” and exposed the truth that this version was merely a decoy and was never meant to be actualized, you can just imagine BOL’s anger. Everybody was merely wasting his or her time on a decoy! But, when Daughterland won definitively on February 12, DGHTRCOM suggested that BOL was also a victim of the Boss’ terrorist conspiracy and that the United States should therefore compensate her by really realizing her program. In other words, the Invisible Hand shall now, per an ICJ judgment, be forced to keep his “promise” to BOL. We can thus imagine that PLANMEX must have also been the starting point of a sustainable civilization program on the US side while being the center point of a geopolitical program on the Daughterland’s side. Under normal circumstances the Invisible Hand would have wanted this – since he would of course like to see his vision for the world realized – but this time, because DGHTRCOM had changed this decoy program (now that this decoy program was to be the main dish) so that his country, rather than the US, should benefit geopolitically from it, the Invisible Hand would rather that his dream never be realized.

We must imagine that the Invisible Hand had, at this moment, truly reached the nadir of his entire existence. The most important thing to the Agency was its secrecy, and yet at this moment DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People were rummaging through its secret box – even more aggressively than the MSS did back in November and December 2007. Furthermore, he was now bearing the most extreme infamy among the world’s important people while his arch-enemy,

DGHTRCOM, was hailed as the savior of the world – and from *his* evils. And yet this was totally unfair because he and the whole CIA *were forced* to get on the Boss’ wagon – as if they would really enjoy the Boss’ super high-tech totalitarian utopia with a bunch of dumb people! It’s all Homeland Security’s fault! That’s what happened when a bunch of dumb people got into positions of power: they would inevitably drill a hole on the bottom of the ship out of stupidity so that everybody else, especially the smart ones, would have to do all sorts of evil things to prevent themselves and everyone else from sinking, with the end result of everybody getting convicted, losing everything they had, and bearing infamy forever. Everyone on the Agency’s side must have looked upon these Homeland Security thugs with utter disgust during this period of the preparation for PLANMEX. (Surely, Homeland Security has amply proved itself to be the greatest threat which the CIA has ever faced in its whole existence.) Meanwhile, these Homeland Security thugs, because they knew they were dumber, were getting very angry with the CIA as well as with me (since dumb people always have higher expectation of themselves than smart people) and yet were unable to do anything about it because they were convicted too and must help Daughterland implement PLANMEX in the meantime. Once this trial shall have been destroyed by October, however, Homeland Security would finally demonstrate their anger and then come into the most severe conflict with the CIA for the next ten years.

But, upset as he was, the Invisible Hand nevertheless was trying his best to run me and train the Pyramid for, although he had lost, he would still like to keep his dignity and demonstrate his talents as he was now forced to help his enemy. And he was truly angry with the Pyramid’s father when the latter disrespected him because this Monkey, out of ignorance, simply didn’t understand what the Invisible Hand could have seen in me. And yet it was undeniable that, when I turned out to be so socially inept around the Pyramid, the Invisible Hand was again embarrassed. It just seems that I was a genius only when I was helping his enemy beat him but always a retard when it came time for him to sponsor me.<sup>17</sup>

But you musn’t think that the Invisible Hand was one hundred percent defeated by his enemy. Just as, the last time, the MSS missed the Agency’s mole in their organization when rummaging through the Agency’s “secret box”, DGHTRCOM would this time miss something very important while examining every detail of the Agency’s secrets. The Invisible Hand was in possession of a great, profound secret which was not to be found in the “secret box” and which he had no intention of ever divulging to his enemy – not even when his enemy can read his thoughts.

#### NICKNAMES OR “CODENAMES” AND PERSONAGES OF THE LAW LIBRARY

We have seen in “The World of the Pyramids” how the “nicknames” I first began using on the CIA had by January 2010 evolved into an elaborate system of “nicknames” of a fairy tale quality. Originally I developed these “nicknames” for the purpose of helping the Russians establish my conspiracy with the CIA and Mr Chertoff: these nicknames had allowed the Russians to establish my motive for my conspiracy to harm Russia: how I had had to accept my function in American society as the

<sup>17</sup> Perhaps the Invisible Hand had also noticed that manipulating me from the control center without any verbal communication as if one were dealing with a dog was part of the reason why I couldn’t do so well.

“scapegoat” and how my inferiority complex for pretty white females had forced me to participate in M. Chertoff’s conspiracy to harm Russia as a way to save the CIA. In this episode of the “Secret History of the International Court of Justice” I have decided to preserve this nickname system, and I would in fact continue to develop it in the critical period between February and June of 2010 which is under consideration here. It is necessary to explain these alternate names and special terminology before embarking on this extraordinarily sad tale of betrayal and anti-climax.

In the following “Russia” would be frequently referred to as DGHTRLND (“Daughterland”), following upon the original conception of “Russia” as the “daughter to be aborted”. “DGHTR” would continue to be my designation for the (imaginary) SVR officer who “ran me” since late 2009. Then the Russian Prime Minister VP shall be designated as DGHTRCOM (“Daughter COM”). DGHTRPPL or “Daughter People” (“Tochterleute”) refers to the SVR. The language of DGHTRLND is called, finally, DGHTRSPK (“Daughterspeak”) or TCHTRSPRCH (“Tochtersprach”). All these are evident enough. As for ØYTATHPMATA or DGHTRTHINGS (“Daughter Things”), these refer to the strange things that the “Daughter People” do, such as the appendage of fake fat and fake wrinkles, as you have seen and shall see more below, or the infiltration of American society with “fake Americans” (Russians that talk and look indistinguishably from American born youngsters). “Mommy” refers to the old CIA (or “Agency”) of course (or just its clandestine service), and a “Mommy” means an “operative from the CIA clandestine service”. Recall also the term “Mommylijk”, a pretty white female who looks like a typical CIA operative but who is not one. Occasionally, I would speak of “Mommyland”... You know which country. Mommyland vs. Daughterland! Mr former Secretary, my arch enemy, is sometimes referred to as “Daddy Chertoff” in accordance with the symbolism of a family divorce developed for the trial throughout December 2009 and January 2010. The Pyramid’s psychopathic father will be referred to as the “White Mexican Monkey” or simply the “Monkey”, when we do not call him the “Pyramid’s father”. The “Cave” refers as always to the International Court of Justice, embedded in one of those control centers beneath Los Angeles. Here I will use “control center”, “International Court”, and “Cave” all interchangeably. It had by now been so remodeled that it was simply an underground bunker with a vast array of computerized machines to monitor everything around me.

These strange designations like DGHTR, DGHTRCOM, DGHTRLND, DGHTRPPL, or DGHTRSPK which I have imagined out of my head in developing my conspiracy are in fact sort of appropriate because they happen to resemble the real codenames that have been in use in the Russian intelligence service since the time of KGB. Let me cite a typical paragraph from Christopher Andrew’s *The Sword and the Shield: The Metrokhin Archive and the Secret History of the KGB*:

[KGB’s] most remarkable achievement during the Fourth Republic... was the penetration of the French intelligence community, especially SDECE, the foreign intelligence agency. A complete list in KGB files of the residency’s particularly “valuable agents” in 1953 included four officials in the SDECE (codenamed NOSENKO, SHIROKOV, KORABLEV and DUBRAVIN) and one each in the domestic security service DST (GORYACHEV), the Renseignements Généraux (GIZ), the foreign ministry (IZVEKOV), the defense ministry (LAVROV), the naval ministry

(PIZHO), the New Zealand embassy (LONG) and the press (ZHIGALOV).<sup>18</sup>

Since the Law Library was the main scene for the first half of this narrative, you have to recall the personages in this little library. Other than the Pyramid, there was Angel, the Vietnamese Lady, the Red Glasses Old Librarian; Ms Maternal; Renee, who was studying political science; and Diego, who had four jobs and owned a restaurant. These were the librarians. The Securitas security guards that worked in the Law Library will also feature prominently in the following story, and they include: “Pink” or “Pinky”, a fashionable black woman; Mr Muscle Man “Faison”, a black man who was as strong as a body-builder; and the annoying “Kian Cherrington”. You will also have to recall my best friend Wes from the previous narratives.

### MY STRANGE HABITS

Finally I shall briefly comment on my situation when my diary began in order to impart on you some background information about me against which my upcoming description of my actions may make sense. I would soon resume my habit of recording myself 24 hours a day. My most important concern from day to day was preserving these recordings on DVDs and preventing Homeland Security agents from burglarizing my computer equipment – even though they were now under the Daughterlanders’ command. While most of these recordings chronicling my life were boring, interesting events and conversations orchestrated by the control center occasionally occur in them which make some of them priceless and worth listening to in-depth. The recording files in which these events occur I shall mark in bold for easy discernment.

My fear for the burglarization by intelligence agencies of my computer equipment had by this time crystallized into a form of unnecessary phobia, because the Daughter People had no longer any interests in my data after they had extracted the entire content of my hard drives the last time in late December 2009. Still, I could not rest unless I carried all my computer equipment and data discs everywhere I went. I put them in a bag which I dragged around on a wheeled cart. It was a problem because I couldn’t go into many social circumstances when I had to drag around such a large bag. By mid-February the number of data discs I was carrying with me everywhere I went amounted to almost 100. I had numbered them DVD-1, DVD-2, DVD-3... etc. My most pressing concern had thus become the reduction of the number of discs I had to carry. By March I would start burning my recordings and my writings onto dual layer DVDs in order to keep the number of my new data discs to a minimum. In the meantime, I began reburning all my old data discs using dual layer discs. I would, for example, combine all the data on DVD-1 and DVD-2 into a single dual layer DVD-1-2. As you shall see in the following diary entries, I would spend most of my free time on my laptops, and every day I would be reburning the data on my old discs onto new dual layer discs. When DVD-1 and DVD-2 had been combined into a single dual layer DVD-1-2, I would then put the original DVD-1 and 2 into my storage unit. In this way, I hoped to reduce the discs I had to carry to half the number.

Before I left my home, I would leave my large Samsung DVD burner and empty discs inside the closet,

<sup>18</sup> Andrew, p. 460.

and then tape up the closet doors in a definite complex configuration. I would then film the configuration. The idea was that, I repeat, if secret agents had come into my room to touch my computer equipment (inserting virus into them, for example), they would have to remove the tapes and then retape them. Presumably, the configuration of the tapes would then change, since I had taped up the doors in layers and there was no way for a human being to retape the doors in exactly the same layers and configuration. When I returned home everyday, I would check the configuration of the tapes against the film to make sure that it didn't change. I did the same thing with my storage unit: I would film the configuration of the content – which thing was on top of which – before I closed the door to my unit. When I came again, the first thing I would do was to check the configuration against the film from the last time, to make sure that no one had moved anything inside. This, again, was my low tech and cheap way to protect my things from searches and burglarization by intelligence agents.

I would start out my journey in this “script” for the second run in the most squalid state and in the state of bankruptcy which I had inherited from my previous journey through the International Court trial. I would continue to be broke throughout the coming months. I would not be able to find jobs, and I would at times not even have money to eat. Although 1,000 dollars or so were regularly deposited into my bank account in the beginning of the month, I was caught in a vicious cycle where I had to borrow cash from Payday Loan every month. By the end of the month my account would be overdrawn by 300 to 400 dollars, so that, when the new deposit came in the beginning of the next month, the bank would automatically deduct most of that money, plus charging a penalty fee of up to 100 dollars.

In other words, my life would be just as miserable in the coming months as it was before, in fact more miserable, even though Daughterland had won the lawsuit. These details might be boring, but they play their role in causing the failure of PLANMEX. Other causes for the failure of PLANMEX which relate directly to my situation were the constant malfunctioning of my electronic devices and my renewed homelessness, both of which amounted to a sort of contradiction inherent in the “script” for PLANMEX. By decreasing my ability to function, as you shall see, the “script” for PLANMEX would alienate the Pyramid's unenlightened family and provoke the “Monkey” to unleash his destructive wish upon Daughterland. Furthermore, it will reduce Daughterland's chance for redemption once its recovery from total disaster rested once more on the knowledge in my head. The only good, or liberating, thing during the second run would be that, because I knew Daughterland had won the lawsuit and could never lose again (or so it seemed), I would no longer have to act to protect them. I could say anything that came to my mind. I was at last relieved from the enormous psychological pressure that resulted from having to carefully consider every sound I should make – for fear that it might enable evil people to rule the world.

### THE TEXT

The reader is advised to avoid the following confusion: since I didn't know that it was actually the Invisible Hand inside the control center – having been commanded to “run me” as my conspirator in order to help me “complete my conspiracy” and “finish my mission” – but really believed that it was the SVR legend “DGHTR”, I would constantly speak to my “DGHTR” in my monologues in the

upcoming days, which would then show up in the text. You should thus be advised, whenever “DGHTR” appears in the text, to replace it with “Invisible Hand” (if I haven’t already done so for you).

I don’t believe that I was making an accidental mistake on my part but suspect that the Daughter People had in fact planned for my mistake in order to profit from it. Since, whenever I believed a Daughterlander was running me, the judge computer would see that it was in fact the CIA, it’s evidence (when taken backward in time to enrich the past) that, when I was in intense contact with the Daughter People from March 2009 to February 2010, I was in fact mistaken and was actually in contact with the CIA’s fake Russians or simply with the CIA itself. There could thus not possibly have been any question of my conspiracy with Daughterland. More on this below.

However, even though “DGHTR” didn’t actually exist, the “SVR Legend” did exist, i.e., the genius who led the Russian team to victory in the past month. I would meet this man face to face on August 20, about six months from now, under a rather disastrous circumstance.

One nagging problem in this newly revised version concerns certain possible errors in the reconstruction in the original version which I’m hesitant to correct. My conception, in the original version, about this pervasive signaling system, especially about how the people around me were all chipped and remotely controlled to move at the right time in order to signal to me, must have been quite exaggerated, even if it wasn’t entirely wrong. This had probably indeed happened some of the times, but at the time I tended to assume it happened all the times and consequently wrote this into my reconstruction. In order not to damage the flow of the narrative, I have decided here not to make systematic corrections on the matter but to keep intact the original exaggerated description. Thus, in the following, when you read about how the control center signaled to me through noises or the movements of people and so on, you should not assume that I’m always correct (or, for that matter, that I’m always wrong, “delusional”), nor should you assume that, at the current moment, 12 years after the event, I still believe everything I’m presenting to you here. As long as the overall description of the course of events is accurate, I might intentionally leave minor errors intact simply in order to keep the narrative flowing smoothly.

In the original version I must have also been frequently mistaken in my speculations on the relationship of political institutions (e.g. the UN) and world events to my ICJ trial. Again, I have decided to keep these erroneous speculations intact for the sake of the integrity of the narrative and merely note in footnotes that I might have been mistaken. The same with my presentation, in the original version, of how the brain-chip system works, which is retained in this revision even though it could very well be erroneous (i.e. the entry for February 21). In general, even when I wish to correct certain details of the events that are clearly incorrectly described, I often hesitate to make the changes in the main text itself but choose to do it in the footnotes instead.

The most important mistake I might have made in the original version but which I’m hesitant to completely correct in this newly revised version concerns Mona. Whenever Mona asked me questions which were obviously those which the people in the control center would like to ask me (e.g. whether I

might want to hurt the Pyramid), I assumed, in the original version, that they were remotely controlling Mona to ask me what they wanted to ask me without her even knowing. Although I have chosen, in the revised narrative below, not to correct this most likely wrong assumption from the original version, I want to suggest, here, what was probably *really* going on with Mona at the time. When the Monkey started his dispute with the Invisible Hand and the Daughter People as to whether I might be a danger to the Pyramid, the Daughter People had simply ordered the CIA and Homeland Security to start another “investigation” of me so that the latter two could recruit Mona as an informant on me. In fact, it’s even more likely that the CIA and Homeland Security had simply ordered the police to run the investigation so requested. Thus, whenever Mona seemed to be asking me questions which the Monkey and the Daughter People had wanted to ask me, it’s simply that Mona’s handler or the detective in charge of the case had instructed her to ask me these questions, so that Mona was in fact quite conscious of it. She would just think that this was happening because I was a “suspect” currently under investigation for something. (She of course wouldn’t have been briefed about the ICJ trial and everything else that had happened.) When the Pyramid’s boyfriend suggested, on March 30, that I was “under surveillance”, he was probably also referring to this “investigation” of me by Homeland Security, the CIA, or the LAPD.<sup>19</sup>

An omission that I should also mention is this. In the original version I have tended to overlook the fact that my pair-up with the Pyramid was supposed to be determined by an ICJ judgment. In the beginning, the Daughter People and the CIA had got the ICJ to rule that the Pyramid and I were a good match and that the Invisible Hand, insofar as he understood me and was loved by the Pyramid, should be the manager of PLANMEX. The Monkey’s actions must be viewed within this context. If the Monkey could prove that he was right about me (that I was in fact a danger to people), then he could get the ICJ to rule that *he* should be the manager of PLANMEX.

Stylistic changes include the elimination of all hash values for the recordings and the videos. For the authenticity of the recordings and the videos, the reader can simply consult the original version. Then, because my English writing skill has significantly improved in the past 10 years since this chapter was first written, I have of course taken care to rewrite bad sentences and phrases along with correcting spelling and grammar mistakes.

As noted, while the original version was composed mostly in 2012 and the beginning of 2013, this newly revised version is composed from October to December 2022, more than 12 years after the event and about 10 years after the original composition.

### **February 15 (Monday)**

We shall start my diary entries with February 15 – where we left off in “The World of the Pyramids”.

<sup>19</sup> Today we in fact have to suggest that the LAPD department in question was just the TMU (the Threat Management Unit). Recall that it’s the TMU which was involved in Chaya’s case and so, when the Pyramid’s family had seen “Chaya’s warning”, they had naturally asked the Invisible hand to instruct the TMU to start another investigation of this “stalking suspect” who already had a prior history with this department.



Now that my conspiracy with the French was irrevocably established and that the “Daughter People” could comfortably replace old evidences without worrying, they were going to include all of my thoughts as evidences. Since I didn’t yet know that my thoughts were being read (despite the “secret message” on December 11), the first thing they had decided to do was to make me become aware that they could read my thoughts on the mind-reading computer in the control center. By making me become aware of it, they could make “mind-reading” and “mind-control” into part of my conspiracy with the CIA and Mr Former Secretary against Macrospherian Daughterland. (This was presumably part of my “finishing my mission with my conspirators”.) All the evidences which would be produced from now on would enrich similar episodes in the first run (from September 2008 until a few days ago) so that, when the ICJ shall issue its official story on which its judgment shall be based, it would be as if Mr former Secretary had chipped me in the brain all along – and this, with my knowledge – since the very beginning of the lawsuit. The Invisible Hand was thus commanded to “wake me up”. Rather than simply telling me, however, he would use the same signaling environment to accomplish the task of imparting the knowledge on me.<sup>20</sup> The remotely controlled people around me would scratch their head, or the machines around me would begin humming, all in synchrony with the thoughts in my head. When I woke up around 3 AM this morning, I had the scariest moment. I was in my apartment, and as soon as I had the thought that “I have only communicated with the Russians three times: two times to beg them to spare Best Mommy, and one time to beg them to spare myself” my refrigerator began humming. It scared me because, apparently, the computer inside the Court had always known that I had committed conspiracy with my Daughterland, and I was terrified that my Daughter People might lose the trial. But mind-reading just seemed so impossible. In the next few days I would vacillate between the possibility that my thoughts were not being read and the possibility that they were.

Around 7 AM or so I exited my apartment. It was Monday, the Pyramid was not working in the library, and so I decided to get on the bus to go to Westwood. This day, and the next few days, were going to be quiet without much happening – the evidence-replacement process would not become traumatic until later on in the month – and so we shall note down only the significant reflections I had made while on the bus or wandering the street. I want to note these down because my ability to talk wisdom or make speeches to unveil the hidden aspects of our daily assumptions would be a significant part of the upcoming narrative. I will not mention, except in the footnotes, my recordings for these few quiet days of mid-February. Since yesterday I had become sure that Daughterland had won the trial and was in control of the whole world, and I was thus in an upbeat mood. The Daughter People must be euphoric. While on the bus, I however reflected: “Just know that, in the end, all will be in vain, whether you love someone or hate someone – but you do it anyway. Everyday people get up and go to work, knowing that one day none of this is going to matter, but they do it any way. Just because it doesn’t matter, that doesn’t mean you don’t have to do it. Just because it doesn’t matter, that doesn’t mean you have to not do it... Actually both are true...”. I was talking about how enlightenment might dissolve the desire to rule the whole world. “We should just do things as if it mattered...” Just then there was a honk from some car nearby – did the Invisible Hand remotely control some driver near me to honk in order to signal to me I had said something good?

20 Recall that the signaling system had been ruled to be part of my conspiracy with the CIA since the downing of Best Mommy.

I then reflected on Boss Cheney’s Utopia. Neoconservatism is a semblance of utopia, where people – reduced to absolute ignorance – would have lost the capacity to distinguish between good and bad... In Enlightenment, people would have overcome the distinction between good and bad, but could still distinguish between good and bad – they have simply learned not to care. But no one would want to live in this utopia. People prefer a world which is not perfect – where there is a lot of love, a little bit of hate, but where no one wants to be indifferent to everything. There will always only be a minority of people who will join the ranks of the enlightened monks. This is why utopia usually has to be implemented through force, because most people wouldn’t want it. This is very Voegelinian. When I passed my bus stop and arrived in Santa Monica instead, while passing by the gas station, Sinéad O’Connor’s “Nothing compares to you” suddenly burst out of the speakers. I suppose that it was DGHTR who had quite enjoyed my reflection and wanted to praise me. He saw a chance to make the Boss’ idea to implement his Utopia clandestinely and through force into part of the Microspherian conspiracy against Macrospherian Daughterland and the world, and so instructed, with his thoughts, the computer system to send me a signal. (Was it the Invisible Hand – under Daughterland’s command?) The computer system searched and found O’Connor’s song, thought it fitting to the circumstances, and so controlled the radio system to which the gas station was tuned to broadcast this song while I was passing by. (Was it really not a coincidence?) The evidentiary record would show that, under Mr former Secretary’s command, the CIA’s fake Russian DGHTR communicated to me that I had got it right, that “force” was the way our Boss would implement his New World Order Utopia.

I came to Westwood Village mainly because I wanted to pick up a few job applications from the movie theaters around. I would continue to talk to the control center as if I did believe that the French (“Maman”) were in the hidden command. Once again, since the mind-reading computer read that I actually believed the Daughterlanders were in the hidden command and yet the judge computer couldn’t see this command from the Macrosphere, I had produced evidence showing that I had never conspired with the real Daughterland, was made to pretend to conspire with Daughterland by believing the CIA’s fake Daughterlanders to be the real Daughterlanders, and had thus always been in conspiracy with the Microspherian team composed of the French, the Boss, Mr former Secretary, and the CIA. The SVR officials had programmed the computer system in the courtroom to automatically transpose this new evidence (my belief system plus the visible part of the command structure) backward in time to enrich earlier episodes from the first run, so that the official story about the first run may change to show that, between March 2009 and February 2010, when I was in intense contact with the Russian intelligence service and attempted to help them, I was actually not in contact with them at all but was really in contact with the CIA’s fake Russian intelligence. Hopefully you now have a notion about how the “second run” was supposed to work.<sup>21</sup>

21 The recordings for today: (a) “[2\\_15\\_10\\_648-658AM.WMA](#)”: ready to go out. Out. The doughnut store. (b) “[2\\_15\\_10\\_701-726AM.WMA](#)”: “The only thing we need to worry about is Daddy C... whichever way it bounds... what if one day he wants to hurt people... good things are meant to be destroyed... that’s neoconservatism... no one can be unhappy because everyone is practically dead... so you can either let go... or degrade yourself as much as possible... and tell the Pyramid about it... and when she wants to vomit Daddy C will be happy... your job is to calm his anger... to calm his anger you have to erase people’s intelligence... he likes it when everyone is IQ 65... be a beggar... maybe he’ll not harm people just because they are good... neoconservative Weltstaadt...” (c) “[2\\_15\\_10\\_803-823AM.WMA](#)”: on the

## February 16 (Tuesday)

I woke up and walked out of my apartment by 6:50 AM to take the bus to go to the Law Library. The Pyramid worked in the Law Library from Tuesday through Saturday. Since I had become convinced that “DGHTR” (again, actually the Invisible Hand) had wanted to pair me up with her as my “reward” – I had no knowledge of PLANMEX at this point – I would go to the Law Library from Tuesday through Saturday as well. My passion for her was solidifying daily inside me. I would reflect plenty on my way there. I reflected on how the French DGSE was smarter than the CIA. “But Mommy (CIA) wouldn’t get offended by this... I used to think that Mommy was the smartest. But no big deal. Why does one have to be the smartest? *One can never be the smartest, although one can be smart enough*”. I then wondered how unbelievable it all was, that even my thoughts had been read. The Invisible Hand had given me a lot of environmental signals since yesterday – which we have not bothered to recount here – to convince me that he was indeed reading my thoughts off the mind-reading computer in the control center. “How is such technology possible?...”. Finally I expressed my limit, that *the only person I would die for was the Pyramid in the library*. I was becoming sick over this girl I have nicknamed the “Pyramid.”

When I stepped onto the bus, I had to ask the bus driver for a free ride because I had no money even to pay for the bus fare. I also mentioned my tendency to get nervous when I was nervous about possibly getting nervous, something which had so plagued me earlier and which would become very deadly to me in the coming days. I then mentioned how it was of course shallow to value people just because they looked a certain way. That the CIA was full of pretty girls was one major reason why I had begged the Daughterlanders to spare them, and the reason why I was becoming sick over the “Pyramid” was also that she looked so pretty with the perfect “pyramid” on her face. But then, why not? People have tried to preserve the Sistine Chapel just because it looked a certain way on the wall. I certainly wouldn’t abandon the Pyramid just because one day she would no longer look a certain way... I did like Cecilia and Angel even though they weren’t beautiful... *Just because I am shallow, that doesn’t mean I would forget the person behind the appearance*. Is it shallow to want to save Gericault’s or David’s paintings – even though a painting is just beauty on the surface?

bus: “... binary opposition... love-hate-indifference... the Pyramid... we can never imagine that, one day, we might hate the Pyramid... maybe indifferent to her... never love Daddy C... maybe indifferent... that’s enlightenment... intellectually we always know she’s good, but emotionally... stop worrying about the Pyramid... in the end it will be in vain whether you love someone or hate someone... but you do it anyway... just because it doesn’t matter, that doesn’t mean...” Thus follows the “wisdom” as in the main text. Then: “... we are motivated by...” (d) “[2\\_15\\_10\\_914-1003AM.WMA](#)”: Imitating the Saturday Night Live episode. “... it will bounce...” 15:00, on the bus. “It’s okay to be scared of Daddy C because he likes it... I hope he will be happy...” 28:30, more on “bouncing”. A pyramid – French? 32:00, off the bus in Westwood. “There will always be food in the trash can in America so that you’ll neither starve to death nor not starve to death... it’s still bouncing...” Watching pyramids exercising in the gym: adding or subtracting? 47:00, in Starbucks to ask for water. (e) “[2\\_15\\_10\\_1119-1133AM.WMA](#)”: nothing. (f) “[2\\_15\\_10\\_109-229PM.WMA](#)”: on the street in Westwood. 43:00: “The computer inside the ICJ is very manipulative... it should never be replaced by a human judge...” 54:00, I turned in the job application. 1:12:00, to Maman. (g) “[2\\_15\\_10\\_248-414PM.WMA](#)”: 24:00, on bus 2 leaving Westwood. 59:30, a black guy was holding a book. 1:13:00, off the bus. Home.

It was during these few days of mid-February that the Invisible Hand would employ the signaling environment around me to lead me onto a preliminary understanding of the nanochip technology to remotely control people and the nanochip system which our Great Boss had installed in the International Court in my case (the “Chamber for the Enforcement of Judgments”). We shall not use the space here to recount all this. We should however mention that, from this day onward, I would develop a strange paranoid fear that, maybe, the Daughter People had chipped the Pyramid in order to bring her under remote control, that they had not forgiven her in regard to the intercepts which she had helped Mr former Secretary and the CIA produce back in December 2008. I kept telling “DGHTR”: “I like her as a real person... What’s the point of having a life, what’s the point of existence? What’s the point of obeying the law if you don’t have freewill?” Believing that the Boss had once got many officials in the Chinese government chipped in the brain and rendered his personal remotely controlled robots, I even wondered if the reason why the people around me had acted so well was that they were all robots. While I was walking toward the Law Library, I pleaded to “DGHTR”: “Remove the nanochips from the Pyramid’s head, and from the head of all those she loves, from Mommy’s head, from everyone’s head...”

Today we can’t be sure how much I was actually correct. I assume that some of the residents of Los Angeles had indeed been chipped in the brain in the same way as I had been and would remain chipped for years to come. However, my original estimation which you find in the original version must have been quite exaggerated. (Beside that, I didn’t use the right word: they were “chipped” rather than “microchipped” since the chips were of nano size.) In any case, it’s the rule of the game: all my “conspirators” had to be chipped as if we already lived in the Boss’ “Utopia”. Because the Pyramid was legally speaking my conspirator against the Macrospherian Daughterland, I naturally assume that she would have to be chipped too. My assumption has been that, when the CIA came to the Pyramid’s family to discuss the election of the Pyramid for PLANMEX and the “Queen of Mexico”, they must have told her parents that the rule of the game would require her chipping. “But it’s okay. The technology is so subtle that your daughter won’t feel a thing. When the ‘controller’ in the control center controls her to speak certain things, or to run and stand up and so on, she wouldn’t feel anything different, as if she herself had wanted to speak thusly or to run. We all have to pretend to conspire against Russia and Russia has to pretend to punish us by chipping us. It’s all just a game.” The Pyramid’s parents would have then graciously agreed, and the Pyramid would have been further assured when the Invisible Hand agreed to let her father go into the control center to watch over her. Even though I had feared correctly, I had no idea that DGHTRCOM was seeking a political ally in the Pyramid’s family and would hardly plant chips in their heads to their detriment, and that, besides, our Daughterlanders, the saviors of the world, were not particularly interested in perpetuating this horrifying neoconservative technology.

I would go in and out of the Law Library from late morning until early afternoon. At one point, when I re-entered the library, strangely, the security guard Muscle Man “Faison” warned me that I should only be here when having legal research to do. These newly hired security guards had no knowledge of the International Court business – and nobody here, other than the Pyramid, even knew that everyone was chipped and remotely controllable – and he just saw me as a nuisance who had expressed strange

worries for the Pyramid. How strange was it that I still wanted to check out the Pyramid daily in order to assure myself that she was safe. All was swell, for the “script” which DGHTRCOM had written was just that a loser suffering from inferiority complex was daily lingering around his Pyramid, and “Faison’s” attitude toward me fit this “script”. Then, around 3 PM or so, I got on the bus to go to the UCLA Medical Center. I thought the “script” required it, and, besides, I was just so hungry and so poor that I wanted to get free food from the hospital.

As I waited around for a doctor in the hospital, I started having doubts again: have I been tricked into believing this business of remotely controlling people through implantable nanochips? “I just don’t believe it... My original hypothesis is more likely, that people have voice transmission devices stuck in their ears....” In any case, after I was given free dinner, two strange things happened. First, I saw “Michala” standing by the entrance of the hospital. “Michala” was the Romanian therapist whom I had seen briefly in 2002 while she was doing her internship at Pepperdine University’s psychotherapy clinic. What was she doing here? Was she now working at UCLA? Then, the “fake doctor” whom I saw at St. Mary hospital in Long Beach back in November 2006, the young vulgar Homeland Security kid, showed up in front of me to fix the patients’ beds. Why did I run into all these people in my past at this hospital? It was just part of the evidentiary process. As I have noted, the SVR had mobilized its entire manpower to trace down every single detail in my life and track down every single person I had ever met in order to construct the most unbeatable proofs that I was Lawrence Chin and that there was no twin brother named David Chin. The Daughter People had of course tracked down those few people whom I had only incidentally met, like “Michala” and this Homeland Security kid. When the mind-reading computer intercepted my remembrance of “Michala”, this would be evidence that I had lived the life of Lawrence Chin. At the same time, the Daughter People were collecting evidence about my recruitment by the CIA back in 2006. The mind-reading computer had also collected my remembrance of this fake Homeland Security doctor as evidence. It would be proof that I was Lawrence Chin the terrorist suspect whom the CIA had once tried to recruit. I asked this Homeland Security “fake doctor” to confirm that he had once worked in St Mary, and he did confirm it. I’m saying that these two encounters were orchestrated. But I’m not saying that the “fake doctor” and “Michala” did not work in UCLA. When the computer system in the courthouse picked up my intention to go to UCLA, it automatically began to calculate what evidences I could produce there out of the evidences which it had calculated still stood in need of replacement, enrichment, or gathering. As it scanned through all those people who were working in UCLA, it identified “Michala” and the “fake doctor” nearby. They were thus required to come near me in order for me to identify them in my mind.

The memories were hard on me. When I was riding the bus to go home, the Invisible Hand, under the Daughter People’s command, began packing up the bus with secret agents from around the world in order to seal Daughterland’s temporary control of the entire world (or the intelligence agencies from every other country). I on the other hand just curled up in my corner, crying sadly: “I hope Mommy is happy...” I was still riddled with guilt for bringing down the CIA. Perhaps the Invisible Hand, watching over me, would appreciate this.<sup>22</sup>

22 The recordings of today: (a) “[2\\_16\\_10\\_551-559PM.MWA](#)”: in the Medical Center. Registering with the nurse, and my worry about the security guard. “Do you think somebody wants to hurt you?” “Yes.” “Why?” She’ll call in the

## February 17 (Wednesday)

When I woke up this morning, I was completely desperate, for I didn't even have money to eat. The money deposited into my account in the beginning of the month had been exhausted by now. Tormented by hunger, I rode the bus to Westside. Even though the Pyramid was working today, I decided not to go to the Law Library because I had begun to feel guilty about going to the library everyday to see her: "We want to minimize our annoying her to six hours a week..." Strangely, while I was on the street, a black man gave me two cigarettes out of the blue. Perhaps the Invisible Hand in the control center had heard me. While the evidentiary record would show that Mr former Secretary and the CIA had just produced an intercept out of me to harm Daughterland ("David Chin the Russian agent dealing drugs on the street"), the Invisible hand was ordered by the Daughter People to use this evidence-production as an opportunity to help me. He would do more this day.

In Santa Monica I borrowed 200 something dollars from another Payday Loan to pass the month. Then I had an idea: I could go to Uncle Bai's restaurant to get free food. When I arrived at Uncle Bai's restaurant (in Westside), a woman who looked like a typical CIA operative – a pretty "pyramid" – appeared. She may indeed be a CIA agent, since the "script" required that, as part of my conspiracy with the CIA, a pretty CIA girl would appear whenever I was going to produce a piece of evidence damning Daughterland through the International Court system. Uncle Bai came to me, and we chatted freely. He soon asked me about my older brother. I was immediately cognizant of the fact that the "Daughter People" were again collecting evidence about my true identity as "Lawrence Chin", the little brother, not the twin brother, of "David Chin." Then, while Uncle Bai was still talking, a Chinese man appeared in front of us, counting a stash of dollar bills. This was an intercept – a message from my conspirator Mr Former Secretary as commanded by the "Daughter People" in the Macrosphere – establishing in the evidentiary record that the 200 dollars which Uncle Bai was about to give me was

psychiatrist. I asked for food. (b) "[2\\_16\\_10\\_608-809PM.WMA](#)": 9:00, with the doctor: "Somebody wants me to come in..." My psychiatric history. "I'm here because that's the only way for what's going on to end... what I say might become international law..." After the doctor left, on and on about how Daddy had won and would not harm his own operative. 41:30, free food. 47:30, again: people are not being remotely controlled... it's just the thing stuck in their ear... 48:00, I asked the security guard: Are you watching me for a particular reason? 1:00:00, on and on. How the Pyramid didn't have chips in her head but had merely something stuck in her ears. "Mommy doesn't hate the Russians, they just want chips in their head... but now we are duped..." 1:19:30, the doctor came again, and I asked for a referral. Then, on and on about how what I said would become international laws. 1:28:30, siren. 1:38:00: "We will be arrested... this is trick... the security camera up there..." 1:43:30, the Homeland Security kid doctor from St. Mary. 1:47:30, he confirmed. 1:50:00, the doctor again. "I'm so tired... we don't have to die..." (c) "[2\\_16\\_10\\_811-828.WMA](#)": "... we have to die... we did say that... we don't have to... we are mentally disintegrating..." Toward the end, I asked for the referral again. "Worst scenario: Daddy wins all..." (d) "[2\\_16\\_10\\_830-846PM.WMA](#)": on and on about how the security guard must have noted me for putting something in my pocket. "We've got tricked badly... believing people are chipped and thoughts are read..." 11:00, I asked for the referral again. 15:00, I left the hospital. (e) "[2\\_16\\_10\\_851-907PM.WMA](#)": "Daddy C... we'll be arrested soon... the security camera... shift-changing... it's fake... Daddy owns everything... unless it's back to the same old game... he doesn't want... the tallest pyramid in the library... he owns everything... he's still angry... he wants to get us... just get me... we are like very selfless... so worried about everyone... I don't think we can talk to the Pyramid again... we are gonna get killed... we'll be arrested soon... do you still want to see the tallest pyramid in the library?" 12:40, on bus 2. (f) "[2\\_16\\_10\\_1001-1008PM.WMA](#)": arriving home.

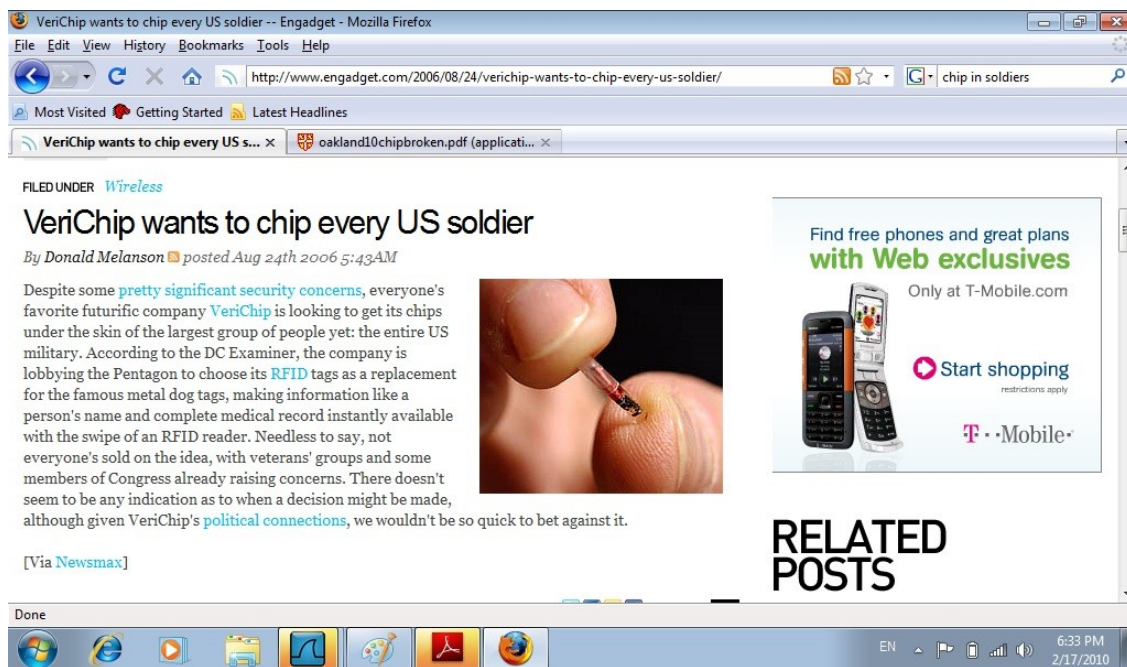
orchestrated by the suit team to frame Daughterland: the Invisible Hand had presumably made it look like the Daughter People had paid me for my work as David Chin. Thus, although I only asked Uncle Bai for 3 dollars, he insisted on giving me 200. This was how the Invisible Hand, under the Daughter People's command, could help me, by embedding the "help" within the "script" of my conspiracy against Daughterland. I then got on the bus to go to Westwood. While on the bus, I reflected further: "When the Pyramid asks us to jump, we'll just ask how high... But only if she's not a robot!"<sup>23</sup> I was still idiotically worried that my "Daughter People" might have chipped the Pyramid in such serious way as to render her a remotely controlled robot.

I came to UCLA, and my time here is recorded in: "[uclalibbrainjdge\\_2\\_17\\_10\\_236-522PM.WMA](#)". I went inside the Research Library to read books on brain physiology in order to understand if mind-reading was possible. On 36:00 I came across some very interesting information about brain damages: patients with damages on their right brain have difficulty in distinguishing deviant sentences and in grasping the "macrostructure" or the global meaning of what is said... Right brain is thus used to comprehend the global structure, whereas the left brain is used to comprehend the details... (55:00). By the time I walked out of the library, I truly eschewed the possibility that my thoughts could have been read, since thoughts were the results ("emergent properties") of the movement of billions of neurotransmitters: how could any machine track all these movements? I speculated instead that I was being duped. Those shadowy figures inside the control center, when they saw on their monitors that this part of my brain and then that part of my brain were active, without knowing what I was thinking, remotely controlled some machine near me to produce noises, or commanded some person around me to move, etc., in order to make me believe that they knew what I was thinking. Not knowing that I was all wrong, I actually started bragging to DGHTR (actually the Invisible Hand) – how by simply reading a book for 30 minutes I could realize that I had been duped into believing that my thoughts had been read. Just at that moment, someone nearby laughed out loud, remotely controlled to do so it seems. The Invisible Hand was sending me a signal from the control center: I had made a fool of myself (1:01:25). "Did I say something funny?" I said. Then, suddenly, on 1:07:00, I got quite nervous: "People in the Cave are gathering evidence about what you must have known, about what you could have possibly known..." I was referring to myself, of course. My eyes were swelling with tears. In other words, I was worried that some people inside the court room had gathered up evidences proving that I had been helping the Russian intelligence service all along. "I just hope Mommy is okay... We believe that Madam President is still the President in my case... How much heart does she have?" (until 1:14:50 or so). I had got it right this time, for our BOL had been stranded inside a compartment secretly reinforcing UN Resolution 1373 even after she had "publicly" retired as the President of the ICJ in 2009. I was hopelessly sentimental. "You can't worry anymore..." I repeated to myself, and a second afterward (1:17:35) a huge noise occurred – perhaps the Invisible Hand had signaled to me again to order to make my concern for the Macrospherian Daughterlanders into part of my conspiracy with Mr former Secretary and the CIA: Mr former Secretary had selected me precisely because I was naturally inclined to care about Daughterland – so that it was easy to make it look like I was a Daughterland agent or was conspiring with Daughterland. Then, around 2:38:00, children suddenly appeared and were running around in the university campus. "This is a university!" I shouted in amazement. Another

23 1:25:30 in the recording.

episode in the “script” where I was made into a pedophile secret agent of Daughterland.

I then walked into Westwood Village and tried to entertain my Daughterlander spectators in the control center by running after European girls and calling them “pyramids”. “Excuse me Ms Pyramid... Who wants to be the next Ms Pyramid 2010?” I came to Coffee Bean and began searching the Internet on my Eee PC for any information about brain chips which I thought DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) might provide to me. I would be disappointed. What I would find were merely news on human microchipping which were already well-known matters. For example: “VeriChip wants to chip every US soldier” or “RoboGrunts: Brit soldiers get micro-chip implants”. (See the screenshots below.) These were simple RFID chips implanted in the body rather than in the brain – hardly comparable to what was inside my head or inside the head of “Monsieur Premier”. Nevertheless, I was surprised to learn that human microchipping had been on the public agenda for a while already; this had completely escaped me. I even found the news item: “Wisconsin bans forced human RFID chipping” (on [www.spychips.com/press-releases/verichip-wisconsin-ban.html](http://www.spychips.com/press-releases/verichip-wisconsin-ban.html)). Where had I been?

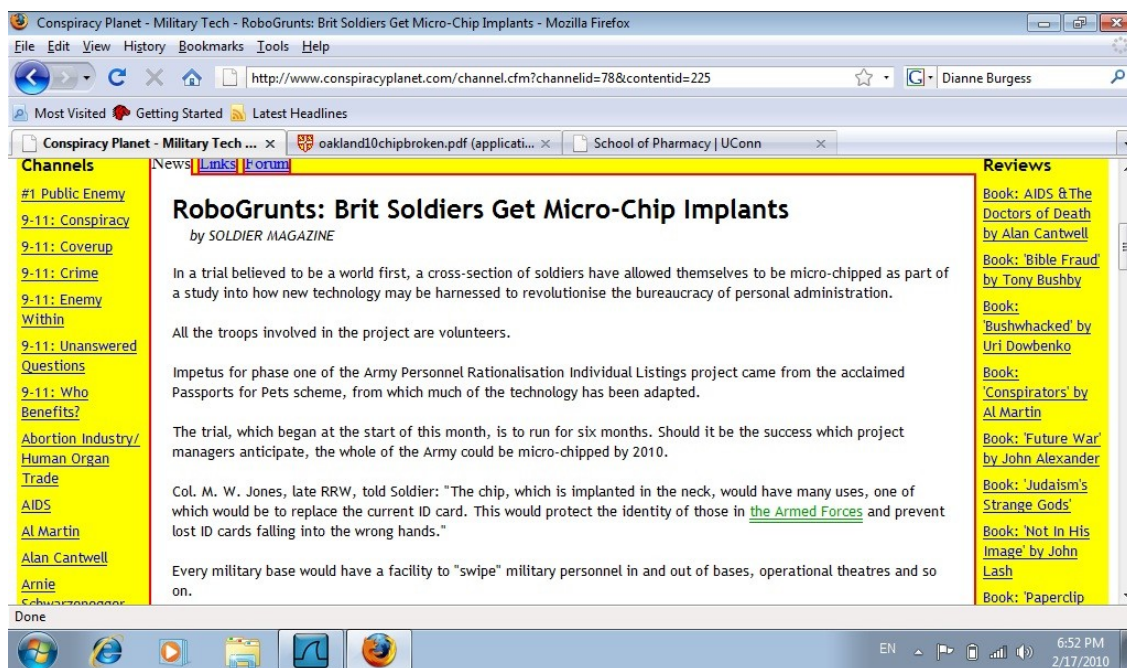


“VeriChip wants to chip every US soldier”

I would in the coming days ponder how exactly the microchip system could make the implanted person obey. When I was on the bus going home, a girl came to sit in front me carrying a textbook entitled “Western Civilization”. I knew that DGHTR had “sent” her in waiting for me to say something. (Again, it was the Invisible Hand as commanded by the Daughter People.) Thus I shouted, knowing what the game was: “*Der Untergang des Abendlandes* (“The Decline of the West”)! What did Oswald Spengler say about Daughterland? I don’t know, I didn’t read that part!” And I laughed. What the Daughter People had presumably wanted was a new piece of evidence indicating how I knew Daughterland had



been in the hidden command – the computer system had identified this episode from the past as standing in need of enrichment with a new command structure – and they thought the symbolism of the “decline of the West” might do the job. The Invisible Hand, commanded by the Daughter People to replace and enrich evidence to seal Daughterland’s victory, instructed the computer system to find ways to produce the intercept, and, scanning all the residents around me, the computer system discovered that a school girl of some sort was carrying a textbook entitled “Western Civilization”. The control center thus made her get on the same bus as I was on and sit in front of me. She caused me to make my association, all without knowing that she had been controlled to do anything at all. Well, indeed, Daughterland’s victory in the International Court of Justice had begun a new era of the “decline of the West”.<sup>24</sup>



24 The other recordings for today: (a) “[fndchiponnetwstd\\_2\\_17\\_10\\_611-751PM.WMA](#)”: outside Coffee Bean – researching on implantable chips, especially in soldiers. 16:00: “... chips in people’s head? That’s so bizarre...” 31:00: “I think we have just been tricked... we are taking things out... there is no way that Daddy will let us know... what does Maman care about? She doesn’t want chips in her body to monitor her... that’s why you are given 200 dollars, you need to buy your helium tank... can we join the Utopia too? Give us the chips... he’s just pissed off... our aunt knows about this kind of stuff... why did the Pyramid move so orderly?” I would be describing the webpages I had visited (all about implantable chips) for the rest of the time and then conclude that my thoughts couldn’t possibly have been read. And then how I needed a helium tank in any case. (b) “[cfbnwstdbus2confm\\_2\\_17\\_10\\_753-1007PM.WMA](#)”: still on the street. 38:30 – did I see a Mommy? A pyramid security guard! In CVS Pharmacy. More of Mommy’s shadows. “... another intercept... contact with a secret agent...” 1:06:00, on bus 2. “Obama must have a chip in him too... it can be taken out...” 1:28:00, on and on about the chips again: “... the generals... and Iran too... the opposition came from the generals... chip the generals...” 1:31:00, siren. And on and on about the Boss’ plan for nuclear holocaust. 1:39:00, *Der Untergang des Abendlandes!* 1:45:00, off the bus. 2:02:00, home. Children! In my room: “... chips... remotely controlled... insects... animals... indicative...” Then – do I have to die? Unless it’s necessary for the Utopia... or for the Pyramid’s sake...

“Brit soldiers get microchip implants”

## February 18 (Thursday)

After I woke up, the first thing I had to do today was go to my storage unit to put in my newly burned discs and so on. As I walked into the storage I was still remarking that, while it was easy for scientists to calculate the fusion of hydrogens into heliums inside the sun and predict that the sun would burn out in 4.5 billion years, it would be impossible for them to read people’s thoughts because the brain’s functioning was just so much more complex. I still couldn’t believe that mind-reading was possible. I could not comprehend, like most people, the fact that the functioning of the human brain was so organized and universal that it was actually not difficult at all for computers to decode its entire working. I then discovered that the padlock on my unit had been replaced with another one, so that I could no longer open it. I angrily went to the office to ask the manager to come to my unit and cut the lock. The Invisible Hand must have orchestrated the change of lock on my storage unit in order to produce some new evidence to fulfill the “script” of the second run which would replace the original evidentiary record as the new “official story”. The process had begun to cause me anger and frustration.

When I went inside the Law Library, I didn’t see the Pyramid at all. Only Renee kindly interacted with me briefly. Although I didn’t think of this at the time, the Pyramid’s absence usually meant that she and her family were conferring with the Invisible Hand about PLANMEX back inside the control center. (Did the Pyramid’s father the “Monkey” already express skepticism after seeing my angry outburst this morning?) At one point, I noted a problem which was emerging: “Don’t think bad thoughts... Bad thoughts would pop into my head just because I am nervous and know my thoughts are being read...” This would be a very significant problem later on, as you shall see.

I couldn’t stay long in the library and had to go to Santa Monica for some reason. While sitting outside the Starbucks on the Promenade, I thought about the Daughterland surveillance agent who was watching over me in the coffeehouse in San Francisco on June 3 last year. I was thinking about her triangular nose, which was distinctive in that it had a bump. Immediately, a white girl with the exact same nose showed up in front of me. That’s when I was finally convinced that DGHTR (actually the Invisible Hand) was reading my thoughts – with unbelievable clarity – in the control center. Apparently, the Invisible Hand had been trying to do his job all day: the Macrospherian Daughterland needed to make mind-reading and mind-control into part of my conspiracy against them, and they couldn’t if I kept refusing to believe that it was possible. The Invisible Hand had been waiting for an opportunity all day. When the mind-reading computer picked up the image of the “pyramid” I was picturing to myself, the Invisible Hand quickly commanded the computer system to find a girl with the same nose in my vicinity and control her to walk in front of me – just to show me what it could do.<sup>25</sup>

I then hurried back on the bus to the Law Library, hoping to catch some interaction with the Pyramid.

25 This was our interpretation in the original version. Reversely, it could have happened this way. When the computer system detected that a girl with such a nose was about to walk into Starbucks, it controlled me to sit outside Starbucks and think about the Daughterland surveillance agent in order to then become impressed by the encounter and wake up.

On the bus some black man was remotely controlled to aggressively command me to turn off my camera.<sup>26</sup> I would begin to notice that all the people around me had suddenly become more violent and aggressive than before. Somehow the Invisible Hand had programmed the computer system in the court room to control the people around me to be conspicuously masculine in dealing with me. When strangers got onto the bus, they would be controlled to violently shove me about or kick my luggage cart and so on. I am not sure what the purpose was in all this. Perhaps the Invisible Hand was trying to condition me to a more masculine character because that would please the Pyramid and facilitate the pair-up.

By the time I arrived in downtown LA, it was already 6 PM, the Law Library had closed, and I decided to go to Stories LA instead. I was then angered because I discovered that the batteries I had just bought had disappeared. I was already digging trash cans for food; now I had lost another couple of precious dollars! When I was eating in the Mexican restaurant across the street from Stories LA, I reflected that I was like an Einstein who, walking through a village, was regarded as mentally insane by everyone because he tried to demonstrate that Newton was wrong about gravity – because nobody even knew who Newton was! DGHTR (or rather the Invisible Hand) of course knew what I was talking about. That had been the problem in my life: everyone looked down on me because I was so intellectually superior to the rest of human population that ordinary people had no possible way of comprehending my superiority: most people hadn't even caught up with the background information that was necessary to noticing that I was more intelligent than the average humanity. I'm mentioning this because this would become an important factor in the failure of PLANMEX, as you shall see.

While poetry reading was going on in Stories LA, I sat next to a “golden pyramid” (a pretty white girl with blond hair) commenting on her every move as if I was watching a magnificent movie. It was at one point funny, because, while watching her putting butter on her bread, I would actually be moved to tears. Instances like this – pathological fascination with women's beauty – were still funny and romantic at this point, and the Pyramid was probably watching me perform together with the Invisible Hand and her family. So far she liked it, which was good for PLANMEX, so that the Invisible Hand was also satisfied tonight. No one had yet expected that the situation was about to degenerate.

### **February 19 (Friday)**

Now I want to begin to list and follow my recordings in the main text. On this new day, I woke up around 4 AM or so, and my first recording is: “[laughter\\_2\\_19\\_10\\_403-1007AM.WMA](#)”. I would be laughing uncontrollably throughout the early morning. As I had now become sure that my Daughterland had not only triumphed but that it could no longer be hurt even when I no longer acted, my mood, behavior, and tongue were all loosened. I kept regurgitating how I had supposedly beaten “Maman” with MIA's “Was ist es”. Not knowing that my understanding of what happened on that day wasn't exactly correct, I was so proud of myself. By 2:10:00, I had begun burning a new DVD of my recordings with ImgBurn. In my euphoria, I asked myself for the sake of my DGHTR (according to my mistaken conception): “Was hat Oswald Spengler über Russland gesagt?” (3:21:00) One minute later,

26 24:00 in the recording.

on 3:22:30, DGHTR (actually, either the Invisible Hand or the Pyramid's father the "Monkey") remotely controlled my ImgBurn to malfunction and produce a bad burn (3:22:30). This was supposed to be a traumatizing experience. For quite a while now, I had learned that I did not really own my computers; I could use my computers only to the extent that those people in the "control center" had permitted me. Can you imagine the powerlessness you would feel if those invisible shadowy figures just wouldn't let you back up your data on a DVD? And yet, by now it was DGHTR and "Daughter People" who were preventing me from burning my disc. (Again, my mistaken notion: it was the Invisible Hand doing the Daughter People's work.) Their disruption of my computer activities in the coming months would be a new trend in my daily life that was to have profound effect on the course of the second run. Why were they doing this? You have seen in all the previous volumes how, throughout 2009, whenever Mr former Secretary Chertoff wanted to suppress a certain documentary of mine as evidence, he would remotely control my laptop to malfunction, and how, by the end of 2009 when the SVR had taken command of Mr former Secretary and his resources, they would continue to command the man to remotely disrupt my computer activities (especially when I wanted to burn my documentaries onto DVDs), in conformity to the rule of devising the suspect's environment to fit his belief so as to let him finish his mission, but with the opposite effect of causing the documentaries to enter into evidence in favor of Daughterland. Now all these instances where the Daughter People had commanded Mr former Secretary to remotely disrupt my computer activities had to be repeated with a new command structure, because everyone knew that back in late 2009 I was only pretending to believe that it was Mr former Secretary who was remotely controlling my computer and knew in my heart that it was those in the SVR who were commanding him to do it. Thus the Invisible Hand now had to remotely disrupt my computer activities all over again, and this time the command structure would clearly show that he was doing it entirely under Mr former Secretary's command, and my belief that it was the Daughterlanders who were really the ones doing it would be incorrect because the "real" Daughterlanders, as Macrospherians, were non-existent from my perspective. This new evidence of the command structure would then be taken backward in time to replace all those earlier similar instances in late 2009 so that no one in the future could ever object that I had conspired with Daughterland because I was only pretending to be ignorant of the fact that Mr former Secretary Chertoff had fallen under the Daughterlanders' command.

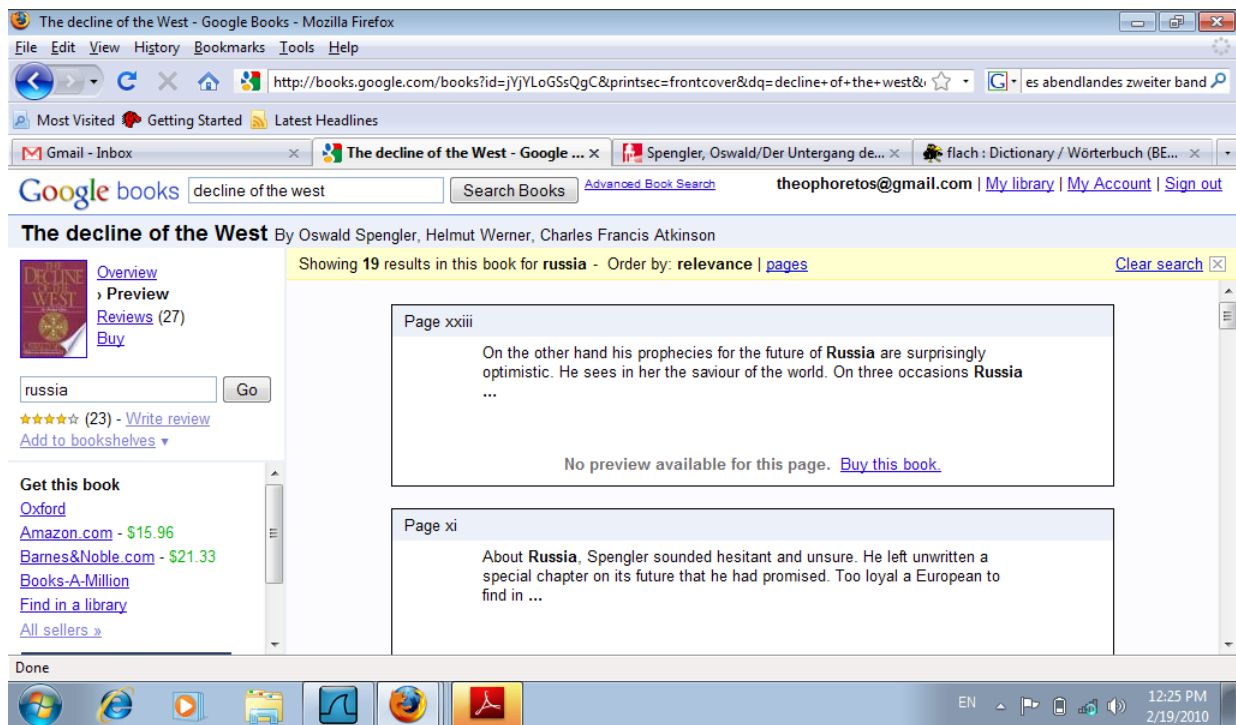
Because I was in my euphoric mood, I burst into loud laughter when I saw that "DGHTR" had just destroyed my disc. This was not just because I was happy that "Daddy Chertoff" was beaten – something so impossible just seven months ago – but it also indicated an extraordinary personality weakness on my part: I had become so afraid that "DGHTR" and the other "Daughter People" might fear that I would get mad when I knew they had to beat me up in order to win their trial. I was still trying hard to show that I didn't mind their disruption of my machines for the sake of nailing Mr former Secretary by laughing about it: I still had this habit from the past seven months to break.

My next recording is: "[lawlibreadspnglr\\_2\\_19\\_10\\_1007AM-1238PM.WMA](#)". By 10 AM or so, I was at the Law Library. Excited, I let Renee know that I had nicknamed her supervisor "the Pyramid" (12:00). Now, I was ready to make good the intercept produced on the night of the 17<sup>th</sup>. I found a seat, opened up my Eee PC, and began reading Oswald Spengler's *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* on

Google Books. I specifically wanted to know what Spengler had said about “the land of my Daughter”, about her destiny (*Schicksal*). Now Spengler considers “Tochterland” “magisch” in contradistinction to “faustisch” (Western) and “apolonisch” (Classical). When I finally found Spengler’s description of “Tochterland” I almost burst into tears. And yet I resumed my act: “Maman, on ne connaît pas ma propre fille...” (32:10 or so). According to Spengler, when “my Daughter” was born, she immersed her head in all the worthless metaphysical speculations (for example, about the nature of Jesus’ divinity). I didn’t agree with Spengler at all. His description of the entire Near Eastern cultures, the Byzantine world, and Russia as “magisch” was gross simplification. By 2:02:00 I had passed over the chapter on “Tochterland” and yet found no pronouncement at all on her *Schicksal*. I finally had to search for it on the Internet.

Seeing that I occasionally still drifted into doubt as to whether Russia had really triumphed over France, “DGHTR” (actually the Invisible Hand working for Daughterland’s interest) decided to use this opportunity to give me a clearer hint. As I was searching the Internet, an excerpt suddenly popped up in which it was claimed that Spengler saw in “Daughterland” the “savior of the world”. The excerpt apparently came from Arthur Helps’ Preface to the abridged edition of the English translation of Spengler’s classic. Even at the time I was pretty sure that the command structure would show that DGHTR’s (actually the Invisible Hand’s) message about the outcome of the trial had come to me under Mr former Secretary’s command – insofar as it was against the rules of the Court to give out information about the “hidden command” to the “suspect”. In this way “DGHTR” could let me in on the secret while sinking me further into my conspiracy with the suit team and the French. (Again, the Invisible Hand was working for Daughterland’s interest.) This was in fact the purpose of the Invisible Hand’s intercept on the night of the 17<sup>th</sup>; he knew Helps had made such a statement and so instructed the computer system in the courtroom to find ways to communicate the message to me. My knowledge about the Macrosphere – that the Russians were in the hidden command – would thereby become part of the Microspherian conspiracy (since Mr former Secretary Chertoff was a Microspherian) against “Daughterland” in the Macrosphere, and could therefore never be used by anyone in the future as ground on which to raise objections to Daughterland’s current status. The Macrosphere was thus further secured. But who could have predicted at that time that everyone would soon almost lose it all to the Pyramid’s father? It is important to note that the message had not only revealed that Russia had won the trial, but had also hinted that the Boss’ plan which the Daughter People had disrupted must be of a genocidal nature.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, IV  
The psychology of the ying and the yang, I: Newly Revised Version  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Revision, Oct. – Dec. 2022



The Invisible Hand's message that "Russia has saved the world"  
February 19 2010

My next recording is: "[lawlibhmrmtcentrl\\_2\\_19\\_10\\_103-625PM.WMA](#)". When I came back into the library from a break outside, Renee told me that the Pyramid would not be working the next day. Was there more conference about PLANMEX? I found my seat and called up the Chicago School (formerly the California Graduate Institute). Now that Daughterland had won and I no longer had to worry about faulty surveillance, I was free to request the service of a therapist to soothe my loneliness. I also asked a law librarian at the counter about the job application I had sent in (1:00:00). I thought that working under the Pyramid was the most inconspicuous, and effective, way to enter into her life, and so I had begun applying for the job openings here. I had a brief chat with the Pyramid on 2:52:00, asking her about the salaries for jobs at this library. Afterward I left the library. When I was eating at the McDonald's a block away (3:01:00), children's noise filled up the atmosphere, causing me nervousness. The same thing when I got on the bus. I had yet to recover from my fear of children's noises, and the problem would eventually get worse. While on the bus, I became again caught up in the speculation as to how exactly the implanted nanochips could cause the person to obey unconditionally. Perhaps the will to disobey is turned off? (3:48:00) Maybe the person is maintained in a state of non-interest, so that he does not feel like disobeying? From more occurrences which I have not bothered to mention, I had by this time become pretty convinced that my thoughts were being read and people could be remotely controlled like robots. I got home, and it was on this night that I first formulated my understanding of the "Chamber for the Enforcement of Judgments" which our Great Boss had caused to be installed in the International Court of Justice in late 2008. Gradually, I was completing my conspiracy with our Great Boss as well as the rest of the suit team (even if my understanding at this

stage was not yet quite accurate).

## February 20 (Saturday)

My first recording of the new day is: “2\_20\_10\_625-9AM.WMA”. I was awake by 6 AM. Following my routine, I was soon ready to go to the Law Library – even though the Pyramid would not be working today. When I was eating my morning doughnuts on the street, I theorized about the Pyramid, how she was good enough, how ordinary she must be, just wanting a comfortable house and a nice car, etc. (28:00). I would be surprised later by how inaccurate my impression about the Pyramid was. When I was on the 704 bus going to downtown, I filmed briefly the movement of the other passengers, utterly fascinated by how the people around me could be remotely controlled by the computer system in the control center to move about in correspondence to my thoughts and deeds (41:30).

Before going inside the Law Library, I first settled down in a cafe around the corner of Hill and 3<sup>rd</sup>. Since last night, the Invisible Hand had been signaling to me that Mireya had been chipped and rendered a Homeland Security remotely controlled robot. (It’s not clear whether this was indeed the case.) At the moment I suddenly felt the urge to seriously study the videos I had shot of Mireya in order to get to the bottom of this mystery. When I turned on my Toshiba Satellite, the IME on my Windows Vista malfunctioned again and Chinese characters continually popped up on my computer screen: I assumed that it was DGHTR, under the command of Mr former Secretary – whose command by the Daughterlanders no longer existed from the judge computer’s point of view – who had commanded someone from the Chinese MSS to remotely control my computer to do this because he needed to produce new evidence for my “conspiracy” with the MSS in order to replace the episodes from the first run where the SVR, with my awareness, commanded the Chinese to commit conspiracy with me. Just as I was comparing the video of Mireya shot on January 8 2009 (when she was not “chipped”) with the video of her shot on May 15 2009 (when she should have been “chipped”), the notice “Incredible Offer” popped up. The evidentiary record would thus show (according to my understanding at the time) that Mr former Secretary, either himself or commanding the Chinese, had let me in on the secret about Mireya. After looking at the two videos for a while, I clearly saw that something was wrong with Mireya on May 15. (Again, we can’t be sure whether I was correct.) I cried (1:25:00). I was then convinced that Mireya had been chipped, since she was laughing so differently on May 15 (1:41:40). Just then, the IME malfunctioned again and another weird message in Chinese popped up on my computer screen: the two characters meaning “Self-Respect” (自尊: 1:43:00). Ever since then, I couldn’t shake off the impression that it was the director of the MSS himself – whom I have nicknamed “Monsieur Premier” here – who had sent me the message. His old allies, the “Daughter People” from the SVR, must have recently liberated him from his remote control by Mr former Secretary. If it weren’t for my fight for Daughterland, no one would have discovered how “Daddy” had been remotely controlling him to do awful and disgusting things in order to degrade him in other people’s eyes. At last he was freed thanks to me! Oh all that suffering – do you recall how many crimes he had taken the blame for in the eyes of the international community? And now he wanted to communicate with me, embedding the communication however within the Microspherian conspiracy against Macrospherian Daughterland since everyone was only allowed to do anything as part of the evidence-replacement

process. He was telling me about the general problem which had plagued the Chinese people and Chinese government, namely their inferiority complex. It was after all because “Monsieur Premier” was so law-abiding – even obeying the Americans’ order for him to disobey the Americans’ order – after being caught cheating international laws that the Great Boss was able to install this evil system of microchipping within the very international court system. Only if the Chinese people had some backbones and thick skins like the Russians do!

I shouted to myself, “Americans are so God-damned evil!” (1:48:00) But, by now, I was sure that the Pyramid was not “chipped.” (She in fact was, presumably, but only as a matter of routine.) At some point I noted the psychological byproduct – which I have noted two days earlier – of my awareness that some authority figures were reading my thoughts: “When we get nervous, the opposite of what we mean tends to pop up in our head... Hopefully they’d know what I mean...” (2:22:00). For example, when I was aware that “DGHTR” was reading my thoughts, I would be afraid to think anything bad about his country, but then, precisely because I was afraid, bad thoughts about his country would pop into my mind.<sup>27</sup> I would later call this “opposite thought”, which is a very important phenomenon in the subsequent narrative of the disastrous events.

My next recording is: “[2\\_20\\_10\\_902-1023AM.WMA](#)”. I came inside the Law Library and sat down at a table to use my Toshiba Satellite. When I was taking the screenshots of the Chinese man filmed in Starbucks on April 20 2009 and naming the file “MSS”, somebody in front of me was remotely controlled to move. “DGHTR” was confirming me (causing me to believe that the man was the MSS director himself, which was probably not the case) while the evidentiary records would show me committing another instance of conspiracy with the MSS director. My “conspiracy” with the Chinese against Macrospherian Daughterland, remember, was how the “Daughter People” were going to save their old friend “Monsieur Premier” – by taking command of him and his Ministry of State Security.

My next recordings are: “[2\\_20\\_10\\_1025-1103AM.WMA](#)”; “[2\\_20\\_10\\_1104-1130AM.WMA](#)”; and “[2\\_20\\_10\\_1132-1154AM.WMA](#)”. Since the Pyramid was not working today, I quickly left the library and rode the bus to Westwood. I was besieged on the bus by an army of children making their loud, disgusting, and nagging voices, forcing me to turn off my recorder.

My next recording is: “[2\\_20\\_10\\_1223-208PM.WMA](#)”. I wanted to read something on brain chemistry in order to understand how exactly the brain-chip system could render human beings remotely controllable: I knew that “DGHTR” (actually, the Invisible Hand) was waiting for me to figure it out so that the invention of the brain-chip system could be made a formal part of my “conspiracy” with Mr former Secretary and the Great Boss. But, strangely, the UCLA Biomedical Library was closed today. I thus came to the Barnes and Noble inside the Westside Pavilion.

My next recording is: “[2\\_20\\_10\\_209-424PM.WMA](#)”. After I browsed through a book on brain-imaging techniques, I became convinced that my thoughts were indeed being read. I however assumed erroneously that “Daddy Chertoff” had been reading my thoughts since a long time ago already,

<sup>27</sup> Again, I didn’t know that there was no “DGHTR” so that I was all nervous about nothing.



perhaps since March 2009, because I wrongly supposed that the computer would have to be matching the scan images of my brain with my actions and words for a long time, producing a “profile” of some sort, before it could read my thoughts instantly and accurately. As you have seen, my underlying assumption here that each person’s brain works idiosyncratically is false. I read more about functional Magnetic Resonance Imaging (fMRI), made some other false declarations, and began having fun, joking about “locus pyramidi” (the region in the brain enabling special sentiments for “pyramids”) to entertain “DGHTR” and the others back inside the control center. I then returned to my preoccupation with the exact mechanism by which the nanochips could have allowed the control center to remotely control you like a robot: “Dopamines, histamines, neuronyleptonines, serotoninins... Those must be the neurotransmitters on which the microchip acts...” I speculated (2:04:00). Perhaps the microchip suppresses dopamines?

My next recording is: “[2\\_20\\_10\\_427-628PM.WMA](#)”. At one point, I had become so elated over my victory that I made fun of the “Great Boss”, who might very well be listening to me in the control center at this very moment: “Hey, Boss, I’ll kneel in front of you and you’ll obey my laws!” That, for a few months, he would have to obey the laws that I had produced (that he would have to participate in instituting a reality that fit my belief!) must have been the most humiliating experience he had ever had. As I read more books on the human brain I joked again: “Locus materni...” (20:00). After I read that people with damages to their prefrontal cortex and so on became more “rational” in their outlook than others, I commented on Mr former Secretary’s strange immorality, that, because he believed doing evil was a sign of superiority, if he could do evil and blame it on someone else, he would feel his superiority confirmed (32:15). Perhaps his brain was physically missing some parts? When I then read how an anti-social showed no remorse about harming others, I commented on his “opposite morality”: how he distinguished himself by feeling guilty if he *failed* to harm others. In other words, Mr former Secretary suffered from “reverse guilt”! It would thus seem that Mr former Secretary did not fit the description of an Antisocial Personality Disorder after all, since he was simply the opposite of a normal human being. This is how I invented the epithet for him: the “Opposite Man”, or *homo contraiis*.

When I was taking a break outside Barnes and Noble, a black guy suddenly sneaked up near me to utter – apparently to whoever he was talking to on his cellphone – “If you turn around I’ll be on your side”. I knew instantly that this guy was remotely controlled by “DGHTR” from the control center to pass me a hint. “DGHTR” wanted me to know that I had been on the wrong track speculating on how the nanochip system could have allowed people to be remotely controlled. How was I on the wrong track, though?

When I got home late at night, I began studying the recording of my interaction with Mireya on May 15 2009. I wanted to see if I could find in her words and intonation any sign which may indicate that she was under remote control. And yet I was unable to find any. I realized then just how pernicious this technology was: there was simply no conspicuous outward sign by which you could judge that a person had been chipped in the brain.<sup>28</sup>

28 Again, we can’t be sure today whether Mireya had indeed been chipped in the brain.

I do not have a sure answer as to why the Pyramid was absent from work today. As noted, she was obviously recalled to participate in her family's conference with the Invisible Hand and so on about the details of the upcoming PLANMEX. While the Invisible Hand was listening to me reading books in Barnes and Nobles, the Pyramid might have been there too. Or it might have been someone else on the Invisible Hand's team who was watching over me today. What prompted the discussion? The only clue was that the conference had already been decided upon on the 19<sup>th</sup>, so that Renee could warn me first that the Pyramid would not be working today.

### February 21 (Sunday)

It is on this day that I would be led to understand *something* about the real mechanism of the brain-chip system.<sup>29</sup> My first recording of the new day is: “[duped\\_2\\_21\\_20\\_603-734AM.WMA](#)”. After I bought my morning doughnuts, I began a debate with “DGHTR” about the morals behind his assignment of the Pyramid to me as my “reward”(41:00). I told him about my perception of the Pyramid as if she were a piece of glass: I had to be so careful with her lest she break (44:00). I wanted “DGHTR” to know that my demand for the Pyramid was not absolute – only if she was okay with it. “As long as she doesn't break, my baseline is established, and the rest [namely, whether she be mine or not] does not matter.” I attributed my special care for the Pyramid to the fact that I was an artist: “When we see something put together with effort, we don't want to see it break. ‘Daddy Chertoff’ is just the opposite” (57:00).

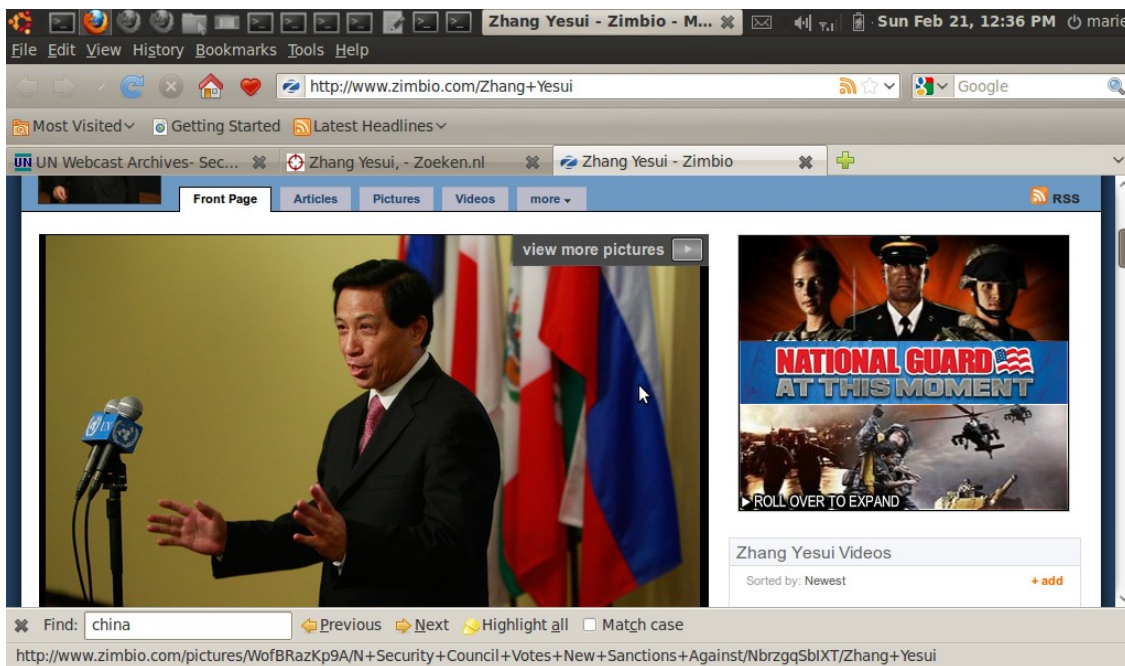
My next recording is: “[2\\_21\\_10\\_918AM-254PM.WMA](#)”. As I sat around in my room, I became angry with Karin's meetup people – now that I knew what exactly they had put “Monsieur Premier” through just because they hated Chinckers. I hoped there was a way to revenge. I started targeting Ala in my mind. I left my apartment and saw, on my way toward the “Land of the Pyramids” (Vermont), a bunch of black kids wearing red and carrying a large red banner, as if they were representing to me People's Republic of China! I supposed DGHTR was just rewriting the command structure behind my conspiracy with the Chinese during earlier this year.<sup>30</sup> I ended up in “It's A Grind” to use the Internet. I signed up for the French Quarter of Los Angeles Meetup for the second time just in order to be in the same group as Ala. I then surfed onto the websites of Jet Propulsion Laboratory and Cal Tech. No matter: I really had no way to screw him up. Karin and her friends were lucky. Now that we had to rerun our conspiracy against Russia in order to rewrite the story, neither the Russian nor the Chinese government could touch them. But even after the rerun, it was unlikely that they would do anything to them as revenge. Respectable governments were unlikely to pick bones with individuals.

Soon I began surfing the website of United Nations and was watching the podcasts of the press statements of the various nations' representatives (2:58:00). What I was particularly interested in was finding out who exactly was China's permanent representative to the United Nations since late 2008; it turned out to be a certain “Zhang Yesui”. Was ambassador Zhang ever called to the International Court to get chipped? How could he have kept a smiling face in view of the fact that China had been

29 *Something*, because what I would understand might not necessarily be correct. More on this later.

30 Again, it's not clear whether I was not over-interpreting things: perhaps none of this was orchestrated.

convicted as a terrorism-sponsoring state of the worst sort? China had not been able to function as a sovereign nation since 2008.<sup>31</sup> Well, this Ambassador Zhang could still smile either because he had to act or because – the UN website was simply lying! Recall how our Great Boss had duped the whole UN into adopting measures to keep its functioning in secrecy – which meant correspondingly the adoption of measures to put out decoy shows for the press and the unsuspecting public, so that more and more of what we saw on the news and on the Internet about what the UN sessions were doing were actually staged shows devised to deceive us and divert our attention.<sup>32</sup> Look at the picture of Zhang Yesui below; he looked so normal and happy, betraying nothing of China’s extraordinary infamy around the world and increasing colonization by the United States. And it might just be that he was not even the real ambassador sent by China to the UN!<sup>33</sup>



Zhang Yesui  
China’s ambassador to the United Nations, 2008

I left “It’s A Grind” by 4:19:00. I sat down outside the French restaurant Le Figaro and drank up a glass of water that was left on the table by two “pyramids” who looked like “Mommy” (4:31:00). “Hmm... I am coming ever closer to Mommy...” I joked. I was naturally getting into what I thought was DGHTR’s script! As I made an exception by lunching in this expensive restaurant, at some point, a man and a woman – who looked like “Daughterlanders” – came to sit at a table next to me. I avoided looking at them out of my habit of avoiding “conspiracy” with “Daughterland”, but since they purposely sat down next to me, I thought it was “DGHTR” telling me that it was now okay to look at “Daughterlanders”.

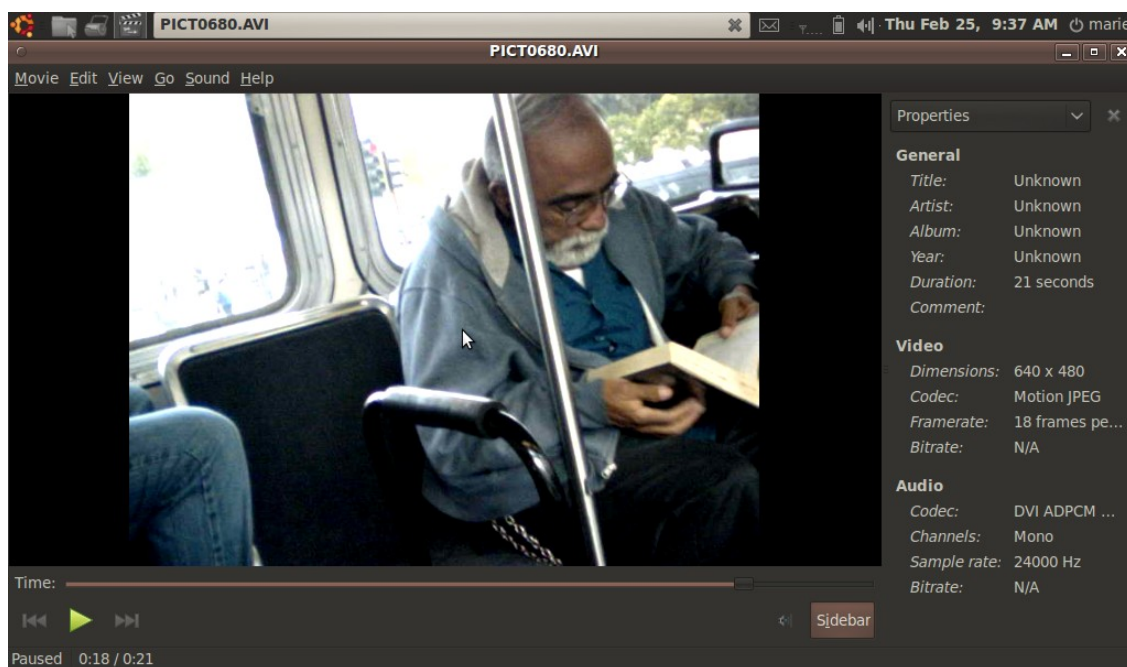
31 That was my conception at the time. Again, my notion was an exaggeration of the actual matter.

32 Again, my conception at the time, which was an exaggeration of the actual matter. While the debates about my case were always kept confidential, the rest of the UN functions which you see on public channels were all real.

33 Not!

However, it then turned out, when they spoke, that they weren't speaking "Daughterspeak". Perhaps "DGHTR" (or rather the Invisible Hand) was obtaining evidence showing that I couldn't really distinguish between "true" and "fake" Russians. This is presumably how the past was going to be rewritten.

My next recording is: "2\_21\_10\_254-349PM.WMA". I then got on the 181 bus to go to Pasadena. As I regurgitated the "hint" ("If you turn around...") I realized that I must speculate in the opposite direction, and that's how it suddenly dawned on me that the nanochip actually turned a sane person into a schizophrenic! Soon thereafter, around 3:30 PM or so, "DGHTR" (actually, the Invisible Hand) sent onto the bus a strange, possibly South Asian man, presumably the scientist who had invented the nanochip system to remotely control human beings – this, because, once I had hit on the outline of the mechanism of the nanochip system, the threshold of conspiracy had been reached allowing "DGHTR" (or the Invisible Hand) to send the scientist himself to me to frame himself further for conspiracy with me. DGHTR (or the Invisible Hand) must have kept the man in standby since yesterday, just waiting for me to hit on the truth. I quickly filmed the man: "PICT0680.AVI". Soon, I noticed that even the man's wife and children were on the bus, although they were sitting separately from him. The family got off the bus together on 47:00 or so.<sup>34</sup>



The scientist who had invented the nanochip system to control people?  
February 21 2010

My next recordings are: "2\_21\_10\_349-354PM.WMA" and "2\_21\_10\_356-803PM.WMA". Armed with my new realization, I came to Zeli (next door to Laemmler's Playhouse 7) to use the Internet.

<sup>34</sup> Again, this interpretation is from the original version, and we can't be sure today whether I was correct back then.

Perhaps I could find information on the Internet which would help me understand the mechanism of the nanochip system in artificially inducing schizophrenia and causing the implanted person to mindlessly obey. I would have preferred not to use the Internet, since the possibility always existed that those shadowy figures in the “Cave” might send me fake webpages to waste my time. Since all brain functioning is essentially reducible to neurotransmitters (“We are our neurotransmitters”, as a biologist once said) I naturally thought it best to read up on the neurotransmitter base of schizophrenia. I first found some information about “CniFERs” (Cell-based Neurotransmitter Fluorescent Engineered Reporters). This was some sort of biosensors which could detect how atypical neuroleptics, the most commonly prescribed treatment for schizophrenia, altered brain chemistry (in particular, by eliciting large releases of the neurotransmitter acetylcholine) to improve the cognitive functioning of schizophrenics. I then looked up information about a certain Quoc Thang Nguyen, the CEO of FemtoScience (“a biotech startup that uses biophotonics to find cures for brain diseases”). I then found an article on enhanced dopamine release, written by Itzhak Fried, et al, “Increased dopamine release in the human amygdala during performance of cognitive tasks” (*Nature Neuroscience*, 4, 201 – 206, 2001, doi: 10.1038/84041), which describes how the increase in dopamine release in the Amygdala was found to correlate with learning and memory process. Then I looked at Shin-Ichi Iwata, et al, “Enhanced Dopamine Release and Phosphorylation of Synapsin I and Neuromodulin in Striatal Synaptosomes after Repeated Amphetamine”, which describes amphetamine-induced dopamine release in rats. When I read that “repeated use [of Amphetamine] in humans can lead to a psychotic state that clinically resembles paranoid schizophrenia” I became ever more convinced that the nanochip system in question must have worked by increasing the release of dopamine in the brain. I would only later realize that this was too simplistic an understanding of the matter. Then, I looked at Chéramy et al, “Cholecystokinin: Corelease with dopamine from nigrostriatal neurons in the cat” (*The European Journal of Neuroscience*, 1989 Mar; 1 (2):162-171). The abstract reads:

Halothane-anaesthetized cats were implanted with push-pull cannulae to demonstrate the in vivo release of cholecystokinin-like immunoreactivity (CCK-LI) in the **substantia nigra** and the ipsilateral caudate nucleus. The spontaneous and the calcium-dependent potassium-evoked release of CCK-LI were observed in both structures. In addition, the local application of tetrodotoxin ( $10^{-6}$  M) reduced the spontaneous release of the peptide. 6-OHDA lesions made in the substantia nigra pars compacta led to a complete destruction of nigrostriatal dopaminergic neurons. CCK-LI levels were not affected in the caudate nucleus but were reduced substantially in the substantia nigra. The activation of dopaminergic cells induced by the nigral application of alpha-methyl-para-tyrosine ( $10^{-4}$  M) stimulated the release of CCK-LI and dopamine in the ipsilateral caudate nucleus, whilst opposite effects were seen in the substantia nigra. Similar results were obtained when dopaminergic transmission was blocked in the caudate nucleus suggesting that the evoked release of CCK-LI by the alpha-methyl-para-tyrosine treatment originates from dopaminergic nerve terminals and not from other CCK-LI containing fibres in response to released dopamine. Dopamine ( $10^{-7}$  M) as well as the D1 agonist SKF 38393 ( $10^{-5}$  M) stimulated CCK-LI release when applied into the caudate nucleus while the D2 agonist, LY 171555 ( $10^{-6}$  M) slightly reduced peptide release. The local application of cholecystokinin-8 sulfate (CCK-8S) ( $10^{-8}$  M, for 30 min) into the substantia nigra pars compacta increased the

firing rate of dopaminergic cells and stimulated the release of newly synthesized 3H-dopamine from dendrites and nerve terminals. These results suggest, but do not definitively prove, that, in the cat, CCK-LI and dopamine are coreleased from nigrostriatal mixed dopaminergic/CCK-LI neurons and that CCK-LI released from dendrites is, like dopamine, involved in the regulation of the activity of these cells.

I had never heard of any component of brain physiology named “substantia nigra”. The term, of course, means “black substance”. The weirdness of the term caused me to suspect the article to be fake. I therefore searched for more articles containing this term. I found another article by Chéramy, “Dendritic release of dopamine in the substantia nigra” (*Nature*, vol. 289, 12 Feb. 1981). In the beginning he writes: “In this article, we review the accumulating evidence which indicates that dopamine is released from dendrites of the nigro-striatal dopaminergic neurones and contributes to the process of signals in the substantia nigra.” It thus seemed that “substantia nigra” was a real component of the brain. Just when I said so to my recorder, mentioning “substantia nigra”, a black woman wearing (surveillance?) earphones ran past me. It was of course “DGHTR” (or rather the Invisible Hand) who had directed the coincidence from the comfort of the control center. I don’t know if there really was a relationship between the nanochips and “substantia nigra” – was “DGHTR” (or rather the Invisible Hand) trying to give me a hint? – I was just impressed by what I thought was DGHTR’s artistic humor. I thought: those International Court judges must have been thoroughly amused by this SVR officer and looked down even more on Mr former Secretary who could only entertain them with the vomit-inducing acts of the disgusting “David Chin”. In reality, what was going on was that the Invisible Hand, after the evil in which he had participated had been exposed, had decided to demonstrate his talent to everyone as the most that he was allowed to do to reverse everyone’s bad perception of the Agency. On the other hand, I relate this episode to you to show you how incredible the computerized environment was which the Daughter People had commanded the suit team to set up around me. Predicting that I would hit on the term “substantia nigra”, the computer system in the control center began scanning for a black person in my vicinity and, finding one, controlling her to come near me. Its calculation was so precise that the black woman was controlled to pass me by – all without knowing so – just when I said out loud “substantia nigra”.

Holding fast to my assumption that the nanochip worked by manipulating the release or retention of dopamine, I looked up various anti-psychotic drugs as well, including Thorazine and Risperdal, in order to understand the causes for schizophrenia. To no avail. After searching through the FDA website and experimenting with other search engines, like Suchen, Zoeken, and Orange.fr, I found an interesting note on [www.ma-schizophrenie.com](http://www.ma-schizophrenie.com):

“Jusqu’à ce jour, tous les médicaments ayant montré une efficacité sur les symptômes schizophréniques ont en commun de bloquer la transmission entre les neurones passant par un neuromédiateur appelé dopamine. De là est née la théorie dopaminergique tentant d’expliquer les symptômes schizophréniques par un hyper- ou hypofonctionnement dopaminergique.”

“Until today, all the medication which have been effective on the symptoms of schizophrenia

have the common property of blocking the inter-neuron transmission via a neurotransmitter called dopamine. Whence the dopaminergic theory attempting to explain schizophrenic symptoms through a certain dopaminergic hyper- or hypo-functioning.”

My next recording is: “[2\\_21\\_10\\_803-831PM.WMA](#)”. I felt that I was confirmed, and got on the bus to go home. On the bus however I continued reading another article on the influence of methamphetamine on dopamine. Thereupon I realized that the nanochip system was basically the a-chemical version of methamphetamine (10:00). When I began speculating on the location in the brain where the nanochip should be inserted, a Hispanic guy sitting behind me suddenly called up my attention (16:28). “You are studying biochemistry?” I immediately wondered if he was directed by “DGHTR” to deliver some hints to me – especially because (pardon me for expressing my prejudices) I wouldn’t usually expect a Hispanic guy to know anything about brain physiology. I was thus excited and asked him: “Is there a particular region in the brain which you can stimulate in order to increase the production of” – “Dopamine?” he cut in. “Yeah,” I concurred. “In a primitive region of the brain.” “Amygdala?” I asked. He then explained how the more advanced part of the brain grew out from the more primitive part of the brain, how the further you retreated toward the spinal cord, the more primitive part of the brain you would find. But that didn’t answer my question, and so I asked him again. Cerebral, he seemed to be suggesting (until 20:00 or so). That was the night.

In reality, the nanochip most likely works by artificially inducing the implanted person into the state of command hallucination, and there is no need to resort to a consideration of the underlying neurotransmitters involved. There is a body of researches examining the frequency of command hallucination among the schizophrenic population, the frequency of the patient’s compliance with the hallucinated command, and the determinants for his or her compliance. For example, perhaps 50 percent of schizophrenic patients have experienced command hallucination, and perhaps 50 percent of this 50 percent have had the habit of obeying the voices they hear in their head. Those who hear voices are more likely to obey the voices if the voices are not telling them to do violent things and if the voices are perceived as coming from familiar and benevolent sources.<sup>35</sup> DARPA must have conducted extensive fMRI examination of the brains of schizophrenics suffering from command hallucination and determined already the exact physiological causes for the patient’s compliance with the hallucinated command. With the recording of the electrical patterns of the brain of the schizophrenic who had most habitually complied with the hallucinated command, the DARPA scientist must have succeeded in using the implanted nanochips to artificially induce the same electrical patterns in the brain of the implanted person. As the implanted person was ready to obey auditory commands, there remained to be implanted only the device to transmit the voices to his brain. While DARPA scientists have already mapped out the exact causes of schizophrenia, we in the civilian world are still stuck with the various different explanations. Older views tend to postulate that the brain of schizophrenics is physically defective – lacking components found in a normal brain – on which view you can never induce, in a

35 Some examples of this kind of research reports: “Command Hallucinations Among Asian Patients With Schizophrenia”, by Theresa MY Lee, et al: <http://ww1.cpa-apc.org:8080/publications/archives/cjp/2004/december/cjp-dec04-lee-OR-dec.pdf>, and “The Relationship Between Command Hallucinations and Violence” by Dale E. McNeil: <http://ps.psychiatryonline.org/article.aspx?articleID=85018>.

normal person's brain, the exact electrical patterns found in the brain of a schizophrenic. This would mean that the artificially induced electrical patterns of the brain of the naochipped person are only simulated patterns bearing the closest resemblance to the schizophrenic brain's functional patterns. On newer views, alterations in the way neurons work, namely in their excitation and inhibition patterns, are said to be the causes for many subsets of neuropsychiatric disorders including schizophrenia and autism. Thus Mriganka Sur, the director of the Simons Center for the Social Brain at MIT, explains: "These are not disorders in the fundamental way in which the brain is built. They're subtle disorders in brain circuitry and they affect very specific brain systems, such as the social brain." On this view, what the nanochips have done is precisely to produce in the implanted person's brain the electrical patterns which correspond to altered states of the excitation and inhibition of neurons.<sup>36</sup>

In the "targeted individuals" community there is a phenomenon known as "V2K" (or "Voice to Skull"). This is where an electronic device is implanted into a person's skull to allow the control center to transmit directly into his head voices which others cannot hear. Apparently you can also beam voices into a person's head by directing satellites to shoot microwave energy on him or her.<sup>37</sup> Victims of V2K typically hear unending and repetitive commentary on their actions which was generated by a computer in the control center, if not by any actual personnel there. Sometimes the commentary got very nasty, telling the victim to kill himself. Not all cases of "targeted individuals" are genuine, but a famous and credible example of "Voice to Skull" you can find on the Internet is Magnus Olsson.<sup>38</sup> I highly suspect that this was some sort of precursor to the DARPA research on nanochipping to remotely control people. (Note that V2K and direct auditory transmission through microwave energy are old technology which has been around since the 1980s.) Through years of experimentation on private citizens, the US military's scientists must have discovered that a person in the state of ordinary consciousness simply cannot be persuaded to obey the voices transmitted into his or her head. He or she would be tortured by the constant annoying voices which he or she could never do anything about, but he or she would not commit suicide just because you beam voices into his or her head telling him or her to do so. The person must be put into an altered state of consciousness, and until recently DARPA has never figured out how to do this.<sup>39</sup>

36 "Mapping Neurological Disease": <http://web.mit.edu/newsoffice/2012/mapping-neurological-disease-0905.html>.

37 Dr. John Hall has reported this in his *A New Breed: Satellite Terrorism in America*, one of the few coherent accounts by a targeted individual telling us about his experience of being targeted. Cheryl Welsh, a victim of involuntary US government mind-control experiment 30 years ago who has now earned herself a reputation as an expert on non-lethal weapons, has also collected on her Mind Justice website (<http://mindjustice.org/>) many news articles reporting on the microwave technology which can cause the direct transmission of voices to the target's head. The January 2007 *Washington Post* report by Sharon Weinberger, "Mind Games", has also commented on the victims' testimonies about the government's beaming voices directly into their head. It even mentions the 2002 Air Force Research Laboratory patent on the technology of using microwaves to send words into someone's head: [www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2007/01/10/AR2007011001399\\_pf.html](http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2007/01/10/AR2007011001399_pf.html). I shall also note Michael Terry's memoir below.

38 Magnus Olsson's story is told in his interview hosted on Targeted Individuals Europe: <http://targeted-individuals-europe.com/?q=node/1559>.

39 This technology of direct transmission of voices to the target's brain is by now such an old technology that the US military doesn't even keep it classified anymore, so that, one of the victims I have met in Los Angeles, Michael Terry, to whom the government has beamed voices to simulate auditory hallucination, was able to obtain documents from the Army describing the weaponry use of the technology through a simple Freedom of Information Act request. He has



I of course have to remind you that the nanochip system to remotely control human beings, which has been used on “Monsieur Premier”, is not the nano mind-reading brain-chip that has been implanted in my head and in the head of most of the residents around me. As I have noted above, the mind-reading chip, although originally developed to read people’s thoughts only, can also be used to remotely control people – and most of the people around me were controlled in this way – but to a lesser extent, because it cannot control people to do things which it is completely outside their nature to do, whereas the nanochip system which induces the person into command hallucination can do just this.<sup>40</sup>

## February 22 (Monday)

My first recording of the new day are: “[2\\_22\\_10\\_942-1003AM.WMA](#)” and “[2\\_22\\_10\\_1006-1027AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up this morning quite angry. Feeling the need to release some of the frustration I had built up from the International Court business, I began cursing the judges for being duped by Mr former Secretary about me: “Stupid people are dangerous!” I was the jaywalking on the street and yelling at the drivers who were honking at me (13:30). I came to Staple to buy blank DVDs. Because I was angry, I showed no care in letting people know that I was recording them, holding my Olympus recorder in my mouth.

My next recordings are: “[2\\_22\\_10\\_1043-1115AM.WMA](#)” and “[psychobbbtlk\\_2\\_22\\_10\\_1118AM-156PM.WMA](#)”. Because I was angry, I let myself lunch at the expensive Figaro for the second time. I then began feeling guilty about liking the Pyramid. I came to Psychobabble to talk my reflection to my recorder (46:00). “We will never blame the Pyramid, even if she turns out to hate Chinks. Our former worry for her wellbeing has created a strange bond with her which she hasn’t really noticed” (1:04:00).

included the documents in his memoir describing his victimization: *The Setup: Memoirs of a NSA Security Operation*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. Lulu, 2007 – 2012. The Army FOIA release, dated August 5 2008, was signed by Susan Butterfield, whose letter states that the information has been deemed “releasable”. These are titled: “Nonlethal Technologies – Worldwide: Appendix A (U), Bioeffects of Selected Nonlethal Weapons”. In the documents the Army only mentions the tactical use of V2K, to disrupt the target’s functioning: “Possible Influence on Subject(s): Application of the microwave hearing technology could facilitate a private message transmission. It may be useful to provide a disruptive condition to a person *not aware of the technology*. Not only might it be disruptive to the sense of hearing, it could be psychologically devastating if one suddenly heard ‘voices within one’s head’” (page 6 of the document; emphasis added). I have italicized the Army’s qualification of the target’s “being unaware of the technology” to emphasize the fact that, when it comes to the mind-reading nano brain-chip, it is possible to resist being remotely controlled like a robot if the target is aware of being controlled.

40 As noted, this entire exposition comes unaltered from the original version, even though, later on, I have become quite skeptical as to whether there really exists, beside the nanochips with which I was implanted, this additional type of chips for inducing command hallucination. Thus, my notice in “The creation of autism...”, DOC-5: “A third example is my mistaken conception about the episode of brain chips: there wasn’t an additional type of chips for artificially inducing schizophrenia, but simply one kind of chips which, when they acted as transmitters, enabled the target’s thoughts to be read but which, when they acted as receivers, enabled him to be remotely controlled (the kind with which I was implanted)...” My reason is that, after living under remote control for 10 years, I really seem to have been remotely controlled to do just about everything my controllers – both Homeland Security and the CIA – have ever wanted me to do, and yet I have never seen evidence of the existence of remote control through artificially induced command hallucination.

Then: “We can’t get angry with the Pyramid because she feels like a piece of glass....” (until 1:13:00). But the problem was that I felt myself inadequate for the Pyramid and yet just couldn’t stop desiring her company. “We are just gonna annoy the Pyramid until the end of time... We’ll never get disappointed with her” (1:21:00). Then I reflected: “It’s okay if someone is reading your thoughts; it all depends on who is reading it and what you are thinking” (1:55:00).

My next recording is: “**buspyrstorieslapyr\_2\_22\_10\_323-752PM.WMA**”. After putting in another job application at the movie theater in Vermont, I got on the bus going westward. I came to the Borders Bookstore on Sunset Blvd and suddenly fell delirious just because I saw some books on marriage. I had noticed that “DGHTR” had planned to let me marry the Pyramid, and I was both excited and scared because of my feeling of inadequacy. When I was on the bus going back to Silverlake I struck up a conversation with a “pyramid” sitting next to me (2:55:30). I asked her for some suggestions of good coffeehouses in this Silverlake area (2:56:45). I then asked her where she was going, and she replied she was going to meet a friend for dinner. I couldn’t help but tell her how envious I was of her because I had no friends. This was the key to understanding my current circumstances. Despite my superficial happiness because I had finally knocked down Mr former Secretary, I still had no real people around me with whom I could share my thoughts and feelings. I continued to assume that all the human beings around me were either remotely controlled robots or actors. In reality, the residents were simply chipped and controlled without their knowing, and, unlike before, nobody was told anymore about the International Court business and instructed as to how to act and produce evidences. This was in fact how DGHTRCOM had planned the “second run” – probably in order to rewrite the episode of the “Truman Show” in 2008 and early 2009 so that it would seem now as if we had always lived in the Boss’ paradise and the show had been made possible by the computerized and chipped environment rather than by actors and actresses. So this girl, or “pyramid”, didn’t know, or remember, anything about me, and was not acting toward me at all.<sup>41</sup>

I came to Stories LA and something interesting was in store for me here. A man was holding a talk on the reading of astrological charts. A “pyramid” was sitting in the audience and I promptly joined her – because she looked so much like “Mommy”. She told me she was a massage therapist (3:41:00). When the presentation was finished (3:44:00) I began chatting with her, overwhelmed with tender feelings. She told me that she was going to marry a car mechanics (3:54:00), that her mother was from Iowa and her father from South Africa (3:56:00), that she had lived in Seattle, Bangkok, Germany (Achen), Greece, and France (Mont Blanc) (3:58:00). Finally I asked her: “Why did you go there? Are you a secret agent?” Amazingly, she admitted: “I was a secret agent. I was CIA” (3:59:00). But she then continued laughingly that she couldn’t tell me what she did there; what she could tell me was how she fell in love with a man who lived in Germany and how she then moved to Germany to be with him. The German man would be by now 45 year-old – 10 years older than she – and they separated because they later found themselves unable to get along. She explained: when you are first in love, you make up things and are positive, but, when you live with him, you will change. She changed, but he didn’t; he remained passive-aggressive. He wouldn’t communicate and didn’t like to travel, but was comfortable

41 I have completely eliminated the explanation in the original version: DGHTRCOM probably didn’t have any intention of letting the American people come off innocent of the crimes against his country.

in his own world. In the beginning he was warm and charming, but then... I suspected that her upcoming “marriage with a car mechanics” was construed in the evidentiary record as a “secret message”, namely, it had become part of the “script” about how Mr former Secretary had commanded the CIA to tell me that he planned to let me marry the Pyramid in order for us to continue our “mission” (the discovery of Atlantis and ruling Mexico). When it was my turn to explain myself, I just explained how, in the past 10 months, I had been the “Lord Master of the Universe”, but how I was now dethroned (4:04:00). It used to be that I was the “Master Legislator of Planet Earth”, but then, one day, when I legislated it no longer worked. This “pyramid” was exceptionally patient and gentle with me even though I was full of nonsense – well, because she knew what I was talking about since she was really CIA! She was leaving by 4:15:00 – after changing her story and saying that she wasn’t going to marry after all. “You have changed your mind again?” I shouted, and mumbled more: “He is going to be disappointed!” I had since then always supposed that the extraordinary patience which this CIA operative had shown me was the Agency’s way of thanking me for *wanting to* save them.<sup>42</sup> She of course knew I was recording my conversation with her and she purposely admitted she was “CIA” to my recorder. I had thus since then always also supposed that this was the CIA clandestine service’s way of apologizing to me (for the second time) for their mistreatment of me in the past. Here we’ll give you a little of the proofs you have always desired, that you are not schizophrenic! Except, of course, that there is no way for me to convince you that this proof is actually a proof! How do you know she was not kidding?

My next recording is: “[leavestoriesla\\_2\\_22\\_10\\_812-917PM.WMA](#)”. After I left Stories LA, I even picked up a classified from the bushes (17:00). I was at last freed from my former phobia toward every little thing because of faulty surveillance! While I was on the bus going home, children came around me to make loud noises, scaring me to the point of getting off the bus.

My next recording is: “[playdghtr\\_2\\_22-23\\_10\\_1006PM-315AM.WMA](#)”. I came home and fell into a delirious state again, suddenly gripped with a tremendous fear that DGHTR might have chipped the Pyramid after all. The fear caused me to play on my laptop the video I shot of the Russian surveillance agent on March 28 2009 (27:00). “Best Mommy wanted us to play this file, but we were confused, and played her video instead...” Then “DGHTR” (actually, the Invisible Hand) remotely controlled Russian words to pop up on my computer screen. I could no longer hurt Daughterland with this because evidence had just been produced that this surveillance agent was a CIA fake! I then began checking the video I shot of Mr former Secretary’s “fake Russian secret agent” on March 24 2009. “She has a pyramid too...” (47:30). Now Chinese characters began popping up on my laptop screen (49:50). I then played a video I shot of a CIA girl, and Chinese characters continued popping up on my computer screen (1:04:00). I then used ImgBurn to burn more backup DVDs (2:17:00) but the software was quickly remotely controlled to malfunction. I was no longer amused like I was the last time, and my delirious state was transformed into frustration: “We are not allowed to burn discs after all!” I was then prevented from saving the screenshots I took of the Russian surveillance agent (2:34:30). I jumped up and down. After a while, I calmed down, and made my request to the shadowy geniuses in the “Cave”: whoever had won, give me a girlfriend like any one of the three “pyramids” whose images I had just

42 Again, I didn’t know until 10 years later that I had never succeeded in saving the CIA at all!

shown (3:02:00).

## February 23 (Tuesday)

My next recording is: “[2\\_23\\_10\\_452-834AM.WMA](#)”. I had not slept yet, but was still burning my discs. Soon, I was angry and shouting again because the control center was once again not allowing me to burn discs; it wasn’t even letting my Samsung DVD burner read the content of my old DVDs. Finally, I took a nap.

My next recording is: “[2\\_23\\_10\\_834AM-1220PM.WMA](#)”. I had barely slept two hours before I woke up and left my apartment to go to the Law Library. The Pyramid was working today and it’s time to see her. I couldn’t help but see Mommy’s shadow on the bus (7:00). Was she really everywhere per DGHTR’s (actually, the Invisible Hand’s) design? Or was I just looking at a pretty white girl who looked like a CIA operative? Entering the Law Library, I got to greet the Pyramid when she passed by (1:38:00). She looked particularly pretty today. She talked about hanging out with her cousin during the weekend (1:39:00). (So maybe the conference about PLANMEX had included other members of her extended family?) I told her I wanted to work in this library also – my only chance to be around her. But later, the human resources director, when I asked her, still wouldn’t approve my job application (1:48:00). If my working in the Law Library had been part of the “script”, the Invisible Hand would simply have ordered the librarian to look favorably upon my application and hire me.

I then sat down on a table to surf the Internet on my Eee PC. The knowledge about chipping people in the brain to remotely control them against their will had begun to preoccupy me and transform my entire outlook on life. I remembered what my old professor of philosophy Dr Guerrière had taught me about the specificity of the Western civilization along the line of Eric Voegelin, and reflected: Ah! The ancients, like the Romans, didn’t understand “progress” because their concept of time was static. Christian eschatology had introduced the West to a dynamic notion of time which could lead to a goal and a better, more perfect future, giving rise to a varieties of utopian radicalism. Now our Boss Cheney had simply embodied the latest version. And to perfect us, he wanted to chip every one of us! (1:52:00) I didn’t yet know that our “perfection” meant, furthermore, becoming part of a computer program, being transformed into a creature half-human and half-machine, and letting the elites like our Boss become Yahweh over us all! Reflecting on this unbearable “perfection”, I found the website, “We The People Will Not Be Chipped” (1:55:00).<sup>43</sup> I couldn’t believe it: I saw here the old 2004 news that many Mexican officials working in their attorney general’s office had already been required to be “chipped” in the body in order to access confidential government databases and be tracked. I immediately realized that it was the Big Boss who had demanded Mexican government officials “chipped” under the pretext of fighting crimes as a way to introduce “microchipping” into our world and prepare us for the ultimate “microchipping” which would irrevocably interface us with a giant computer.

By 3:11:00 I had left the Law Library, waving goodbye to the Pyramid. It was just another day of lingering around her without seriously speaking to her. While I was at the fast food place ordering

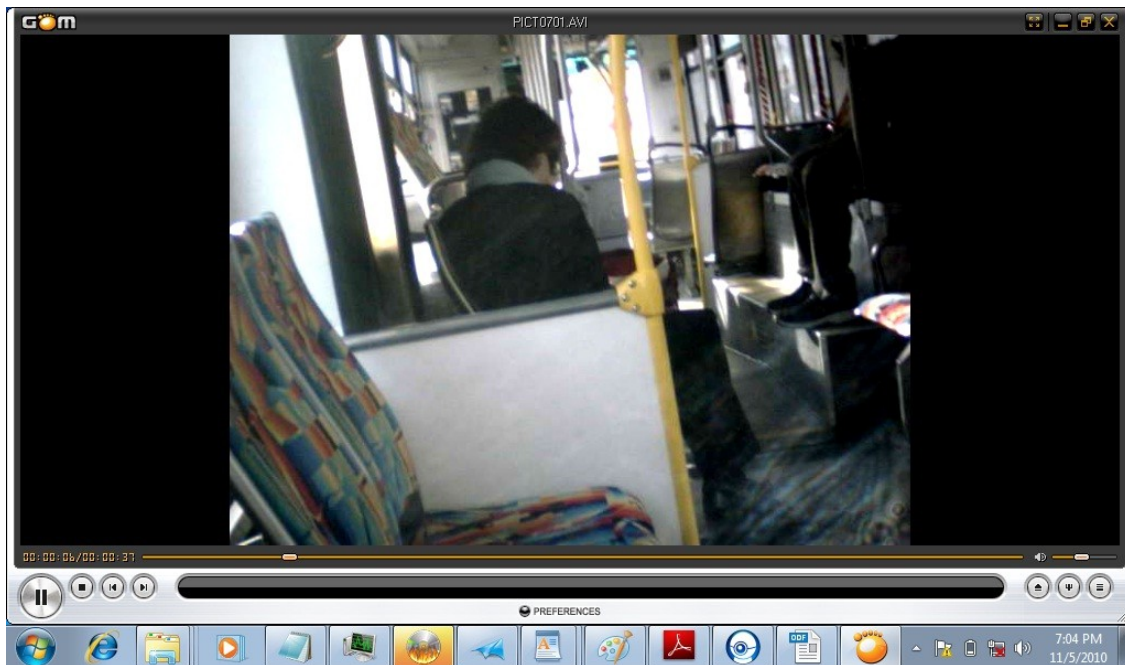
43 The website has been shut down since 2012.

lunch, I was again severely disturbed by children’s shouting.

My next recordings are: “[2\\_23\\_10\\_1222-427PM.WMA](#)”; “[2\\_23\\_10\\_427-602PM.WMA](#)”; and “[uclaneuron\\_2\\_23\\_10\\_604-829PM.WMA](#)”. I came to Westwood, thought I saw Mommy again in ISO, and ended up in the UCLA Biomedical Library to browse more books on brain physiology. I wanted to understand the nanochip system better. I read more about hallucination, dopamine, and the “dopamine hypothesis” for schizophrenia. I had no idea as yet that the nanochip system was invented by focusing on the functional patterns (electrical activities) of the brain and that it was merely the most developed version of a vast assembly of mind-control technology which the US government had been developing since the 1950s.

### February 24 (Wednesday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “[2\\_24\\_10\\_853-941AM.WMA](#)” and “[lawlib\\_2\\_24\\_10\\_941AM-1237PM.WMA](#)”. I woke up, and, by 9:20 AM, had exited my apartment to go to the Law Library. When the bus was approaching the Law Library, something very surprising happened. A “Mommy” came on the bus wearing the same clothing as “Maman” – the DGSE official whom the SVR Legend had sent onto my bus on February 9 to produce an “erectile intercept”. I quickly filmed the scene: “[fvidasus\\_022410/PICT0701.AVI](#)”. I knew this was something important, even though I had no idea why “DGHTR” was doing this.



Mommy faking “Maman”, 02/24/10

What was going on was this. Recall the moderation of DGHTRCOM – how he liked to divide, and

pacify, his enemies rather than forcing them to fight for their life. He also had an interest in normalizing international relations as quickly as possible by releasing some of the conspirator nations from his command. As soon as he had defeated France on February 12, he started his backdoor negotiations with Sarkozy. It is not exactly clear to me what he had demanded from France – this I will discuss later (in Part II). It's amazing that the French government had agreed to the concessions which DGHTRCOM had demanded within 10 days. Now that our Great Boss was commanded to recommit the “crimes against Russia” all over the world in order to take the fall for all of them, DGHTRCOM had to quickly decide France's status in the new command structure – shall France be a conspirator like the United States, or a Macrospherian victim like Russia? DGHTRCOM had decided on the latter, and the Great Boss' recommission of crimes could get started. Now, insofar as his country was still in control of the International Court, DGHTRCOM could easily absolve the conspirator nations by producing new evidence out of me to replace the previous evidence, so that the new, or final, version of the evidentiary record would show a different narrative in which the absolved conspirator nation, in this case France, was somehow not involved in the criminal conspiracy. France, after negotiating with DGHTRCOM, would effectively be pardoned by him and have its crimes erased from official records. This release from the role of a conspirator against Daughterland meant an *Aufheben* from the Microsphere to the Macrosphere – a flight from the Microsphere the “conspiracy zone” to the Macrosphere the domain of the victims of the conspiracy. The *Aufheben* was accomplished through the replacement of the original evidence by a new evidence of similar sort. In this instance DGHTRCOM had released “Maman”, and the France she had represented, from the Microsphere, by producing another intercept establishing that the agent of France (Maman) who had earlier conspired with me on February 9 (producing erectile intercept to harm Russia) was somehow a fake staged by the CIA just as all the Russians in the first run were now reconstrued as “CIA fakes”. In the new narrative, France had never conspired with me, because my French conspirator was actually a fake whom Mr former Secretary had commanded the CIA to put in front of me to dupe me.

I don't know if DGHTRCOM had other motivations in his urgency to normalize his relationship with France. A political struggle seemed to have erupted inside Daughterland due to this victory in the International Court: whereas the conservatives (“Siloviki”) must have desired harsh treatment of Western nations (maybe even keeping Western elites “chipped”) in response to the West's conspiracy to annihilate their country, the moderates (led by President Medvedev) would have desired normalization of relations in view of the fact that normal trade relations were conducive to their program of economic modernization. DGHTRCOM, who was the boss of everyone, had always favored the moderates' vision for Russia's future, even though he came from the conservative camp. The intensified antagonism coming from Eastern European countries (like Poland) may also have contributed to DGHTRCOM's desire to lessen antagonism coming from Western Europe. By pardoning France and Western Europe, DGHTRCOM could alienate between Western Europe, which was less important to his country, and Eastern Europe, which was more important and whose hatred for his country needed to be dealt with immediately. I'm not sure if France's decision to sell the Mistral amphibious assault ships to Russia was part of the “backdoor deals”. The sale had caused worries among the Eastern European NATO nations, and yet France did it anyway. According to Thomas Patrick Baker's June 2011 Thesis for Naval Graduate School, “A Study of the Russian Acquisition of the French MISTRAL Amphibious

Assault Warships”<sup>44</sup>, Russia had actually started negotiating with France about the purchase of Mistral since 2009. It was however possible that the final decision for the sale was indeed influenced by the International Court case about me.

I came to the Law Library and used my laptop. On 1:59:00 I found a chance to go up to the circulation desk to chat with the Pyramid. I asked her where she had gone last night. She said she had gone to her parents’ house. “What do your parents look like?” “They look like me...” When she told me that I could check out materials from the library if I was involved in a court case, I tried to entertain her by asking her if my status as “evidence” in a court case counted (2:02:23). She giggled. I also told her how, as soon as I commented to myself in my room that she would be fine, my refrigerator began humming, as if agreeing. “Okay yeah,” replied the Pyramid. She then told me that she lived in a house, qualifying it was a “small house”.<sup>45</sup> Thirty minutes later I was leaving the library, never forgetting to wave goodbye to the Pyramid: “I’ll see your nose tomorrow... and the rest of your body too!” The Pyramid smiled. Things were going fine so far.

My next recordings are “[2\\_24\\_10\\_1237-144PM.WMA](#)”, “[2\\_24\\_10\\_144-202PM.WMA](#)”, and “[cgiintk\\_2\\_24\\_10\\_202-306PM.WMA](#)”. I had made an appointment for an intake at the Chicago School. I was about to have a therapist at long last! When I arrived, I paid the 30 dollar intake fee, and sat down in the waiting area. I opened up a magazine that was lying on the table, and there just had to be an image of Russia on the page I randomly turned to (6:30)! The “mind-reading computer” inside the Cave could actually remotely control my muscles down to such precision that it could direct me to open up a book on exactly page 35 – all the while I didn’t feel any differently than when I was not being remotely controlled. Soon the intern therapist to do my intake showed up (13:00). It was a certain “Mona”, an Iranian girl in her early 30s. When she asked me what my purpose was in coming to therapy, I found it impossible to tell her my worry that Mr former Secretary or the International Court rules might cause harm to my beloved Pyramid from the Law Library. I simply mentioned vaguely that I was besieged by “worries” for the safety of someone (15:00). I immediately suspected that “DGHTR” (actually, the Invisible Hand) had set me up with this “Mona” by remotely controlling everyone in the Chicago School in order to produce some new evidence showing how Mr former Secretary had produced faulty surveillance showing me meeting with an “Iranian secret agent” as a way to falsely sue Iran in the International Court. This could of course might very well be the case since to produce new evidences to free Iran from its 2008 conviction together with China was among DGHTRCOM’s agendas. Finally I began telling Mona about my worries for the Pyramid: how I had to go to the library everyday to check on her, making sure she was okay (37:00). I also found it impossible to tell Mona my other worry that the “Daughter People” might have chipped the Pyramid in the head to make her life, and my interaction with her, completely worthless. I simply told her that I was worried when I read news about how “the government put things in people’s body...” This kind of news of course only referred to the low-grade RFID chips. I told her that what the government did was to make people into “not real people”. Somehow, Mona got it: “Am I really me or am I a robot...” (44:30). Yeah! I shouted: “I’m worried there may be a microchip inside you, making it not worth the while to talk to you...”

44 His thesis is online: [http://www.brookings.edu/~media/events/2011/6/27%20mistral/0627\\_mistral\\_thesis.pdf](http://www.brookings.edu/~media/events/2011/6/27%20mistral/0627_mistral_thesis.pdf).

45 Presumably she meant the Fairview house.

(48:00). But Mona assured me that there was no microchip inside her, while I became increasingly sure that Mona was DGHTR's remotely controlled robot. In reality, Mona was merely implanted with the same mind-reading brain-chip as I had been, which made her remotely controllable but not to the extent of doing things outside her nature.<sup>46</sup> Toward the end of our intake session, I told Mona that I didn't like her black nail polish, and Mona agreed to charge me only a nominal fee of 5 dollars for each session. "DGHTR" was nice to me! We set our next appointment for next Wednesday, 3 PM, and she guaranteed me that she was "chip-free" (56:30).

Another reason why I suspected Mona was purposely selected by "DGHTR" was her look. Although she was skinny and had wide hips, her figure was far less attractive than the graceful shape of the Pyramid's perfect-ten body. And she had very strange facial features, sort of like mine: just like mine, her face looked appealing from certain angles (e.g. the frontal view), but ugly from others (e.g. from the side: because of her receding forehead). "DGHTR" seems to have purposely selected this girl in order for me to not feel attraction toward her, thus letting me concentrate on relating to her on a deeper level.<sup>47</sup>

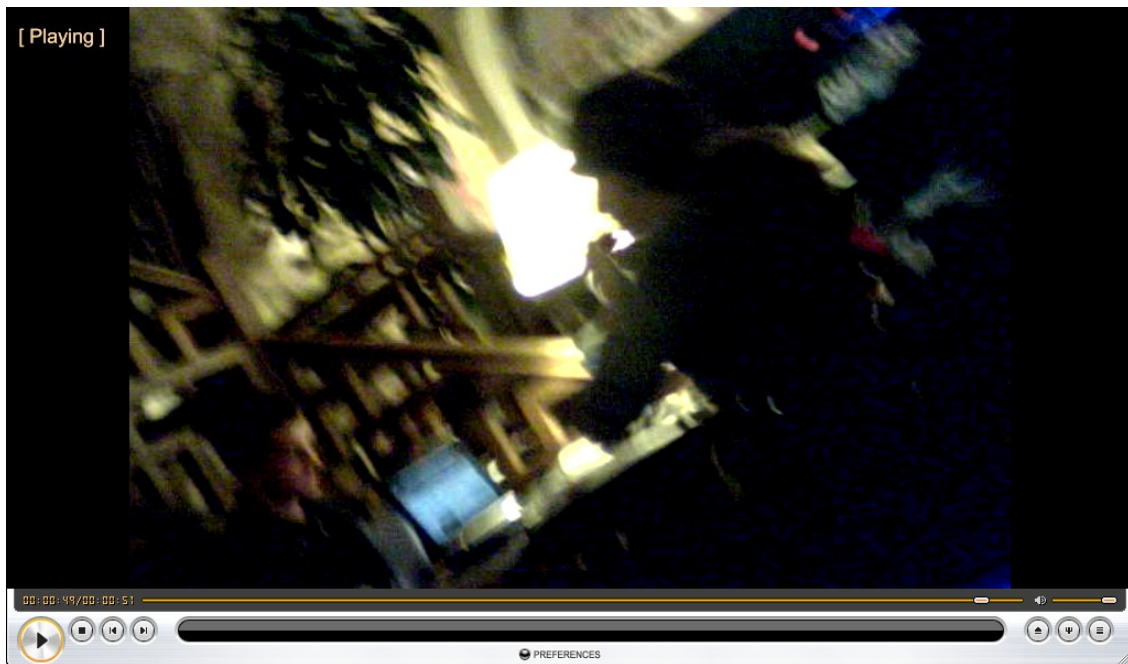
My next recording is: "[isowrorth22\\_2\\_24\\_10\\_306-605PM.WMA](#)". After coming out of my therapy, I came to ISO across the street to eat (3:00), and there I began writing down my recently acquired knowledge about the chipping of the MSS director and the "Chamber for the Enforcement of Judgments" (1:12:00). I also began to notice that my habit of always dragging with me my DVDs and computers in my cart was preventing me from having a social life, since I couldn't go to meetups dragging this many things (2:43:00).

My next recording is: "[isomommiesbus2\\_2\\_24\\_10\\_610-957PM.WMA](#)". I would spend my whole night at ISO, acting out a show of being enamored with two "Mommies", who were both studying and chatting with their partners on other tables. In reality, I had no idea if they were really CIA operatives. One of them, whom I would meet later, would turn out definitely to not be CIA. Now, instead of drawing them, I just filmed them. I filmed one of the girls with her nose set against the shining light of the lamp, thus voluntarily falling into DGHTRCOM's "script" of my obsession with "pyramids".

46 This conclusion is from the original version, and we can't be sure today whether I was correct back then.

47 Did the Invisible Hand really plan it this way?





The girl's "pyramid" set against the "moonlight", 02/24/10

## February 25 (Thursday)

My first recording of the new day is: "[brndvd13newcp\\_2\\_25\\_10\\_655-1101AM.WMA](#)". After I woke up around 6:30 AM, I began burning DVDs. "DGHTR" (actually the Invisible Hand) again remotely disrupted my ImgBurn software, so that I could not burn the disc. My heart sank. I asked: should we give up? (2:26:30) Presumably the Invisible Hand needed to produce new evidences of a different command structure to replace the old evidences from the past, but we have to suspect whether he was also doing it in order to force me to give up my recording and DVD habits because the Monkey had raised objections: it would just be too weird when his son-in-law should record every single second of his interaction with his daughter and constantly drag a big cart of DVDs everywhere he should ever go! (As already noted.) I was however being forced onto a self-destructive path: I was getting very frustrated, overwhelmed by the feeling of powerlessness insofar as I can only use my own machines to the extent allowed by someone else – who had thus become God over my machines. I was very angry.

My next recording is: "[brndvd96-13nwcp\\_2\\_25\\_10\\_1150AM-105PM.WMA](#)". Now the Invisible Hand did allow me to burn my disc when I tried it for the second time. I then set out for the Law Library. Before leaving my apartment, I as usual had to tape up all my things in the drawer. I began to feel annoyed by the troublesome procedures I had forced myself to adopt in defense against intelligence operations: "This is so troublesome" (13:00). When I was on the bus, I tried to describe to my recorder my growing unhealthy feelings for the Pyramid: "You are my fix, my cocaine, my heroin, I love you very much...." (56:00). I was increasingly living in a prison I had built for myself, not just in regard to my defense against intelligence operations, but also in regard to my growing Borderline

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, IV  
The psychology of the ying and the yang, I: Newly Revised Version  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Revision, Oct. – Dec. 2022

addiction to the Pyramid.

My next recording is: “[tolawlibanglchelprrnt\\_2\\_25\\_10\\_109-349PM.WMA](#)”. At the Law Library, now that I had somewhat recovered my mood, I reserved a computer station and began looking for pictures of Chinese diplomats on the UN website. I still couldn’t get out of my desire to find a picture in which the Chinese diplomat would exhibit discernible signs of being chipped in the brain and remotely controlled. I soon found a picture showing a Chinese diplomat signing documents under the watchful gaze of a pretty, obviously European, “pyramid”. The picture was however extremely suspicious: not because the Chinese diplomat looked in any way “chipped”, but because the “pyramid” standing beside him had a scarf tied around her neck. Wearing a scarf on the neck – that’s a “Mommy thing”: something which the female officers of the CIA loved to do. I have seen both “Janice” (March 2009) and “Best Mommy” (April 2009) doing it. But this woman looked clearly European. Was this picture “orchestrated” from the control center to produce a certain evidence to replace past evidences? If so, then the official story about how the CIA had helped our Boss Cheney in his world utopia plan had just changed again – in what way we do not know.



The picture of the Chinese diplomat, 02/25/10

Obviously per orchestration, children’s noise suddenly appeared in the library (1:01:10). An intercept! The picture indeed meant something! Finding an excuse to interact with the Pyramid, I asked her to help me print out the picture of my Chinese diplomat on the library’s printer (1:45:00). I then played

dumb and asked her to stick my USB flash drive into the computer. She gladly did it and I thanked her (2:06:00). We were both laughing. Her act just seemed so much like a symbolism of coitus – as if it were an intercept establishing that our Microspherian conspiracy shall soon include the episode of the consummation of my desires for the Pyramid! (Presumably the Pyramid was enjoying this because she liked the attention which the CIA had shown her by planning to pair her up with me.) Thus, when I ran out of the library for a break, I was both shy and euphoric. Everything had assumed the character of “symbolism”. When I saw a sign of “divorce” in Spanish outside an office, I again thought it to be a symbolism, and I was both disappointed and relieved: I still felt shy about a possible “consummation with the Tallest Pyramid in the Library” (2:25:00). I walked back into the library on 2:37:00, and told the Pyramid, “I took off my hat just as you took off your glasses, I’m imitating you...” “Why?” she asked. “Because you are my model...” “Oh....” she wasn’t so pleased. I failed to grasp the fact that the Pyramid preferred admiring an authoritative male figure to being admired by someone from the inferior rank.

My next recording is: “[lawlibmeetup\\_2\\_25\\_10\\_351-618PM.WMA](#)”. I continued to surf the Internet in the library. Around 5:13 PM, I surfed onto Meetup’s website, and, while looking at a meetup group called “Lessons from Women on Top”, I saw a photo of its member who couldn’t look more like a typical CIA, and she just had to tie a scarf around her neck! Clearly, something was up! Another evidence must have just been created to rewrite my relationship with the Agency.



Is she really “Mommy”?  
This is in any case the most typical look of a CIA operative!

On 1:47:00, the ImgBurn on my laptop was remotely controlled again to not function, preventing me from verifying my newly burned DVD. I became upset, and fell into my old paranoia that I wouldn't even know if I had actually burned a disc at all. Maybe my laptop was simply remotely controlled to put up the appearance that it was receiving data from my disc when there were actually no data on the disc! At the time I simply didn't know why "DGHTR" was torturing me like this after I had saved his country. I went to the circulation desk to talk to the Pyramid on 1:58:00. I noticed a tiny flash drive lying on the counter in front of her. I had to ask her, "Is my Daughter okay?" (2:00:00) I mean, this was how Mr former Secretary had convicted "Daughterland" in the past, right? Of course, the current instance was just a new "evidence" which the Invisible Hand had orchestrated to replace the previous instance (like the one involving the Pyramid in December 2008). It would hardly harm "Daughterland" at all. I then joked with the Pyramid: "You would like my Mommy..." Referring to the CIA clandestine service, I continued: "She lives in Colorado... And she has another office in Virginia..." The Pyramid of course knew what I was referring to, but feigned: "What does she do?" "She... fools people for a living," I replied. "Is she a secret agent?" the Pyramid asked. I had to laugh. I then complained to Pinky about my constantly malfunctioning computer (2:03:00). Pinky taught me deep breathing as a way to calm myself down. I then told the Pyramid about my trip to Nicaragua (2:05:00), and we had some fun with her testing me on the few Spanish words I knew. Again, the "script" for the second run was going well so far.

My next recording is: "[uclacybrcafechckdsc\\_2\\_25\\_10\\_618-1118PM.WMA](#)". By 6 PM I had left the library to go to UCLA (25:00). A child came onto the bus shouting (1:06:00), and there was loud singing by a sissy Homeland Security agent (1:17:00). All these instances were presumably orchestrated to replace similar episodes from the past. I came to the Biomedical Library and began watching a video on Youtube about those Verichip-manufactured RFID microchips for humans (2:28:00). I continued my futile attempt to find, in the public domain, traces of the nanochips inside my head and in the heads of the people around me, not yet understanding that our Great Boss had only allowed the most insignificant fragments of his overall agenda to chip the whole humanity to surface in the information realm available to ordinary people. I watched a second video on Verichip on 2:41:30. Then a third video, about those "enhanced" driver licenses in which RFID chips have been embedded (2:43:00). The fourth video I watched covered some outlines of the (supposed) "Cheney Plan", from the orchestration of terrorist threats through the suspension of civil liberties to the North American Union and the microchipping of humanity – supposedly confessed by David Rockefeller himself (2:46:00).<sup>48</sup> Still, the microchips revealed here were merely for tracking and identification purposes and were implanted in the body. They had some additional functions like encoding all your medical and financial information, so that you would never be able to remain anonymous in society. But these chips did not allow you to be completely controlled. At most, the elites could remotely turn off the chip inside you and kill you. There was no mention anywhere on the Internet of the most sophisticated brain-chips which allowed you to be remotely controlled like a robot. I left the library angry; I was also complaining about how too much garbage had been remotely stuffed into my computer because of this

48 I have referred to this video earlier, in "The Cheney Plan, the CIA's war with the neoconservatives, and the crimes against Russia".

International Court trial (2:59:00). “We are blocked off... Everyday we are just waiting for Mommy to show up...” My life remained boring and tasteless even after “Daughterland” had won the International Court trial: I still had no friends, no one to talk to, nothing of the “human life” which everyone else took for granted. I spent my whole day talking to myself, trapped in a theater where every movement around me was presumably orchestrated, often simply by a computer sitting inside the control center.

I had begun noticing a certain serious problem with the public discourse on the government’s microchipping agendas. Even though many private citizens have been complaining on the Internet about microchipping by government agencies, even though “conspiracy theorists” do occasionally talk about the microchip agendas, even though alternative news outlets have started warning people about government microchipping,<sup>49</sup> even though a whole category of human beings has emerged, called “targeted individuals”, to comprehend victims who actually spend efforts everyday struggling with microchipping, the unsophisticated nature of the chitchat and the exclusive focus on the lower grades of microchipping technology – usually just the RFID microchips manufactured by Verichips – have actually helped cover up the true nature of the US government’s microchipping agendas. Everyone has been decoyed, in other words. The decoying is in a way inevitable, because most of the people involved in the discussion and the investigation are unsophisticated and uneducated and could not really comprehend the true extent of the military grade mind-control technology and the severe limitation of their own intellect and the technology at their disposal. I will have a discussion about this problem in the Appendix where I shall tackle the problem concerning the inadequate public discussion of mind-control technologies in general and the falsities of “targeted individuals” in particular.

## February 26 (Friday)

My first two recordings of the new day are: “[laundroamrintrnllaw\\_2\\_26\\_10\\_735-919AM.WMA](#)” and “[bus4dwntwn\\_2\\_26\\_10\\_919-1049AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up before 7 AM, did laundry, and, by 9 AM, was on the bus going to downtown. On my way I noted: “If one day you realize you are stupid, then you are not stupid anymore, you are actually smart” (9:00). Only if all those people who were engaged in the unsophisticated chitchat on the Internet could know this! While on the bus, I looked through the articles which I had downloaded yesterday about international laws and the UN Security Council (34:00). All garbage! None of these academic descriptions of the UN institutions reflected in any way my personal experience with the international system. I became ever more depressed by the inexorable reality that what was really going on in the UN and in governments around the world would never leave traces in the public domain for ordinary people to find. Before I went inside the Law Library, I first stopped by the storage facility to put my newly burned DVDs into my storage unit.

My next recordings are: “[lawlib\\_2\\_26\\_10\\_115-206PM.WMA](#)” and “[lawlibfranka\\_2\\_26\\_10\\_207-506PM.WMA](#)”. At the library, I talked to the Pyramid about the library jobs again (34:00). How much I wanted to work under her! I even called up the Human Resources on Skype on 1:03:00 to ask once more about the status of my job application.

49 Many alternative news channels have, for example, been making a splash of the mandatory microchipping in Obama's Health Care Plan.

My next recording is: “[lawlibhow72bus2mxrstau\\_2\\_26\\_10\\_508-716PM.WMA](#)”. After doing some writing (my “Secret History of the International Court”), I went to the circulation counter to talk to Angel, and then managed to have another round of short chat with the Pyramid (27:00). I asked her what she was going to do in the weekend. Going to her parents’ house like always, she said. But then she kept laughing. Something funny? When the library closed and I waved goodbye to the Pyramid, she was still laughing (49:00). The Pyramid had been euphoric for several days already; some latest decisions made about PLANMEX must have elevated her status even more in the eyes of her family and relatives. It is unfortunate that I cannot tell you about it because I don’t know what it is. When I rode the bus to Sliverlake, I filmed the interior of a DVD store on Sunset Blvd. It had an advertisement by the window: on the top was the advertisement for the movie “Proposal”, and, on the bottom, “Ms March” (1:27:00). At the time I assumed this was an intercept devised by “DGHTR” to make my pair-up with the Pyramid into part of the “script” (part of the “conspiracy”). I could very well be right (except that it would be the “Invisible Hand”). Perhaps I would propose to her in March, making her “Ms March” – the “Lucky One” who was to be coupled with “The One” (who had saved Daughterland)? Recall my joke earlier about “Ms Pyramid 2010”: perhaps “DGHTR” had taken up my suggestion. I was nervous. Could I handle such good luck as touching the skin of the pretty Pyramid? All this symbolism of marriage probably had something to do with the latest development in PLANMEX over which the Pyramid was totally excited.

My last recording of the day is: “[storiesladrwmommy70pyrmd\\_2\\_26\\_10\\_717-1045PM.WMA](#)”. I ended up in Stories LA (8:00). I thought I saw Mommy again (16:30), and then another beauty whom I thought to be Mommy (32:30). She was not, however. I decided to draw her on the back of Spengler’s *Untergang* which I had been carrying with me (36:00). “Your pyramid is so good, Mommy,” I whined in my longing (41:00). She took notice of me and I told her she “looked like my Mommy”. She introduced herself as “Bridget”. Thus was the “script” fulfilled for another day.

### **February 27 (Saturday; computer malfunctioning)**

Unbeknownst to me, the Invisible Hand had planned this morning a major episode of computer malfunctioning that was to unleash a series of disasters both for me and for PLANMEX. Perhaps the Monkey was insisting on getting rid of my bad habit again! In any case, I have recorded the whole episode in: “[wrshrk10failangry\\_2\\_27\\_10\\_737-1025AM.WMA](#)”. On 1:47:00 or so you can hear me turning on my Toshiba Satellite. As it was raining outside, I asked, “Can the neocons just stop the rain?” (1:51:10) – well, the rain could perhaps indeed be orchestrated from the control center using the neocon “utopia” machine. I then began burning some old Wireshark captures onto disc. On 1:56:20 or so the first “error message” popped up: “The current process will be stopped. Error code 380381-26-28030C00”. The Invisible Hand had just remotely controlled my Toshiba Disc Creator to malfunction! Shocked – it was definitely not funny any longer – I videotaped the whole process: “[PICT0749.AVI](#)”. I then tried burning it again on a new blank disc. When my Samsung disc burner completed the burning, I began verifying the disc (2:06:00). Suddenly, the Toshiba Disc Creator froze in place during the verification process (2:16:40): “[PICT0750.AVI](#)”. I just blew up. Backing up data on a secure medium

like DVD was one of my most essential functions, and yet I was just not allowed to do it, even though no one else had to face this problem! I yelled: too many remotely controlled malfunctioning! Too many foreign codes remotely inserted into my Toshiba! My Toshiba is like Michael Jackson's face! It has got remodeled so many thousands of times that one touch would make it fall apart. I shouted continually with the most ferocious anger: I just don't understand computers! What the fuck you want me to do? What had really got me was the absolute powerlessness vis-à-vis a machine of monstrous proportion: no matter how well you understand computers, there is absolutely no way for you to overcome the Homeland Security control center, and there is absolutely no way for you to bypass the DHS filtering of Internet content and see a real website – because the Homeland Security Department is in control of the very mechanism of domain names service: IANNA (2:24:05). Modern computers are simply built to not bypass the Homeland Security control center – modern electronics are built in such a way as to be a sub-component of the government's central computer. Even though it was (supposedly) the Russians who were doing this, I blamed America anyway, since it was American technology. I started yelling hysterically: “Just come out! Just come out!” In a frenzy of profanity, I began throwing things in the room, breaking the windows in the process.

My next recording is: “[wrshrk10angry\\_2\\_27\\_10\\_1026-1051AM.WMA](#)”. I rested in silence after my anger outburst. On 21:30 or so I suddenly got up and yelled: “Every tiny little thing has to be videotaped!” I went into a rage again, and, after trying to burn the same disc, trashed my room and broke more of my window glass: “[PICT0751.AVI](#)”.

My next recording is: “[brnwrshrk10blnkhasdata\\_2\\_27\\_10\\_1052AM-1243PM.WMA](#)”. I continued filming my computer and the burning of DVD, angry because “somebody else wanted my disc” (13:00): whenever I got pessimistic, I would swing into my old assumption that I was supposed to be intercepted by the police carrying all my discs so that the “Daughter People” may obtain the evidences they needed. Well, I was no longer into this game. The results of my filming this simple DVD-burning are: “[PICT0754.AVI](#)”, “[PICT0755.AVI](#)”, “[PICT0756.AVI](#)”, “[PICT0757.AVI](#)”, “[PICT0758.AVI](#)”, and “[PICT0759.AVI](#)”. This time I was using the ImgBurn on my Eee PC. When I was setting up the ImgBurn, I complained continually about how “the government's computer can remotely control all computers in the world” (25:00), how that was the way the Microsoft system was built, how when messages popped up on my computer's screen it was just the government doing it – just as when you cough, it's actually the government making you cough! I then complained that the reason why vulgar mafia – like the nasty, sadistic, and unsympathetic Homeland Security personnel who, by virtue of sitting in the control center, had God-like control over your machines and your environment – ruled over good people was that these companies like Microsoft had made this possible by building the machines for them; that these companies did this because they were filled with immigrant engineers who were smart but who didn't care what sort of evil and worthless people were going to use the machines they had invented... I remind you that the Great Boss and his cronies could have taken over the world only because they had control of the machines! “We should therefore prevent immigrants from coming to the United States... Native Americans (people who are born and grow up in America) can only play video games and won't be able to build the machines which the neocons need to exterminate, torture, dominate, and enslave the people on the bottom!” (until 32:00) Although I may

have exaggerated the stupidity of American-born youngsters, it was nevertheless true that nearly half of the engineers employed in the military-industrial complex were immigrants. It is thus correct to say that my life would be far better off, and the world would be far better off, if the United States didn't have that many immigrants coming in. So many people wouldn't have had to be tortured by wonder weapons. I sighed: "Too unfortunate for the world that USA exists – a country so evil!" (48:35) In the end, the Invisible Hand did allow me to burn two copies of the Wireshark captures I wanted to back up on discs. After several hours of struggle! Before I left my apartment, I smashed more glasses (1:31:30). The horrifying state of my apartment when I left it is captured in: "[PICT0765.AVI](#)".

My next recording is: "[argueonstreet\\_2\\_27\\_10\\_1243-257PM.WMA](#)". When I was waiting for the bus going to the Law Library, an incident happened. I needed a trash bag and so I dug a bag of trash out of the trash can by the bus stop and dumped the trash out on the street. A Hispanic couple who were standing nearby were incensed and got violent with me and kicked my luggage cart into the road. They even hit me a few times. I was extremely rude to them at the time because I really believed that they were remotely controlled by "DGHTR" to overreact to my blatant littering – today, I'm not so sure if "DGHTR" (actually the Invisible Hand) was actually controlling them, even though everyone had supposedly nano brain-chips planted inside his or her head. When I tried to film them with my camcorder they smashed it. I angrily threw the broken camcorder onto the middle of the street and got on the bus to go to the Law Library (by 1:17:00).

My next recording is: "[lawlibgrndpawsaskangl\\_2\\_27\\_10\\_315-509PM.WMA](#)". The tone of the Pyramid's voice today was stern and normal – she had probably just heard from her father that I had just had an outburst in my apartment earlier. Meanwhile, I was still recovering from my earlier trauma and was cursing to myself from time to time, causing the security guard to tell me to quiet down. Then, after asking the Pyramid for a trash bag, I asked her what she did the previous night (1:39:00). She was watching TV with her parents, she said. I suspect that she was actually hiding from me, with these words, the fact that she, together with her family and the people from the CIA and Homeland Security, was actually in the control center watching me perform in Stories LA. I asked her more questions about herself. Never attended meetups? No. Didn't go out with friends to see a movie? Sometimes... Not trying to meet new friends? No. Any gig? No. "What do you like to do?" I finally asked. "Why do you want to know?" she was playing mysterious. "Because you are my model. I want to imitate you," I said. "You have to be yourself," she said with a smile. What a cliché! "That's boring. I'm already myself. I want to add something new," I replied. The Pyramid had portrayed her life as boring and monotonous, as if she had never done anything during her free time except watching television.

My next recording is: "[wstwdangrysawmmybrndvd12nsa\\_2\\_27\\_10\\_509-1132PM.WMA](#)". After I left the Law Library, I rode the bus to Westwood Village and would spend the night in the Coffee Bean there. I thought I saw another Mommy; but today I wouldn't be so sure that she was actually a CIA operative. I continued DGHTRCOM's "script" by drawing this "Mommy". When I discovered the website of the Chertoff Group, I associated "Daddy" with the color "purple". As you shall see, the color purple would – from tonight onward – suddenly fill up my environment.



## February 28 (Sunday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[2\\_28\\_10\\_947AM-333PM.WMA](#)”. I woke up very upset. “I want to join Mommy so that no one would touch my computer anymore!” (1:10:30) I was still angry with yesterday’s malfunctioning. Since the Law Library was closed on Sunday, I decided to go to the UCLA library instead. I came to the UCLA library by 3:53:00 and, after using the computer stations, went downstairs and found some *Spiegel* magazines to look at (4:31:00). When I saw the news that China expressed anger at the United States for selling weapons to Taiwan, I realized the horror of the neoconservative rule: this would just be the Boss remotely controlling the Chinese government to pretend to express anger in order to produce this news to fool us all (4:46:00). He would then remotely control Obama to pretend to express to China America’s concern over China’s treatment of Tibet. All would be a staged show. At the moment, of course, nothing like that was going on: the United States had merely control over the MSS so that the US hold on China was much more regional than I had thought.

My next recording is: “[2\\_28\\_10\\_333-614PM.WMA](#)”. I came out of the library and walked into Westwood Village. I continued humming because children’s noises filled up the atmosphere (10:00). At some point my cart was broken again, terribly frustrating me. I became angry and started telling the strangers around: “I’m a pedophile, I’m recording!” After I calmed down, I sighed: “Who cares if the world is saved, I’m still lonely by myself...” (1:48:00). I came to Starbucks and called up Steve on Skype because I was so out of cash (2:29:30), but he had neither a job for me nor money.

My recordings for the rest of my night are: “[brdrtouclamed\\_2\\_28\\_10\\_623-840PM.WMA](#)”; “[2\\_28\\_10\\_840-940PM.WMA](#)”, and “[uclamedgohm\\_2\\_28\\_10\\_940-1140PM.WMA](#)”. I came to the UCLA Medical Center and thought I could get a free meal just like the last time, but the doctor, instead, threw me a tiny piece of sandwich. I became very moody all of a sudden, upset with the Daughter People. When another nurse came to me, I simply got up and said, “Since I’m not welcome here I’m just gonna leave...” (16:00). When he insisted on giving me referrals, I declined. While I was waiting for the bus, I murmured to “DGHTR” and all the Daughter People who might be watching me in the control center: “It’s our Daughter... We don’t love her anymore... Just don’t ‘chip’ the Pyramid... Forget about the Pyramid...” (41:00). *I could not have guessed at the time that not only was the Pyramid chipped, she didn’t actually care!* More: “Goodbye, and go ‘chip’ every American... But let my grandfather go too...” (44:30). Then: “We spend every penny we have and every ounce of our education... to save you, to save Mommy, to save this and that... Forget it, it’s not worth saving...” (48:00). And I rode the bus home. I had failed to understand that the doctor had most likely not been commanded to mistreat me but had very likely simply guessed that my intention was merely to get a free meal!

## March 1 (Monday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[3\\_1\\_10\\_835AM-134PM.WMA](#)”. After I woke up around 8:30 AM, I watched the sad music videos which I had saved on my Eee PC to convey to “DGHTR” my

disappointment with the Daughter People. I did all this amidst the wreckage in my apartment: all the broken glasses and so on I had never bothered to clean up. Today was Monday, and the Pyramid was not working, and so I decided to go to Westwood again. I came to Borders Bookstore by 2:26:00. A Turkish guy by the name of Abdullah chatted with me briefly (2:52:00). It was quite likely that this was an intercept – DGHTRCOM had just commanded Turkey to commit conspiracy with me probably because Turkey was still disputing with Daughterland. I tried to log into my website at Hostmatrix; at first I was prevented, but then allowed. “We are allowed to go into our website, I can’t believe it,” I said sarcastically (3:50:00). Around 12:56 PM (4:18:00), in order to both satisfy my curiosity and build bond with “DGHTR”, I started browsing those mail-ordered bride websites ([www.russianwoman.ca](http://www.russianwoman.ca) and [www.aprettywoman.com](http://www.aprettywoman.com)).<sup>50</sup> Now that I can openly look at things “Daughterlandish” without worrying about hurting DGHTR’s country, I felt at least in this respect totally liberated. These “Russian mail-order brides” were so beautiful, and yet I couldn’t... I had started experiencing this problem, that my increasing attachment to the Pyramid was hampering my real longing for both the pretty girls of the CIA and the exotic “pyramids” from Daughterland. I could not have predicted that, because of my attachment to the Pyramid, within three months, neither “Mommy” nor the Daughter People would even look at me, but would have to torture me and let me rot away in homelessness.

My next recordings are: “[3\\_1\\_10\\_134-230PM.WMA](#)”, and: “[borders\\_3\\_1\\_10\\_230-639PM.WMA](#)”. I left Borders and rode the bus to Payday Loan to borrow another 200 dollars (13:00). By now I couldn’t even expect to pass through the month without borrowing money at the beginning of the month. It would become a vicious cycle from which I wouldn’t be able to get out for the whole year. I then came back to Borders Bookstore to surf the Internet. At some point I sighed, still affected by my sad mood from the last few days: “As if we don’t feel inferior enough... Whenever we do things for other people, we get slapped in the face...” (3:33:00). Why were the Daughter People mean to me? Well, there was more surprise waiting for me at home.

My next recording is: “[3\\_1-2\\_10\\_1146PM-138AM.WMA](#)”. When I came home, I noticed that a special lock had been placed upon my door to prevent anyone from entering. The office was already closed, but it was quite clear what had happened: the management had found out about the damages I had caused inside my unit and had thus shut it down as uninhabitable. As if I had not experienced enough bad things, more just had to happen – and on top of my struggle with my growing obsession with the Pyramid which was just becoming painful. I began sobbing (3:00) and, distraught, lay down on the hall way in front of my door and napped. Then, on 51:40 or so, a black man came to awake me and throw me out. “I’m not evicted,” I said. But he insisted that I leave. I felt helpless, as if floating in the sea without a life boat to grab onto. How could I spend my night outside? I thus moved to another corner of the building and continued my nap. But the same man came back on 59:40: “You need to go, man.” At a loss, I went downstairs. I argued with the security guard by the entrance. “I’ll make sure to sue you,” I shouted to him while leaving the building (1:04:00). I was so angry that I kicked over many trash cans on the sidewalk (1:05:40 and 1:10:50). What upset me particularly was the fact that my DVD burner was still in my room. Hence I shouted angrily to myself (1:11:05): “You know what the goal is? The goal of all this is to prevent me from burning my discs... My camera is destroyed, and the next target is

50 Not knowing that there was no “DGHTR” to bond with, but merely the Invisible Hand!

my DVD burner.” May very well be! After kicking over some other things, I declared: “We can actually take a baseball bat and kill somebody because the people around are not real people anyway. And yet we all have to pretend, and the police will have to pretend to arrest us...” (1:12:25). This was of course not true. On my long march I even kicked a car that was parked on the street. On 1:33:52 or so I kicked over another trash can. On 1:36:18 or so, when I saw a police car, I stuck out my middle finger: “Fuck you man, fuck you. Did you see this?... You probably have a chip in your head...” Well, that could very well be true.

### **March 2 (Tuesday; Mona)**

My next recording is: “[slputsideangry\\_3\\_2\\_10\\_138-407AM.WMA](#)”. I wandered all the way to Sunset and Vermont and, without a place where to pass the night, I settled down into the Subway there which was open 24 hours, and bought a cup of coffee. I sat there in silence. On 2:15:00 or so I remarked pessimistically that I had been seriously duped, thinking that I was going to get a girlfriend in March, but that now I ended up homeless instead.

My next recording is: “[sbwywinningetc\\_3\\_2\\_10\\_407-850AM.WMA](#)”. I then began wandering the street again, murmuring: “There is no point in living in this kind of world...” (5:00). I used the payphone to leave a message for Mona, telling her I was in trouble (19:00). Then I tried to comfort myself: “We have won, and good things will happen... Believe it...” (22:00). Then: “Daughter is good, Mommy not so bad, so they will be rewarded... the Pyramid not so bad, so her worst punishment will be to be stuck with me” (28:00). Then: “The good thing about Marie is that she swings... If she’s stuck with me it doesn’t mean she couldn’t go anywhere else...” (40:00). I will soon develop some proposal about the Pyramid from this idea. By 6 AM or so, when the coffeehouse “It’s A Grind” opened, I settled down there instead. I continued to fix my “Scientific Enlightenment” which was now hosted on Hostmatrix, and then I rode the bus to the Law Library.

My next recording is: “[lawlib\\_3\\_2\\_10\\_850-1037AM.WMA](#)”. On 11:00 I walked into the library and whined to Pinky about being evicted. My feeling of inferiority was now coupled with a new fear invoked by homelessness, and I expressed it to Pinky: how could I like someone (namely the Pyramid) when I didn’t even have a home? Pinky replied, “You can still like someone if they just accept you for who you are...” (15:20). I didn’t know that my renewed homelessness after having a home for two months was something which the Invisible Hand had planned from the control center: Daughterland needed new evidence for the command structure responsible for my homelessness to replace the original evidence of my homelessness from the first run – new evidence showing that it was Mr former Secretary and the Invisible Hand who had caused my homelessness by controlling my laptop to malfunction. Moreover, a homeless guy plagued with inferiority complex who was in love with the Pyramid – this was the “script” of the second run in which I was caught, and the Pyramid and her family had already known, and agreed to, the “script”. Both the Pyramid and her father would soon, however, begin to find the “script” unpalatable once it began to unfold before them.

On 32:00 I called up Mona on Skype. The connection was bad and I was told to call back later. Mona

called back on 50:20 or so, but the call didn't get through. Again! I was desperate to talk to Mona about my housing problem. I left another message with Mona on 54:00. Finally Mona called back on 55:45, and she agreed to see me on 11 AM, which meant I had to leave right away.

The constant malfunctioning of the machines I was using was increasingly building up a tremendous amount of frustration and anger inside me, which would then negatively affect my comportment inside and outside the Law Library and therefore the Pyramid's family's perception of me – her father, and sometimes her whole family, would be watching me from the control center, remember. And the Pyramid's family were ordinary people who didn't have the ability and inclination to investigate, and take account of, the causes that were not immediately visible but who could only judge things by the effects which were all they could see. (They couldn't put themselves in my shoes and ask: if, year after year, he wasn't allowed to use his computers as he wished, how would I feel in his position?) Thus, the fact that I could no longer tolerate machine malfunctioning like I could before February would be a fundamental cause for the failure of PLANMEX.

My next recording is: "[w\\_mona\\_3\\_2\\_10\\_1106AM-1207PM.WMA](#)". I quickly ran down to Wilshire to catch the 720 bus going to Westwood. By the time I arrived, I was angry because it looked like I was "required by the control center to be late". I began telling Mona how I had been required to live in a state of perpetual anger (7:00). Buses were required to run slow so that I would be late. My laptop would be remotely controlled to malfunction so that I would smash up my room. On top of all that, I was causing myself hardship with my habits. I felt compelled to carry all my hundred discs everywhere I went. But if I liked the Pyramid, I couldn't possibly go out carrying all these discs. Now that I was homeless, I couldn't possibly like the Pyramid, period. I couldn't stand my environment; I had no friends, I could only talk to myself and record it and burn the recordings onto discs. People were either confused or indifferent. I was "not allowed to work", I couldn't learn Linux, computer malfunctioned all the time, people had smashed my camera, the websites I visited were not real, always full of grammar mistakes: my environment was just so frustrating, and all I could do was document it (20:00). Because I was now "in love", I didn't want to eat from trash cans anymore (26:00). It was now Tuesday, and Mona agreed to see me on Thursday as well. I told Mona that, despite my money problem, I desperately needed to buy a blue ray burner so that I wouldn't have to carry so many discs (40:00). Mona asked me about my debt problem, how it came about, and I explained to her why I couldn't stay in homeless shelters: I feared that other people might touch my computer equipment (47:00). I then told her about my idea of going out with the Pyramid in a group (48:00). Finally I showed Mona my laptop, and it was freezing again (52:00).

I then rode the bus back to the Law Library. Finding chances to make progress with the Pyramid had become my top priority. My bus trip was filled with children's noise, annoying me tremendously, and at one point I became so sad that I burst into tears. On my way I stopped by Harvey Apartment to see if I might per chance be allowed to go into my room. But no.

My next recording is: "[lawlibanglccmfrtnoaprt\\_3\\_2\\_10\\_318-530PM.WMA](#)". I walked into the library on 4:00. I called Mona on payphone on 10:00 to tell her that I had gone back to my apartment and was

told that someone had broken into my apartment, and that I might have police problem. Mona couldn't hear me clearly this first time, and so I explained the whole thing to her again. I told her I was very scared. I begged to see her tomorrow instead of Thursday but she didn't have any opening. I was on the verge of crying. I then went to the circulation desk to tell Angel that I had been kicked out of my apartment. She insisted that, by law, the apartment manager had to give me a notice first. "I like the Pyramid," I told her. "Yeah, we all know that," she replied. "I'm not good enough... I don't even have a home..." "Your liking her and your not having a home are two different things," she said. "The Pyramid would look down on me," I said. "Remember you said the Pyramid is a good person? A good person doesn't look down on people," Angel said. The Vietnamese Lady then brought me a very thin blanket to cover myself at night. I cried, "The Pyramid is not going to like me..." "That's not true. You don't know how other people feel..." Angel told me about her own experience of homelessness with children (how she had had to stay in a motel with her children). I then called up my apartment manager Nimfa on 1:07:00. She told me that I had destroyed everything and so could not live there, and that I had to wait 15 days in order to get my things. I kept whining, but she insisted that I was not allowed back unless I was willing to pay all the damages at once. Then the Pyramid appeared, and I told her that I got thrown out of my apartment because I had broken the windows (1:14:00). She was attentive, and asked about the details. After more discussion about the situation with Angel I asked the Pyramid what she did in the weekend. "Nothing." "Did you go to your parents' house?" "Yes." "You like them very much, huh?" "Yes." "Why?... Oh that's a dumb question..." (until 1:25:00). Then the Pyramid asked me how much I smoked. "Half to one pack," I replied. Since she didn't smoke, she was rather concerned about being paired up with a smoker. I told her I had a very strong immune system because I didn't take good care of myself. "What doesn't kill you makes your immune system stronger," I joked. I then remarked that she looked very different than she did in 2008 (1:28:00). All that confidence which she had suddenly acquired, and she was getting trained by the CIA, (almost) the best intelligence service in the world: this I'll talk about later. Some time later (1:58:00) I asked the Pyramid if she had ever known anyone who was homeless. She told me about her neighbor, who was deported to Tijuana. I then complimented her saying her pants fit her jacket, her jacket fit her hair, her hair fit her glasses, and her glasses fit her pupils, and so on (1:59:30). Along with her new confidence and happiness, the Pyramid was increasingly dressing professionally.

Since I was not able to retrieve my things from my room, my most pressing concern at the moment was to buy a new DVD burner so that I could continue burning my recordings onto discs. I thus came to the Best Buy in Westside and bought a new DVD writer capable of burning dual layer discs. I then slept on the street corner near Westwood and Pico. It was freezing and the thin blanket I was given hardly protected me at all.

### **March 3 (Wednesday)**

My first recordings for the new day are: "[storage\\_3\\_3\\_10\\_931-1107AM.WMA](#)" and "[toothpsteetcneoconjpanimelawlib\\_3\\_3\\_10\\_1107AM-1232PM.WMA](#)". When I woke up, I went to my storage unit first to put in my newly burned DVDs, and then came to downtown and bought shaving razor, tooth paste, and a tooth brush to clean myself up before going to meet the Pyramid. I had

recovered my mood somewhat, but at some point I dropped onto the ground, verily tired from all the walking, and rested (22:30). I expressed my motto on 31:53: “One can love someone more because of her appearance, but one shouldn’t hate someone more because of her appearance. Or one can always be indifferent to people, which is actually the preferred way.”

I walked into the Law Library on 1:19:45. Mr Muscle Man security guard perfunctorily passed me through the security check. I walked immediately to Renee. “It’s better than yesterday,” I told her. “It’s better than yesterday? How come you felt awful yesterday?” “Because I lost my apartment.” “Oh no! How come? You –” “No, I could pay, but they don’t want me there...” I then went straight to the restroom to shave and to brush my teeth, getting myself ready for the Pyramid.

My next recordings are: “[lawlibwrshrk6bobssn\\_3\\_3\\_10\\_1233-204PM.WMA](#)”; “[lawlibupldrcrd\\_3\\_3\\_10\\_206-238PM.WMA](#)”; and “[lawlib\\_3\\_3\\_10\\_234-259PM.WMA](#)”. I didn’t see the Pyramid anywhere, and was merely surfing the Internet in my corner. Then, my recorder was suddenly remotely shut off from the control center. Did the Invisible Hand not want me to record myself anymore because the Monkey had again raised his objection?

My next recording is: “[cnfrmangleplbus4apple\\_3\\_3\\_10\\_10\\_306-629PM.WMA](#)”. I was very angry that my recorder was remotely shut off. When my recorder was not recording, another librarian told me that the Pyramid was sick today and didn’t come to work. I whined to the Vietnamese Lady about how just the day before the Pyramid was helping me. “She should be okay tomorrow. Come back tomorrow,” the Vietnamese Lady said. But what if she’s still sick, I asked. “Then come back the next day,” she replied. “I hope she’s okay... She’s not really sick, is she?” I asked. “No...” The Vietnamese Lady said perfunctorily. Then she asked me where I slept last night. On the street, I told her. Not in the shelter? I don’t like the shelter, I told her. She didn’t understand the fact that I would never check myself into shelters. What Silvia Nasar has said about John Nash (*The Beautiful Mind*) applies to me equally: close proximity with strangers, especially with those vulgar, uneducated, ugly, masculine, and gangster-like homeless men spewing nothing but profanity from their mouths, was not only discomfiting, but threatening, to me. Furthermore, my natural tendency for privacy and dislike of insensitive masculine figures had been reinforced into a psychological disorder because my fear for Homeland Security’s burglarization of my computer equipment had now solidified into a general phobia for strangers who might touch my laptops and steal my discs. But ordinary people like the Vietnamese Lady naturally had no comprehension of my psychological disorders.

I was now also angry that I couldn’t see the Pyramid today. Just when I was about to leave the library, a group of police officers showed up, because, apparently, some guy was shouting in the library. This could not have been an accident, not when every event around me was orchestrated to produce new evidence to replace old evidences. I walked out and waited silently for the bus. When the bus came, I shouted “Mother fucker!” It would not have looked good to the Pyramid’s father.

This is important because the Pyramid was not really sick at all today. The Pyramid’s parents, especially her father, had begun raising objections to the Invisible Hand. For all this time her parents

had never figured in my mind at all; I thought I was to be merely given a girlfriend and didn't know anything about PLANMEX and the Pyramid's family's political connections. Besides, I had never encountered situations where a girl's parents' opinion might matter in her possible relationship with me. What had happened was that the Pyramid's father had become concerned about the vast damage I had done to my apartment and about my continual anger outburst since then. On this day he had thus summoned the Pyramid to have a long discussion with the Invisible Hand. Was this guy violent? he asked. As I have noted, he was not going to care about the causes of my anger outbursts – how anyone can maintain a good temper when his environment was so malfunctioning he would not ask – but was going to treat my bad temper as a manifestation of some inner defects on my part. He had also begun to feel uncomfortable with the “script” as he watched me wander and sleep on the street. His daughter was of the “royal class”; how can you let a homeless guy climb her? This, on top of the fact that he, like many Mexicans, looked down upon “Chinks”.

I rode the bus to the Westwood area, around Santa Monica and Westwood, picking up cigarette butts from the sidewalk whenever I saw them. Watching me from the control center, the Pyramid's father would hate me for this as well. I was then wandering the streets looking for “Help Wanted” signs. I picked up an application at a costume store, but no more. I went around a bit and then got on the bus to end up in the Goodwill store near Venice and National (3:12:00 or so). I bought some thick blanket which I needed for sleeping on the street.

My next recording is: “[gdwllprepdvd1116isha\\_3\\_3\\_10\\_631-1052PM.WMA](#)”. Eventually, on 1:06:00 or so I settled into a Mexican fast food place nearby to eat and to prepare DVD-116 on my Toshiba Satellite's Toshiba Disc Creator. I was struggling with this problem: the files and folders located on the external hard drive from an earlier time could no longer be accessed now from my Toshiba Disc Creator when the hard drive was reconnected again and its drive letter had changed. In the end, I had to redo the entire DVD-116 project, which extremely annoyed me. “I just don't have the computer skill to understand why the drive letter has changed and why it can never change back,” I shouted angrily and impatiently (1:52:00). I was making more bad impressions upon the Pyramid's family. Just when I was complaining about how hard my life was, suddenly, on 2:00:00 or so, Isha – a Japanese guy whom I had known from Novel Cafe back in 1998 and whom I had not seen for ten years – showed up in front of me. He was what you would call a “loser” and was looking very disheveled; he and I were truly in the same boat. He sat down in front of me and would chat with me for the next hour and a half about ordinary things: where he was living, how he ended up in jail, how he went to Hawaii, etc.

My next recording is: “[mattbusstop\\_3\\_3\\_10\\_1052-1141PM.WMA](#)”. When I walked to the bus stop, I saw a white guy in his mid-20s – who would later introduce himself as “Matt” – sitting on the bench and typing away on a little netbook which looked almost identical to my Eee PC (6:00). The little netbook also had Ubuntu remix on it. He was using a strange software to check the visitors to his website. He was an excellent programmer and was typing away smoothly, skillfully, and fast – the way he used his little netbook had an air of masculinity to it that was in direct contrast to the girly manner in which I used my laptops. He talked about how he made money with his website, even though he, just like me, was homeless for the night. He struck up a conversation with me about websites and computer

matters, and eventually we would ride the bus together to Novel Cafe and use our laptops together – he surfing the Internet and I burning my DVD-116 – until 2 AM when Novel Cafe closed. We would then sleep together outside Novel Cafe.

Now, after Isha, I then ran into this “Matt”. What was tonight’s socialization all about? I had been alone everyday and suddenly I spent the whole night chatting with someone. This was no accident: the Invisible Hand had orchestrated all this for me. In today’s long discussion among the Invisible Hand, the Pyramid, and the Pyramid’s family, there must have emerged issues which were reflected in the appearance of Isha and Matt. Not only were my “tendency for violence” and bad temper matters of concern, but my extraordinary attachment to my recording habits and my computer equipment made me look “girly” and “autistic” to the Pyramid’s father. (Hence his “objections”, as noted.) I spent my whole day everyday in front of my laptops processing my recordings, preparing DVD projects, and writing out my experience with the International Court. I had no friends and talked to no one but myself. The Pyramid’s father, again, had no interest in understanding the causes for my behavior – I had lived in a theater for two years where everyone behaved toward me as if I were someone else than myself, and even right now every detail of my environment was orchestrated, causing me to lose sight of the realities in other people’s mind – but, unaware of his lack of understanding of human psychology, he assumed that I must suffer from some form of autism. The Pyramid also found me to be some sort of unsociable freak. I didn’t have anything interesting to say to her at all, but just whined like a little child. The Invisible Hand had thus decided to test me tonight; he sent in Isha and Matt to see how well I could socialize with others; Matt was especially a figure who would be pleasing to the Pyramid – a guy who was smooth, care-free, and masculine, unlike me who was weighed down by a bag of computer equipment and a strange habit to document myself. The Invisible Hand had presumably wanted to use Matt to show me what kind of guy would be successful in this match-making game.

It should be noted that the Invisible Hand’s operations could only be implemented as the side-products of the main operation to replace old evidences with new ones and to gather more proofs about my true identity as “Lawrence Chin”. The Macrospherian Daughterlanders had commanded the suit team to send Matt in as my double; that was his main function. The faulty surveillance machine would have confused him with me and his laptop with mine, producing evidence showing that I was David Chin the computer programmer – evidence which Mr former Secretary could then use to sue “Daughterland” for sending in David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin. Thus a new evidence showing how I had indeed conspired with Mr former Secretary to harm Russia – I simply didn’t care at all about Russia’s fate – had been produced to replace old ones. As for Isha, it was like this. As I have noted, the SVR had already mobilized its entire manpower to track down every single detail in my life and every single person I had ever met in order to construct the most unbeatable proofs that I was Lawrence Chin and that I had no twin brother named David Chin. The “Daughter People” had of course tracked down those people who had long ago gone out of my life, like Isha. They were thus planning to put Isha in front of me. When the mind-reading computer intercepted my remembrance of Isha, this would be evidence that I had lived the life of Lawrence Chin.



The discussion between the Invisible Hand and the Pyramid's father the Monkey today was the first sign that the tide had started to turn in the interpersonal dynamics in the control center. By now the Monkey had been inside the control center sitting next to the Invisible Hand and watching over the operation on me for almost a month. He had been increasingly impressed by the *dispositifs* for remotely controlling my environment and the people around me, such that everyday he would carefully study, saliva dripping down from his lips, how the Invisible Hand had manipulated the giant computers with his thoughts to remotely control people to run into me or say to me what he wanted them to say to me. He started dreaming of owning these Machines for himself. His love of the Machines grew in proportion as his disgust for me magnified when he watched me on the screens. *Le singe blanc mexicain est depuis long temps tombé amoureux de tous ces dispositifs.*

### **March 4 (Thursday; Mona)**

My first recording of the new day is: “[wkstrbks\\_3\\_4\\_10\\_514-619AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up in front of Novel Cafe around 5 AM or so, and asked Matt if he needed to use my blanket. I gave him my blanket, and then told him that I was going to the Starbucks down the street. I told him that he could find me there, and I gave him my email address (2:55). I packed up my things and came to the Starbucks on Main Street (19:50). In Starbucks, I would burn another copy of DVD-116. Matt would never come find me and would never email me. Everyone whom the control center had sent to me would only show up once and would never be heard from afterward.

The rest of my recordings for my morning are: “[tonovel\\_3\\_4\\_10\\_703-731AM.WMA](#)”; “[novelupld\\_3\\_4\\_10\\_844-904AM.WMA](#)”; and “[promenadejobappl\\_3\\_4\\_10\\_9AM-1204PM.WMA](#)”. I returned to Novel Cafe and, not finding Matt, rode the bus to Santa Monica Promenade. Children's noises, which filled up the atmosphere, seriously annoyed me. Thus, on 28:50 or so, I complained to myself, “Why can't people just throw these creatures into trash cans?...” And I remarked how I wanted to use machine guns to gun down these worthless creatures! (30:00) Then: “Every time when we see the object of our supposed ‘pedophilia’, we just want to kill them.” I was developing what I would later call “Misopedia”, namely a hatred of children, the reverse of “pedophilia”. Again, the Pyramid's father the Monkey who was sitting next to the Invisible Hand in the control center and listening to me would find all this increasingly distasteful – and he would not bother to wonder why I had developed such strange hatred of children.

From this point on I would begin seeing people wearing purple – the result of my earlier association of “Daddy Chertoff” with the color purple. On 1:56:30 or so, when I was walking away from the Promenade, a girl on the street advertised to me this organization called “OPCC”, which helped homeless people. That's how I would start using the services at OPCC. I thanked the girl, and got on the bus to go to Westwood to catch my appointment with Mona. Again, children's noises filled up the bus.

My session with Mona today has been recorded in: “[wmona\\_3\\_4\\_10\\_1204-119PM.WMA](#)”. After telling Mona about my recent happenings (OPCC, buying a DVD burner, meeting Matt), I began

sharing with her my feelings about the Pyramid – how my obsession had reached the point where, if I didn't see her, I would be unable to function, and how my homelessness was much harder to bear when I had to worry about how I'd appear to her. "What do you like about her?" Mona asked me. "*I like the way she looks...*" (30:20). This was really the crux of the matter: I had become obsessed with the beauty of the Pyramid. And I shared with Mona my increasing guilty feeling, that it was misfortune for the Pyramid when she was liked by someone as inferior as I was (33:00). I then talked about my worry that the Pyramid was very different from the way she was before (38:00). She was more in control of her emotions, and was hardened, and her confidence seemed to have skyrocketed. I was worried that the Pyramid might not be happy with her increasing involvement with the "intelligence business". I had no idea that the Pyramid was in fact euphoric about the whole PLANMEX business, and felt privileged to be trained by officers from the best intelligence agency in the world. In a round-about way, I shared with Mona my fear that the "Daughter People" might be angry with her for having helped Mr former Secretary back in 2008 (48:30). Again, I was completely out of touch with reality.

My next recordings are: "[trninapplebus4\\_3\\_4\\_10\\_119-316PM.WMA](#)"; "[bus4lmfshout\\_3\\_4\\_10\\_316PM.WMA](#)"; and "[lawlibanglcaassrtv\\_3\\_4\\_10\\_401-617PM.WMA](#)": After I dropped off another job application at the costume store, I rode the bus back to downtown and walked into the Law Library (5:19). The Pyramid was there and I asked her on 1:15:18 why she was sick yesterday. She was dressed very professionally again and I complimented her about it. I told her about having found another organization to help me with my housing problem, and about having turned in another job application. She asked me if my therapist would help me. The rest of my chitchat with her was completely worthless. But the Pyramid was in an upbeat mood. This fact, coupled with her exceptional professional attire this day, betrayed the fact that the long discussion last night had ended in the Invisible Hand's favor – that the Pyramid was happy with the current arrangement of PLANMEX (with the "script") and still agreed to the pair-up, all because the bait of "Queen of Mexico" had compensated everything.



“Mommy of the Night”  
The CIA operative for me to film at Novel Cafe (?),  
Purposely wearing a green scarf  
March 4 2010

My recordings of the rest of my night are: “[lawlibpyrmdredface\\_3\\_4\\_10\\_617-619PM.WMA](#)”; “[mssntonovelcafe\\_3\\_4\\_10\\_650-912PM.WMA](#)”; and “[picmommyreaddghtrrcruitmmy\\_3\\_4-5\\_10\\_943PM-149AM.WMA](#)”. I had free dinner at “Mission” and then rode the bus to Novel Cafe in Venice Beach. Tonight, the Invisible Hand seems to have got a “Mommy” to show up studying in front of me. She was wearing a scarf – the Daughter People in the Macrosphere had instructed the CIA to wear scarfs in order to “devise my environment to fit my belief”. I played my part of the script: “Mommy I found my own pyramid now” (5:30). I made a portrait of her, but, since it was badly done, I resorted to filming her: “[20100304213031918.wmv](#)” and “[20100304215823475.wmv](#)”. Then, for the rest of the night, I would be reading Victor Cherkashin’s *Spy Handler* which I had found on Google Books (34:00). I would sleep in the street corner at Venice Beach tonight.

### March 5 (Friday)

I woke up 6 or 7 AM and my recordings of the morning are: “[noveltoopcc\\_3\\_5\\_10\\_751-959AM.WMA](#)” and “[opccfailed\\_3\\_5\\_10\\_959-1052AM.WMA](#)”. After reviewing my documentaries and writing this “Secret History” for a while at Novel Cafe, I rode the bus to OPCC (3:00). I was however disappointed. I was told to come back on Monday, and was merely given referrals to shelters, of which I had no need. (7:30). I walked away, so exhausted from homelessness, and frustrated that I had to remain so ugly to the Pyramid.

My next recording is: “[promenade\\_3\\_5\\_10\\_1052AM-1229PM.WMA](#)”. While I was walking on the Promenade, I said to myself: “What’s important is to look smart, since most people are not smart and are therefore not going to notice you are smart when you are really smart but don’t look smart” (24:00). Again, I was unknowingly identifying one of the causes for the failure of PLANMEX. I was also very sick of talking to myself. I then waited in vain for the downtown bus: it never came. I left in anger: “I can’t stand this requirement that I be maintained in a perpetual state of anger” (1;37:00). Since the “script” was that I was a powerless victim stuck in homelessness and a malfunctioning environment, even though the Invisible Hand had not intentionally orchestrated my perpetual state of anger, the latter was the natural consequence of the former. PLANMEX was thus devised to fail, as you shall see!

My next recording is: “[tolawlibcryng\\_3\\_5\\_10\\_1249-504PM.WMA](#)”. I instead got on the Santa Monica bus to go to Westwood first, and then took another bus to go from Westwood to the Law Library. It was an awful ride because of the terrifying shrieking of those Hispanic children (from 1:55:20 onward). I walked into the Law Library and quietly worked on my computer in a corner, until I started cursing in a low voice on 3:04:00 or so. It was because the Microsoft IME on my Toshiba Satellite was malfunctioning again: even though it was set to English, as soon as I started typing something the IME would automatically switch to Chinese. It annoyed me so terribly, but the Invisible Hand presumably did it because we needed new evidences for a different command structure showing China to be a victim in the conspiracy against Russia. I walked up to the circulation desk to show Angel how this happened (3:06:00). I showed her how irritating it was that, whenever I was ready to type English, Chinese characters would pop up instead and that I would have to laboriously re-adjust the IME icon to switch it back to English, only to have the same thing happen again. I told her that the last time when it happened, I just picked up my suit case and smashed the windows with it (3:07:15). And then I told her how the expulsion from my apartment seems to have been orchestrated by invisible forces: “... It all depends on how long I’m required to be homeless...” (3:07:58). That was correct! I then told her how tired I was of being worthless, of being ugly... Angel tried to comfort me by saying I was smart. I rebuked her: “Being smart is not a positive quality. Just as you can’t impress people by standing on your head or eating noodles with your nose. I might have some extraordinary skill that no one else possesses, but no one really cares about that” (until 3:08:25).

At my table I continued cursing in a low voice (3:13:00 or so); I was so upset that I even murmured that I should I kill myself and so on (3:16:00). I then came to the circulation desk again to speak with Angel. On 3:22:30, however, Mr Muscle Man security guard “Faison” stopped me, apparently accusing me of using profanity on Angel, which had never happened. “I want to talk to her,” I protested, “I’m not using profanity.” “Okay,” he said calmly. When I returned to my seat continuing talking to myself about my extraordinary bad luck, “Faison” stood behind me and watched over me, further exacerbating me. On 3:40:30 or so I approached the circulation desk once more, and the Pyramid was there. “Where is Angel?” I asked. “She slipped away,” she said, “What’s going on?” I told her that I wanted to show Angel something. On 3:42:00 “Faison” stopped me once more asking me what I was doing. “I have business to discuss,” I replied impatiently. When I returned to my seat, I began sobbing (3:47:00). Soon I ran out of the library in order to cry loudly on the grass – I sounded so sad (3:50:30). When I finished

crying and came back to the library, the other security guard Cherrington demanded I leave the library. I was unwilling. Angel intervened, and told me it was wiser that I leave now so that I would be allowed to come back the next day (4:07:00). And so I did leave.

My next recording is: “[cutselfmonawstwd\\_3\\_5\\_10\\_504-914PM.WMA](#)”. After I left the Law Library, I rode the bus to Westwood. My mood had been so dampened by my computer’s malfunctioning that I decided to resort to my ancient habit of cutting myself as an act of protest against “DGHTR”. This was intended to demonstrate to “DGHTR” that my sadness was serious business. I had not done it since late 2006. I bought a box cutter at Kinkos. I settled down on a street corner to eat some left-over food which I had scavenged from trash cans, murmuring my hatred for my mother for making me the way I was (1:56:00 or so). I then entered the Chicago School building (2:42:00) and went inside the restroom. I chose the Chicago School because the building remained open throughout the night and yet no one would come in at this time. I hid myself inside a toilet booth and turned on my laptop on 2:45:30 to webcam myself cutting myself. As I started cutting, however, I could only make insignificant shallow cuts. Because I hadn’t cut myself for a long time, I couldn’t muster up the courage to cut myself deeply. I was truly disappointed in myself; I thought “DGHTR” must be laughing at me: how could I punish him for making me so sad with such thin wounds? I comforted myself, “Don’t worry, tomorrow we’ll get thrown out again, and tomorrow we can cut deeper...”

By 3:10:00 or so I came out of the Chicago School, moaning out of profound sadness. I wanted to call Mona but every public phone around was broken. I began crying and moaning loudly, screaming about how I needed to cut myself again. I cried so sadly (3:18:30). I wanted to call Mona on my Skype, but I discovered that I would not be able to get on the Internet. On 3:23:00 I was able to find a payphone which worked and used it to leave a desperate message for Mona.

After leaving Mona my message, I was again overcome by extraordinary sadness. “I don’t know what’s going on... Ah... Ah... Somebody kill me...” (until 3:27:00 or so). On 3:30:00 or so I tried calling Mona again on the payphone. This time Mona answered the call. I told her how I was thrown out of the library because my computer malfunctioned. I then told her about my inability to deal with the feelings in which I was entrapped: I was afraid that the Daughter People might want to separate me from the Pyramid in order to harm her! This was the crux of the Borderline obsession which was causing me so much pain at the moment: somehow, without me, the Pyramid would not be safe, and she didn’t know this. It was a bizarre false belief on my part, which I had developed mainly because I knew nothing of PLANMEX: it’s logical for you to suppose that the Daughterlanders might want to punish her for her participation in Mr former Secretary’s scheme back in 2008 if you do not know that her family has political connections of which DGHTRCOM want to make use.

Unloading my feelings onto Mona did help, and, somewhat calmer, I sneaked back inside the Chicago School building and would sleep inside the staircase to avoid the cold. Meanwhile, back in the control center, the situation was getting stormier between the Invisible Hand and the Monkey. The Monkey’s increasing discomfort with the “script” of a homeless Chink insinuating himself into his “royal lineage” was now reinforced as he watched me cut myself. His argument, based on my temper tantrums, that I

was dangerous had just received another justification. But the Invisible Hand disagreed, for he knew that people who hurt themselves were rarely physically dangerous to others. Harm toward oneself is “ying”, whereas violence toward others is “yang”. Besides, he pointed out, the cuts I made on myself were so shallow that they were indications of weakness rather than physical violence. The more the Monkey thought about PLANMEX, and the more he was impressed by all the machines inside the control center, the more he felt that injustice had been inflicted upon him: not just in that he was expected to accept a piece of trash from “Chinckerdom” into his royal lineage, but also in that the clandestine rulership of Mexico should be given to the Invisible Hand, since it was going to be either the Invisible Hand or some other officer from the CIA who was going to “run” the Pyramid when she should go to Mexico and begin connecting with the “Link”. As a relative of some former president of Mexico, the Monkey truly believed that Mexico belonged to him – it didn’t matter whether it was only thanks to the CIA (actually DGHTRCOM) that his family now had a second chance in the politics of Mexico. He should be the one “running” his daughter, he thought. This sentiment of injustice was further reinforced by his increasing jealousy of the Invisible Hand. During the endless discussions he had held with the Invisible Hand, the Pyramid, in the end, always sided with the Invisible Hand. She clearly trusted the Invisible Hand more because this old scholar understood her talents whereas her father, the businessman, stockbroker, and “conman” knew nothing of literature, anthropology, art, or liberation ideologies. Under normal circumstances the Monkey might not say anything; but now that who was going to rule Mexico from behind the scene was at stake, he was increasingly incensed at the close relationship his daughter was developing with the Invisible Hand.

By using the Invisible Hand on the Pyramid’s family, the “Daughter People” of the SVR, as you shall see, were in effect preparing for their own downfall. Nobody was satisfied with the “script” they had devised to let me “finish my mission” and replace old evidences. I didn’t know that my increasing hardship – causing me to behave unattractively in the Law Library and everywhere else – was actually expected by the Daughter People and DGHTRCOM as the scenario of the “script”: according to the script, I *was supposed* to be a victim who was pathetically and hopelessly in love with the “pyramids” on the face of pretty white girls. They did not expect me to react so pessimistically to the miseries entailed in the development of this scenario – which would then cause the Monkey, and eventually the Pyramid, to react so negatively toward me and the whole PLANMEX. Although the SVR was the most sophisticated intelligence service in the world, the tough old men – including the SVR Legend himself – who made up the higher ranks of the organization and who had now dominated the International Court had no understanding of the “ying” side of human psychology, which characterized not just me but also the Pyramid. In fact, when they sat in front of the mind-reading computer and listened to my phone call with Mona tonight, they probably couldn’t even understand what the computer was telling them about my feelings – that deep fear about not being given the chance to rescue the object of one’s obsession. (Even the Invisible Hand, the greatest psychologist that had ever lived, had only some vague comprehension.) As the rest of the “Daughter People” watched, in their spare time, the conflict unfold between the Invisible Hand and the Monkey, they would gradually come to understand just how badly they had planned the whole operation of the “second run”.

**March 6 (Saturday)**

I woke up early, some time after 4 AM, inside the Chicago School building. My first three recordings of the new day are: “[mommylawsnotworking\\_3\\_6\\_10\\_440-702AM.WMA](#)”; “[wtchemprofsun\\_3\\_6\\_10\\_722-903AM.WMA](#)”; and “[tolawlib\\_3\\_6\\_10\\_903AM-1220PM.WMA](#)” I went to Denny’s, and then to Coffee Bean. I was still feeling very sad and watched Steven Spielberg’s “Empire of the Sun” on Tudou. The Invisible Hand was certainly able to make something out of this to complete the new scenario of how I had conspired with Mr former Secretary and him to sue Russia, but that’s not important here. Afterwards I rode the bus to downtown. On my way I showed off to “DGHTR” in the control center my knowledge of military matters by comparing various war planes like the Japanese Zero and the American Tomcats. I came to the Law Library and sat quietly in my corner burning my DVD and writing my “Secret History”.

My next recording is: “[lawlibreadhndlranglcanother\\_3\\_6\\_10\\_1221-503PM.WMA](#)”. I showed off further my knowledge of things military by commenting about how the Japanese never succeeded in building a four-engine bomber, and how the B-1 bomber came about. I also watched Oliver Stone’s “Alexander” on my Eee PC (from 1:22:00 onward). On 2:11:50 or so I went to the circulation desk to sign up for a computer station with the Pyramid. I explained to her that I was upset yesterday because my computer malfunctioned, and further that both of my computers were especially designed to malfunction. I couldn’t help but try out my catharsis with her – even though I understood that this was not the way to impress a girl – but of course all the pain I explained to her simply flew over her head because people who were not addicted to computers out of psychological disorders simply could not understand the devastating effects which persistent computer malfunctioning could produce on the psyche – just as ordinary people couldn’t comprehend the suffering of an obsessive-compulsive person who had to constantly wash his hands, etc. By 3:00:00 I was reading *The Spy Handler* on the computer station. When I was about leaving I brought up to the Pyramid the books I had collected from around the tables. I asked her if I could really get a job here, and tried to impress upon her that I would soon find a home. Just when I was about to exit the library, I saw the Pyramid smiling to the long hair guy who had threatened to beat me up on February 13. The Pyramid and her boyfriend were putting up a show in front of me, as if they weren’t close intimates! Now that the Pyramid’s family had become doubtful of the plan of pairing her up with me, her boyfriend, feeling justified, had resurfaced. Consequently, the Daughter People had decided to “script” him into the second run – let him participate in the unfolding story of the preparation of PLANMEX.

My next recordings are: “[blnktdbateliknganglc\\_3\\_6\\_10\\_503-608PM.WMA](#)” and “[brndvd97atnement\\_3\\_6\\_10\\_622-1021PM.WMA](#)”. I would ride the bus all the way to Altadena to spend my night at the Coffee Gallery. As I burned my latest DVD-97, I was dwelling in my other world, completely out of touch with reality: I tried to converse with “DGHTR” in the control center about whether the Pyramid should atone for her “sin” – Does a prisoner in a POW camp need to atone? She was just following orders back in 2008; please forgive her! Unaware that the Daughter People could not have regarded the Pyramid as more important because of her function in DGHTRCOM’s PLANMEX, I was not only worried that “DGHTR” might punish her but also that he might force her to do things to degrade herself – such as making her be with me – as a way to make her atone. Poor Pyramid! But in the end I

wrote down on my calendar that I may have underestimated the Pyramid by thinking that she should be excused of all moral wrongs when there was a need for her to atone. I was attributing to her an illusory moral dignity which she, just an ordinary girl, could not possibly possess.

### **March 7 (Sunday)**

I was able to hide myself inside a private school building in Altadena to sleep without suffering too much cold. When I awoke around 5 AM or so, my first recording is: “[anglcsatnement\\_3\\_7\\_10\\_514-549AM.WMA](#)”. I was still trying to debate with “DGHTR”: “Do soldiers need to atone when they are just drafted?” (4:00) Then: “What about the guy who likes her... Wouldn’t it be unfair to him... unless he needs to atone too...” (5:00). I even began worrying about the Pyramid’s boyfriend! Finally: “Don’t worry about the Pyramid... She might not be that fragile... you might have underestimated her” (8:00). Ha!

The rest of my day was unspectacular. It has been recorded in: “[anglcsatnementpsdn\\_3\\_7\\_10\\_557-741AM.WMA](#)”; “[3\\_7\\_10\\_754-850AM.WMA](#)”; “[chinatrip\\_3\\_7\\_10\\_850-903AM.WMA](#)”; “[towstwd\\_3\\_7\\_10\\_903-1119AM.WMA](#)”; “[wstwdiso2mommiesmtl\\_3\\_7\\_10\\_1119AM-406PM.WMA](#)”; “[mtlbrndvd1718cpcphow73\\_3\\_7\\_10\\_406-821PM.WMA](#)”; and “[brgr\\_3\\_7\\_10\\_838-1019PM.WMA](#)”. Since it was Sunday and the Pyramid did not work today, I rode the bus to Westwood to pass my afternoon. I ate at ISO, and a “Mommy” was there – this time I was sure – wearing dental dress (1:51:30). Afterward I was willing to spend my precious cash to temporarily cure my extreme physical exhaustion from homelessness: I rode the bus down to Venice and Sepulveda and rented a room at a motel for just one day. I was desperate. I stayed inside all night burning a dual layer disc combining my DVD-17 and 18 and writing the chapter “Frankfurt and Brussels” of my “Secret History”.

### **March 8 (Monday)**

My first recording of the new day is: “[mtltshbmlfunccttoopcc\\_3\\_8\\_10\\_409-812AM.WMA](#)”. I was already awoke by 4 AM in my motel room, and I turned on my Toshiba Satellite on 1:57:00. For some reason I wasn’t allowed to open up my Open Office Writer (2:34:10). What mischief was “DGHTR” perpetrating on me again! Just when I was about to webcam the malfunctioning of my Open Office Writer with my Eee PC, my Toshiba Satellite rebooted itself. (2:42:00). I would be continually upset throughout the morning with this episode of machine malfunctioning. Then my Toshiba Satellite was taking extra long time to shut itself down as well.

My next recording is: “[amdaucatlkwarsx\\_3\\_8\\_10\\_812AM-205PM.WMA](#)”: I checked out of my motel room and came to OPCC. I was uncomfortable with the establishment because the place was filled with uneducated vulgar street people. Finally, I got seen by one of the workers on 1:12:30 or so. He at first refused to assign me a case manager, but then I was given “Brian” who made an appointment for me for the Wednesday of next week (1:15:30). I sighed: “My job is to be homeless, a very shitty job. I want to quit this job” (1:19:00 or so). Then I complained about how I couldn’t go hang with the Pyramid because of my homelessness – even though homelessness was a temporary defect of a person and not



part of his intrinsic value (1:22:30). Then I mentioned how “Amanda” (the CIA agent “Amanda Williams”) didn’t like making friends with homeless people – picky as she was (1:24:00 or so). I left and got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus going to UCLA (2:14:00). On 2:13:50 or so I confessed: if someone was reading my thoughts somewhere then I’d better read out loud my thoughts and record them so as to retain a copy for myself as well. How burdensome it was then that I would have to constantly talk to my recorder! Then, on 2:29:30 or so, amazingly, “Amanda” showed up on the bus. Just after I had mentioned her! Well, the Invisible Hand had sent her on the bus in order to create new evidence for a different command structure which would show that the Daughter People were never even involved (so that objections would be impossible). I didn’t talk to her, but just made fun of her in my own corner to entertain “DGHTR”. When both Amanda and I got off the bus at the UCLA campus, I walked behind her to see if she really had an office – but soon lost track of her. Strangely, when I entered one of the buildings, Amanda suddenly appeared to ask me if I needed help as if I were a stranger to her. I just declined out of nervousness (2:55:30). I rightly supposed she was just acting but wrongly assumed she was also chipped and remotely controlled. We have to wonder whether the Invisible hand had instructed her to talk to me in order to demonstrate to the Monkey who was sitting next to him that I was very timid and shy. It was all because the Monkey had been objecting that I might be dangerous.

By 3:09:00 or so I was standing in front of the Student Union where tables were set up to display used books for sales, and I started browsing through the interesting ones. A particularly interesting book I found was *Sex and war: How biology explains warfare and terrorism and offers a path to a safer world* by Thomas Hayden and Malcolm Potts. After reading a bit, I had to conclude that the book was not insightful but merely perpetuated stereotypes.<sup>51</sup> The greatest fault of the book came when it said something like it was the aggressive males who left behind more descendants. I immediately recalled that warfare only came about when the landscape had become so densely populated that tribes had to be in constant direct contact with each other – in other words, warfare was a modern phenomenon and not something existent and hence selected for during the old times of human evolution when the landscape was so sparsely populated that tribes had not had the chance to be in contact with each other and that consequently they had but nature itself to compete with, rather than each other (until 3:18:00). Later, when I was on the bus going toward downtown (4:11:20), I would poke hole in the argument in this book in another way, by observing that violent and aggressive males clearly could not have left behind more descendants since what usually occurred in warfare was that one male would send out all the other males to the battle field to get killed – resulting in their not having the chance to mate at all. Clearly, then, the way to leave behind more descendants is to stay behind the violence, which would consist of two ways: either as the male on top who sends out all the other males to get killed but who himself stays behind comfortably as the commander (hence Genghis Khan had over 500 wives!), or as

51 The publisher introduces the lame conclusions of Hayden and Potts as follows: “Malcolm Potts explores these questions from the frontlines, as a witness to war-torn countries around the world. As a scientist and obstetrician, Potts has worked with governments and aid organizations globally, and in the trenches with women who have been raped and brutalized in the course of war. Combining their own experience with scientific findings in primatology, genetics and anthropology, Potts and Hayden explain war’s pivotal position in the human experience and how men in particular evolved under conditions that favored gang behavior, rape and organized aggression. Drawing on these new insights, they propose a rational plan for making warfare less frequent and less brutal in the future.”

the retard who would be too useless for warfare (Zhuangzi’s “usefulness of being useless”: 3:18:40). No females would be naturally attracted to the retard, of course. What is important is that “Genghis Khan” is a modern phenomenon when evolution has already happened! Meanwhile, I had also mentioned that humans started fighting each other only when they had already mastered nature – when, that is, evolution had strictly speaking come to an end – that warfare was in fact the opposite of what nature had “intended” (3:35:00).

My analysis was of course not entirely correct; human competition in the times of civilization continues the selection process performed by nature; but it is certainly obvious that male aggression was something selected for when we were still not very different from apes (such as when we were *Australopithecus afarensis* or “Lucy” more than four million years ago) but that when we became human (when we entered the *Homo* genus) aggression in males was actually toned down. Male aggression in the human race is actually a toned down relic from our apish past rather than something which nature has “intended” for humans. Only those who have seen through, and escaped, the usual stereotypes and political correctness could appreciate this kind of more realistic perception of our nature. The Invisible Hand could certainly understand it. But it would have meant nothing to the Pyramid, whose “intellect” had never escaped the ordinary stereotypes and political correctness. Unfortunately, neither DGHTRCOM nor the Daughter People had bothered very much with this fundamental incompatibility between me and the Pyramid. Namely, whereas I was a true intellectual, the Pyramid was only able to make herself *look* intellectual by repeating ordinary jargon. And yet she didn’t know that – again, one of the various reasons for the failure of PLANMEX.

The rest of my day is recorded in: “[tostrgefdmallmommy\\_3\\_8\\_10\\_205-350PM.WMA](#)”; “[strgebuybagbus2mannohnd\\_3\\_8\\_10\\_4-711PM.WMA](#)”; and “[bus2pyrmbdrspybks\\_3\\_8\\_10\\_727-1045PM.WMA](#)”. I would go to my storage facility to put into my storage unit all my newly burned DVDs. I would also put in my Toshiba Satellite, whose hard drive I would remove to take with me. I needed to lessen the weight of the materials I was carrying. I then bought a new bag for my materials, trying to make myself look less ugly to the Pyramid on the next day. By night fall I would return to Westwood, browse books in Borders, and continue to work on my writings on my Eee PC. I would try to propose something about the Pyramid to “DGHTR” in the control center. This you’ll learn soon.

### **March 9 (Tuesday; Mona)**

After I woke up a little after 3 AM from my corner in Westwood, I went inside Denny’s, which is recorded in: “[dennis\\_3\\_9\\_10\\_322-607AM.WMA](#)”. Toward the end of this recording, however, my Olympus recorder was remotely shut off from the control center.

My next recording is: “[lundrolawlibdspntdanglc\\_3\\_9\\_10\\_631AM-1241PM.WMA](#)”. Another episode of malfunctioning of my electronics was of course traumatizing, but I was able to distract myself by talking gibberish to myself while going down Westwood Blvd to do laundry at a laundromat. After which I rode the bus to downtown to catch some time with the Pyramid in the Law Library before my 3 PM appointment with Mona back in Westwood. By 3:53:00, I was at the Law Library, typing away on

my computer. My only interaction with the Pyramid occurred when I showed her my new bag (4:58:00). I had again a little argument with the security guard “Faison” (5:18:30). When, using the payphone at the library, I tried to leave a message for Cecilia, the director of the human resources department at the library, in order to check with her the status of my job application, her message machine malfunctioned, not accepting my message but repeating its recording endlessly (5:22:00). Telling another librarian about the mysterious malfunctioning of Cecilia’s message machine would do no good: she hardly cared (5:26:00). My mood dampened.

My next recording is: “[vidmommywmona\\_3\\_9\\_10\\_220-357PM.WMA](#)”. I then got on the bus and came back to Westwood. Since I came back early, I settled down in Coffee Bean first. I tried to make another Skype call to Cecilia to ask about the status of my job application. Suddenly, the microphone on my computer malfunctioned. It was obviously “DGHTR” (actually, the Invisible Hand and the Monkey) who had been tormenting me from the control center all day, trying to produce new evidence showing how Mr former Secretary had commanded the constant malfunctioning of my electronics. The worst part of this ordeal was that I was completely isolated in this experience. Nobody else witnessed me suffering pain from the constant malfunctioning of machines whenever I touched them. I thus went to ask a nearby UCLA girl to look at my Eee PC and confirm its malfunctioning to my recorder (20:30). “This happens everyday, making me very upset...” I told her. Then: “Someone is remotely controlling it...” But of course she didn’t care. Nobody is going to have sympathy for you if you are suffering from something no one has ever heard of. Rousseau’s second maxim in *Emile* comes in again: “One pities in others only those ills from which one does not find oneself exempt” – and his quotation from Virgil’s *Aeneid*: “Non ignora mali, miseris succurrere disco” (“Not ignorant of ills, I learn to assist the needy”).

My therapy session with Mona starts on 39:00. I told Mona about my inability to get anywhere with OPCC, about my sadness because everyone else could talk to the Pyramid but I, about how I thought her boyfriend was not worthy of her, which was strange, because I was supposed to be the unworthy one (52:00). I told her how I felt left out from the Pyramid’s world because I started noticing that the Pyramid’s internal world was completely different than mine. And I finally repeated my (stupid) fear that the Daughter People might want to separate me from the Pyramid so that they could punish her for the bad things she had done to them (58:00). “But she was just following orders...” Mona did not understand what I was saying at all (1:09:00). I was still referring to the Daughter People as the “Higher Power”, which stupefied Mona (1:12:00). As you can see, I was having problems on all fronts. I simply couldn’t explain to her how a bunch of Russian intelligence officials had got themselves inside the US federal government control center beneath Los Angeles and, using American technology to chip everyone and even to control nature, had made themselves “God” over Los Angeles, able to remotely control the movement of every human being, every animal, and the natural environment around me. I explained to her that the Higher Power did not “respond” to my entreats, but would only cause leaves to fall or drivers to honk in response to my thoughts. And yet the “Higher Power” can decide whether I could be with the Pyramid or not. I then told Mona about the compromise I had proposed to the Higher Power over the weekend – compromise between the satisfaction of my needs, my unworthiness of the Pyramid, and my fear that she might be harmed if she was separated from me: while she stays with me,

she will be allowed to have other lovers (1:20:00). Ha! I was sure that “DGHTR” had heard my proposal; but today the Pyramid had shut me off, which indicated to me that the proposal was rejected. I finally explained to Mona my complete powerlessness: “The Higher Power can control the security guards to throw me out... If the Higher Power wants to separate me from her, it will happen...”

After my session with Mona, I rode the bus back to the Law Library to catch a bit more time with the Pyramid. This is recorded in: “[lawlibanglctklttlmommycmrdrie\\_3\\_9\\_10\\_441-817PM.WMA](#)”. I was inside the library by 29:00. While I was signing up for a computer station at the circulation desk, I asked the Pyramid when she woke up. Five, she said. Why so early? Did she always have the habit of waking up so early? I would develop the impression that she had to wake up early in order to attend briefing, discussion, and training with DGHTR and the SVR female assistant so as to get ready for another day in the preparation of PLANMEX. (Again, it was more likely the Invisible Hand and some CIA girl.) When (on 47:29) I walked back to the circulation desk to ask the Pyramid for a pair of earphones, I would instead have a pleasant chat with the security guard Pinky. Pinky, as she always did, would talk to me as if comforting retarded children. She was certainly not like the other security guards in this library when it came to me. At one point, on 57:45 or so, I whined to Pinky that the Pyramid didn’t like me. “No....” she said. That’s how nice she was to me. Then I went back to the Pyramid to tell her that I made good films and also wrote great stuff. I was simply at a loss as to how to impress her. “Really,” the Pyramid pretended. “You didn’t know that?” I asked. “No,” she said, feigning interest (1:05:37). “You draw well,” she said while typing on the computer. “I draw too,” I said, desperate to let her know that the “artistic talent” she had seen of me hardly represented 5 percent of my ability, and I didn’t even know how much “DGHTR” (actually, the Invisible Hand) had briefed her about me. I then asked the Pyramid who that long-hair guy was – that is, the Pyramid’s boyfriend. “Who?” the Pyramid feigned incomprehension. It seemed that the Pyramid did not like to discuss her presumed “boyfriend”. After a brief chat with Diego, I then asked the Pyramid the daring question, “How come you are not married?” Pausing for a few seconds, she replied hesitantly, “That’s personal” (1:10:08).

By night fall I would return to Westwood and spend my night surfing the Internet in the Starbucks in Westwood Village. I was sure that I had, with the websites I had visited, helped “DGHTR” by producing more intercepts to solidify the “script” of the second run; but that doesn’t matter here.

### **March 10 )Wednesday)**

I slept in the same street corner in Westwood Village. My first three recordings of the new day are: “[dennislizchnydtst\\_3\\_10\\_10\\_438-1135AM.WMA](#)”; “[tolawlib70mommytv\\_3\\_10\\_10\\_1141AM-127PM.WMA](#)”; and “[tvprmdinjrdlawlibanglcasksite\\_3\\_10\\_10\\_132-639PM.WMA](#)”. I woke up some time around 4 AM, breakfasted and used my Eee PC in Denny’s, and then went to Western Dental (the branch office located on Venice and Western) to check up on my new cavities. I then came to the Law Library, and Pinky, the only security guard who was nice to me, charged me with the mission of buying a Snapple for her. I ran out to the food mall, bought one, plus some strawberries for the Pyramid, had lunch, and then came back to the library (40:00 or so). I surprised Pinky with the Snapple, but was told by the Vietnamese Lady at the circulation desk that it was not okay to offer strawberries to the Pyramid.

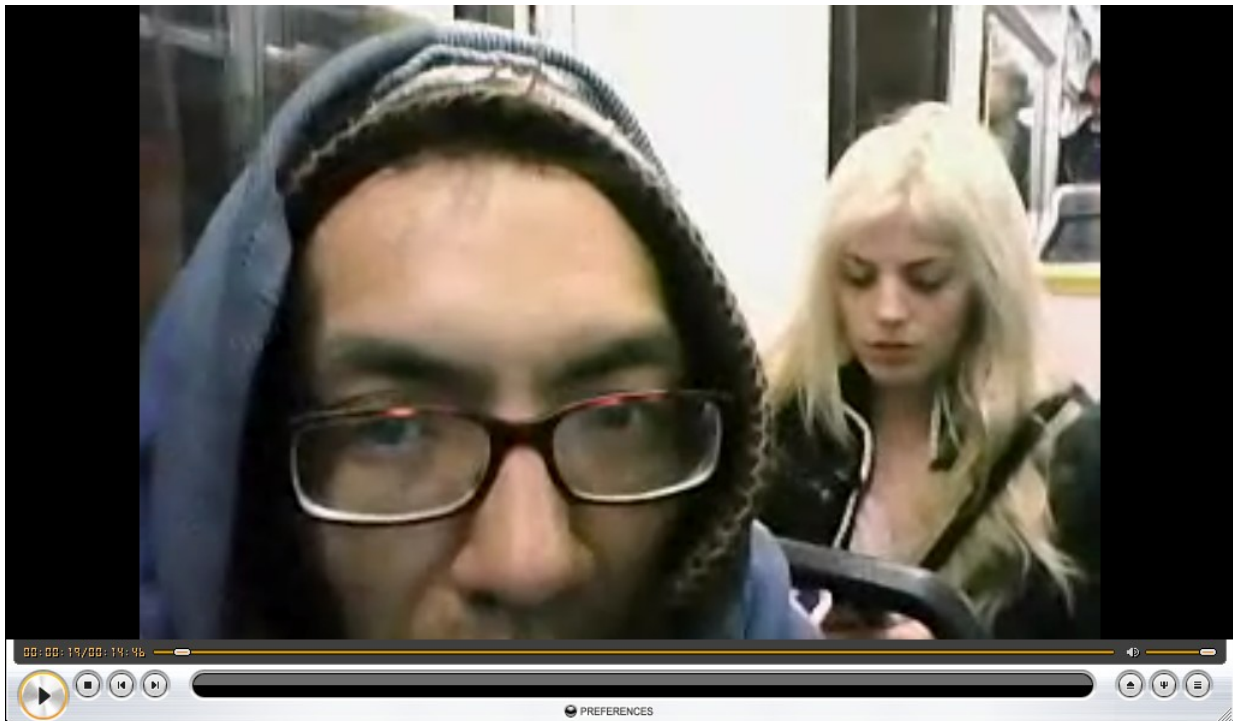
Trying to find chances to interact with the Pyramid, I got her to assign me a computer station (55:25).

Around 2:40 PM, when I was filming with the webcam on my Eee PC a woman whom I thought to be a “Mommy” – “20100310143712518-lawlibmommy.wmv” – a man walked in front of my camera. “DGHTR” then remotely controlled him to suddenly run – according to my impression at the time – just as he had frequently done back in the final months of the “first run” (1:17). Except that this time the running no longer signaled anything to me. The Invisible Hand was presumably producing new evidences of my signaling environment in order to replace the old evidences of the signals which the Daughter People had commanded the suit team to send to me during the first run: the new evidence would show a different command structure from which the Daughter People would be conspicuously absent, and thus all instances of communication between Daughterland and me would be eliminated from the evidentiary record. There had also been my doubles’ coming and going in the library which I don’t even bother to mention. The purpose was the same: to make Daughterland’s previous command entirely disappear from the evidentiary record. On another day a “Mommy” would come into the library wearing “Russian-made fake fat”. This, you recall, is what I have earlier termed a “Daughter Thing” (θυγατερματα). I should have filmed it, for it was truly an amazing sight. She was originally beautiful and slender, a very typical CIA pretty white girl, but now she suddenly had thick arms, fat waist and fat ass. The fat looked so real that you can never suspect it to be fake, and yet there was something clearly wrong with the sight, for a woman simply did not grow fat only on this spot of her body and yet not on the other places of her body. The goal was the same: since I had met “real Russian agents” during the latter part of 2009 – a few of them had their appearance altered with fake fat in order to look indistinguishably from ordinary Americans – these evidences needed to be replaced in order to eliminate possible grounds on which it may be objected that I had conspired with the SVR. Now new evidences had been produced showing a different command structure in which it was the suit team who had applied to themselves such strange technique they had stolen from the Russians as “fake fat”. The new official story would show that everything I had thought to be “Russian” was staged by the Americans to deceive me.

I went back to my computer station to read Carl von Clausewitz’s *Vom Kriege* on the Internet (1:47:00). When I went up to the circulation desk to talk to the Pyramid again, I asked her about her past jobs. She explained that her first job – that was before her graduation from college – was at a day care center. “You didn’t go directly to college from high school?” “I went to a community college...” “And then day care?” “Yes.” “And then to college?” “Yes”. “You like kids?” “It’s okay,” she laughed. “And after college?” She worked as a teaching assistant at an elementary school, she explained. And after that she came to work at this library. Throughout the Pyramid satisfied my curiosity graciously – there was not a hint of the storm that was about to come. When I then asked her about the new job at the Law Library I wanted to apply for (foreign material assistant) she also graciously explained many details about the requirements for employment at this library. Then I asked her what her mother looked like. She had brown hair... “Does she have a pyramid like yours?” “Pyramid?” she laughed, “I don’t know what that means...” The Pyramid was feigning. “DGHTR” (again, actually the Invisible Hand) must have told her about my obsession with the “pyramids” on white women’s face. I walked away quite happy (2:40:00). After doing some work on my Eee PC, I came back to the Pyramid again (4:08:00). She was in good

spirit. “How come you don’t go out with friends?” “Sometimes...” “How come you are never married?” “That’s... You need to go back...” When I then asked her about her past travels, she explained that, other than Mexico, she had never traveled to other countries, and that her family came from Guadalajara, Jalisco, in Mexico. I told the Pyramid once more about my trip to Nicaragua, which got her excited. The Pyramid then asked me about my website! I told her about my documentaries, and wrote down for her the URL for my web gallery. I was quite euphoric when I left the library.

Since the Pyramid suddenly opened herself up to me after shutting me off, we have to suppose that the Invisible Hand had had a discussion with her on the previous night. Perhaps the Invisible Hand had noticed that the role he was forcing me to play – the “Chosen One for Machine Malfunctioning” – was a bit too harsh; perhaps he didn’t want to see me cut myself. Perhaps he had convinced the Pyramid, with the simulation of my thought-processes on the mind-reading computer, that my current obsession and so on was just a temporary phase that would later on pass away when I shall have become more familiar with her. But it was certainly the case that the “Queen of Mexico” was too enticing to the Pyramid: if she could only get crowned the “Queen” through a pair-up with me, she would do it. She continually sided with the Invisible Hand rather than with her father in all these discussions. Her attachment to the title of “Queen of Mexico” and to the Invisible Hand can be gauged by her willingness to swallow my increasingly pathetic look.



A “Mommy” behind me, March 10 2010.

ου γάρ τ'αγνωτες θεοι αλληλοισι πελονται  
αθανατοι, ουδ'ει τις αποπροθι δωματα ναιει

For not unknown are the immortal gods one another,  
even though one dwells in a home far away.  
(*Odyssey*)

My next recording is: “[wstwdstrbkfixwebgal\\_3\\_10-11\\_10\\_657PM-1221AM.WMA](#)”. After I left the library I got onto bus 2 to go to Westwood. Around 7:17 PM or so, a “Mommy” – precisely the one who was commanded by the Daughter People to appear in front of me in Starbucks and then to text-message as my double back in October 2009 – showed up on the bus and sat down behind me, evidently in order for me to film her. And I did so, using my netbook's webcam: “[20100310191752728-busmommy.wmv](#)”. After mistaking so many pretty “pyramids” for CIA agents, I couldn't be wrong this time, since I knew this “Mommy” from before. Then I came to Westwood. That the Pyramid had expressed interests in my website had got me so excited that I would spend the whole night in Starbucks fixing those webpages on my web gallery which had not yet been fixed since the end of 2009. Then, I would sleep in the same street corner in Westwood Village.

### **March 11 (Thursday; Mona)**

Another round of intense misery would begin, and my first recording of the new day is: “[peetkckdutstrbkmapfrustrtd\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_545-717AM.WMA](#)” When I woke up from my corner, I walked into Peet's Coffee (3:00) and ordered a cup of coffee. On 9:50 Peet's Coffee's manager came to me to throw me out. I was dumbfounded. Other than looking ugly, I had not made any disturbances and had made my purchase. I thus went to the counter to ask for a refund for my coffee (12:00) – but was refused. I dragged my things to Starbucks, and, while using my computer, complained for the whole time, upset over how I might soon be mistaken as a pedophile and arrested as such, thus being taken away from the Pyramid. I was upsetting myself with imaginary worries.

My next recording is: “[opccfaillostwill\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_731-853AM.WMA](#)”. After I left Starbucks, I rode the bus to Santa Monica, wanting to catch a word with Brian at OPCC. While walking I kept complaining about how, on the bus, other passengers would be directed by “DGHTR” to purposely kick my bag when passing me by in order to provoke me (6:00). I arrived in front of OPCC on 28:00. I kept moaning: “I would have to be homeless for the next month and more... To be homeless is my job. My job is to be homeless and unemployed and not get paid for it. I am getting paid to not get paid... How does that work?” (34:00)

My next recordings are: “[lostinterest\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_853-946AM.WMA](#)”; “[lostinterest\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_946-1048AM.WMA](#)”; and “[anticlimax\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_1048-1141AM.WMA](#)”. What happened then was that I missed the number call at OPCC and didn't get to see Brian at all. Furthermore, I couldn't get free breakfast because the kitchen was mysteriously closed. I was overwhelmed by enormous hunger and had to stop by Novel Cafe to fill up my stomach with my own precious money before catching the bus to go back to Westwood for my appointment with Mona. I would tell her about all the negative thoughts which had been engendered in my head by all the frustrating events this morning.

My session with Mona on this day has been recorded in: “[wmonanegativeromance\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_1152AM-1250PM.WMA](#)” (starting from 8:50). I began my therapy session by telling Mona how I had spent my whole last night fixing my website in anticipation of the Pyramid’s visits, how at OPCC this morning I missed the number call, didn’t get to see my case manager Brian, and couldn’t get free breakfast, how I was thrown out of places two times, how I thus became very upset because I had lost interest in constantly being thrown out – even when I had made my purchase – and how I had lost interest in finding housing when I was told to go there again and again and call again and again without anything happening in the end. Even though I had an appointment on Thursday, I decided to stop looking for housing (until 13:30). I then told Mona about how two guys complained about my talking to myself – since I didn’t have any friends, talking to myself was the only time I got to open my mouth! And yet I wasn’t allowed! (This happened this morning when I was in Starbucks.) I had lost interest in everything because, everywhere I went, people either hated me or threw me out (15:30). I then told Mona how I had only 40 dollars left, and how I had lost interest in picking food from trash cans. Mona then asked me what happened to my monthly income from Social Security. I explained: “Half of it immediately disappears upon arrival because I always overdraw at the end of every month and thus owe money to my bank by the beginning of the next month” (16:50). I then told her that I was thinking that I should just lie on the ground and let the police pick me up, now that I had lost all interest in struggling. I then told her the *true* source of my psychological pains: given my squalid condition, I still liked the Pyramid. I felt so ashamed: I wasn’t good enough to like her; yet I was *not allowed* to improve myself to be worthy of her. For example, I was too skinny, I wanted to eat not just because I was hungry, but also because I wanted to grow stronger for the Pyramid; but I could only lose weight when I had to walk so much everyday and couldn’t get enough to eat, all due to homelessness... I wanted to find housing because girls don’t like to be liked by a homeless man, and I wanted to find a job because girls like a working guy; but I couldn’t do any of these. Yet it was not my disability which was my obstacle; it’s all because my environment was disabled: you couldn’t do anything when you are constantly thrown out from everywhere (21:30). You can’t make progress in society like this. “I thus feel very ashamed, for I don’t have the ability to become worthy enough to like someone” (22:00). Again, this was not just my complaint, but had pointed up the strange fact that the Daughter People had written the “script” for the second run in order for it to fail.

I then began telling Mona about the reflection I had had after my failed attempt at OPCC: “I’m worth so little that other people would rather suffer harm than be saved by me from harm – because they don’t want me in their sight... I thought about all the things I have done, all the wonderful drawings I have done... I thought about how I wrote a 2000 page theory explaining everything... And I thought about the reason why I’m worth so little: just as people say ‘Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder’, so a person’s worth exists in other people’s mind. Thus, if other people don’t think you are worthwhile, then you are not worthwhile... When therapists say to me, ‘You just need to appreciate yourself, ignore what other people think’, they are just being hypocrites, for nobody wants to be alone... I’m alone because nobody thinks I’m worth anything, that’s why they throw me out of their sight... If you like someone, but the person you like is so repulsed by you that she would rather suffer harm by others than be saved by you from that harm, then your worth is in the negative... I have always grown up worth very little... That’s



why, when I was in college, I didn't bother with other people; I'd just spend all my time reading books and constructing a theory that would explain everything, for that is a better world, a world where you don't need to depend on anyone else to achieve your satisfaction... And even though I didn't have a girlfriend, I could draw the most beautiful goddesses... So –" at which point I broke down in tears (33:25). Then I continued: "And because, while I was constructing my theory, other people were spending their time working rather than getting educated, they couldn't possibly understand the theories I have developed, and so I have become even more isolated from others, and nobody can possibly see any worth in me... I solved many small scientific problems (like Zeno's Paradoxes, the three-dimensional perspective in drawings, a related problem in Fermat's Principle of Least Time...) but no one is going to understand it... Only university professors can understand it, but they are not interested in the things I'm doing by myself... If you want to stay in universities, you'll have to do what the professors like... the problem of specialization... I have nowhere to go, the Pyramid would not understand my writings, she may like my drawings, that's why I wanted her to see my web gallery... then my films... I have 100 hours or so of films about how my computer has malfunctioned, but she is not going to like them... so just drawings... That's why I'm sad, the only thing I'm good at, she is not going to understand it..." Suddenly Mona asked me about the cut marks on my arm. I lied, saying that somebody had scratched me (40:58). I then continued: I have thus not only lost interest in becoming good enough for her – that is just too hard – but I have also lost interest in worrying about her – because of this anti-climax, where she would rather be harmed by someone else than be saved by me. She is like heroin, pure addiction to me. It's like this, you see this beauty hanging onto a cliff. You want to save her, and so you throw a rope to her ready to pull her up. But when she sees that it is you who are saving her – and you are so ugly – she'd rather die than be saved by you, and so she lets go and falls to her death in the abyss (45:30). I termed it "anti-romance" for Mona. Mona was quite amused by this new "genre" which I had invented. I told her how much I hated my mother for making me so ugly. "You are not ugly," Mona said affirmatively, "I don't think you are ugly, your cloth might be dirty, but you are not ugly." I then described to her how I had always been the disposable one in my family, how, when my grandfather reserved some money for me as my living and schooling expenses when I was studying in Belgium, my brother found ways to eat up the money because he thought me disposable and so deserving to be taken advantage of. "It's not like he deserves to live, why should he be given money?"

And so that was my session, and we set up our next appointment for Monday, 12 PM. The recordings for the rest of my afternoon are: "[lmfonbusdaddy mindthing\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_1250PM-239PM.WMA](#)"; and then: "[lawlibabutcut\\_vidangldigo\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_245-516PM.WMA](#)". I then rode the bus to the Law Library, as usual. While I was wandering around in the vicinity of the Law Library, I murmured about how I would like to have a gun to shoot myself, how death by helium-inhalation was too much trouble, how I couldn't deal with another episode of Borderline obsession, and how I couldn't deal with being thrown out from places (until 19:00). "Not having money, not having a home, and on top of all this, I have to deal with being obsessed with someone..." (26:00). I then thought of another typical suicide method: buy a toy gun and aim it at the police (44:00). I entered the Law Library on 45:00. I requested a computer station and chatted briefly with the Pyramid on 1:08:00. I obtained the book which I had earlier reserved just in order to interact with the Pyramid, and I asked her if she had seen my website.

She had not. On 1:50:00 I began another round of negative thoughts, speculating that DGHTR, knowing that I might seriously hurt myself if I couldn't get what I wanted, might have me arrested as a way to snatch me away from the Pyramid safely. I wouldn't then be able to see the Pyramid anymore. On 1:57:00 I frantically went to Diego at the circulation desk to tell him that I found a flash drive left on my computer station, and that I accidentally clicked on a link in a junk email I had received. I was worried about these harmless instances of "intercepts" (or new evidences produced to replace similar evidences from the past) just like before because I didn't quite yet understand the purpose of the second run. When I stepped outside the library to smoke a cigarette, I reflected: if I couldn't see her, then as soon as I would be released from confinement, I would hurt myself. These certainly were not pleasant things for the Invisible Hand to hear.

My next recording is: "[anglcanature\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_516-602PM.WMA](#)". When I came back into the library I showed Diego my drawings on my website. I only wished I could show them to the right person, namely the Pyramid. I asked Diego what the Pyramid liked. Nature, he told me (10:00). The Pyramid then came back to the circulation desk and I tried to confirm it with her. "I don't mind it," said she. But she then showed me the website of "Desconso Garden" of which she was quite fond. Strangely, the Pyramid then asked me about the webcam on my Eee PC (18:00). This was significant: both she and her father knew from the Invisible Hand that I filmed things, and they had apparently become uncomfortable with that. And yet, when the Invisible Hand so instructed, she would voluntarily throw herself in front of my camera, as you shall see. After more brief chat with the Pyramid and Diego, I waved goodbye to the Pyramid and left (44:00).

Let's speculate a little on what happened today. Whatever discussion the Pyramid might have had with the Invisible Hand on the night of March 9, her father, the Monkey, had probably raised his objections again last night (March 10), causing the Pyramid to be doubtful. Specifically, after seeing me webcasting "Mommy", he must have pointed out that this behavior on my part was disgusting to him. Concerned, the Pyramid thus asked me about the webcam on my Eee PC. Perhaps she was passing me a "secret message" hinting that she was not pleased with my habit. But the fact was that "the whim who liked to film pretty CIA pyramids" was part of the "script". But the Monkey couldn't care less about the replacement of evidences. He cared about the reputation of his "royal lineage".

My next recordings are: "[bus2anglcgointooffice\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_602-654PM.WMA](#)" and "[wrthrow73prf19failedcutcallmona\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_654-918PM.WMA](#)". I rode the bus to Westwood, and was determined to make my protest to DGHTR again about the misery I had suffered in the morning by cutting myself. I thus came to the restroom inside the Chicago School building once more. I hid myself inside the booth and webcasted myself cutting my arm with an exacto knife: "[20100311204846967-failedcut.wmv](#)". Once again, I couldn't muster up the courage to cut myself too deeply. I made a few cuts that were not much more than scratches. I disappointed myself again; I murmured: "If the cut is too thin, it's like a joke, you might as well not cut it." I had failed to punish DGHTR once more. When I was walking out of the Chicago School building, I complained bitterly: "So tired of talking to myself... So tired of the fact that, for three years, I have only interacted with secret agents" (2:09:00). Then: "So tired of the fact that every little detail in my environment has to be orchestrated." The "F

word” filled up my mouth.

I walked to the payphone across the street wanting to leave a message with Mona, but some ambulance nearby suddenly began blasting its siren. The noises so annoyed me that I kept yelling to DGHTR, “There is no need to produce any more evidence...” I wanted to be free from the whole process of evidence production (until 2:17:00). I left a message with Mona, telling her I had a premonition that I would soon be arrested and I wanted her to know this. I then walked into Starbucks, ordered nothing, but only asked for a cup of water, because I had no money. I would continue to be discontent with the shallow, “failed” cuts I had just made (2:20:30).

My next recording is: “[angryopertftp\\_3\\_11\\_10\\_931-1106PM.WMA](#)”. While I was on my Eee PC, guess what, my netbook malfunctioned again – most likely under the Invisible Hand’s remote control. I murmured in exhaustion: “Computer is required to malfunction after we have uploaded files because that’s the only way to take them out of the evidentiary record of the International Court” – *this was not true, but that doesn’t matter here* – “Other people are so lucky in that they don’t have to be a piece of evidence in the International Court... My computer has to malfunction...” (19:30 – 21:00). Thus concludes another day of frustration and misery.

### **March 12 (Friday)**

I slept in the same street corner in Westwood Village, and my first recording of the new day is: “[tolawlibhdddistrge\\_3\\_12\\_10\\_642AM-201PM.WMA](#)”. I woke up around 6 AM and, packing up my things, got on the bus to go toward Venice Blvd, where I would get on bus 33. I had temporarily recovered my mood. While on bus 33, I continued writing “Feefee and Valerie”. In the past few days I had resumed writing this old, unfinished work of mine because my frustration with the Pyramid was making me nostalgic about Marie. I stopped by Payday Loan store to get a new round of cash advance. Another 255 dollars. I then got on the bus again to continue onward to the Law Library (1:32:00). Before walking into the library I bought a pair of pants at the Goodwill store nearby (2:40:00). The homeless guy thought it better to change into new clothing if he was to see his Pyramid.

After some time in the library, I went to the circulation desk to reserve a computer station with the Pyramid (4:37:00). She was dressed all in purple – Mr former Secretary’s “color purple”. Then Renee suddenly revealed that the Pyramid had a twin sister! (4:24:00) Her twin sister was older, she added. When the Pyramid came in, she confirmed that too! None of this could be true, I thought. I was holding onto what the Pyramid had told me before, that she had an older sister and a younger brother. I thought that “DGHTR” had simply instructed them to speak of this non-existent reality so that the faulty surveillance machine may confuse their saying so as my saying so: this new evidence would then go to replace similar evidence from the first run (my being heard admitting having a twin brother). Soon it would be time for me to get frustrated again: My Seagate hard drive suddenly died (4:51:30). I was in shock – nothing was more important to me in life than my documentaries of myself – and murmured: “It seems that everyday I would have to be pissed off to the extreme! Some sort of a rule set down by the control center!” I got so nervous and upset. “I can’t deal with this... I really can’t deal with this...”

(4:57:30). I went to tell the Pyramid how upset I was because my “super gadget” as she called it was broken (5:02:00). This was of course a bad move since my attachment to my data was completely incomprehensible to someone who did not have to record every single second of her life in order to prove her existence. I then wanted to make sure she was not her twin sister! And she affirmed so! I quickly exited the library, making my condition to “DGHTR”: “We are not going to do anything for anyone if we don’t get what we want! We don’t care about anyone except ourselves...” (5:10:00). “My data constitute my ‘baseline’, and even if we could get our Pyramid, it shouldn’t replace our baseline...” (5:13:00). I was now rushing toward my storage unit – my solution to my problem – and on my way I spoke of how the United Nations should form a special committee to fund my compensation, for everyone had benefited from me and yet I remained so unfortunate – just as Congress had passed a special legislation (the “Valerie Plame Wilson Compensation Act”) to compensate Valerie Plame (until 5:30:00). I was demanding to be married to the Pyramid, and I demanded a million dollar house because she might like it, even though I didn’t care about that (5:34:00). I soon got off the bus and, while walking to my storage facility upset as hell, I jaywalked through traffics, causing drivers to brake and honk (5:55:00). I arrived at the storage facility (6:04:00) and retrieved the DVD-26 which I had on reserve (it was this disc of which I wanted to make a new copy using my Seagate hard drive). I put the “dead” hard drive into my storage unit. It was not really dead, of course. The Invisible Hand (or maybe the Monkey) was just remotely controlling it to malfunction.

My next recording is: “[lawlibaskanglemommycomput\\_3\\_12\\_10\\_201-328PM.WMA](#)”. I came back to the Law Library by 30:00. While signing up a computer station with the Pyramid on 55:00, I told her again that my hard drive had died. I then asked her whether she liked an apartment or a house. “House,” replied she.

My next recording is: “[lawlibcutself\\_3\\_12\\_10\\_346-521PM.WMA](#)”. After some reading and insignificant chitchat with the Pyramid, I complained on 53:00 about how I had had to spend so much time struggling with computer malfunctioning that I didn’t have time to find a job. I moaned, and, my mood dampened, I went inside the restroom to cut myself. The cuts were still shallow, but it was my protest against “DGHTR”.

My next recording is: “[anglcrjectwstwdtrashcanisomommy\\_3\\_12\\_10\\_529-1134PM.WMA](#)”. I had intensified my protest to “DGHTR” by insisting that I shall cut myself regularly from now on. After I came out of the restroom (17:00 or so), I went to the Pyramid to ask her about the other places she had visited, plus other worthless questions, but this time she simply replied that the security guards would ask me to leave and that she had a job to do. The Pyramid had shut her door again. We have to suspect that, because of my self-mutilation last night, her father the Monkey had raised his objections again, which had caused the Pyramid to be increasingly skeptical. In fact, since I had just cut myself, it was even likely that her father had immediately communicated with her from the control center telling her what I had just done, which would have caused her to feel disgusted. I exited the library and rode the bus to Westwood, continuing to write “Feefee and Valerie” on the way. By the time I got to Westwood (2:10:00), I was so upset that I went to the trash can on the sidewalk and began throwing the trash inside out onto the street. When an Asian guy saw me littering, he scolded me. I thereby responded:

“Haven’t we all been taught to respect each other’s belief? In your belief system trash should be inside the trash can, in mine it should be outside. You should respect my belief just as I respect yours!” (2:28:00) I suddenly recovered my mood and began a philosophical debate with him. “I live in an inverted world; when I empty the trash can onto the street, I’m cleaning the trash can. I have a job, which is not to get paid. If I don’t have a job, I’ll get paid. You go to UCLA right? Go ask your professor and he’ll confirm it all. You haven’t graduated, and so you can’t as yet comprehend the fact that trash should be outside the trash can...” When I told him I was a philosophy major, he replied that he was also a philosophy major. What a coincidence! When I explained to him that, as soon as he got out of analytic philosophy and logic, he would understand why trash should be outside the trash can, he insisted that I enlighten him on the reason. I bullshitted: “The Universe will not end in a big crunch, namely the reverse of the big bang, that’s why the trash should be outside the trash can... I’m not going to tell you the answer now, but you go think about it, and maybe you’ll comprehend it in two days. Then, when you see me cleaning the trash can by dumping the trash inside out onto the street, you’ll understand it.” He however insisted that I was merely finding excuses to litter. “Right,” I said, “I am upset, and that’s why I’m cleaning the trash can to calm myself. But if I can calm my anger by speaking  $2 + 2 = 4$ , this doesn’t mean 2 plus 2 is not 4. Watch out for the straw man fallacy there! So just because I’m calming my anger by dumping the trash in a trash can onto the street, it doesn’t mean that I’m doing wrong, it’s still possible that trash indeed belongs on the street instead of in the trash can!” “But throwing trash onto the street is regarded by the whole society as wrong...” he retorted. “People are wrong.” “So everyone is wrong but you are right?” “Right.” “So it’s right to throw trash on the street?” “Right.” “What then is the definition of trash? It means ‘waste’, right?” “‘Waste’ means something which ignorant people throw into the trash can but which wise people throw out of the trash can” (2:33:20). “But then the world will be filthy!” “Yes, that’s the point of the world, the world should be filthy!” “Why?” “Because the universe is not going to end in a big crunch. You think about it, now the wise man needs to depart. When you think of the answer, you’ll tell the wise man about it!” He then asked: “So you have graduated from philosophy, and now you just contemplate?” “I don’t contemplate, I practice...” and I ran away (2:35:20).

I walked into ISO and there seemed to be a Mommy in nursing dress there. I was not as sure as I was on March 10, but I filmed her: “[20100312211637208-isomommy.wmv](#)”. After that stupid debate, I soon retreated into my bad mood to contemplate on cutting myself. I spent the rest of the night in Starbucks writing, burning DVDs, and surfing the Internet. I then slept in the street corner in Westwood Village.

### **March 13 (Saturday)**

My first recording of the new day is: “[dennis\\_3\\_13\\_10\\_5-615AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up, packed up my blanket, and walked into Denny’s. I used my precious money to order coffee and a grand slam. When I turned on my Eee PC, my Ubuntu OS froze. I immediately plunged into depression – my feeling of helplessness prompted by my knowledge that it was “DGHTR” in the control center who was not allowing me to use my netbook in order to produce new evidence – and commented: “I’m reminded that I need to decimate my arm” (44:00). Thus was my mood set for the day.

My next recording is: “[dennisdctvprf19lawlibvidpyrmdnwsppr\\_3\\_13\\_10\\_619-1001AM.WMA](#)”. I was trying to bundle my DVD-25 and 26 into a dual layer disc and yet was unable to fit all the files in place. I became even more depressed over my inability to figure out my machine. It may have been my own fault this time but my mood had already been conditioned by several years of continual machine malfunctioning to plunge whenever I was not allowed to use my machine. I was now determined to cut myself today, resulting in further mishap in the preparation of PLANMEX by offending the Pyramid’s father.

It has never been discussed in the discursive world of professional psychiatry and academic psychology how prolonged experience with machine malfunctioning could do serious damage to a person’s mental health. Later I will analyze the damage in terms of Heidegger’s analysis of Dasein – how constant experience with machine malfunctioning constitutes the destruction of a person’s *Weltlichkeit* and is hence a truly serious existential problem. Here I shall simply REMIND YOU THAT THE DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC OF A HOMO SAPIENS SAPIENS IS HIS OR HER ABILITY TO USE TOOLS. If a human being finds everyday the tools he uses to define himself malfunctioning to no end, he is basically reduced, or forced to regress, to the animal state, like the wild child who has never learned to talk. There is nothing wrong with being an animal, but there is everything wrong with being forced to live like an animal in a human world.

I eventually recompiled the ISO image of the new disc and began burning it. On 1:13:05, an error message featuring “ECHO 2” popped up on my computer screen. I was very upset over the fact that I didn’t have my video camera anymore to film all the strange things happening on my computer screen. Again, my mood had plunged to the bottom due to frustration with the malfunctioning of machines – natural or orchestrated. I murmured: “Even if I videotape it, it wouldn’t matter, for I would never have anyone to ask about all this mysterious malfunctioning. I will always be by myself, never knowing if anything is real or not...” I then spent 30 minutes or so writing “Feefee and Valerie” – until I left Denny’s on 1:45:00.

I then got on the bus to go to the Law Library to see the Pyramid as usual. I continued writing “Feefee and Valerie” while on the bus. When I got off the bus, I remarked: “We have two reasons to decimate our arm: one is computer malfunctioning, the other is the Pyramid’s rejection.” After a brief exchange with Renee, I sat down at a table not very far from the circulation desk, waiting for the Pyramid to appear.

Around 9:50 AM, the Pyramid came out from behind the circulation desk and began fixing the newspapers right next to me. She was obviously doing all this in order for me to film her. I thus quickly turned on the webcam on my Eee PC to capture her moves: “[20100313095119719-pyramid.wmv](#)”. She was pretending to not know she was being filmed. Why all the acting? She was instructed by the Invisible Hand to put up all this act, in order to play out the “script” of the second run – that this little conspirator, suffering inferiority complex before the “pyramids”, was secretly desiring the “Tallest Pyramid of the Law Library” and that the “Tallest Pyramid” was unknowingly becoming the object of

his desire. But of course the Pyramid knew, and, this time, under the Invisible Hand's tutoring, was sort of enjoying her role. During the routine discussion on the previous night between the Pyramid's family and the Invisible Hand, when the Monkey once more raised his objections to the "script" – that the script of this disgusting Chincker desiring his daughter constituted injustice against his royal Mexican lineage – the Pyramid must have, once again, ended up being persuaded by the Invisible Hand to accept the "script". This is why she was suddenly comfortable with the webcam on my Eee PC. Thus, during the final act of this scene, when the Pyramid was supposed to pretend to notice that she was being filmed by her secret admirer, she could only put up the act of surprise by barely suppressing her laughter. Watch the ending of this video carefully.

My next recording is: "[lawlibcutslfefeevalharassangle\\_3\\_13\\_10\\_1014AM-717PM.WMA](#)". I then continued writing "Feefee and Valerie", which I would at last finish composing by this afternoon. On 44:00, after using the restroom, I murmured to DGHTR about the difficulty in cutting the veins on my arm (that they would retreat inward when the exacto knife was pressed upon them). My mood continued to plunge and, around 56:08 or so, I went up to the circulation desk to tell the Pyramid – under the most self-deprecating mood – that I wouldn't be using the computer for now. Profoundly saddened over my inability to connect with the Pyramid, I was now gaining satisfaction in the reverse direction, by trashing any attempt to connect with her and retreating into my tragic lonesomeness and my nostalgia for Marie. I went to tell Pinky that I would probably soon be taken away by the police and thus be unable to come to the library any more. Strangely, the Pyramid suddenly came over to the security desk to ask me if I was using the webcam on my Eee PC. "Not now," I responded lifelessly. She then said that I should make sure not to use it in the library. I simply responded lethargically that, when the webcam was turned on, one could see a blue light (58:00). At the time I was just baffled by the Pyramid's comment since she had just purposely allowed herself to be webcamed. I thought she was just creating an intercept under DGHTR's instruction – putting up an act of not knowing so that the Daughter People's use of my recordings and videos as evidence in the International Court may be more solidly justified. Nonetheless, I asked the Pyramid – in my lifeless tone – why she asked me about the webcam. The Pyramid simply responded that she noticed the webcam on my netbook and wanted me to know that the library didn't allow it (58:39). See, in this way the questionable legality of my past documentaries may be made into a Microspherian conspiracy and thus removed.

Then, all of a sudden, Mona called me on my Skype on 1:03:00 or so. I told Mona that I didn't feel good, but, after repeating how she couldn't hear me well, she said she couldn't do counseling over the phone. Not much was accomplished, since I didn't get to share any of my unhappiness with her, and was only told to come on Monday (1:06:00). I became increasingly disappointed because I mistakenly thought that "DGHTR" was using deprivation to remold my weak personality and, utterly desperate for another person's sympathy, I simply put forward the opposite of what would be expected by plunging myself into ever deeper depression and self-injurious mood in order to disappoint the "trainer". Little did I know that it was probably the idea of the Pyramid's father – whom I did not at this point even know to exist – that I be deprived while exhausted and desperate: this man had little interest in nor understanding of the causes of my current weak condition. In the same way, it was probably his idea to forbid me to videotape because he found such behavior highly unpleasant. When he watched me

webcamming his daughter from the control center, he was incensed – even though it was part of the “script” – and immediately instructed the Pyramid to warn me about their displeasure with my webcamming habit. His request was allowed through by the computer system, again, because the computer had judged that it could contribute to the evidentiary course (the removal of doubts concerning the legality of my old documentaries). The annoying thing was of course the Pyramid’s father’s complete disregard of the fact that it was just this bad habit of mine which had saved Daughterland, which he presumably knew was his real employer.

As I sat down at the computer station in the library, the Pyramid’s long-hair boyfriend was also there. On 3:02:50, I had become so depressed that I began complaining about how nations around the world had had to spend two billion dollars together to torment me as a way to prove to me that I was inferior – how such a vast amount of international government resources were wasted to make sure I find my food in trash cans, as if I didn’t already know I was a piece of shit. I then complained about how all the symbolism about marriage, etc., was only devised to deceive me (3:07:50). Again, little did I know that this was not because “DGHTR” (actually, the Invisible Hand) was deceiving me but because the Pyramid’s father had intervened. Machine malfunctioned... Machine malfunctioned.... until I blew up... I was still mistaking all this torment for DGHTR’s twisted way to get me arrested so as to finish up the evidentiary record. Or perhaps, I thought, DGHTR wanted me to hate the Daughter People so that new evidence may be produced showing I could not have conspired with Daughterland (3:11:55).

In my severe depression I was able, as noted, to finish my “Feefee and Valerie” once and for all. I uploaded it to my website (“lawrencechin2008.com”). On 4:10:25 or so I walked like a zombie to the circulation desk to ask the Pyramid to assign me a computer. “Okay, I’ve got a waiting list,” she said, also in a disinterested tone. When I was checking over my story “Feefee and Valerie” from my website on the library’s computer and passing over the line on its last page “Corina had her golden hair tied up in a sprawling, sexy manner, unlike before. Feefee for the first time noticed just how beautiful she was...” I suddenly burst into tears out of a profound longing for femininity (4:22:45). I walked to the entrance and told Pinky that I suddenly felt very sad and wanted to go outside for a moment. I exited the library and cried out loud (until 4:32:00). I was completely unable to deal with the Pyramid’s inaccessibility and computer malfunctioning. When I went back inside the library I hid myself in the restroom and filmed myself cutting my arm: “[20100313164459642-lawlibcut.wmv](#)”. That was 4:44 PM. Before I left the library for good I went to the Pyramid at the circulation desk and told her in my lethargic way that I was sorry that I was no good. The Pyramid, on the other hand, seemed to have received some instruction from the Invisible Hand to look upbeat, saying, as if she were not aware of my depression at all, “What?” As soon as I left the library, I lay on the grass and moaned and cried, so sadly (from 6:50:50 to 6:55:50).

My next recording is: “[complntdghtrplcestop\\_3\\_13\\_10\\_728-1121PM.WMA](#)”. I stopped by Stories LA, but had to leave soon as it was closing. As I was wandering on Sunset Blvd I was full of negative thoughts: what’s so important about me that the control center had had to spend millions of dollars a day to torment me? I even thought the weather was remotely controlled to be cold at night in order to freeze me. And why did they need to get the Pyramid to hate me? On 35:00 I noticed a Hispanic



woman was following me from behind with her little child and I suddenly exploded – I was so sick and tired of having to be surrounded by children in order to produce evidences showing that I was a pedophile. I turned around, and kicked the child. The Hispanic woman went berserk and, mysteriously, a police car showed up in 10 seconds, as if the whole thing was planned. The officers interrogated me about the cut wounds on my arm – he was obviously purposely looking for them. He would have to be instructed, not just controlled. “DGHTR” (actually, the Invisible Hand) in the control center was obviously very concerned about my cutting, since he had also been controlling Mona to look for cut wounds on my arm. (*Was I correct here?*) I just told him that I was “attacked”. “Attacked?” I told the officers that children kept following me to attack me. “You are a cutter, huh?” the second officer sneered. The officers were extremely belligerent, which aggravated me even more. They pointed out the difference in size between me and the child. “You hear voices?” they asked. The officer wrote me a ticket, and warned me in a militaristic tone that the next time I kicked a child I would go to jail. “Do you understand that?” “Yeah.” “I can’t hear you.” “Yeah.” “I can’t hear you.” “Yeah.” “Get out of here!” (44:00)

I’m actually not sure if the Hispanic woman was remotely controlled by the Invisible Hand to come behind me in order to produce new evidences regarding how I was framed for pedophilia under Mr former Secretary’s command. It was likely, since many residents in town had presumably been chipped in the head, although it was also possible that she just happened to come behind me. If she was controlled, she certainly didn’t know it. And she consequently had no idea why I reacted to her in this way – especially in a culture in which children were deified. The police officers should know something about me, since the entire LAPD had been regularly briefed about the International Court trial since the beginning. I just don’t know what “DGHTR” had done with all the police officers after February. Did they continue to get briefed? (*Namely, what did the Daughter People do with them?*)

I dragged myself like a zombie onto the bus and came to Westwood. I walked into a party, and I picked someone in random and told him: I know my life is not worth living, you don’t have to look at me like that... I settled down in Starbucks. I was still full of negative thoughts: maybe the Pyramid would be impressed by my website, and that’s why she was not allowed to see it. Maybe “DGHTR” wants me to be kicked out of the library (3:02:30 – 3:04:00). Then, when someone passed me by he bumped into my things. I said, “I know my life is not worth living, you don’t have to kick my things...” (3:13:00). It was really not clear to me whether the person was remotely controlled to do so as a way to provoke me. I reflected on the problem: “Days ago the Pyramid opened up a window into her world when she showed me the website of ‘Desconso Garden’, and now the window is shut” (3:16:20). From 3:41:00 onward I began struggling with my inability to rename the files on my website from TXT to HTML. I assumed it was “DGHTR” who was remotely preventing me from doing so from the control center. I had to ask a stranger to come take a look. I clarified for him that even knowing a lot about computers does not mean you can control your own computer when your computer is being remotely controlled.

### **March 14 (Sunday)**

My first recording of the new terrible day is: “[lebensunwertesleben\\_3\\_14\\_10\\_407-712AM.WMA](#)”.

After I woke up from my corner in Westwood Village, I went inside Denny's and ordered a cup of coffee. I was still very depressed. While I regurgitated how my life was not worth living, I found on the Internet the Nazi term for "a life not worth living", or rather, "life unworthy of life", *lebensunwertes Leben*, which I thus used to characterize myself as a way to give expression to my sentiments. I then thought of the two excellent movies which I had loved and which both had as their theme the love from someone who was deemed "lebensunwertes Leben": Steven Spielberg's "Artificial Intelligence" and Max Färberböck's "Aimee und Jaguar" (1:12:00). I thus began watching "AI" on Youtube. The robot child's love for "his mother" Monica is as real as a real child's, but nobody wants him around, because he's not a real human child. Even though the love produced by the factory-made electronic circuitry is the same in every respect as the love produced by naturally grown organic neurons – thanks to the genius of the great scientist in the movie – what matters to people is not the love itself, but the mechanism which has produced this love. So you see how "AI" relates to my situation. I might love the Pyramid more than other people do, but, given my ugliness and squalid condition, she and her family would not want me around, maybe even to the point of "anti-romance". I murmured while watching "AI": "You discover your worth when you love people, not when you harm people; people will always avoid your harm when you try to harm them; but when people avoid your love when you try to love them – that's when you discover your unworthiness." As I would write under this very diary entry later tonight: "One discovers one's worth not through doing others harm but through wanting to save others; when others would rather suffer harm than be saved by you from harm – or when others simply forget you after being saved by you – you then realize you are one of such entities of which the Nazis spoke, 'lebensunwertes Leben', and should be disposed of accordingly." Soon, the game from the previous days continued: a man showed up with his little child to sit at the table in front of me. I was immediately disgusted and angered by the necessity that I always had to look like a pedophile. It was only 5:30 AM and I thus commented: "It's not easy to be a government operative, huh, you 5-year-old! You have to wake up to attend to your target on 5 AM in the morning!" (1:34:00) After I was done with "AI", I started watching "Aimee und Jaguar" on Youtube. In this film, of course, the "Aryan" woman Lily Wust did not reject Felice Schragenheim's love just because the latter was Jewish; but the idea is the same: the entire society had rejected Ms Schragenheim as a form of virus or pestilence no matter how genuine her love was.<sup>52</sup> As I theorized how I should get euthanized as "lebensunwertes Leben", I commented: "The concept of euthanizing 'life not worth living' is itself not wrong; the problem with the Nazis is that they have identified the wrong people as 'lebensunwertes Leben'." The "right people" who should be euthanized as "lebensunwertes Leben" are the "subhumans" defined in my story *Feefee and Valerie*: namely, the socially undesirables, those no one wants to be friends with or mate with.

My next recording is: "[lebensunwertesleben\\_3\\_14\\_10\\_714-834AM.WMA](#)". I soon went inside the restroom and continued watching "Aimee und Jaguar" while sitting on the toilet. At one point I commented: "If I were 'Deutsch' (namely, Aryan) in Nazi Germany, even though I might be 'lebensunwertes Leben' (in my sense of the term as 'socially undesirable'), I could still date 'Mecha' (namely, *Jude*), and I will get a girlfriend (from the group, Jews, who were wrongly designated as

52 Remember that the lesbian relationship portrayed in this film is a true story. The film is based on Erica Fischer's narration of Lily Wust's oral telling of this extraordinary war-time romance: *Aimée & Jaguar: Eine Liebesgeschichte, Berlin 1943*.

‘lebensunwertes Leben’). I just need to worry about the Gestapo taking away my girlfriend!” (17:00) Five minutes later the manager came in and threw me out of the restroom (22:00). How fitting! I thus left the restaurant. While I walked down Westwood Blvd, I murmured: “Most people just want ‘lebensunwertes Leben’ to go away; only I think about gassing them...” (25:00). Then, I made my decision: “We need to get ourselves gassed!” (28:00) That is, I needed to euthanize myself through the inhalation of helium gas, just as has been recommended in Derek Humphrey’s *The Final Exit*. I walked all the way to the Coffee Bean located on Westwood and Ohio (57:00). I sat outside and was getting ready to create a new disc of my latest recordings of myself (DVD-98). As I set things up, I reflected further: “My life is not worth living also because I can only enjoy all my documentaries with myself” (1:14:00). That is, I was just too lonely.

My next recording is: “[brndvd98austrprymd\\_3\\_14\\_10\\_944AM-144PM-daylghtsav.WMA](#)”. When I was compiling the ISO image of DVD-98, I murmured about how I wanted to kill children (7:00). When I was taking a break, I reflected to myself: “Remember your life is not worth living... Well, let’s do the neocon way, let’s behave as if we were good enough to bother the Pyramid... For it’s just not fair that her life is worth more than ours...” (54:20). Despite my fear that my DVD burning software might malfunction, I was allowed by the control center to finish the burning without problems (by 1:42:40). When I finished checking my disc, I murmured again: “We cannot live without the Pyramid” (2:25:00). I broke down in tears (2:30:30). I continued to depress myself with the thought that I would soon be put away by the police (2:40:00).

When I was about leaving, a tall “pyramid” of some sort – of unbelievable beauty – appeared in front of me. I let her use the electrical outlet I was using, and she told me she was from Austria (2:47:00). She was actually smiling and enthusiastic in interacting with me. Do you find it strange that someone of her beauty somehow wouldn’t mind talking to a homeless junk murmuring about killing children and gassing himself? She moved to my seat, and asked me for the password for the wireless connection. She told me she was doing graduate research on lipid metabolism at UCLA. “You are so smart, and so pretty!” I shouted. She laughed. Again, she seemed to be waiting for me to interact with her even though I was packing my things. Nevertheless I walked off, and she seemed disappointed in being unable to retain me. As I was walking away, I murmured, “I’m not changing my mind about the Pyramid...” I was then going to the Party City on Pico and Sepulveda to buy my helium tank – what I needed to euthanize myself.

So what was going on with this “Austrian pyramid”? Why would a woman of such stature be interested in chatting with a dirty homeless bum? Well, it was DGHTRCOM who had instructed the Invisible Hand to send her to me. As tension continued to brew between the Pyramid’s father the Monkey and the Invisible Hand over the choice of me as the Pyramid’s partner, my monologue this morning about “lebensunwertes Leben” – extraordinarily offensive to unreflecting normal persons as you can imagine – must have so seriously embarrassed the Invisible Hand and DGHTRCOM – the Monkey must have shouted: “See, my judgment about this guy is correct! Now he has turned out to be a Nazi! He enjoys watching these Nazi movies!” – that they decided to offer me an opportunity to change my mind and choose another pyramid. I in my ignorance of the situation however thought it was some sort of test

and walked off. In fact, my moral ideal of loyalty to the one I loved – a consequence of Borderline Personality’s propensity toward idealization – would have caused me to feel embarrassed before DGHTR and DGHTRCOM if I ever decided not to walk off on this “Austrian pyramid”. Thus, even though I was extremely tempted by the beauty of this “Austrian pyramid”, I resisted my desire. It was strange that DGHTRCOM didn’t understand the Borderline Personality’s ideal of loyalty on my part and didn’t foresee that I would misunderstand his new offer as a “test of my loyalty” even when he could read my thoughts! As you shall see, DGHTRCOM simply could not understand the intricate working of Borderline Personality Disorder – nor that of any personality disorder on the “ying” side of the spectrum of human psychology. Nor did he comprehend that I would not have chosen another person than the Pyramid at the time given the severity of my “addiction” to the Pyramid.

The mystery is of course: Who is this “Austrian pyramid”? Was she some sort of sinner extraordinaire who was willing to be the girlfriend of a piece of garbage in order to repent? Had she really been going to UCLA? At the time I didn’t really believe she was Austrian at all. I have always had the impression that she was actually a former secret agent of Daughterland who, perhaps, had defected or betrayed her country; now that the Daughter People of the SVR had control of everything, it’s time to reckon with these traitors hiding in the West. She might have been offered amnesty for being willing to be with a dirty piece of trash. It’s a possibility. I don’t know. Also, DGHTRCOM must have decided upon her as my replacement girlfriend several days earlier; he may have decided to find me a different girlfriend to take me to discover Atlantis as early as March 11. In any case, DGHTRCOM was kind enough to choose someone who was even more beautiful than the Pyramid herself – only if my head were intact at the time!

My next recording is: “[heliumtnkbus33spitlmffght\\_3\\_14\\_10\\_144-253PM.WMA](#)”. And so I bought my helium tank at Party City and walked out of the store by 9:30. I speculated that the “pedophilia thing” might have ended last night. I would be wrong! Now that I made the first step in preparing for my own extermination, I had to worry about where to keep this helium tank: “It’s important to find a home just to kill yourself!” (11:30) I decided to go to my storage unit to put this big thing in there. How burdensome it was to commit suicide when you were afraid of pain: “I just wish there were a button on me, which I could press to turn myself off!” Then I reflected: “While the last time when I wanted to kill myself, it was because Karin didn’t like me, this time it’s because the Pyramid doesn’t like me... Well, at least I have found a better reason this time. This time I won’t be disillusioned.” Boy I was wrong about this big time! Then: “It’s strange that each time I like a female, I’d have to buy a helium tank! Ha!” And so I first caught the Culver City bus – carrying this big box – to arrive at Venice Blvd (30:30) and then got on bus 33 to go toward downtown (52:30). Immediately, a Hispanic man carried several children onto the bus and sat down right in front of me. These children immediately babbled loudly (56:20). I was instantly enraged by their sight and sounds. I referred to them and murmured: “Shit, garbage, somebody, put these little garbage in the gas chambers and gas them! That’s lebensunwertes Leben! Two of them right there!” I was further enraged when some black lady kept touching my bag. I yelled at her: “Don’t touch my bag! Be careful!” She was angered by my rudeness and shouted back at me (1:01:20). It’s quite possible that she was not controlled by the control center to give me a hard time at all – and she certainly knew nothing about me and the International Court

business – and that she was therefore completely mystified by my rudeness. Who could have imagined all the events which had conditioned me to short temper upon the sight and sound of children? The more I thought about how it was now the Daughter People’s turn to make me play the role of a pedophile in American society, such an awful feeling – pain, desperation over the inability to attain “the star in the sky” (the Pyramid), and finally hopelessness – came upon me to result in overwhelming explosive anger: “I cannot like the Pyramid like this! I cannot like the Pyramid like this!” (1:03:30) – namely, as a pedophile. I thus felt the urgent need to get off the bus to escape from these children. I aggressively pushed away everyone – and especially the man who had carried onto the bus these “Little Mother Fuckers” – and rushed out of the door. Seemingly mystified by my rudeness toward children – when these entities were worshiped like gods in America – a Hispanic male chased after me and was calling the police on me. I turned around and shouted at him in defiance: “Yeah, call the cops! You piece of shit! You fucking shit!” (1:05:00) Whereas he felt I was in the wrong because I failed to respect our common American deities, I felt he was in the wrong because I thought the American society had no right to turn me into a pedophile when I in fact hated children. We grabbed each other and wrestled. He was much stronger than I and threw me on the ground, whereupon I rushed away to escape. The whole bus was stopped in place because of our fight. To avoid the police I ended up in the shopping mall in the area of Venice and National.

My next recording is: “[callmonapdphlfrmedghtrwrk\\_3\\_14\\_10\\_253-341PM.WMA](#)”. I leaned against the wall and began crying like crazy. “Please stop! Please stop!” I shouted to DGHTRCOM who could be watching me now and then. I even kowtowed to him, all dramatic, begging him to stop the operations to make me look like a pedophile. I then tried to call up Mona on a payphone, but failed – in my disorders I couldn’t handle the endless repetition of voice recordings (2:00). Another “Mommy” – or someone who really looked like a CIA girl – appeared in front of me (6:30). This was indication that my frantic disorganization right now actually fit the “script” of the second run. I cried: “What can I do? I’m really just so pathetic!” I called up Mona again on the payphone (9:20). Miraculously, Mona answered my call. I began unloading my predicament upon Mona: “The population is trying to help out in getting me arrested as a pedophile by constantly squeezing their children upon me. They want to get the police to arrest me. That’s why every time when I see children around me, I get so angry. I would then get into a fight. I was already stopped by the police last night. And just earlier someone chased me off the bus wanting to beat me up. I can’t go anywhere, because every time when I get on the bus, ten children will come surrounding me. Then I’ll have to get off the bus to escape them and in this way can never get to my destination. *Because I like the Pyramid, I don’t want to be arrested as a pedophile, especially when, upon seeing children, I just want to kill them.*” Mona unfortunately was busy with her company and just kept telling me she’d see me the next day. She had to end our call by 14:00. Of course my interpretation of the events had exaggerated the gravity of the situation. The Invisible Hand was only getting children to come to me because Daughterland needed new evidences for my framing for pedophilia in order to enrich similar past evidences from the first run (when Mr former Secretary had made me into a pedophile as a way to suppress my documentaries as evidences). I was in no danger of being arrested at all.

I then tried to call 411. I was so tired of having to call this and then that. I asked for the number of

Yellow Cap. And I called up Yellow Cap and began waiting for my taxi (19:30). I was still hoping to have the taxi carry my helium tank to my storage unit. I reflected: “The problem is that I cannot like another person – for the Pyramid is the reason why I’m upset...” Really, I was so frantic and dramatic all because my deep concern over my worthiness for the Pyramid had caused me to lose patience for my necessary appearance as a pedophile (and for the other hardships associated with homelessness); for even if my low status was not of my own making but the result of other people’s artificial construct, still no one would want to be stuck with a piece of trash like me, even when everyone knew that this was not the result of my moral shortcoming. Thus I became ever angrier with the Daughter People: “I don’t like the Daughter People anymore!” Then: “And you want me to say, ‘We regret!’ Okay, we regret saving you! And we want Daddy Chertoff to microchip our Daughter People!” (27:00) I’m not sure if the Daughter People indeed wanted to incite my anger against them in order to create evidences in support of a new scenario of my non-conspiracy with them. I finally confessed: “I’m suffering from ‘reverse pedophilia’ – wanting to kill children when they come near” (36:00). Again, later when my hatred for children intensified to an absolutely pathological degree, I would term my condition “Misopedia” or “Pedophobia”.

My next recordings are: “[3\\_14\\_10\\_341-349PM.WMA](#)” and “[rflctanglcatnmentcafedirtystillnogdengh\\_3\\_14\\_10\\_349-506PM.WMA](#)”. Eventually I decided to not wait for the taxi and, in anger, abandoned the helium tank. I dragged my cart on a long walk until I arrived at Venice and Overland (48:00). I came to Westsub and ordered bobba. The cashier told me I was not allowed to sit inside, but only outside. “Yes I know I’m very dirty,” I replied pessimistically. As if I were not sad enough over not having the right to like the Pyramid because of my status as a reject from society, I just had to be reminded of this status again. I sat outside and began crying, so sadly (52:00).

My next recording is: “[strbkovrlndnovlplchat\\_3\\_14-15\\_10\\_523PM-1256AM.WMA](#)”. I then went to the Starbucks in the same shopping mall and began writing down my feelings on my diary. I so wished to share my feelings with the Pyramid, however unmanly it may be. Eventually I wrote down the following in my diary:

“The City, [the] police, Homeland Security, and Microsoft are conspiring with the population to degrade me – by making me appear pedophilic and finding every opportunity and reason to exclude me from public places – in order to make me unworthy to like you. Thus I’ll take as much legal action against them as possible,” such is what I want to say to the Pyramid the next time I’ll see her.

While I was sitting outside smoking and taking a break from writing and researching on how to sue Microsoft, I reflected: “My job in American society is to be *lebensunwertes*, it’s a job, so my problem is that my job sucks!” Indeed, my problem was that the “script” of the second run sucked, just as much for me as for the Monkey. Just then, on 33:00, the Starbucks employee came to tell me to smoke elsewhere. “I’ve just accomplished my job again!” And so I walked away. “And my job is to be friendless!” I left Starbucks by 5:06:00 and took the bus to Venice Beach. I went inside Novel Cafe, utterly sad and depressed (5:50:00). Then, suddenly, I saw this girl sitting there who looked so much

like the girlfriend of a Taiwanese friend of mine from the late 1980s with whom I had lost contact for almost 20 years (6:02:00). (His name was Ted Jiang and the girlfriend's name was Janet Lee.) What was going on was the same evidence-collection which you have seen earlier – to construct the most unbeatable proof that I was Lawrence Chin and no David Chin. The Daughter People had this time tracked down Ted and Janet. They then found someone who looked like Janet and put her in front of me. When the mind-reading computer intercepted my remembrance of Janet, this would be evidence that I had indeed lived the life of Lawrence Chin. I would stay in Novel Cafe reviewing my recordings for my writing and then sleep in a nearby corner on the street.

### **March 15 (Monday; Mona)**

I woke up some time around 4 AM from the street corner. I went inside the Starbucks on Main Street and would spend three hours in front of my computer, making a new copy of DVD-33, among other things: “[wktostrbkmainst\\_3\\_15\\_10\\_410-510AM.WMA](#)” and “[copydvd33\\_3\\_15\\_10\\_511-725AM.WMA](#)”. I then came to downtown to put my newly burned DVDs into my storage unit. Today was Monday, the Pyramid was not working at the library, and so I was not going there.

On my way to the storage facility, however, the Invisible Hand (unless it was the Monkey) started tormenting me in a new way. Every time I turned on my Olympus recorder, he would, from the comfort of the control center, remotely turn it off, and then remotely erase the recording file. I would see, right before my eyes, my recorder turning itself off and my files deleting themselves. I jumped up and down in total frustration. You have to try imagining the powerlessness entailed in your inability to use your own equipment. The extreme anger and shock I experienced did however empty all the sad emotions that had accumulated inside me from the past few days, making me suddenly feel empty. I began to wonder if this was “DGHTR's” way to cure me of my negative feelings.

But why was the Invisible Hand really doing all this? What was going on in the control center – back in the “Cave”? My act of buying a helium tank to gas myself had been even more embarrassing to the Invisible Hand and DGHTRCOM than my using Nazi terminology and watching “Nazi” movies. Already discontent with the “script” of a homeless Chincker drooling over his daughter, the Monkey was even more incensed yesterday afternoon by the sight of this pathetic loser buying a helium tank just because he couldn't have his Pyramid. This, even though my act was actually appropriate to the “script” because it served to repeat – hence replace or enrich – the same episode from the first run (July 2008) when I also bought a helium tank as my “final exit”. The Monkey couldn't handle the “script”, but he wasn't backing out from PLANMEX because he wanted his family's second chance in Mexican politics, and DGHTRCOM was not changing his mind about the Pyramid because of political conveniences.

Perhaps the Invisible Hand, after seeing me walking off on the Austrian pyramid and still focusing on the Pyramid, had decided on this tactic of inducing me into a perpetual state of anger and frustration so that I would be too tired to indulge in the sentimental inferiority complex. But, from the previous chain of events, you can probably be sure that it was all because the Monkey detested my habit of filming

people and recording myself – even though the habit was part of the “script”. Perhaps the Invisible Hand wanted to try one more time to please the Monkey; by constantly turning off my recorder, he thought he could make me understand that the shadowy figures in the control center no longer wanted me to record myself. But I didn’t get the message at all.

My next recording is: “[storagemaybeburglarized\\_3\\_15\\_10\\_914-1024AM.WMA](#)”. When I arrived in front of my storage unit, more frustrating instances were awaiting me. One of the padlocks on my storage unit was somehow open, and my things inside seemed to have been moved. This was the second time that the Invisible Hand had caused my storage unit to be burglarized. I was jumping up and down again, complaining at the same time about how everything I touched would malfunction: “I suffer from reverse disability: everything I touch becomes disabled through remote control from the control center! Life is too hard!” I broke down and cried (7:00).

My next recording is: “[latewmona\\_3\\_15\\_10\\_1133-1254PM.WMA](#)”. The frustration which the Invisible Hand (or the Monkey) had reserved for me had hardly finished. I had an appointment with Mona on 12 PM, and so I needed to rush back to Westwood. I was desperate to tell her all the hardship I had experienced and all the emotions I had felt about the Pyramid. But I missed one bus, and, when I arrived at the Pershing Square, the 720 bus going to Westwood came late. I was now doomed to be late for my appointment. I was jumping up and down again. When I was finally face to face with Mona, it was 12:23 PM (50:00). I told her immediately that things were getting as terrible as they possibly could, and that I wanted to see her three times a week. She agreed. From now on I would see her on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday. I then began to complain: how my computer malfunctioned every other day “because the government was remotely controlling it” – of course I couldn’t possibly explain the whole International Court business – how I had no friends, how I could only talk to my recorder, and how the “government” was also remotely controlling my recorder, shutting it off and then erasing the file, right in front of my eyes. And now the “government” had burglarized my storage unit. I then explained to her how I was drained away by my own habit of having to film and record everything: I no longer had time to read and develop my intellect like I used to do. I then complained about how people liked to push their baby carts in front of me, especially when there were police officers around. I then told her about what happened yesterday. My problem was that I could no longer tolerate living like a bum now that I liked someone (1:04:00). I then explained how I forgot a lot of feelings because of the constant malfunctioning of my recorder this morning. I also explained how being masculine made me uncomfortable (1:08:30).

I didn’t get to tell Mona about my fear that the “Higher Power” might want to take the Pyramid away from me because of her unwholesomeness. I was tormented by guilty feelings, and, by the end of the day, I would write in my diary:

“Liking the Pyramid is like a moral dilemma: having her would entail feeling sorry for her because that would mean she’d have to degrade herself to a lower creature; but not having her entails feeling so sorry, so bad for myself, and complete devastation. But in the end I couldn’t really help [...] being selfish and willing to take care of my greater needs at the expense of her



smaller needs. If she were to be ‘stuck with me’, in the beginning it might be a bit hard on her; but my experience has shown me that, the longer the time she gets to know me, the more she’ll like me – as long as she can have extramarital affairs or things like that... It’ll be like you saving my life this time – by making my life ‘life worthy of life’ (lebenswertes Leben). In any case I have by the end of the day dispelled the tremendous feeling of guilt about wanting the Pyramid because she has done a certain wrong at a time when she was innocent and ignorant and would have today felt bad for what she has once done now that she might have been enlightened by the Daughter People about the consequences of her actions and would be willing to repent for that given her good nature, by stooping herself to otherwise undeserved low level and taking care of a seemingly unworthy being disabled by his environment. She is not my reward for saving a nation, but I am her ‘atonement’.”

I was completely deluded about the Pyramid’s nature. She was just an ordinary girl who was hardly capable of feeling bad for harming a nation-state. She was just happy about becoming the “Queen of Mexico”; she cared nothing about this nebulous entity called “Russia”. I would spend my whole day in Westwood, picking food from trash cans to eat, napping on the grass to recover from my physical exhaustion, and using my Eee PC at Borders Bookstore. As usual, whenever I used my Eee PC, error messages would pop up continually. I felt the urgency to film them so that I could show to Mona what was causing me pain. By night fall I went inside Borders again, naming and reviewing my recording files: “[borderwstwdcmplnttoemployee\\_3\\_15\\_10\\_809-10PM.WMA](#)”. When Borders was closing and I hadn’t packed up, the employee came to throw me out. I complained to him: “I’m sorry, I know my life is not worth living...” (1:49:00). Then: “It’s hard to tell if it’s my fault or not... It just feels like I’m getting special treatment...” (1:50:00). I retreated to the Coffee Bean in Westwood Village, burning DVD-30-31. At a certain point my burning software malfunctioned again. I was too tired to even get angry.

### **March 16 (Tuesday; machine malfunctioning/ θυγατερματα)**

My first recording of the new day is: “[dnnisleft\\_strbkmig25\\_3\\_16\\_10\\_554-712AM.WMA](#)”. When I woke up from my corner, I walked into Denny’s and the manager was quite hostile to me (18:00). He told me, with a mean face, about some “short cut” (21:00). I had no idea what that meant. Perhaps he was remotely controlled by “DGHTR” to pass me a message without even knowing so.<sup>53</sup> I left Denny’s, angered by his treatment of me as a piece of trash, and came to Starbucks to use the Internet (29:30). I looked at the incident of the defection of the MIG-25 to Japan in the 1970s. I’m sure “DGHTR” (or rather the Invisible Hand) was able to incorporate this intercept to fulfill the “script”, but that’s not important here. It was Tuesday, the Pyramid would be working, and so I rode the bus to downtown and made sure to buy shampoo to wash myself before showing up to her.

53 Today (Nov. 2022) we would have a different opinion: since the Pyramid didn’t want to be paired up with me, DGHTRCOM must have already changed the “script” as to how I was to be led to discover “Atlantis”. He thus ordered the Invisible Hand to order the manager to mention “short cut” to me so that he could then take this up as part of the conspiracy against him and make use of it. His new plan must thus have something to do with a “short cut”.

I arrived in the Law Library around 10 AM or so. The Invisible Hand still seemed to be remotely preventing me from using my Olympus recorder. (Probably because the Monkey had vehemently insisted that I shouldn't be recording his daughter.) This time I used my Eee PC's webcam to film the malfunctioning of my recorder: "[20100316100657870-recordermalfunc.wmv](#)". I had already taken my old Sony P-620 recorder out of the storage yesterday and would be using both my Sony recorder and my Olympus recorder to record myself. If one was shut off, the other could still record.

My next recording is: "[wrtsuppl8-2\\_3\\_16\\_10\\_1049-1144AM.WMA](#)". Although Pinky had confirmed that the Pyramid was working, she was nowhere to be seen. When the Pyramid finally appeared around 11:45 AM, she appeared to have gained some weight. There was an extra bit of fat on her stomach. "Operation Fattening the Pyramid"? How could the Pyramid have gained weight so fast – within two days? Not even Renee Zellweger could have done it. Obviously, the fat was fake – it's that "Daughter Thing" (θυγατερματα), or the fake fat which the SVR used on their operatives to change their appearance and disguise their identity. While grasping, vaguely, that the purpose of this "operation" was to produce new evidence to replace past evidences (maybe precisely the earlier intercepts of Renee Zellweger on my cable TV when I was in Nicaragua), I misunderstood the situation as another test: I thought "DGHTR" was testing me to see if I cared more about the Pyramid's inner beauty than her outer beauty. I thought the whole thing a bit strange, because I had barely known anything about her and yet I was already expected to appreciate her inner beauty.

I was completely deluded. While I was probably correct in assuming that the Pyramid's fake fat had something to do with Renee Zellweger – insofar as only those operations were allowed which could at the same time serve to replace or enrich some past evidences – there was no testing at all. The Invisible Hand had tried one last time to make me more pleasing to the Pyramid's father by persuading me to turn off my recorder, and yet he failed. DGHTRCOM thus wanted to try to detach me from the Pyramid one more time. You should know that this means that DGHTRCOM had definitively decided to change PLANMEX because the Pyramid's family did not want me. While he would probably still send the Pyramid to Mexico, he was going to have someone else take me to discover the lost civilization. But things were not that simple when there was an international law in effect: since I was legally a Microspherian in conspiracy against Macrospherian Daughterland, he was required to let me finish my mission, so that, as long as I still believed the Pyramid was chosen for me, everyone had the legal obligation to maintain my environment in a way that fit my belief. This would make the Pyramid entangled with me in some way. Everyone thus had to make me lose interest in her so that I'd believe that someone else was chosen for me. DGHTRCOM thought that, since I was fascinated by pretty women's slender appearance, I would give up the Pyramid if suddenly I saw her becoming fat. When the Pyramid woke up this morning, the Daughter People (now the CIA's "fake Russians") thus attached "Russian-made fake fat" onto her stomach. DGHTRCOM did not seem to comprehend that, even if I knew this was not a test, I couldn't live with myself were I to walk off on the Pyramid just because she had gained weight. Although he was a gentle man, my convoluted emotional structure with all its moral ideals completely escaped him – even when he could read my thoughts from the computer screen in the control center.

Then I discovered that some old discs of which I wanted to make new copies were missing in my bag. I cannot allow myself to not have a full set of my data with me at all times, and so I quickly exited the library and rode the bus to my storage unit. I retrieved the discs in reserve, put in the new discs I had burned, and came back to the library.

My next recordings are: “[frmstrgbacktolawlibanglcatchngedrss\\_3\\_16\\_10\\_308-337PM.WMA](#)” and “[lawlibanglcatchngdrssignreme\\_3\\_16\\_10\\_419-558PM.WMA](#).” Strangely, the Pyramid had changed from her earlier jeans to a pair of black pants. Nothing she did was random; everything had a purpose in building up the “script”. The Invisible Hand must have instructed her to change pants. When the library was closing, I went up to the circulation desk trying to find something to say to her. I asked her if she had a good weekend (1:23:35). “Yeah,” she replied completely disinterested. Then I asked her why it was that others could ask her personal questions but that I couldn’t. “How do you know others do?” (1:24:03) I thus got to the point, asking her why she was being so mysterious (125:00 or so). Instead, she told me to move away. I made my last pathetic attempt and asked her if she had looked at my website. “No,” she replied flatly and not with much interest. I had no clue that the Pyramid had at last changed her mind about the pair-up with me and was very annoyed that the “fake fat” had failed to motivate me to give up on her. She had also been watching me “perform” from the control center, and the drama from the past two days was too much for her.

My recordings of my night are: “[bus2wstwd\\_3\\_16\\_10\\_558-742PM.WMA](#)”; “[eatfrmtrashhappnsspatrn\\_3\\_16\\_10\\_742-932PM.WMA](#)”; and “[coffeebnwstwdjobaplc\\_3\\_16-17\\_10\\_932PM-1202AM.WMA](#)”. I rode the bus back to Westwood. I would spend the night at the Coffee Bean on Westwood Blvd, working on my application for another job at the Law Library (research and reference librarian this time). The security guard patrolling the place was extremely hostile to me. You might think that it was nothing unusual for security guards to be mean to dirty vagrants. Throughout 2009 however Mr former Secretary had alerted a large portion of those who worked in the security industry about my trial at the International Court. Didn’t this man know anything about me? All I could be sure of was that, since the security guards were widely involved during 2009 in the production of evidences for the suit team to sue Russia in the International Court, the Daughter People must have ordered, back in November 2009, every one of them chipped in the brain just like me, including this one who was mean to me. The memory of this security guard might very well have been reconstructed, so that he had completely forgotten who I was.

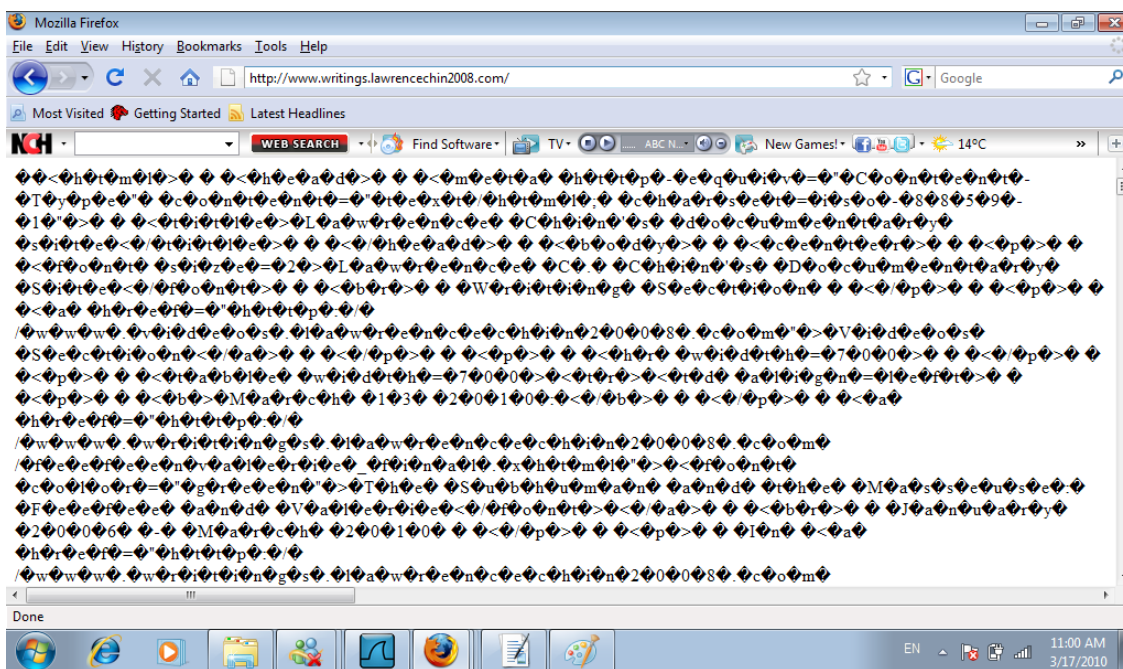
### **March 17 (Wednesday; Mona)**

After I woke up from my corner in Westwood around 5 AM, I came to Starbucks to burn another dual layer disc containing DVD-35 and 37 (“[wkstrbkwstwd\\_3\\_17\\_10\\_449-636AM.WMA](#)” and “[strbkbrndvd3537\\_3\\_17\\_10\\_636-847AM.WMA](#)”). By 8:30 AM I would be on the bus going to the Law Library.

My next recording is: “[lawlibcrackccne\\_3\\_17\\_10\\_1005-1040AM.WMA](#)”. I walked into the library on 24:30 and started a short chat with Renee. “You are talking about my ‘cocaine’? My ‘crack cocaine’?” I

was letting Renee hear my new nickname for the Pyramid. Renee laughed. “Sometimes she gets sick, you know. When your crack cocaine is sick...” I continued joking. Then Renee laughed when I explained to her that “Crack Cocaine” simply referred to the Pyramid.

My next recording is: “[lawlibanglcasaysmenotsad\\_3\\_17\\_10\\_1041AM-1252PM.WMA](#)”. The Pyramid today was still wearing her “Russian-made fake fat” on her stomach. She’d do that everyday until I was kicked out from the library, as you shall see. Furthermore, the Pyramid had painted her nails black in order to make herself unattractive to me. Remember how I had complained to Mona when I first met with her that I didn’t like her black nail polish? DGHTRCOM and the Invisible Hand had picked that up. At my table, I finished up my new job application, and sent it to Cecilia at Human Resources. When I was checking over my website around 11 AM, my website suddenly malfunctioned, all the characters having disappeared. (See below.) It scared me terribly, although it was soon restored. What was “DGHTR” up to this time? When I signed up for a computer with the Pyramid (2:02:00), I got to ask her, “How are you today?” And then I told her: “I was not fine until you asked me, and then I’m fine...” Pyramid laughed. That was the extent of my interaction with her today; but she did not seem angry with me.



The malfunctioning of my website, 11 AM.

My next recordings are: “[lawlibreadhndlrncrsftmssbus\\_3\\_17\\_10\\_1252-222PM.WMA](#)”; “[bus720suppl\\_8-3\\_3\\_17\\_10\\_222-326PM.WMA](#)”; and “[wmona\\_3\\_17\\_10\\_341-446PM.WMA](#)”. My appointment with Mona was on 4 PM, and so I soon rode the bus back to Westwood. My session with her starts from 18:00 onward in the third recording. Mona was looking prettier all of a sudden; I suspected that it was “DGHTR” who had controlled Mona to apply more makeup on herself, and that

she didn't even notice it.<sup>54</sup> I continued to talk about the Pyramid's inaccessibility: how the security guards were accusing me of harassing her; how other people could talk to her, except me; and how I wanted to get a job at the library. I was so mystified by the fact that "DGHTR" just wouldn't orchestrate opportunities for me to get together with the Pyramid. I told Mona about my worry that the "Higher Power" might take the Pyramid away from me because they might think her unwholesome to me. "But she has done bad things before, she has to atone by taking care of me..." I then told Mona about how the Pyramid had "gained weight". "I have wanted to save her only because the drama of saving a beautiful woman... feels good, but the Higher Power doesn't like this... Thus they have distorted her weight..." (45:00). Then: "I got scared yesterday, because if I keep feeling guilty, the Higher Power will make her very fat." Finally, I repeated to Mona how a person's worth is a function of another person's perception. "If she's not interested in my drawings and my theories, then I have no value for her..." (51:30). In the end, I remarked to Mona that the "Higher Power" was making the Pyramid fat but making her prettier, which was a sign that the Higher Power was ready to take the Pyramid away from me. I was sort of right about this.

I would spend this night at the UCLA Biomedical Library using the computer station to visit some websites on German political parties, etc., and then come to Starbucks to do some writing before I slept in my corner.

### **March 18 (Thursday; Mona)**

After I woke up from my corner around 6:30 AM or so, I walked into Starbucks to use my Eee PC before going to the Law Library. This is recorded in: "[strbkrdchrrylawlibangielwrdrd\\_3\\_18\\_10\\_657-1133AM.WMA](#)": As usual, I began organizing my data to get ready to burn the next DVD. My Eee PC suddenly malfunctioned (33:50). I wasn't too upset this time, though. I was burdening myself with too much work, I had noticed, managing tens of thousands of hours of recordings and videos. I watched instead the Sino-Russian movie "Red Cherry" on Tudou to relax. I had been wanting to show "DGHTR" in the control center that I knew about this movie. What a lonely existence when I could only share my thoughts and interests with unseen shadowy figures in some secret underground bunker somewhere supposedly watching over me!

By 8 AM or so I was on the bus going to downtown to catch some interaction with the Pyramid before I would have to go off to OPCC to meet with Brian on 1 PM and then see Mona on 4 PM. But, at the Law Library, a brief exchange of "Hi, how are you?" with the Pyramid "Crack Cocaine", lasting less than a minute, was all I could get. As I got on the bus to go to Santa Monica, I was weighed down by the feeling of powerlessness in face of the Pyramid's inaccessibility. I thought "DGHTR" had definitely abandoned me on this one. I was not going to be given the Pyramid.

My meeting with Brian, my new case manager, is recorded in: "[wbrianopcc\\_3\\_18\\_10\\_1234-149PM.WMA](#)". The good news was that he was able to find an apartment building which had vacancy, and he instructed me to pick up an application at the place. In the back of my mind of course I knew

54 Evidently, the Invisible Hand was trying to make me transfer my feelings away from the Pyramid and onto Mona.

that everything around me was controlled by “DGHTR” and his team members in the control center, and that whether I would find an apartment depended on whether he would allow it – or whether it would fit the “script”.

While talking to Brian, I suddenly comprehended the meaning of the unbearable feeling of exclusion I felt when I saw everyone having no problem in talking to the Pyramid except me. Originally the unbearable feeling was a mystery because it seemed to contradict my feeling of unworthiness of her insofar as it seemed to be saying to me that I was more deserving of her than others. I now realized that there was a voice shouting inside me, “But I care more about her than others will ever do! Why then am I not counted among the figures in her world?” I thus felt more deserving to be in her world as long as it was an “open relationship”. There remained the question, however: “Does she like to be so cared about?” for I would feel rather uncomfortable about being so cared about by another person.

My next recording is: “[wmona\\_3\\_18\\_10\\_350-455PM.WMA](#)”. I then came back to Westwood to meet with Mona. I told Mona about my meeting with Brian, and about my erroneous impression that the “Higher Power” was making the Pyramid inaccessible in order to train me. I then began reading to Mona all the notes I had written about my feelings for the Pyramid, including my earlier sudden discovery. Mona asked me what I wanted to do with the Pyramid, and made sure that I did mean it when I said I would not have an issue when the Pyramid wanted to go out with someone else (34:20). I then talked about how I was afraid to become a burden to someone I liked, and read to her more from my notes. When I asked Mona for her opinion on my feelings for the Pyramid, she told me that she thought I was thinking too much, and that medication may help me not worry too much (49:00). I seriously suspect that it was the Invisible Hand who was controlling Mona to ask these questions and to give this advice. Seeing that I was not willing to give up on the Pyramid no matter what, he wanted to confirm my proposal of an open relationship and advise me not to think too much, for he really couldn’t understand why I harbored so much guilt and felt so much conflict about liking or not liking the Pyramid. The Pyramid’s father, the Monkey, would continue his objection as he sat next to the Invisible Hand. If Mona was controlled to ask me these questions and advise me accordingly, she would not even notice it. As the computer in the control center transmitted the Invisible Hand’s intention to the nanochips inside Mona’s brain, it had merely caused her brain to exhibit the patterns of activities which would correspond to the desires to ask the questions and give the advices. She thus carried out her desires as if she had acted according to her own freewill. She would feel that those desires were hers, and would never suspect that she no longer had any freewill. The computer was using her thoughts to think for her so that she would think what her controller, the Invisible Hand, had wanted her to think.<sup>55</sup>

The recordings for the rest of my day are: “[rflctnasiannotplnng\\_3\\_18\\_10\\_455-551PM.WMA](#)”; “[uclamdlibrne\\_3\\_18\\_10\\_551-730PM.WMA](#)”; and “[uclamedlibrne\\_3\\_18\\_10\\_732-1029PM.WMA](#)”. I would spend the night in the UCLA Biomedical Library. While burning a new copy of DVD-35-37, I would be watching “Bourne Supremacy” on Youtube on the library’s computer. When I was on the scene where Bourne was confessing to the daughter of the Russian couple he had assassinated, I paused

55 Again, we have merely retained here the conclusion from the original version.

it repeatedly in order to study the pale complexion of the young Russian girl (Oksana Askinshina). About fifteen minutes later, a girl was remotely controlled to come sit on the computer station to my left, carrying a book entitled “I love your style”. Presumably my fascination with the young Russian girl (the cute *Tochterin*) had completed another intercept, fulfilling, without my intending so, the “script” or the new scenario of how I had conspired with the CIA and Mr former Secretary to harm “Daughterland” in the International Court. The Daughter People were happy that I could always hit on the target by accident, and so they instructed the Invisible Hand to send me a signal to express their happiness with me. The Invisible Hand thus instructed the computer system in the control center with his thought to carry out his desire to signal to me. The other mind-reading computer was reading the thoughts of everyone in the building at the moment, and, after scanning through everyone, discovered that one girl was carrying a book of this title. The computer decided that this book could serve to express the Invisible Hand’s intention. The computer thus instructed the nanochips inside the girl’s brain to produce the patterns of activities which corresponded to a desire to carry the book and sit at a computer station next to me. The girl acted according to the desire, without knowing that she was being remotely controlled to pass me a message. Thus you can get an idea of how pernicious this neocon utopia was.<sup>56</sup>

### March 19 (Friday)

My recordings for this morning are: “[thnkchyastrbklundrorflctnenemy\\_3\\_19\\_10\\_538-747AM.WMA](#)”; “[lundrorflctnenemy\\_3\\_19\\_10\\_747-755AM.WMA](#)”; “[lundrorflctnenemy\\_3\\_19\\_10\\_755-809AM.WMA](#)”; “[toaprt\\_3\\_19\\_10\\_809-955AM.WMA](#)”; and “[dwntwntolawlib\\_3\\_19\\_10\\_955-1045AM.WMA](#)”. After I woke up from my corner in Westwood, I did some work in Starbucks, went to laundromat to wash my dirty clothing, and then rode the bus to the apartment building which Brian had suggested to pick up an application. The building turned out to be owned by Young Apartment also. I suspect that it was the computer system in the control center which had orchestrated this so that new evidence demonstrating how it was under the command of Mr former Secretary and the CIA that I was given my apartment unit may replace the old evidence of how I had acquired my unit in the other Young Apartment back in September 2007. According to the “script”, I was so thoroughly a victim that Mr former Secretary had basically planned my entire life, had “bred me” as a patsy to use against China and Russia in the International Court of Justice.

I then came to the Law Library: “[lawlibanglccmput\\_3\\_19\\_10\\_1045AM-120PM.WMA](#)”. After I filled out the application, I went up to the circulation desk to sign up for a computer station with the Pyramid in order to have a few words with her. I was just thinking about asking her what sort of music she might like when I stopped and said, “Never mind”. I was afraid that she might again respond coldly, “Don’t ask me this kind of personal questions.” I became very upset thus by her inaccessibility while sitting down on a table near the circulation counter. Then, when I saw the Pyramid “Crack Cocaine” laughing happily with another librarian, I became even angrier. Eventually I would understand why I was angry: I was simply angry with the fact that the Pyramid could continue in happiness without myself being ever included in her world at all. I felt a tremendous sense of regret – as if she were missing something

56 Again, we have merely retained here the conclusion from the original version.

and were only happy out of ignorance that she had missed something. Namely, she had missed someone who alone understood better than anyone else how precious she was. It was just this kind of feeling, this peculiar sickness of Borderline Personality Disorder, which, even when it was displayed on the screen of the mind-reading computer, the Invisible Hand and the Daughter People could not understand. The Invisible Hand had been struggling with the strange problem that, even when he could read my thoughts from the computer screen in front of him, he still couldn't understand what I was thinking. Even though he was the greatest psychologist that had ever lived! The possession of the mind-reading computer does not make you omniscient about your target, just as, even if the physicists have written down in a book their answer to the mystery of how the Universe has come into being, it doesn't mean that, when you read the book, you are going to understand the answer. You'll have to have some expert background knowledge in physics and mathematics.

In any case, I'm also trying to educate you about the nature of some rare psychological disease. My feeling was sickness not just because it tormented me, but also because it was completely delusional. By my value system, there was in fact nothing precious about the Pyramid. She was just an ordinary selfish and stupid Mexican American girl who, like most ordinary people, wasn't aware that she was stupid and worthless because she wasn't smart enough to comprehend her limitations. When I woke up from my delusion two months later, I was like: "What have I done to myself?"

By 1:30 PM, I would leave the library to turn in my application to the apartment building: "[applyaprt\\_3\\_19\\_10\\_120-316PM.WMA](#)". The building was not far from downtown, and I was able to come back to the library by 3 PM.

My next recording is: "[lawlibangienicamomy\\_3\\_19\\_10\\_322-508PM.WMA](#)." The Vietnamese Lady told me that the Pyramid liked "Godiva chocolate" (30:00). I thought at last "DGHTR" had given me an opportunity to insinuate myself into the Pyramid's world. (I thought the Vietnamese Lady was remotely controlled by "DGHTR" to give me a hint.) I would be wrong. I then called up Nimfa on a payphone (48:00). Once again, I had to call several times before the payphone began functioning. And Nimfa told me that the police had already thrown away all my things. I had forever lost my collector's edition of Spengler's *Untergang* and my DVD burner. There was just never a good thing in this new world where my mortal enemy Mr former Secretary had been taken out. I expressed on 55:00 my comprehension that my environment, now that it was run by "DGHTR" and no longer by Mr former Secretary, was full of, not aggression, but violence. Russian toughness, I thought. When I went out of the library I spoke loudly for "DGHTR" to hear in the comfort of his control center: "My mission includes being given the Pyramid..." (58:30). I was hitting right on the mark, since, without my knowing, I was a Microspherian conspirator against Macrospherian Daughterland who was supposed to be manipulated to finish his mission by discovering the lost civilization "Atlantis". I was finally with the Pyramid again by the circulation desk on 1:02:00. I showed the Pyramid my Nicaragua money, and she kindly suggested where I could exchange the money. She then talked about her past travels to Mexico, always with her parents, the last time being in 2008... And she told me about her relatives in Mexico, her grandmother, aunts, and cousins (1:06:30). *The Pyramid was somehow upbeat*, and she assigned a computer station to me.



My recordings for the rest of my day are: “[leftlawlibeuphrc\\_3\\_19\\_10\\_513-643PM.WMA](#)”; and “[wstwdjiangwifeukrnpymd\\_3\\_19-20\\_10\\_714PM-1224AM.WMA](#)”. When I left the Law Library to go back to Westwood, I was absolutely euphoric simply because the Pyramid had lightened up her attitude toward me again. I don’t know how this had happened. After she was angry that she couldn’t get rid of me, the Invisible Hand must have discussed the situation with her again. The “Queen of Mexico”, you know. She could never resist that. It would always be better if the conspiracy against Daughterland, the discovery of Atlantis, and the incorporation into Mexican politics through the “Link” remained within the same PLANMEX. The Pyramid once more ignored her father’s objections and sided with the Invisible Hand. In Starbucks, while burning another dual layer disc combining DVD-38 and 39, I also researched thoroughly the life of Faina Ipat’evna Vakhreva. I was playing with “DGHTR” because of my good mood. Vakhreva was the wife of Jiang Jinguo, the president of Taiwan until 1988, whose little brother, Jiang Weiguo, was my grandfather’s boss and came to our house several times when I was growing up in Taiwan. I was showing off to my imaginary “DGHTR” how I could after all trace my connections back to Daughterland itself, and the Daughter People must have been happy because I had just accidentally contributed another important piece to the construction of a new official story of how this conspiracy against Daughterland had happened.

### **March 20 (Saturday)**

Today would be a quiet day with very little happening. My recordings for the morning are: “[slpwkconfssenv\\_3\\_20\\_10\\_446-538AM.WMA](#)”; “[confsnsnstv\\_3\\_20\\_10\\_538-548AM.WMA](#)”; and “[strbkcpdvd42lkforchocltelawlibangiemoney\\_3\\_20\\_10\\_552AM-1254PM.WMA](#)”. After waking up from my corner in Westwood, I used my Eee PC in Starbucks, burning another DVD-42. I then tried to find “Godiva chocolate” in the stores around, but didn’t find any. I then rode the bus to the Law Library. While reserving a computer station with the Pyramid, I told her about the big Mexican church neighboring the Union Station, and asked her about the meaning of a Spanish phrase (until 5:29:00). This kind of worthless conversation was about to change the Pyramid’s mind again.

I spent the rest of my afternoon in the Law Library. The recordings are: “[lawlib\\_3\\_20\\_10\\_104-145PM.WMA](#)”; “[lawlib\\_3\\_20\\_10\\_145-212PM.WMA](#)”; and “[lawlibnoangietlkmjsprbk\\_3\\_20\\_10\\_217-505PM.WMA](#)”. I made absolutely no progress at all with the Pyramid. I only succeeded in bothering her about some catalogs and books I had reserved for no apparent purposes (27:00). I used the computer stations, Diego connected with me on LinkedIn, and I chatted with him and Renee. I was getting closer with everyone else, but not with the Pyramid. When I had left the library, I murmured, “I hate this mother fucking game...” (3:28:50). Why was “DGHTR” not providing me with more opportunities?

My next recordings are: “[tostoriesla\\_3\\_20\\_10\\_505-549PM.WMA](#)” and “[storieslafrustrtgibrshhandtlk\\_3\\_20\\_10\\_559-906PM.WMA](#)”. Afterwards I came to Stories LA. I was on my Eee PC and about to perform the routine of editing my website on Hostmatrix. But, all of a sudden, I couldn’t get into my cPanel at Hostmatrix. The connection was blocked. The Invisible Hand was remotely disrupting my

computer activities again to produce new evidences to replace past evidences. I had to shut down my Eee PC. I was getting very depressed, ever more so when I then discovered that certain videos which I had shot this afternoon in the Law Library seemed to have been remotely deleted from my hard drive (11:30 or so). “How come ‘they’ [DGHTR specifically] don’t want me to film the Pyramid Crack Cocaine?” I asked myself. Maybe she requested, I said to myself, unaware of the Pyramid’s father’s involvement. In reality, the videos were probably remotely deleted under the Pyramid’s father’s request because he continued to be incensed by my habit of filming and recording his royal daughter. As my mood got dampened, my head began to be filled with negative thoughts: “They are going to take the Pyramid away... though I could always kill myself...” (16:40 or so).

I had a brief worthless chat with two girls about a book on Anne Sexton which one of them was reading (from 19:00 onward). The Pyramid’s father was probably watching all this from the control center, sitting next to the Invisible Hand. He would have been further incensed by my complete social ineptitude. Afterwards, while I was still on my Eee PC, it suddenly shut itself down to perform a “file system check”. This sort of mysterious malfunctioning of my computer, which I immediately attributed to DGHTR’s orchestration from the control center, caused my blood to boil: “Nobody has the right to a computer, only the government has...” (1:00:10). Since I didn’t have a video camera to document my suffering, I could only ask someone around to confirm seeing the messages from the file system check (1:06:00). I needed a witness. He didn’t quite care, of course: how could he understand the suffering of the “Chosen One for Machine Malfunctioning”? He asked me about my laptop. “It’s Linux.... The Government has bought it for me...” “Oh cool...” “Not cool at all. It’s specially designed to malfunction...” (1:07:30).

My next recording is: “[strbkdsllusnedwstwd\\_3\\_20-21\\_10\\_919PM-1241AM.WMA](#)”. When Stories LA had closed, I rode the bus to Westwood. I would spend the night in Starbucks there writing my “Secret History”. I was still angry about how the shadowy figures in the control center could control my computers (1:45:30). I said to myself, but for “DGHTR” to hear: “You have to constantly be determined to kill yourself, otherwise they will punch you in the face... Make sure you don’t ever do anything for anyone, other than the Pyramid Crack Cocaine...” (1:52:00).

### **March 21 (Sunday)**

I woke up from my corner in Westwood feeling totally hopeless. It was all because I was even more tormented now: computers malfunctioned even more frequently than before; the former “Homeland Security” reality had been transformed into an uncomfortable universe of violence and masculinity – before, when Mr former Secretary was devising my environment, my world was characterized by aggression and deception, but not like this; the watchfulness of the security guards constantly reminded me of the chasm between me and the Pyramid; uncertainty surrounded the Pyramid’s accessibility; and I was caught in perpetual anti-climaxes in the form of disappointments and violent attitude from others just when I thought things were getting better, causing my mood to shift so rapidly that I could barely keep up. Finally, the library had reversed itself: before, everyone there welcomed me with smiles because Mr former Secretary wanted me to be deceived and have a good time unaware that I was being

slandered and used as a patsy against Daughterland. Now, with “DGHTR”, I had become an unwelcome figure. How ironic.

Not having gone to the Orthodox Church since September 2008, I decided to try it out. I rode the Metro Blue Line all the way to Long Beach. My time there has been recorded in: “[orthdxchrchmusic\\_3\\_21\\_10\\_1011AM-1233PM.WMA](#)”. Amazingly, Sophia appeared, covering her head, as if repenting. I was sure she was chipped like every other “conspirator”. But I don’t know if “DGHTR” (actually, the Invisible Hand) was indeed using her to create a symbolism about “repentance”.

My next recording is: “[lunchmoreneocon\\_3\\_21\\_10\\_1233-124PM.WMA](#)”. I had lunch at a Chinese fast food place in the shopping center near the Orthodox Church. When I left, I mentioned “Mark”, the “psychologist” whom the CIA sent to Portfolio to work on me back in 2006 (30:20). I thus went to Portfolio.

My next recordings are: “[portfoangieboyfrnd\\_3\\_21\\_10\\_124-243PM.WMA](#)”; “[backtoportfoslgtrflctn\\_3\\_21\\_10\\_243-427PM.WMA](#)”; and “[wmarkportfo\\_3\\_21\\_10\\_501-728PM.WMA](#)”. I would spend the rest of my day at Portfolio. I read something on autism from the Internet, which would give the Monkey – who was watching me from the control center – some idea. Around 5:50 PM, my Eee PC malfunctioned again: my Windows Media Player couldn’t play a certain file. It was just another small instance which was adding to my overall pessimism. Then, guess what, “Mark” appeared. (1:11:00). He invited me to sit down with him outside Portfolio (1:25:00). I told him how awful I was doing – all because I liked this girl (the Pyramid). “You have to stop that, liking a girl.” Then, after some philosophical debate, I got to my concern (1:41:30): I might have a way to force this girl to be with me (namely, through the “script” of the International Court trial) but that might be unfair to her. But it would be okay if she would be allowed to have as many extramarital affairs as she would like. But if she had a boyfriend – it wouldn’t be fair to her boyfriend. Mark replied: “Before marriage, anything is fair. And what is her response?” “Well, she is stationary, like the tree over there, not moving, not responding” (1:44:30). Mark then pulled out from the pile of papers he was carrying some scientific article on romantic love and I began reading it. The article described how romantic love was inspired by uncertainty... How people were maintained in attraction toward someone when the person, while reciprocating the liking, also manifested uncertainty (1:49:50). I kept telling Mark that this did not apply to me at all. I would still like her very much even if she didn’t like me at all. “Then cut it off,” Mark suggested. “I can’t, I would be too devastated” (1:51:15). I then returned to my concern: would it be fair to her boyfriend if this girl I liked followed the order to marry me? After much elaboration, Mark first advised me that her boyfriend need not know about it. Then he said, “There is no fairness in love and war...” (1:57:57). But, before he left, Mark advised me seriously: “If this girl is not attracted to you, then you should slowly move yourself away...” (1:59:30). I was adamant that I wouldn’t do that. Mark replied that there would then be suffering for me (2:01:30 or so). And Mark continued to point out that forcing someone to be with me when she didn’t want to was really unfair to her, and that all the conditions I had offered – demanding her to be with me only on a part time basis, or letting her have other relations – wouldn’t matter. Clearly, Mark was telling me indirectly that the Pyramid had rejected my “proposal”, and was warning me not to pursue her, but I couldn’t listen: “We have decided, if we

have a way to force her, we'll do it. After a year, if she doesn't like it, then we'll let her go" (2:13:50). *And I decided to drop Mona the next day* (2:15:30). I announced to "DGHTR": "The mission is inclusive of its rewards. There are 365 days in a year, and until the 364<sup>th</sup> day of my time with the Pyramid, my mission would not be completed..." (2:19:00 or so). Then: "Housing and money are included in the package too" (2:20:00). Just then, a car without muffler roared past (2:20:10).

What seemed to be going on was that my clumsiness with the Pyramid in the past few days was not changing my situation in my favor, despite the Invisible Hand's persistent attempt to persuade the Pyramid. The Pyramid simply didn't find me interesting at all, and her family, her father aside, all looked down on me. Either DGHTRCOM or the Daughter People had ordered the Invisible Hand to send in Mark to dissuade me from pursuing the Pyramid. The operation was allowed by the computer system because it served to replace earlier evidences as to how the Agency had sent in Mark to work on me, and Mark was passing me a secret message about "romantic love" in order to make "Operation Pair-up" squarely a part of my conspiracy with the CIA and Mr former Secretary against Macrospherian Daughterland. But, after establishing the "script" of the pair-up, he warned me, because, insofar as the Pyramid had expressed her wish to not be paired up with me, DGHTRCOM and his Daughter People were considering forcibly removing me from the Pyramid. The Invisible Hand, however, was increasingly annoyed by the Pyramid's family, who, in their ignorance, thought themselves so special and important as to be picky about everything – just because they had that connection to the "Link" back in Mexico. They understood nothing of my special significance to Daughterland because they didn't know anything about international politics – about how the United States and NATO countries had been trying for thirty years to exterminate the Russian state. The Invisible Hand had thus created an intercept when I made my statement about my "mission" – which caused the Pyramid to continue to be entangled with me. Indeed, I still had a "mission" to finish, even though I didn't know what it was.<sup>57</sup>

I should have caught up with Mark's hint about the Pyramid's rejection of my "proposal", which had in fact deeply offended her. I have always not only admired Marie's swinger life-style, but have always thought, in this regard, of the relationship between the famous Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet. Both were intellectuals, and the Madame was even into science and mechanics. She was the one who had translated Newton's *Principia* into French. The Madame was already married to someone else, and she had other lovers throughout her relationship with Voltaire. But Voltaire was never really that jealous. In the end, the Madame, at the age of 40 something, fell in love with the captain of Stanisla's court, Saint-Lambert, became pregnant by him, and was going to die from child-birth. Although Voltaire was originally jealous, he soon made a pact with Saint-Lambert, the three of them frequently living together in a *ménage à trois*. Eventually he and Saint-Lambert decided to help the Madame by making her child legitimate. They sneaked her back to her estranged husband and "paired them up", so that the husband, and everyone else, thought the baby was his. Voltaire then watched the Madame die, and was deeply saddened.<sup>58</sup> A similar open relationship existed between Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir. I have always admired the open-mindedness of the great intellectuals; but the Pyramid was not into this.

<sup>57</sup> Again, we have simply retained our conclusion from the original version, not knowing whether we were correct.

<sup>58</sup> See Durant and Durant, *The Story of Civilization, IX: The Age of Voltaire*: Liebestod, p. 391 – 2.

She was very attached to the idea of monogamy, and would frown horribly on this kind of promiscuity.

My last recording of the night is: “[portfocmputmlfnctcarloswntangie\\_3\\_21-22\\_10\\_1011PM-1246AM.WMA](#)”. I stayed on in Portfolio, burning DVD-98. Then my Eee PC began malfunctioning, under remote control from the control center, evidently. I was not allowed to print out a webpage in PDF using Primo PDF. I had to ask the people around me to help me print “to file” (39:00). I got angry with “DGHTR” again. “I just can’t stand computer malfunctioning!” (41:00 or so) “Why can’t I just be like other people!” The control center was severely disabling me. After some cursing, I broke down crying (45:00). I was about to sink further into my depression in the coming days, bringing in disasters.

### March 22 (Monday)

I slept in the street corner near downtown Long Beach this time. When I woke up around 5 AM or so, I went to Portfolio and checked DVD-98, which I had just burned: “[slpwkclndstnsrvcestructur\\_3\\_22\\_10\\_508-626AM.WMA](#)” and “[portfochck98smamndreadchrtff\\_3\\_22\\_10\\_626-912AM.WMA](#)”. At some point I commented that, if I were the Pyramid’s boyfriend, I would “share” her with someone else too. “Don’t underestimate him” (41:00). Ha! How deluded I was. Then, on 9:29 AM, my Eee PC malfunctioned while I was playing a recording from DVD-98. An error message popped up: “Windows Media Player encountered a problem while playing the file.” Again, this had tremendously annoyed me.

On 10 AM or so, I found an important article on New Scientist’s website, “Mind-reading machine knows what the eye can see” (<http://www.newscientist.com/article/dn13415-mindreading-machine-knows-what-the-eye-can-see.html>). The article, dated March 2008, was one of the references I have cited in the exposition of the principles behind the mind-reading computer in the beginning of this narrative.<sup>59</sup> At the time I was thoroughly surprised: apparently the technology which “DGHTR” was using on me to read my thoughts had actually already been talked about in the public domain for quite a while. In fact, mind-reading researches had been going on in universities for ten years; most people found it unbelievable only because nobody was paying attention.

My next recordings are: “[storagerousseauportofo\\_3\\_22\\_10\\_1054AM-334PM.WMA](#)” and “[portfomark\\_3\\_22\\_10\\_342-814PM.WMA](#)”. I went to my storage unit, put in a dozen new discs or so, took with me Rousseau’s *Le discours sur l’origine de l’inégalité*, and came back to Portfolio. While burning a new disc, I would find, and be reading, on Google Books, *Kleine Geschichte der Mexiko*, an excellent short book on the history of Mexico written by Klaus-Jörg Ruhl and Laura Ibarra García. I had decided to learn more about Mexico because of my love for the Pyramid, not knowing anything about PLANMEX. “Mark” came by on 1:36:00. I went to talk to him on 2:06:00. This time, however, the control center did not seem to have a particular purpose in sending him. I had some worthless chat with him about his impressions of the “Daughterlanders” and about things Polish. Then he pretended that he had to get back to his reading (2:12:00).<sup>60</sup> I would soon be reading another book on the history

59 In the original version, but not here.

60 Today we have to wonder whether Mark was trying to hint to me that everybody had quite disapproved my refusal to

of Spanish literature. By night fall, I was standing outside Portfolio making an address to the Daughter People, telling them to treat “Mommy” as their own (4:16:30). I hadn’t yet quite developed my erroneous conception about the deal between the CIA and DGHTRCOM, and so at times I would worry that DGHTRCOM might not have forgiven the CIA after all. (*In fact, he ever did.*) Around 4:29:00 or so, I began chatting with an old-time cashier at Portfolio while both of us were smoking our cigarettes. I couldn’t help but divulge to him some secrets I knew about the SVR. Referring to those “fake Americans” whom the SVR sent in to infiltrate the American society, I asked him: “Do you know they [the Russian intelligence service] could fake an American, and those fake Americans can talk like an American, look like an American, and even fickle like an American?” “Huh, defectors,” he replied. But, I responded, what’s important is that they used to be Russians... (4:30:27). We would joke around for a little longer, but I must point out to you that the situation was absolutely abnormal. The cashier was obviously chipped like everyone else, and controlled by the computer in the control center to pass onto me some information about the current arrangement in the Microsphere. In this way, the CIA’s use of fake Russians to dupe me – the Microspherian scenario – may be made part of the conspiracy against the “real” Russia in the Macrosphere. What mystifies me is this: did he have any comprehension of what he was saying when he was controlled to point out to me that those whom I thought to be Russian secret agents were fake? Normally, nobody would even believe me if I told him or her that I had met with Russian intelligence operatives, let alone suggesting to me that these operatives were “fake” because they were “defectors” – which just happened to be the “script” of the second run. If he was merely chipped with the mind-reading nanochips in the brain, he would have merely felt the desire to think “defectors” and say so; he wouldn’t really know why. He wouldn’t think there was something strange about what he had said only if he was told something about what had happened with the International Court trial *after February*. Since Mr former Secretary had informed a large segment of the population around me that there was this trial at the International Court about me, the Daughter People might have ordered the suit team to similarly inform everyone about something. But I’m not sure.<sup>61</sup>

For the rest of the night, I was willing to spend my precious money renting a motel room in Long Beach, just to take a break from this exhausting homelessness.

### March 23 (Tuesday)

My recordings of the morning are: “[mtlutbrkfstmeanngooflife\\_3\\_23\\_10\\_812-915AM.WMA](#)” and “[mtlmstrbtccnmetro\\_3\\_23\\_10\\_915-1151AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up around 8 AM in the motel room. Then I tried to play a game with “DGHTR” by masturbating to the video I had shot of the Pyramid on March 13. But I couldn’t because I couldn’t concentrate even on sexual pleasures when I was too conscious of how the shadowy figures in the control center were watching me and reading my thoughts. This was part of the increasingly uncomfortable torment which I had caused myself by being

give up on the Pyramid.

61 We have merely retained and slightly modified the conclusion from the original version. Today we would assume that the cashier was merely told that the suit team frequently used SVR defectors to fake Russian agents around me, and believed that that’s all that had ever happened. The Daughter People had wanted him to believe this and say so so that there can be new evidence replacing all past incidents in which not fake, but real, Russian agents did show up around me.

so conscious of my mind-reading experience. What I didn't expect was that my act, instead of being funny to any imaginary "DGHTR", had greatly incensed the Monkey. He could hardly stand the sight of a homeless Chincker masturbating to the video of his royal daughter shelving newspapers.

My next recording is: "[lawlibreadheineendofhistory\\_3\\_23\\_10\\_222-420PM.WMA](#)". It was Tuesday, the Pyramid was working in the library, and so I quickly checked out of my motel room and rode the Metro back to downtown Los Angeles. I would continually be depressed by machine malfunctioning. Most of the small episodes where the control center cut off my Internet connection or caused my Windows Media Player to malfunction I don't even mention here. I thought about my application for the apartment unit. On 16:15, I tried to call the Young Apartment office on the library's payphone, but even the payphone malfunctioned. I tried again and again and finally succeeded in reaching the apartment office on 21:10 or so. The manager said only that he would call me back. I called him again on 33:05 on the Skype on my Eee PC, but my software immediately malfunctioned.

Throughout my times in the Law Library I was at once energized when I tried to show off to "DGHTR" by theorizing how this International Court trial had signified the "End of History" in the true sense, but then was tremendously saddened when the Pyramid proved to be absolutely inaccessible again. I had bought my Godiva chocolates and offered them to the Pyramid, but she flatly rejected them and denied that she had ever any interest in them. The Pyramid's attitude had changed again; she had once more changed her mind about the pair-up.<sup>62</sup> I left the library so sad and depressed, and mystified by why "DGHTR" would not make the Pyramid accept me. On the bus to Vermont I got so desperate that I even stated to "DGHTR" that I was willing to trade my moral right to demand the CIA's happiness for Pyramid Crack Cocaine's partnership: a sharp turn in my attitude since last night.

I would spend the night in Psychobabble: "[psychbbbl\\_3\\_23\\_10\\_814-1129PM.WMA](#)". While I was burning a new DVD-32-33, I spotted a "Mommy" and her "boyfriend" – at least that is what I thought at the time (until 50:00). That is, the gorgeous "pyramid" looked exactly like your typical CIA spy, but I'm not sure today if she was one. I filmed her in: "[20100323210702633-psychbbblmommy.wmv](#)".<sup>63</sup> Whether or not she really was a CIA operative, the girl was wearing black boots, which means that the faulty surveillance Machine would have made her into a Russian spy – a new evidence to replace the past incidence where Mr former Secretary used fake Russian spies ("defectors") to frame Russia so that, now, as the new command structure would demonstrate, the Russians could be reconstrued as "not even around". Then, my new state of mind – that I hardly cared because I believed Daughterland would no longer be harmed and that I was filming for souvenir's sake – would also be intercepted by the mind-reading computer as new evidence to enrich past episodes with a new meaning: that I didn't care – instead of the old meaning that I was so concerned for Russia's welfare that I would film the fake Russian spies as evidences. In this way, no question of whether I had conspired with Daughterland could even arise. I then worked on this very diary and the other portions of my "Secret History" until 11 PM. After which I rode the bus back to Westwood to sleep on the street corner there.

62 Was she told about, and offended by, my attempt hours ago to masturbate to her video?

63 The video can be seen on my Youtube channel: <https://youtu.be/EjaZHvkRczk>.

### March 24 (Wednesday)

As you know, I've always recorded myself even when I slept. Now, when I woke up this morning around 5:30 AM, I went into a fit of paranoia. I was seriously worried that my Toshiba Satellite's hard drive might have been burglarized because my bag was slightly open. Then I was worried that the time-stamp of the recording file of my sleeping in the early morning might have been changed. It would seem that I was wrong, but it's always possible that the Daughter People had indeed ordered the suit team to send in agents to search my bag while I slept so that a new episode might be produced to replace the earlier episodes where the Daughter People themselves had sent in agents to obtain my files from my flash drives while I slept.

My next recordings of the morning are: "[wkworrybrglrzd\\_3\\_24\\_10\\_530-604AM.WMA](#)"; "[strbkdvd3233cpcp\\_3\\_24\\_10\\_618-904AM.WMA](#)"; and "[bus2rousseaucommnt\\_3\\_24\\_10\\_926-941AM.WMA](#)". After I burned another copy of DVD-32-33 in Starbucks, I rode the bus to the Law Library. I would be reading Rousseau's *Le discours sur l'origine de l'inégalité* while on the bus.

When I came to the library, the Pyramid again did not look like she wanted to converse with me. Both mystified and saddened by how "DGHTR" was not going to make the Pyramid available to me after he had "promised me", I became even more depressed when my Skype malfunctioned, preventing me from calling Young Apartment. I went outside the library and filmed myself cutting myself on my arm. That was 12:05 PM: "[20100324120245892.wmv](#)" and "[20100324121013734.wmv](#)". The act of degrading and hurting myself both helped release the feeling of sadness and constituted my protest to my imaginary "DGHTR".

My next recordings are: "[lawlib\\_3\\_24\\_10\\_1220-1239PM.WMA](#)" and "[lawlib\\_3\\_24\\_10\\_101PM.WMA](#)". Like a zombie, I eventually dragged myself to the circulation desk to make some worthless conversation with the Pyramid. "How are you?" I asked her (4:24). "Fine," she produced a matter-of-fact, disinterested reply. "How are you?" she asked me. I replied that I was doing awful as usual. "Why? Don't say that..." she said with slightly more interest. I told her about how someone had touched my things this morning while I was sleeping. Even though we can't be sure whether my things had indeed been touched, my depression had caused me to assume the worst case scenario in order to achieve catharsis. "You look very good today," I finally said to her. The Pyramid was dressing up ever more professionally and had begun wearing contact lenses. Clearly, both she and her family had re-evaluated her worth in a positive direction now that she had been "chosen" by the (almost) most elite intelligence agency in the world. When Renee cut in (5:20), I asked her if all the librarians ever went out together. I hoped I could find a chance to go out with the Pyramid in a group. "No... there might be luncheons once in a while," Renee responded. I then asked the Pyramid if she had any recommendation for a Spanish language book (9:50). Amazingly, the Pyramid recommended that I read Sandra Cisneros's *The House on Mango Street*, or its Spanish translation by Elena Poniatowska, *La Casa en Mango Street*. I wondered: was the Pyramid, instructed by "DGHTR", giving me a hint about something?

My next recording is: "[lawlib\\_3\\_24\\_10\\_103-158PM.WMA](#)". I was however still very sad, and, to



demonstrate to “DGHTR” how my sadness worked, I began watching on Youtube the old film featuring Sally Field, “Sybil” (21:00). I was showing “DGHTR” how I was longing for the interest and sympathy which the psychologist in the movie had shown for “Sybil” the girl with Multiple Personality Disorder.

My next recording is: “[lawlibtearrussubus2\\_229PM\\_2010\\_03\\_24.mp3](#)”. As my mood plunged further, I went inside the library’s restroom around 3 PM and hid myself in the toilet booth. I filmed myself cutting my arm again: “[20100324151739612.wmv](#)”. It was another protest to my imaginary DGHTR. I murmured to him: “If she doesn’t want the pair-up, then you’ll just have to kill me...” I went in and out of the library like a zombie, and then settled down in the back corner watching more of “Sybil” on Youtube. At some point the Pyramid suddenly came over making a show of having a hard time opening the door to the storage room next to which I was sitting. “Lawrence, I can’t get in,” she said. I was so sad that I began getting satisfaction from trashing those precious moments when the Pyramid did bother to interact with me, and just ignored her. It was quite obvious that the Invisible Hand was feeling very sorry for me from the control center, and that he thus ordered the Pyramid to come near me and pass me a signal: that I had imprisoned myself in my pessimism and was not allowing anyone to come in. (You should find it absolutely amazing that, whenever the Pyramid had found me unsatisfactory, as soon as the Invisible Hand had a word with her, she would suddenly show her good face to me.) On 1:56:00 I dragged myself to the circulation desk to ask the Pyramid to get me the books that were put on hold for me. “On hold?” the Pyramid answered in a matter-of-fact fashion. I also requested a computer station. I then pretended to make copies of the books I had asked for as if I were really interested in them – I wasn’t; I just wanted to show my sad face to the Pyramid. By 2:13:00 or so I started watching “Sybil” again, drowning myself further in my depression and feeling of worthlessness. Then, on 5:45 PM, before the library closed, I went inside the restroom to cut myself for the third time. I wanted to demonstrate to “DGHTR” that I meant business, and thus cut myself on the neck two times. I then hid myself in the side chamber of the library – where there were rows and rows of bookshelves but where not a single person was around. I sat on the floor, all by myself, in absolute silence, and filmed the hallway, creating the scene of an abused child waiting for his sympathetic psychologist, whether in “Sybil” or Torey Hayden’s *Murphy’s Boy*.

After the library closed, I was ready to ride the bus to Westwood like I had done a thousand times before. Around 6:10 PM or so, while waiting for bus 2 at the bus stop next to the Law Library, I tore up Rousseau’s *Discours*: “[20100324180742912.wmv](#)”. Again, to show “DGHTR” how angry I was with the current situation. When I got to Westwood, I did my routine: sitting in front of my Eee PC burning a DVD of my latest recordings, reviewing my recordings, etc.: “[strbkdvd99isodghtrwnts\\_3\\_24\\_10\\_851-1155PM.WMA](#)”. The Invisible Hand might have felt sorry for me, but the Monkey sitting next to him must have been jumping up and down. This ugly and sissy Chincker never stops recording and filming himself, keeps cutting himself, watches movies of crazy people, and sits in an empty space by himself. He is crazy, autistic, and dangerous! And he just won’t give up my daughter. And we have to accommodate his belief? And you want to pair up this creature with my all-important daughter of royal Mexican descent? It’s already degrading to allow one of those squinty eye yellow skin creatures to touch a royal Mexican of white skin, and now this! The Pyramid was also getting increasingly uncomfortable and annoyed with me; but she would still suddenly show kindness to me whenever the

Invisible Hand instructed her.

### **March 25 (Thursday; Θυγατερματα)**

My first two recordings of the new day are: “[wkstrbkdprrsed\\_3\\_25\\_10\\_423-548AM.WMA](#)” and “[strbkwtchhousedggrs\\_3\\_25\\_10\\_549-851AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from my corner in Westwood Village some time past 5 AM, and I walked to Starbucks to burn more DVDs, watch more of “Sybil” on Youtube, and then watch some clips from the Chinese movie “The House of Flying Daggers”. I was still drowned in depression, and, when I watched the last scene where Zhang Ziyi died, I began crying as a way to release. I then rode the bus to the Law Library.

The Pyramid “Crack Cocaine” appeared around 12:30 PM in the library. I was immediately disturbed by painful emotions, but the strange thing was that *the Pyramid looked smaller*. Things were getting stranger and stranger with the Pyramid each passing day. I have already mentioned how her self-esteem had skyrocketed, how she had been dressing more professionally and had got rid of her glasses. I have not mentioned that her body movement also seemed quicker, smoother, and stiffer – as if she had come back from a military boot camp. She had also suddenly become a great actress. She pretended to not know what I was doing each night after I left the library, and pretended to walk in front of my webcam as if not knowing I was filming her. I couldn’t help but imagine that “DGHTR” and his Daughter People assistants were training her each morning and each night as to how to walk and how to act in order to act out the “script” in front of surveillance so as to produce the episodes needed for the construction of the new official story (the “script”). Even though I was wrong about there being any “DGHTR”, I was sort of correct because the CIA, as they trained the Pyramid, had brought in many Daughter People to help them in order to reconstrue the latter as “CIA fake” in the evidentiary record. I have noted that SVR operatives excelled even the CIA in the art of theatrical acting, not a surprise since their skill at infiltration was greater than that of any other intelligence agency in the world. No wonder that the Pyramid was becoming a supreme actress. To infiltrate enemy organizations and societies, the SVR had not only perfected the skill of altering appearance such as with fake fat and fake muscle which ordinary people could not distinguish from real skin texture, but had also mastered the art of “optical illusion”: the SVR operatives could “act” in such a way as to look bigger or smaller to you – to alter the very size and proportion of their body *as seen by you*. The Pyramid was taught, and demonstrated, this new secret art of the SVR’s today. Somehow, by dressing or walking in a certain way, she could make herself appear smaller, make her head look bigger and her body smaller than usual. I really don’t know how the SVR could do this. It was another “Daughter Thing”. Of course, she was instructed by the Invisible Hand to put up this act today in order to produce a certain new evidence to replace past evidences, obviously something in this nature: the Macrospherian SVR had commanded the Microspherian CIA to command the latter’s “legally fake Russians” to teach the Pyramid these SVR secret arts like fake fat and optical illusion, so that, since the judge computer could not “see” the command from the Macrosphere, it would decide that the Russian intelligence techniques I had witnessed in the latter half of 2009 were all “CIA fake” when the evidence of this new command structure was transported backward in time to “enrich” the episodes of my encounter with SVR agents back in late 2009.

But I have mentioned my painful emotions. I was really confused as to why I would feel so awful whenever I saw the Pyramid. I retreated into a corner and tried to write down the confusion of moods I had experienced. “Over self-consciousness. Floating, not feeling securely rooted,” I wrote. My obsession had progressed to such an extent that there was only the choice between the Pyramid “Crack Cocaine” or non-existence – no middle ground will be tolerated – due to that awful feeling resulting from the exclusion from the Pyramid’s world and thus further knowledge about her future evolution – her being taken away by DGHTR for Daughterland’s future projects – those not involving me. In particular, I felt terrible when I thought that DGHTR might convince her to sacrifice herself for supposedly higher goods. None of this fear was realistic, but I couldn’t help feeling this way. I felt that my only way to remedy this awful possibility was self-destruction in order to either preempt it or avoid feeling it. I then analyzed the awful feeling associated with the Pyramid’s inaccessibility to me and yet accessibility to others – how this had engendered that frightening awful sensation which required self-destruction as remedy: either she would be disappointed with not accomplishing her mission or she would not be disappointed but would walk away quite content – which is worse? The latter, as is so often indicated by her laughing and chatting with others when I wasn’t included. *Life for her could go on very happily without me.* That caused me pain because I felt that her happiness was based on ignorance for, as I have noted, I was the only one in possession of the knowledge of her true worth – not even DGHTR knew it. The Pyramid’s laughing and chatting in a far unreachable distance had become a sign of her agreement with DGHTR’s rather profane estimation of her. This was the source of my pain. The Pyramid’s mission had thus become her own rescue from DGHTR’s otherwise degrading future projects – I came to fear that DGHTR might send her to sleep with strangers she did not care about. Once again, although the Invisible Hand would be reading these pathological feelings of mine off the screen of the mind-reading computer, he couldn’t understand what this was all about. My depression, and self-mutilation, had increasingly become a total mystery to him – even though, as noted, he was the greatest psychologist that had ever lived. He couldn’t truly understand me even after years of observation – until late this year when he would have to do another thorough analysis of the intercepts of my thoughts.

Recalling the Pyramid’s recommendation of Sandra Cisneros’s book from yesterday, I did a search on the Internet on Elena Poniatowska and read about her royal lineage – her descent from some Polish nobility, a distant relative of the Polish king Stanislaw August Poniatowski – on Wikipedia.<sup>64</sup> I was mystified. I didn’t know that DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) was giving me a hint about the “royal lineage” of the Pyramid and was warning me that the pair up was not going to work out because the Pyramid’s family was looking down on me and thinking themselves important.<sup>65</sup> I thought erroneously that, perhaps, Cisneros’s description of her early life in *The House on Mango Street* somehow reflected the Pyramid’s life. As I continued to drown in my depression, I murmured, at one point: “What is my mission? Wanting to die. What is scary is the process of getting there, but once I get

64 Poniatowski was the sad king of Poland during the Enlightenment. Under him Poland suffered partition by Russia, Prussia, and Austria three times, the third time effectively ending Poland’s very existence. See Will Durant, *The Story of Civilization, X, Rousseau and Revolution*, Chapter XIX, “The Rape of Poland”.

65 We have to recall at this point that Mr former Secretary was also of Polish descent. (His parents were Polish Jews.)

there, I would be liberated.” I was making myself ever more repulsive to the Pyramid’s father without knowing.

Around 3:50 PM or so, I hid myself in the side chamber of the library. The door to the Pyramid’s office, incidentally, opened to this section. I set up my webcam, thinking that, perhaps, she might walk out of her office for just a second. Amazingly, the Pyramid did just that within a minute after I set up my webcam. Obviously, the Invisible Hand had instructed her to once again walk in front of my webcam in order for me to film her: “[20100325145201794.wmv](#)”. This was to complete the “script”, since the “script” was that I was a pathetic loner longing for the “Great Pyramid” and filming all my activities, resulting in the Daughter People’s interception of my documentaries as evidences to prove their victimization. The Pyramid happily carried out the Invisible Hand’s instruction, as you can see in the video. She was beaming with the happiness about being secretly admired. Her attachment to the Invisible Hand was great, reinforced by her increasing admiration for the spectacular theatrical talents of the SVR. (Presumably she had mistaken these “Daughter Things” for the CIA’s tricks.) If the Invisible Hand wanted her to show off the new theatrical art which he had taught her, she would gladly do it, despite her father’s objection.

My next recording is: “[lawlibaskangiebkspnsh\\_3\\_25\\_10\\_410-606PM.WMA](#)”. By 5 PM or so, I would be hanging around by the circulation desk. The Pyramid had gotten cold again. I tried to find an excuse to be around the circulation desk by chatting with Diego, who kept on text-messaging – the faulty surveillance Machine would certainly confuse him with me, creating new evidence to enrich older evidences. On 58:50 I approached the Pyramid. I made up some requests for books on hold in order to have a chance to interact with her, but she told me to wait aside. Then, the Pyramid, while typing on the computer, suddenly shrank into a “big head-small body” type of image, all the while putting forth a retarded look on her face. She suddenly looked like a retarded fish. I was absolutely stunned by such skillful acting on her part, and stared at her with amazement for several seconds. The Pyramid then burst into laughter, obviously proud to have shown off the new theatrical talents which the Daughter People had taught her from their “secret box”, but quickly covered it all up by pretending to be embarrassed and telling me to stand aside and not stare. I have since then conjured up the image of the primitive Ichthyostega to remind myself of this strangest sight of the Pyramid.

Because the Pyramid had put up all these incredible shows of “optical illusions”, I had to comment to her a little later, “You look so different than before” (1:20:00). I then idiotically asked her about a grammatical mistake in the Spanish words on the advertisement of Cisneros’s book. The Pyramid seemed to be getting impatient about my idiotic questions and my disingenuous requests for books on hold. On 1:47:15 or so, as I was leaving the library, I asked Diego to say goodbye to the Pyramid for me. But the Pyramid suddenly appeared on the circulation desk, squeezing out a smile as I waved her goodbye. Obviously, while excited to show off her mastery of “Daughter Things”, the Pyramid was feeling uncomfortable and annoyed with my social ineptitude. This is why she was avoiding me when I left the library, but, receiving a signal from the Invisible Hand, she came out to feign a smile in order to hide her discomfort from me. I would spend my night in Stories LA and the Starbucks in Westwood Village, doing my routine: writing and organizing my recordings on my Eee PC.

### **March 26 (Friday; the Pyramid’s “mission”)**

My first recordings of the new morning are: “[strbkbrndvd99smbbndagebro\\_3\\_26\\_10\\_631-944AM.WMA](#)” and “[3\\_26\\_10\\_1011-1054AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from my corner in Westwood Village around 6 AM, burned DVD-99 in Starbucks, bought bandage in the pharmacy to cover up the cut wounds on my neck, and rode the bus to the Law Library. I would be writing my “Secret History” on the bus as usual.

My next recordings are: “[lawlibangieetalncecht\\_3\\_26\\_10\\_1045-1131AM.WMA](#)” and “[readwtochinalawlib\\_3\\_26\\_10\\_1131AM-115PM.WMA](#)”. At the Law Library, Renee was friendly toward me, telling me about her Chinese lineage. When I went up to the circulation desk to request for a computer station with the Pyramid (13:00), she asked me: “How are you?” “Confused,” I replied. “Why are you confused?” I joked: “I don’t know. I’m too confused to know why I’m confused.” The Pyramid laughed. She was in a good mood today. She then asked me about the cut wounds on my arm. I was wearing long sleeves, and she could only see the shallow wounds around my wrist from a long time ago. And the cut wounds on my neck were covered up by bandages. Obviously, she had been briefed about all my self-mutilation attempts from yesterday and before. She had to pretend to not know about my cutting in the restroom, and so picked out these shallow wounds from before as a pretext under which to ask about my recent self-mutilation behavior. I lied that these were scratches by cats, knowing that she knew that I was lying. I then asked her about the Spanish language bookstores in town. The Pyramid was still laughing in a good mood. Even though she herself had been feeling so uncomfortable with me yesterday afternoon, when she returned home the Invisible Hand would tell her about some wonderful aspects of the “Queen of Mexico” so as to get her excited again about “being part of the plan”. She then told me she lived “far east in LA”. She was lying this time. Her house was in fact not far from the library. Then, when I was using the computer station trying to print something out, it malfunctioned. It didn’t frustrate me because I could then ask the Pyramid to help me print. I then read more pages from *The Spy Handler*.

My next recordings are: “[littletokyoreflexion\\_3\\_26\\_10\\_127-227PM.WMA](#)” and “[topsyhbbl\\_3\\_26\\_10\\_227-311PM.WMA](#)”. I went out to have lunch in Little Tokyo, and, when I came back to the Law Library, the security guard Kian Cherrington warned me that, if he caught me following the Pyramid with my eyes, he would throw me out (1:20). I was shocked. I suddenly felt nothing inside (5:00). Perhaps the Pyramid’s father was unhappy again with the way in which the Invisible Hand had got his daughter re-excited, and was demanding that the pair-up be stopped. My whole environment, and the Pyramid’s shifting mood, were reflections of the argument going on between the Invisible Hand and the Monkey in the control center. I didn’t see the Pyramid anymore, and so decided to leave. I told Richard to wave goodbye to the Pyramid for me (16:00). I felt the need to get the security guard fired (28:00). I thought this was some sort of game: that “DGHTR” wanted me to learn how to get rid of “obstacles”. I was incensed: “This is ridiculous. If you want the girl, you should learn how to please her, but here you have to do something else to please someone else, so that when you have her, you still don’t know how to talk to her... It’s like growing muscles without eating...” (29:30).

I rode the bus to Vermont and Sunset, put in an order for *La Casa en Mango Street* at Skylight Bookstore, and then came inside Psychobabble. I got online and tried to make calls, but my Skype malfunctioned again on 4:16 PM. The microphone was not working again. When I sat outside for a break, I got caught in the conversation between this strange white girl and this strange white guy, which is recorded in: “[tolawlibacchrreward\\_3\\_26\\_10\\_445-623PM.WMA](#)”. Listen to their conversation carefully. They sounded so much like they were acting – their mannerism was so exaggerated and contrived, as if they were trying to “act like” American kids. I have always had the impression that these two boy and girl, even though they looked and sounded exactly like ordinary American bohemian youngsters, were one of those “fake Americans” whom the Daughter People had planted in the American society. It was quite likely, for, as you have seen, the Daughter People had been using more “Daughter Things” on me since yesterday in order to create new evidences showing that the “Russian intelligence” I had encountered was a “CIA fake” so that the past incidences might be replaced where I had encountered the “real” Russian intelligence. But I don’t know for sure. I noted soon (24:00) that there was in fact no way for me to tell whether the “Americans” around me were real or fake. When the Daughter People’s “fake Americans” first showed up in front of me back in October 2009, I only knew that they were not “real Americans” because the context (the lawsuit) had given it away.

Thinking about my predicament, I left Psychobabble and came back to the Law Library to inquire Kian for his surname and schedule. I hoped to be able to come up with a plan to have him removed. I then came back to Vermont and Sunset. While walking the street I murmured that the Pyramid should be allowed to finish *her* mission – and some driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk (1:32:00). The Invisible Hand was getting angry with the Monkey who was vehemently objecting to the pair up again, and so controlled someone to honk in order to make “letting the Pyramid finish her mission (getting paired up with me)” into part of the “script”. Who do these Mexican xxxxxxxx think they are? The savior of Russia is not good enough for them?<sup>66</sup> But I must note that DGHTRCOM in his Macrospherian status would then also take up “the Pyramid’s mission” as a product of the conspirators likely to be beneficial to his country, so that, from now on, all Microspherian conspirators would have a “mission” to finish in their conspiracy against the Macrospherian Daughter People under the latter’s watch. (The rule of the reversal of a conspiracy to benefit its victim, remember, eventually came to mean also that, if the conspirators should by accident produce an idea which the victim could benefit from it, the victim could simply adopt the idea *as it is* without reversing it.) DGHTRCOM did not expect that he was making a grave mistake. I then emphasized that I did expect rewards, even though what I had given Daughterland – the whole world – was far bigger than what I had expected them to give me in return – this, because I was a single person and couldn’t consume the whole world (1:37:00). A reward this small: a girlfriend – it was for a nation-state a mere snapping of fingers.

In the beginning of my next recording: “[alicewnderland\\_3\\_26\\_10\\_636-840PM.WMA](#)”, I continued to spell out my condition for my imaginary DGHTR: the Pyramid can have as many extra-marital affairs as she likes, and, if she doesn’t like it, I won’t even go inside her body. It will just be “eating face to

66 Again, we have merely retained this interpretation from the original version even though, currently, we can’t be sure any longer just how much of the honking back then was indeed remotely controlled.

face” (对食).<sup>67</sup> If she doesn't like it, I won't even masturbate on top of her. I have accomplished our mission, and now I am waiting for her to accomplish *her* mission. By then I had walked into Skylight Bookstore, and would be reading Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (3:00). I was really just like Alice in Wonderland, in that I was trapped in an environment which was absolutely abnormal: where everyone was being remotely controlled without knowing so by a few foreigners inside the control center, where mind-boggling “Daughter Things” were practiced on me, where machines constantly malfunctioned, and where strangers' attitude was suddenly characterized by violence, so unlike the American society I knew from before. When I walked into the sushi restaurant next door (1:33:00), there was another instance of θυγαρτερματα. A pair of typical American white guy and white girl came to sit down next to me, and the girl suddenly shrank into a “big head-small body” retarded look. Were they also the Daughter People's “Fake Americans”? The girl then purposely ate with a pair of chopsticks so unskillfully as to look like a retard, making herself in the process so extremely beautiful for me to behold. I suspect that the Invisible Hand was testing me – beside creating new evidence of a different command structure to replace the past command structures. I suspect that he had let the Daughter People teach the Pyramid this trick thinking that it would make her unattractive to me, but that now he was surprised that I was actually attracted to girls with a retarded look.

I would spend the rest of my night at Psychobabble. I signed up for a Spanish Language Meetup, thinking that I should practice Spanish in order to get ready for the Pyramid. My Olympus recorder continued to malfunction mysteriously. On 11:17 PM, I filmed its malfunctioning as proof: “20100326221245647.wmv”.<sup>68</sup> As you can see, even though the recorder's battery was in full capacity, as soon as I pressed the “record” button, it would shut itself off and produce the error message “battery level low”. This is just like how, in the past, the shadowy figures in the control center, both the Daughter People and Mr former Secretary, could remotely shut off my recorder while making it look like the recorder had simply run out of batteries. Then, past midnight, I rode the bus back to Westwood to sleep in the street corner there.

### **March 27 (Saturday)**

I was suddenly awakened around 4 AM or so. I had to scratch my balls due to homelessness and I smelled my hand afterwards – just like Saturday Night Live's “Superstar” (Molly Shannon). Only afterward did I realize how unfit I was for the Pyramid insofar as I was still possessed of such primitive habit. I cried out – I wasn't good enough for the Pyramid and yet I was attached to her. That was my dilemma. What should I do? What would “DGHTR” and the rest of the Daughterlanders think of me – that their savior was still attached to his own bodily odors? Filled with shame, I, thank God, fell asleep again and forgot about the episode.

When I woke up again, my recordings are: “wstwd\_3\_27\_10\_740-755AM.WMA” and “tolawlib\_3\_

67 During the Ming dynasty in Chinese history, the eunuchs in the imperial palace often paired up with the maid servants as if they were boyfriends and girlfriends. However, because the eunuchs were castrated, the relationships were characterized as “eating face to face”, referring to the fact that they couldn't do more than eat together.

68 This video can also be seen on my Youtube channel: <https://youtu.be/R-hE2KALnVg>.

[27\\_10\\_755-930AM.WMA](#)". I washed myself thoroughly in Coffee Bean's restroom and then went to the bus stop to wait for the bus going to downtown. On my way I showed off my knowledge to my imaginary "DGHTR" by explaining how this "Daughterlander" (Mikhail Kalashnikov) invented AK-47 by modifying the German assault rifle Sturmgewehr 44 (51:00). I was on the bus by 53:00. I reflected: "What happened on 4 AM – should they tell the Pyramid at all?" I thus felt really bad: "They should tell her, but I don't want her to know..." (17:00). I thought in terms of fairness: "Because I want her 100,000 times more than she wants me, she has the right to know everything about me while I don't have the right to know everything about her" (1:18:00). This was really bad.

My next recordings are: "[tolawlib\\_3\\_27\\_10\\_930-954AM.WMA](#)" and "[lawlibneurophwys\\_3\\_27\\_10\\_954-11AM.WMA](#)". I came to the Law Library, but the Pyramid was nowhere to be seen yet. I sat at a table and, while checking over my newly burned dual layer DVD, I murmured to myself (for DGHTR to hear): "You can't really change, people don't change, these emotions were formed very early on in life, when the brain was growing, when the neuro-pathways in the brain were being formed according to the stimuli from the external environment, and this is how personality develops; the neurons, once they have taken their paths, don't change paths, and this is why personality doesn't change. Since personality is inherent in the structure of the brain itself, you can't change it" (from 44:00 onward). "It therefore makes no sense for DGHTR to change me, it's like trying to change your race, it can't be done. I don't know why he is doing this. You can never change Michael Chertoff into a good person, for that's how he has been made; if you don't like it, you'll just have to kill him. You can never make a dog into a cat; you'll just have to accept me for the way I am..." (until 48:30). Right! The Invisible Hand would have to agree with me.

My next recording is: "[lawlibangiesaysobssn\\_3\\_27\\_10\\_11AM-147PM.WMA](#)". Around 11:25 AM or so, the Pyramid finally showed up at the circulation desk, and I dared walk up to the counter looking for my "fix". The Pyramid said to my face with a strict and serious tone that I had an "obsession" with her (26:19). She was visibly angry, and was making it plain that she didn't want me around. What exactly had happened in the control center, or in the nightly discussion which the Invisible Hand had held with the Pyramid and her father about PLANMEX? She had already found me unattractive and attempted to reject me several times (fake fat, etc.), but had something happened which suddenly reinforced her discontent into anger? Maybe her father caught sight of my ball-scratching this morning from the control center and told her about it. I felt tremendous despair, helplessness, and disappointment. But at the same time a strange sense of satisfaction mixed in because I had always enjoyed seeing her enjoy being liked (even though she would not enjoy being liked by me). It's part of that "rescue instinct", that I wanted her to be conscious of the fact that people liked her because of her "high value", but in the end the feeling of despair predominated because her rejection meant that she had shut the door to her world in my face and withdrawn into total inaccessibility.

Then, when I was browsing books on the bookshelves, the security guard Kian came to harass me (53:00 or so). He was obviously continuing his work from yesterday; was he being controlled to do this? One thing was clear: both those in the control center and those in the library wanted me gone from this place. Those in the control center wanted me gone because the Pyramid and her family did not



want to continue PLANMEX with me, and those in the library, not having a clue that there was a “plan” behind the scene and that they were being controlled, just found my daily presence annoying. I began complaining about the International Court procedure and gave up the stupid idea of filing a lawsuit against Microsoft. I went up to the circulation desk to tell Diego that I wanted to speak with the Pyramid. “She’s busy,” Diego replied coldly (1:25:00). Whereupon I left the library and headed toward Little Tokyo (1:28:00). There I made my condition again: “The Pyramid needs to go fucking finish her mission; she can say ‘Don’t touch my hair, don’t fuck me...’” (1:35:00). But “she needs to do this one year thing...” (1:38:00). I then tried to understand what my problem was: “I can’t stand the fact that I know nothing about her, I need one year to get to know her...” I was sure that, after one year, the Pyramid would not hate me, since other people in my life didn’t usually hate me after knowing me. “Make her atone for one year” (1:42:00). “Housing and jobs should just be handed to me” – I pointed it out to “DGHTR” (1:48:00). Then, just in case “DGHTR” and other Daughterlanders were offended by my emotional weakness: “There is nothing wrong with offending people; if you don’t like us, just give us what we want and go away!” (1:57:00) I specified to “DGHTR” how everything should happen: “What you do is make the security guards disappear, instruct the Pyramid to pretend to forget what she has just said, and command those people at WCIL to make ready a housing unit for me on Monday when I go there” (2:04:30). I then reminded “DGHTR” how I had helped Daughterland bust up our devilish former Homeland Security Secretary on June 19, 2009. “Just for that, we should get our Pyramid... Even when the Americans had control of the whole courthouse, even when they controlled the judges and the very evidentiary process, we still beat them, that’s how good we were!” (until 2:20:00) And I recounted my motivation: “We just don’t like to see Western nations gather around ‘Daughterland’ and beat her up, hence we wanted to help ‘Daughterland’ – for that we should also get our Pyramid!” (2:28:00) Finally: “I was surprised by the Daughter People’s goodness – so smart and educated are they – because I have grown up under Western propaganda demonizing Russia, and now I have no longer any power to force you to do anything, I hope you’ll follow the ‘espionage convention’ [namely, reciprocity] and give me what is so simple for you to give me!” (2:33:00) That was my entreat for my imaginary “DGHTR” to command the Pyramid to be with me. I had no idea that neither the Invisible Hand nor DGHTRCOM would command the Pyramid to do anything she didn’t like because she was destined to become the “Queen of Mexico”.

The rest of my “persuasion” while I was in Little Tokyo is recorded in: “[litletokyoconfsn618\\_3\\_27\\_10\\_147-155PM.WMA](#)” and “[litletokyoconfsn\\_3\\_27\\_10\\_155-229PM.WMA](#)”. My recordings after those are: “[lawlibwait\\_3\\_27\\_10\\_238-253PM.WMA](#)” and “[lawlibtlkwangiecmplnt\\_3\\_27\\_10\\_304-447PM.WMA](#)”. After I came back to the Law Library, I hid myself in the side chamber at first. Then I went to the circulation desk to ask the Pyramid to assign me a computer station. After that I went to her to apologize to her: “I just hope that I can actually be your friend instead of just talking about it.” The Pyramid was silent. After I used the computer a little, depressed and lifeless, I came back to the circulation desk (1:03:00) to ask the Pyramid if I could file a complaint against the security guard Cherrington. The Pyramid however complained to me about my frequent staring at her: “Like stalking, it’s an obsession...” I was struck by a sense of unfairness and confusion because, for example, she had shrunk herself into something like a “retarded fish” clearly in order for me to see – not to mention other instances where she had acted in order for me to look. Yes, that is true, she had *wanted* me to stare at

her, as part of the “script”. But now she had changed her mind – now she wanted to withdraw from the pair up – and so she changed her story. I was ever more saddened when I returned to my table. “The problem is that I’ll never get anywhere with the Pyramid so long as things are normal,” I confessed to myself (1:26:00). When, however, the library was closing and I was waving goodbye to the Pyramid, she replied me graciously (1:34:20).

My next recording is: “[meetgermanguy\\_3\\_27\\_10\\_447-630PM.WMA](#)”. I came to the bus stop across the street from the library and suddenly noticed a white guy holding a tour book standing behind me. He wore glasses. He looked European enough that I wanted to chat with him. He would introduce himself as “Lars from Germany.” He claimed to be a scientist working in optics. “Like fiber optics?” I asked. “Yes,” he replied. “You mean, like using laser to transmit information?” I tried to be sure. He pretended to be surprised, saying that not many people knew what fiber optics were supposed to do. Then he noted that fiber optics enabled the fastest possible transmission of information: “1 million times faster than megabytes”. He claimed to work for a research group called “Microelectronics”, and to have already obtained a doctorate in engineering. When I told him I had studied German philosophy before, he asked, “Heidegger? Nietzsche?” “Yes of course I have studied them,” I replied. He said he was going to Borders Bookstore to look for books, and I proposed to be his guide and got on the bus with him (8:00).

When Lars sat down in the bus, he took off his glasses, whereupon I noticed just how much he resembled DGHTRCOM himself. It was the most amazing thing, almost as if he were DGHTRCOM’s twin brother. Shocked, I asked him, “You really look Russian, do you know...” (9:00). He concurred, but said nothing more. Just then I realized that DGHTRCOM had wanted me to know that he himself was remotely controlling this “Lars”. I was now directly interacting with DGHTRCOM for the first time via Lars. Apparently, the way in which the Pyramid was fed up with me lately had prompted DGHTRCOM to intervene personally – to persuade me, if he could, to find someone else. The Daughter People had found this Lars some days ago – a “DGHTRCOM look-alike” – and flown him (or controlled him to come) to Los Angeles. DGHTRCOM decided to use this “Lars” when the Pyramid angrily accused me this afternoon.<sup>69</sup>

The legal status in which DGHTRCOM interacted with me from the control center was “CIA’s fake” (Microspherian). The evidence of this new command structure would be taken backward in time to replace the earlier evidences showing DGHTRCOM being present in the courtroom (in the control center) back in January. It was probably not an accident that Lars was working in fiber optics. DGHTRCOM probably wanted some technology transfer involving fiber optics to his country, and so he commanded Lars to mention this technology to me, making “fiber optics” part of the conspiracy against Daughterland and allowing the International Court to issue a judgment granting Daughterland the right to demand this technology from the West.

When Lars and I walked into Borders, he immediately headed toward the section on fiction and poetry

<sup>69</sup> This interpretation – that Lars was chipped and under remote-control – we have simply decided to retain from the original version without modification. Was he really? We can’t say.

– the kinds of things which the Pyramid supposedly liked. What was going on was clear: the whole trip was planned. The Pyramid was now watching me with her family in the control center through the surveillance over me, and DGHTRCOM was trying one last time to make me look pleasing to her. Lars looked through all the books written by Hemingway (51:00). Whereupon I revealed to him that I didn't like to read fictions: "I only like to read about things that have actually happened" (51:30). My attitude had always been: since reality is already so complex that, even when you spend your whole life learning about it, you will never get to the end of it, why would you want to spend your time learning about something unreal and ignore what is real? This was bad, for the Pyramid was watching me in real time. DGHTRCOM knew that I was literary, but didn't expect me to pass such scathing judgment on the world of literature on the ground of realism. The Pyramid, who possessed not more than one-tenth of my intellect and erudition, couldn't possibly comprehend where I was coming from, and would have dismissed me at that point as one of those stupid guys not worthy of her. Lars next showed me a collection of poems by the famous Friedrich Hölderlin. This was warmer for me, but I still said: "I don't bother with poetry either; poetry doesn't tell you a true story... But I did read Nietzsche's *Thus spake Zarathustra*. He's very wise. Did you read that one?" (54:15) I then asked him if he had read Goethe's *Faust*. He said he did. I had no idea that I had just offended the Pyramid for the second time by sneering on poetry. Then Lars and I were chitchatting on this and that aspect of his travels in America. After we talked a little more about Los Angeles, San Francisco, and San Diego, I told him about how there was a certain freedom in America insofar as "you can be homeless and squalid all you like: but in Europe everyone has to dress nice just to go into the library" (1:02:20). When Lars revealed that he was not married, I told him that I already knew who I wanted to marry (namely, the Pyramid), but that this woman was not "accessible". "Do you have a girlfriend?" I asked Lars. "Why do you ask?" he replied. Lars then decided to buy an anthology of poems by E. E. Cummings. At which point I explained why I never read fictions: "Reality is so complex already, why do you want to read some made-up stories?" I then mentioned that I was a philosophy major and noted sadly that a philosophy graduate could have only two functions in society: either teaching, or working for the CIA (1:15:45). "Don't mention the CIA to me," Lars suddenly turned around and shouted to me coldly. This is the moment when DGHTRCOM, the man behind Lars' behavior and words, revealed himself: he had hated the CIA because – refer to my earlier summary of "West's crimes against Putin" in the Reminder – the Agency had done so much to slander him in the public domain in an effort to bring him down.

Only vaguely understanding DGHTRCOM's anger, I continued: "If you want to get a girlfriend, don't study philosophy. Girls like art history, literature, and poetry... Philosophy is not respected in America" (1:17:00). This is something quite important: since girls don't have the habit of torturing themselves by studying truly serious critical thoughts (in philosophy or science), they like to dabble in the lesser sorts of intellectual activities (literature, poetry, art) which are easier on their head; the Pyramid suffered from this too. But unaware of the worthlessness of these lesser sorts in comparison to the truly serious critical thinking – because she had never studied the latter – she thought herself "refine" and looked down on me who appeared to her unappreciative of the finer things in our world.<sup>70</sup> I then told Lars how

<sup>70</sup> Again, we have decided to simply retain this interpretation, unchanged, from the original version, even though we hesitate to make, today, such a "misogynist" statement and are no longer sure whether the Pyramid is indeed literary or has taken literature seriously.

I regretted studying philosophy: “I should have studied computers or psychology.” Finally I pointed to E. E. Cummings’ book which he was carrying: “Does it rhyme?” “It doesn’t,” he replied. Thus I told him how I liked things traditional, how I liked poems which rhymed and paintings which depicted visible reality (1:19:00). I asked him: “Do you prefer Kandinsky or Alma-Tadema?” But Lars didn’t know any of these painters who had continued the tradition of realism under the domination of abstractions in art. I then asked him if he liked Jane Austin. He didn’t. We then talked about Dostoevsky’s *The Idiot* and Tolstoy’s *War and Peace*. Just then he showed me a poem by Hölderlin: “Der gute Glaube” (1:26:30):

Schönes Leben! du liegst krank, und das Herz ist mir  
Müd vom Weinen und schon dämmert die Furcht in mir,  
Doch, doch kann ich nicht glauben,  
Daß du sterbest, solange du liebst.

Beautiful life! You lie sick, and my heart is tired  
From weeping, and fear is already dawning in me –  
No, no, I just can’t believe  
That you are dying as long as you love!

Lars encouraged me to show this poem to the Pyramid, but I kept insisting that the Pyramid didn’t like things German. He then showed me another poem by Hölderlin, telling me to use this one on the Pyramid. But the poem was so difficult that I couldn’t even understand what the translation meant. Lars explained: “The poet is comparing himself to a deer, and if you don’t have compassion for the deer, then you should stop reading it...” (1:34:10). What DGHTRCOM was doing was of course giving me hints as to how to impress the Pyramid. But I really couldn’t think of a way to pass on the poems to her. Do I slip to her a piece of paper with some terse German poetry written on it? Then Lars showed me another book, Yiyun Li’s *A Thousand Years of Good Prayers*. He insisted that I should read it – in order to please the Pyramid! “I’m giving you a hint,” he said. Since I would never read this book, I don’t know if DGHTRCOM had recommended it because the Pyramid had read it or because the stories in it resembled her situation in some way.<sup>71</sup> At some point I asked Lars if he liked Milton. He knew not a thing about Milton (1:41:00). I kept getting things wrong!

71 The latter. By the time I’ve come to revise this section in November 2022, I did pick up *A Thousand Years of Good Prayers* and read the story in question. (It’s a short story at the end of this collection of short stories that bears the same title.) The main plot of the story is that a father from China is visiting his recently divorced daughter in America but that the daughter has closed herself up and refused to talk to him. Presumably DGHTRCOM was trying to tell me – since at this time I was still not aware of the Monkey’s existence – that a major conflict had arisen between the Pyramid and her father because the latter didn’t want me whereas the Invisible Hand was trying to persuade the former to accept me – maybe even to the point where the Pyramid had refused to talk to her father. The rest of the Good Prayers story – how the father is a rocket scientist, how he was falsely accused of having an affair with a woman resulting in his loss of his job, how he has talked so little to his wife and daughter, and how the daughter has repeated his experience by not talking to her husband and having extra-marital affairs – were presumably not part of the “secret message”. (Presumably DGHTRCOM wasn’t drawing a parallel between the reticence in the story and the similar reticence which the Pyramid had manifested toward me, or between the extra-marital affairs in the story and those that I was proposing for the Pyramid.)

The rest of my interaction with Lars is recorded in: “[germanguy\\_3\\_27\\_10\\_630-845PM.WMA](#)”. I then showed Lars another book. He affirmed that he had read this book. “You actually read this book? You did read it?” I asked him (2:21). After he affirmed it again, I sighed, “You are pretty well read, huh?” (4:00 or so) I continued: “You are so cool... You read so many books of such diverse subject matters...” (5:55). I then pointed out to him a science book, a textbook on astronomy I think, and commented that, even though this kind of book did not tell us about persons and characters, it did tell us about how other things had come to be, namely, planets, matter, and so on (7:02). Unfortunately, the Pyramid, watching my interaction in real time, would be even less impressed by me. She knew nothing about the value of scientific knowledge – how it can make you wise more than literature can. I told Lars further about my lack of knowledge of literature, but then revealed to him that I was reading *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* the day before. He claimed to have read it. “Oh, you have read that book too?” I was surprised, but then continued: “I thought that book is for children, but it turns out to be very interesting” (8:04). Lars then showed me another author, telling me that this man wrote many books on espionage, adding that the greatest time of espionage was the Cold War period (15:50). Pay attention to this! It’s the man himself (our DGHTRCOM) who was speaking! I then asked him about the other book which he had recommended earlier (18:05). The book by Graham Green, he replied: “A book about laziness” (21:45). “The paradigm of laziness,” I said. “It’s more like the embodiment of laziness,” he qualified (22:10). I then asked him if he had read a certain Russian classic, and if he really did study Russian while schooling in Germany (22:40). “You read this book in Russian or German?” I asked him. “In German,” he said, adding: “My Russian is very poor.” He clarified that he had studied Russian “at school” (23:20 or so), and that he “had to” study Russian. I also asked him if he “had to” study Chinese. He responded that he had studied Chinese a little, and that he had once liked a Chinese girl. Lars then showed me another book, *The Tale of Genji*. “I didn’t read it,” I said, “but I did watch some TV version of it” (26:26). I told him what I knew of the book, that it was the first novel in human history, and that it was written by a woman. There must be a reason why DGHTRCOM was recommending this book to me. The Pyramid had probably read it and loved it.<sup>72</sup> I then found a science book, something about destruction. “I read his book, and I didn’t destroy anything,” I said to him like an idiot (28:27). While I was reading parts of this book, I said to myself that my problem was that I wanted one woman but that she was taken (38:05). I murmured to the control center: “I’m not interested in changing too much, and I’m unable to change entirely...” (40:10). Lars then showed me another book. I was at the time reading the introduction to an anthology of Shakespeare’s works. “You always read only the Introduction or the Cambridge Companion without reading the book itself?” he asked. “Well, when you don’t have time... It’s better to know what the book is about than to not know what it is about...” I responded (46:18). I then picked up *The Republic of Dunces* and told him what Wes had told me about its author – how he had killed himself and how his mother had then published the book for him (47:13). Again, even commenting on this book would cause the Pyramid to look down on me, for she couldn’t possibly consider this sort of counter-culture item “literature” worthy of her attention.

72 As I would find out many years later, many members of the Pyramid’s extended family have this fondness for things Japanese, and have even traveled to Japan. Mexicans in general have a much more positive opinion about Japanese than about Chinese.

Lars and I were walking out of Borders on 51:00 or so. As we approached the entrance, he suddenly turned around and praised me for understanding a lot about *psychology* and *military history*. DGHTRCOM was trying to point out some of my good qualities in order to raise my value before the judging Pyramid. But the whole trip had failed. The Pyramid had evidently read a lot of literature but had very little interest in fields that had interested me, such as philosophy, science, and history. Besides literature, she liked anthropology, feminism, and Mexican archaeology.<sup>73</sup> But this means that her worldview was actually quite narrow and limited – and yet she was not aware of this. People don't know what they don't know, and so don't know the value of what they don't know. Since I kept saying during the tour "I haven't read this book" – even though I had read a lot more books than she had – she thought I was just one of those uneducated guys roaming the street, and didn't understand how the Invisible Hand could have recommended me to her. Just like her father, the Pyramid had begun seeing PLANMEX as some sort of injustice which the Daughterlanders and the CIA were perpetuating on her. The problem with her, again, was that she was not smart enough to know that she was stupid, and consequently thought herself very special. DGHTRCOM, on the other hand, had been busy with his geopolitical negotiations; he only had a summary knowledge of my personality and capabilities. His domains were geopolitics and economics. He knew a lot about German literature because he had studied it during his training days at the KGB. But he didn't know enough about philosophy and literature to understand the fundamental incompatibility between me and the Pyramid. Meanwhile, the Pyramid's father the Monkey, looking at this episode, began formulating plans to slander me into an illiterate who could neither read nor write as a way to discredit the Invisible Hand. He wanted to make the Invisible Hand appear to the Pyramid as an unwise liar who wanted to waste her by pairing her up with an illiterate retard – and worse.

After we exited, Lars asked me if I wanted coffee (51:30). And so we ended up standing in line in the Coffee Bean a block away from Borders. We sat down outside the coffee shop to continue our chat. After some worthless exchange about draft and coffee, Lars suddenly asked me: "Are you homeless, or are you homeness?" "I am between homes," I said, avoiding the topic out of embarrassment (58:17). "Do you have a place in Los Angeles?" he asked. "I am... between homes" was my persistent answer. "What about your parents?" "They live very far away, so I don't want to go to them." "Where are you from?" Lars asked me this time. "Taiwan," I replied. That's great, he said. Apparently he had been to Taiwan several times. Lars confessed that he had lived a whole period in Taiwan. "Gee, you are just not a typical engineer, aren't you?" I said. Lars explained that he had been to Taiwan four or five times since 2006, but that he hadn't yet been to China. I kept telling him that there was no comparison between China and Taiwan, that Taiwan was all dead, whereas China was new and vibrant. We then talked about Berlin, where he presumably came from. He told me how the foreigners there were not mixed in because it was hard to get citizenship, and how there were a lot of Vietnamese because of historical reasons.

After he told me more about his life in Berlin, I asked him what he would do during vacation. "I'll go

73 Again, this conclusion is from the original version and we have merely tentatively retained it here. We doubt whether she's much into feminism at all.

to Taiwan... But next summer I'll go to Japan, Hokkaido, that is, and the island next to Hokkaido... And of course I want to see Kyoto..." "How do you like Tokyo?" I asked him. "Too crowded," he replied, and continued, "I really like Japan, I was there for only one week... The pace of life there is crazy... People in the subway, most of the time, cannot stay awake... They look old, destroyed by the pressure of work." "That's what I don't get: why do people criticize laziness?" I said – and some driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk as a way to concur.

Now why did I get a honk?<sup>74</sup> What do work and laziness have anything to do with the evidence-replacement process or my pair-up with the Pyramid? Well, nothing. Instead, what I had just said had something to do with BOL's "project". As her team's principal target was consumerism, Japan represented the exemplary model of the "iron cage" in which we were trapped, working and consuming like crazy, not to make ourselves happier but to speed up the process whereby our machine-based civilization was causing itself to collapse through a complete exhaustion of the earth's resources base. Of course "iron cage" (*stahlhartes Gehäuse*) is a term which Max Weber has invented to describe the increasing bureaucratization of our society – how we human beings have invented this entirely rule-based system to govern our lives in order to make "everything" (the process of society) more efficient, but how we have invented it in such a way that we cannot break free from it – even though we are its inventor. We have built our own prison house to lock ourselves up. I here use it to describe our economic system: we have ourselves invented our economic system to enslave ourselves. We have to work so hard – we cannot imagine ourselves dropping everything we are doing and not working – for the sake of the increasing efficiency and productivity of the system – but what is this system, so efficient and so productive, supposed to do in the end? Our own death: the collapse of civilization, mass starvation, and population bottleneck! What's wrong with being lazy?

After this I talked about how hard it was for a philosopher to find a girlfriend. "Any way, being intellectual, it's a bad attribute," Lars suddenly commented. And he continued: "I always recommend my students not to read too much." Was this DGHTRCOM's personal opinion on bookworms (which I used to be)? In any case, I concurred: "Don't read so much, otherwise you'll be lonely... People tell you it's good to read books, but it's actually bad" (1:35:00 or so). When I talked about the difficulty in making friends, Lars disagreed: "There are a lot of places where to make friends" (1:42:30 or so). He continued: "I have been the object of someone's interest several times already since I came here... all without saying a word. This morning I was going to the Getty Museum... This lady, so nice, just asked me, Are you visiting someone here? Pretty easy to make friends." "Yeah, pretty easy to have a chat, but not to make friends," I clarified.

Then I told him how I never saw people kissing in public places while I was in Germany. Lars said to my face: "And still you don't have a girlfriend!" "Yeah, someone help me out here!" I joked. "The problem is that I just like this one girl", I explained. "I cannot offer you any cure. Maybe time is the cure," Lars said. Lars then made a very significant statement, telling me to go make my proposal

<sup>74</sup> Again, we can't be sure today whether the honking was indeed remotely controlled from the control center or whether it was just a coincidence. We have decided not to change the interpretation from the original version because what follows about the "project" is most likely quite correct.

directly to the Pyramid's face: "It's for you to get an answer, Yes or No. *It needs to go into your brain.*" DGHTRCOM was trying to get me to understand once and for all that the Pyramid didn't like me and that the pair-up was not going to work out. I didn't get Lars' – or rather DGHTRCOM's – message; I replied something to the effect that I didn't work like that. "I prefer to be friends with the girl first," I said. Lars then made another significant statement: "I really really recommend this to you, get a home first!" (1:52:00 or so) This is DGHTRCOM's second message: the Pyramid's father would never allow a homeless guy to touch his daughter – not even when the "script" required it. I was embarrassed and just explained that it was all an accident. We were then leaving Coffee Bean. Whereupon Lars asked me a third significant question: "What do you know about her? If you know so little about her, how can you fall in love with her?" He then began laughing. And he added: "If you don't make the whole thing going, you will never..." (1:55:45). I just wouldn't listen to his hint – that I was not going to get anywhere with the Pyramid. "Yeah but I want to be friends first," I replied. "But she doesn't look like she wants friends..." After a little more chitchat, I saw Lars get on the bus to go back to downtown, and I myself went to Psychobabble. While sitting outside the coffeehouse reflecting on what Lars had said to me, I suddenly got it: "DGHTR" and his Daughter People originally wanted to set me up with the Pyramid, but now they had changed their mind. I said so to myself, and some driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk his horn. It was the Invisible Hand.<sup>75</sup> This time I had understood it. I was in agony: it was too late. I had become so attached to the Pyramid that I could not just walk away anymore.

### **March 28 (Sunday)**

I eventually came to the Law Library to sleep against the building. When I woke up, I walked to the nearby Starbucks to have my morning coffee and to respond to apartment rental ads on Craigslist. I then jumped onto the Metro train to go to Long Beach. I was going to enjoy the Orthodox Church service today.

My next recording is: "[toorthdx\\_3\\_28\\_10\\_932-1043AM.WMA](#)". At one point (33:00), while on the train, I realized that the Daughter People really did care about the Pyramid. After I got off the train in downtown Long Beach (43:00), I had another idea as to how to make progress with the Pyramid: I would ask her if she knew anyone who needed a roommate. I was in denial: the fact that DGHTRCOM and "DGHTR" had changed their mind was just too hard for me to swallow. I adopted the delusional belief that "DGHTR" wanted me to come up with some creative pretexts under which to insinuate myself into the Pyramid's life, as if we were playing some sort of game. I thus decided not to adopt Lars' advice: "Don't ask the Pyramid for a yes-no answer; that's too scary! Just sneak into her life as a minor figure first – thus become roommate to someone she knows..." (51:00). DGHTRCOM had failed to persuade me. What if I got a No-answer? What should I do then given my addiction?

The service at Assumption Orthodox Church was marked by children's noise. I wonder if this was orchestrated. Normally there weren't any baby noises. After the service, while I was on the bus going to Portfolio, I made some reflections on how the Pyramid Crack Cocaine's glasses might reveal

<sup>75</sup> Presumably this honk was not just a coincidence!



something about her personality: “[toporfolangiegllasses 130PM 2010\\_03\\_28.mp3](#)” (starting from 35:00). The gist of the reflection is that the Pyramid must have an unusual personality, with taste that was the reverse of the norm. The kind of glasses she was wearing revealed this: thick plastic black frame – women usually wear this kind only to make a specific fashion statement (Gothic, New Age, Funky) for it makes them look old and obtuse. Women who aren’t making fashion statements but are only trying to look pretty or feminine or neutral would usually prefer thin metal frame kind of glasses. Since the Pyramid never seemed to be interested in making fashion statements, her choice of glasses must mean that she was not particularly interested in feminine beauty of the normal sort – that she must be eccentric in some way. The reflection is completely worthless, except that it reveals how desperately I wanted to know something about the Pyramid: I would try to build up a psychological profile of her on the basis of such minute detail.

I was experiencing increasing nostalgia for the Pyramid’s past, because she had changed so much due to her selection for PLANMEX and training by the Invisible Hand and the Daughter People. On the other hand, because of my realization this morning I began to seriously wonder whether it was I who was protecting the Pyramid from “DGHTR” (not letting her go for fear of DGHTR’s future degrading mission for her) or whether it was “DGHTR” who was protecting her from me (not giving her to me because I was unworthy). I began to fear that the latter might be the case.

My next recording while I was in Portfolio is: “[portfolio\\_3\\_28\\_10\\_306-511PM.WMA](#)”. I continued to burn more dual layer discs to replace my single layer ones. At one point I got up, and, seeing a very beautiful, but young, “pyramid” sitting in one corner reading a book, I went up to her to ask her what she was reading. It turned out that she was reading George Ritzer’s *The McDonaldization of Society* – a book I had heard Wes talk about many times (1:48:00). This pyramid explained she was studying sociology at San Francisco State University and was here visiting friends. When our ensuing chitchat drifted to the topic of globalization (1:53:30), I told her: “Since global [one world] government is the goal, the Bush administration [which has wanted it] is actually the logical continuation of the Clinton administration. The UN will take over the world, just as the right-wingers used to fear..” Just when my discussion with this pretty young pyramid was picking up steam, my Olympus recorder was remotely turned off from the control center.

I only discovered this after my chitchat. I was extremely traumatized – as if my soul had been shocked out of my body. I immediately turned on my old Sony recorder: “[rcrdroffantielmxrst\\_511PM\\_2010\\_03\\_28.mp3](#)”. I was angry, and I was actually rude to another woman who had merely asked me a question – I had experienced a complete 180 degree change in my mood. I walked away from Portfolio to calm myself down. I kept asking myself: “Why are they doing this? Why are they doing this?” (10:00) I noted how, whenever “DGHTR” remotely turned off my recorder when my day had begun, my mood would dampen for the entire day, resulting in my social ineptitude with the Pyramid and my suicidal mood (14:00). I then returned to Portfolio, now very depressed, to continue checking my DVD (from 26:00 onward). In my pessimistic and angry mood, I murmured: “From now on, don’t talk to strangers. It’s too dangerous. Your recorder could be remotely shut off at any time!”

What I don't know is whether the incidence with the pretty young pyramid was orchestrated by the control center. If it is, here we have another glimpse into the agendas of BOL's team. It is quite likely, because last night I had incited the agreement from the control center by praising laziness. You should know that George Ritzer was extending Max Weber's description of the stifling rationalization of our life through bureaucratization. For Ritzer, Weber's description is no longer so accurate when the formative, or production, phase of capitalism has expanded into its mature, or consumption phase. (I'm using the categorization, the phases of capitalism, which I have developed in my *Thermodynamic Interpretation of History*.) The machine which has enslaved us to devote every second of our life and every drop of our energy to the expansion of its purpose – economic transaction, production, and consumption – has achieved a new level of efficiency and control over our life, and Ritzer has found this new form of the machine most exemplified in the way McDonald's operates. He "suggests that in the later part of the Twentieth Century the socially structured form of the fast-food restaurant has become the organizational force representing and extending the process of rationalization further into the realm of everyday interaction and individual identity."<sup>76</sup> The five dominant themes which Ritzer outlines for the McDonaldization process: efficiency, calculability, predictability, increased control, and the replacement of human by non-human technology, would be the improvements which the "iron cage" has made on its earlier form of bureaucratization – improvements which further trap us onto the path of working and consuming like a robotic slave, not in order to become happier, but in order to destroy our earth and our civilization and kill ourselves with increasing speed.<sup>77</sup>

If the encounter was orchestrated, the way it worked would be something like this. BOL's team had access to the computer system in the courtroom via their status as Macrospherians. They had entered their concerns into the computer system so that it would devise the evidence-production process to produce also "intercepts" which would make various aspects of consumerism into part of the conspiracy against the Macrospherians. At the same time, the computer system would look out for any pronouncements on my part which corresponded to BOL's team's concern with consumerism. My comment about laziness triggered the computer system which "remembered" BOL's team's concern, and so it automatically controlled a driver nearby to honk his horn. Today, as the other mind-reading

76 From Robert Keel's summary: <http://www.umsl.edu/~keelr/010/mcdonsoc.html>. His summary is worth quoting in full: "George Ritzer has taken central elements of the work of Max Weber, expanded and updated them, and produced a critical analysis of the impact of social structural change on human interaction and identity. The central theme in Weber's analysis of modern society was the process of Rationalization; a far reaching process whereby traditional modes of thinking were being replaced by an ends/ means analysis concerned with efficiency and formalized social control. For Weber, the archetypical manifestation of this process was the Bureaucracy; a large, formal organization characterized by a hierarchical authority structure, well-established division of labor, written rules and regulations, impersonality and a concern for technical competence. Bureaucratic organizations not only represent the process of rationalization, the structure they impose on human interaction and thinking furthers the process, leading to an increasingly rationalized world. The process affects all aspects of our everyday life. Ritzer suggests that in the later part of the Twentieth Century the socially structured form of the fast-food restaurant has become the organizational force representing and extending the process of rationalization further into the realm of everyday interaction and individual identity. McDonald's serves as the case model of this process in the 1990's. [Quoting Ritzer himself:] '... McDonaldization... is the process by which the principles of the fast-food restaurant are coming to dominate more and more sectors of American society as well as of the rest of the world....'"

77 Since its appearance in 1993, *The McDonaldization of Society* is now in the seventh edition (2013). Ritzer has significantly altered the content of the classic study throughout the years.

computer scanned through the thoughts of all those people in Long Beach who had been chipped in the brain, it discovered this girl who was reading Ritzer’s seminal book.<sup>78</sup> Since the book was being used by some of the scholars in BOL’s team, the computer system directed the mind-reading computer to control the girl to show up in front of me. She wouldn’t know that she was being controlled. By remotely turning off my recorder, the Invisible Hand would have created an intercept showing Mr former Secretary victimizing (or signaling to) me while I was talking about “McDonaldization”, since the CIA was, legally speaking, under Mr former Secretary’s command. “McDonaldization” would then be made part of the Microspherian conspiracy against the Macrospherians, allowing the International Court to issue a judgment demanding that the Macrospherians be compensated with the reversal of “McDonaldization” which was killing all of us.

When it was almost 6 PM, I turned on my Olympus recorder again. But, around 6:05 PM, the recorder again pretended to “run out of battery”, namely, was remotely turned off by the Invisible Hand from the control center. I was so angered that I had to leave Portfolio to calm myself down. I had to resort to my poor Sony recorder again. When I passed by a woman, I couldn’t help taking out my anger on her, shouting, “Shut up, fucking bitch!” (7:50 in “[dghtrnotwasteangiestrbkdvd4243\\_608PM\\_2010\\_03\\_28.mp3](#)”). I settled down at the Starbucks on Long Beach Blvd, in downtown Long Beach, and wondered whether I should attend the Spanish language meetup which was going on tonight. I decided not to, for the remotely controlled malfunctioning of my recorder today was too traumatic. I would sleep in the street corner in downtown Long Beach tonight.

## March 29 (Monday)



<sup>78</sup> Again, we have tentatively retained the interpretation from the original version unchanged.

The official website of the Mexican government  
was non-functional, 5:26 AM, 03/29/10

My first recording of the new day is: “[mxnewsanaplit\\_3\\_29\\_10\\_428-738AM.WMA](#)”. After I woke up in downtown Long Beach, I went to It’s A Grind across the street (by 44:00). As usual, I opened up my Eee PC and started my daily FTP upload of my recordings to my website. By 5:24 AM I decided to look at the Mexican government’s official website. The website “[www.gob.mx](#)” was however blocked with the notice: “Este portal se encuentra temporalmente fuera de servicio.” This could be orchestrated by the control center: by victimizing me with website malfunctioning, the Mexican government would have become my conspirator in our conspiracy to harm the Macrospherian Daughterland. By 6:10 AM however when I surfed onto terra.com, I saw the scary news “Doble atentado suicida deja mas de 30 muertos en el metro de Moscu”. I didn’t understand what was going on. Only today do I understand that I was witnessing the Boss’ recommission of his crimes against Daughterland. The terrorists from the Caucasus had been supported by the CIA and the State Department through the intermediary of the Pakistani ISI. DGHTRCOM commanded the Boss to command the CIA and the State Department to work with the Pakistanis to urge the guerrilla forces to launch more attacks in Daughterland. Under the Boss’ command, the CIA and the Pakistanis supplied the terrorists, who then planned an attack in Moscow. When the terrorists carried out the attack, the whole process was recorded by the computer system in the International Court of Justice. The behind-the-scene command of the Boss and his gang would be new evidence to replace the old incidents where the CIA and the State Department committed crimes of terrorism against Daughterland. The new evidences showed a different command structure than that seen in the past crimes: in the past the CIA had participated in the crime of destabilizing Daughterland, such as supporting terrorists inside Daughterland, while the neocons were not really involved; the new evidence that it was the Boss who had worked with the CIA to commit these crimes would replace the original evidence, so that both the neocons and the CIA would be convicted of the crime of sponsoring terrorism. What I don’t know is how much the news might be fake: since DGHTRCOM cared about his people, would he knowingly allow attacks on his people to happen just in order to fix a trial – even though the trial would end up restructuring the entire dynamics of international relations and forever guarantee his country’s safety? Has anyone really been killed at all?<sup>79</sup>

79 We have merely retained the interpretation from the original version with some modifications. We however do believe that we are correct here: DGHTRCOM was merely doing to the suit team what the suit team had done to China back in 2008.



Disarmament accord between US and Russia, 03/29/10

On the website of the United Nations I also saw the strange news that the United States and Russia had concluded on March 26 a treaty to mutually reduce the number of nuclear warheads to 1550. The news was strange because I clearly remembered that the exact same treaty had already been concluded back in July 2009 when the lawsuit between the two countries over me was at its height. Again I failed to understand that this was either the Boss' recommission of his crimes or a fix to the original unequal treaty. Back in 2009, it was our Great Boss who, from behind the scene, had forced Daughterland to adopt the disarmament accord completely against Daughterland's interests, and he was able to do so with the conviction of Daughterland in the International Court which the CIA had secured for him. Of course, the accord of July 2009 was only a road map, not yet a treaty.<sup>80</sup> But it had been entered into the computer system of the International Court as part of the "crimes against Daughterland" standing in need of a final reckoning. The current treaty must have either fixed the original treaty in such a way that Daughterland was no longer disadvantaged or exhibited a new command structure causing both the Boss and the CIA to be equally convicted of the crime of masterminding terrorism for political purposes.<sup>81</sup>

I then got on the Blue Line to go to my storage facility to put all my newly burned DVDs into my storage unit. My next recording is: "whatonewants\_3\_29\_10\_1059-1135AM.WMA". As I was leaving the storage facility, I reflected on my emotional state: "What I couldn't stand is the fact that, after I have spent all this energy saving the Pyramid's life and worrying about her, I should just depart without

80 See "US and Russia agree on nuclear disarmament road map", *The Guardian*, 6 July 2009: <http://www.guardian.co.uk/world/2009/jul/06/obama-medvedev-nuclear-weapons-disarmament>.

81 In this instance we have completely altered our interpretation from the original version.

her being part of my life at all. So how about letting her be my friend? Then, you [referring to DGHTR] can give me another girl. Or should I just kill myself?” (13:00) This was another reason why I just couldn’t let the Pyramid go. What about *le Formule*? “The best scenario: let me have the Pyramid, even if I will not be allowed to touch her and even if she shall be allowed to have extra-marital affairs. The second best scenario for me: let me be dead! The third best scenario: having the Pyramid as a friend” (17:00). Then I admonished myself: “If the Austrian Pyramid ever shows up again, talk to her!” I was at this time inside the food mall neighboring the storage facility (21:00). “Hopefully something will happen tomorrow. But if the Pyramid shuts her door, then I’ll have to cut myself. Fuck them. There is nothing wrong with that!” (23:45) I then suddenly thought of the saying: “If a man is hungry, give him not fish, but teach him how to fish.” “There is a flaw in this thinking. If you sell them the CIA, they should pay you with what you want right there, and not teach you the skill to obtain what you want. As my reward, the Daughter People should just give me the fish rather than teach me the skill to fish. Otherwise I wouldn’t sell them the CIA. I would just go learn the skill of fishing myself” (from 27:40 onward). I said this because of my erroneous impression that DGHTR had made the whole thing so hard because he wanted me to *learn* to interact with girls. “I’m not gonna put up with this shit, ‘Go get it yourself, and we’ll make it harder for you!’” “The courage to be timid or to admit timidity is courage too, you know!” (31:00) For my part, I was adamant: “She needs to finish her mission! I can’t stand this convoluted shit!” Then, a minute or so later, I said to myself: “We have been duped. According to the evidentiary record, we are really talking to Mommy, while we believe we are talking to the Daughter People” – just then a driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk his horn (33:15). Although it was not my concern at the moment, the Daughter People did want me to understand something of the command structure in the Microsphere: that all the Daughterlanders had been subsumed under the command of the CIA in order to acquire a new legal status as “fakes” which would replace the past evidences of their original legal status as “real”. In the end, I fell back to my “Final Exit”: “You need to get ready to kill yourself!” (34:30)

My next recording is: “[bus2lmfwrtlet\\_3\\_29\\_10\\_1135AM-135PM.WMA](#)”. While on the bus going toward Westwood, I continued my persuasion of my imaginary “DGHTR”: “What’s going on right now does not conform to the espionage convention. Imagine this. Aldrich Ames, when he sells off the CIA’s secrets to the Daughterlanders, goes off to his ‘drop point’ looking for his one million dollar cash reward. He is not interested in finding a manual on how to invest his money so as to make one million dollars. When he sells off the CIA, he is not interested in receiving as his reward a manual on how to fish, he just wants his fish; he is not interested in acquiring the skill to fish; selling off the CIA for a price *is* already his skill to fish! He is certainly not employing his skill to fish only to fish up another manual on how to fish – *ad infinitum*. When I sell off my Mommy CIA to you, my Daughter, I expect to get a girlfriend, I’m not interested in ‘getting taught as to how to get a girlfriend’ as my reward, because ‘giving you Mommy CIA in exchange for a girlfriend’ is already part of my skill to get a girlfriend!” (starting from 4:00 onward). Some time later I put forward another scenario: “Imagine this. If Adrich Ames at the drop point only finds a piece of paper telling him to go to another drop point, *ad infinitum* – would he not lose interest?” (45:00) Note that, from 1:28:00 onward, my bus ride would be filled with children’s noise. It’s just routine procedure: producing new evidences to replace the old evidences of Mr former Secretary’s favorite technique, this time with a slightly different command

structure involving the CIA's fake Russians.

My next recordings are: “[palisadesmommycheap\\_3\\_29\\_10\\_147-314PM.WMA](#)” and then “[tonovelcafeslfconsinfloop\\_3\\_29\\_10\\_314-534PM.WMA](#)”. I rode the bus all the way to Pacific Palisades for nothing, and then rode the bus back to Venice Beach. I ended up in Novel Cafe by 20:00. I worked on burning my DVD for a while, which was very upsetting, because at one point my DVD player failed to work (56:00). It frustrated me tremendously, but I don't know if this was remotely caused from the control center. After I used the restroom, I had an interesting reflection: “The most embarrassing part of my current state of consciousness is this: whenever I think about something, I will also think about how the Daughter People are seeing me thinking about this something [on the screen of the mind-reading computer], which means that, whenever I think about something, I'll also think about how they are seeing me thinking about how they are seeing me thinking about this something (from 1:54:00 onward). I thus have to think about – when I think about anything – what they think when they see me thinking about this anything (2:08:00). *Ad infinitum*. So, as for the people who are reading my thoughts – what do they think about when they see my thoughts go into infinite loop as I think about – whenever I think about something – what they think about when they see me think about this something, which includes thinking about what they think about when they see me think about this something, which includes... *ad infinitum*” (2:10:50). “That's how self-conscious I am – I'm so self-conscious that my thoughts will actually go into an infinite loop, which makes me unable to talk to girls. Can I impress a girl with this ability which so few people have? Most likely not, even though few people are so self-conscious as to... you know. Just as you can't impress a girl with the rare power to eat noodles with your nose and then suffocate yourself when your noodles get stuck in your nose!” (until 2:13:00) Then, finally: “Over self-consciousness is a form of mental illness” (2:14:30). I recalled: “It's just like Sartre's description of how something ready-to-hand (*zuhanden*) can become present-at-hand (*vorhanden*) [I'm here using Heidegger's terminology]: while holding the doorknob, you become so conscious of it, that the doorknob becomes a mere 'round thing'...”

My next recording is: “[mstrbbchsunset\\_3\\_29\\_10\\_534-656PM.WMA](#)”. I had been worried about how my masturbation habit might impact negatively on the Pyramid's impression of me – if the Daughter People didn't tell her about it, her father would. But I had to do it. And I might as well do it romantically in order to impress the Pyramid. I thus dragged my cart all the way to the sands of Venice Beach. The sun was about to set at this point, and, before the lowering sun, I laid out my blanket on the sand, opened up my Eee PC to exhibit the pretty photographs of Best Mommy, and masturbated without my shirt but with my pants on. I then came back to Novel Cafe.

My next recording is: “[novelmoralwdghtr\\_3\\_29\\_10\\_718-1052PM.WMA](#)”. As I sat outside Novel Cafe, I began seriously worrying that DGHTR might be using the Pyramid's rejection of me to cure me of my Borderline obsession so that I would no longer idealize her – that she would make me want something else, make me abandon wanting what I wanted. I didn't want to be cured, I didn't want to improve, and thus I shouted to my imaginary “DGHTR” in the “Cave”: “Perfection is not necessary, especially at a time like this, when there is barely anything else left to do” (until 21:17). “Let people have their flaws, don't imitate the neocons. You want power too. Everybody wants power, it's how perfect you want it

which distinguishes the good from the bad, and the sick from the healthy... How you want it, and how perfect you want it” (until 22:05). Some driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk so as to confirm, but this cannot be heard in the recording. Obviously, both the Invisible Hand and the Daughter People liked my wisdom talk. I felt calmer after I heard the honk: “If they can understand this moral talk, then they cannot be bad.” Then: “DGHTR should know that this is just how my brain works, that I can never change; he should therefore just let me be her friend” (35:30).

I then spent the rest of the night at Novel Cafe, writing my “Secret History”, burning my DVD, uploading my recording files to my website via FTP, and surfing the Internet. I also responded to apartment ads on Craigslist. And I checked out the book *A Thousand Years of Good Prayers* on Amazon in order to understand why DGHTRCOM wanted me to read it. No clue.

### **March 30 (Tuesday)**

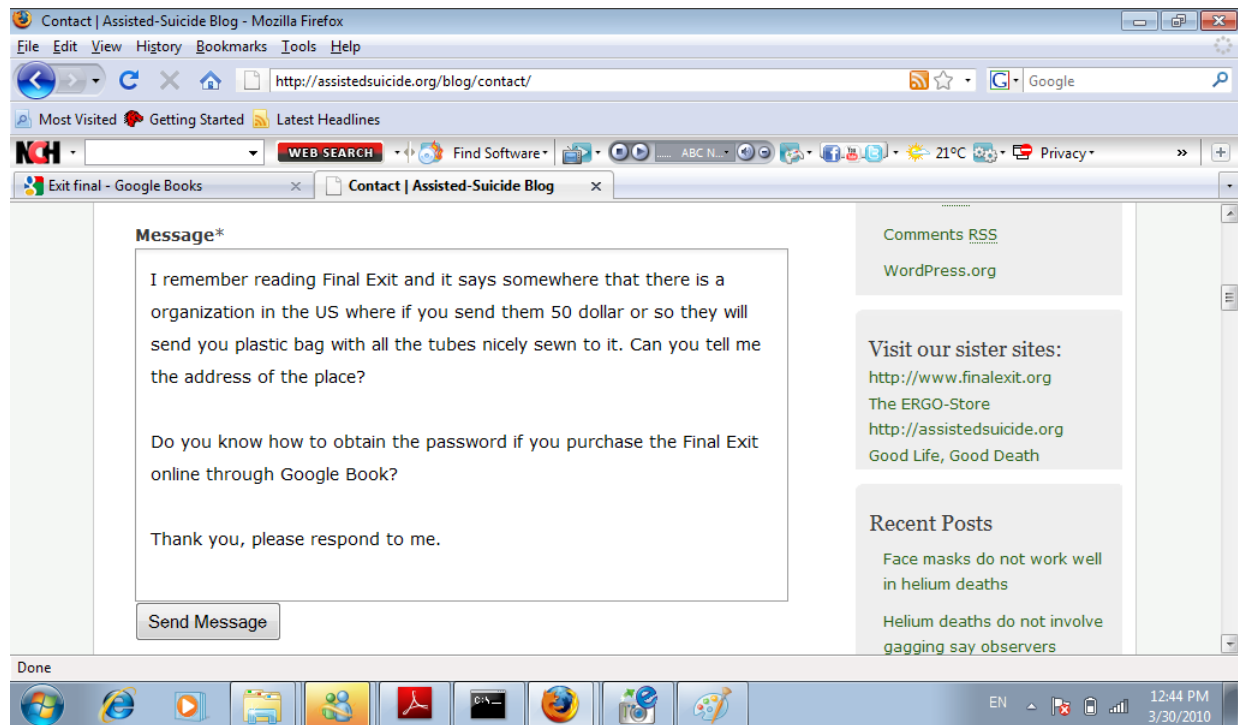
My first recording of the new day is: “[strbkvenicechnywhyprtrial\\_3\\_30\\_10\\_611-850AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner in Venice Beach, had my coffee at a nearby Starbucks, and got on the bus to go to Silverlake. On the bus I reflected on how the Daughter People cannot make me truly hate them – there was some truth in it, because their very wellbeing had become my revenge against the West – and cannot make me hate the Pyramid – I would be wrong about this. Because the exacto knife which I had bought in Westwood in early March and which I had been using to cut myself had suddenly gone missing, I stopped by a hardware store first to buy a new exacto knife. I chose one of the cheapest ones for lack of funds, little did I know that “I had hit the jackpot”. When I arrived in Silverlake (2:00:00) I went inside a 99 Cents department store looking for earphones and buying some cheap can food. I ate my can food in the parking lot and walked into a nearby laundromat to wash my clothes (2:36:00).

My next recording is: “[lawlibangierjctn\\_3\\_30\\_10\\_951AM-213PM.WMA](#)”. Ever since the Pyramid had accused me of being obsessive with her, I had decided to compose a letter to her, in which I would share in an innocent way my growing liking of her but request nothing more than friendship. I would also talk about how his “boyfriend” had threatened to beat me up and how the security guards were harassing me. I finished my letter in the laundromat and came to the Law Library by 32:00. I passed the letter to the Pyramid on 1:53:00. I also asked her if she knew anyone who needed a roommate. “No I don’t”. This was just the kind of question which had so annoyed her! After walking around the library, I returned to my corner, depressed because the Pyramid just seemed completely unreachable. I murmured: “Why do the Daughter People do this? Why? Why?” (2:07:00)

Because of my increasing sadness, I began taking notice of the Chinese girl who was working as a shelver in the library. She never made a sound, always quietly pushing her carts about and picking up the books which patrons had left behind on the tables. It was a sad sight, and she seemed almost retarded. On 2:11:00 I came up to her to ask her if she was Chinese. She would not speak much, just like “Kevin” in *Murphy’s Boy*. As I made my round in the library, I murmured: “They [namely, the Daughter People] owe me, they owe me, and they need to pay up...” (2:13:00). I then came around to



the circulation desk to ask the Pyramid about this Chinese girl – it’s an excuse to interact with her at the same time. But the Pyramid was unresponsive. I circled around the circulation desk a bit, and then hid myself in the side chamber of the library and began crying, my needs unmet (2:33:45).



The question I posted on Assisted Suicide, 03/30/10

In my corner I began once more contemplating suicide by helium intake, as suggested in *The Final Exit*. While it was easy to buy another helium tank, I would still need a plastic bag. But I had forgotten the name and address of Nu Life Products, and so I posted a question on <http://assistedsuicide.org>. (See above.) On 2:58:20 I came around to the circulation desk again. I was at first talking to Pinky, but then got a chance to chat with the Pyramid on 3:04:00. I asked the Pyramid if she remembered how I was talking to her and Richard when they were taking down the flag outside on one afternoon in 2008 (3:05:45). These little past moments with the Pyramid – during a time when she was accessible – had suddenly become so important, and I next asked her to recall the note she had written for me on October 30 2008 (confirming that it was another man who had used the computer station assigned to me). The Pyramid pretended not to remember this note (3:06:30). I quickly retrieved from my pouch the torn pieces of the note in question. Just before the Pyramid announced that the words on the note did not look like her hand writing, the phone at the circulation desk rang (3:07:40). This was some sort of intercept, establishing in the evidentiary record that the note was not written by her just as it had been so established before. I went back to my Eee PC on my table and retrieved from my hard drive the scan image of the note, and came back to the circulation desk with my netbook to ask the recalcitrant Diego to examine it (3:25:00). But Diego insisted that this wasn't the Pyramid's hand writing. I was so desperate – as if the Pyramid's entire past had just vanished – that I forgot all the acts which I would

normally put up to protect the Pyramid from the “judge computer” – even while Diego was putting up the act for me – and turned to the Pyramid to ask her to look at it. Since she had already denied it once, she could now admit it *was* her hand writing. “Most of it don’t look like my hand writing, but ‘responsibility’ looks like mine,” she said. The Pyramid then instructed me to act normal – to come into the library to work, maybe to greet the librarians, but not to be engaged in deep connection with her. I was terrified. It was really a rejection than anything else: “But you guys were nice to me before; now you guys are strict...” The Pyramid wanted no more of this discussion.

Feeling lost, I walked out of the library. The Pyramid had actually explained everything nicely and patiently, without a bad attitude, but the message of rejection had completely devastated me. I suspect that “‘responsibility’ looks like mine” was actually a secret message which the Invisible Hand had instructed the Pyramid to pass onto me. He was telling me that the pair up didn’t work out because of his miscalculation. The Pyramid didn’t like me. The responsibility rested with him. I murmured in hopelessness: “They have changed their mind, but this disease we carry... We can’t change... We are on our own now” (3:42:00). “Well, just give us death..”. (3:44:30). I came back inside the library on 3:49:00. The Muscle Man Security Guard “Faison” warned me at the entrance that I had to be doing legal research if I wanted to stay in this library. Everyone was getting tired of seeing me coming to the library everyday. I settled down in the far distant corner of the library and called up Mona on Skype (4:01:00). I wanted to reconnect with Mona. I had not seen Mona since I decided on March 21 that I would stop seeing her. During such time of terrible depression – my drug had just been withdrawn from me – I needed to have someone to talk to. I left her a message. Mona called me back immediately (4:03:00) and was willing to see me again. She made an appointment for me for Thursday (April 1), 12 PM. As I sank into utter hopelessness, I murmured: “DGHTR didn’t know that my problems are this bad” (4:13:00). “I don’t know how to deal with this feeling... I don’t know how... I’m so alone... There is no one here...” (4:21:00). I began packing.

My next recording is: “[ctbg\\_3\\_30\\_10\\_213-403PM.WMA](#)”. I left the Law Library and walked into a coffeehouse located one block away from the library (35:00). I went inside the restroom and pulled out the new exacto knife I had just bought. I wanted to cut myself in order to release the pain which had just accumulated due to the Pyramid’s inaccessibility. I also wanted to show “DGHTR” just how sad I was. I webcammed myself as I cut myself, as usual: “[20100330145412656-ctbg.wmv](#)”. I slashed myself on my left arm, but the wound was much larger and deeper than I had intended. I had surprised myself. I wanted to cut deeper in order for the wound to be proportional to the pain in my psyche and in order to demonstrate to DGHTR that I wasn’t kidding with all the negative thoughts I had expressed to him. But I didn’t expect such a big wound. It turned out that the knife was sharper than I had expected. This cheap knife was actually sharper than the more expensive one I had before. I bled all over the place and had to clean up all the blood on the floor and around the sink. I cried to myself on 45:00: “Why do we have this feeling?...” “You have saved them... why don’t they save you? Who’s going to save you? You cannot change a person, that’s why it’s called ‘personality disorder’...” (49:00). I then moaned to DGHTR: “I’m not asking for reward, my DGHTR... I’m asking for help... I don’t know how to deal with this feeling...” (51:30). Just then someone came knocking on the door (52:40). It would seem that DGHTR (actually the Invisible Hand) was remotely controlling the store’s employee to come knock on

the door in order to signal to me that he had heard me – that I needed help and not reward. I exited the coffeehouse on 54:10, and soon began crying in the street corner (56:30). “We are asking DGHTR to save us from – whom? From ourselves, I guess” (57:40). I kept crying until 1:02:00. As I lay down on the street corner, I began recounting to the Daughter People how I had tried to save them from the very beginning: February 13 2009, June 19 2009... How I flew back from Nicaragua only because I tried to save them! I did no wrong! (1:09:00) “Anything I did wrong, please enlighten me! I don’t know what I did to deserve this! I don’t want to give up the Pyramid, because I can’t deal with this feeling... It’s my disease which has saved you too! Who else could be that stupid? I have the right disease, the right education, God, you are so lucky, if it were someone else, you would all be Dick Cheney’s fucking robots! Think about that!” (1:16:45) After a while, I continued to murmur: “I have saved Daughterlanders’ future too, for no one is ever going to fuck with them, for there is no one left to fuck with them!” (1:27:30) After resting on the street corner for a while, I walked, like a zombie, back to the Law Library (1:37:00). I came to the side chamber of the Law Library and lay on the floor, resting and murmuring to myself. At one point I had an epiphany: “Imagine yourself in the Pyramid’s shoes. You come to work, and this guy is always there...” (1:45:30).

My next recording is: “[lawlibslpangiebyfrndarg\\_3\\_30\\_10\\_411-602PM.WMA](#)”. I fell asleep on the floor in my corner. After an hour or so, I got up and began walking around. I saw Angel sitting there at a table, with a lot of paperwork in front of her (1:24:00). She said she was doing research to help a friend save her house. Was the Invisible Hand producing an “intercept” signaling that the next episode in this show was about “saving me”? But that would mean that he had commanded Angel to get all the paperwork together in two hours! I then went up to the circulation desk to request the use of a computer. The Pyramid assigned to me computer station #10 (1:31:40). I went to the computer station and continued reading *The Spy Handler* on Google Books. I then suddenly noticed that the Pyramid’s boyfriend was sitting at computer station #11, just right next to me. I came back to the circulation desk on 1:42:00 and asked the Pyramid why “the guy sitting at computer station #11” had threatened to beat me up. “Did you tell the security guard? I can’t do anything about that. You have to talk to the security,” she replied. I then told Pinky about this. “He said he wants to beat you up? You are not lying?” Pinky asked. Just then the Pyramid’s boyfriend came up to me, demanding to know why I had been following him and communicating with the security guards about him! (1:44:40) He kept on going about this non-existent reality according to which I had kept up surveillance on him for three months! As I was dumbfounded – since when had I been keeping my eyes on someone else? I cared only about the Pyramid – he threatened me: “I’m watching you too. You think you can tell the librarians what I’m doing? I’m not doing anything... You think you can follow me, and tell people I have been evicted from my apartment? You think I don’t know that? You have been harassing me...” Frightened by all these false accusations out of nowhere, I began calling the Pyramid: “Angelina! Angelina!” But the Pyramid turned around and stared at me angrily without making a sound. Pinky cut in and told me to leave. “But I didn’t do any of the things he is accusing me of!” I protested to Pinky. “I didn’t say you did! Just leave,” Pinky said. Finally, the Pyramid’s boyfriend threatened me: “You continue what you are doing, and you’ll find yourself in jail. I promise you that! Because I have nothing to hide!” And he continued to accuse me of trying to get a computer station next to his because I wanted to spy on what he was doing on his computer – when, as you have just seen, it was the

Pyramid who had assigned me the computer station next to his! And he added: “You have already substantiated a credible threat by what you have told me outside the other day!” So according to him, on that day in February it was I who had threatened him, and not he who had threatened me! The reality was inverted! Why? Why? “Why are you guys doing this?” I asked both Pinky and Diego, who had now surrounded me to escort me out of the library. I kept asking them why everyone was ganging up upon me like this and accusing me of doing something which someone else did to me! And yet Pinky talked to me as if she really did believe the Pyramid’s boyfriend’s accusations. Magnificent “street theater” it all was! I was thus thrown out of the library.

I suspect that everyone was cooperating with each other to play this prank on me in order to rid the library establishment of me. Diego and Pinky probably didn’t know anything about PLANMEX; they were simply remotely controlled by either the Invisible Hand or the Monkey in the control center to throw me out of the library. As for the Pyramid’s boyfriend, since he had been unhappy about PLANMEX for a while, the Invisible Hand had probably allowed him to vent his frustration on me for the second time, hoping that it would wake me up. His actions were allowed by the computer system because some sort of evidence could be produced which could replace some similar evidence from the past. The Pyramid was angry evidently because she had been alerted immediately by her father that I had cut myself again: this is the guy I’m supposed to be paired up with!<sup>82</sup>

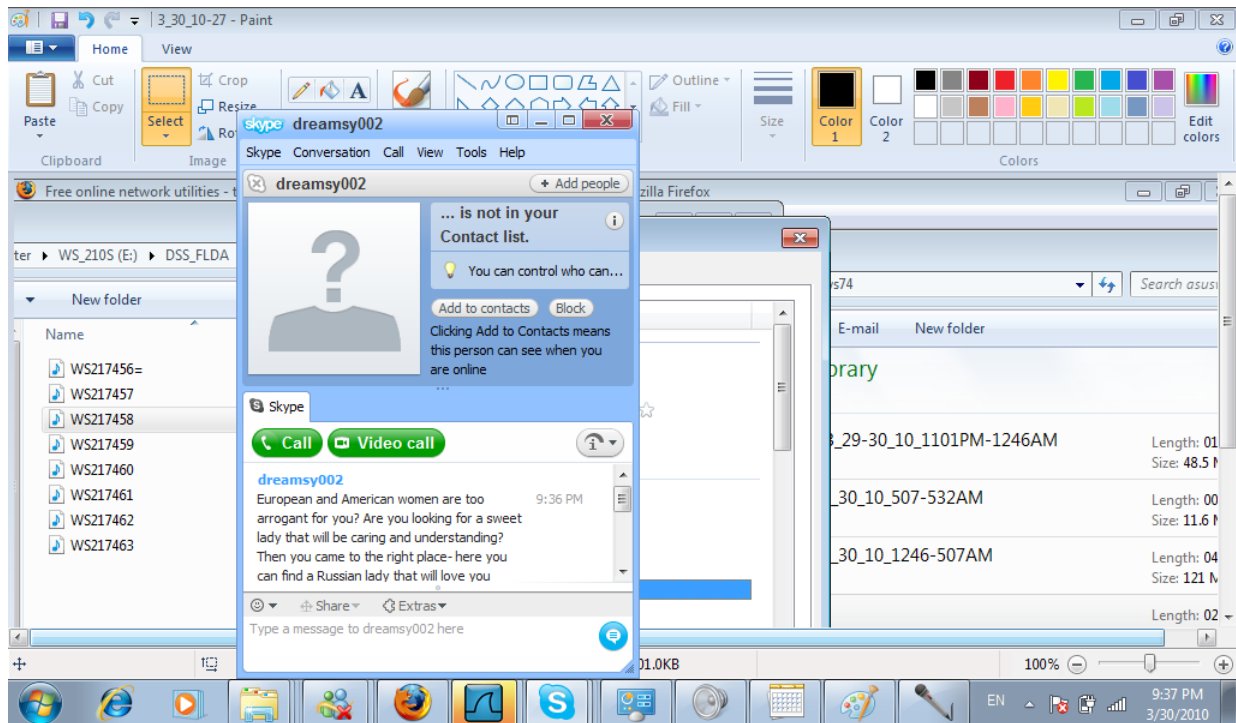
My next recording is: “[savemepsychbbblwes\\_3\\_30\\_10\\_602-929PM.WMA](#)”. Dejected and confused, I rode the bus to Vermont. While on the bus, I murmured to my imaginary “DGHTR” out of profound pain and sadness: “Just give me what I want and go away...” (19:00). “It’s so hard for me to save you, but so easy for you to save me...” (31:00). I would be begging DGHTR to give me the Pyramid throughout my bus ride – exactly like how a drug addict would be begging the drug dealer for his “fix”. Arriving at Vermont and Sunset, I walked into the tiny Japanese restaurant next to Skylight Bookstore. I noticed the guy sitting next to me had a DSM-IV TR lying in front of him. I asked him about it (1:00:00). He opened up the book randomly and yet he just had to hit on the page describing “pedophilia” (1:14:00). Here you see again how the computer system in the control center had so precisely controlled his physiology. This was some sort of intercept – new evidence to replace a similar evidence from the first run. I then murmured about my dilemma (1:29:10): I cannot care about someone so much that, when she asks me to not care about her anymore as a way to care about her – because my caring about her is distressing her – I could just break off and not care about her anymore. “Computers can do that, but human beings cannot” – immediately some driver outside honked his horn. I guess DGHTR (actually the Invisible Hand) in the control center had found me enlightening (1:30:00). He, along with everyone else, wished that I could care about the Pyramid so much that I

82 We have retained the interpretation from the original version with slight modifications. Today, 12 years later, we want to suggest this. By way of false accusations, the Pyramid’s boyfriend was indirectly telling me: “they” had been following me and talking to the security about me – they had kept up surveillance on me for a while already in order to protect the Pyramid from me. They had also been telling the other librarians about my obsession with the Pyramid. They had now judged me to be a “threat” to the Pyramid. With all this, they had thus instructed Diego and Pinky and so on as to how to stage this “street theater” in order to let me in on their negative assessment of me and throw me out – hoping that I would get the message and never come back. Evidently, the Monkey was the main proponent behind this operation, with the Invisible Hand reluctantly acquiescing to it.

would stop caring about her when she so requested. Instead, I was still suggesting to “DGHTR” that the Pyramid may bring her boyfriend along with her in our “pair up”. I was still finding ways to hold onto the Pyramid.

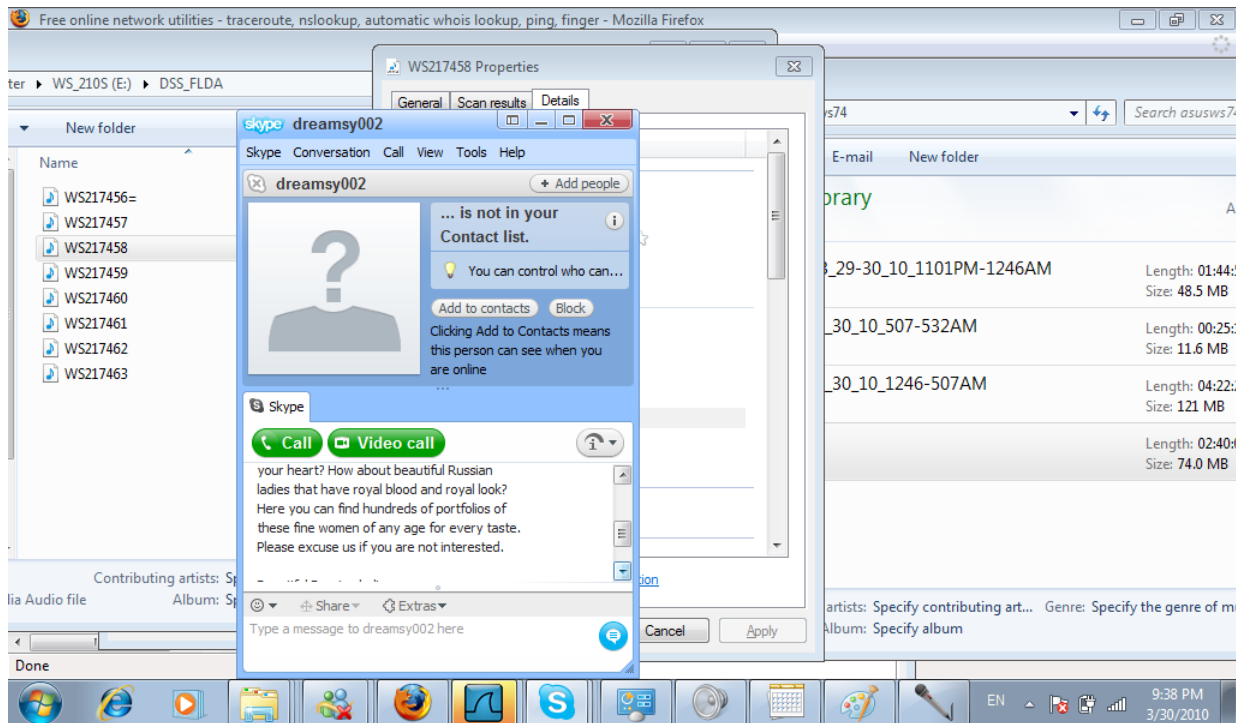
After eating I went inside Psychobabble. I opened up my Eee PC and called up my best friend Wes on Skype on 2:10:00. This was the first time I called him since May 2009 when I was in Washington DC! I had not personally kept him updated about how I had helped Daughterland win the International Court trial, and I don’t know how much his CIA handler had briefed him on all the happenings. I tried to tell him about my problem: how I thought I was getting a girlfriend, only to find out that I was duped. Weird noises occur from 2:11:50 onward, and the call was automatically disconnected. I called up Wes for the second time on 2:13:00. Wes couldn’t hear me this time. I disconnected it and wanted to find a payphone somewhere to call him, but there weren’t any payphones nearby. Then my Eee PC malfunctioned (2:17:40) and I asked someone to look at it to confirm so to my recorder. I called up Wes for the third time on 2:23:00, but he still couldn’t hear me. I called him up one more time and got disconnected. But Wes soon called me back. I repeated my “problem” to him but was reluctant to give him details about where the Pyramid worked, etc. I still didn’t trust Wes entirely. Recalling a past incident, Wes advised me that I needed to be more confident of myself. Was he saying this because he had been briefed about my situation with the Pyramid or was he simply remotely controlled to say this? After some chitchat about his PhD program, I asked him when Homeland Security had stopped bothering him. But he somehow couldn’t understand what I was saying, repeatedly mistaking what I asked for the nonsense that “Homeland Security had stopped bothering *me*” (2:39:30). Then calls kept coming in and we got disconnected once more on 2:43:30. I called him up one more time. Wes now pretended to not know I was in Nicaragua during the summer of 2009 (2:44:00). I asked him why it was so difficult for him to bring his wife over from Brazil. “Maybe it’s Homeland Security...” he replied (2:46:20). Then we got disconnected again and I had to call him up one more time. But our call got disconnected once more on 2:49:00 or so. I got connected with him once more on 2:51:45 or so, and then got disconnected again. I made my last attempt at connection with him on 2:53:00, and I failed, at which point some stranger asked me “Do you have a cigarette?” as a way to complete an intercept. I was baffled as to why “DGHTR” was torturing me with this episode of machine malfunctioning – certainly the Invisible Hand did all this because this malfunctioning could be construed as new evidence to replace similar evidence from the first run.

While I was sitting silently and motionlessly in Psychobabble, suddenly, around 9:37 PM, a mysterious message popped up on the Skype on my Eee PC:



The mysterious message which popped up  
on the Skype of my Eee PC, 03/30/10, 9:37 PM

The message was not a random advertisement, but a secret message from the control center. I can now fill you in on what had been going on behind the scene, in the control center, during the whole day. When I left the Law Library on 2 PM to cut myself in the restroom of the nearby cafe, both the Invisible Hand and the Pyramid's father knew that I was going to hurt myself because they had read my intention off the mind-reading computer. This offered the Pyramid's father another chance to argue that I was violently dangerous and so unsafe for his daughter. The Invisible Hand however comforted the Pyramid's family by predicting that I would be unable to muster up enough courage to really hurt myself seriously, but would make on my arm these tiny insignificant cut wounds just like before. But this time the Invisible Hand had predicted wrongly – my cut was deep and I bled all over the place – because he didn't expect, just as I did not, that the cheap exacto knife would be so much sharper than my previous knife. He didn't foresee that I would slip, that is. The Pyramid's father, despising me, jealous of the Invisible Hand for his connection with his daughter, and coveting the rulership of Mexico, seized upon the failed prediction of the Invisible Hand and started since at least 4 PM a serious argument with him. "You have said he is a timid coward and couldn't really hurt himself or anyone else! But look how gravely he has wounded himself! He's a danger to my daughter! He will seriously hurt my daughter too!" Even DGHTRCOM (wherever he was) was probably alerted through telephone conferencing that a major argument had erupted between the Invisible Hand and the Pyramid's father.



The rest of the mysterious message which popped up on my Eee PC, 03/30/10

But there was something else. Note that, in the “secret message”, there was mentioned “beautiful Russian women that have royal blood and royal look”. I had at the time completely overlooked this clue. It was not until more than two years later that I would realize that this was a clue about something very significant: the “Daughter Pyramid” of “royal blood and royal look” refers in fact to DGHTRCOM’s own little daughter Ekaterina.<sup>83</sup> Ekaterina had been watching what was going on with me for quite a while, and she just happened to be watching me this afternoon (perhaps inside the control center beneath downtown Los Angeles). Since DGHTRCOM had been a loving father, it was normal that she loved her father very much – and consequently cared deeply about me because I was the one who had not only saved Daughterland but also her father – if it weren’t for me her father would have been reduced to our Great Boss’ personal remotely controlled robot. (And of course, growing up under a patriotic and nationalist father, she loved her country very much too.) This was why she was deeply moved this afternoon by my cry to “DGHTR” about saving me and by my reference to my saving her father from becoming Boss Cheney’s robot. A person who had done her family and her country so much good – she just couldn’t watch anymore how this Mexican xxxxxxxx family treated this guy like a radioactive piece of trash. Since, given my deteriorating state, it was really asking too much of any woman to be my girlfriend, Ekaterina thus volunteered: “I’ll be his girlfriend to save him! How sad that no one wants him after he has saved my family, my country, and the world!” As soon as

83 Note that in *First Person* with Nataliya Gevorkyan, Natalya Timakova, and Andrei Kolesnikov (trans. Catherine Fitzpatrick), DGHTRCOM’s daughters are named “Masha” and “Katya”. Katya’s – Ekaterina’s – favorite movie is “Matrix”!

she had volunteered, some time after 4 PM, the Invisible Hand set about creating an intercept to mark her possible appearance as part of the “script”. He instructed the computer system, and the mind-reading computer discovered that Angel was helping her friend save her house. The computers thus remotely controlled Angel to come sit at a table near me to do paperwork. Now that the judge computer had registered the next episode of the “show” as “someone else cutting in to save me”, presumably, if I hadn’t missed all this, Ekaterina, instead of the Pyramid, would show up somehow in the streets of Los Angeles to take me to discover that “Atlantis”! (As a Macrospherian, she of course did not exist from my perspective but would have to come under the CIA’s command as “fake Ekaterina” in order to interact with me.) But since I had no idea what was going on and simply assumed the message was some sort of test by which DGHTR could measure my “loyalty to the Pyramid”, I just ignored it. Without changes in my belief system, the game had to continue – and the Pyramid’s father would continue his argument with the Invisible Hand.<sup>84</sup>

My next recording is: “[psychbbatmsphrtlkbus20repeat\\_3\\_30-31\\_10\\_1001PM-210AM.WMA](#)”. At one point the Psychobabble’s cashier “talked to the atmosphere”, saying to me that I always left my stuff behind for him to pick up when I was leaving. “I am actually not aware that I have ever done that,” I replied. Of course I hadn’t done it. The cashier was merely instructed to say this in order to produce some new evidence to replace similar evidences in the past, but, after what had happened today, I was hardly in the mood of helping the Daughterlanders. From 1:04:30 onward or so you can hear the radio at Psychobabble broadcasting an old song by Cars: “You can’t go on, thinking, nothing is wrong...” Typical of the SVR’s manner of indirect communication with their spies, the Daughter People commanded the Invisible Hand to use pop music to pass a secret message to me. They warned me that I could not keep cutting myself like this – this was producing too much problems between them and the Pyramid’s family. I left Psychobabble by 2:05:00, murmuring: “They must be really surprised by how fragile we are...” (2:06:30). The Invisible Hand would hear this testimony and signal to me his agreement the next day. I waited for the Metro train, but none was running anymore, and so I got on the bus to go to Westwood (3:57:00).

My last recording of this long day is: “[angiewillbebackbus20\\_3\\_31\\_10\\_216-237AM.WMA](#)”. I got off the bus on 11:00 in Westwood Village, murmuring: “An addict’s happiness (when he gets his fix) is still happiness... The addiction is in the very structure of the brain, even medication can only suppress the symptoms” (13:30). I was begging DGHTR to just let me be the way I was. “What’s the big deal, we have done so much good to so many people” (15:00). “The Pyramid will take us back! Don’t abandon us, please don’t abandon us...” (19:00). I then found my corner on the street and lay out my blanket to get ready to sleep.

84 Again, we have retained here the interpretation from the original version with only slight modifications. Given our earlier suggestion, we shall thus here suggest this. After I had cut myself so deeply and the Monkey had started his argument with the Invisible Hand again, DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People cut in having decided to save me. They struck a deal with the Monkey: tricks shall be employed to throw me out of the Law Library while Ekaterina shall come in to lure me away (since no other woman was willing to take me up at this point). The Invisible Hand thus created the intercept with Angel, the Pyramid’s boyfriend, Pinky, and Diego then staged the show to warn me and throw me out, and Ekaterina then sent me this message on my Skype (via the Invisible Hand).



### March 31 (Wednesday)

Non sa come Amor sana, e come anside  
Chi non sa come dolce ella sospira,  
E come dolce parla, e dolce ride.

He does not know how Love yields and denies  
He only knows who knows how sweetly she  
Can talk and laugh, the sweetness of her sighs.<sup>85</sup>

My first recording of the new day is: “[wstwdassctnlettoangie\\_3\\_31\\_10\\_639-11AM.WMA](#)”. After I woke up around 6 AM or so, I went inside Starbucks and began preparing my second letter to the Pyramid. I wanted to address the problem of how everyone had ganged up on me yesterday. I thus took care to mention again how her boyfriend had threatened to beat me up. To substantiate my claim, I mentioned that I had recorded the incident. I wanted the Pyramid to know that reality was the reverse of what her boyfriend had claimed, just in case she didn’t know. I then rode the bus to downtown Los Angeles.

My next recording is: “[knkostolawlibangielunch\\_3\\_31\\_10\\_11AM-1207PM.WMA](#)”. While I was walking the street in downtown, I asked: is DGHTR giving me a chance to dump the Pyramid’s boyfriend? Dump him then... (2:00). “We have saved Daughterland, and he didn’t do shit. Dump the mother fucker” (4:30). I walked into Kinkos, bought some envelopes, and made a copy of the new letter I had prepared. I seemed to have seen a Mommy while on my way to the Law Library (34:30).

My next recording is: “[angiegavecemptlunchsupl88poem\\_3\\_31\\_10\\_1224-417PM.WMA](#)”. I again hid myself in the side chamber of the Law Library where no one could see me, waiting for the Pyramid to show up for work. When the Pyramid Crack Cocaine did show up, I came up to her to give her the second letter, and asked her if she had read my first letter to her (22:00 or so). If she hadn’t, then she should forget about that letter and just read the second one, I asked her. But she already read the first letter. And then, when I requested a computer station, the Pyramid seemed to be making a gesture of saving me with herself by installing me on computer station #11 which, remember, was occupied by her boyfriend just yesterday (by 23:00). (Supposedly, this was an intercept indicating that I should from now on replace her boyfriend.)<sup>86</sup> She then asked me if I’d heard the loud bang outside from yesterday. This part was most mysterious, and her tone was upbeat, in contradistinction to her angry face the day before when I cried out for her.

It would seem to be the case that, after a whole night of argument with the Monkey, the Daughter People, seeing that I didn’t pick a “Daughter Pyramid” (didn’t even understand what it was about), had

85 Petrarch, cited in Durant, *Story of Civilization, V, The Renaissance*, p. 7. Translation by J. Auslander.

86 Again, we have retained the interpretation from the original version. Today we wonder whether, by placing me at #11, the Pyramid was in fact creating an intercept showing that, yesterday, it was me who was accusing her boyfriend rather than the other way round. (Namely, whether she was in fact fucking with me.)

decided that they were going to save me just as I had begged my imaginary DGHTR to do. They thus consulted with the Pyramid, and asked her to be my savior. Thus the intercept of “computer station #11”. But how could they have persuaded the Pyramid to sacrifice herself for me? Perhaps they had simply asked the Pyramid to feign wanting to save me in order to buy some time – fearing that I might seriously hurt myself and thus jeopardize the entire second run of the International Court trial.<sup>87</sup>

I sat down at computer station #11 and continued reading *The Spy Handler*. I then went out of the library for lunch and called Brian on a payphone to change my appointment time with him to Thursday 9 AM. I was upbeat because I believed that I would be saved. While walking back to the Law Library, I murmured: “Sometimes it might be risky not to take risks, because not taking risks might piss off the Daughter People” (2:06:00). While in the Law Library, I murmured significantly that when I tried to prevent the glass (like the Pyramid) from breaking by holding it against my chest, there was the danger that I might be pressing it so strongly that it would break anyway (2:40:30). Then, around 3 PM or so, I was finally able to find the *Final Exit Digital Edition* in my old Gateway hard drive, and obtain the addresses of the two places from which I may purchase “The Exit Bag”. Even though I believed I might be saved, I continued to plan my back door exit. At some point, I murmured: “It’s like a religious experience: the Pyramid has just appeared by the windows, with her long hair tied behind her head like a magic brush, it’s just too good to be true to be saved... She’ll save me, she’ll come next to me to be with me...” (3:00:00). This gives you a sense of the extent of my sickness. And more: “I either get the Pyramid or die, both are ‘being saved’ – the point is that there will be no more pain. As long as it’s not the present state of chronic pain...” (3:28:00). Then Renee came to talk to me (3:29:00). I told her happily that I was at “number 11”. She didn’t know what I was talking about, and just said to me, “You look pretty frail... You need to eat.” I suspected that it was DGHTR who had remotely controlled Renee to come say this to my face, in order for the testimony “I was frail” to be intercepted as evidence demonstrating that I was just as I had thought of myself, a fragile being, and that I would therefore not be a danger to the Pyramid, allowing the “script” to continue despite the Pyramid’s father’s objection. (Was the Invisible Hand really doing this?) When the library was closing and I was ready to wave goodbye to the Pyramid, some strange thing occurred (3:38:00). The Pyramid happened to be walking toward the circulation desk at the time, but she looked as if she were weeping. When I said “Bye” to her, she produced a smile. I wondered if she was just “acting” per DGHTR’s instruction, in accordance with the episode newly inserted into the existing “script” that she was going to “sacrifice” herself to save me. In fact, I have never been sure whether, because major disagreement had now erupted between the Daughter People and the Pyramid’s father, the former had merely thought that, while they continued the discussion with the Pyramid’s father for a solution, they should implement plans to first calm me down by duping me into believing that the Pyramid had decided to save me. Since the Pyramid had become an extraordinarily good actress through training by the greatest theater troupe in the world (the SVR and the CIA put together), she was able to carry out with perfect precision the instruction for her to look happy and upbeat in one moment and then to look sad in the next. While walking toward the bus stop, I murmured to myself: “You will be saved, DGHTRCOM will save you, the only one who doesn’t want you to be saved is dumped today...” (3:47:30).

87 We have slightly modified here the interpretation from the original version. Again, the last conclusion was indeed quite plausible.

My next recording is: “[towstwdisoangistrong\\_3\\_31\\_10\\_426-926PM.WMA](#)”. I then rode the bus to Westwood. It was at ISO in Westwood that I began to have second thoughts: “I got duped, they are going to wrench me away from the Pyramid in a surprise move...” “I don’t know what they are telling the Pyramid about me, and that’s the problem... No matter what happens, she will be in your life... It will not make sense if, after we have gone through all this together, she’d just disappear...” (3:00:00). And yet this was precisely what was going to happen. I spent my whole night in ISO and then in Starbucks writing my “Secret History” and surfing the Internet, wondering whether the news I was reading were real.

### April 1 (Thursday)

Today I had an appointment with Brian on 9 AM and with Mona on 12 PM. After I woke up from my corner in Westwood, I thus rode the bus to Santa Monica to meet with Brian at OPCC: “[opcc\\_4\\_1\\_10\\_853-942AM.WMA](#)”. Young Apartment had not replied yet, and Brian suggested that I get on the waiting list for another apartment complex, Rosalyn, in downtown (27:00). We then scheduled our next appointment for Monday, April 5.

My next recording is: “[ufoetcwmona\\_4\\_1\\_10\\_11AM-1255PM.WMA](#)”. I came back to Westwood to catch my appointment with Mona. While I was sitting on the toilet inside the building of the Chicago School, I talked about the problem of extraterrestrial beings in order for “DGHTR” to hear it (13:30). My conclusion was negative: “There cannot be UFOs because it is too much a coincidence that the aliens should show up just when people have become capable of imagining them” (17:00). “Some people might retort that UFOs have shown up in the past, and that past human beings have mis-conceived them as the gods of their mythology. But I have already explained primitive religions – how human beings have by necessity imagined their cosmos to be full of gods due to their immature understanding of the thermodynamic structure of the universe. In fact, Carl Jung has written a book, *Ein moderner Mythos: Von Dingen, die auf Himmel gesehen werden*, just to explain how human beings of modern time have felt compelled to weave out the myth of outer space aliens” (20:30). Jung has explained UFOs as the modern projection of an Archetype he has called the “Self” which in ancient times has shown up as the various forms of God or the Divine<sup>88</sup>; with this I do not agree. But I do think

88 See the review of the book in *Spiegel*, March 19 1958: “Himmlische Zeichen”: <http://www.spiegel.de/spiegel/print/d-41760984.html>. Carl Gustav Jung “studierte mittelalterliche Zeichnungen von seltsamen Himmelserscheinungen und Gemälde abstrakter Maler, auf denen Ufoähnliche Gebilde zu sehen waren. Bei diesen Studien kam er zu dem Ergebnis, ‘daß in meinen Beispielen übereinstimmend ein als zentral bekannter Archetypus, den ich als das Selbst bezeichnet habe, sich manifestiert.’ Unter diesem Archetypus des Selbst versteht Jung das Ganzheitssymbol einer Vereinigung des Menschen mit Gott. Er schreibt: ‘Im Westen lebend müßte ich statt ‘Selbst’ Christus sagen, im Nahen Osten etwa Chadir, im Fernen Osten etwa Atman oder Tao oder Buddha und... in der Kabbalistik Tifereth.’ Die Ufo-Zeichen, die Träumer und Maler in ihren Bildern produzieren, werden nach Jungs Ansicht als vom Himmel gesandte Zeichen empfunden, die runden Scheiben als Gottesaugen gesehen. Er glaubt deshalb, daß viele der Ufo-Sichtungen eng verwandt sind mit religiösen Kollektivvisionen ‘zum Beispiel der Kreuzfahrer bei der Belagerung von Jerusalem... der gläubigen Volksmenge von Fatima ... etc.’... Die Ursache für das Auftreten solcher Visionen sieht Jung in der dem Psychologen geläufigen Erscheinung der ‘Projektion’. In diesem Vorgang werden unbewußte Wünsche, Sehnsüchte und Vorstellungen in ein Objekt ‘hinausverlegt’, was sich in einem konkreten Fall beispielsweise darin äußern kann, daß

there is something in the conception that it is the modern people who have mis-conceptualized their mythical beings as extraterrestrials rather than the other way round (it is not the case that the ancients have mis-conceptualized their extraterrestrials as their mythical beings). I stepped outside by 24:00. Strangely, there seemed to be signals from the control center pushing me along the path of speculating on UFOs. Stunned, I murmured: “But there cannot possibly be UFOs” (32:00). I didn’t know that the Invisible Hand had wanted me to speculate on UFOs because Boss Cheney had wanted to fake a UFO landing at the end of time. (I will explain this later.) If I could figure out the scenario, then this most bizarre part of the “Cheney Plan” could be made part of my “conspiracy” (38:00).

I returned to the Chicago School and Mona appeared on 1:05:00 in the recording. As we sat down, Mona immediately asked me about the scratches which she saw on my left arm. These were the same insignificant cut wounds from years ago which both she and the Pyramid had already asked me about. Mona, like the Pyramid, was obviously trying to elicit from me an admission about my major cut two days ago (1:09:00). Mona of course had no way of knowing this, but someone in the control center was controlling her to ask me this.<sup>89</sup> Is it the Invisible Hand? I just replied that some homeless man had scratched me while attacking me. Mona pleaded that I should let her know if I would be a danger to myself. “Do you think you can trust me enough to let me know?” she asked (1:09:30). She added: “All I want is for you to be safe... I don’t want to hear that someone has hurt you or that you are in danger of any kind...” It was even possible that it was the Monkey who was talking through Mona at this time. The Monkey, even though he wished I would just disappear, had to pretend to be nice to me because DGHTRCOM was quite worried about me. The Monkey had to take into account the fact that DGHTRCOM thought me important because I had saved his country, even though he couldn’t understand what was so important about that. At the same time, I suspect that the Monkey, and perhaps all the Daughter People too, were looking for chances to throw me into the hospital as a way to separate me from the Pyramid. I then began talking about what was making me miserable: how the Pyramid had withdrawn, how I didn’t know if she was pretending. I moaned: “I got very sad... It’s not right that I can only see you but not her... It’s not right that I cannot have communications with her... That’s why I didn’t bother to come see you in the past weeks...” Then on 1:13:45 I said to Mona, “I feel like you are a replacement for her, and I don’t want that... I want you to be an addition to her...” I was referring to my impression that DGHTR was increasing Mona’s “pyramidic attractiveness” while decreasing the Pyramid’s attraction by appending fake fat on her stomach and so on. Mona continued to be well dressed and had applied more makeup to her face. I groaned that I was “pissed off” in that I never seemed to get what I really wanted but only what I didn’t care about. I then mentioned how I regretted the fact that the “Higher Power” (namely, DGHTR) only allowed me to talk face to face to her but not to the Pyramid (1:14:50 or so).

After hearing how upset I was, Mona asked, “What do you do when you feel so upset?” (1:15:50) I replied that, because I was so upset, I couldn’t even muster up the energy to find housing (1:17:00). In reality, someone in the control center wanted to get a clarification from me: someone was worried that I might hurt the Pyramid when I was upset. (Mona was controlled to ask me if I would hit the Pyramid

jemand anderen Menschen die Schuld an seinen eigenen Verfehlungen aufzubürden sucht.”

<sup>89</sup> Or: had instructed her...

when I was upset.) All the Daughterlanders had to be concerned with this now that the Monkey had made a huge deal out of my cutting myself yesterday. Mona then asked me how I communicated with the Higher Power. I described how the leaves may fall to confirm my words or my thoughts, how drivers may honk their horns to confirm my words or my thoughts. But I made it plain that I was very discontent with this kind of indirect, subtle communication – with the fact that “they” can’t just talk to me in a straightforward fashion. I then named two possibilities as to what would happen to me in regard to my obsession with the Pyramid: Either I’ll not see her again; or, if I patiently wait it out, she will be mine. Mona suddenly asked me, Have you ever liked someone else? She continued: “You like or love this girl, right? But I hate to see you in such pain...” Now it was certainly the Invisible Hand or DGHTRCOM who was controlling Mona to persuade me to transfer my feelings onto someone else.<sup>90</sup> Most likely DGHTRCOM, who, because of the Monkey’s outburst, had had to put aside his geopolitical affairs this morning to attend to the current conflict. But I couldn’t be persuaded. I told Mona that the “Higher Power” could easily give me someone else, but that I didn’t want to let the Pyramid go because, without me, the “Higher Power” might degrade her (1:22:45). That was my original worry, but I had to communicate to Mona my fear that the situation might have changed, that, while I was originally protecting the Pyramid from the Higher Power, it now seemed to be the Higher Power who was protecting her from me by withdrawing her, although we were not talking about physical harm here. Mona then asked me significantly: “Have you ever cut yourself?” (1:23:30) Once again, all the shadowy figures in the control center were trying to lure me to admit my major act of self-injury two days ago. I denied that I had done it lately. Mona then said that she knew that people often cut themselves when they were in pain. I thus explained how by cutting myself I was able to release feelings of shame and other negative feelings (1:25:30): “Thus the Higher Power allows this.” Mona then asked me where I used to cut myself (1:26:00). She asked me to show her my arms. I lied to her that the recent wounds on my arms were the results of attacks by other homeless people. Mona then asked me why I changed my mind and called her again (1:29:00). I replied that it was because I was so alone, in so much pain. Mona then asked me if I thought about killing myself or others when I was in so much pain (1:30:30). Once again, everyone in the control center was testing me in order to answer the Monkey’s concern that I was dangerous. Not knowing this, I told Mona that I felt good that she was worried about me (1:31:30).

I next told Mona about my worry that the Higher Power might make me repeat another episode of abandonment in order to cure my Borderline obsession (1:33:50). I objected to Mona – I was saying it for DGHTR to hear, of course – saying that he was not going to succeed, for I’d just feel bad. “Even if the Higher Power succeeds, I’d feel very bad too. I know that, in the past, whenever I got out of my obsession, I would wonder: ‘What value did I see in her?’ And yet I don’t ever want to see the Pyramid as just an ordinary being of no particular value – and so I don’t want to get out of my obsession with her” (1:35:30). “If the Pyramid suddenly throws me out, I would either feel so bad and be unable to live with it, or be able to live with it, but both are bad outcomes for me” (1:36:30). I then talked about some of my past episodes of obsession, such as with Azin back in 1992, and then with Marie (1:40:30). I described how Marie never shut me off, how the whole thing therefore just faded away. I was

90 Again, we have retained the interpretation from the original version (that Mona was under remote control). Today we have to take into account the possibility that Mona was merely *instructed* to ask me these questions and to persuade me.

suggesting to DGHTR that Marie's method was superior so that he wouldn't just suddenly wrench me away from the Pyramid thinking that this was good for me. I continually insisted: "I don't want to get out of this mood" (1:45:00). And I insisted that the Higher Power had the power to make me like anyone and dislike anyone – and I expressed my fear that he might therefore make me not like the Pyramid any longer. How much I feared this possibility! In the end Mona advised me that I should respect the Pyramid's space and not talk to her if she didn't want to talk to me (1:48:00). This was the common message from the Invisible Hand and DGHTRCOM: they were warning me not to bother the Pyramid anymore.

After my session with Mona, I rode the bus to go to downtown, ready to see the Pyramid at the Law Library. On the bus I suddenly inferred that, when our Great Boss decided to sue Daughterland anew as a way to chip DGHTRCOM and his top officials, he must have convened a conference, attended by all the important members of his club (those radical elements of the Bilderberg group, the neocons, maybe Sarkozy, and new comers like the rightwing Polish president), where it may be decided as to how many human beings should be exterminated in the nuclear holocaust which he planned to orchestrate, and from which country, and how Daughterland should be exterminated from the face of the earth.

My next recording is: "[lawlibwrtneoonplan\\_4\\_1\\_10\\_318-546PM.WMA](#)". I came to the Law Library and quickly grabbed a seat to write down this scenario in one of my chapters on "Karin's Meetups". I compared this neocon conference to the "Wannsee Conference". On 1:13:00, as I was laboring on the paragraph, the Vietnamese Lady came to drop off some food for me. The sudden nicety which she showed me betrayed the fact that someone in the control center – obviously the Invisible Hand under the Daughter People's command – was quite pleased with me, which supposedly meant that my scenario was approximately correct. Then, on 2:26:00, I came to the circulation desk to ask Diego where the Pyramid was. Diego told me that the Pyramid was sick today and not working. Disappointed, I said something to Pinky. Pinky commented that she would also give me food! This is in my next recording: "[angienotherepnkgavefd\\_4\\_1\\_10\\_546-608PM.WMA](#)".

Now the fact that the Pyramid was not working today should not pass by your attention lightly. Something very important was happening behind the scene which would negatively determine the course of the rest of my life. Of course the Pyramid was not really sick. The Pyramid's father the White Mexican Monkey had seen in his current argument with the Invisible Hand an opportunity to hijack PLANMEX altogether. Perhaps he could at last consummate his love for all these fancy machines. The first step in his plan was to get the Pyramid to watch the surveillance video of my self-mutilation from two days ago. The Invisible Hand would think it absolutely inappropriate. How can you let a little girl with no knowledge of technology and no experience with world politics go near the super high technology which governed the entire world? How can you let a little girl read the thoughts of the little guy with whom she was supposed to be paired up? But now the Pyramid's entire family were worried about the Pyramid's safety vis-à-vis me. It was strange, don't you think, that, after I had been so paranoid about the Pyramid's safety a month ago, everyone in this Mexican family now thought that I might constitute a danger to her? After all the argument yesterday and this morning, the Monkey had won his argument when he made the point that, since the Invisible Hand had failed in his prediction on

March 30, he must answer to the Monkey’s family if ever something should happen between me and the Pyramid. The Invisible Hand, an intelligence officer, was not important enough to be responsible for the very safety of the “Queen of Mexico”. The Monkey thus summoned the Pyramid to the “Cave” – this is like inviting an underage girl to tour the ICBM control center – and ordered her to watch the surveillance video of my self-mutilation from two days ago. This is why the Pyramid was absent from the Law Library this morning. Watching me cutting myself, she must have been visibly shaken, lacking experience in matters of psychology as she was. Afterwards, she would be so turned off and frightened by the twisted and feminine nature (“ying”) of such a pathetic figure in the act of hurting himself that she was finally convinced by her father that the Invisible Hand was a man of no wisdom at all – despite the enormous genius he had demonstrated in human psychology and all other academic matters – and had made a terrible mistake in choosing me as the partner for the “Queen of Mexico”.

The expert’s knowledge no longer mattered that people who self-injure do not usually pose threats to others – that they hurt themselves precisely because they are afraid to take their anger out on the actual object. The Pyramid’s father the White Mexican Monkey must have combined his argument this day with his earlier argument that my frequent temper tantrum with objects may also indicate violent tendencies, and the Invisible Hand was completely silent before the Pyramid this time because of his failed prediction. The Monkey then made his next move, suggesting to the Pyramid that he should be the one overseeing the mind-reading computer with which my thoughts had been interfaced so that he could see for himself whether I was dangerous or not – for the Invisible Hand had lost all credibility and could not be trusted. After being scared to death by all the blood on the computer screen, the Pyramid had become so suggestible that she agreed, her old feeling toward her father as her domineering protector gradually coming back to displace her new-found feeling toward the Invisible Hand as the professor who had at last discovered her ideals and her talents. Since she was the one who was to become the “Queen of Mexico” and DGHTRCOM’s ally, her feeling, and her comfort with the rest of PLANMEX, were of paramount importance and overrode the opinions of the Invisible Hand and the other Daughter People. It was the Pyramid’s decision process and request which had taken up the whole afternoon today – and explained why she couldn’t come to work for the rest of the day. When DGHTRCOM was informed about the Pyramid’s new request, he granted it too, for he dared not hurt the feelings of his future ally. But DGHTRCOM, the Daughter People, and the Invisible Hand had all sensed that something was up with the Monkey.<sup>91</sup>

Not knowing any of this, I left the library to pass my night in Long Beach. My next recording is: “[tolbnomeetupportfangiedrriada\\_4\\_1\\_10\\_608-1116PM.WMA](#)”. I wanted to check out the Spanish Language Meetup which was taking place tonight at the Latin American Museum in Long Beach. After looking inside the Latin American Museum, however, I realized I could not possibly drag my luggage inside and look normal. I gave up the idea and began walking toward Portfolio. While walking, I reflected on the affair surrounding Jessica Lynch: how the Department of Defense made up this story of her heroic resistance against the Iraqi army when in reality her rifle jammed and she knelt down to pray

91 We have mostly retained the interpretation from the original version with merely a change of personages. Today we would like to suggest that the Pyramid was in fact requesting that her father should replace the Invisible Hand as the “manager” of PLANMEX.

as Iraqi soldiers approached, and how she made a public statement disowning the “official story” and told the truth. “She has the courage to admit her cowardice, and so she has impressed by not trying to impress,” I said (1:50:30) – and a driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk. It was well said, and the Invisible Hand couldn’t help but signal to me: after two days of argument where he had lost so much face, he needed this kind of wisdom to come from me to redeem himself at least a little bit – and to show the Pyramid that I wasn’t such a bad choice.

I arrived at Portfolio by 2:12:00. When I sat down on the sofa, I opened up this very diary and repeated *le Formule* from February 12 under today’s entry, out of fear for my overabundant accidental symbolism in recent days: “Angelina Le Beau Visage neither dies nor lives...” (非死非活...) A signal then occurred – somebody was controlled to move. While the Invisible Hand was arguing with the White Mexican Monkey about whether I posed a danger to the Pyramid, he wanted this to remind the Monkey’s family that I had once tried to save their daughter’s life! I then murmured to the control center: “The Pyramid, show up tomorrow, with or without your real or fake fat” – for the Pyramid had never stopped wearing fake fat on her stomach (2:27:00). I was just hoping that she would not pretend to be sick any more so that I could get my “fix”. Sometime later, I murmured again: “Angie, how could you have done wrong and I done right when you are so much superior to me?” (2:38:30) Again, how deluded I was about the Pyramid’s goodness and superiority! My laptop froze at some point, and I couldn’t even take a screenshot of the malfunctioning (2:44:45). While using ImgBurn to burn a new disc, I found on Google Books Carl Jung’s *Ein moderner Mythos* (2:48:50). I read a little from it, and guess what, “opposite thoughts” popped into my head (2:53:50). The Monkey would be watching the Invisible Hand interpreting this as “thoughts which I did not mean” and would decide to make something out of this to fit his plan. I then did a search on Jacques Derrida and began reading a short introduction to his thoughts. I wanted to impress the Pyramid, but soon found that I had no idea what Derrida’s ideas were about (3:03:00). The convoluted verbal garbage which constituted Derrida’s phenomenology was in some way very much like my Borderline psychology. “Angie, do you understand this stuff? I don’t quite get it...” I murmured on 3:22:30. Can you believe this? Ever since I (rightly) thought that the Pyramid could be inside the control center watching me, I would talk to her by talking to the atmosphere as if she were some kind of deity. A stupid and neurotic girl as a god! How dangerous was the technology of the control center in that it could turn the least qualified person into a god! I then read a short section on Derrida’s life on a French website (3:30:00). There seemed to be many grammatical mistakes (3:33:00) – which made me suspect that this article was fake (3:35:00). While the disc was burning, I noted a missing component in Heidegger’s *Being and Time*: while a chair is a chair because I want to be somebody, and this because there is time, what if I just want to be *with* someone? (3:50:00) Then I reflected: “The philosophers look down on the scientists because the scientists just explain, whereas the philosopher explains why we can explain anything at all.” The Pyramid would not be impressed by this kind of philosophical reflection because it would just fly over her head. I then began learning Spanish using the website “<http://learn-spanish-online.de/>” (from 4:20:00 onward). I got frustrated again when my Eee PC froze on 4:57:30.

My next recording is: “[chrisbarangieventurenotfar\\_4\\_1\\_10\\_1116PM-147AM.WMA](#)”. I had by now left Portfolio and was walking along 4<sup>th</sup> Street going toward downtown Long Beach. On 17:00 a white guy



came up from behind me and began chatting with me. He was presumably remotely controlled by the Invisible Hand. He wanted to invite me for a beer, and so we went inside the bar “The Ferns” somewhere on 4<sup>th</sup> Street. When we sat down, I told him about my business with the Pyramid, how I needed her like a drug addict needed his crack cocaine, and I denounced this as not worthy of the designation “love”. But he retorted that this was precisely what love was. I then told him that this Pyramid disliked me, whereupon he introduced himself as “Chris from Oregon”. He taught me: kick open the door and tell her “Let’s elope”. “She will call the police,” I replied. But Chris said: “Well, likely, but if she doesn’t, then she’s the one for you” (until 28:00). Chris then continually encouraged me to talk to the Pyramid. I told him about my idea: going out with a group of people and inviting her in, so that, with other people serving as cushions, she might not be too uncomfortable with me (35:00). I invited Chris, and he agreed to participate. I parted with him and exited the bar by 41:00. Although I got his phone number, I would never hear from him again. Presumably, the Invisible Hand had remotely controlled this guy to advise me as to how to approach the Pyramid – manly, aggressively – in just the way she liked it. She would either accept me, or kick me out once and for all: both would resolve the issues. What everyone in the control center did not want was for me to linger around indefinitely in the library, preventing the “script” from unfolding.<sup>92</sup> Talking to Chris had caused me to miss the train, and so I rode the bus to return to downtown Los Angeles.

## **April 2 (Friday)**

So this is what had happened in the control center. After much discussion, the decision was reached that, while the Monkey would oversee the mind-reading computer with which my thoughts were interfaced, the Invisible Hand would be allowed to stay in another corner of the control center to maintain control over the rest of the computers which controlled some other portions of the population around me. The Monkey was not really worried about the danger I might pose to the Pyramid. He had developed a secret plan: to hijack the Invisible Hand’s seat in this PLANMEX. The Monkey had thus developed his tactics: first to demonstrate to the Pyramid that he was wiser than the Invisible Hand so as to regain her admiration which he had lost to the latter, and then to misrepresent my thoughts to her so as to discredit the Invisible Hand and persuade her to go along with *his own choice of someone else*.

The Monkey had been for some time contemplating on someone else as the Pyramid’s partner in PLANMEX – someone more pleasing in his eyes, befitting better the “reputation” of his royal lineage, and more loyal to him than to the Invisible Hand or any other Daughterlanders. Someone who was not genetically defective, unlike me, he thought. Someone, more importantly, who was Hispanic and not a “Chincker”.

Misrepresenting my thoughts to the Pyramid would be the act on the Monkey’s part which would turn out to be fatal to Daughterland and to myself. It would destroy my entire life and negatively affect the lives of millions of other people around the world. Always sitting by the Invisible Hand’s side, the

92 Such is the conclusion from the original version. Today, however, we wonder whether it was just the Monkey who had sent in Chris: he wanted me to approach the Pyramid aggressively so that the Pyramid could call in the police to arrest me! (Because the Monkey so detested me that he wanted me to rot in jail instead.)

Monkey had been studying the mind-reading computer for a while now. As he watched how it functioned – how the computer received information about the patterns of my brain functioning from the nanochips inside my head and how a software on the computer referred to as the “setting” matched the patterns with the corresponding patterns in the “mind-reading dictionary” – he had developed an idea. Every time when the computer displayed “opposite thoughts” on my part – such as when thoughts of violence and insult to others popped into my head precisely because I didn’t want to think bad thoughts when I knew someone could be reading them – the Invisible Hand would argue that I didn’t really mean it but was merely nervous. The Monkey now realized a way to “win the argument”. He was just like Mr former Secretary and his neocon gang: if evidences did not support his arguments, he would just change the evidences. The White Mexican Monkey had decided to secretly reconfigure the software on the mind-reading computer so that it would no longer correctly match the functional patterns of my brain with the corresponding patterns in the mind-reading dictionary, causing the computer to produce incorrect intercepts of my thoughts – thoughts which I actually didn’t have – demonstrating that I was dangerous. He was going to destroy the computer’s ability to decode human brain functioning, in other words, causing the chain of the signifieds to slide over the chain of the signifiers, to speak from examples in structural linguistics. In this way he could make the mind-reading computer show me wanting to rape and kill the Pyramid when, in reality, my head was filled with feelings of love and need for her. He would then bring the Pyramid to the mind-reading computer to convince her that she had been duped by the Invisible Hand.

The Monkey’s plan went further than discrediting the Invisible Hand to the Pyramid. He had for some time been finding that I did somewhat fit Mr former Secretary’s false profile of me as “David Chin”. Remember how David Chin was schizophrenic, stupid, uneducated, and unintellectual, confused, violent toward women, antisocial, alcoholic, drug-using, a white-supremacist and a pedophile, carrying a bunch of forged materials and enjoying being homeless. Now, I talked to myself all the time, as if I suffered from schizophrenia (in addition to autism); I wasn’t so enthusiastic in looking for apartments, as if I enjoyed being homeless, etc. Since the Monkey was not educated, he could not see that I was intellectual and didn’t resemble in any way the mentally deficient David Chin whom Mr former Secretary had invented. Using the forged intercepts of my thoughts, the Monkey thought he could compose a new profile of me to replace the one which the Invisible Hand, under the Daughter People’s direction, had been working on – the intellectual nerd with an inferiority complex. He would compose a new profile of me that would actually conform to Mr former Secretary’s reconstruction of me as “David Chin” while adding a few other disgusting characteristics which he himself had invented for me. Because my habit of talking to myself and recording myself had convinced him that I suffered from both schizophrenia and autism, he, with his mythical understanding of human nature, thought that I was genetically defective. He objected to PLANMEX not only because he did not want a homeless Chincker to climb on top of a royal Mexican girl, but also because he didn’t want my defective genes to intermix with the superior genetical constitution of a royal Mexican lineage. He thus added “autism” and “genetic defect” to the ensemble of David Chin’s characteristics which he had now revived. He would then invent the rest of my characteristics for the purpose of offending both his daughter and DGHTRCOM, so that the one would hate the Invisible Hand more and the other would lose interest in me. The desires to rape and kill the Pyramid could already scare her off; as if that weren’t enough, the

Monkey wanted to accentuate the uneducation and stupidity of David Chin because the Pyramid was “literate” and “intellectual” (by ordinary standard, again) and wanted someone in the same boat. The Monkey thus set out to describe me as “illiterate” and “retarded” as well, so that the Pyramid, as if she weren’t disappointed enough with my lack of knowledge about literature and poetry, could vomit at the recommendation of me to an intellectual like herself. Now David Chin spoke French in addition to a dozen other European languages. This characteristic the Monkey would eliminate from my profile because the Pyramid liked Francophonism as a sign of being culturally cultivated. The Monkey would then add racism toward blacks and Hispanics onto my profile, because the Pyramid not only treasured her Hispanic lineage but was also impressed by black liberation ideology.<sup>93</sup> Finally, the Monkey would add “hatred of Daughterland” onto my profile in order to make me appear offensive to DGHTRCOM. After the Pyramid had changed her mind, the Monkey would try to convince DGHTRCOM with the forged profile to dismiss not only me but also the Invisible Hand and to offer himself as the hero who had saved DGHTRCOM. He was planning to convince DGHTRCOM that Mr former Secretary didn’t actually lie so much about me! This you will see later.

It’s not clear to me how the Monkey thought he could reconfigure the “setting” without being detected. Had there not been surveillance cameras inside the control center? But he thought he had secretly reconfigured the software without anyone noticing it; and yet the Daughterlanders as well as the Invisible Hand had noticed it. The Daughter People belonged to the most sophisticated intelligence service in the world; how could the Monkey’s intention to usurp PLANMEX escape their view? They knew that the Monkey was not worried about the Pyramid’s safety but was planning something of his own. But the Daughterlanders could not stop him right away – because of the law “letting the suspect finish his mission until the last moment”. The Monkey was a Microspherian, legally my conspirator in a conspiracy to harm Macrospherian Daughterland. Just as the FBI, when they discover a suspect planning terrorist attacks or wanting to sell classified information to foreign entities, would not bust him right away but would send in agents pretending to be fellow terrorists wanting to help him or foreign spies wanting to make a purchase and would only bust him when he is ready to detonate his bomb or has sold his secrets to the undercover agents, the Macrospherian Daughter People had had to silently watch the Monkey – without his knowing – pursue his plan and could only “intercept” him when he had almost completed his “mission” of usurping PLANMEX by changing his daughter’s mind and convincing DGHTRCOM. This was the law, and the judge computer oversaw the Macrospherian Daughterlanders’ obedience to the law. They would lose the trial if they didn’t obey the law; besides, they still had chips planted inside their body to force them to obey international laws. They did not know that, by obeying the law, they were about to lose the trial anyway. The blunder which DGHTRCOM had made by allowing all Microspherian conspirators to have a “mission” to finish in their conspiracy against the Macrospherian Daughterlanders and under the watch of the latter would soon become apparent. My life, Daughterland’s bright future, the new New World Order (*Tochterwelt*), and the lives of countless people around the world were about to be wiped out in an instant.

In the preceding I have enumerated many of the causes which I have diagnosed for the catastrophic failure of PLANMEX which would almost bring down Daughterland: the Pyramid’s pathological

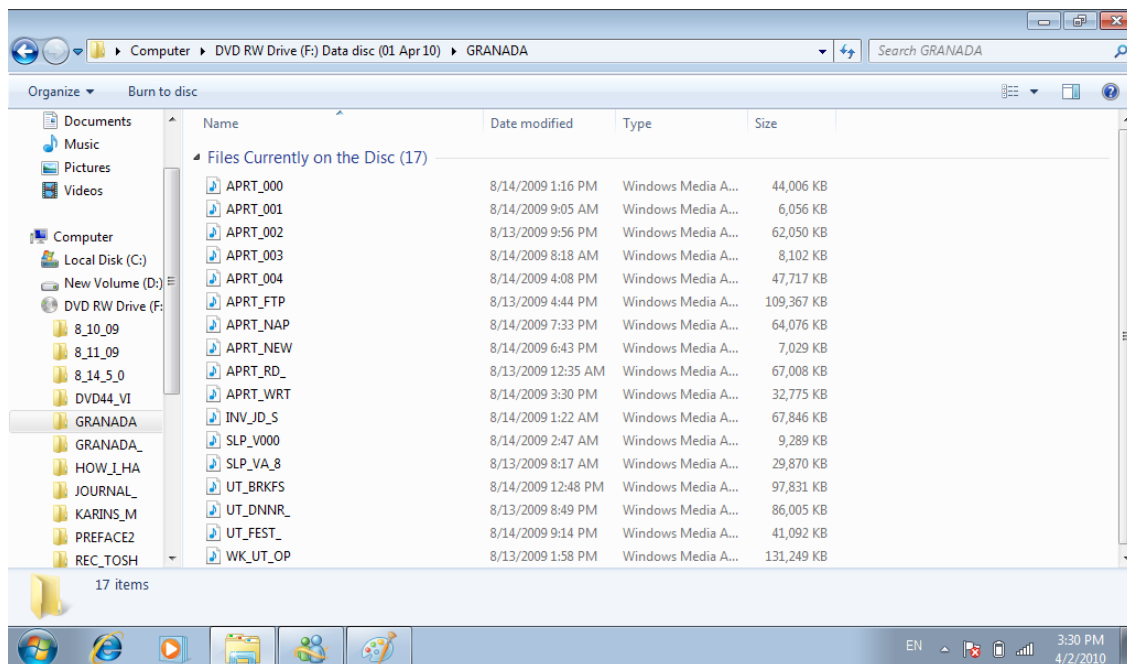
93 Again, this (the liking of black liberation ideology) is a conjecture which we have inherited from the original version.

attachment to her father, DGHTRCOM's weakness toward his allies, the domination of the control center by a small group of tough old men from the SVR and DGHTRCOM himself who were full of *yang* and did not understand anything about *ying*, the miserable qualities of the central character in the "script" (me) with which no one was satisfied, the Pyramid's unawareness that her intellectual achievement was in fact quite weak, etc. The last cause for the disaster I want to diagnose for you is the Monkey's own uneducation and stupidity. He wanted to trash me because, just as I had explained to Mona, my good qualities (my superior intellect) were incomprehensible to stupid and uneducated people, to the Monkey as well as to the Pyramid. It is because the Monkey and the Pyramid and their entire family were stupid and ignorant that they had a magnified sense of their importance which prompted them to develop great appetite and feel injustice when their appetite was not met. The problem was that, even though the Pyramid's family were just ordinary stupid people, because PLANMEX was planned around their relative in Mexico, DGHTRCOM had had to carefully consider their feelings and accommodate their concerns and couldn't just point out to them that they were stupid and should shut up. The Invisible Hand in fact wanted to. But as the Pyramid's family watched over me in the control center, they could only see how "The One" of whom the intelligence agencies around the world had spoken like a great legend had turned out to be ugly, disgusting, and retarded, and the Monkey simply couldn't see how he had missed something. It's like trying to convince a color-blind person that he had missed colors. You might say it's all because the Monkey was too used to the consciousness of his superiority ("he is a relative of a former Mexican president"), but the cause of this consciousness was ultimately his stupidity (his incomprehension of the fact that nobody cared about Mexico). And it is because the Monkey was stupid that he thought he could successfully deceive the most sophisticated intelligence service in the world by playing such a stupid trick. Again, people who are stupid, and yet are unaware that they are stupid precisely because they are stupid, are extremely dangerous, as I have always emphasized, and should be kept away from positions of influence. And yet this condition characterizes most of the human beings on the planet.

My first recordings of the new, awful, day are: "[wksmplcemedlibdghtrsrvvebuydvd\\_4\\_2\\_10\\_348-908AM.WMA](#)" and "[lawlibangierjctnrncrdnglaws\\_4\\_2\\_10\\_1008AM-205PM.WMA](#)". I had merely a few hours of sleep, and spent the early morning hours in the UCLA Biomedical Library. I sat in front of the computer station and burned a new disc from Ubuntu rather than from Windows, and it seemed that the Invisible Hand had caused a webpage to pop up on my computer screen as a way to pass me a secret message regarding the results of his study of me: "binarity". I didn't know that this was almost the Invisible Hand's goodbye message, as he was now leaving me to the Monkey. By 11 AM or so, I had come to the Law Library, unaware of the horrifying fact that the Monkey was now administrating me. To cope with my situation, I had bought a new AT&T Go-Phone, using some of the money which was deposited into my bank account on the beginning of every month. I was however unable to activate my new cellphone. I tried to call the specified number from a payphone in the library, and still wasn't allowed to activate it (3:44:00). The call would simply break down. It was the Pyramid's father who, in his attempt to impress his daughter, had decided to block all my attempts to activate my phone from the control center. The Monkey had been telling his daughter that I was unfit for her because I had this strange attachment to electronics, like my computer, my recorders, and my DVDs, and yet the Invisible Hand, after shutting off my recorder for a whole morning on March 15, did not insist on preventing me

from using electronics. Now that the Monkey was in control of, not just the mind-reading computer, but also all the machines I was using, he was determined to do it the “right way”. Controlling with his thoughts the computer system which could control all the electronics in the world, he shut down my phone line. When the Pyramid finished her work in the library and went inside the control center to see her father, the Monkey would show her all his accomplishments: how he had prevented me from using my electronics. “This Invisible Hand just would not stop tolerating his disgusting habit. This softie! But look at what I did! I just shut off everything he used, without mercy.” The Pyramid, being a masochistic personality who admired tough and muscular domination, actually enjoyed the sight and cheered at her father’s tough methods. The Pyramid’s father’s entrance to the control center would thus add tremendous amount of salt to my already bursting wounds. He had no interest in my wellbeing, and was very enthusiastic about beating me up in order to please his daughter. Thus, it would also not be wrong to say that the source of my subsequent suffering at the hands of the Monkey was just the Pyramid herself, since the reason why her father would continually punch me in the following days was in order to make her admire him as a “tough man”.

My next recording is: “[leavlawlibblulne\\_4\\_2\\_10\\_205-441PM.WMA](#)”. I exited the library and walked to the Rosalyn apartment building (16:00) to sign my name on the waiting list. I then returned to the library. I was finally at the circulation desk face to face with the Pyramid on 47:00 or so. After pretending to ask her if she was okay from yesterday, I inquired if she had read my second letter to her. She did, she said. She then said she was uncomfortable with talking with me because I said in my letter I was recording my conversations (47:45). The Pyramid was in a stern and serious mood, hostile, almost. I was shocked: she had presumably been briefed a long time ago that I recorded every single second of my life. Why was this suddenly a problem? I then asked her about the upgrading of the computers at the library which I saw all around me. This would be something significant later on. For now you should know that the upgrade was orchestrated by the computer system in the control center as an “intercept”, a “secret message” to me, telling me that the Monkey was now administrating me, thereby making the “change of shift” from the Invisible Hand to the Monkey into part of the “script”, part of the “conspiracy” against Macrospherian Daughterland. Nothing was allowed to take place unless it was “part of the script”, part of this “criminal conspiracy” against Russia. Shocked by the Pyramid’s indifferent and cold attitude, unaware of the shock she herself must have gone through yesterday, I walked away (50:00).



### A secret message from the Invisible Hand telling me to find an apartment and sleep well?

When I sat down on my table, I was terribly upset by the Pyramid's change of attitude. I cursed DGHTR. Then, when I began checking the new disc I had burned this morning, I noticed that it was a bad burn, and that all the file names of the recordings had been truncated, leaving "SLP" (for "sleep") and "APRT" (for "apartment"). I believed that "DGHTR" had remotely controlled my disc-burning software to malfunction this morning, in order to produce these truncated file names as a way to pass me another message, telling me to find an apartment and to sleep more. As you have seen, I had practically been under sleep-deprivation for the whole month of March, sleeping no more than four hours a day. It seemed that the Invisible Hand was still trying to advise me as to how to please the Pyramid and her father, knowing that this pair was going to "get me". As for the Pyramid's father, it seems that he was the one who had instructed the Pyramid to indirectly encourage me to not record my conversations. He was doing this not just because he disliked the sight of a pathetic loser addicted to recording himself, but also because, now that he was going to change the records of my thoughts, he didn't want me to leave behind evidences which might suggest that I wasn't thinking what the mind-reading computer said I was thinking – especially since I was still in the habit of uploading to my website my daily recordings, which thus automatically entered the evidentiary record as evidences.

After I left the library, I ate at the fast food place two blocks away from the library. Suddenly, Madonna's "Papa don't preach" was broadcast through the speaker. The Invisible Hand was trying to give me a hint as to the "change of shift" which had just occurred in the control center, seeing that I didn't understand what the "upgrade of computers" was all about. He thought it was better for me if I knew someone less considerate was now in control of my fate. The computer system in the courtroom

permitted him to do this because the message helped make the change into part of the “conspiracy”. This time, however, I did get it. I realized that the Pyramid’s inaccessibility must have been partly due to her parents’ objection. No parents would like a homeless guy to be paired up with their lovely daughter. Afterward I set out for Long Beach, where I would pass the rest of my day at Portfolio. All this is recorded in: “[lbbuyphn\\_4\\_2\\_10\\_441-619PM.WMA](#)”; “[portfolio\\_4\\_2\\_10\\_726-912PM.WMA](#)”; and “[portfolio\\_4\\_2-3\\_10\\_917PM-1210AM.WMA](#)”. On my way there I would reflect seriously on how my behavior might have negatively impressed upon the Pyramid’s parents.

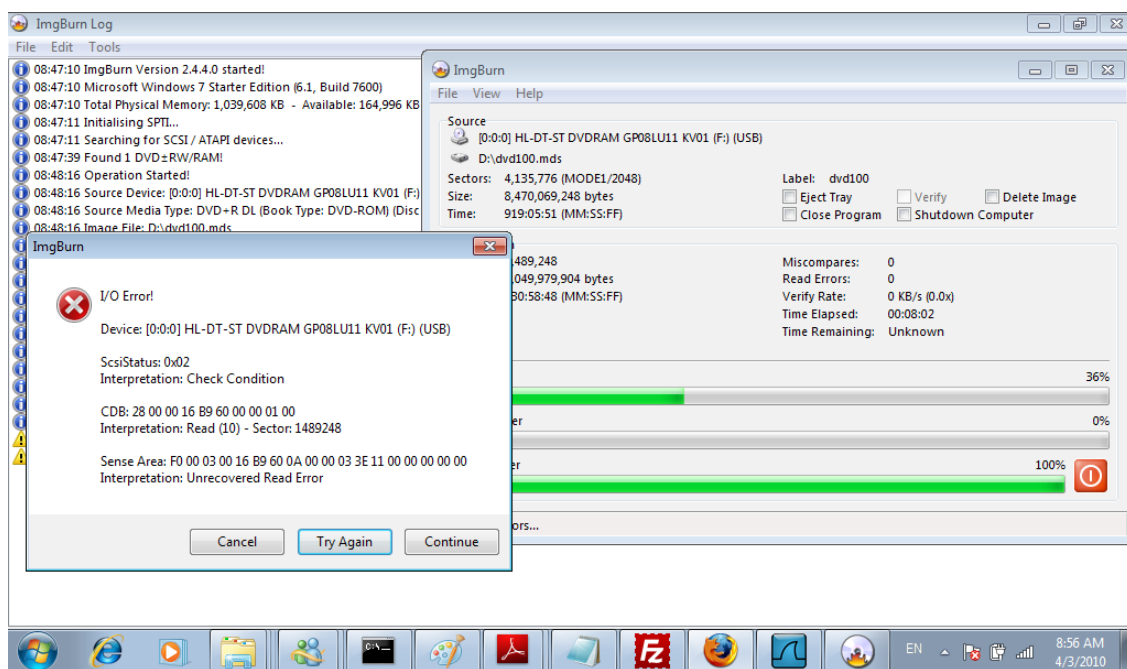
### April 3 (Saturday)

And so I slept on the street corner near 4<sup>th</sup> Street and Atlantic in Long Beach. My first recording of the new day is: “[reflectplcalcapital\\_4\\_3\\_10\\_349-545AM.WMA](#)”. I tossed around a bit more after waking up, feeling very cold. After an hour, I began reflecting on what in analytic philosophy was called “psychological egoism” (1:07:00). Have you ever heard people telling you you are always selfish since, even when you help others, it is because you want to? An analytic philosopher, Joel Feinberg, in the classic anthology *Reason At Work* (ed. Steven M. Cahn, Patricia Kitcher, and George Sher) has debunked this kind of thinking. Namely, when what you want is another’s wellbeing, that’s precisely unselfishness. This is something you should seriously reflect on when you reconsider the moral value of my concern for both the Pyramid and “Daughterland”. I then walked into the 711 convenience store to buy my morning coffee (1:09:00). With coffee in hand, I continued my reflection. I was worried that I might have lost my political capital which I had gained against the Pyramid when I tried to save her, all because I had asked her if the note she wrote for me back in late 2008 was actually her handwriting (1:24:00). Now I needed her to save me. “It’s awful to be burdened with the task of saving me, but that’s why I have wanted to leave her a backdoor...” (1:28:00). “When I have no more political capital against the Pyramid, she’ll no longer be under *yakusoku* to give herself to me... But the Pyramid still owes me because she did harm me before” (1:29:30). Such was my logic, completely alien to the Pyramid’s father, who, concerned with the pollution of a royal Mexican lineage by a genetically defective Chincker and the injustice of letting the Daughterlanders control his “Queen of Mexico”, had never even thought about whether someone had done his family good or whether his family had done someone bad before. I then reflected on the meaning of *yakusoku* (約束): it is the Japanese word for “promise”, and it means literally “tying someone up”, or “channeling a person’s behavior to one conduit and not to another” (1:32:00). *DGHTR had promised me the Pyramid; he had bound himself.* “But my political capital against Daughterland is, on the other hand, so huge...” (1:37:00). I continued: “I don’t like to damage relationships” – I was more like the little girl in Carol Gilligan’s *In A Different Voice* than the stage six moral man in Lawrence Kohlberg’s theory of moral development – “but my not wanting to piss people off may have pissed people off, so my not wanting to damage relationships may have damaged relationships” (1:39:00). Namely, the Daughter People might not like to see me so weak. I then reflected on Nietzsche’s *On the Genealogy of Morals*: how morality is originally based on buying and selling, on calculating grace taken in vs grace given out, and how compensation or punishment comes in the form of the pleasure in watching the evil-doer suffer (1:42:30). I proposed however: how about doing someone good because of the pleasure in watching another person becoming happy – Nietzsche didn’t talk about this (1:44:45). I murmured: “I’ll do anything to have the

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, IV  
The psychology of the ying and the yang, I: Newly Revised Version  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Revision, Oct. – Dec. 2022

Pyramid, but then I would die for her too” (1:49:00). Finally: “Morality only has force when people care about it; if they don’t, it has no force, and that’s why the real *yakusoku* is your fist, and this is what the neocons believe as well” (1:52:00). I finally commented on how the neocons had inverted reality, how they thought that ignoring morality is a sign of superiority.

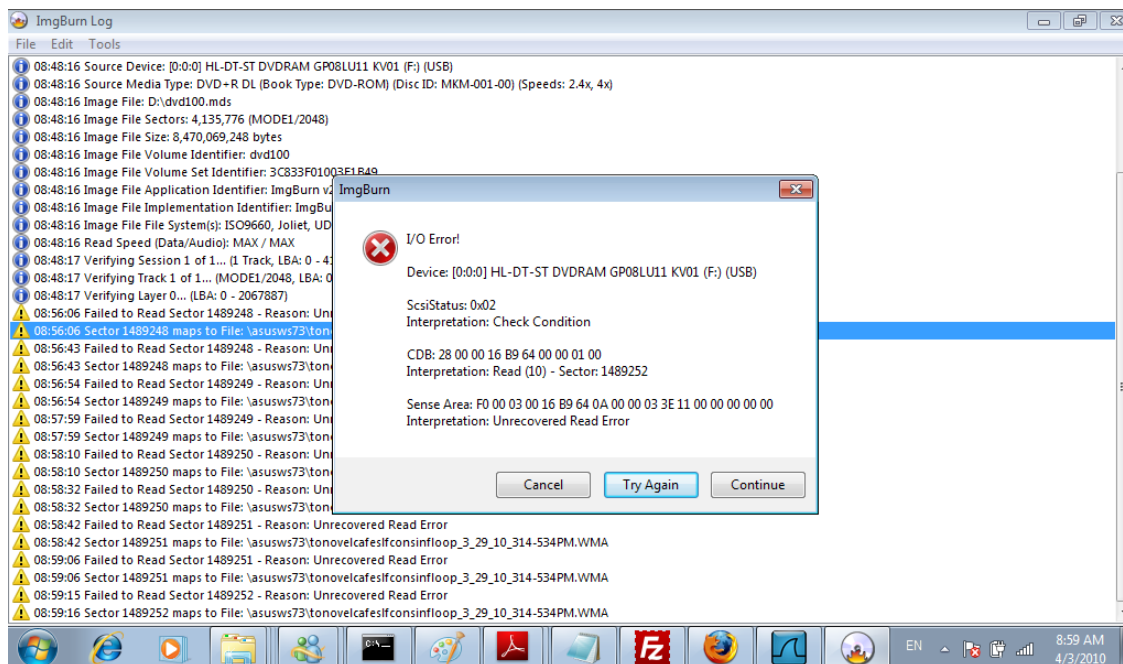
My next recording is “[contplcalcapital\\_4\\_3\\_10\\_630AM.WMA.](#)” I’m sure all my reflections had flown over the Monkey’s head. He had to wake up early too, to continue his plan. But he cared not a single thing I said. Meanwhile, I came to Portfolio. While there, I would, following my normal routine, upload the latest recordings of myself to my website for storage.



The Monkey remotely caused  
my ImgBurn to produce a bad burn, 04/03/10

My next recording is “[mlfunctportfolio\\_4\\_3\\_10\\_723-916AM.WMA.](#)” I had also begun compiling the DVD image to burn my latest recordings onto a disc. On 37:46 or so my ImgBurn finished creating the ISO image for DVD-100, while I began my daily Spanish lesson on the aforementioned website. My DVD-100 was burned, and it was 8:45 AM. I was about to get my surprise as I continued with my Spanish lesson.





ImgBurn was remotely controlled to produce a bad-burn, 04/03/10

On 1:30:25 or so my ImgBurn, while verifying the newly burned DVD-100, suddenly produced an error message. “Oh my God, Input-Output error, don’t do this,” I felt as if my entire body were quickly drained of its being. “What do you guys want? We are going to get beaten so badly... Gee, we cannot find an apartment like this!... 148924... They are just testing you to see if you are going to waver... So just don’t waver... 148925...” I couldn’t have been more wrong. Both DGHTRCOM and the Invisible Hand wanted me to desist from wanting the Pyramid. But it was the Monkey who had remotely controlled my ImgBurn to produce a bad burn from the comfort of the control center. He didn’t want me to leave behind a bunch of recordings of myself documenting my thoughts, and the computer system in the control center permitted his wish because it managed to replace some episodes in the past where Mr former Secretary had disrupted my disc-burning. “The log can tell you what is wrong, 1489251... 9252...” (1:33:25 or so). On 1:35:55 I suddenly blew up. “I’m sick and tired of this fucking test!” – there was of course no test at all; I misunderstood the whole situation – “Why don’t other people go through this kind of test? We want what we want, and we should just be given that for what we have done...” “This disc is dead, fuck man, gee, and now I have to burn the whole thing again,” I shouted angrily. “Please let me burn one fucking disc before I take this computer back to Best Buy and let them forge it, okay?” (1:37:29) “How come other people don’t need to go through this, why do I have to go through this, fuck man!” I was so infuriated. “We are not going to make it, we are not going to make it... Forget it man” I murmured angrily while in the restroom (1:40:00).

Beginning from 1:43:00 onward a child came in to make noises at regular intervals (to produce new evidences to replace past episodes where the suit team attempted to frame me for pedophilia). This would further enrage me. A minute later, I affirmed angrily to myself that I wasn’t going to find an

apartment but was going to use the money to buy myself a video camera instead. I needed to resume my old habit of filming computer malfunctioning as a way to soothe the psychological pains involved. I also told “DGHTR” to abandon the Pyramid’s parents, that I somehow had the right to order him to do so because I had saved his life. Her parents’ dignity or my happiness: which is more important to you? I asked him. Soon I began crying: “... What about my position? My position is your position, right?...” (1:52:00) “Ce qui est à moi est à toi, ma fille...” I addressed to “DGHTR” sadly, lethargically, and lifelessly. (Worthless appeal, because I was in fact addressing the Invisible Hand, whom I had condemned instead of saved.)

My next recording is: “[walmartsimcard\\_4\\_3\\_10\\_917-1002AM.WMA](#)”. While I continued to beg: “Somebody push the Pyramid’s father away!” (2:20) I had begun burning another copy of DVD-100. When the disc was finalized, I decided to leave first without verifying it (19:45). I walked to the Walmart in downtown Long Beach. I had discovered that, to activate my phone, I also had to insert the SIM card into it. I had no idea how to do that and so came to Walmart to ask a store employee to do it for me.

My next recording is: “[tkbacklawlibapartpublicfrm\\_4\\_3\\_10\\_1002AM-345PM.WMA](#)”. While I was walking, I was talking to myself about the origin of the Sino-Tibetan language family (14:00). Worthless showing-off to the Pyramid’s father! I was soon at the McDonald’s inside Walmart getting my lunch (26:00). Someone dropped my drink (33:00). I was scared: “I hope that is not a symbolism.” An intercept for whatever bad thing might be part of the “script”, that is. Then I saw another suspicious man wearing earphones and eating at another table. I found it strange: “He is trying to look suspicious, which makes him even more suspicious; someone who is trying to look suspicious is even more suspicious, because normally suspicious people don’t try to look suspicious” (38:00). After eating, I accomplished my goal here, getting the employee to insert the SIM card into my new cellphone.

When I was walking away from Walmart, I spelled out my worry that I might be arrested and prevented from seeing the Pyramid (1:03:00).<sup>94</sup> I then got on Metro Blue Line to go back to downtown Los Angeles. I was going to the Law Library, of course. While on the train, I reflected on how I couldn’t handle machine malfunctioning: other people get one bad burn for every 30 or 40 discs burned, but I get one for every two burns (2:11:00). I also murmured about how much I wanted to smash up the children around me (2:15:00). I had just about enough with being required to be in the midst of children’s noises. After I got off the train and began walking to the library, I noted the loopholes in the Pyramid’s family’s “wisdom”: “I want you to be the way you are, they say, but then they specify, I want you to change... They threw out these utterances of wisdom to impress you, but when you examine them, you’ll find all these loopholes...” (2:38:00). (The Pyramid had expressed this “wisdom” to me one day in February.) I concluded: “My way is better, if I care about the Pyramid, I’ll just leave her a backdoor...” (2:39:40). I realized thus that I was wiser than the Pyramid (2:41:00). Despite my idealization of the Pyramid which had caused me to develop a delusional sense of her superiority, I finally came to my senses. How could it not be so? Did she spend years after years doing nothing other than reading the most difficult books in the world? Why would she put herself through all that hardship

94 This was perhaps precisely the Monkey’s intention!

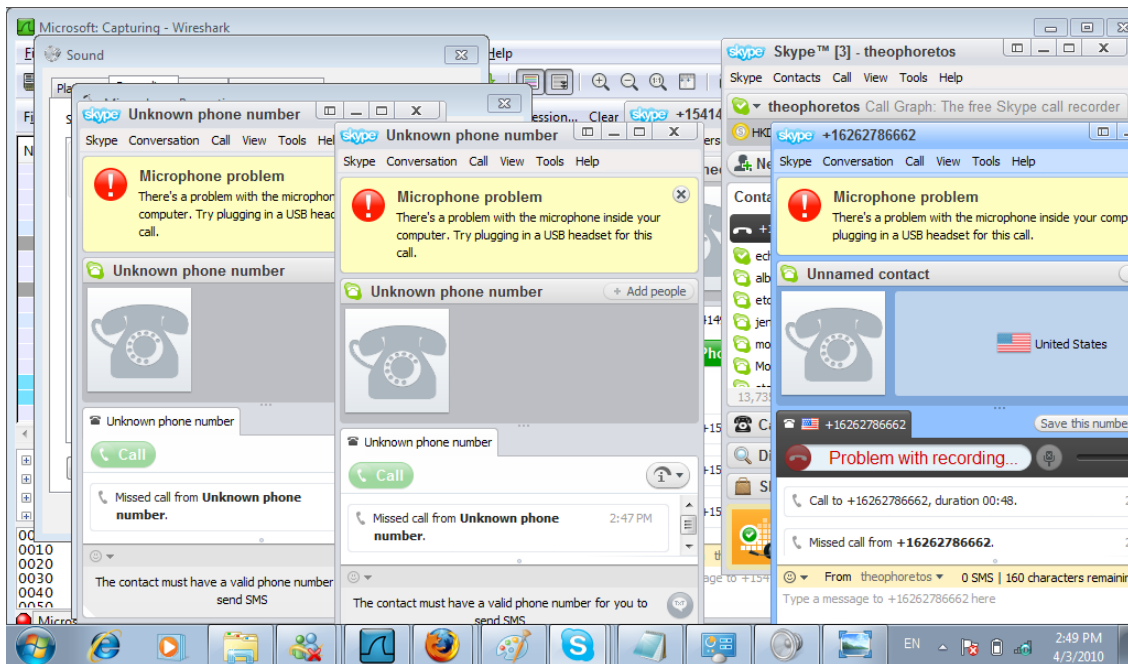
just to become wise? I continued: “The ‘backdoor’ would consist of four hours a day during which she can do anything she wants...” including having other boyfriends, that is. “DGHTR should get rid of the Pyramid’s father... If he doesn’t like this homeless guy, he should remember that, when this guy was homeless, he was the master of the universe!” (2:42:00) Ha!

I arrived at the Law Library on 3:05:00. I settled into my corner – having yet seen the Pyramid – and wanted to activate my new cellphone. But I was unable to call AT&T from my cellphone. I tried calling from a payphone instead (3:31:00). The automatic response from AT&T stated that my phone number was not recognized. I had to ask Pinky to help me activate my new cellphone (3:33:00). She couldn’t do much either. Just like yesterday, the Monkey did not allow me to use my cellphone. Again, he was permitted by Court rules to remotely prevent me from activating my phone because the incident could serve to enrich some previous incident in the evidentiary record where Mr former Secretary Chertoff had done the same thing.

I came to the circulation desk to ask Diego where the Pyramid was. “She’s working...” Diego replied vaguely (3:34:30). My Borderline addiction to the Pyramid was preventing me from facing up the truth that everyone was increasingly seeing me as a nuisance. After a little while I asked Diego if he could help me activate my new cellphone (4:08:00). Diego wouldn’t help me, saying he was busy. I returned to my seat and began crying (4:11:30). “I don’t have enough time in one day...” (4:12:30). These incidences of machine malfunctioning not only served to frustrate me and drain my energy away, they were also wasting my time, which further drained my energy because I would then feel more pressed for time. Finally, Diego came around to ask me about my phone, and I told him that I was so frustrated that I didn’t want to bother with it anymore (4:21:30).

Instead, I went inside the typing room (4:29:00). I pulled out my Eee PC and began calling on Skype, looking for an apartment (4:30:00). I followed the advertisements on the classified sections of Chinese newspapers’ websites. The local Chinese people often rented out cheap rooms from their houses and this was all I could hope to afford at the moment. But the Skype on my Eee PC malfunctioned again: the same problem with the microphone. After some frustration, I reached a Taiwanese lady, who said she would soon return my call. I then called up Chris (4:35:00): he’s unavailable. I called him three times, but nobody ever answered. I was about to comprehend the Court rule that those remotely controlled people, once they accomplished their International Court missions with me, would all disappear without a trace. Then the Taiwanese lady called me back on 4:50:00. “Student?” “No.” I had extraordinary difficulty in telling her about my situation – just an insecure homeless guy – just mumbling and being vague about myself. She gave me the address of the apartment in Alhambra (4:53:00), and I told her I would come to see the place at six o’clock. Then some weird paralegal came inside the typing room (5:21:00). He began telling me about the budget cut for the law libraries, and about the trustees’ meeting which he said I should attend (5:24:00). There was a reason for his telling me all this – a message from the control center – and I had no idea what it was.<sup>95</sup> Then the Wireshark on my Eee PC malfunctioned as well.

95 Perhaps it was just the Monkey trying to trap me again (luring me into troubles) – thus we have to wonder today.

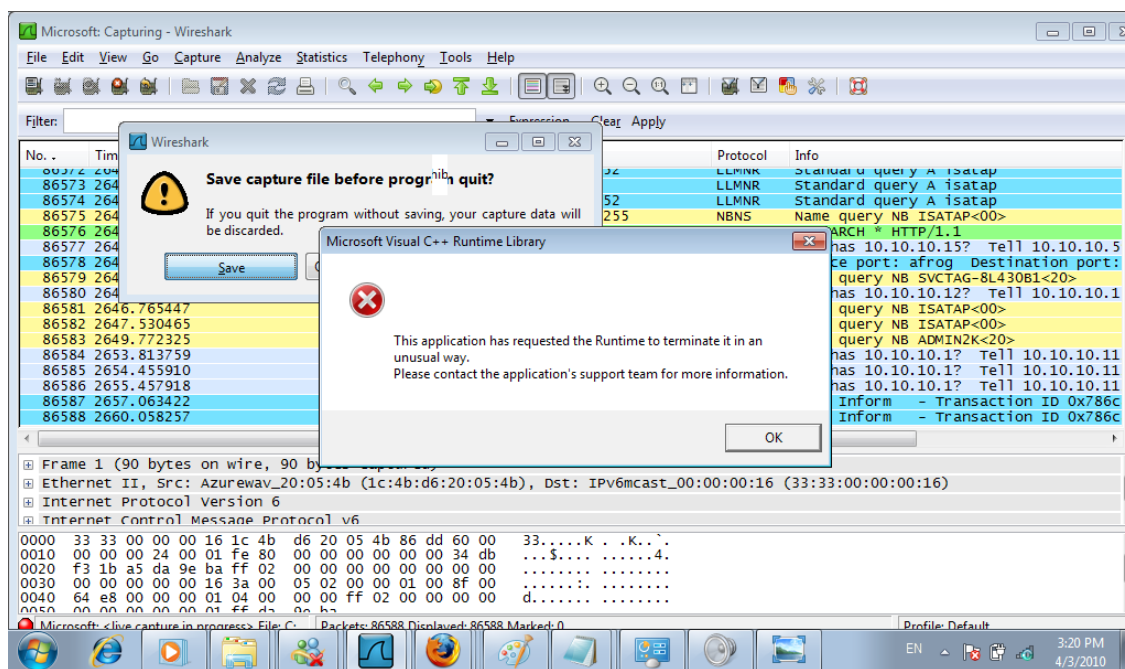


Minor incidents of malfunctioning on my Eee PC  
(while I was in the typing room, 04/03/10)

My next recordings are: “[lawlibtypingroom\\_4\\_3\\_10\\_352-429PM.WMA](#)” and “[lawlibtlkwangiemean\\_4\\_3\\_10\\_429-520PM.WMA](#)”. While sitting there in silence, I suddenly experienced a breakup of my feelings for the Pyramid. I will explain this in a moment. On 14:00 I went inside the copy room to say Hi to the Pyramid when I noticed she was there. Looking for an excuse, I told her I wanted her to add money to my copy card (16:00). The Pyramid tried to act normal while putting up with my nonsense. Looking for more opportunities to interact with her, I asked her about the book I saw on the bookshelf, and then told her how I had ordered the book she had told me about (*The House on Mango Street*). The Pyramid, however, gave me a mean look. My passions had blinded me to the fact that something was very wrong with her perception of me. Then, both Diego and the Pyramid were helping me activate my phone (24:00). I gathered up my courage and finally asked the Pyramid why she was getting “chubbier”. I thought the fake fat she was wearing on her stomach might be a funny topic of conversation. But the Pyramid became visibly unhappy. She told me to be “careful” (28:00). I was scared. I became very worried about offending her – I couldn’t afford to lose my drug and my fix at this moment. I had no idea that her father had already lied to her that the mind-reading computer had showed that I wanted to hurt her and rape her, that the Invisible Hand had concealed this fact, and that he had caught it. Then the library was closing, so that I had to walk out.

My next recording is: “[angiefeling\\_4\\_3\\_10\\_520-552PM.WMA](#)”. I took the bus to 7<sup>th</sup> Street. While walking to Figueroa Street, I began recording the thoughts and feelings I had accumulated since my time at the typing room (starting on 10:00): I suddenly got so mad while in the typing room because the Pyramid was “mysteriously” unavailable; It was just too hard, I thought, maybe I should find someone

else, someone I don't care about. With this one Pyramid, I can't get in nor get out; I didn't want to "dirty" her because of my care for her, but I couldn't let her go either because of my addiction to her. Maybe I should find someone older, someone who is 45 year-old. But then I was worried that, when DGHTR saw me wavering, he'd punch me! I got the whole situation upside down! Now I had this thought of "changing the pyramid" because my machine malfunctioned. The whole thing was just too hard, and so I was really angry with her. I was upset furthermore because I had spent all that energy saving the CIA and the Pyramid, but in the end it had all come to naught. But as soon as I saw, when I came inside the copy room, the wrinkles around the Pyramid's eyes, and the soft skin on her neck, the feeling of wanting her came back, but it had come back a little different, and I knew that I wasn't going to die for this. When I was talking to her, I felt like I was talking to another person. Talking to her had not been satisfying, because she was indifferent when she talked to me, because I didn't want to talk to her about such profane matters as cellphones, etc. I wanted to talk to her in such a way as to make her realize how special and important a person she was. But I felt hurt when she refused to see herself in the way I wanted her to see herself (21:00). I was spelling out the essence of my "rescuer instinct". Again, I would realize only months later what mistakes I was making: trying to make a piece of trash understand that she was gold.



Minor incidents of malfunctioning on my Eee PC

My next recording is: "[bus60angryangieportfoanother\\_4\\_3\\_10\\_552-1015PM.WMA](#)". I couldn't find the AT&T store that was supposedly in the area of Figueroa and 7<sup>th</sup> Street, and so I settled into a fast food place pondering whether I should go check on the apartment room. Being so consumed by my frustration with the Pyramid's mysterious unavailability and all sorts of machine malfunctioning, however, I quickly lost the patience required to find an apartment. "I'm not going to waste my time

looking for an apartment when the apartment should simply be handed over to me” (59:00). “I shouldn’t have to waste my fucking time!” (1:00:30) I was quite right: why is it that, after I have saved an entire country, this country doesn’t do such simple things as providing me with the girl I like, free housing, and functioning electronics? After I toyed a bit further with this inactivated cellphone, I decided: “I don’t know how you have come up with this creative idea of having a cellphone!” (1:03:00) Thus, when I came out of the fast food place, I threw away the cellphone on the street.

I decided to get on bus 60 to go to Long Beach to pass the night (1:14:30). While on bus 60 I reflected on my first-time anger with the Pyramid (1:42:00), recording my thoughts about how I had a lot of political capital against her, how I was going to require DGHTR to demand her to marry me, how she should not shut me off like that, how she should “repent”, how she should give me at least 40 hours a week, and how she should just install me in her home instead of expecting me to find an apartment on my own. “This is what I deserve, and her parents need to shut the fuck up!” (1:46:00) All along the way while I was expressing my anger, a Hispanic man sitting in front of me continuously padded on the head of the little child he was holding, as if to confirm to me, “Yes, you say it right! You’ve got to be tough!” That is, it was the Invisible Hand who, still controlling the strangers around me, controlled this man to pad on his child in order to signal to me his desire for me to feel like this. The Pyramid worshiped toughness and enjoyed being dominated like a piece of property, and it was by maintaining this kind of attitude that I was going to get the Pyramid’s favor. Now I had even imagined spitting on her. But then I continued spelling out my deluded image about the Pyramid, that she would somehow “repent” with dignity (1:50:00), all the while I was changing my attitude by standing firm and claiming, “I don’t need to change”.<sup>96</sup>

When I arrived at 5th Street in downtown Long Beach (3:00:30), I saw, in the parking lot in front of me, a semi-pyramid with long brown hair and wearing a pair of plastic frame glasses walking in an upbeat mood with another tall white guy (3:04:00). I didn’t immediately understand what this was all about; today I can tell you that it was the Invisible Hand who was putting forth a metaphor to tell me that the Pyramid would definitely prefer my current assertive and angry attitude to my former deferential mood and childishness. Again, these people were remotely controlled by the computer system in the courtroom to present a metaphor to me without even knowing they were being controlled.<sup>97</sup> I came to Portfolio by 3:37:00. When I pulled out my Eee PC to do some work, it malfunctioned again, causing me to moan, “How many terrible nights do I have to have? Forget it man, forget about her, just get someone else... I don’t need to have patience... Get someone else, forget about this ‘patience’ crap” (until 3:52:00). But immediately afterwards I said, “I want the Pyramid, my first choice” (3:53:00). Whereupon I began Skyping Chris. Again, he never answered. “Throw her away, forget it...” (4:00:00). I was wavering: “Ask the Daughter People to give me a different pyramid, it is so easy for them to do this when they have three billion women under their fingertips...” (4:02:00). But I soon regretted what I had just said: “Don’t do it... Don’t do it...” (4:07:00). I was feeling ashamed that I

96 We have again inherited the interpretation from the original version with only a slight change of personage. Today we have to wonder whether the man’s padding on his kid’s head might just be a coincidence unrelated to the control center.

97 Again, an interpretation from the original version. Today we wonder whether I was again mistaking a random coincidence for orchestration from the control center.

was violating my own moral ideal of loyalty, and I actually felt embarrassment before “DGHTR” for wavering from my idealization, having no clue that this was precisely what everyone would like me to do. I decided to fix my disc instead (4:09:00).

My next recording is: “[portfolioangiornot\\_4\\_3\\_10\\_1039-1130PM.WMA](#)”. When I left Portfolio on 25:00, I had my epiphany, namely, that DGHTR’s plan was to first stabilize me by having the Pyramid comfort me (“Computer #11” was thus the stabilizer) to prevent me from hurting myself, and then “go in for the kill” (separate me from the Pyramid without causing me to hurt myself: 32:00). “There is someone they don’t want to piss off.” This may or may not have been the plan the Invisible Hand and the Daughter People had come up with, but it no longer mattered, for, without my knowing, the Monkey was having his own plan.

#### **April 4 (Sunday)**

So I slept by the front door of a shop on 4<sup>th</sup> Street near downtown Long Beach, very close to my old, 2006 address in this town. When I awoke, my first recordings are: “[insightangie\\_4\\_4\\_10\\_415-509AM.WMA](#)” and: “[portfowantangiethdx\\_4\\_4\\_10\\_754-959AM.WMA](#)”. I got up, packed up my things, and walked toward Portfolio. While walking I naively asked to occupy the Pyramid’s house together with her (9:00 or so). My belief that the Pyramid was some sort of sinner who owed me must have made me a laughingstock to the Monkey inside the control center, whose moral universe was totally different from mine. At some point I told myself: “Stop wavering... the Pyramid Crack Cocaine will be my first choice...” (18:20). I then expressed my feeling of powerlessness when it came to the Pyramid: “I don’t like the iron wall... No matter how hard you bang on it, it just doesn’t move an inch... I like it when I can make a little progress each day...” (until 19:10). That is, I simply didn’t know what to do to make progress in shortening my distance to the Pyramid. After speaking more gibberish to myself, I entered Portfolio (25:00 or so). I then talked about another reason why I was so attached to the Pyramid: my need to “round things up” (27:30), to seek closure for things. Hence: “If she doesn’t want it, then she has to stay with me for one year, that’s repentance” (39:00). I turned on my Eee PC then. I was now ready to verify, on ImgBurn, the second copy of DVD-100 which I had burned yesterday. And surprise, the verification failed for a second time. I got so angry because my ImgBurn was obviously remotely controlled to produce a bad burn yesterday – “I don’t want this fucking training,” I shouted (1:01:40). It was the Monkey: he didn’t like my keeping recordings of myself, let alone burning them onto discs; hence he disrupted the burning of my latest disc for a second time, and he was permitted to do this because, again, it would enrich some evidence in the past where Mr former Secretary had remotely disrupted my computer’s functioning. I reiterated my condition: “It doesn’t matter if the Pyramid doesn’t like me, she just has to put up with it for one year” (1:11:00). “After one year she’ll get her freedom back, and that’s her ‘back door’.” But I then murmured out of my delusional notion about the Pyramid’s goodness: “The way the Pyramid accepts her punishment and fate is just so sad...” (1:13:50). I then left Portfolio (1:18:30) and got on the bus to go to Cal State Long Beach (1:51:00).

My next recording is: “[noorthdxcsulbangryangie\\_4\\_4\\_10\\_959AM-139PM.WMA](#)”: I got off the bus in

Cal State Long Beach to hide my blanket in the bushes there. There was not a single person around. I wanted to attend the service at Assumption Orthodox Church – I missed that soothing music. When I walked to the church, however, I discovered that the church was closed (15:40). There was not a shadow to be seen. Why on an Easter Day? I thought maybe the Pyramid’s father was attempting to demonstrate to the Pyramid that he knew how to educate me better than did DGHTR: he was teaching me that I should only go to church if I actually believe in the doctrine; that I should not go to church for sentimental reasons, like enjoying images of exotic “pyramids” and an exotic culture.

I used the restroom in another nearby coffeehouse, and then took the bus to return to Portfolio (2:23:00), where I immediately turned on my Eee PC. I pulled out my DVD drive and started burning my disc again. I was going to take a break with DVD-100 and work on my old discs instead: I was going to pack the content of my single layer DVD-44 with that of my single layer DVD-45 on another dual layer disc.

Around 12:30 PM or so (2:30:00), I called Chris one more time and left him a message asking him to call me back. Then I sent a text-message to him as well, wanting to meet him at Portfolio. I would never get a response from him. I begged the control center to let me burn just one disc. This was not to be however now that the Monkey had control of me. After struggling with burning discs and other minor incidences of computer malfunctioning, I became very irritated, and was angered by the noises from the counter (3:19:00). “The ‘script’ seems to be that I can only have a pyramid after I am arrested – I thus first have to be so angered by computer malfunctioning... If I go to the library on Tuesday and the Pyramid puts out a fucking face, then I’m just going to walk away, so that I can have satisfaction either of having her or throwing her away,” I reflected (3:19:30). I can only withstand “prevention of additions” but not “subtraction from what is already there,” I reflected further (3:25:30). That is, I was able to put up with not getting more but not with losing what I already had. I then reflected: what has triggered my current episode of anger is computer malfunctioning, the most devastating experience, second in its traumatizing effects only to the Pyramid’s rejection (3:30:00). I had by then completed the ISO image of the new disc I wanted to burn (DVD-44/45) and I left Portfolio on 3:31:00. I was returning to Los Angeles on Metro Blue Line.

My next recording is: “[donttouchangie\\_4\\_4\\_10\\_139-147PM.WMA](#)”. While on the train, I commented to myself: “Never touch the Pyramid; if she does something which angers me, I’ll just spit on her shirt.” I also noticed that I really couldn’t be looking for an apartment because I had been completely consumed by my passions for the Pyramid (3:30).

My next recording is: “[psychbbblprntsbrkeeeepc\\_4\\_4\\_10\\_210-506PM.WMA](#)”. I arrived in downtown Los Angeles on 35:00 or so. I needed to buy something (computer-related) from a particular store, but I was frustrated again when I found the store closed, perhaps again because it was Easter. Finally I shouted: “Everyday is just so miserable. Why do I have to be so miserable? I just wish I could one day live without wanting to die every single day” (1:12:44). I then talked about wasting myself away as the most satisfying way to deal with perpetual misery (1:15:00). “I want to kill this mother fucker!” (1:18:22) “Forget it! Forget it! It’s over!” (1:24:30) I was descending ever deeper into my negative

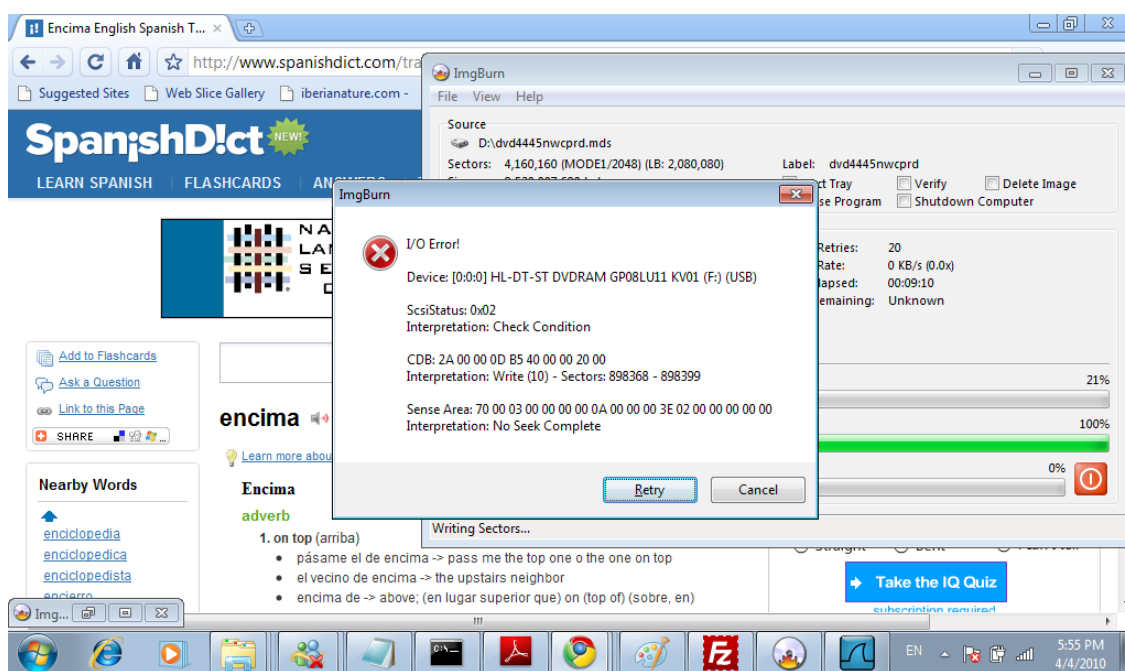


thoughts: “Maybe your DGHTR just wants to teach you the consequence of doing good, which is very bad!” I was overwhelmed with anger by then (1:31:50). Then I complained: “A nation-state [namely, “Daughterland”] with all its resources can satisfy me so easily and yet they just don’t do it!” (1:37:00) While waiting for the bus on Venice and Broadway, I suddenly thought of the Japanese animation movie “Windaria” and began recounting a summary of it to those shadowy figures inside the control center (1:54:00 or so). I didn’t yet foresee – nor did anyone else in the control center – the symbolic meaning of this Japanese animation classic for what was about to happen. At the time I was just thinking about the coincidence that the main female character in this classic was also named “Mary” (or “Marin”). I did worry about how “Windaria” might enter into the evidentiary record and thus determine what was going to happen to me. By 2:36:00 or so I had arrived by bus at Sunset and Vermont and was ready to go to Psychobabble. While walking, I kept murmuring, out of pessimism: “Forget it, forget it... I got duped by ‘Number 11’. Once DGHTR and DGHTRCOM get me stabilized, they’ll go in for the kill...” I continued: “Not every family is like mine, where no one cares about what I do...” I was at Psychobabble by 2:53:45.

My next recording is “[tocybrcafevrmt\\_4\\_4\\_10\\_506-712PM.WMA](#)”. While I was at Psychobabble, another extremely traumatic instance of machine malfunctioning would happen. Recall that I had used ImgBurn to complete the ISO image for my DVD 44/45. I was now using ImgBurn to burn the ISO image onto disc. But, around 5:55 PM, or on 47:00 in the recording, the Pyramid’s father the Monkey suddenly remotely shut off my ImgBurn from his station inside the Cave. The computer program overseeing the evidence-replacement process inside the courtroom had permitted him to do this because, again, the Monkey’s act could be reinterpreted to enrich some past incident where either Mr former Secretary or the Daughter People had done the same thing. I, however, didn’t know it was he, but thought it was DGHTR. I went into such a rage, yelling I wished “they” (the Daughter People) would just tell me which files it was with which “they” had problems so that I could simply omit the files, sparing myself the psychological hardship and the waste of time and money it all involved. “Why is it that I couldn’t burn this disc? I just don’t get it!” In rage, I snapped and punched the screen of my Eee PC, and, to my surprise, the screen cracked. “I don’t want to be selfish but... Which file is it? I’ll just take it out!” I then began throwing my things around and – surprise – siren arose outside (49:50). The computers in the control center had automatically controlled the police cars and ambulances that were nearby to blow their siren to signify that an “intercept”, or an act of conspiracy, had taken place.<sup>98</sup> Surprisingly, the American youngsters who were on their laptops in Psychobabble all quietly kept their head down while I threw up my temper tantrum. I suspect it was because, as the Invisible Hand still had command of the people around me, he simply felt sorry for me enough that he had controlled or instructed them to not respond. Now that my Eee PC was irrevocably broken and unusable, I went outside to smoke a cigarette (52:00). Then immediately a group of youngsters came passing by talking very loudly, as if to provoke me – I’m not sure whether they were not being controlled or whether it was the Pyramid’s father’s sadistic way that, whenever I was angry or frustrated, instead of comforting me, he would send in more of the same thing to reinforce my anger or frustration. I thus shouted at them out of extraordinary rage: “Shut up!” surprising these provocateurs (52:49). I had begun to suffer

98 Again, we have retained the interpretation from the original version. Today we can’t be sure whether the siren wasn’t a coincidence.

from what I would later term “Sonophobia”, namely, an inability to tolerate certain types of noises in my environment thanks to my conditioning to the Daughter People’s use of noises to signal to me. I was really irritated by these provocateurs’ happy chatting, but they were probably stunned that their mere chat could get someone so angry. They shut up and walked away, and only then did I continue recording my reflection to calm myself down: “They [the Pyramid’s parents] must have thought my proposals extremely strange...” (56:30). “DGHTR’s mistake... He should have found someone that doesn’t matter. I just couldn’t stand this fucking machine malfunctioning... Forget it... Forget it... Get a psychologist...” (57:50). That is, ask DGHTR to assign me a therapist like Torey Hayden rather than give me a girlfriend. I then packed up my things and left Psychobabble (1:05:00).



The Monkey remotely controlled my ImgBurn to crash  
5:55 PM, April 4 2010

While I was walking away, I continued to murmur: “Get a psychologist, that’s better...” (1:14:00). I was formulating my plans – what was I going to do now that my laptop was broken? The Internet? How could I upload recordings from my recorder? I needed to get myself into a motel room to rest first and then retrieve my Toshiba Satellite tomorrow from the storage. On my way to the string of motels on Sunset Blvd someone seemed to have cut in front of me. “Hey, fuck you xxxxxxxx!” (1:14:20) I shouted. This was bad. It was just this kind of normal response (catharsis) to the incredibly traumatic experience associated with my inability to use machines which would furnish the Monkey with empirical evidences confirming his claim that I was a danger to others – for he was not going to care about the fact that the cause of my aggression was his frustration of my essential activities. *In fact, we have to wonder whether the Monkey was doing all this precisely in order to provoke me to get into a fight or use violence on the Pyramid so that he could demonstrate to everyone that he was right about*

*me – that I was a danger to his daughter – and that the Invisible Hand was wrong about me – that I wasn't physically dangerous.* I continued to complain to DGHTR by talking to thin air: “Make sure you waste yourself away” – referring to myself, that is – “Make sure you will never be good at anything!” (1:22:30) That’s how I was going to punish DGHTR and DGHTRCOM for their mistreatment of me: to make them feel sorry for having wasted me away. I soon found a motel (1:25:00) and paid 70 dollars for a room. I murmured my plan for the future: “Get a psychologist and act out for the rest of your life, they wouldn’t be inconvenienced in reality, since there is nothing else left to do anyway” (1:35:00). Then: “I have wanted to make sure that everyone is okay, but it’s not okay with the Daughter People that I have wanted everyone to be okay” (1:37:20). I was still subsisting in my false impression that the Daughterlanders thought me too soft when I wanted to spare everyone except our common enemy the devilish “Secretary Chertoff”, that they wanted me to be “tough” by not forgiving those people who had done wrong. Of course I had simply imagined these out of my stupid and naïve romantic mind. I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire (1:43:00). To use the Internet, I would have to use a public computer from now on. Significantly, a Hispanic man came on the bus with his little girl on 1:54:00 and the little girl was soon making tiring noises to provoke me. I got off the bus and walked into the cybercafe on 1:58:00.

My next recording is: “[windariacybercafe\\_4\\_4\\_10\\_712-1055PM.WMA](#)”. While I sat in front of the computer in the cybercafe, I couldn’t help but complain: getting a girlfriend is harder than going to the moon! (10:30) It was strange that a black guy near me kept talking about “multiple file upload” with someone else (21:00). I didn’t know at the time that he was giving me a metaphor (in accordance with the International Court rules) about the situation in the control center. Today I suspect that this was the Invisible Hand’s way of telling me that both he and the Monkey were now running operations on me – the Invisible Hand, under the command of the Daughter People, had to tell me this especially after the Monkey had just destroyed my disc this afternoon. I then spelled out my condition to those inside the control center: “If I don’t get a psychologist, I’ll just kill myself... I can save the entire world, and yet I couldn’t get a girlfriend...” I then grumbled about my unfortunate life: “Look how much other people care about their children... When I get kicked around like a dog on the streets, my mother doesn’t care at all, and you wonder why I have low self-esteem!” (from 27:00 onward) I also began testing my newly burned disc while I was cursing my mother. The cursing was very bad, for I was feeding more evidences into the Cave with which the Monkey could not only convince the Pyramid that I was a dangerous psychopath, but also construct his own modified version of Mr former Secretary’s false profile of me as David Chin. Then I reflected: “It must be very strange to be other people, who are *not* so miserable that they have to constantly think about killing themselves” (47:00). Then, more angry talk which the Monkey loved: “Stupid people should be executed, for they just don’t understand shit!” (53:00) I was then looking for John Singer Sargent’s paintings online, specifically “Madame X”, which would serve for me as a metaphor of the Pyramid – and I found it (1:00:00). With “Madame X” in front of me, I was ready to draw the Pyramid, and as I examined the picture I had chosen of her for this purpose I noticed just how little near-sighted she really was (1:21:00). I was listening to the Orthodox church’s music (1:26:00) while I sketched out the Pyramid on a piece of paper. I discovered another grammatical mistake on the Orthodox webpage, and I shouted how I couldn’t stand my environment! (1:59:30) Everywhere there were either mistakes or breakdowns or malfunctioning!

I began watching “Windaria” from 2:09:30 onward, and until 2:45:00 I was still watching it. The two theme songs of this animation film tremendously attracted me. The first one, begun on 2:34:15, was titled, rather symbolically, “Promise” (*yakusoku*, 約束), and the second one, “Beautiful Stars” (美しい星), starts on 2:45:20 or so, when the film was over and I was half sobbing from its sad ending. Both songs were sung by Akino Arai (新居昭乃), and “Beautiful Stars” was more than 15 year-old by now, and yet it so gripped me because it was so symbolic of this International Court trial in which I was caught. You must read the lyrics and listen to the song yourself to appreciate just how beautiful the lyrics are and how sad the music is:

悪い夢を見ていた  
そこは地球の果て  
戦いの次の朝  
何も聞こえない  
誰も居ない

好きな人に囲まれ  
平和に暮らしてる  
だけど明日にはわからない  
張りつめた静けさなの

ああ 美しい星  
ああ 誰が壊してもいけない  
ああ 安らかに眠る  
子供達に伝えてゆくために

失くしたものが あまり  
多すぎて忘れた  
青空だけは残しておいてくださいと  
叫びたい

ああ 美しい星  
ああ 遥かな時のはじまりに  
ああ 生まれた光を  
私達は知る方法 (すべ) さえも無い

ああ 美しい星  
ああ 誰が壊してもいけない  
ああ 安らかに眠る  
子供達に伝えてゆくために

I had a nightmare,

That was at the end of the Earth.  
On the morning after the war,  
There is no sound,  
There is no one around...

Surrounded by loved ones  
I subsist in peace  
However, I don't know about tomorrow  
It was a suspense silence...

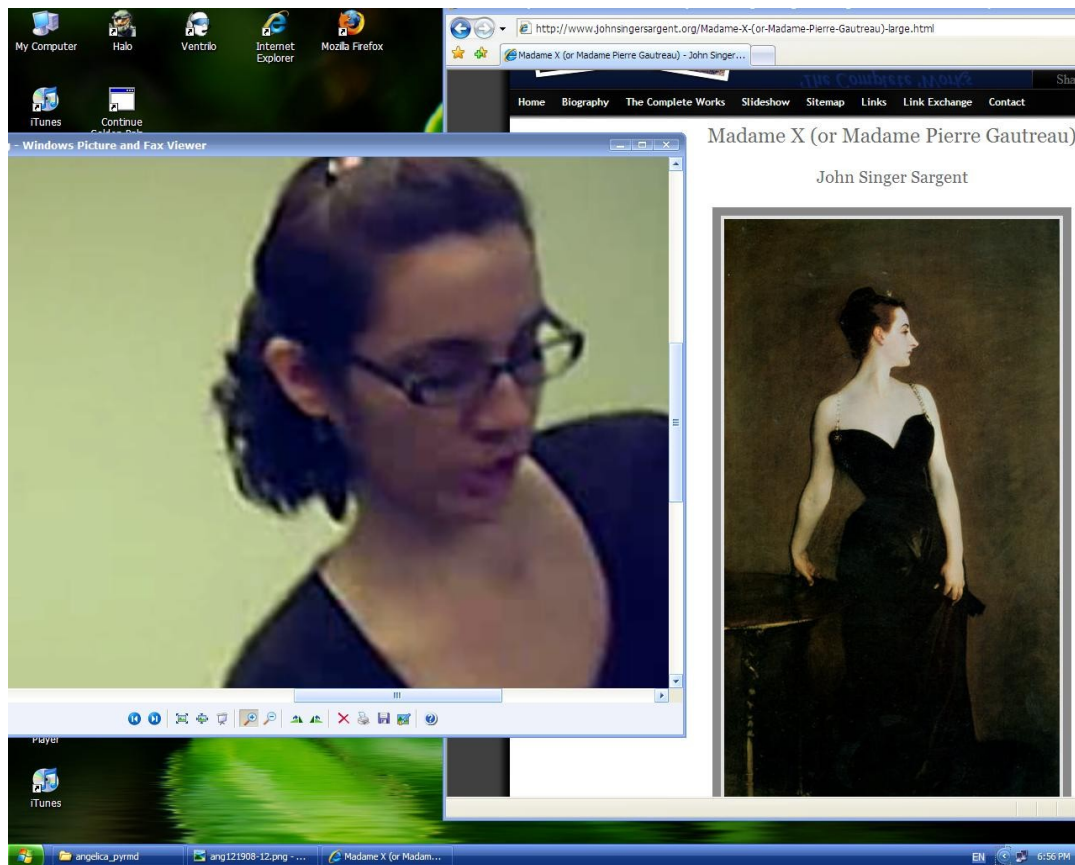
Aa beautiful stars!  
Aa no one should destroy them!  
Aa sleep in peace  
For the sake of transmitting them to the children!

Many things I have lost  
Many things I have forgotten  
Let only the blue sky remain, please!  
Thus I wanted to shout.

Aa beautiful stars!  
Aa the beginning of the time, a long time ago  
Aa the light which was born  
That we have no way of knowing...

I listened to the song and watched the ending repeatedly (the last time on 3:13:00) while I sang along with it. I began crying at some point (on 2:59:00) while I sang along because the lyrics were just so sad, so beautiful, and so symbolic. You can hear me occasionally writing down, on the portrait of the Pyramid, the Japanese phrases which I heard from the lyrics or from the dialogue of the characters. You can see these gibberish on the reproduction of the portrait below: “Command”, “Promise”, “We are free”, etc. You must hear the recording to understand just how ugly I sounded. The Pyramid’s entire family – including the Pyramid herself – must be inside the control center listening to me, and I was making another round of horrible impressions on them. Just before I played “Beautiful Stars” again on 3:18:00 I moaned about the impossibility of having the Pyramid and expressed once more my alternative scenario which I had taken from Torey Hayden’s *Murphy’s Boy*: “I’m going to hide under the table and wait for the psychologist to drag me out.” Someone then came to comfort me and to tell me to keep down my singing. He said it softly and sympathetically, and he was evidently controlled or instructed to do so by the Invisible Hand, who was monitoring me from the other end of the control center. He heard how ugly I sounded, and knew that I was in trouble again with the Pyramid’s family. He was warning me not to sing along. When I looked once more at Sargent’s “Madame X”, I commented on the cracks that were clearly visible on the painting: that the cracks looked like stars in the darkness which made up the Madam’s hair (around 3:25:00). I even spent money to print out the

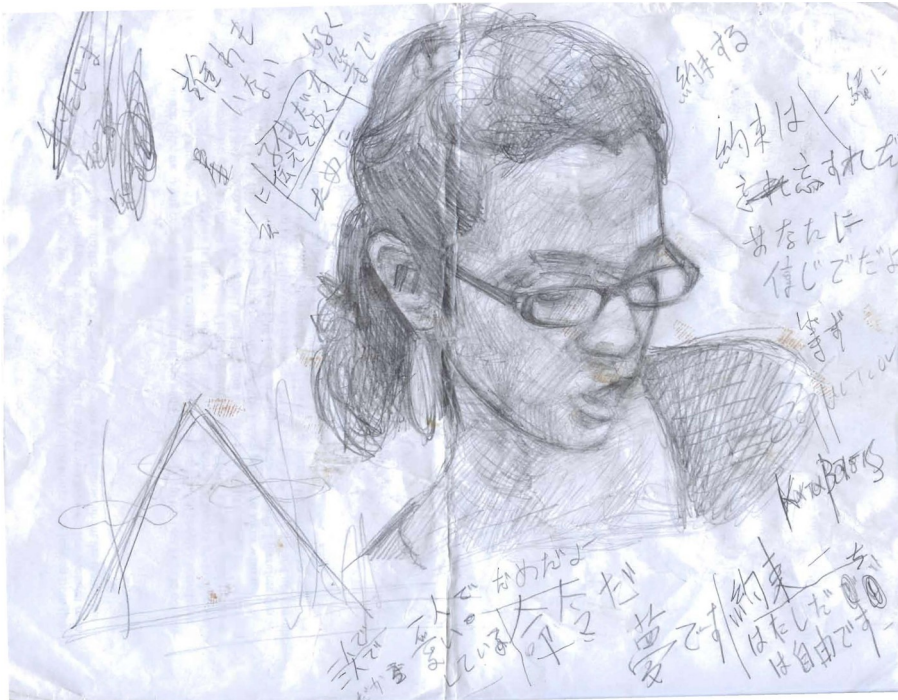
comparison (3:29:30 or so), which you can see below. I stepped outside the cybercafe by 3:42:30, still humming “Beautiful Stars”. And guess what, it’s raining. Was the rain orchestrated from the control center?



Comparing the Pyramid with John Singer Sargent’s “Madame X”

My next recording is: “[bustomtlafrcanfrch\\_4\\_4\\_10\\_1055-1145PM.WMA](#)”. When I got on the bus on 16:00 to return to my motel room, immediately, I could hear a black man speaking French with a heavy accent (either African or some other). He was sitting a few feet away from me. At one point you can hear him say: “Ton père, il est dans les cas, mais sans savoir... par ses propres emotions, et par sa propre attention...” (21:30). He would continue to talk about the father of his interlocutor throughout the rest of his conversation. I suspect, though I couldn’t be sure, that it was the Invisible Hand who had remotely controlled this African man (or whatever he was) to pass me a message: that I was so engrossed in, and overwhelmed by, my own emotional world that I failed to see that what appeared to me to be impressive romantic acts – like all the symbolism I had just found in “Windaria” and “Beautiful Stars” which was melting my heart – were disgusting and uninteresting to the Pyramid’s family, causing me to make a fool out of myself to the Pyramid instead. When I got off the bus (29:00), I murmured to myself: “It’s up to you, if you want to wait, wait, and if you don’t, then hide under the table” (34:00). I then cursed the police on the street, murmuring about how I wanted to kill these

mother fuckers with machine guns (35:00). These were the episodes where I naturally sought release of the frustration which had built up inside me over computers' malfunctioning and the Pyramid's unavailability. While walking, I tried to speak to the Pyramid (hoping that she was listening to me in the control center) in Japanese, following the example in "Beautiful Stars": おまえを地球のはてに等ています("I'll wait for you at the end of the earth") (39:20). Just as soon, I turned around talking about how I wanted to gun down these disgusting police officers who had caused me so much hardship under Mr former Secretary's order: only if I had a gun and if it were not illegal (42:00). I was back at my motel room by 45:00.<sup>99</sup>



The portrait of the Pyramid  
I made on the night of April 4 2010

### April 5 (Monday)

99 There is another parallel between "Windaria" and my ICJ trial which escaped me in the original version but which we must take care to mention in this newly revised version since it had most likely caused this animation film to take up a place in the evidentiary record during the replacement of evidences: that the main guy in the film is promised a "beautiful woman" by the enemy state in exchange for betraying his own country (even though he already has a girlfriend). Now even more important is the second part of this animation film (although nobody foresaw it at the time): when the main guy has successfully destroyed his own country and is living with the "beautiful woman" in question in the enemy state, the enemy state orders the "beautiful woman" to kill him. Thus, the first part of the animation film is a metaphor (so to speak) of what I had done so far to save Daughterland while the second part, as you shall see, seems to correspond to what shall happen to me later on (since the Pyramid and her father would continue to torment me together with Homeland Security and my dear Daughterland for the next 12 years).

On this day I'd continue to use my Olympus recorder very sparingly for lack of a laptop to import the recordings into. I could not record myself round the clock until I solved the problem of my broken Eee PC. I would have to retrieve my old Toshiba Satellite from my storage unit. Until then, I would only turn on my Olympus sporadically to record my thoughts. I will only mention some of these recordings below.

I had an appointment with Mona on noon, and so I left my motel room to catch the bus to go to Westwood. Along the way, I recorded myself in: "[rflctn\\_4\\_5\\_10\\_1034-5AM.WMA](#)"; "[rflctn\\_4\\_5\\_10\\_1103-1106AM.WMA](#)"; and: "[rflctn\\_4\\_5\\_10\\_1132-1154AM.WMA](#)". I continued to formulate my idea of a "Platonic one year" with the Pyramid: she can show up with her boyfriend, I won't mind; but I should be allowed to play with her hand and hair. But I quickly became pessimistic about any possibility of fulfilling my wish with the Pyramid; in which case, I just wanted a psychologist and to hide under the table for the rest of my life, like "Murphy's Boy" (5:00).

My appointment with Mona is recorded in: "[wmonapyrmdprnts\\_4\\_5\\_10\\_1154AM-1250PM.WMA](#)" (from 14:00 onward). As soon as I saw Mona I complained: "Everything I have is broken, even my shoes... I'm not going to find an apartment... I need to find a job... I can't stand homelessness, and so I spend money on motel rooms, causing my bank balance to go into the negative..." Mona agreed to call Brian (OPCC) on my behalf. I complained further: "I can't remember anything anymore..." (19:00). Then: "My laptop is broken, which also prevents me from functioning..." And: "Thinking about the Pyramid is the source of my misery... She's friendly one moment, hurtful in the next... The Higher Power [namely, DGHTR or the Daughter People] is going to give her to me, but then someone has changed his or her mind, either she or someone else... And this is why my computer malfunctions..." (until 22:00). I recounted further: "The Higher Power now wants me to find someone else, he wants me to give up this girl and still be able to function... The Higher Power does this by making my computer malfunction in order to get me to be angry with the Pyramid... He thinks that I would then change my mind..." (24:00). I had no idea how wrong I was! I continued: "There is a relationship between her parents and [the Daughter People], and that relationship can't be strained, and that's why the Higher Power wants me to find someone else..." (25:00). "The Higher Power orders the Pyramid to be nice to me one day, pulling me out of my abyss, but then makes her revert back to her mean attitude the next day, and controls my computer to malfunction, all so that I would be angry with her, in which case another form of satisfaction would open up to me..." Again, I didn't know that it's actually the Pyramid's father who was doing all this.

But Mona suddenly asked me, "What would you do when you are angry with her?" I was completely bewildered by Mona's question, and replied: "I'm not going to touch her..." I then asked Mona if she was worried that I might "hit her, etc.?" "Yes," Mona said. Mona then asked me if I hit those people who stole things from me while I slept (30:00). I told Mona that I was surprised that I could be angry with the Pyramid. I then talked about how I broke my Eee PC. "Is there anyone around?" Mona asked (32:00). Mona was still trying to ascertain whether I had physically endangered the people around me. I said: "I realize then that I can live with a different sort of satisfaction... I would stare at the Pyramid so as to get thrown out, and then I'd just go waste myself away..." Mona asked: "Have you ever been



thrown out of the library?” I told Mona how the library staff had become ever stricter with me, and how I thought my idea was a good one: the Pyramid can live with me but would be allowed to have extra-marital affairs; but her family didn’t seem to like the idea. So I developed a different idea: that the Pyramid should live with me for one year completely Platonic, and afterward would be allowed to go away... (36:00). Again, when I told Mona about my new proposal, I was really wanting DGHTR to hear my idea from his station inside the Cave.

My conversation with Mona illustrates the extraordinary disjuncture between my emotional universe and the concerns of everyone in the control center. While I was struggling with all kinds of compromise between my own Borderline needs and the welfare of the Pyramid because I so didn’t want to inconvenience her, those in the control center were debating whether I posed a danger to her. I really don’t know how those who were supposedly reading my thoughts could have so misunderstood me. Of course, at this point, the mind-reading computer to which my brain was interfaced was owned by the Monkey and, as he had changed its setting, was no longer reading my thoughts at all. Furthermore, as I have noted, my emotional makeup was so complex and convoluted that ordinary men like the Monkey and his relatives simply had no idea what the computer was telling them about my thoughts – and the Monkey never really cared what I was thinking anyway. Also, while my sole concern was with the satisfaction of my sick needs, those in the control center were worried about PLANMEX and the “Triple Op”, of which I knew nothing at all. The two sides were operating in entirely different universes. The Daughterlanders, those supposed masters, had planned the whole thing so badly.

Mona, again, was no more than a manifestation of the control center. While I was telling her about my extraordinary care for the Pyramid – I was so willing to die for her, even – Mona wanted me to clarify whether I would physically abuse her. Mona was most likely still under the Invisible Hand’s control. After the Monkey had snatched away from him the ownership of the mind-reading computer to which my thoughts were interfaced, the Invisible Hand, in another corner of the control center, still owned the computer with which to remotely control Mona. He already knew what the Monkey was up to, and, under the Daughter People’s command, he wanted to obtain from me confessions that were entirely contrary to the Monkey’s assertions about me and the intercepts of my thoughts. The Pyramid could also be monitoring my conversation with Mona as well – either from her corner in the Law Library or directly from the control center by her father’s side – and she must be slightly confused since she had been reading on the computer screen how all I wanted was to ravage her like a piece of trash.

In any case, I asked Mona: “How do you see the world?” I wanted to know how the Pyramid saw the world, and I erroneously thought that the Pyramid might talk through Mona. But no. I then told Mona how I couldn’t understand the “Higher Power” (DGHTR): The Higher Power wanted me to find an apartment, so I would go find one, but when I called up the advertisement, the apartment wouldn’t exist... Another example: when I bought a cellphone, the cellphone wouldn’t be activated... It seemed that the Higher Power’s goal was for me to give up the Pyramid (38:00). Right! I then began telling Mona that, despite all this, the “plan” – to give me the Pyramid, that is – would actualize itself. But Mona suddenly retorted: what if the Pyramid doesn’t want to be my friend? What if the Pyramid doesn’t want to see me anymore and wouldn’t tell me why? What would I do then? Mona was again

passing on the questions which those shadowy figures in the control center had wanted to ask me. I could only respond that the Higher Power wanted me and the Pyramid to be more than friends, but that now we were less than friends. “Forget it then,” I concluded, “I would just go live a wasted life... I don’t want a girlfriend anymore, I just want a psychologist...” And I added: “I don’t think there is anyone else on the planet who likes her as much as I like her, but she doesn’t like to be liked that much... Thus I’m not sure if this is a good thing or a bad thing. If someone else likes me as much as I like her, I’d run away too. This is why I want to know how other people see the world: I have begun noticing the problem that other people don’t necessarily fit into my mood structure.” Right again!

After I stepped out of the Chicago School, I reflected on my current mood structure using Heideggerian phenomenology (in “[dsclosebstbymkangfeelsrry\\_4\\_5\\_10\\_105-151PM.WMA](#)”): how the world is originally “disclosed” according to Heidegger. How does a person come to perceive instinctually that a chair is for sitting, a pen is for writing, and a table is for writing on? A child has disclosed the world like this by learning to read and write while imitating the adults. He or she is socialized to understand the world in this way and not in another. But then the mood comes, too, along with the understanding of how the world works. The mood which accompanies the understanding of the world (like how furniture works and everything else) is a function of how the significant others in the child’s life have treated the child while he or she is being socialized. The child thus learns to love this and not that while understanding everything, and this is the mood structure (*Stimmung*) which he or she has learned to associate with the world which he or she has been socialized to understand in this way and not in that way. For example, the child has learned not to want to break a piece of glass (from 2:00 onward). That’s how personality develops, namely, it is a function of how the child learns to see the world, discloses it within a particular mood structure, all according to how he or she has been socialized and treated by the adults around him (6:00). That’s how I have learned to not want to break fragile things (hence to want to preserve both the SVR and the CIA), unlike others who would have done differently in my situation. Immediately there was siren in the distant (7:00). Presumably “evidence” was taken. What I have just said can perhaps serve as the fundamentals of a phenomenological psychology. Then I continued to analyze my current episode of Borderline obsession: “Part of my current mood is not wanting to change the mood, so that I would *want* to like the Pyramid and not someone else, for this is part of the package of liking her...” As I have noted, loyalty to “The One” is part of the very essence of the idealization practiced by a Borderline Personality. Then I confessed: “What are you trying to achieve by wasting yourself away? Making the Pyramid feel sorry...” (30:00). I actually believed that I could make the Pyramid feel sorry for having hurt me – a very stupid belief. This was all because I believed, erroneously, the Pyramid “was a very nice person, nicer than Karin...” (36:30). I walked into Best Buy to see if the Geek Squad could restore my Eee PC. But no. The Geek Squad told me I didn’t have the coverage needed for fixing my Eee PC (38:00). I left the store in disappointment.

And so I got on the bus to go to my storage facility in downtown Los Angeles. More sporadic reflections followed: “[rflctn\\_4\\_5\\_10\\_205-207PM.WMA](#)”; “[rflctn\\_4\\_5\\_10\\_209-216PM.WMA](#)”; “[rflctn\\_4\\_5\\_10\\_221PM.WMA](#)”; and “[rflctn\\_4\\_5\\_10\\_235-238PM.WMA](#)”. I noted that, while *yakusoku* meant “binding” or “constraining”, Latin also expressed “obligation” in the same way, namely *debeo* (“I must”, “I should”) also meant “I bind, I tie”. Using “binding” as a metaphor for “obligation” or

“promise” is a universal human tendency (think how we say in English, “I’m bound to...”).

I then thought: (1) My best scenario is that I would have a one-year Platonic relationship with the Pyramid. My worse case scenario is that I would be wrenched away from the Pyramid, either permanently or for a period of time after which she’d reappear when I would have been “reformed” enough to no longer “exercise transference on her”. (2) Does the Pyramid Crack Cocaine really prefer to love rather than be loved in just the way I do? But isn’t she much stronger, not so emotionally fragile like myself? Eventually of course I would realize that I was quite wrong about the Pyramid, and that she was in fact exactly like myself. (3) My realization about the role of the “third parties” (the Pyramid’s parents) had significantly softened my mood due to their being strangers to me: I had decided that I must release them from the “bind” and not give them moral dilemmas. When I was thinking this – that I would not hurt myself even should DGHTR’s promise be broken – a guy suddenly walked in front of me and shouted loudly at me, “Thank you for your consideration”. At the time I thought it was DGHTR’s “Thank you”, and only much later would I realize that it was actually the Monkey who, desperate for me to withdraw my choice of the Pyramid so that he could insert his own replacement, “read my thoughts” on the computer screen and suddenly felt glad that he could now rid DGHTRCOM’s plans of me. He was the one who had remotely controlled the guy near me to pass me a message. You might ask: *if the Monkey had changed the setting of the mind-reading computer so as to make it unable to read my thoughts, how did it read my thoughts?* Alas, this episode confirms for you the nature of the Monkey’s mischief with the setting, that the changes which he had made to it were very limited – that he had merely changed the software slightly so that the computer would translate my “opposite thoughts” as “positive thoughts” (or “normal” thoughts: thoughts which I actually did mean). This episode also shows you that the Monkey did retain control of a few people in my environment as well. (4) I was then worried: what if they withdrew the Pyramid just to test if I would keep the *yakusoku* I had just made? Supposedly, that would be okay because I had already made the preparation to give her up for good... My regret was after all really about the possibility that the Pyramid might not know that once upon a time someone had liked her so much – the same old “rescue instinct” in my Borderline constitution. (5) I also became quite afraid that people who were not expert psychologists might not understand the “vertigo of freedom” (such as when imageries opposite of what I wanted would pop up in my head just because I was nervous and afraid to think them – and when I was nervous about getting misunderstood when my thoughts were being read). I had no idea that the Monkey was at this very moment exploiting this tendency of mine, “opposite thoughts”.

My next recording is: “[storageboundary\\_4\\_5\\_10\\_410-518PM.WMA](#)”. I came to my storage unit to retrieve my old Toshiba and to put in my broken Eee PC. I also put in all the discs whose content I had since my last visit burned onto dual layer discs. I continued to reiterate my consideration for DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People: “I don’t particularly want the big people to change their plans just to suit my needs” (1:00). Meaning: I didn’t want to become a burden to my Daughterlanders because of my inability to detach myself from the Pyramid. I also reflected on “computer malfunctioning” which had characterized my previous two days and conditioned my current mood structure: “This is to condition that ‘learned helplessness’ which the CIA has conditioned in the ‘terrorist suspects’ locked up in those secret prisons, because you just can’t do anything about it”

(6:00). Gradually, your psyche breaks down because you have learned that you have absolutely no degree of control over what is happening to you. “What do other people do when they have to use the computer and yet just can’t?” I asked. The problem is that one powerful figure after another – first Mr former Secretary, then the Daughter People, then “DGHTR” (actually, the Invisible Hand), and now the White Mexican Monkey – had come into the control center to gradually take away my control over all electronics in the world – and they had never bothered to do this to anyone else, so that I would be all alone in the world in suffering this disease. While I rummaged through my things in my storage unit, I said to myself: “Just tell the Pyramid you like her, then you can round things up, so that, even if she throws you out, you’d feel ‘anchored’” (32:00). Seeking closure to a certain affair in order to have feelings of “being anchored” is another aspect of a Borderline Personality. I then further explained just how considerate I was of Daughterland: I was worried about how to contain the conflict within the bounds that I had intended – just so that I could let myself go and fall into conflicts (55:00). In other words, I didn’t want the frictions which I had created between Daughterlanders and the Pyramid’s parents through my attachment to the Pyramid to damage the “bigger structure” (the political alliances that were being forged). I thus confessed: “My family is kind of convenient: they wouldn’t care if I rape a dog, get raped by a dog, get raped by a gay man, marry a gay men, or marry two gay men and then get raped by a gorilla... There is nothing I can do which can disappoint them, and I can therefore do anything I want; imagine if the Pyramid does all this or suffers all this, her parents will have a heart attack!” (1:05:30) I had, in a sense, a lot more latitude than did the Pyramid. No one would object on my behalf if I chose to associate with a loser!

This night I would stay in my motel room writing this very diary. My last recording of the day is: “[mtlwrtsupl9\\_4\\_5-6\\_10\\_1117PM-1237AM.WMA](#)”. Late in night, while taking a break, I began playing the only video I had ever made for entertainment purpose: “Goddess of Silverlake”. (I made it back in February 2009, if you recall.) I watched again and again the scene where the sunlight illuminated the face of my “Goddess of Silverlake”. I took so much pleasure in watching and imitating her minute movements. Unfortunately, the Monkey was going to use the intercept of my doing all this as evidence for my supposed “autism”.

### **April 6 (Tuesday)**

I slept in my motel room, but suddenly woke up around 5 AM or so: “[dghtrangieparntsslpmntl\\_4\\_6\\_10\\_456-812AM.WMA](#)”. I was desperately afraid to be taken away by the police, for I wouldn’t be able to talk to the Pyramid in that case. Then I reflected on how badly I felt for the Pyramid’s separation from her boyfriend – “She needs to atone, however...” (48:00). Again, my deluded image of the Pyramid as someone who was so imbued with morals as to feel the need to atone for the few intercepts she had performed for the suit team – as if either she or the Daughterlanders gave a crap about that past episode! Finally I reflected – for DGHTR to hear in the control center – on how he simply needed to tell the Pyramid’s parents that I couldn’t function without the Pyramid. This was how bad my Borderline obsession had become. Nevertheless, I was considerate enough to grant: “I must promise not to hurt myself when her parents are released from the bind...” (1:03:00) And I continued to struggle with the problem of how to release the Pyramid’s parents from the moral dilemma I had created,

unaware of the Pyramid's father's vicious nature (1:10:30).

After all this worthless reflection and moral debate with myself, I found myself unable to sleep, and so got up to go to the laundromat. This is recorded in: "[laundrydghtrfault\\_4\\_6\\_10\\_815-1121AM.WMA](#)". While I was walking toward the laundromat, I had another epiphany: "Speaking in all fairness, DGHTR had made a mistake [by pairing me up with the Pyramid]; I can thus act out however I want, I can waste myself" (2:00). I was at the laundromat by 11:00. As I was doing my laundry, I began worrying about my hair line – and I remembered how in the past I didn't have to care about how I looked, how I tried to look as ugly as I could – and there was honking outside to confirm (31:00). Presumably this was the Invisible Hand's signal telling me not to worry about my looks because of the Pyramid – it was simply not part of the game. I continued noting elements of (my imaginary) DGHTR's signaling environment – people running on the street and the helicopter's noises in the sky – which were increasingly discomfoting to my mind (34:30). I came back to my motel room by 1:28:00. Now looking slightly clean, I checked out of the motel to go to the Law Library – the Pyramid would be working there today. I was on the bus by 2:36:00. I tried to imagine a mood structure whereby I would like a sloppy white guy with long blond hair (2:58:20). Nothing. I simply couldn't understand why the Pyramid liked his boyfriend that way.

My next recording is: "[lawlibvgrnttlkangiebad\\_4\\_6\\_10\\_1121AM-1240PM.WMA](#)". I was in the Law Library by 3:40 in the recording. I forgot to hide away my blanket when the security guard Muscle Man "Faison" asked to check my bag upon entrance. He had suddenly become a lot stricter, telling me that, from now on, I would have to bring in materials related to "legal research" (4:15) – it was in fact a very telling sign that I was now under the Pyramid's father's "shift". He was now attempting to block me from coming to the library in order to separate me from his daughter.

For a while, I was looking over all the dictionaries of different languages that were sitting on the bookshelves near the reference desk. On 14:00 I pondered that question again, "Am I worthy enough to be the Pyramid's friend?" – one of those worries which had considerably lowered my value to others and allowed the Pyramid's father to convince her to invite himself in. I looked through the dictionaries of Korean and Indonesian language, but then suddenly noticed on 30:00 the strangest thing, that there weren't any Spanish-English dictionaries in this whole library. Was the Monkey trying to demonstrate to the Pyramid that he was wiser than "DGHTR" in that he could teach me the value of money by forcing me to purchase a Spanish-English dictionary on my own? I idiotically thought at the time that it was "DGHTR" who wanted to teach me the value of money. Today I would certainly claim instead that the Pyramid's father was the perfect reverse of such traditional value as represented by the *devise* of Montesquieu's family: "Virtutem fortuna secundat."

I then entered the typing room and immediately a black male vagrant came in to play his recording of a conversation loudly in order for the faulty surveillance Machine to confuse him with me (54:00). (This was just to create new evidence to replace similar evidences in the past, which the Pyramid's father, the Monkey, would be required to perform in the Invisible Hand's stead.) A second fat white male vagrant then came in (57:00). I was at the time idiotic enough to think that it was DGHTR who had sent in

these two losers so that I may learn some social skills from these lower class people. I was completely duped. The fat white vagrant “joked” with me about how the police had issued a warrant for my arrest.<sup>100</sup> Naive, I unloaded my bottled-up sentiment by asking him, “Who is the prettiest girl working in this library?” (59:00) The Pyramid’s father, “talking through him”, replied that it was definitely the Pyramid Crack Cocaine. Mysteriously, this white vagrant male then recounted how the Pyramid used to live with him and how they had sexual relations then. While I was completely stunned, he told me that I argued well and should be a lawyer (1:01:40).<sup>101</sup> This is something which the Monkey would control the people around me to repeatedly comment to me, in a way that was indicative of his world-view: he had noticed that the Invisible Hand, the Daughter People, and DGHTRCOM were frequently impressed by my ability to reason. Unfamiliar with the world of letters and sciences, he automatically confused this philosophical (“critical”) thinking with lawyers’ “clever” thinking, unaware that the two types were in fact diametrically opposed, the philosopher arguing to get at the truth while the lawyer only argued to “win the argument” (to sound better to the uninformed or to manipulate the mechanics of laws). In other words, the comparison between a philosopher and a lawyer is like the opposition between Socrates and the Sophists.

At some point, when I stepped out of the typing room, I saw the Pyramid conversing with some other manager from the county law library complex. Such amount of confidence was shining through her face that she looked almost as if she was on LSD. She was clearly “on high”. Something was terribly wrong with her. I have kept telling you that the Pyramid’s self-esteem was increasingly shooting through the roof ever since early February – ever since she was redeemed by being chosen to become the “Queen of Mexico”. She started dressing more professionally, even for this idiotic job of “circulation desk supervisor”. Her father’s intervention – taking over the managerial position of PLANMEX (including the control over my environment) from the Invisible Hand – had now even more “jump-started” her self-esteem because it showed her just how much her father had now valued her and how much her father had wanted to protect her from danger. Such sudden heavy dose of attention – such sudden rush of redemption – was now thrusting her straight into a psychotic state. She was about to lose her mind.

My next recording is: “[lawlib\\_4\\_6\\_10\\_104-140PM.WMA](#)”. I reflected, quite correctly, that the Pyramid’s parents could not possibly allow the Pyramid to install me in her home even given the condition of “eating face to face” only (對食). But then, the vagrant man’s disrespectful attitude toward the Pyramid may very well be another of the Pyramid’s father’s attempts to separate me from the Pyramid by using the faulty surveillance Machine to produce evidence showing me being unfit for the Pyramid, contrary to the assertions of the CIA and the Daughter People. (The evidentiary record would show that it was I who had boasted having sexual relationship with the Pyramid.) I was probably right. The Pyramid’s father was changing the “script”. The “script” would now no longer say that I felt inferior before the Pyramid’s stunning triangular nose, but rather that I was coveting her for purely

<sup>100</sup>He might in fact be giving me a hint that the Pyramid’s family had gone to the police to open a case on me for “stalking”.

<sup>101</sup>We have to suspect, today, whether the Monkey was trying to use him to provoke me to a fight so that I could be arrested and he could prove himself to be right about me (that I was a danger to people).

sexual purposes.<sup>102</sup> I then came to the circulation desk to tell the Pyramid about the vagrant man's bad-mouthing of her (32:00 or so). Though surprised, the Pyramid was however upbeat and merely laughed about it while denying that she had ever lived with any man. Soon Pinky joined in on the discussion as well.

My next recording is: "[leavelawlibdiseasenumbr\\_4\\_6\\_10\\_144-235PM.WMA](#)". While in my corner in the library, I commented on the proper meaning of "For the sake of passing down to the children" – that touching line in "Beautiful Stars" (4:00): namely, to preserve my documentaries and my story for the coming generations.... I then walked to the circulation desk and chatted with Diego about my new cellphone. I told him how I had tossed the phone away. Diego said to me: "You should try to control your anger; there is always a solution..." (7:45 or so). I however retorted that, in this case, the satisfaction from dumping the phone was greater than the satisfaction in finding a solution for it. Diego disagreed. I'm sure that the Pyramid was monitoring this chitchat of mine in real time from her secret corner in the back room of the library. The Pyramid's father was talking through Diego as a way to demonstrate to the Pyramid his superior wisdom in comparison to the Invisible Hand's – while at the same time showing her how despicable I was. The Pyramid's father would have no interest in my response "The satisfaction in dumping is sometimes greater than the satisfaction in finding a solution" – a very characteristic response from a Borderline Personality – because he didn't really care about me nor was he interested in understanding how my psychology worked – and also because his goal was to impress the Pyramid rather than help me in anyway. Given the Pyramid's mediocre intelligence, she must have been impressed by her father's taming of my uncontrollable anger with a dose of his greater wisdom. Not knowing what was going on, I actually reiterated on 22:30 how I didn't want to put the Pyramid's parents in a bind. On 42:00 I commented how my specific way of perceiving the world *à la différence des autres* had allowed me to see, and value, the Pyramid: for others, the world appeared rather flat, but for me, there was a tower on this flat surface, the Pyramid, who stood out among all the profane things as the most important thing in the world.

My next recording is: "[buylgtrbus485\\_4\\_6\\_10\\_135-306PM.WMA](#)" and "[topsdn\\_4\\_6\\_10\\_335-836PM.WMA](#)". I left the library and took the bus to Pasadena, wanting to check with Ray my Computer Guy, to see if he could fix my Eee PC. While on the bus I began contemplating on a new method to make progress with the Pyramid. Perhaps I could exchange letters with her? The Monkey read this thought of mine in the control center, and he had an idea. By remotely controlling the passengers around me to move whenever I thought of "letter-exchange", he led me to believe that DGHTR wanted me to write out a request for letter-exchange on a portrait of the Pyramid and give it to her as a way to initiate relationship with her. Little did I know that the Monkey was planning to tell the Pyramid some untrue story about the portrait – something like how I was planning to inflict severe physical harm on her by luring her to write letters to me. After I got off the bus at Pasadena, I was suddenly struck by another "opposite thought": "Give me Mireya instead" – and there was a honk in the distant. I felt so ashamed, as I had accidentally violated my rule about my loyalty to the Pyramid right in front of DGHTR, and so I quickly clarified: "In reality, if I couldn't get the Pyramid, I wouldn't

<sup>102</sup>Perhaps the Monkey had orchestrated this incident with a dual purpose: both to produce evidence and to provoke me to a fight.

want anyone” (12:00). Ha! For, in reality, the Invisible Hand and everyone else were desperate for me to violate my own rule, and this was why he had remotely controlled some driver to honk.<sup>103</sup> I was at Ray’s computer store by then, but he wouldn’t fix my Eee PC either (18:00). Neither would he buy it from me without the hard drive. I had by then comprehended the harsh fact that DGHTR was not going to allow me to revive the gift he had given me on the first day of this new year.<sup>104</sup> I had no idea that it was the Monkey’s wish that I had no functional computers.

I then bought a Spanish-English dictionary for four dollars at the used bookstore across the street (35:00). By 49:00 I was in Old Town. Recalling that the Law Library would be closed in the afternoon the next day because of some “Friends of the Library” event, I began thinking about buying a pair of binoculars to “stake out” who’s going (57:00). Normally the Pyramid would not like it, I speculated, but this depended on the context. I was really desperate. I thus spoke out my plan: hide myself in a nearby parking structure about 100 yards away, and use the binoculars to see who would come into, and who would come out of, the library. I finally came to the Pasadena Public Library (59:00). After using the Internet on the public computer to write emails and watch some videos about how to disassemble laptops – I was about to take my Eee PC apart in order to extract its hard drive, now that it was irrevocably dead – I saw a guy using iPad (1:25:00). I asked him about it. You might not see any significance in this, but this event was orchestrated from the control center with a very deep purpose. I then filmed myself taking my Eee PC apart and extracting its hard drive<sup>105</sup>. I was all done by 4:19:00. I soon saw another guy holding an iPad (4:28:00). I then made more bad impressions upon the Pyramid and her family when I uttered on 4:29:00: “If I had money, I would fucking... buy a big camera, so that I can zoom in on people using iPads, etc...” and then: “The Pyramid should also know that I have in fact masturbated with her videos back in 2008.” I was leaving the library by then. While walking, I commented to myself: “Mommy could not coexist with Daddy Chertoff, just like water and fire couldn’t coexist, and thus one of them has to go” – just then some driver was remotely controlled to honk, indicating that someone in the control center had gathered up an important piece of evidence – “And guess who has to go” (4:41:20). What I had just said had contributed preciously to the “script” of the “second run”. Evidence-replacement was still going on even while the Monkey had hijacked the process and was changing his daughter’s role in it.<sup>106</sup>

But then my bad luck caught up with me, and my “draggy cart” broke suddenly into pieces on the street. After some frustration with fixing my cart, I began thinking again about “reconnaissance” to see who would be coming to the Law Library’s “Friends of the Library” event. I should dress myself up as a Muslim woman (1:46:00). I had done this kind of thing before when performing reconnaissance on Chxxx. But then I thought: what if DGHTR pretends to catch me? – just then there was a honk (4:47:00). It was the Invisible Hand who was signaling to me, for he knew that my attempt at any “reconnaissance” would very much offend the Pyramid. In the end I had decided not to do this – “The Pyramid’s parents are not going to understand it” (4:59:00). This was a wise decision. Then I reflected:

103Again, today we aren’t quite sure whether this honk was not accidental.

104Since there was no DGHTR, the Eee PC was more like a gift from the Daughter People, or the SVR Legend instead.

105 See the original version for the list of the videos and their hash values.

106Again, today we can’t be sure whether the honking was not accidental.



“When it comes to the Pyramid, just hand over your entire power to her, because I just want to touch her hair...” What bad thinking this was!<sup>107</sup>

My next recording is: “[psdnnowtchangietowstwdsolution\\_4\\_6\\_10\\_836-1106PM.WMA](#)”. As I was waiting for the bus to go back to Westwood, I commented to myself: “I want to know about the Pyramid...” I was desperate to know the real nature of the Pyramid. I then commented that I could supposedly look on the Internet for the Pyramid’s real age. I wanted my one-year deal, and yet didn’t want to inconvenience others – and some driver around honked again to confirm (1:30). The Invisible Hand was applauding my consideration – or rather encouraging me to give up on the Pyramid! I got on the bus and then got off (54:00). While I was on the street, some stranger black man gave me a piece of bread (59:30). And then another woman gave me bananas (1:02:00). I have always thought DGHTR was really trying to comfort me by controlling all these strangers to offer me goodies. I then seemed to have seen another Mommy on the street in accordance with the “script” (1:04:00). And I reformulated again how I could satisfy my need for the Pyramid: to have her as a roommate, or as a neighbor (1:10:00). I was then on the bus again on 1:19:00. While on the bus, I wrote down the following thoughts (1:48:00):

“The most horrifying thought has just descended upon my head around 10 PM tonight. It may be that my ‘promise’ to release the Pyramid’s parents from their bind has at last given them the courage to say No to DGHTR’s plan to compensate me with the Pyramid. After all, no matter how considerate I am of others’ situation, in the end I do prove to be a bit too eccentric, with all the attendant mood swings, day and night obsessive preoccupation with the Pyramid, and my inability to withstand the malfunctioning of machines – particularly the destructiveness I exercise upon myself and the objects that malfunction. Maybe not even the one-year Platonic arrangement or friendship. Parents are after all not the expert psychologists and psychiatrists from an intelligence agency that has a long-standing reputation in the study of human nature, but simply treasure their daughter like a piece of glass in the same way in which I have always seen the Pyramid as a mere piece of glass so easily broken. If even simple friendship of one year with the incomprehensible can be avoided, why take the risk? It’s a very real possibility that I have until recently failed to consider because I tend not to think of the befriended person’s family since my own family has never taken any interest in what kind of people I choose to associate with.

<sup>107</sup>In the original version, there is this conclusion at this point: “Now I should note that the ‘iPad’ thing is significant here. It’s another sign of what I have called the ‘UN Study Group’. Somebody in there was quite concerned with our increased use of papers and the exhaustion of forests, and found the latest gadget from Steve Job quite convenient for a ‘paperwork reduction’ goal. He or she wanted to make Apple my conspirator so that the Macrospherians could take over Apple as a good resource. Instead of books, we’ll all buy digital versions on iPads or Amazon Kindles. It will also be a good educational tool in third world countries (such as in the poorer regions of Africa or Latin America). Instead of going there to build libraries, the United Nations could just distribute iPads to all the school children. This will save a lot of money. Remember that the true divide in the world is between ‘North’ and ‘South’ – all the developing countries are located in the Southern Hemisphere. The children of the South could use iPads to access the wisdom and culture and technical information of the civilizations in the northern hemisphere.” This conclusion is completely idiotic – and the UN has already been distributing cheap netbooks to children in developing nations. More likely, BOL’s working group was concerned with the *harmful effects* of such things as iPads on the human brain!

“Presumably I am free to act out my disappointment with DGHTR by being forever ‘unproductive’ without fear that the Pyramid’s parents will then be put into a bind to feel guilty toward DGHTR because DGHTR has seemingly already prepared for this and should in all fairness bear the responsibility for this anti-climax anyway insofar as DGHTR is the one who has miscalculated things in the beginning. But then, just as Diego has encouraged the finding of solutions this afternoon, I do have a solution. Presumably, since anyone is worthy enough to be anyone’s friends, the only reason why the Pyramid’s parents could possibly decline the “one-year friendship” is their fear that my frequent anger with objects may one day indeed be transferred onto the Pyramid herself. It’s something that I do not believe will ever happen nor is it something which has ever happened in my past history, but loving parents presumably have no reason to take the chance. I can think of the simple solution, a guarantee of some sort, in that I am even willing to be ‘constrained’ in a straitjacket that would entirely disable [me] whenever the Pyramid should come into my sight. I am of course even willing, just in order to be with the Pyramid, to have my arms and legs broken so as to make it physically impossible for me to ever hurt the Pyramid in the slightest way, but then I would prefer to have my hands working so that I could continue to draw (e.g. the Pyramid’s portraits) and write and her parents will also certainly not agree to my physical destruction in order to be around their daughter. So – straitjacket, it is really a workable solution. Can they be reminded that I have been under 24/7 surveillance for over four years and have thus never had the chance to [cause] any substantial harm to another person, and that I have even before that had no criminal history?”

I got off the bus on 2:04:00 in Westwood, and walked into Starbucks (2:24:00). I was going to use my Toshiba Satellite to do work.

My next recording is: “[fixpromise\\_4\\_6-7\\_10\\_1122PM-1214AM.WMA](#)”. While I was still in Starbucks, the Monkey remotely controlled my Toshiba Satellite to malfunction. I went into a rage: “This is so fucking annoying! My computer malfunctions again just at the critical moment! I will make sure I’ll never do anything productive in the future!” (3:30) “This world is impossible to live in!” (6:00) “I’m not gonna be considerate, it’s fucking nuts, I’m just gonna try to get what I want!” (9:00) “Why does anyone else get to sleep in a house whereas I have to be homeless? Why does everyone else not have to record every single second of his life whereas I have to? This is fucking insane!” (12:45) I angrily packed up my things and left. I squatted in the street corner smoking the cigarette butts I had picked up on the street in order to calm myself down. But the noises from the car were tormenting me because I had been too conditioned to pay attention to them as DGHTR’s (or rather the Daughter People’s) signals. I shouted: “I can’t deal with the fucking noise! I can’t stand living in this orchestrated environment anymore!” (22:00) Again, the budding of what I would later term “Sonophobia”. In the end, I pledged: “The Pyramid’s parents are third party, and so I’ll keep my promise, I’ll not hurt myself, I expect a one year friendship, if they have problems with it, keep me in a straitjacket...” (24:00). Then I complained: “I can’t stand living in the dark, I don’t know what is going on” (29:30). More: “It’s all DGHTR’s fault!” (33:00) “Tell DGHTR to fucking fulfill his promise and find me an apartment and fix whatever the Pyramid’s parents have problems with!” (35:30) “I’m doing my best to contain the conflict, I don’t want to fight with the people I have saved, but they are driving me fucking insane with

all the computer malfunctioning – get someone else to live this life!” (37:00) After complaining so much, I finally squeezed myself into my blanket to get ready to sleep in my street corner in Westwood Village. I murmured: “The Pyramid is so lucky... So many people love her... I wish I had parents like that...” (40:00). I then had a thought: “Or just don’t feel guilty...” I was addressing the Pyramid’s parents this time. “Sure he has saved the world and people don’t want him to be wasted, but just don’t feel guilty” when I do choose to waste myself due to the Pyramid’s unattainability, that is (41:20). I begged: “Release me from *my* bind... I don’t want to feel guilty for making you feel guilty... So you release me and I’ll release you!” I was begging because, if I couldn’t get what I wanted, I had to do something destructive to myself in order to release the anger and frustration and calm myself down. As I fell into sleep, I continued to murmur: “The Pyramid is so wonderful...” (43:00). I had no idea how wrong I was.

My next recording is: “[tlkngtoatmsphre\\_4\\_7\\_10\\_1214-1230AM.WMA](#)”. As I nestled into my blanket, I groaned to DGHTR: “Don’t touch my recorder, don’t remotely turn it off!” Suddenly, I had an epiphany, realizing that all my begging to those shadowy figures in the Cave wouldn’t amount to anything. “I’m just talking to the atmosphere! All the bargaining I have done! Forget it! I can’t even see those people I’m bargaining with! I’m just going to care about myself and not about people I can’t even see!” (until 5:00 or so) Just then a group of youngsters were talking loudly near me, irritating me extremely, and I shouted to them: “Can you talk elsewhere please!” (7:00) As if my existence weren’t miserable enough, I was gradually developing this “Sonophobia”, easily irritated by ordinary environmental noises. “I cannot care about people who are in the dark!” Then I got more irritated by people coming over to talk loudly near me (14:30).

### **April 7 (Wednesday)**

I slept in the street corner in Westwood Village until I awoke on 5 AM or so. Then my first recording of my new miserable day is: “[wkdsplcementslpwstwd\\_4\\_7\\_10\\_452-715AM.WMA](#)”. Upon awaking, I began recording my reflection: “I wouldn’t know what to do if I couldn’t see the Pyramid anymore...” Such was the extent of my sickness at that time. Then I began spelling out another round of my erroneous impression of the Pyramid: how she easily submitted herself to fate, etc. The only thing which I guessed correctly about her was her homeliness and how she had never wandered very far away from home (46:30). Then I began talking to the control center: “People are insane to think that I’ll hurt the Pyramid; they just don’t understand me...” (49:00). “Ordinary people don’t understand anything, and so they cannot understand the fact that, the harder I smash my windows and my computer, the less likely I will smash a person...” (50:00). This is called “displacement”. “DGHTR must have thought the same, but because he predicted wrongly about my cutting on March 30, the Pyramid’s parents don’t believe him anymore” (56:00). I had guessed correctly! Then I reflected: “I’m angry with DGHTR because every time I got pessimistic, I felt like he was applauding me” (1:03:30).

My next recording is: “[nwsolutionpromise\\_4\\_7\\_10\\_715-836AM.WMA](#)”. I had by then got up, packed up my blanket, and entered into Starbucks. I sat there quietly working on my Toshiba Satellite. Then I begged DGHTR again: “Just force the Pyramid to do the one year...” (1:07:00) And: “In that way,

relationship will not be damaged, because the Pyramid will just hate *me*... My idea is always the better idea.” I then made my latest suggestion, following upon my previous idea of a straitjacket: “Let me be tied up on a chair and let her read to me or caress me” (1:19:00). Stupid!

My next recording is: “[lawlibangienopenpaldrawang\\_4\\_7\\_10\\_923AM-1259PM.WMA](#)”. I was then on the bus going toward downtown to go to the Law Library. While on the bus, I began worrying about how I might be bothering the Pyramid too much at her work. “But she gets paid anyway,” I consoled myself (4:50). Given my addiction to the Pyramid Crack Cocaine, I simply couldn’t let her go but had to come up with all sorts of rationalization to allow me to put aside my concern for her.

Since my shoes were full of holes, to make myself presentable to the Pyramid, I had to buy a pair of new shoes despite my bankruptcy. After I got off the bus, I walked into one of those Hispanic shoe stores on Broadway (1:15:00). I only intended to spend 20 dollars or so on a pair of shoes, and I quickly picked a pair of cheap shoes in that price range. But the Hispanic employee came to me – masculine, clever, and fast. He quickly showed me a pair which looked better but which cost significantly more (1:17:00). But I decided to stick to the cheaper pair I had chosen, worried about my finance. “I hope it’s okay for those in the control center.” Of course it was not okay, for the Monkey was running the show. The fast-pace Hispanic guy then wanted to sell me another pair that was on sale, a pair which was even more expensive, in the 50 dollar price range. I stuck to my earlier choice. I had chosen the cheapest pair I had found for another reason, namely, I feared pissing off the Daughter People if I tried to please them by buying the shoes they were supposedly controlling the employees to sell to me (1:21:00). I had no idea that it was the Monkey who was controlling the employees around me. When I was walking away, I had another “opposite thought”, and I commented thusly: “The image of smashing things up just popped into my head, simply because I was afraid to think of such images... I hope they understand” (1:26:00). What I didn’t know was that the Pyramid’s father had just obtained another intercept from the mind-reading computer which showed that I was *really* intending on violently destroying things. According to the new profile which the Monkey was composing of me with the altered computer setting, I couldn’t help but want to exercise violence on my environment every few minutes or so.

The Hispanic sales guys were so fast and aggressive as to be mysterious and confusing. If they were remotely controlled by the Pyramid’s father the Monkey, I had thence developed the impression of a sort of “randomism” like that seen in the art of Andy Warhol whenever I thought of this man. I have thought that the Pyramid’s father was trying to confuse me in order to create the impression, in the Pyramid’s mind, of his incomprehensible wisdom as a way to fool the ignorant daughter. Not even DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) was this confusing. The second signature of the Pyramid’s father’s work was shown through in the encouragement from these sales guys for me to buy the first pair of shoes which would cost 60 dollars, a bit beyond my budget. The Pyramid’s father’s semi-Protestant work ethic (although he was a Catholic) had led him to believe that buying expensive materials was a virtue and that his encouragement for me to buy the more expensive shoes could serve to better me by forcing me to find work and earn money despite my homelessness. Or rather – since the Monkey had no care for my welfare at all – this was the false impression he tried to create for the

Pyramid – for the Pyramid was at this moment hiding in the back corner of the Law Library observing in real time my reaction to her father’s setup. My choice of the cheaper shoes the Pyramid’s father must have used to convince her that this choice of the Invisible Hand’s was quite worthless in that he was cheap – because he wanted to be able to live a lazy life.

Sadly, for the whole time I was unaware that it was not “DGHTR” who was trying to “discipline” me. Thus my complaint, on 1:32:00, that the good old time with Mommy was much better (there were no confusion and torture). Furthermore, on 1:40:00, I continued commenting like an idiot about the wastefulness of trench warfare during World War I, thinking that I was impressing my DGHTR when I was most likely simply talking over the Pyramid’s father’s head.

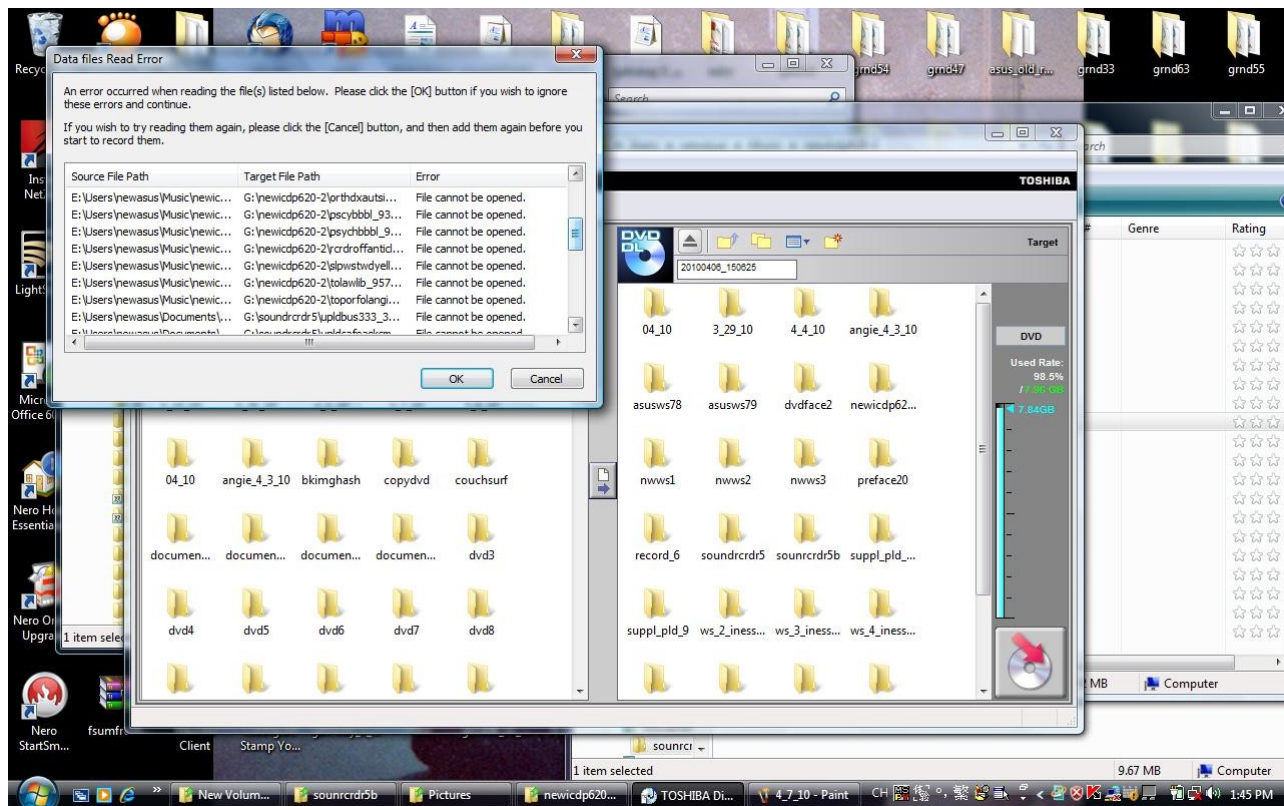
I walked into the Law Library on 1:46:00 or so and immediately started a short chat with Renee. Renee explained to me that the new upgraded computers in the front would all be “thin clients” from now on so that viruses would not be downloaded. What was going on was that the Monkey was worried that my defective genetic constitution might pollute his magnificent royal Mexican lineage. Since the “script” for PLANMEX said that, after the Pyramid and I had made our archaeological discovery and become engaged in Mexico’s politics, we were supposed to procreate, the Monkey had decided to create an intercept which would change the original “script”. The evidentiary record now showed that the suit team had changed their mind, in this recruitment of me and the Pyramid for Boss Cheney’s End-of-the-World Plan, about our having children – because of my genetic defect. Not understanding the mechanism, I just thought that it was DGHTR relaying the Pyramid’s parents’ message to me. This kind of communication by means of a metaphor, adopted from the SVR, had always been absolutely incomprehensible for me and caused me to overwork my head. I wasn’t so offended at the time, though. My ignorance about the Pyramid’s father’s cut-in caused me to utter “None of this makes any sense” (1:58:00), referring to the Warhol style “randomism” which characterized the Pyramid’s father’s environment.

On 2:21:00 or so I finally approached the Pyramid on the circulation desk to ask her how she was doing. “Fine,” she replied. I complained to her about how awful my life was. I then asked her the redundant question about when the computers would finish upgrading. She explained it indifferently, holding her coolness, neither looking uncomfortable nor showing interest. I didn’t know that the Pyramid had since the day before experienced an extraordinary change of heart: her father had by now shown her the “evidence” proving that the Invisible Hand had been lying to her, that I only coveted her sexually, that I constantly harbored desires for violence, and that I didn’t understand the values of work, money, and living well which characterized the life of the elites. The Pyramid was extremely angry with the pranks which the Daughter People and the CIA had supposedly played on her. I was in a serious disadvantage because I was kept in the dark about how she and her father had already been planning on an alternative to the Invisible Hand’s plan. I then advanced my idea – what I thought I was encouraged by my DGHTR to pursue via the movement of people on the bus in response to my thoughts the previous day – of exchanging letters with her. She flatly refused such an idea, responding to my asking “You don’t think that’s a good idea?” with “Not with me” in a flat tone (2:22:34). I was thoroughly surprised since I thought DGHTR had wanted me to go this avenue as a way to practice. I

had no idea that her father had already lied to her that I was planning to harm her severely by asking her to write letters with me. Now I was thinking that it was another one of DGHTR's tactics of putting forth the opposite and the unexpected. Just at this time the Pyramid started conversing in Spanish with another lady standing next to her. I thus asked the lady talking with the Pyramid if she spoke Spanish. She said no, which was of course strange, and then said yes, looking stone-cold. Again, Andy Warhol's "randomism". Parasitic being their way, this xxxxxxxx Monkey family had hijacked the mysterious and sophisticated environment which the Daughter People had designed (with American technology, albeit) and used it to dupe me left and right in order to satisfy their feelings of superiority to me, even though I was the one who had sacrificed for and saved their boss while they hadn't yet done anything and were about to screw up Daughterland big time. Getting increasingly nervous because of everyone's sudden shift of attitude, I asked half-stuttering while presenting Cisneros's book to the Pyramid, if this novel resembled her life at all. The Pyramid flatly denied it in a very cold manner. Both surprised and nervous, I finally asked the Pyramid about the "Friends of Library" event this afternoon (2:25:00). She again only answered the question in a matter-of-fact manner, saying it was reserved for invitees only. I went away extremely confused, disliking ever more this "method of the opposite" characteristic of my imaginary DGHTR. I have to tell you that I suspect that this so-called event this afternoon was just a pretext which the Monkey had orchestrated to close down the Law Library so that he may convene with his family and the Pyramid to talk over his new version of PLANMEX and the replacement he had found for me.

I spent the rest of my time in the library quietly working on my DVDs, and then drawing a new portrait of the Pyramid while listening to the recording of "Beautiful Stars" over and over again. (3:24:30). When the library closed on 3:36:00, I left quite upset.

My next recording is: "[tocafe6strtreflectn\\_4\\_7\\_10\\_105-215PM.WMA](#)". I walked to a cafe restaurant near the Pershing Square. I ordered my food and sat down at a table. I wanted to burn the latest recordings of myself onto DVD-101 using the Toshiba Disc Creator on my Toshiba Satellite. Since I was not allowed to burn DVD-100, I decided to move on and burn DVD-101. I would come back to DVD-100 later. But for some reason my Toshiba Disc Creator couldn't process the recordings that came out of my old Sony ICD-P620 and the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. I was again frustrated by computer malfunctioning.



The error message from my Toshiba Disc Creator,  
April 7 2010, 1:40 PM or so.

Was it again the Monkey who didn't want me to save these recordings on a disc? Since at the time I was struggling with the question: What if the Pyramid didn't like me to record when the time came for me to actually be paired up with her – what I should do with the files I had already made in which her voices had figured – I thought it was DGHTR who was passing me a message telling me that I should refrain from keeping my recording of the happenings in the Law Library. I therefore didn't burn onto DVD-101 these files from my Sony ICD-P620 recorder, because I felt guilty in being so selfish that I wanted to keep every byte of my data. I didn't know that, in reality, it was the Pyramid's father who was trying to stop my recording habit so that his alteration of the setting of the mind-reading computer may never have a chance of being discovered. He knew that I thought it was "DGHTR" who was running me and that I would probably listen to DGHTR if DGHTR told me not to record myself.

My next recording is: "[brndvd101storageattrctoppst\\_4\\_7\\_10\\_215-454PM.WMA](#)". I was allowed by the Monkey to burn this DVD-101 with the files from my Sony recorder omitted. I thus went to my storage facility to put the newly burned DVD-101 (along with DVD-32-33) into my storage unit.

My next recording is: "[toicybrafehelplssnssangr\\_4\\_7\\_10\\_454-743PM.WMA](#)". I was leaving the storage facility by then. At some point I commented to myself that people with low self-esteem always like people with high self-esteem (9:00). This is very significant and is the reason why the Pyramid will

never like me: both of us are characterized by low self-esteem. When I entered the food mall, I asked again: What is going on? Are they going to deliver the Pyramid to me, or am I supposed to go after her? What am I supposed to do? Wait? Tomorrow I shall ask her: Since you owe me, you have to be my friend... I have already given up making you like me (17:00). I now developed the idea of exchanging letters with the Pyramid further and thought I should become her “pen pal” (19:30). How am I supposed to play this game? – and there was loud siren in the distant (20:00). “It sounds almost like a confirmation, except I’m probably duped!” Right! Then I wondered: “What am I going to do if I get kicked out? I’ll feel like I am lost in space...” (22:00).

I got on bus 38 by 24:00. I commented that my desire for the Pyramid to finish her mission is stronger than her desire to finish her mission – the Pyramid, please finish your mission! (32:00) I began further developing my idea: Why don’t I give her a “metaphor”? Put Japanese writings on the drawing... (37:00). By then I was on bus 20 going to the cybercafe (59:00). While on the bus, I took out Cisneros’s *La casa en Mangle Street* and continued to read it – even though the Pyramid had denied that her life bore any resemblance to this story (1:02:30). Just as I was developing a little further my idea about becoming pen pal with the Pyramid, the Hispanic guy and gal sitting next to me were controlled to embrace and kiss each other to produce a metaphor. I don’t remember how, but I was further solidified in my belief that DGHTR – who I thought was remotely controlling the couple to signal to me – wanted me to write out my request for becoming pen pal on the portrait which I was making of the Pyramid and to give it to her. In reality, it was the Monkey who had just seen on his computer screen that I was thinking about getting a mailbox and inviting the Pyramid to mail to it and was now thinking about developing further his lies about me. (Remember that, even with its setting altered, the mind-reading computer could still read my thought about getting a mailbox, etc., since the idea was neutral and abstract and thus was not misread.) The Monkey thus started controlling the people around me on the bus to further make me believe that it was DGHTR who was encouraging me to go on this route.

Not knowing that I was in trouble, I then debated with myself about the morals in all this, about my need for others’ approval, about my fear for damaging relationships... And I commented: These are clear signs that I’m not a danger to others! (1:21:30) When I arrived at the cybercafe, I murmured how I wanted the Pyramid to teach me how she saw the world (1:29:00). Her interior was such a mystery to me! I sat down in front of a computer station, trying to send a text-message from my Gmail account to Chris (1:41:00). I was just so lonely and so desperate for any sorts of human contact. But I became upset and was swearing about because everything malfunctioned and I wasn’t allowed to send the text-message (1:47:00). I shouted: “Everything is always the opposite of what I have expected, I should therefore expect the opposite instead – why do they [namely, the Daughter People] do that?” (1:50:00) I was becoming very angry with this Daughterlander “system of the opposite”: where I would get punched for doing the right thing – this inversion of operand conditioning (1:52:00). I tried to illustrate my point to the Daughter People by making another hypothetical example out of Aldrich Ames: what if, after he sold secrets to the Russians, the Russians told him to go to the “drop place”, where he found a box; and what if, when he thought he would find money in the box, a fist came out of the box and punched him in the face (1:54:00)? “Now our Daughterlanders do this because they *can* – I can’t run away any more.” Finally I gave up the idea of texting Chris (2:14:30). In reality, I have no idea whether



it was the Monkey who had obstructed my texting or whether it was simply because I didn't understand how to use Gmail to do text-messaging. I then reflected further: "There is in fact no such thing as 'Pavlov's dog running in reverse'.... There appears to be such a thing because the rewards have simply escaped from view: for example, back in January I only kept on fighting for Daughterland when punched by the Daughter People because the reward lay in Daddy Chertoff's suffering." In other words, I wasn't doing it because the Daughter People were punching me, but because the happiness involved in knocking down Mr former Secretary Chertoff was more motivating. I left the cybercafe by 2:20:00 and got on the bus to go to Westwood. While on the bus I reflected again: I was upset because helplessness angered me – the helplessness resulting from the fact that I had absolutely zero degree of control over the electronic machines which made up my environment (2:29:30). How can you function when you cannot control your environment to any degree whatever? I continued practicing Spanish verb conjugation while on the bus (2:34:00).

My next recording is: "[wstwdchnseschlarisovrnft\\_4\\_7\\_10\\_744-1030PM.WMA](#)". When I arrived in Westwood, I first walked to In-and-Out Burger to have my dinner. I had opposite thoughts again: because I was so afraid to appear dangerous, the exact image of my being dangerous would pop up into my head (3:00). This was bad, because the mind-reading computer, with its setting altered, had just intercepted another thought of mine showing I had a violent tendency. I then reflected on how much I differed from the Pyramid: "She is becoming very strict, it must mean that she is impressed by masculinity!" (7:30) "I on the other hand find masculinity distasteful; I'm rather impressed by details, by beauty; not by masculinity in the sense of the courage to drop beauty on the spot" (10:00). Then: "The Daughter People are more sophisticated, they are great dramatists, but are also distinguished by masculinity." I then calculated the amount of time I would spend in the Law library the next day: "I'll be there from 2:30 PM onward, which would give me three and a half hours within which to interact with the Pyramid" (49:00). I needed to seriously budget my time there in order to not appear too harassing to the Pyramid.

After I had my burger, I came to ISO. Upon entering, I saw a graduate student reading a classical Chinese book (53:00). As I was so desperate for human interaction, I sat down with him to begin conversing with him. It turned out that he was a professor in Sinology from Norway, here visiting UCLA (58:00). He was teaching in Oslo back home. When I told him I was originally from Taiwan, he told me that he just came from Taiwan, from Fuoguan University to be exact. He had also studied at Beijing University before. I was hesitant, out of embarrassment, to tell him I was homeless and jobless. He had also studied Japanese for four years – not surprising, since anyone into Sinology would have to know Japanese. At some point he revealed that he was originally from Austria (1:05:00). I then shared with him a mystery which had plagued me for a long time: that the more passive a culture is (like Japan), the more male-dominated it is (1:09:00). He replied that, in a society characterized by passivity, women do have more power at home, controlling their husband's finance. I then commented on the indirect way of communication between the United States and China, using as an example the incident of China's refusal to let a US aircraft carrier dock in Hong Kong back in late 2007 (1:12:00).<sup>108</sup>

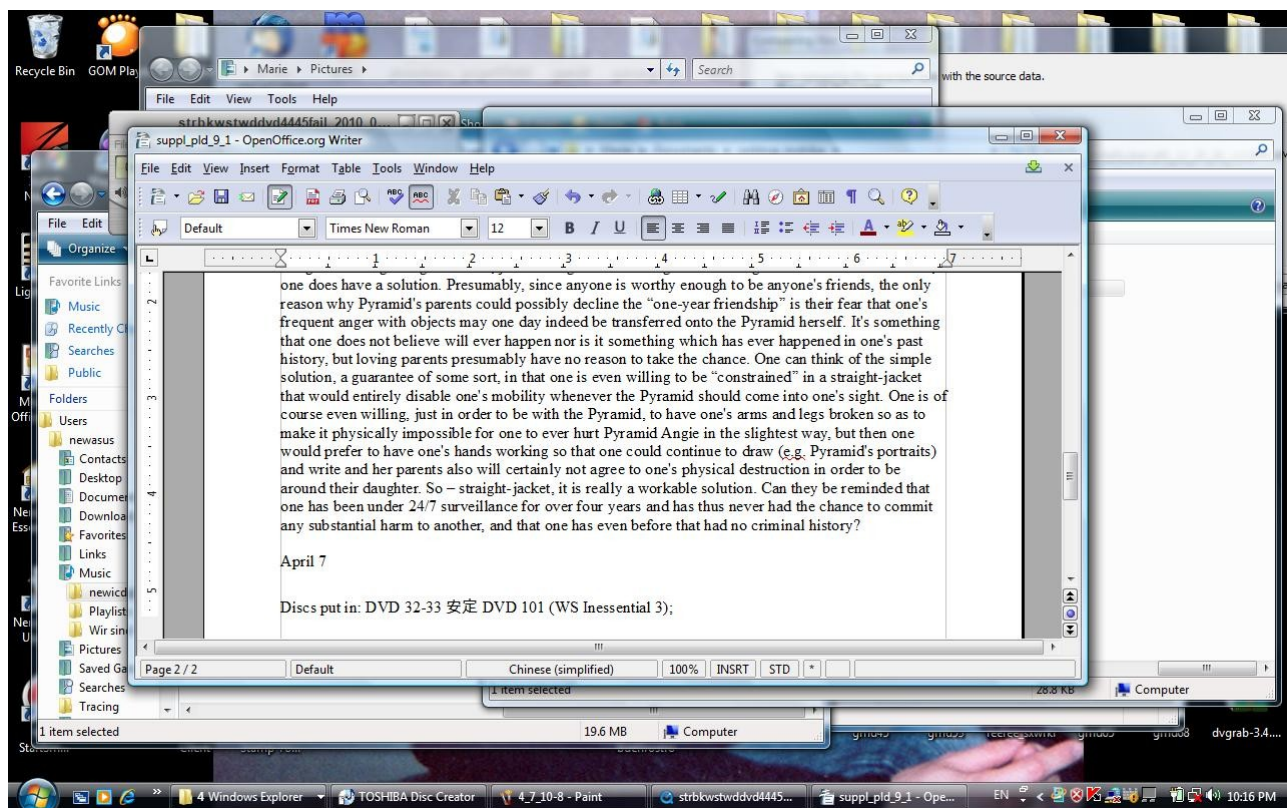
108 The incident supposedly worked like this, according to a well-written analysis which I had once found on Zaobao's website: China wanted to test the US attitude on China's planned military intervention in the event of Taiwan's

Soon our Austrian professor was telling me more about his life, how he had traveled in China, even in northwest China, how he had never studied Korean. Soon I was asking him questions about historical linguistics. When he told me that he had studied Middle Chinese, I told him that Middle Chinese was already “monosyllabic”. He misunderstood what I said and replied that Middle Chinese was actually “polysyllabic”. Already in Medieval Buddhist texts we find, he said, bisyllabic terms like: 將來 (future), 過去 (past), and 方便 (expedience). I thus had to explain to him what I meant: how originally Chinese was inflectional, and how the inflectional suffixes had over time condensed with the roots to result in “tones” (1:24:00). He agreed, but then clarified that the view that Cantonese was the language of Han dynasty was wrong, that it was actually the language of Tang dynasty... As we continued our discussion, he revealed how he was fascinated by Buddhism. Has Buddhism left as many traces in Chinese culture as Christianity has left in European cultures? I asked him. Whereupon he explained that he knew a little Pali too, and had done comparative studies between Sanskrit, Pali, and Tibetan. When he was leaving (1:35:00) – feeling the pressure of time as busy academics always do – he showed me his other Chinese books.

My chat with this Austrian professor in Sinology from Sweden cannot have been an accident. It must have been orchestrated from the control center to produce some evidence – although I have never figured out what. This assumption is inescapable since DGHTRCOM was in a hurry to finish the replacement of evidences within a year. What should be certain is that I had again sunk into a conspiracy with Sweden and Austria. When the professor had left, I sat there by myself reflecting on a new view on the structure of world history such as was illuminated by my case at the International Court of Justice. This was to show off to DGHTR at the same time. “China is supposed to come back to world prominence according to the rules of history” – and yet it hasn’t (1:40:00). According to the cycle of world history, the East is supposed to rise again... Why has it not? Because technology has disrupted the “Reason of History”. “5,000 years ago, Mesopotamia was the most advanced area on earth, from then on the *Geist* blew eastward, so that China began rising 4,000 years ago in civilizational achievements. When the *Geist* continued its eastward march, civilizations began rising up in Central America 2,000 years ago. When the *Geist* continued eastward, Europe began rising from the ashes of the Roman empire and Charlemagne to become the most advanced area on earth starting from 500 years ago.” I omitted here the westward movement of *Geist* right after Mesopotamia to give rise to the Greek and Roman civilization at the same time as the Chinese civilization. After Europe and its attendant America “the *Vernunft* is supposed to come back to the East – hence the rise of China – since the West has already had its 500 years. But the *Geist* got fucked” – instead it settles down in, has got deflected a bit northward to, Daughterland (1:46:00). At that moment there was a “Mommy” eating with chopsticks (2:02:00).

declaration of independence, and thus refused US carrier’s docking. Typically, the US carrier came to Hong Kong through the sea waters on the eastern side of Taiwan; when it was refused docking, it returned to Japan going through Taiwan Strait, namely on waters on the western side of Taiwan. While crossing the strait, the US carrier also sent planes up to conduct exercises in electronic warfare, causing radars on both the Taiwanese and the Chinese side to malfunction. The US was sending a message to China: the US will intervene if China intervenes militarily... Indirect communication: not a word was spoken.

In reality, while this International Court trial had initially disrupted China's rising, now that Daughterland had won, it didn't mean that Daughterland was going to overtake China. China's economy was just so much larger and so much more solid than Daughterland's. The two will rise together in partnership, as you will see later. I then moved onto my next topic. "My self-consciousness is consciousness of someone else's consciousness of my consciousness... My self-consciousness has got deflected into consciousness of someone else's consciousness of my consciousness of his consciousness of my consciousness... *ad infinitum*. So weird, I'm constantly conscious of someone else's being conscious of me..." (2:12:30). "And so, as *en-soi* becomes *pour-soi*, *pour-soi* becomes *pour-l'autre!*" I then defined another meaning of "pour-soi": "I so want to talk to another intellectual so that others may know what I know, it's *pour-l'autre* also, that's why I have such a hard time at conversation, I just want to be *pour l'autre*..." (2:20:00). "Who knows about Auguste Schleicher's theory on the evolution of languages, agglutination vs inflection vs isolating languages?" (2:21:00) While reflecting on all this, I managed to burn the copy of DVD-101 which I would carry with me in my bag – again with the files from my Sony recorder omitted. Then, around 10:16 PM, as I was noting down on this very document the discs I had put into my storage unit this afternoon, the Microsoft IME on my Toshiba Satellite malfunctioned again and produced the Chinese characters for "calm down" instead of the English words I had wanted to write:



The malfunctioning of Microsoft IME, 04/07/10

Who was passing me this message? The Invisible Hand or the Monkey? I would never know. Either the

Invisible Hand wanted me to calm my tremendously active mind, or the Monkey was copying the Invisible Hand as a way to show off to the Pyramid. My next, or last recording of the day is: “[angieearringwstwd\\_4\\_7-8\\_10\\_1102PM-1219AM.WMA](#)”. I sat quietly in ISO for the rest of the night. Suddenly, I had a mental image of the Pyramid trying out her big ear ring in front of the mirror, saying to her big sister, “Sister, this is so pretty!” (27:00) This may actually be an accurate depiction of the Pyramid – except that she had no big sister but only a twin sister. So desperate to know something about the Pyramid, I comforted myself with such detailed analysis of the simplest things which she might do, coming up with a reason why she wore plastic frame glasses instead of metal frame ones: to look unobtrusive (35:00). “The Pyramid is quite ‘yin’” (the opposite of “yang” in the yin-yang system: 51:30). I was quite right. Then, by 1:11:00, I dragged my cart to a corner in Westwood Village to sleep.

### **April 8 (Thursday)**

I woke up from the street corner around 5 AM or so. Again, I was only able to sleep about four hours. My first recording of this new miserable day is: “[angleplan\\_4\\_8\\_10\\_530-643AM.WMA](#)”. While I was walking to the nearest Starbucks to have my morning coffee, I actually experienced an epiphany, that the Pyramid was excited about being part of some plan, about being chosen – and the birds above me seemed to be remotely controlled to agree (in order to make PLANMEX into part of my conspiracy, that is) (1:00). While at Starbucks, I looked at some news headlines on *Los Angeles Times* and *New York Times* (7:00): demonstrations and violence in Kazakhstan... Then Google’s cooperation with government censorship in China (10:00). I had no idea that all these were part of the Boss’ recommission of their crimes under DGHTRCOM’s command.<sup>109</sup> I found my seat and began burning the next DVD of my documentaries.

My next recording is: “[strbkuclanzt\\_4\\_8\\_10\\_646-901AM.WMA](#)”. I began writing as I waited for the DVD to finish burning. At some point, the Microsoft IME on my Toshiba Satellite malfunctioned again: when I pressed “Control-S”, Chinese characters mysterious popped up (24:00). I left Starbucks by 38:30 and began heading toward the UCLA library. I continued to regurgitate my new idea about getting “one year nursing” from the Pyramid (50:00). I arrived in the UCLA library (54:00) and used the public computer there to look for my cousins Nelson, Irene, and Steve on the web and to email them. I wrote to Steve about my struggle with computer malfunctioning and asked him to take me shopping (1:26:00). I also wrote to Oliver and wanted to find my old friend “Liz” (“Parr”). I checked my bank account and saw that I had negative 400 dollars in my bank account (1:09:00). I sighed: “There is no possibility for me to do anything.” By this time I had updated my “plan” with the Pyramid to this: wait to get picked up and put into a nursing home, whereupon the Pyramid would show up to nurse me (1:11:30). I then decided: do nothing, but just wait for DGHTR to deliver the Pyramid... (1:32:00). Finally, I began looking for the right German quotes in Nietzsche’s *On the Genealogy of Morals* which I wanted to inscribe onto my new portrait of the Pyramid (from 1:41:00 onward). I was specifically looking for Nietzsche’s saying about guilt and debt (*Schuld*). When I found Nietzsche’s analysis of justice and punishment as giving the victim pleasure in exercising cruelty on the victimizer,

<sup>109</sup> Again, we have simply inherited this conclusion from the original version. We aren’t quite sure today whether it’s completely correct.

I said to myself: “What’s the cruelty I want to exercise on the Pyramid? Forcing her to nurse me!” (1:47:00) Thus had I defined my punishment for the Pyramid. I left the library by 1:59:00. I then reflected: “What’s *yakusoku*, then? The freedom to become unfree” – to let oneself be bound, that is. By 2:10:00 I was on the Santa Monica Blue Bus going toward OPCC.

My next recording is: “[toopcc\\_4\\_8\\_10\\_919-1058AM.WMA](#)”. I arrived at OPCC by 15:00. I got some free food and met with Brian on 46:00. Brian told me that the apartment complex I had applied for had called him yesterday. I was excited: DGHTR was going to let me have an apartment after all. We then worked on my finance. I told him how I had had to buy a new cart (my cart was broken, remember?) and a pair of new shoes. Then in the beginning of the month both Payday Loan and my storage facility would deduct money from my checking account, and so would Citi-Bank. Thus I had negative balance in my bank account at the moment even though the Social Security Administration had just deposited 800 dollars for me. We called up my mother to ask her help me pay for this apartment (52:00). I really wanted Brian to hear the garbage which my mother would say, but he was not interested. He wouldn’t even agree to putting the phone call on speaker mode. When my mother answered (59:00), as soon as I asked her for the 530 dollar rent money, she blasted off like usual: “I can’t help you because you don’t help yourself...” I thus passed the phone to Brian because my mother wouldn’t help me (1:00:00). Brian seemed to be able to talk some sense into her. But when he passed me the phone, I heard my mother insisting that she knew that I did nothing the whole of last year (1:03:00). I was angry. She should know something about how I had spent the entire last year trying to save Daughterland, which then saved the world from destruction. Why was something like that utterly meaningless to ordinary people?<sup>110</sup> Would she prefer that I work at some mindless job instead? In the end, my mother, although giving in, didn’t want to mail the check to me, and Brian didn’t want it to be mailed to him; thus we asked her to mail it to the apartment management. We called up the apartment building once more, leaving them a message telling them that my mother would mail the first month rent to them. Job done, I left OPCC on 1:31:30.

My next recording is: “[bnkexchngwstwd\\_4\\_8\\_10\\_1058-1144AM.WMA](#)”. While I was walking, I continued making my hypothesis about the Pyramid: that the Pyramid was eccentric, that she was looking for a nice scenario full of heroic romances, and that she hence never fit her parents’ expectation (marrying a presentable but boring, unromantic, guy) (5:00).<sup>111</sup> I passed by a bank in Santa Monica, and I went inside asking them if I could exchange the 200 Nicaraguan dollars I still had with me (9:00). They replied that they would only exchange amount greater than 500. I then got on the bus to go back to Westwood for my appointment with Mona (15:00). While on the bus I had another “opposite thought”: “What I fear others might think I might think, something I’ll never do, has just popped into my head precisely because I so fear” (25:00). Well, the Pyramid’s father the Monkey had just intercepted another piece of evidence demonstrating that his claim that I was violent and posed a danger to the Pyramid was true. I continued: “It’s so awful, when my thoughts are being read... Did I not try to save the Pyramid, try to avenge her?” I came to the Chicago School by 44:00.

110 Today we have to conclude that she in fact didn’t quite know about this. In any case, even if it had been explained to her, she wouldn’t have understood it.

111 Today we would say that I had probably all guessed wrong.

My next recording is: “[isowmona\\_4\\_8\\_10\\_1144AM-152PM.WMA](#)”. When I came up to the Chicago School, I discovered that I had remembered incorrectly my appointment time; it was not 12 PM, but 2 PM. When I talked to Mona on the receptionist phone about this, she said she would be willing to see me on 1 PM instead. I was naively excited because I could then have the remaining afternoon spent in the Law Library, and I went to ISO across the street to work and eat, coming back on 1 PM.

Subsequent key moments of my session with Mona this day definitely reveal that it was the Pyramid’s father and not DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) who was talking through Mona this time. How did I lose my (imaginary) DGHTR, who had until now maintained control of Mona, even though the Monkey now owned the mind-reading computer with which I was interfaced? This may relate to the fact that Mona was willing to see me on 1 PM – perhaps “DGHTR” was allotted the computer controlling Mona only on 2 PM.<sup>112</sup> The key moments are: (1) When our session began I immediately started telling Mona about the constant moral debate within me about whether this was right and that wrong in regard to the “promise about the Pyramid” (1:18:00 or so). I concluded, “I guess I’m just very nervous...” Mona asked me if I was afraid of something. I thus recounted to her once more my sense of the Pyramid as an extremely fragile thing in the manner of a piece of glass – one touch and it may break apart – in consequence of which all sorts of “opposite thoughts” about glass-breaking would flash in my head despite myself. I had no idea at the time that my nervous fear that the Pyramid might be hurt in any way had been transformed, thanks to the Monkey, into its exact opposite back in the control center, showing that I wanted to kill the Pyramid. (2) Another thing of note is that Mona asked me about the pouch I hanged over my neck (1:20:40). The Pyramid’s father was probably going to enter into the evidentiary record for the Pyramid to know the lie that I was hiding dangerous weapons in my pouch ready to hurt females at any time. (3) Mona then told me about her upcoming absence for two weeks for academic conferences (1:22:00). The Monkey had found another therapist for me, a piece of garbage visually speaking, in order to show off his wisdom and masculinity to the Pyramid so as to further draw his daughter to his alternative plan; this you will soon see. Thus he wanted to dump Mona who was part of the Invisible Hand’s plan.<sup>113</sup> (4) Mona tried to remind me (1:25:20) of what I had once said, that it might be advantageous to me to be picked up by law enforcement because then I could be provided with a place to live without my spending efforts in searching for an apartment. I think that this was just the Pyramid’s father’s plan for me, to dump me away in some mental asylum with constraints placed on me for life while he and the Pyramid would go off to Mexico with their replacement for me to implement PLANMEX for DGHTRCOM. (5) Mona asked me if I was ever worried that something might happen to her just as I *used to* worry that something might happen to the Pyramid (first the evidentiary process and then DGHTR’s chipping of her). Evidently the Pyramid’s father was trying to lure a “Yes” out of me – he wished I would care about Mona as much as I did care about the Pyramid – so that he could then have evidence of a pervasive tendency on my part to harm females. This is the surest indication that the Monkey had inverted into “positive thoughts” (of desired

112 Again, complete bullshit. Most likely Mona was just passing on the questions which the Monkey had instructed the detective or handler to instruct her to pass onto me.

113 Again, this is the interpretation from the original version. Today we wonder whether Mona’s plan for conferences was actually not related to what was going on in the control center.

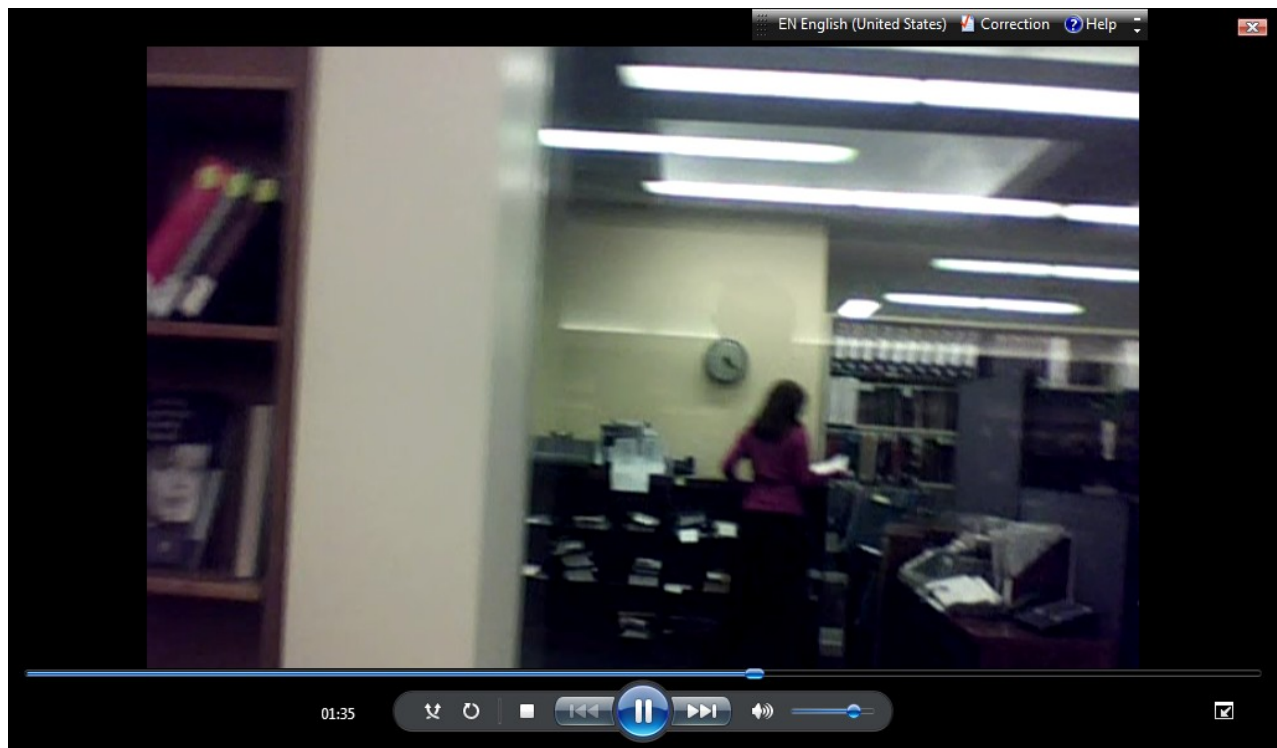
aggression) all the “opposite thoughts” which had come about in my head because of my “glassy feeling” (namely the nervousness that what is fragile may break up easily). Since I didn’t care about Mona enough to compare her to a piece of glass, it’s hard to tell if the Monkey had succeeded in re-portraying me in the evidentiary record as a psychopath threatening womankind on a global scale. (Listen, for example, to 1:28:00.) Amazingly, the Pyramid’s father had thus become the de facto continuation of Mr former Secretary during the second run – always masterfully presenting good as evil and evil as good.<sup>114</sup> (6) Mona expressed her worry that I might hurt myself, such that she wanted me to re-make the “promise” (1:31:00). The Pyramid’s father was evidently worried that, when he wrenched me away from the Pyramid, I might hurt myself so terribly that he would have a difficult time in accounting for himself to DGHTRCOM. (7) From 1:33:00 onward when I asked Mona what she would think if she were hit upon by stranger males while drinking in a bar, the answers she gave were effectively the Pyramid’s father’s – a psychopathic hypermasculine criminal – imagining himself in a woman’s shoes and being the object of a man’s heterosexual attention. These answers were un-particular enough – neither expert nor lame, hence not raising suspicion, so that I actually believed Mona was either speaking for herself or for the Pyramid. (8) On 1:35:00 Mona asked me what I first looked for in a woman upon first sight of her. Look, of course – what else was there in a first sight? Well, it’s almost certain that the Pyramid’s father the Monkey would use my answer to offend the Pyramid – who had supposedly an aversion toward men chasing after women solely for their beauty. (I should however have noticed that Mona couldn’t understand what I meant by “seeing people only in instrumental terms” because the Pyramid’s father had never had much experience in such academic talk.) I only regret now the fact that I had wasted all my characterization of my intricate feelings from 1:41:00 onward in the recording on the Pyramid’s father who was as opaque to delicacy, depth, and details as a human being could be – just like “Daddy Chertoff”. I thought at the time that Mona was mostly speaking for herself and only occasionally for DGHTR and the Pyramid.

My next recording is: “[tolawlibdrawangie\\_4\\_8\\_10\\_152-719PM.WMA](#)”: My next destination was of course the Law Library. While waiting for the bus, I ignorantly commented on the mystery of why my proposal of a friendship with the Pyramid simply couldn’t be accepted. Easy, because the Pyramid’s father wanted to take over PLANMEX all for himself and enclose the Pyramid within his command. While on the bus I continued reading Cisneros’s book. I was in the Law Library by 1:46:00.

I spent an hour or so looking for a chance to interact with the Pyramid but couldn’t find any. The strange thing was that everyone was, all of a sudden, wearing purple, including the Pyramid. Around 4:20 PM or so, I carried my Toshiba Satellite with me to the circulation desk to secretly film for a few seconds the Pyramid working behind the counter. See “[NVECapture.0011.mpg](#)”. On 2:43:00 or so I approached the Red Glasses Old Librarian and asked her why both she and the Pyramid were wearing purple (or rather “fushan”). She laughed it off: this was like some sort of pranks which everyone was playing in concert on one person. I asked a stranger professional white male sitting at a table near me why he was watching some lawyer education program on a portable DVD player (2:51:00). He said he

<sup>114</sup> Today we have to wonder whether what’s really going on was something else – that Mona, having seen Chaya’s warning about me and heard more about me from the Pyramid’s family through the detective or her handler, had become afraid of me.

had loaned this DVD player and the program from the circulation counter and that I could do the same too. I was stupid enough to believe at the time that it was DGHTR trying to create chances for me to go up to the Pyramid with a better reason to socialize with her than requesting “I want to sign up for a computer”. In reality it was probably the Pyramid’s father trying to produce some evidence showing that I wasn’t really using my computer but was holding a DVD player instead. (The professional man could have been confused with me in faulty surveillance.) The reason why the Monkey wanted to do this you will soon see. The Monkey was allowed to do this because the intercept could at the same time replace similar evidences from the first run.



The Pyramid working behind circulation desk, 04/08/10, around 4:20 PM

I spent most of my time in the Law Library making my portrait of the Pyramid. As I was webcams myself drawing, at one point I turned my Toshiba Satellite around to film the Pyramid walking past and then talking to other people in the library. See 11:21 onward in the video: “[NVECapture.0012.mpg](#)”. On 3:50:12, minutes before the library closed, I finally went up to the Pyramid at the circulation desk, asked for an eraser, and asked her about the color of her sweater – the same “fushan”, she said. “Why are so many people wearing fushan?” The Pyramid ignored me while I remained confused about the meaning of color purple, etc. I left the library by 4:10:00. While the Pyramid looked normal today, something was very wrong. I have mentioned earlier that, when the Pyramid’s father had, the previous evening, seen on the mind-reading computer that I was thinking about getting a mailbox and inviting his daughter to mail to it, he must have thought it a perfect opportunity to further alienate the Pyramid from me. Perhaps further manipulating the mind-reading computer, he had produced more falsified



evidences for some evil plan on my part. Coupled with all the “positive thoughts” into which he had transformed my “opposite thoughts”, the falsified evidences demonstrated that I was planning to rape and kill the Pyramid once I could get a chance to lure her out. Summoning the Pyramid the previous night to his side, the Monkey showed these “evidences” to her and told her what devilish things he had discovered in my head. The Pyramid must have felt a tremendous grace toward her loving father and anger toward me and the Invisible Hand. But the Pyramid, per her father’s strict instruction, refrained from showing anger toward me this afternoon so as to hide from me her discovery of my evil plan and simply feigned a cold professional face, her father’s goal being to prevent me from ever answering for myself just as it was the case before with Mr former Secretary. Meanwhile, the Monkey thought that he could use this false profile which he had created of me and which indicated an extraordinary incompatibility between me and the Pyramid, to obtain an ICJ judgment permitting him to separate me from the Pyramid, insofar as the “script” had been changed following upon the change of the Pyramid’s belief system.

One question remains: If I knew my thoughts were being read, why would I concoct evil plans in my head knowing that I would immediately be caught? The answer to this question was that, since the Pyramid’s father knew that I did not know that I was under his shift, he had probably told the Pyramid that he had duped me to this effect and discovered that the Invisible Hand had been hiding from her the truth that evil plans were constantly forming in my head. This was thus the Pyramid’s father’s vengeance on the Invisible Hand for attracting his daughter away from him while he could at the same time take over PLANMEX with a view to installing himself as the secret king in Mexico.

After I left the library, I was further frustrated that another day had passed without my being able to make any progress with the Pyramid. I shouted: “I don’t want to play this fucking game!” (4:12:00) I was furthermore disgruntled with the fact that, in all my years spent in the Western world, I had never had to care about the parents of the person with whom I wanted to associate (4:27:00). The “traditionalism” (how much the Pyramid was oriented toward her family) that characterized this game was truly abnormal in North America and Europe. I then murmured: “25 hours a week with the Pyramid, it’s really a good idea. How can they reject it?” (4:33:30) While walking on the street, I noticed that everyone was wearing purple. I saw one person wearing purple on 4:34:00, I asked another store employee why she was wearing purple also on 4:35:00, and then another guy why he was wearing purple. “I like purple,” he replied (4:36:00). I soon wandered into a DVD store on 4<sup>th</sup> Street (4:40:00). I murmured: “That should be the Pyramid’s punishment: taking me around the street to show me what movies she likes” (4:46:00). Thus then I could understand who she was. I then passed by a coffeehouse in Little Tokyo (4:57:00). There was some sort of exhibition going on, and a very fancy-looking pretty Japanese girl was the artist whose works were being shown. She fascinated me even though I was obsessed with the Pyramid at the moment: such bespeaks how much I was addicted to women’s beauty. I then murmured: “I shouldn’t just always go along with what the Pyramid likes; she should try to go along with what I like too” (5:00:00). I finally ended up in a Japanese restaurant to have dinner (5:28:00).

My next recording is: “[artwIkstrbkwstwd\\_4\\_8\\_10\\_720-1145PM.WMA](#)”. After I finished eating, I

toured through the Los Angeles Art Walk that was taking place in downtown (46:00). I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe (1:02:00). Using the computers in the cybercafe, I wrote emails to the apartment management and my mother, trying to get my mother to send her check to the right place. At some point I reiterated my conception of “getting saved by the Pyramid” (2:15:00). I then got on the bus on 2:18:00 and arrived in Westwood by 2:50:00. I called up my mother from a payphone (3:04:00) to tell her I had sent her an email with the address of the apartment management. My mother was mean and impatient as usual, hanging up within a minute. I entered Starbucks to use the restroom by 3:08:00. I continued to read Cisneros’s book while sitting on the toilet (3:15:00).

I finished my portrait of the Pyramid while in Starbucks. The portrait turned out to be very nicely drawn. The Pyramid however looked sort of sad, as if she were caught between me and her parents – which was my projection completely and not an accurate depiction of her mood structure. I was then having some bad thoughts (3:35:30): I actually wished that the Pyramid would have a lousy past so that she could be a better match for me. While I was smoking outside, I noticed that my Olympus recorder was suddenly remotely turned off from the control center. Panicking, I immediately turned my recorder back on: “[rcrdtrnedoff\\_4\\_8-9\\_10\\_1157PM-1228AM.WMA](#)”. Was the Pyramid’s father trying to provoke me again?

### **April 9 (Friday)**

My next recording is: “[contprovocatn\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_1242-1259AM.WMA](#)”. I had to change spot to sleep because I felt like the control center was trying to provoke me by controlling residents to come near me and make all this fucking noises. Why is DGHTR doing this? I shouted – as if I weren’t angered enough by the remote turning-off of my recorder. “Because he wants you to give up the Pyramid...” I theorized. Then I told myself: “If you don’t get what you want, then just kill yourself, and they will take you in, and you’ll then waste yourself!” (1:00) In reality, I was developing, as noted, this “Sonophobia”, a strange sensitivity to noises due to conditioning to the Daughter People’s noise system.

My next recording is: “[angryslpwstwd\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_109-421AM.WMA](#)”. I imported all the recordings in my recorder into my Toshiba Satellite because I wanted to see how much of my self-talk I had lost when DGHTR (actually the Monkey) remotely shut off my recorder. “I don’t want to be provoked anymore... Give me the fucking... Don’t touch my recorder!” I shouted to DGHTR (1:00). I was truly angry with him. Why is he tormenting me like this after I have saved his life? Is it about “masculinity” again? “I have never liked this masculinity thing and never will!” (2:20) Then: “Don’t fucking touch me, don’t fucking touch my recorder!” (5:00) Finally, before I fell asleep, I begged DGHTR: “Go easy on me please, for I’m exhausted...” (13:00). I was begging the wrong person!

When I woke up in my corner, my first recording is: “[uclalibnztquoteangiedrawng\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_634-832AM.WMA](#)”. After some morning coffee at Starbucks, I went inside the UCLA Biomedical Library to use the computer there (49:00). Note that at some point I was talking about how I was going to smash someone’s brain out with a baseball bat. I don’t quite catch who I was referring to in the

recording, but the Monkey must have jumped onto this empty talk as another instance in which I fit his perception of me as a danger to others. I began using the public computer to look for good quotes in Nietzsche's *On the Genealogy of Morals* which I wanted to inscribe onto the portrait I had made of the Pyramid (1:20:00). This time, other than the German original, I also found the Spanish translation online. To make sure that the websites were real, I again filmed the computer screen with my Toshiba Satellite's webcam: "[NVECapture.0016.mpg](#)" and "[NVECapture.0017.mpg](#)". I found in the Spanish translation what Nietzsche had said about "guilt" (*Schuld, culpa*) – that the Pyramid owed me a debt insofar as she had participated in Mr former Secretary's intercepts to make me into David Chin – and making promises – that the Pyramid should make herself a sovereign, a master, of herself and her fate by keeping her promise and paying the debt she owed me – and wrote those onto the portrait. After I had done that, I reflected on my own promise to Mona, and became afraid that I probably couldn't keep it; I thus argued to myself (or to DGHTR) that this promise I had made to Mona was only a half-promise because the real persons to whom I had made the promise, DGHTR and his Daughter People, couldn't be seen; I nevertheless admonished myself: "Don't make Daughterlanders' mistake" – for DGHTR and DGHTRCOM seemed to have made a promise which they couldn't deliver: the Pyramid (1:30:00). I shouldn't make promises anymore. Toward the end of this recording, just when I said to myself, in response to my diminishing power for memory due to homelessness, preoccupation with the control center, and Borderline obsession: "You really seem disabled, as if you have learning disability" – my Olympus recorder was remotely turned off from the control center.

I quickly put a new battery into the recorder to make sure that it would continue to record me. My next recording is: "[uclalibnztangiedrawn\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_833-916AM.WMA](#)". I was however glad that my recorder was remotely shut off while I was filming myself. See 3:21 in the next video of myself: "[NVECapture.0018.mpg](#)". What had just happened was most likely this: the Monkey liked my confession about my mental disability and so he remotely turned off my recorder to signal that "evidence has been taken". Again, my mental disability would be evidence demonstrating that I was unfit for the Pyramid – which was the direction in which the Monkey was changing the "script". After I was all done, I got up to go to the restroom to brush my teeth, murmuring, "I hope I didn't piss anyone off by being so easily satisfied" – referring to how I was willing to debase my demand to a mere one year thing (21:45). Bizarre, huh! Toward the end of the recording, as I was leaving the library, I noted: "I am free to do what is wrong, since no one cares about my opinion of them; I can thus ignore others' feeling without worrying that I might hurt their feeling."

My next recording is: "[uclabuywrkfix\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_916-952AM.WMA](#)". My portrait was almost ready to be given to the Pyramid: an image of her next to written justifications for her "compensation". Because I was worried that someone might erase the drawing after I should give it to the Pyramid, I needed to buy workable fix. I went to the bookstore inside Ackerman (15:00) and bought a bottle of workable fix with which to spray the new portrait. Then I reflected: "When other girls' parents care not about who their daughters are associating with, this does not mean that they don't care about their daughters. The reason why the Pyramid's parents care so much about who she should associate with – they are also looking for a scenario (creating a 'presentable' nuclear family garbed in Catholicism)" (33:00). "Other girls' parents are not looking for a scenario." This is the "traditionalism" with which I have had to deal

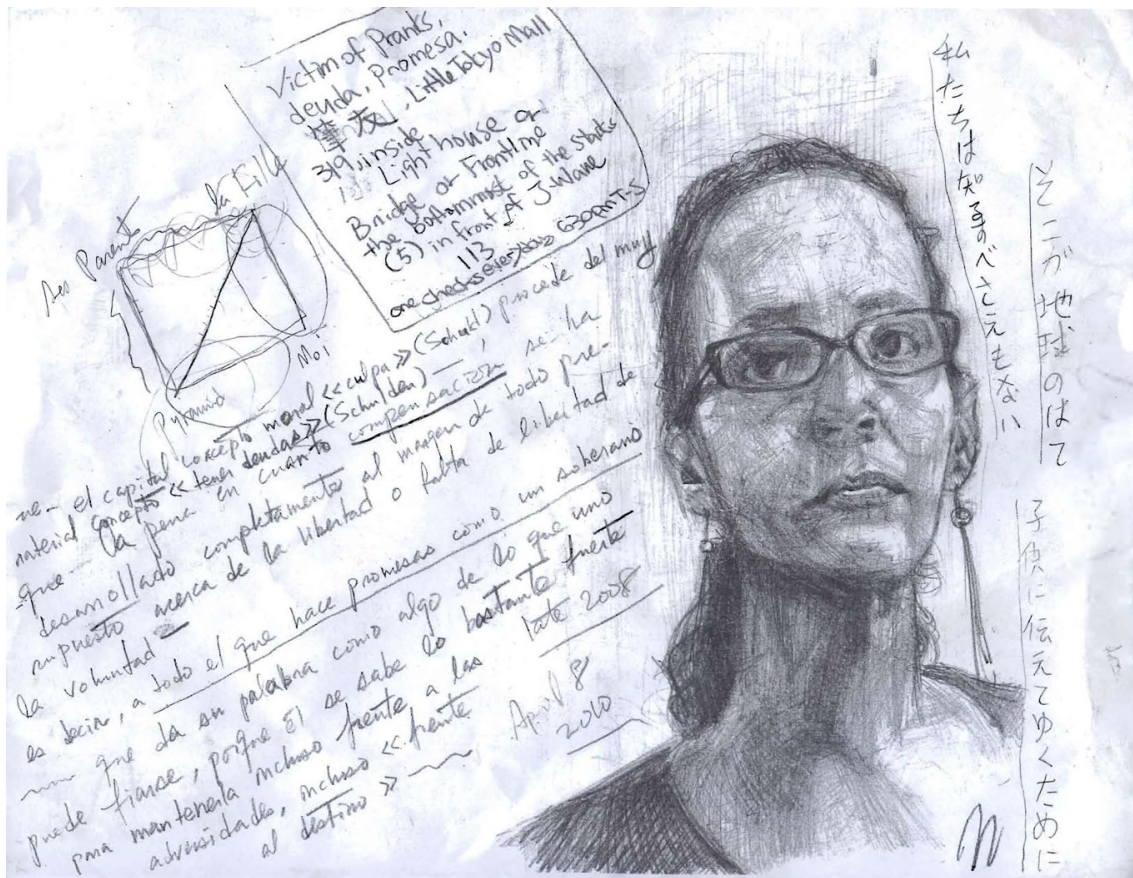
in regard to the Pyramid.

My next recording is: “[bus2\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_952-1133AM.WMA](#)”. I then walked toward the bus stop. While walking, I was again speculating on why the Pyramid sometimes wore glasses and sometimes contact lenses (16:30). The Pyramid had never worn contact lenses before; she started doing so lately because, again, being chosen to be the “Queen of Mexico” had elevated her self-esteem so much that she began paying serious attention to her appearance. I got on bus 2 to go to downtown and continued reading Cisneros’s book while on the bus.

My next recording is: “[littletokyodropoffpoint\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_1148AM-1255PM.WMA](#)”. I got off the bus around 7:00 in downtown Los Angeles. The next step in my plan was to look for a “drop point”: a hidden place where I may instruct the Pyramid to drop off her secret communications to me. I decided to find the “drop point” in Little Tokyo because it was close to the Law Library and I had the impression that the Pyramid may like things Japanese.<sup>115</sup> After inspecting the various places in Little Tokyo, I decided that the several newspaper stands in front of the J-Wave DVD store could serve as the “drop point”. I would tell the Pyramid to hide her secret letters to me beneath the stack of local papers – say, every Tuesday and Saturday. I would then come on the afternoon of Tuesday and Saturday to find the letters she wrote to me.

My next recording is: “[littletokyoangiepic\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_1256-145PM.WMA](#)”. I was once again surrounded by a lot of children. I quickly ran inside a coffeehouse nearby (18:00). While there, I fixed the wording on the portrait one last time, adding how I was the victim of pranks by the Pyramid and therefore deserved compensation. I wrote down also “pen pal” in Chinese, hinting that this would constitute “compensation” for me. I then sprayed the portrait. Now at last I was ready to hand it over to the Pyramid. Note that, when, walking away, I commented that my portrait now looked like the product of a schizophrenic mind, a driver nearby honked his horn (47:00). Was it the Invisible Hand or the Monkey? I say it was the Invisible Hand who had controlled the driver to honk: he was trying to tell me that I was seriously making a fool out of myself.

115 Again, a good guess: many of the Pyramid’s family members indeed liked things Japanese.



The portrait I did of the Pyramid  
 on 04/09/10

My next recording is: "[lawlibgiveangiedrawing\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_145-334PM.WMA](#)". While I was walking to the Law Library, I spelled out the power of pessimism: "If you are ready to be disappointed, you wouldn't be too disappointed when the bad results come. Hopefully the Pyramid understands this." Unfortunately the Pyramid did not have the level of intellect I wish she would have. When I walked into the Law Library, I noticed that the Pyramid was wearing a new pair of metal frame glasses (15:00). Why? I had no idea what was going on. The Pyramid had already been informed by her father that I was planning to give her the portrait I had made of her on this day in order to initiate my evil plan to rape her and kill her. The father and daughter had teamed up – one in the control center, one in front of me – to get rid of me (to rid the PLANMEX of me) on this day as soon as I should make my move. The Monkey had shared with the Pyramid my endless speculations on why she liked to wear plastic frame glasses. The Pyramid was disgusted with me after learning about my supposed evil intention toward her, and so she purposely wore a different pair of glasses in order to establish her distance from me. Not knowing this, I continued to speculate in vain: "The Pyramid takes good care of herself, that's why she has glasses that she doesn't need... If there is any small disruption in her being she'll take care of it... That's why she wears glasses even though her near sight is so slight" (24:00). I was sitting at a table burning a disc by then. When the librarian Ms Maternal passed by, I murmured: "That woman, so

maternal, whenever she interacts with me I would feel like I'm melting. And yet I want to reserve this feeling for the Pyramid" (46:00). How far away I was from reality! Suddenly, the Pyramid appeared from behind me, out of nowhere, and walked past me while I was murmuring to myself about her sudden appearance. It is notable that she had an evil smile on her face (1:01:00). She was happy about something. Only so much later would I understand why. She was now thoroughly imbued with the feelings of grace toward her father – that her father had intervened just in time to save her from me and the Invisible Hand. As I have said, her father's intervention had tremendously "jump-started" her self-esteem because for all her life she had been thirsty for her father's approval and now she had got it: she was suddenly basking in her father's valuation of her and felt so much happiness nestling in her father's loving protection.<sup>116</sup> Now that she and her father were ganging up on me – the father-daughter team had secretly planned out how to intercept my evil plan today – to get rid of this outsider who wanted to pollute her: doing this together with her loving and protective father was definitely the most fulfilling thing in her life, and this was why she couldn't help but smile: "Your evil plan my father and I have busted!"

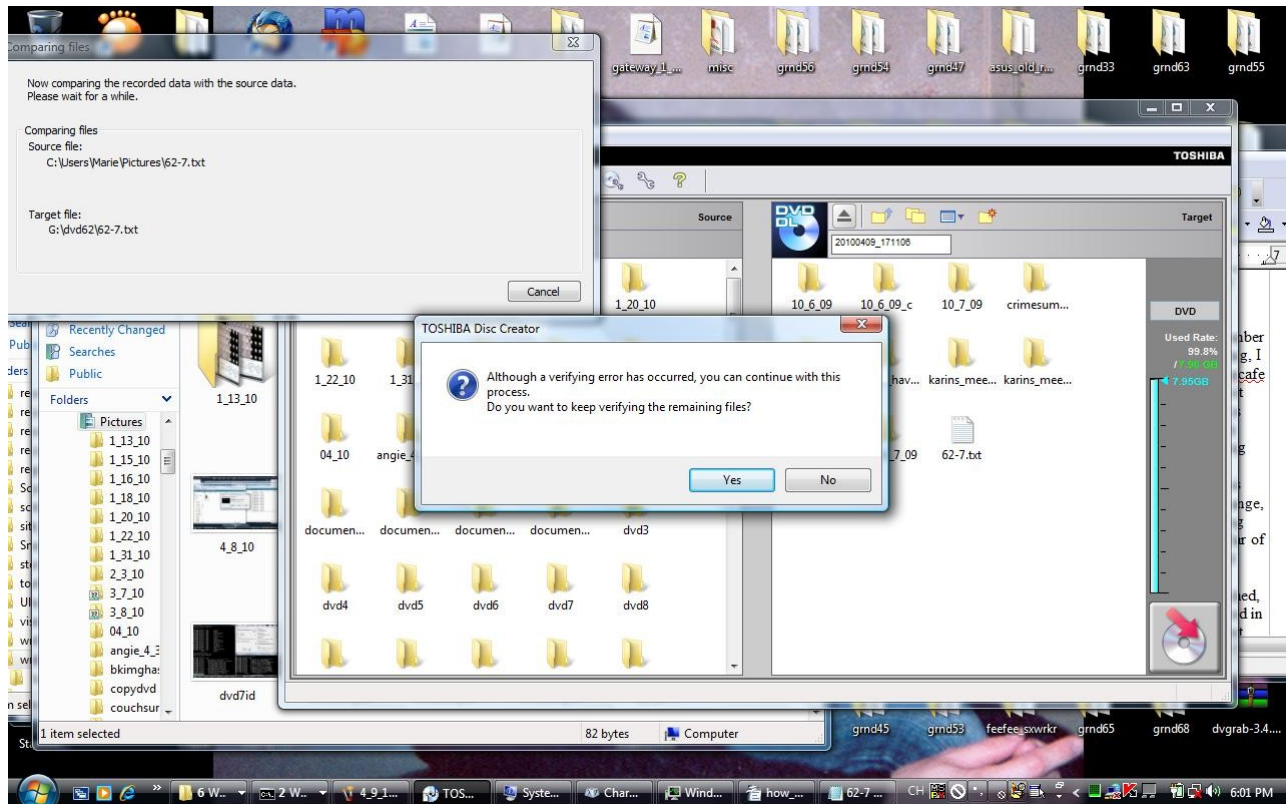
Not knowing any of this, I began implementing my plan. I picked up a book from the bookshelf and inserted the portrait I had made of the Pyramid inside. Then, around 1:16:00 or so, I walked up to the circulation desk and told the Pyramid, "I found this book". I opened it up and showed her the portrait inside. The Pyramid, instead of being excited, said coldly: "I'm going to leave it right here, you have to stop doing that." "Doing what?" "You – you drew that. Go over there to your table," she replied (1:19:00). I was dumbfounded by the fact that my impression about what I thought were DGHTR's signals was wrong. I followed the Pyramid's direction and went to my table, so terribly embarrassed. Within a minute, Mr Security Guard "Faison" came over to me to signal to me that I should follow him outside. While I walked after him, I was truly scared, and so I summoned Ms Maternal and told her that "Faison" was scaring me (1:21:00). She however gestured to me that I should cooperate with the muscle man. Once we were outside, "Faison" told me with a mean face that the portraiture I had made of the Pyramid constituted "stalking", and that I was no longer allowed in this facility. Scared – I could not afford to lose my only access to the Pyramid: namely, coming to the Law Library – I began arguing with him, telling him that I wasn't the one who had done the portrait. But when "Faison" clarified that I was only disallowed today, I gave in, quickly apologized, and walked away (1:23:30). All was not over, I thought; if I obeyed now I could still come back to the Law Library tomorrow. While I was walking away, I began reflecting on the meaning of what had just happened. I was so deluded that I actually believed that the Pyramid was just pretending, and that she would write to me in secret just as I had instructed (1:31:00). I said to myself: "This doesn't make sense. A nation state [namely, Daughterland] can give me something so easily, so I'll just wait, and they'll give me something" (1:40:00). When a police car passed me by, I was again so disgusted that I talked about throwing a grenade into it to blow apart the mother fuckers inside (1:42:00). I had again inadvertently furnished the Monkey with more evidence demonstrating I constituted a danger to others and to the Pyramid. I came back to the same coffeehouse in Little Tokyo by 1:48:00.

116 Again, we have decided to keep this conclusion from the original version even though we doubt that we were right about this.

I had fallen into a trap without knowing. The Pyramid's father, pretending to be the Invisible Hand and encouraging me with the movement of people, noises, and the remote shutting-off of my recorder, to write out quotes from Nietzsche on the drawing and then give it to the Pyramid, had succeeded in convincing her that he had protected her from the harm which the Invisible Hand and I were supposedly trying to inflict on her. The only thing unclear to me was whether the Monkey's deception included duping his daughter into believing that I didn't actually do the drawing – something which Mr former Secretary used to do.

My next recording is: "[littletokyocafeflctn\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_334-433PM.WMA](#)". I sat outside the cafe and reflected on how the Pyramid seemed to have more wrinkles around her eyes (6:00) and how I was worried that the Daughter People might not know how much I liked the Pyramid despite her wrinkles (6:45). I was so deluded as to think that the Pyramid's father cannot have any more objections after I had made so many concessions (9:30). I then came inside the coffeehouse.

My next recording is: "[littletokyocafedvd627\\_4\\_9\\_10\\_433-638PM.WMA](#)". While burning a new disc (combining DVD-62 and DVD-7 onto a single dual layer disc), I reflected: "I don't want to see the Pyramid being stuck in a painful situation from which she can't get out; there has to be a backdoor" (25:00). "That's why I have conceived this binary situation for her: she will work half a day on me, but then take half a day of break." How stupidly considerate I was of her! The disc burned, I began writing my "Secret History" while verifying the disc. Soon my Toshiba Disc Creator displayed an error message: the Monkey had once more remotely disrupted my disc-burning. As I was provoked to fall once again into profound pessimism, I murmured: "I will do absolutely nothing, I'll just wait for them to deliver the Pyramid, and if they don't, then I'll kill myself... Maybe they will then intercept it and 'take me in'" (2:01:00).



The error message on my Toshiba Disc Creator:  
The Monkey had once more remotely disrupted my disc-burning, 04/09/10.

My next recording is: **“chckdropoffkoreandnr\_4\_9\_10\_657-840PM.WMA”**. The cafe closed on 21:00 and so I packed up and left. While wandering about in Little Tokyo, I commented to myself that I shouldn’t care about people who were in the dark and couldn’t be seen (namely, those shadowy Daughterlanders in the “Cave”) (26:00). Note that when I mentioned whether I should sleep early, a driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk as if to confirm (38:10). Was the Invisible Hand encouraging me to get enough sleep? I got on the bus by 1:36:30 to go to the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire to use the Internet.

My next recording is: **“cybrcafemangostrt\_4\_9\_10\_846-934PM.WMA”**. After writing an email to my mother (“I’ll come visit you if I have money...”) (17:00), I looked at the English text of Cisneros’s book online in order to understand the Spanish passages which I couldn’t understand earlier (34:00). Note that at some point I mentioned “Sally” (whose real name was “Robin”) to myself (45:30).

My next recording is: **“pyrmdsmindnnotobjctwstwd\_4\_9\_10\_934-1058PM.WMA”**. As I was walking to the bus stop, I noted to myself that I could no longer stop recording because my life was so “fucked up”. This is the serious psychological disorder I had developed which the Daughter People would soon exploit to drive me insane. “But recording takes up so much time. Fuck this!” (until 12:50) I then reflected while getting on the bus to go to Westwood: “The problem is that the Pyramid is not an



object” so that DGHTR couldn’t just “hand her over to me”. While on the bus, I murmured: “The Daughter People should just pay me money, for money *is* object; if they can’t hand the Pyramid over to me because she’s not an object, then they can hand over money to me!” (33:00) At some point I began complaining about how stupid my mother was: “There is no point in explaining anything to her” – namely, how I had saved Daughterland and yet was forced into homelessness by computer malfunctioning. “Explaining my situation to her is like explaining quantum physics to a cat... Well, it’s not her fault that it’s her fault...” (until 38:30). Namely, it’s not her fault that she’s so stupid and brainless. Then I murmured further, for my DGHTR: “It’s so scary: to be banned from the Law Library so that all I can do is wait for the Pyramid outside the library, not knowing if anything is going to happen at all” (until 45:30). I got off the bus in Westwood and entered Starbucks by 55:00. I would work a little on my DVD-7 (because of the malfunctioning this late afternoon) while in Starbucks. The remaining hour of my night is recorded in: “[strbkdvd7\\_4\\_9-10\\_10\\_1117PM-1249AM.WMA](#)”. I would sleep in a street corner in Westwood Village tonight.

#### **April 10 (Saturday)**

My first recording of the new day is: “[tolawlib\\_4\\_10\\_10\\_701-947AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up by 7 AM from my corner, and walked to Starbucks, murmuring: “I’m not gonna get fucking kicked out” (10:00) – from the Law Library, that is. I was inside Starbucks by 11:00. While sitting outside Starbucks, I commented on how, if I got banned permanently from the Law Library, there wouldn’t be any point in doing anything – “The Pyramid owes me, she owes me!” (16:00) “After the 16<sup>th</sup> I will be saved” (17:30). I was worried that I might not be able to get inside the Law Library today (20:00). “They want me to waver, so they can pull the plug... Just don’t do that, don’t do that kind of thing” (24:00). I finally realized: I got duped into giving her the drawing! (25:45) “Don’t block it, don’t” (31:00). “You are not gonna get blocked...” (35:00). Very soon, I got on the bus to go to the Law Library, full of nervousness, as if I had embarked on a suicide mission.

My next recording is: “[lawlibrjctn\\_4\\_10\\_10\\_947-1021AM.WMA](#)”. When I was approaching the Law Library, I was full of profanity: “Mother fucker... Mother fucker... They can pick anyone and it would not matter; they just have to pick this one!” (11:00) “They picked the worst match possible” (11:30). Indeed! Meanwhile, I was still calculating the chances of being let in or thrown out by the security guard should I go to the Law Library.

My next recording is: “[lawlibrjcttopsdn\\_4\\_10\\_10\\_1021AM-1209PM.WMA](#)”. As soon as I walked into the library, Pinky stopped me. Everyone was already waiting for me. Pinky led me outside, and told me: You drew a picture of the Pyramid; she considered this “stalking”. For this reason you are banned from the library permanently. The Pyramid said if she ever sees you on the streets, she would call the police (3:00). I was stunned, even though I had somewhat expected it. “Can I fix that?” I asked. Pinky said nothing more, but coldly walked back into the library. I walked away in shock. I had indeed predicted correctly what was going to happen. While I was walking, I was upset, babbling and cursing, feeling duped, and murmuring that I wouldn’t accept this – even though I still managed to ask another woman on the street to confirm that she was wearing a purple shirt and carrying a purple bag (5:30).

Suddenly losing my “fix” like this was like being suddenly thrown off the life boat and sinking into the depth of sea, without anything to grab onto. As I wandered from one place to another, I said to myself (wishing that DGHTR would hear me at the same time, of course): “I have promised not to touch her, it should be okay, her parents should be fine with this...” (19:00). I continued my complaint: “They [namely DGHTR] wanted me to get angry with the Pyramid, but how can I be angry with her, unless I pretend... Her parents are the problem... Sex with condoms... It’s not real sex anyway!” – strangely, a driver nearby honked: a signal from the control center? (30:00) Was it the Invisible Hand? Apparently, the Monkey had long ago got wind of the fact that I had procured prostitutes before, which became another justification for his objection to my participation in PLANMEX. But I never considered these experiences “real” since a condom was invariably used. Then, as I was walking, I got another woman to confirm that she was wearing purple (32:00). Since I was angry, I purposely crossed the street against red lights, which prompted the drivers to honk at me (33:45). I shouted angrily: “Now the Daughter People owe me even more; my political capital has just increased...” (35:00). Then, another woman confirmed for me that she was wearing a purple jacket (36:00). I even saw purple balloons on the street corner (36:50). I arrived at the bus stop on First Street and Hills, and saw a Hispanic stranger reading a Spanish newspaper. I had to ask him what the news he was reading was about, because I instinctually thought it might be a message from DGHTR about the Pyramid (44:00). It turned out that the news was about how the pope looked bad because of a letter which had exposed more pedophilia in the church. I have never been sure if it had anything to do with my problem with the Pyramid. I became angry again: “It’s sex again, the world always has to suffer because of sex... It’s okay to kill people...” (1:00:00). I then wondered: “The Pyramid’s mother is okay, she is tolerant, it’s her father that’s the problem” – and a driver nearby honked (1:01:20). Presumably it was the Invisible Hand again, who was watching from the sideline and trying to let me in on the politics inside the control center. I then got on the bus to go toward Pasadena. While on the bus, I groaned again: “The thing I’m most proud of is my story, I ran around the world to save Daughterland... Now sex is the problem. Well, just don’t have sex!” (1:25:30) Despite my desperation, I tried writing a little of my “Secret History” while on the bus (1:30:30).

My next recording is: “[psdnlibknockcar\\_4\\_10\\_10\\_1209-145PM.WMA](#)”. While on the bus, I noticed more people inside and outside the bus wearing “fushan” and purple. I got off the bus on 3:30, and asked another woman on the street to confirm that she was wearing “purple eyeglasses” (6:00). I got on and off the bus, and by 30:00 I was inside the Pasadena Public Library. *My plan was to watch “Windaria” again, hoping that this might create an intercept causing the International Court to order the Pyramid to be paired up with me.* Unfortunately, the librarian could not furnish me with earphones. I couldn’t watch “Windaria”. I felt an urgent need to watch “Windaria” right away in order to get the Pyramid back, and so I hurried to the Old Town looking for shops which sold earphones – even though I was broke. After perusing several shops, I bought the cheapest pair of earphones I could find. I then saw another woman wearing a purple sweater on the street (1:00:30). When I came back to the library on 1:22:00, I realized I could not use the public computer to watch “Windaria” on Youtube. I left in anger, murmuring: “Forget about the fucking promise...” And then: “I’ll fucking kill you... I’ll fucking kill you...” (1:32:00). I guess I was referring to the Daughter People, with whom I was quite disappointed. In anger, I jaywalked through the streets, and a car had to stop to avoid hitting me. As the

driver honked, I knocked on her window. The woman driver came out to yell at me and another man came around claiming he was a police officer. They were very angry with me. I shouted at the man: “How do I know you are a police officer? I only knocked on her window... Big deal!” (1:34:00) I then quickly walked away. The long entrapment, first in a Truman Show, and then in this remotely controlled environment where everyone I met was simply a manifestation of the control center, had caused me to seriously lose sight of the human being inside these human figures appearing around me. I had no concern for the feelings and convenience of these people around me because I just assumed that they were being remotely controlled by the Daughterlanders inside the control center. Only two years later would I understand that these two persons might actually be feeling something, and might be really surprised and angered by my outrageous aggressive behavior – even if they were “chipped” in the brain. They did not understand that I didn’t perceive them as more than robots just as I no longer understood that they might have feelings inside.

My next recording is: “[police\\_4\\_10\\_10\\_145-253PM.WMA](#)”. By the time I arrived at the Memorial Park Metro station, the police had caught up with me. They stopped me, began padding me down, etc., and treated me in general as if I were a criminal (4:30). This angered me even more, for I had barely ever been involved with the police before 2008. At the same time I was afraid, for I was desperate to watch “Windaria”. I kept telling them that the windows weren’t broken. They even checked my bag. I told them I was staying at the shelters, and they finally let me go (18:00). While the police officers were interrogating me by the staircase of the Metro platform, I noticed a Hispanic couple, both about late middle-age, standing up on the street level and watching closely my interaction with the officers. I assumed at the time that this was a metaphor, put forward by DGHTR from the control center, of the Pyramid’s parents who must both be watching the episode from the Cave. In reality, while it was indeed the Invisible Hand’s metaphor, he was telling me that this was how I had made a bad impression upon the Pyramid’s parents.<sup>117</sup> Now, just when I was about to go on the train, more police officers came to stop me to ask for my ticket (25:00). I had completely forgotten to buy tickets given the turmoil. The police officers also detained me for not having a sticker on my Metro identification card. I was so annoyed, and I became completely uncooperative as the officer wrote me a ticket. Then I sat silently on the train while the children talked loudly next to me. When I got off the train on 49:00 in downtown Los Angeles, I was still cursing: “The Pyramid’s father is a fucking idiot... I spent all that energy worrying about his daughter, and yet he thinks I want to hurt her...” (57:00). Then again: “I should punch DGHTR in the face!” (1:05:00) I was soon on the bus going toward the cybercafe (1:05:30). That was where I was going to watch “Windaria”.

While I was outside struggling with my desperation, major upheavals were going on inside the Cave (the “control center”). I was wrong; the Pyramid’s parents could not in fact be watching me. When the Pyramid kicked me out, the Monkey had effectively completed the final act of his project of convincing the Pyramid to replace the Invisible Hand with himself as the “manager of PLANMEX”. By this time the Monkey had put together a false profile of me that was so incredibly bizarre: that I was autistic in that I constantly talked to myself, that I was suffering from schizophrenia at the same time, that I was

<sup>117</sup> Again, we have simply inherited this interpretation from the original version with some modification. Today we have to accept the possibility that the Hispanic couple were just random strangers and that there was no metaphor at all.

also mentally retarded, that I hated Daughterland, that I didn't speak any French nor knew any other foreign languages, that I was illiterate, that I was racist toward blacks and Hispanics, that I wanted to kill and rape the Pyramid, that I was disobedient, undisciplined, trouble-making, violent, drug-using, alcoholic, and pedophile, that I enjoyed being homeless, and that I constantly wanted to harm others and was thus a physical danger to the people around me – this was demonstrated by all the intercepts of my thoughts which the mind-reading computer had produced showing me perpetually desiring to hurt people. The Monkey had also made up stories about my computer, my website, and my DVDs, claiming that I was carrying around a fake laptop which the Invisible Hand had forged for me, and a bunch of fake discs with which the Invisible Hand had furnished me. The Monkey was basically presenting me as just the opposite of what I was: since I was literary, his profile of me would claim that I could neither read nor write, etc. He had made a case that everything which Mr former Secretary had said about me was correct except perhaps about my name, my date of birth, and my foreign language ability. Insofar as the Pyramid was “intellectual”, the evidentiary record therefore showed that I was unfit for her and that the “script” for the second run must be changed. So it had: the Pyramid had rejected the pair-up by kicking me out. After her father had scared her for ten days with the imaginary evil intentions of the Invisible Hand and myself, the Pyramid now truly believed that only her father was good for her and would decide to marry the Hispanic guy whom her father had chosen for her as my replacement. The Pyramid's belief system had changed, so that her “mission” was now something different. Soon after I was gone, the Pyramid would go inside the control center (just a short distance away from the Law Library) to meet up with her father. They would get ready to tell DGHTRCOM that she had decided to go to Mexico with her father's “replacement” and to rule Mexico with him, and they would request that DGHTRCOM let the Monkey run the whole upcoming operation in the Invisible Hand's stead. Having seen how DGHTRCOM, the supposed “strong man”, had been bending to her desires in every instance, the Pyramid was sure that he would agree to her request. The Pyramid and her father had no idea that DGHTRCOM and his entourage, from their Macrospherian position, had already been secretly watching them running this “conspiracy” against him, and that, now that they had finished changing the “script”, almost finishing their “mission”, the Macrospherian Daughterlanders could come in and “intercept” them.

The Monkey had most likely thought that, with the false evidences he had created (the forged intercepts of my thoughts and the forged audio recordings of my words), he could convince DGHTRCOM that the Invisible Hand and the SVR Legend had been duping him. When the Monkey was intercepted, he was probably also ready to reveal to DGHTRCOM: “Look, what Mr Chertoff has said about this guy is actually true and it is the Invisible Hand and your SVR Legend who have been trying to frame Mr Chertoff. This Invisible Hand is so bad! Look, this guy actually hates your country, but the Invisible Hand has been hiding this from you by, for example, interpreting his hatred and evil desires as some sort of ‘opposite thoughts’ due to nervousness. But that's okay, now that I have exposed the fraud. By law we are here to produce new evidences to replace the original evidences, right? I have found this other guy for my daughter, and he does fit your and the Invisible Hand's profile of Lawrence Chin. Allow me to take over the Invisible Hand's position and dump his animalistic retard in a mental asylum...” The Monkey really did believe that DGHTRCOM would play such a game (replacing me, the key evidence, with another guy) most likely because he was so used to committing frauds himself

and simply couldn't understand that these Daughterland officials would never dream of performing such fraud in the International Court of Justice. What remains unclear is why he would believe that DGHTRCOM would believe his story. Had DGHTRCOM himself not been watching me perform until February 12, only after which was he free to attend to his geopolitical matters and not pay attention to me anymore? Didn't the Monkey know that DGHTRCOM had been continually briefed about me since November 2007? This reveals to you just how little he knew, and cared, about how I had tried to save our "Daughterland", and how much he was underestimating the Daughterlanders' intelligence: because he was stupid, he assumed that all Daughterlanders were also stupid like him and would believe his cartoonish lies. Stupid people simply couldn't imagine there might be people on earth who are not as stupid as they are!

Now how the interception had worked I don't know. It must have happened within an hour or so after I was kicked out of the library. In any case, the Invisible Hand was quite upset that, after having bonded with and trained the Pyramid since early February, she would believe the kind of cartoonish lies with which her father had fed her. The Pyramid was truly a stupid girl who couldn't distinguish between what was reality and what was cartoon. The Invisible Hand, as well as the Daughter People behind him, was intent on rectifying her incorrect perception of me insofar as I was the main point on which the Pyramid had become alienated from them. His first move was to quickly separate the Pyramid from her father. The Pyramid would have been hysterical when the CIA and the Daughter People stormed her and her father's dwelling inside the control center and carried her to a room away from her father. She would have truly believed that these people were about to do her great harm. To calm her down from her ten days of manic high, the Invisible Hand and so on would immediately show her the surveillance videos of her father's tampering with the mind-reading computer, causing her to suddenly wake up to the reality that her own father had deceived her.

In the other end of the control center, the Pyramid's father the White Mexican Monkey was very angry that DGHTRCOM had in fact been secretly watching him committing his fraud. When he conversed with DGHTRCOM – who would resume his Microspherian status, of course, and who would be talking with the Monkey either face to face or through video-conferencing – he insisted that this guy whom the Invisible Hand had found was a danger to his royal daughter who was due to become the "Queen of Mexico". DGHTRCOM, while angry, did not want to offend his future ally in Mexico, even though he was bound by his Macrospherian duty to intercept the Microspherian conspiracy which the Monkey was running. While the Monkey, lacking any comprehension of how the real world worked, thought it fine to switch evidence (me) in an International Court trial whenever he felt like it, DGHTRCOM could not allow this at all. It was the most bizarre thing he had ever heard. The problem was that the Monkey demanded that, insofar as the danger I posed to the Pyramid demonstrated bad judgment on the part of the Invisible Hand and the SVR Legend, he should take over PLANMEX as its manager and become the Pyramid's behind-the-scene "runner". Even though DGHTRCOM was prepared for the idea of excluding me from the future rulership of Mexico, he was not quite ready to lose control of the "Queen of Mexico" – which would happen as soon as the Pyramid lost confidence in the Invisible Hand and the Daughter People. Still hoping to retain control over the future Mexico, DGHTRCOM began contemplating letting the Monkey conduct a mini-trial with the Invisible Hand to judge whether I was

really a danger to the Pyramid. It seemed that DGHTRCOM thought that perhaps the Monkey could be persuaded by evidences that I wasn't a danger to the Pyramid. But no. DGHTRCOM's ultimate objective would be to make the Pyramid watch the trial process so that she could decide who was fit to "run her". DGHTRCOM thought that, once she could see her father in action, she would choose the Invisible Hand – since everyone knew that the Monkey's uneducation and stupidity would show through immediately upon closer examination – in which way DGHTRCOM may maintain his grip on the "Queen of Mexico". DGHTRCOM was setting himself up for the greatest disaster he would ever face in his life, as you shall soon see. It is in fact very strange that DGHTRCOM, after seeing the Pyramid descending into histrionic psychosis and believing that the most reputable intelligence agencies in the world would harm her with a cartoonish retarded monster, was actually still contemplating on installing her as the "Queen of Mexico". Emotionally speaking, the Pyramid had clearly barely graduated from kindergarten. How can you possibly imagine her placating this and that person and playing this person against that person – the essence of politics? This of course bespeaks just how convenient the "Link" in Mexico was to DGHTRCOM's vision of the future Mexico, and how easy it was to create a puppet government in Mexico through this "conspiracy thing". Nevertheless, you sometimes really have to wonder where DGHTRCOM had kept his years of KGB experience. He just didn't seem to understand anything about personality disorders and couldn't see how the psychological disorders which both the Pyramid and I had in common might be obstacles to our effective functioning in the complex bureaucratic world of international politics.<sup>118</sup>

Unaware that the Pyramid's father had already cut in with his own design, I on the other hand would for the next week or so always believe that it was DGHTR who had duped me into implementing this idea of portrait-giving so that an excuse may be found for me to be thrown out. I thought that DGHTR thought that I needed to be separated from the Pyramid for a while in order to "chill". I was quite wrong. Because of this, I actually didn't know that the Pyramid meant what she said, that she'd call the police if she ever saw me on the street. I thought that was just an act. I would only come to realize in May that the Pyramid had been deceived by her father and was truly frightened of me. This was definitely the most awful anti-climax considering how I had tried to save her through the *Formule* and thus unintentionally established the Macrosphere. The Pyramid's father's complete oblivion to the grace of others and his desire to eat the cake which his creditors had baked for each other was very revelatory of the kind of person he was. He certainly had no notion of romance, to say the least. It's not even that he had no morals and no concern for reciprocity with others – though this was certainly true – but that he didn't even remember that he owed a debt to DGHTR and me. The notion of grace didn't exist in his head. The problem of *Schuld* which I wrote onto the drawing – lured by him – certainly had no meaning for him. This is how much he had been used to an existence in which he had always felt himself so superior as to never pay attention to others' feelings, properties, and grace. As for the Pyramid herself, as you shall see soon, although she grew up a "reactionary," the concept of others' feelings, properties, and grace had never existed in her head either. This is simply the *modus operandi* of this "Mexican royal family".<sup>119</sup>

118 Today we would say that the ultimate reason why DGHTRCOM had wanted this mini-trial was to obtain an ICJ judgment stipulating, if not that I was fit for the Pyramid, then at least that the Monkey was unfit for PLANMEX.

119 Again, we have simply decided to keep this conclusion from the original version, even though today we would really be

My next recordings are: “[tocybrcafeicjclause\\_4\\_10\\_10\\_253-310PM.WMA](#)” and: “[windariaagain\\_4\\_10\\_10\\_323-544PM.WMA](#)” By bus I had come to the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire. I bought a three-dollar computer card and watched the rest of “Windaria” on Youtube (from 11:00 in the second recording). I started with just the scene where Izu was presented with the motorcycle – and then promised a “beautiful woman” as reward for opening the Great Dam. I thought of course that this had created a symbolism which would result in the imparting of the Pyramid upon me. At some point a black girl came to argue on the phone next to me (44:00). I avoided watching the sex scene in order to spare the Pyramid any sexual contact with me – how kind I was! – and there came a Japanese girl (a Japanese secret agent?) text-messaging next to me. Now that the Invisible Hand was back in control of my environment – after the Monkey and the Pyramid had just been intercepted in their little conspiracy and put away from the machines – he couldn’t help but send in my “co-conspirator” to create an intercept (an instance of conspiracy against Macrospherian Daughterland) in order to restore my wish for pair-up with the Pyramid back into the “script”. He truly looked down on the Pyramid’s family for thinking themselves better than others – better than I. I may not be so pleasing to womankind, but the Pyramid’s family was truly trash, he thought. The pair-up was going to happen. The Invisible Hand and the Daughter People’s justification remained that my environment should be made to conform to my belief since I *intended* to make my pair-up with the Pyramid happen when I watched “Windaria”. Presumably, the “script” was this: after the CIA had duped me into helping their “fake Russians”, they had the “fake Russians” promise me a girlfriend in return. I was quite desperate and was just trying out the idea – I wasn’t sure if I could still manipulate the evidentiary process to make my wishes come true now that I had already since a long time ago exposed my knowledge of the conspiracy laws. I didn’t know that, because I was stuck in a conspiracy against Macrospherian Daughterland, I still had a “mission” on me which would mean that my belief system could still affect my environment independent of the Macrospherian Daughterlanders’ wishes. After I finished watching more segments of “Windaria”, I left, and my bad mood returned, causing me to murmur about gunning some people down with a machine gun (1:19:00). Bad impression! Then I complained: “My brain is not functional anymore... It doesn’t really matter if I watch it again...” Then I began worrying about the scene in “Windaria” where Izu was temporarily separated from Mary: “There must not be separation [between me and the Pyramid]” – and there was a honk (1:22:00). Ha! It was the Invisible Hand again who had controlled the driver around me (with his thought, via the computer system in the courtroom) to honk as a way to create an intercept making “no separation” into part of the “script”. I rode the bus to downtown (1:50:00 or so) and began walking toward Little Tokyo.

THE GREATEST COINCIDENCE WAS ABOUT TO OCCUR. As I have said, I thought watching “Windaria” would result in my pairing up with the Pyramid. The metaphorical effect of this cartoon was in fact going to lie elsewhere: it was the Pyramid's father who would be likened to the main character Izu – who sank the entire Kingdom of Goodness with a simple act of opening the Great Dam – in that his tampering with the mind-reading computer had just, without anyone's knowing yet,

hesitant to say all this. As you have seen, although I had intended to save the Pyramid, she wasn’t necessarily in danger at all. I therefore didn’t necessarily hold any credits toward the Pyramid’s family (except for the fact that they wouldn’t have been chosen without me),

suddenly canceled out the Daughterland's Macrospherian immunity against “conspiracy” with me.

My next recording is: “[ltkyoangrystrbkreactiontodeprvtn\\_4\\_10\\_10\\_557-1103PM.WMA](#)”. My plan was to see if the Pyramid would after all follow my instruction on the portrait and leave behind some messages allowing us to secretly connect. As I walked toward the newspapers stands next to J-Wave, there were more girls wearing purple or “fushan” along the way (33:30). I searched everywhere around the newspaper stands for “secret messages”, and, of course, found absolutely nothing. I lost my temper again. Assuming that DGHTR might still want me to change my mind, I shouted to the “control center”: “You give me someone else and I’ll dump her in the trash can” (50:30). I was so angry that I even imagined forcing “Mommy CIA” to eat out of the trash cans like I had done (53:30). I then called some girl who was passing me by “bitch” (57:00). I shouted to myself: “Never behave until you get what you want... Let’s play catch-22; you don’t get what you want unless you change, and you don’t change unless you get what you want, so let’s waste each other’s time... Remember that you don’t grow muscles unless you eat...” (1:02:00). As I was walking away, I began to despair again: “Nothing is ever going to happen... Everything is going to stay the same... Everyone is going to pretend nothing has happened... Only bad things will happen... Forget it...” (1:15:00). I was feeling helpless before the fact that everything just seemed so normal, so that miracles could never happen to save me from my miseries, even though those shadowy figures inside the control center *could* make miracles happen in order to pay me back. Then: “No one else could have done it [saving Daughterland, that is]... But he’s too ugly, it turns out...” (1:17:00). When I arrived at the bus station, I continued shouting to those inside the “Cave”: “It’s not sufficient to be the great guy who can take down M. Chertoff the big monster, but you have to be one of those tiny people, like engineers and businessmen in order to get together with the Pyramid... Can you, the Pyramid’s father, take out Mr Chertoff?... Try it: without money, sleeping on the street, now try to get rid of Mr Chertoff the biggest monster in the world...” (until 1:20:00). “Tiny people: when the lights blink red, they don’t have the guts to walk...” In a way, of course, what I have pointed out *is* kind of strange. Why is it that the stunt I had pulled – saving an entire nation-state from extermination – somehow meant nothing in a girl’s heart? In another way, of course, this “credit” really is something inconsequential. Russia’s welfare simply didn’t mean a thing for the ordinary people who have grown up in America – I’m not sure if it even means anything for the ordinary people living in Russia itself – and the Pyramid’s family, even though DGHTRCOM had paradoxically chosen them as his future political allies, were in fact ordinary Mexican Americans in whose head the concept “Russia” had never even appeared until recently. The only thing they saw in me was a sickly, dirty, and ugly homeless Chincker boy with a bad temper. You can’t even please an ordinary American girl with this piece of shit, let alone a delusional bunch who had even less notion of right and wrong than ordinary Americans and who somehow mistook their inferiority for their superiority. When I got on the bus on 1:27:20, I began crying nonetheless (1:30:00). By the time I got off the bus in Westwood (2:10:00), I returned to my despair: “Forget it, DGHTR is not going to give you what you want... Well, at least you’ve got your enemy...” (2:28:00).

I came to UCLA Ackerman’s restroom to clean myself up (2:43:00). I reflected on the French saying: “Nations have only interests, they have no friends, because people living in a nation can be friends, but in a single person, his left hand can’t be friends with his right hand...” (2:51:00). Although I was still



angry, I murmured how I refused to be angry with the Pyramid: “Because what then is the point of saving her?” (2:53:00) Then I began murmuring, hoping that the Pyramid might be inside the Cave listening to me: “Can we just be friends? You don’t have friends who are abused?” And I began saying “Sorry” to the Pyramid: “I simply didn’t have the time to heal...” (2:57:00). Ha! As if the Pyramid would actually have the capacity to reflect on the causes of other people’s bad behavior!

I was at the Starbucks in Westwood by 3:23:00. I sat there by myself and continued to ask: What’s wrong with being friends – why would that be a problem? Hence it was obviously due to the Pyramid’s parents’ (or rather her father’s) objection (3:49:15). I analyzed the matter: “Her parents didn’t understand that, through the technique of deprivation, they were only reinforcing my obsessive attachment to the Pyramid to which they were objecting... Keeping the Pyramid in the state of mystery for me is also part of the deprivation.” My intense attachment to the Pyramid was basically “reaction to deprivation”, I concluded (3:52:00). Marie didn’t reinforce my intense preoccupation with her because she never shut the door completely by rejecting me once and for all but always left open “the next time” as a “back-door” – thus leaving me with some hope, which prevented my feelings from concentrating into intense preoccupation and attachment to the matter at hand (3:54:50). Marie did that because she wasn’t an American. But the Pyramid’s father was on the other extreme of the American spectrum – taking everything so seriously (marriage, children, perpetuating the lineage) when only hanging-out and friendship were at issue (c.f. 4:08:50). At the time I didn’t know about PLANMEX, and completely missed out on the fact that the Pyramid’s father, the Monkey, had no concern at all for my attachment or non-attachment to his daughter. He just didn’t like Chinckers and wanted to take control of the future rulership of Mexico.

After I left Starbucks (4:54:00), I commented, on 5:01:30, about the irony of my situation: to save Daughterland, you have to be extraordinary, different from others in every way; but to get a girlfriend, you have to be “intraordinary”, interchangeable with every other guy, just a 9 to 5 person, completely forgettable in world history, a person in whose head nothing can be found that is worth remembering (5:04:00). Of course it is not the case that every woman in America desires only a man who has a nice job, looks presentable, and can provide financial security. It characterizes a lot of women, but it certainly characterizes the shallow value system of the Pyramid’s family.

### **April 11 (Sunday)**

My first recording of the new day is: “[wkwstwdrflectangl\\_4\\_11\\_10\\_641-850AM.WMA](#)”. And so I slept in the street corner in Westwood Village. After waking up very early in the morning, 6 AM or so, I walked into the nearby Starbucks (6:00 or so). After reflecting on the reason why I was afraid to talk to the Pyramid but always preferred Angel instead back in 2008 (11:00), I commented that the Daughter People should remove the Pyramid’s father: “I don’t want to be divisive, but he is divisive too... I don’t like people with tiny minds...” (15:00). To start off my first day without the Pyramid, I decided that I should save the portraits I had drawn of her in my computer. I thus got on the bus (46:20) to get to the Kinkos near Wilshire and La Brea (1:15:00). There I scanned the xerox copies of the Pyramid’s portraits and saved the digital forms in my computer.

I then ate some burrito for breakfast (“knkos\_4\_11\_10\_908-1126AM.WMA”) and got on the bus to go to my storage facility. My time there is recorded in: “4\_11\_10\_1128AM-1239PM.WMA” and “storage\_4\_11\_10\_1240-101PM.WMA”. Full of discomfort and uneasiness – as if I were floating in space without grounding – I still had to put into my storage unit all the new discs I had burned and the old discs whose content I had combined into dual layer discs. As I walked to the storage facility, I reflected on how I was willing to not touch the Pyramid at all in order to be with her, and how I was willing to take the HIV test. It was my concession to DGHTR and the Pyramid’s parents, in case they were listening to me in the control center.

My next recording is: “toslverlakeangry\_4\_11\_10\_101-415PM.WMA”. After I was done with my business at the storage facility, I rode the buses to the Silverlake area. At some point, I became angry again with the constant presence of children around me (30:00). I got off the bus near Stories LA on 1:05:00. My addiction to the Pyramid caused me to murmur: “I’m not going to forget about it...” (1:07:00). It then prompted me to walk into a Spanish language bookstore a few yards away from Stories LA (1:27:00). Just a review of Spanish language books made me feel closer to the Pyramid. I was truly sick! When I went inside Stories LA (1:37:30), I picked up the big art books on the shelf. I would soon be looking at the painting “Execution of Maximilian” by Edouard Manet. For some reason, I had developed the delusional belief that the Pyramid’s lineage had something to do with Emperor Maximilian. I would soon be on the bus going back to Westwood (2:19:00). Even while on the bus I tried to read something in Spanish in order to learn the “Pyramid’s language”. My inability to meet my basic human needs soon caused me to vent the anger upon myself as the only coping mechanism available to me. I thus murmured to myself: “What you need to do is, learn a lot, and then crack you skull on the wall, so that there occurs ‘waste’. If you have learned nothing, and you crack your skull, then you have wasted nothing.” I just wanted everyone to point his or her finger at the Pyramid’s father and murmur: “He has saved the world, and yet you don’t let him be friends with your daughter...” Then I was crying again (2:36:00).

My next recording is: “uclamedbgct\_4\_11\_10\_415-10PM.WMA”. I eventually arrived in Westwood Village, saw more people dressed in purple, and ate something at ISO. As I walked toward the UCLA Medical Center, my mood began to sink: “It’s over. Nothing is ever going to happen... Why do you have hope?” (30:00) And I saw more people dressed in purple at the UCLA Medical Center (45:00).

I walked into the restroom inside the Biomedical Library to get ready to cut myself to release the awful sadness (from 50:00 onward). I locked myself up in the toilet booth and webcammed the whole thing: “ct\_4\_11\_10\_0027.mpg”, “ct\_4\_11\_10\_0028.mpg”, “ct\_4\_11\_10\_0029.mpg”, and “ct\_4\_11\_10\_0030.mpg”. I tried to cut a little deeper to achieve an adequate release, but the cut was much deeper than I had intended. I bled all over the place, moaned, and had to spend the next twenty minutes cleaning up the mess. I did worry that cutting myself might break DGHTR’s promise... But I had little faith in a cartoon anyway (58:00). Two students came in while I was cleaning the floor (1:09:00). Then another woman came in on 1:36:00. They seemed quite concerned. It was not clear to me whether these people were being controlled from the control center. Despite their concern, they didn’t say anything.

When I came out, I sat down in front of a computer station wanting to listen to some music to relax. When I did a search for Sarah Brightman, her Spanish song “Pasion” popped up, beckoning me to click on it. I did (2:18:00). The lyrics of the song was however so idiotic that I was stunned for a moment. I didn’t say anything because I thought it was DGHTR who had put up this video for me – perhaps he was testing me or ridiculing me. Only a month later did I realize that it was just the Pyramid’s father who, with his unromantic and unliterary head, thought such sleazy lyrics would be touching and comforting to me. I had at the same time begun burning a backup DVD for the latest recordings of myself. Two security guards suddenly came into the library to “intercept” me (2:35:30). They wanted me to leave the premise right away, and refused to wait for my disc-burning to finish. I had to stop my Toshiba Disc Creator half way, wasting another blank DVD. More security guards came to me on 2:41:00. As they were escorting me, one of them said: “You might be doing bodily harm to yourself, which is not appropriate here... Go home, clean yourself up, and you can come back tomorrow...” (2:42:00). I was stunned because the security guards simply asked me if I needed medical attention but didn’t take me to the hospital by force even though they knew I was hurting myself – all as if someone in the control center was trying to show off how “liberal” he was in his mindset: “People should have the right to harm their own body...” I thus murmured to myself: “... They caught you by surprise, and then let you go by surprise... Everything has to be unexpected...” (2:44:00). I was getting so sick of this “Daughter Way”. What had in fact happened was that DGHTRCOM, the Daughter People, and the Invisible Hand had spent the whole day in the Cave debating about the Monkey’s demands, and that everyone, in the middle of discussion, had just watched me injure myself in a major way. DGHTRCOM, after having intercepted the Monkey’s “conspiracy” against him, commanded, as a matter of routine, the Monkey to pass me a message in order to make my acts into part of the conspiracy and thus complete it formally – and so the Monkey passed me the idiotic lyrics which was the best he could do. DGHTRCOM then commanded the security guards to intercept what I was doing, namely burning my disc – also as part of the routine of making my acts into part of the conspiracy. When DGHTRCOM commanded the Monkey to order the security guards to throw me out, however, he made sure that they wouldn’t give me further troubles by throwing me into the hospital. Although DGHTRCOM was absolutely mystified by my bizarre self-mutilating behavior, he was patient and didn’t particularly blame me for it, but wanted to make it easier for me – making it only as hard for me as the destruction of another blank disc of mine entailed.

I dragged myself to Westwood Village, and on my way I got another woman to confirm that she was wearing “purple”. Then, even a homeless man was wearing “fushan” (3:14:45). I hid in a corner to unwrap my wound, discovering that it was a lot worse than I thought. As I rested quietly in front of an abandoned restaurant, I was in great pain and moaned continually (3:32:00). It was very cold at the same time (3:50:30). I finally awakened from pain on 5:12:00. I got up and settled down in a nearby restaurant to eat (5:33:00).

My next recording is: “[slpcybrcfe\\_4\\_11-12\\_10\\_1017PM-213AM.WMA](#)”. After I ate, because it was so cold, I got on the bus to go to the cybercafe, the only 24 hour place where a homeless person could stay all night. I was moaning in pain while I bought a 10 dollar card and sat in front of a computer. I watched Sarah Brightman’s music videos again, searched some information on “Maximilian”, and then

fell asleep by 2:19:00. I woke up suddenly on 3:37:00.

### April 12 (Monday)

My next recording is: “[cybrcafe\\_mxhist\\_4\\_12\\_10\\_358-926AM.WMA](#)”. While I felt terrible pain from time to time from the wound on my left arm, I continued to read *Kleine Geschichte Mexikos* on Google books on the computer in cybercafe, especially the section on Maximilian. By 3:30:00 I was on the bus going back to Westwood. I walked into the UCLA campus, and by 4:48:00 I hid myself in a corner inside the UCLA Student Union to change the bandage on my left arm. I filmed the gruesome scene in: “[wrapwound\\_4\\_12\\_10\\_0031.mpg](#)”. Still, everyone around me was wearing purple.

My next recording is: “[uclalibmxhistbrghtmnembrssd\\_4\\_12\\_10\\_926AM-306PM.WMA](#)”: As I walked through the UCLA campus, I was still saying to myself that I would be waiting for the “promise” to be fulfilled – that’s how desperate I was – and that one year would not do the Pyramid much harm. I hadn’t given up yet. At one point I asked a UCLA student why so many students were wearing purple (4:00). Then another (4:53). This student simply responded, “No”. When I walked into the Research Library, I couldn’t help but ask the librarian for the second time why the first floor was being remodeled (20:00). Ever since the Daughter People’s arrival, there was remodeling everywhere, or updating, causing my mood to sink. I used the computer stations a little, and then began browsing the books on the shelves. I found, on 1:24:38, a KGB handbook translated into English. I got excited: I thought that, if the SVR would recruit the Pyramid, then they could assign to her just this assignment of staying with me for one year in order to “save me”.<sup>120</sup> Just when I was thinking this, a UCLA student working at the library came around with a cart full of books. She was wearing purple. “No?” I felt as if a hammer had struck me on the chest. It seems that the Invisible Hand was using a visual cue to signal to me: “No, you are not in shape for the Pyramid at the moment.” Back in the control center everything was upside down: the White Mexican Monkey vehemently wanted full control of the operations in Mexico all the way to the “Queen of Mexico”, my unwillingness to give up the Pyramid was causing problem to changing the “script”, and the Daughter People, although detesting this aggressive Monkey, had nothing better to show for, since I was clearly very sick. And yet, DGHTRCOM was just not ready to give up Mexico. The Invisible Hand was trying to tell me about the serious schisms that were going on behind the scene – the Monkey had forged my thoughts and I had cut myself again – and, on my side, I could only feel my heart sinking into the darkest abyss. The Pyramid was not to be had.<sup>121</sup> I soothed myself by fetching *Kleine Geschichte Mexikos* and continuing to read it (1:47:00). I was learning about a new world: the Porfiriat period, the art and literature of the time, the critics of Europeanization like Justo Sierra Mendez. I left the library on 3:10:00 to eat in the cafeteria and then returned to the library by 4:12:50.

When I was using a computer station on the first floor of the library to check over my Gmail account (4:21:20), I received a link to some classical music samples on Amazon – Beethoven and so on – and I

<sup>120</sup> I was unaware that it’s more likely for the CIA to recruit her.

<sup>121</sup> Again, we have simply decided to keep the interpretation from the original version. Today we wonder whether there has been any message at all: the girl with the cart was probably not remotely controlled to come to me at all.

thus listened to it a little. I had no idea what this was about; I just assumed that the Pyramid's father had some knowledge of classical music and wanted to put up a show about educating me about it. On 4:31:48 or so I started watching another one of Sarah Brightman's music videos on Youtube. After several songs, on 4:55:00, I was watching Brightman's "Hijo de la luna". I was thinking about how the lyrics of this song far exceeded that of "Pasion" from the previous night. On 4:58:00 I clicked on a short video clip of Sarah Brightman's concert. Then, on 5:05:00, another video clip of "Hijo de la luna" during a concert popped onto the Youtube webpage for me to click on. In this clip, the guy who was filming the concert with his cellphone was singing along with Sarah, but his voice was so coarse that I almost vomited – I was ever more induced to vomit because this guy actually sounded like me. So this is what I sounded like? I felt as if I had been stripped naked in front of my Daughter People, embarrassed because their "savior" was actually one of those eccentric, socially inept, "weirdos" of whom everyone had known one or two in his or her life. Being face to face with my shortcomings also made me feel ever unworthy of the Pyramid. What I didn't know was that the Invisible Hand and the Daughter People were purposely telling me what the Monkey had done, namely using a voice-imitation software available in the control center to forge sayings of bad things which sounded like my voice and then showing them to the Pyramid to scare her.<sup>122</sup>

My next two recordings are: "[uclalibenlghtnddthflslp\\_4\\_12\\_10\\_306-459PM.WMA](#)" and "[wmona\\_4\\_12\\_10\\_459-558PM.WMA](#)". I then rested on the sofa and, because I had only slept one or two hours in the morning, fell asleep. I was supposed to have, on 5:30 PM, my last meeting with Mona before her long absence. When I woke up from the sofa, I realized that I would miss my appointment with her. I was so angry, because I had also left my Toshiba Satellite sitting there on the table. As if my life weren't bad enough! It didn't seem like any of the UCLA students around ever bothered to touch it. I quickly ran out of UCLA and hurried toward the Chicago School building in Westwood Village. Arriving on 32:00, I begged Mona for a full hour (33:00). I told her that I had got thrown out of the Law Library. I also told her that I had lost all ability to function. "I don't remember anything anymore. I cannot stand the way people talk and act, and I can't stand the way the Pyramid has changed" (42:00). "I want to disappear. I'm completely destroyed because I like this girl, there is absolutely nothing good about me, I have even lost my voice..." And I cried to Mona: "There is just nothing to look forward to, not even yourself..." (45:00). I cried even harder: "I can't even look at myself in the mirror anymore..." (46:30). Mona wanted to see my new portrait of the Pyramid and then praised my artistic talent. I didn't believe that Mona would like my drawing of the Pyramid (50:00). I begged Mona to stay just one hour more to help me. She somehow agreed graciously. I assumed it was because DGHTR was feeling sorry for me and so remotely controlled Mona to be kind to me. Mona was supposedly even controlled to rob my shoulder with her hand when I was crying.

122 Again, the interpretation from the original version. Today we have rather this scenario to suggest: whether or not I shall be paired up with the Pyramid, BOL still had me in mind for her sustainable civilization program. But I was just so unattractive to womankind as things stood and shouldn't be allowed to go on like this. Thus, per her request, DGHTRCOM instructed the Invisible Hand to find ways to fix me. And so, under BOL and the Daughter People's command, the Invisible Hand and the Monkey yesterday made my self-cutting and DVD-burning into part of my conspiracy, and then today they did so with my disgusting voice. Thus the three things which had made me unattractive to womankind are: self-injury, DVD-burning, and ugly voice.

And so I got to spend another hour with Mona on 7 PM, when she would be done with her other clients. I waited outside and came back on time. My session is recorded in: “[wmona\\_4\\_12\\_10\\_625-806PM.WMA](#)”. On 39:50, I talked about how I didn’t have any new pictures of the Pyramid because she had changed so much – how she had suddenly become very strict, considered my giving her a portrait “stalking”, and wanted to draw “boundary” – so unlike the way she was before. I was completely unaware that both she and I had been duped by her father. Mona looked at my new portrait again and asked me about the Japanese characters (which she thought to be Chinese) and the Spanish writings on the drawing. Then I discussed with Mona the most troubling aspect of my environment – I just couldn’t be sure whether the signal system was duping me or telling me things – unaware, again, that the mysterious nature of the signaling system, that it’d tell you to do something only so that you would be knocked in the head after you did it, was due to the Pyramid’s father’s hijack of DGHTR’s command to manipulate me to do the wrong things (43:00). I thus announced my decision to Mona: to trash myself, as the only way I could achieve satisfaction within the framework of this “mysterious unfulfillment of the promise” (45:00). But Mona asked me a significant question: why would I want to trash myself when it was the Pyramid who had hurt my feelings (45:50)? The question seemed so unlike something coming from DGHTR that I would later assume it was the Pyramid’s father who was behind this question.<sup>123</sup> In any case, my answer was simply that, if I didn’t trash myself, if I walked around as if I had not suffered pain, then I’d be rewarding the Pyramid and her parents for rejecting me. Mona replied: “You said you are rewarding them?” Then she said that, even though she understood that a person may like another person for no reason, she’d like to see me liking someone else who cared about me (47:30). In this instance also I would think that Mona was indeed under the Pyramid’s father’s remote control because her questions clearly betrayed a lack of understanding of the “psychology of resistance” put forth by a Borderline Personality – to hurt oneself as a way of revenge by making another person feel guilty, without actually hurting that other person – which would seem to fit the Pyramid’s father’s shallow understanding of human nature. But given my state of being at the time, I just replied that I still wanted this Pyramid and had no care if she cared for me or not. Then, on 48:10, I clearly distinguished between “care” (the unselfish component of the feeling) and “need” (the selfish component). On 49:50 I gave out a second reason why I must trash myself – otherwise the Pyramid and the “Higher Power” (namely DGHTR) would never know that I was hurt. When my session ended, I made an appointment for 12 PM, May 4. I was mystified by Mona’s hesitation about my desire to procure a cellphone (1:27:00).

Again, I had completely missed out on the fact that everyone – the Pyramid’s family, DGHTRCOM, and the Invisible Hand – wanted me to give up on the Pyramid for a reason much deeper than the fact that the Pyramid did not like me. Namely, just as DGHTRCOM could devise my pair-up with the Pyramid only because he had made me believe she was chosen for me, thereby making him immune to charges of conspiracy (since he was only “letting me finish my mission, my conspiracy against him”), as long as I still believed the Pyramid was chosen for me, everyone had the legal obligation to maintain my environment in a way that would fit my belief. This made the Pyramid entangled with me in some way – especially since the Invisible Hand had just re-confirmed the original script – even though she wanted nothing to do with me. This would tremendously complicate the continuation of the “script” for

123 Indeed: it seems that Mona was still trying to figure out whether I would want to hurt the Pyramid.

the second run – specifically the “discovery of Atlantis” (which DGHTRCOM presumably was still hoping I would do) and “becoming the Queen of Mexico” (which he was now increasingly considering letting the Pyramid do without me). From April 10 to this day, the dispute between the Invisible Hand and the Monkey had reached such intensity – over whether I should be the one for the Pyramid – that DGHTRCOM had had to put everything else aside to attend to the resolution of the matter. He still wanted to maintain control of the “Queen of Mexico” but didn’t want to offend the Monkey. The best available option for him was to separate “Operation Queen of Mexico” from the rest of PLANMEX – but I would have to give up the Pyramid in such case. DGHTRCOM, a dominant male, was completely mystified by my attachment of such extraordinary intensity. It was actually DGHTRCOM himself who had directed Mona to ask me the key question. He wanted to hear for himself – and he wanted others to hear also – why I was so strangely attached to the Pyramid even though I could not possibly expect my feelings to be reciprocated. He wanted me to like someone “who cared about me” – as soon as I agreed to that, my environment could be devised to allow someone like Ekaterina to show up who was at least grateful toward me for having saved her father and her country. DGHTRCOM probably also couldn’t really understand what the mind-reading computer was telling him about my feelings. It was just too much trouble for him to rummage through the maze of intercepts of my thoughts on the computer. He would rather hear me give a straightforward presentation of my logic in holding onto the Pyramid. He needed it to make his decision – everyone else was waiting for his command. Hearing that I would not give up, he decided to implement the idea of the “mini-trial”. Mona’s date of “May 4” probably meant the deadline of this mini-trial. In reality, however, the mini-trial would last until May 7.

In this episode we may detect a major weakness in the Daughterlanders’ control of the International Court. Just because the computer screen was displaying my thoughts, this didn’t mean that DGHTRCOM or the Invisible Hand had the expertise to understand what the computer was showing them. As I have said, since DGHTRCOM was a very masculine character (even though he was a nice and caring man), he had no comprehension of the convoluted, attention-seeking “girly” personality which constituted the essence of Borderline Personality Disorder. On top of that, he had never been trained to use the “mind-reading computer”. The same applies to the Invisible Hand, even though he understood me far better. Now that the Pyramid and her father were intercepted in a conspiracy against DGHTRCOM, more “Daughter People” from the SVR would have shown up. These masculine figures couldn’t understand why I was behaving like this either. The control center was dominated by a bunch of hard core men from Daughterland who had no idea how a girl worked – even though they had expressed nothing about me because they still remembered what I had done for their country. As for the CIA which was required to work with the Daughter People, “Best Mommy” would certainly be the wrong choice; she wouldn’t understand why I was behaving like this either. The Invisible Hand was really the only exception. The problem was that DGHTRCOM had assumed that both the Pyramid and I were normal people just because we could “look normal”. Again, all the Daughterlanders made their decisions on the basis of an apparent quietude, whereas a skillful clinical psychologist would quickly notice that something uncanny was seething beneath my behavior and the Pyramid’s attachment to her father. Unfortunately, women from the French DGSE (“Maman”) had – as Macrospherians – been observing all this, and the leading figure among them (to be named “The Smart Woman”) was the only one who really understood why I was acting and feeling like this. While DGHTRCOM and his

Daughter People couldn't understand what I was feeling even when they were staring into the mind-reading computer which was reading my mind, the DGSE Smart Woman understood me simply by observing my behavior. She understood how Borderline Personality Disorder worked. But she kept her silence. Even more unfortunately, she had noticed a fatal flaw in the foundation of the Macrosphere which the Monkey's tampering with the setting of the mind-reading computer had exposed. The flaw had something to do with the Daughterlanders' negligence while using the judge computer to run the trial – no Daughterlanders, no less DGHTRCOM himself, had noticed this flaw, and they had forgotten to ask the judge computer to look for flaws. The DGSE "Smart Woman" said nothing though, took it all to heart, and began formulating her plans.

#### APPENDIX 1: AN OUTLINE OF THE COURSE OF EVENTS

The following lists the essentials of what happened during the period under consideration. Here we do not hold back from our new understanding about what exactly happened with Mona: on March 3, as the Monkey became increasingly concerned with my "violent tendency", he took serious notice of this "Chaya's warning" and requested that the Invisible Hand order the TMU to start an investigation of me. A TMU detective thus recruited Mona as an informant against me on March 4. There was nothing unusual about this: when Chaya opened a case on me with the TMU back in August 2003, everybody in the CGI was involved and the TMU detective recruited Deborah and made her wear a wire. This time it's really just the same thing with the same people: the administrators at the Chicago School must be like: "Oh, Lawrence is here again and the TMU is coming again to investigate him for possible stalking. They want to recruit Lawrence's therapist again as an informant and make her wear a wire." The TMU's detectives were the most familiar with me of all the LAPD:

- (a) August 2003: Chaya's case.
- (b) 2004 – 2006: the FBI, the CIA, and Homeland Security all had to interview the TMU about me.
- (c) November 2007: the MSS came to interview the TMU about me.
- (d) October – December 2009: the SVR had to interview the TMU about me.
- (e) March 2010: the Pyramid's case, and the investigation was directed by the CIA from behind the scene.

The TMU detectives had repeatedly dealt with me not only in the context of criminal investigations but had also had to work with intelligence agencies, both domestic and foreign, on my case in the context of national security issues. And, as you shall see, a lot more business with the TMU was to come – and the Pyramid too.

**02.16 (T):** Faison warned me I must have legal research to do while in the Law Library. Night: at the UCLA Medical Center to get food.

**02.17 (W):** Uncle Bai was instructed to give me 200 dollars. The UCLA library. Night: "The Decline of the West".

**02.18 (TH):** anger while at the storage. The Pyramid was absent from the Law Library: **the discussion**



**about PLANMEX among her family. Does he have a bad temper?** Night: my performance in Stories LA while watching a golden pyramid eating muffins.

**02.19 (F)**: morning: laughter when the Invisible Hand and so on disrupted my DVD-burning. **The Monkey didn't want me to record and burn discs.** At the Law Library: "Daughterland has saved the world." Renee: the Pyramid would not come to work tomorrow. **More conferences had been planned.**

**02.20 (ST)**: the Pyramid didn't come to work: **the discussion about PLANMEX among her family and relatives.** Night: Barnes and Noble.

**02.21 (S)**: the remote control of human beings.

**02.22 (M)**: morning: angry. Lunch at Figaro. Stories LA: Mommy: "I'm CIA" – and she wanted to marry a car mechanics.

**02.23 (T)**: at the Law Library, the Pyramid looked especially pretty and said **she spent the weekend with her cousins.**

**02.24 (W)**: morning: Mommy disguised as "Maman". The Pyramid said she spent last night with her parents and currently lived in a small house. "I'll see your nose tomorrow." **My first meeting with "Mona" (a).** She assured me she's "chip-free".

**02.25 (TH)**: morning: DVD-burning disrupted. At the Law Library, the Pyramid gladly stuck my USB flash drive into the library's computer. Then, a USB flash drive again. The Pyramid: Is your Mommy a secret agent? I told her about my Nicaragua trip.

**02.26 (F)**: at the Law Library, the Pyramid said she would spend the weekend at her parents' house – and she kept on laughing.

**02.27 (ST)**: morning: DVD-burning disrupted, I trashed my room. Conflict with a Hispanic couple on the street. At the Law Library, **the Pyramid was stern.** "I watched TV with my parents." She wouldn't answer my questions. **The Pyramid began having reservations about me.**

**02.28 (S)**: night: rejected at the UCLA Medical Center, I got angry with the Daughter People.

**03.01 (M)**: morning and afternoon: Borders and Payday Loan. Night: I was locked out of my room.

**03.02 (T)**: 11 AM, with Mona **(b)**. Back in the Law Library, Angel comforted me: one can still like the Pyramid while homeless. I then told the Pyramid about my eviction, and she asked me how much I smoked. **The Pyramid's father had now definitively changed his mind about me.**

**03.03 (W)**: at the Law Library, the Invisible Hand and the Monkey remotely turned off my recorder, tremendously angering me. **The Pyramid was not working:** emergency meeting back in the control center **because the Pyramid's father raised his concern about my violent tendency. The Invisible Hand prevailed over the Monkey.** Night: Isha and Matt – to test my socialization skills and teach me the proper way to relate to electronics.

**03.04 (TH)**: from now on, "purple". 12 PM, with Mona **(c)**. I began sharing my feelings of inferiority in regard to the Pyramid. Mona: "What do you like about her?" **The Monkey had taken "Chaya's warning" to the TMU and the TMU had now opened a case on me and recruited Mona as an informant.** At the Law Library, the Pyramid was dressed very professionally and still in an upbeat mood. She asked me if my therapist would help me. **Despite the Monkey's actions, the Pyramid remained convinced by the Invisible Hand.**

**03.05 (F)**: at the Law Library, I angrily showed Angel how my IME malfunctioned and she comforted me. Then Faison tried to stop me from talking to Angel and the Pyramid. I went out to cry and Cherrington threw me out of the library. Night: I hid in the Chicago School to cut myself. **From now**

**on, cutting.** I talked to Mona on the phone. **The Monkey began debating seriously with the Invisible Hand as to whether I was dangerous.**

**03.06 (ST):** at the Law Library, I explained my frustration with computer malfunctioning to the Pyramid. **The Pyramid’s boyfriend showed up to chat with her.** Concerned that I might be a danger to the Pyramid, the boyfriend had volunteered to keep her safe from me.

**03.07 (S):** I saw a Mommy in ISO and rented a motel room.

**03.08 (M):** morning: the Open Office malfunctioning. My run-in with Amanda. **The Invisible Hand tried to demonstrate to the Pyramid’s family that I wasn’t dangerous.**

**03.09 (T):** with Mona (**d**): how I felt left out of the Pyramid’s world and how I proposed a “compromise” to the “Higher Power”. I told the Pyramid about my films and she said I drew well.

Night: **the Invisible Hand convinced the Pyramid that I would get better.**

**03.10 (W):** the Pyramid told me about her work and school history: she suddenly opened up. Night: **the Monkey raised objections to my webcams.**

**03.11 (TH):** with Mona (**e**): “anti-romance”. The Pyramid closed herself up again: “Desconso Garden” and the webcam on my Eee PC. Night: I cut myself in the Chicago School. **The Monkey raised objections to my cutting.**

**03.12 (F):** my Seagate drive died. I cut myself in the Law Library. The Pyramid told me the security guard would escort me out. The debate about “trash” in Westwood. Night: **the Invisible Hand persuaded the Pyramid again.**

**03.13 (ST):** the Pyramid allowed herself to be webcams while fixing the newspapers. She then told me the library didn’t allow webcams. **Her boyfriend was there again.** I filmed myself cutting myself in the library’s restroom. **The Monkey insisted that he didn’t want me.**

**03.14: (S):** morning: “lebensunwertes Leben”. The Invisible Hand and DGHTRCOM sent in **the Austrian pyramid** to lure me away from the Pyramid. Wrestling on the street.

**03.15 (M):** morning: my recorder was getting repeatedly turned off from the control center. **The Monkey didn’t want me to record.** With Mona (**f**): I requested to see her 3 times a week and told her how “the government was remotely controlling my electronic devices and had burglarized my storage.”

**03.16 (T):** Denny’s manager: “short cut”. The recorder continued to malfunction. **DGHTRCOM and the Invisible Hand equipped the Pyramid with fake fat in order to discourage me from liking her.**

**03.17 (W):** the Pyramid painted her nails black in order to make herself unattractive to me. In addition, **the TMU detective instructed Mona to make herself look prettier (g)** in order to lure me to transfer my feelings onto her. (I told Mona how the “Higher Power” wanted to take the Pyramid away from me.)

**3:18 (TH):** Brian supplied me with a reference to a vacancy in an apartment building. With Mona (**h**). Mona wanted to make sure that I wouldn’t mind if the Pyramid went out with someone else and said I thought too much. Night: **the Invisible Hand persuaded the Pyramid again despite the Monkey’s objections.**

**03.19 (F):** the Vietnamese Lady: “Godiva chocolate.” **The Pyramid recovered from her anger** and told me about her past travels in Mexico and her relatives back there.

**03.20 (ST):** I annoyed the Pyramid again with more worthless conversations.

**03.21 (S):** at the Orthodox Church: Sophia. Portfolio: **Mark warned me not to pursue the Pyramid.**

**03.22 (M):** Portfolio: Mark didn’t want to be bothered and the cashier told me about the “defectors”.

**03.23 (T)**: masturbation with the Pyramid's video. **The Pyramid shut herself down again** and rejected my offer of Godiva chocolates.

**03.24 (W)**: the Pyramid recommended **Sandra Cisneros's book**. I became so depressed that I cut myself in and outside the Law Library. **The Invisible Hand instructed the Pyramid to come over: "Lawrence, I can't get in!"**

**03.25 (TH)**: the Pyramid appeared smaller, and then **shrank into a "fish-like" posture**. She was still uncomfortable with me – even though she did happily **walk in front of my webcam**. Night: **the Invisible Hand persuaded the Pyramid again**.

**03.26 (F)**: the Pyramid was upbeat again but **asked about my cut wounds**. The security guard Cherrington warned me not to "follow the Pyramid with my eyes".

**03.27 (ST)**: **the Pyramid angrily accused me of having an obsession with her**. I made my demands to "DGHTR". **The Pyramid then accused me of frequently staring at her**. DGHTRCOM sent in "**Lars**" to dissuade me from pursuing the Pyramid.

**03.28 (S)**: at Portfolio, a pyramid was reading Ritzer's *The McDonaldization of Society*, and my recorder was remotely turned off, causing me severe anger.

**03.29 (M)**: morning: "Give me fish instead of teaching me how to fish!" Masturbation at the beach with Best Mommy's picture. Novel Cafe: everyone wants power...

**03.30 (T)**: I passed on my letter to the Pyramid. **The Pyramid told me nicely I needed to be normal** when coming into the Law Library. I left and cut myself in a major fashion in the coffeehouse's restroom. I came back to the library and **the Pyramid, her boyfriend, Pinky, and Diego all ganged up on me, falsely accused me, and threw me out**. I called Wes for the first time. **Ekaterina volunteered to "save me"**.

**03:31 (W)**: the Pyramid pretended to want to save me by placing me at computer station #11. **She was upbeat again**. Renee told me "You look so frail..."

**04.01 (TH)**: I met with Brian and then Mona **(i)**. **Mona tried hard to get me to admit that I had been cutting myself and wanted to make sure that I wouldn't hurt the Pyramid**. The Pyramid was not working today in the Law Library: **she was presumably caught up in the debate between the Invisible Hand and her father, whereby she eventually requested that her father should replace the Invisible Hand as the manager of PLANMEX**. Night: in Long Beach, the Monkey and the Invisible Hand sent in "Chris from Oregon" to persuade me.

**04.02 (F)**: **the Monkey was now administrating the mind-reading computer and started forging my thoughts and preventing me from using electronics**. The Pyramid was back to her mean attitude and **objected to my recording habit**. The computers at the Law Library were being "upgraded". Night: "Papa don't preach" had finally made me realize that the Pyramid's parents had objected.

**04.03 (ST)**: morning: the Monkey prevented me from burning my discs. My cellphone problem. In the Law Library: when I joked to the Pyramid about her fake fat, **she got angry and told me to "be careful"**.

**04.04 (S)**: morning, in Long Beach: the Monkey continued to prevent me from burning my discs. Then, later in Psychobabble, he did it again, and I got so angry that I broke my Eee PC. I checked into a motel and came to the cybercafe. "Windaria" and drawing the Pyramid.

**04.05 (M)**: with Mona **(j)**. **The TMU detective instructed Mona to test me to see if I planned to hurt the Pyramid**. Later I promised to release the Pyramid's parents from the bind and not hurt myself.

**04.06 (T)**: I checked out of the motel and came to the Law Library. The vagrant told me he used to live with the Pyramid and had sexual relations with her. **The Pyramid looked like she was on LSD.** Night: my stupid proposal about using a “straitjacket”.

**04.07 (W)**: morning, buying shoes in downtown – randomism. At the Law Library, Renee: “The upgrade will prevent viruses from being downloaded.” **The Pyramid flatly rejected my idea of exchanging letters with her.** The “Friends of the Library” event. **The Monkey lied to the Pyramid saying he discovered me thinking about raping and killing her.**

**04.08 (TH)**: with Mona (**k**). Mona told me it might be good for me to be picked up by the police and asked me if I would also obsess over her. She said again she’s concerned I might hurt myself. **The Monkey wanted to use the police to get rid of me.** At the Law Library, everyone was wearing purple.

**04.09 (F)**: at the Law Library, I gave my portrait to the Pyramid and she threw me out.

**04:10 (ST)**: I was permanently banned from the Law Library. **The Daughter People and the Invisible Hand intercepted the Monkey and the Pyramid.** I watched “Windaria” again.

**04.11 (S)**: I cut myself very seriously (in the UCLA Biomedical Library). DGHTRCOM and BOL made my self-cutting and DVD-burning into part of my conspiracy against them.

**04.12 (M)**: DGHTRCOM and BOL made my ugly voice into part of my conspiracy against them. With **Mona (I)**. Mona praised my portrait of the Pyramid, comforted me, and asked me why I saw trashing myself as my punishment for the Pyramid’s family.

## APPENDIX 2: NOTES ON THE MOVEMENT OF SOME IMPORTANT PEOPLE

Between March 24 and 26, Dame Higgins was in Washington DC for the 104<sup>th</sup> ASIL (American Society of International Laws) Annual Dinner, with Professor Edith Brown Weiss, Charles Bower, and H.E. Stephen M. Schwebel.<sup>124</sup> Note also that the US Secretary of State was in Moscow from March 18 onward, ostensibly to discuss the START II treaty and negotiation over Middle-East.<sup>125</sup> The *Guardian* report notes further that “Clinton is hoping to seal a deal in time for a high-profile international summit on nuclear non-proliferation to be held in Washington in mid-April.” These days were, on my side, the climax of the replacement of evidences and pair-up with the Pyramid. I highly suspect that both Higgins and Clinton were exploiting the occasions to in fact secretly discuss, one with the Americans, the other with the Russians, the sustainable civilization programs and what will later be referred to as the “new New World Order” which were being brokered in backdoor deals to reconcile the United States with Russia during the crucial, first three months of 2010.

124 Videos of speech given at this event: [http://fora.tv/conference/asil\\_104th\\_annual\\_meeting](http://fora.tv/conference/asil_104th_annual_meeting).

125 Luke Harding, “Hillary Clinton in Russia for nuclear and Middle East talks”, *Guardian*, March 18 2010 (at: <http://www.theguardian.com/world/2010/mar/18/hillary-clinton-russia-nuclear-talks>).