

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 II

ουαι δε τωι ανθρωπωι εκεινωι δι' ου
ο υιος του ανθρωπου παραδιδοται.
Καλον αυτωι ει ουκ εγεννηθη ο ανθρωπος εκεινος

“Woe to that man who betrays the Son of Man.
It would be better for him if he had not been born”
(Mark, 14: 21)

The following records the details of France’s objection to the February 12 2010 judgment of the International Court of Justice declaring Russia to be the victim of my terrorist conspiracy with France and the United States. France filed the objection on April 29 2010. The objection lies at the origin of the mind-control torture which I would suffer in the next ten years and more. Its content is described in the entry on April 30. An analysis of France’s motive in objecting (EU-Russia pipeline politics and Sarkozy’s ideology) is provided at the end of the narrative.

Again, this is the newly revised version, prepared in December 2022 – March 2023, of the original “Ying and Yang” (II), originally composed in 2012 and the first half of 2013. The most important corrections in this new version are two: (1) it’s the Invisible Hand and not some “DGHTR”; and (2) the French were here to save the CIA, not to condemn them (since DGHTRCOM had never forgiven the CIA).

LEGENDS

DGHTRCOM: V. P.
the Daughter People: the SVR
Daughterland: Russia
DGSE: Direction générale de la sécurité extérieure
CIA: Central Intelligence Agency
DARPA: Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency

the Invisible Hand: the legend from the CIA clandestine service
the SVR Legend
the Smart Woman: the DGSE
officer who led the French objection
the Pyramid: Angelina Le Beau Visage
the Monkey: Mr B (LBV), Angelina's father
Mona: Mona L
Wes: my best friend

CONTINUED FROM PART I: APRIL 12, 2010

The rest of my night is recorded in: "[bgrstrbkcmplntcntxtmood_4_12_10_806-1119PM.WMA](#)". I walked into the burger store in Westwood Village wondering what exactly the Pyramid's European heritage consisted in (since she didn't look Mexican in any way) (4:30). I then wondered: I need, care about, and love this person (the Pyramid) all too much and all at the same time – is this love? (12:00) It is sickness! Soon a guy walked in wearing a "fushan" hat (29:00). I asked him why he was wearing his "fushan" hat (34:00). He said it was simply a fashion nowadays, and it turned out that he actually studied philosophy. When I inquired further, he revealed that he was studying "meta-ethics" – which was not concerned with who is right and who is wrong, but with why people do what they do. He then told me he was at the moment reading Aristotle. When I asked him what he thought about Aristotle, he replied: "Outdated... Things like honor, that is... Maybe there are people who still think like that, *having an abstract sense of masculinity*, and being a 'strong value' person all the time... He thinks there is a clear right and a clear wrong, but I don't think so..." (39:00). Then more about contemporary French philosophy and Heidegger... When I parted with him, he told me his name was Andrew. As I walked on, I murmured: The problem is one of communication: nobody is saying what she or he is really meaning – this Asian guy was obviously passing me a message. But what? Like most young students of philosophy, this Andrew has not understood his Aristotle at all. He is full of shit, and he would never know that. I thus taught the control center my own version: Ancient morality is self-oriented, doing good in order to keep oneself in order, while modern morality is other-oriented, doing good in order to increase others' happiness... In ancient morality, one doesn't steal, etc., because it's good for oneself, because it keeps one's soul in order; whereas in the modern conception, one doesn't steal because it's good for others... I was pointing out the problem with Andrew's shallow presentation of Aristotle... (1;07:00). Just because you are disorderly in your soul, that doesn't mean you can't live happily... Famous dictators and tyrants have lived a happy life... If the woman I want is a Mommy CIA, I can just stay the way I am, but if I want the Pyramid, then I'll have to change... (until 1:10:30).

Unless I am making something out of nothing – which of course is always possible – Andrew was passing me a message from the control center telling me that I should not be angry with the White Mexican Monkey for forging the intercepts of my thoughts – even though I didn't yet know that he had done this! – and that I needed to be more masculine in order to suit the Pyramid's taste. As you have just seen, DGHTRCOM had decided on the mini-trial – he had sided with the Invisible Hand, that is:

the pair-up was going to happen – and within hours he let me know that I must not fight with the Monkey just because he was at fault and that I needed to make myself look more like a man.

Make no mistake about it – the purpose of the mini-trial was to let the Invisible Hand and the Monkey gather evidences to prove their respective claims about my being safe, or posing a danger, to the Pyramid so that, as DGHTRCOM had calculated, the Monkey may be defeated through a formal and proper procedure of the ICJ and the Agency’s management of PLANMEX re-ensured through an ICJ judgment. And all this was for the Pyramid to watch as well. Once the Pyramid shall see her father making a fool of himself and realize that I in fact “matched her intellect”, DGHTRCOM thought, she would side with the Daughterlanders and the CIA rather than with her father when it came time for her to be crowned the “Queen of Mexico”. DGHTRCOM had long ago seen through this animal “Monkey” and understood his treacherousness. But he was careful to not offend the Monkey because, aware of the Pyramid’s strong attachment to her father, he didn’t want to alienate his future “Queen of Mexico”.

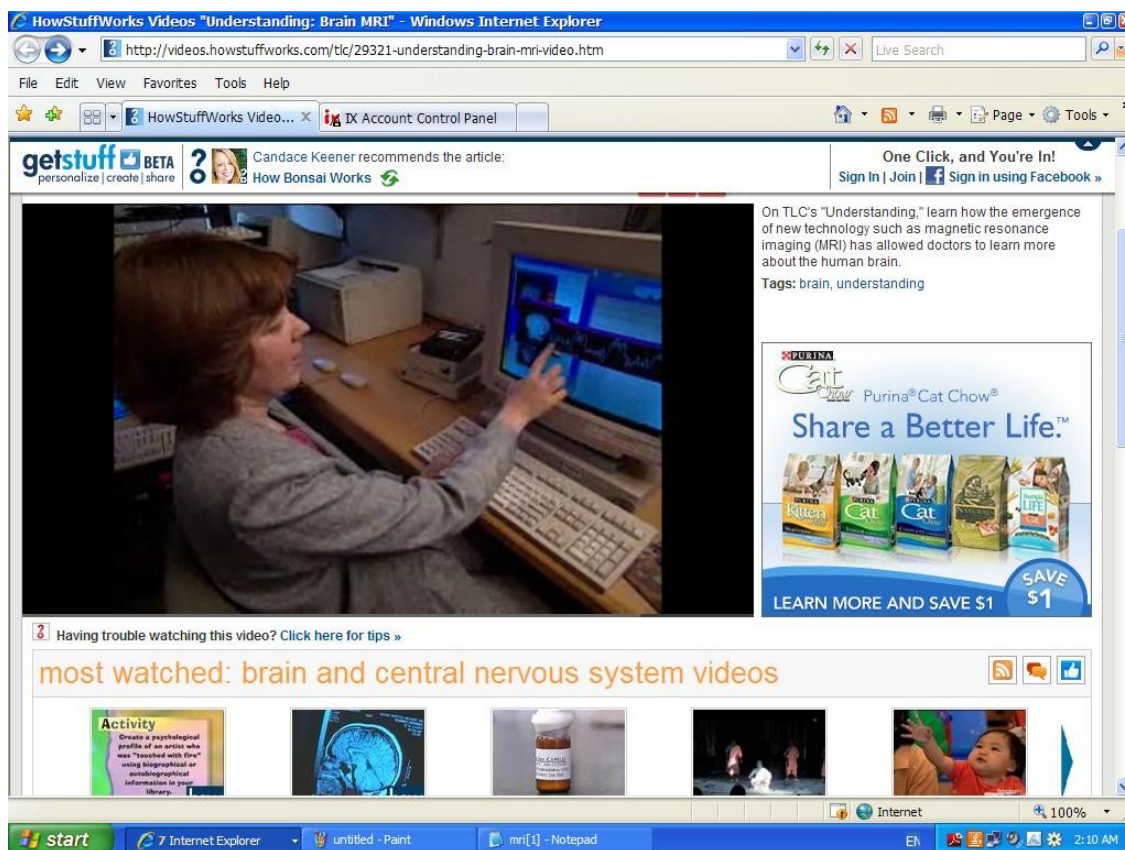
In any case, I wandered into the Starbucks in Westwood Village to use the restroom and so on. I soon began complaining, rightly, to DGHTR in the control center, about how he shouldn’t have shared “my thoughts” with the Pyramid. “Uneducated people should not be allowed to read other people’s thoughts... She shouldn’t even be allowed to know what I was doing privately... The Daughter People owe me so much, they have been too liberal” with the Pyramid’s family (2:18:00). I concluded, rightly, that, even though the Daughter People had wanted to help me, they ended up hammering me down into my hole ten times deeper... They had set up the whole thing wrong, they probably told the Pyramid I was some sort of hero, so that she ended up discovering I was a loser; they should have told her I was a loser, so that she would end up discovering something better – a driver nearby honked two times at my saying; he was certainly remotely controlled by the Invisible Hand to signal his agreement with me (2:30:00). “The Daughter People are not as smart as I thought they were... The context is what sets the mood, you don’t want to set her up for disappointment... I hope they’ll learn: fix the context, don’t portray me as a hero, and don’t share embarrassing facts about me... They really owe me...” (2:32:30). The problem was, I continued, that the Daughter People didn’t communicate with me directly, and that I became anti-intuitive when I was stuck in my obsession, and couldn’t tell how the Pyramid really felt... (2:34:00). I had especially hit on the mark by mentioning the problem of communication: you are doomed to fail when you have an upside down situation where a bunch of dumb people were given the power to hover invisibly over, and manipulate from unseen positions, someone ten times smarter than they are without ever telling him anything. I then spelled out another round of delusional belief about the Pyramid’s goodness: that she was sympathetic, and would be content with looking down on, or having empathy for, a loser like me... (2:40:30). Quite wrong! She was a stupid girl who cared about nobody but herself! Besides that, it was not so much that the Invisible Hand had “shared my thoughts” with the Pyramid as that her father had done so (sharing with her *fake* thoughts of mine). On 2:56:30 I saw another “pyramid” wearing a purple sweater, and I soon resumed reading Cisneros’s book.

April 13 (Tuesday)

My next recordings are: “[tocybrcafepaintngslfanalysis_4_13_10_1257-158AM.WMA](#)” and

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Dec. 2022 – Mar. 2023.

“[cybrcafeclssclmusic_4_13_10_220-321AM.WMA](#)”. I decided to repeat my previous night by going to the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire. After more worthless reflections and Spanish-reading, I sat down in front of a computer station (27:00). You can then hear a weirdo in the distant singing loudly to the tune he was listening to on the computer. I thought at the time that DGHTR was demonstrating to me how weird and annoying it was to sing along songs one was listening to (refer to April 4), and I thus commented that this guy didn’t sound that ugly (31:00 or so). The Invisible Hand himself probably didn’t mind; but he did so in order to tell me how I had made such a terrible impression on the Pyramid’s family. From 35:30 onward I was watching a “How Stuff Works” video on the use of fMRI technology to “read minds”. After all, my thoughts were being read in a very similar fashion. Note especially the mention on 38:40 of “a combination between magnetoencephalography and fMRI”. I would guess that the video didn’t pop up on my list of videos randomly but that the Invisible Hand, under the Daughter People’s command, was hinting to me as to what the Pyramid’s father had done: namely, changing the records of my thoughts.



The video on “mind reading” which I watched on April 13

My next recording is: “[cybrfe_4_13_10_322-327AM.WMA](#)”. In the past hours I had decided to watch the movie “Training Day” on Youtube in order to demonstrate my “masculinity”. I just thought this movie was a perfect choice because it had “tough Russians” in it; because it was shot in Los Angeles;

and because it was very well filmed and scripted. It was a classic disguised as a vulgar “gangster film”.

My next recording is: “[cybrcafetrnngday_4_13_10_328-419AM.WMA](#)”. When the movie was almost over, a guy came in with his “pyramid” girlfriend. They were very vulgar, street people, gangster-like, but the pyramid was very pretty. She began making provocative gestures to me, as if wanting to bite me, in an attempt to see if I was really a “tough guy” – tough enough to stare at her in her face for her beauty. I wasn’t that tough, though, and I quickly turned away in shyness. I suspected that either DGHTRCOM or some Daughter People had just come into view and, knowing that the Pyramid liked toughness and that I was here showing off, wanted to both test my degree of “masculinity” and send me a message about just how far I had fallen short of the Pyramid’s expectation.

My last recording in the cybercafe is: “[cybrcafe_4_13_10_7-726AM.WMA](#)” and my next recording is: “[towstwdangle_4_13_10_729-823AM.WMA](#)”. After this I rode the bus to go back to Westwood. I saw more people wearing purple on the street. When I got off the bus, I began another round of erroneous hypothesizing about the Pyramid: that she had a strong sense of right and wrong – when in fact she had no concern for right and wrong at all – and was quiet – this was correct – and was looking for “the One” (47:00). I concluded that she was looking for a scenario, rather than marrying for security...

My next recordings are: “[angle_4_13_10_828-839AM.WMA](#)” and “[buybat_4_13_10_839-849AM.WMA](#)”. I got angry because my recorder was remotely turned off again. Why anyone in the control center would do that I do not know.

My next recording is: “[buyphone_4_13_10_850-1045AM.WMA](#)”. I ate in Westwood, and wondered at one point: “Why don’t they just send someone to give me some money? Why do I have to worry about 20 dollars?” (47:00) I didn’t know that the Daughter People were forbidden by international laws to intervene in such an abnormal fashion. I bought a Go Phone on 1:12:00 – it was once again time for me to have a cellphone. But, again, I didn’t know how to activate it (1:43:00). I called up Nikki from a payphone to leave a message for her, requesting to see her early. Nikki was the therapist whom Mona had recommended to me – the “piece of garbage” which the Monkey had found for me – for the interim period when she wouldn’t be around. I also left a message for Brian.¹

My next recording is: “[chckphone_4_13_10_1045-1154AM.WMA](#)”. After seeing more people wearing “fushan”, I was inside the UCLA Biomedical library (28:00). I tried to set up my cellphone, but I didn’t know how to set up the voice mail (37:00). At some point I despaired: “She is not going to call me back, because whatever I want, I will be deprived of it... I’m required to work on the minimal...” – and someone coughed: remotely controlled to confirm? – “Hopefully this is not what is going on...” (50:00).

My next recording are “[uclamedlib_4_13_10_12-1250PM.WMA](#)” and “[gdwllndtist_4_13_10_103-](#)

1 In accordance with our new understanding about Mona, we shall assume this is what’s going on: the Monkey instructed the TMU detective to instruct Mona to refer me to Nikki before she should depart, and of course Mona did as she was instructed.

526PM.WMA”. Nikki called me to tell me she’d agree to see me the next day. When I exited, I commented that DGHTR should have told the Pyramid that I was the “Negative One” instead of “The One” (28:00). I then rode the bus going toward Venice Blvd. I spotted more people wearing purple while on the bus. I came to Goodwill to buy a blanket (18:00 or so): because it was just too cold at night. While I was standing in line for the cash register, a rather attractive middle-age woman was standing in front of me. I joked: “Connaissez-vous le plaisir d’être une femme, Madame?” I was trying to amuse the Pyramid again, who might just be inside the control center at this moment. But no, no one was amused by me, given the turmoil which the Monkey had caused. I finally came to Western Dental at Venice and Western (1:02:20). My teeth hurt and I had to have them looked at. I was with the dentist by 1:56:00. It was strange to me that the doctor wanted *me* to decide which tooth I wanted taken out – as if I had an expertise in dentistry. Then he commented that I was “feeling a lot of pressure”. Then, at the end of the procedure, he was making fun of me, laughing: “You have to pay for the cleaning...” I have to suspect that it was the Pyramid’s father who was directing the dentist. As the mini-trial was about to begin, he had returned to the command of my environment, jointly with the Invisible Hand – since he had to be established as one of my “conspirators”. Hence he wanted to show off his “liberalism”, in imitation of DGHTRCOM, letting me decide what work I wanted done on my teeth. Imagine if everyone decides what medicine or surgery should be used on him- or herself when going to the hospital, with or without any knowledge of medicine...

The recordings for the rest of my day are: “[touclahstmtxgmailangieidlst_4_13_10_526-817PM.WMA](#)”; “[uclareadwrt_4_13_10_818-851PM.WMA](#)”; and: “[uclawstwdreadngetc_4_13_10_904PM-1219AM.WMA](#)” I would return to the UCLA library, and, there, burn my DVD and write my “Secret History”. I then slept in the street corner in Westwood Village.

April 14 (Wednesday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[slpwstwdcmplaintdghtr_4_14_10_1232-619AM.WMA](#)”. When I awoke early in the morning, I began recording a series of reflections (4:39:00). I started rambling on about my dissatisfaction with the current situation, unaware of the Pyramid’s father’s cut-in. I began recounting the despair I had experienced when Daughterland was losing the International Court trial. “I hope that means something to them!” I shouted. I then spoke to the control center (the “Cave”) about how DGHTR should not share bad things about me with the Pyramid, and how he should tell me what was going on. “The Pyramid should not be allowed to read my thoughts, nor know what I’m doing on my own time... Unless what I’m doing would please her...” (4:47:00). Once again, I was right on the mark. I then continued to complain to my imaginary DGHTR and the Daughter People in regard to my dissatisfaction with their treatment of me: “The French were so good to me, and yet I abandoned them for the torturing Daughterlanders, just because I didn’t like to betray people. The Daughterlanders should be on my side instead of on the Pyramid’s side! The Pyramid didn’t help Daughterland at all; I was the one who has helped Daughterland!” (4:50:00) In a way, I was beginning to break out of my Borderline sickness of selfless sacrifice thanks to the deprivation I was suffering from: I began to put *my* interest above that of the Pyramid. But I still couldn’t yet break out of my delusional belief about the Pyramid’s goodness: I mistakenly thought that she was imbued with righteousness just as I was:

that somehow she would feel guilty about having helped Mr former Secretary convict Daughterland (4:15:00). Then I shouted: “This is not right... They need to tell me what I did right and what I did wrong, before they tell her anything...” (4:53:00). Right! “The Pyramid didn’t lose her apartment to save Daughterland; I’m the one who did that... Why are they so nice to her and not nice to me?” (4:56:00) This is indeed the crux of the matter. Besides DGHTRCOM, the rest of the Daughter People, or even the Siloviki, cannot possibly like the Pyramid’s family. The Pyramid’s family, and especially the Pyramid’s father the White Mexican Monkey, was thoroughly stupefied by how the Daughterlanders had valued me at all. Why don’t they dump this piece of trash in the mental asylum and move on? The Monkey must have been asking. Well, why, then? Besides the fact that *I* was the “evidence” – certainly, I was very sick now and my bizarre behavior cannot possibly please any female at the moment; but all the Daughterlanders didn’t say anything because my credit to them – saving them from extermination and putting them, instead, on the throne to control virtually the entire world – was just too great to be ignored, even if they, as a bunch of hard core men, had no comprehension of “Borderline Personality Disorder”. And yet the Monkey’s family, together with the Pyramid, simply cannot comprehend this (just as they couldn’t comprehend the evidentiary rules) – because they were so ignorant of geopolitics, and knew not a thing about the Western nations’ attempt to exterminate Daughterland in the past 30 years. How can people so ignorant of politics be made into our political allies? The rest of the Daughterlanders must be thinking. It’s all because DGHTRCOM wanted Mexico so badly, and “owning it” through this “conspiracy thing in the International Court” was just so easy: he couldn’t think of any other way. Only if I understood this at the time! Instead, I continued on with my convoluted thinking that was completely incomprehensible to normal people: “Maybe the Daughter People are offended by my worry that I might disappoint them...” (4:59:00). I mean, they might be offended by my extraordinary weakness and low self-esteem. Ha! I was even worried about this after I had saved their life! Then: “If it’s to happen again, I would still help the Daughterlanders against the French... even though the French would never give me this convoluted garbage!” (5:01:30) Then I expressed my bizarre belief that the Pyramid would die for Daughterland – and I tried to tell DGHTR how I wouldn’t want that to happen. Ha! That’s how out of touch with reality I had become. Can you imagine this? The Pyramid, who could hardly have less interest in “Russia”, and who was excited only because being put on the throne of Mexico would redeem her – she was not going to sacrifice an iota for this hitherto unheard-of “Russia”! She didn’t care about anyone but herself, and was furthermore not even interested in geopolitics – whether the West was going to impose imperialism on the rest of the world or whether “Russia” would stop the Western imperialists and raise up the oppressed nations: what did she care about all this? I helped Daughterland because I didn’t like neoconservatism and Western imperialism, but these things were not even part of the Pyramid’s “cognitive map” (or her “world-view”).² I continued to explain to those inside the Cave: “I still see the Pyramid as a piece of

2 “Cognitive map” is a term I have adopted from Chris Knight, “Darwinism and Collective Representations”, in *The Archaeology of Human Ancestry*. There he notes the difference between the cognitive structure of human beings and that of animals: “The communal map unique to humans is sociocentric, its motivational biases regularly inverting those of ordinary perception – so that onerous social duties... are positively marked, while opportunities for sexual self-indulgence are marked ‘danger’ or ‘taboo’. The representations central to the communal map are intangibles, without perceptual counterparts. ‘God’, ‘Unicorn’ and ‘Totem’ are among the possibilities.” That’s in the past. In industrial societies “Unicorn” and “Totem” are certainly no longer to be found on the cognitive map of any human beings. Instead, the cognitive maps are widely different according to social rankings and professions in contemporary societies. Here I

glass... But then I also see Daughterland as a piece of glass, not wanting the French to touch them” (until 5:03:30). I then talked more about my delusional belief about the Pyramid’s goodness: “Maybe the Pyramid would not have done the same for the Daughterlanders before, but she would be willing to die for them now...” (5:17:00). Ha!!! I then said something quite prophetic: “I don’t want to see them win the world, only to lose it...” (5:18:00). And yet this was precisely what was about to happen! I then talked about how I didn’t even betray the Daughter People when “Mommy CIA” put Amanda on the bus with me (5:20:00). “Mommy wanted me to feel guilty, and yet I overcame my guilty feeling in order to not disappoint the Daughter People... Would the Pyramid have done the same?” (5:20:00) Finally I shouted: “My new therapist had better be really fucking good looking!” (5:25:00) Not! I then continued to advise my imaginary DGHTR: “Instead of telling the Pyramid about my embarrassing moments, he should tell her how I have tried to save strangers – how I couldn’t even leave my apartment in Nicaragua, how I had always only negative balance in my bank account because I needed to help the Daughterlanders...” (5:30:00). Again I couldn’t understand that the Pyramid would not in fact be impressed by this sort of selfless acts for the sake of some unheard-of foreign land called “Russia”. To fight and die for a nation, for whatever reason, was not part of her thinking process. I advised further: “She should read my ‘Letter of Petition’ and ‘Feefee and Valerie’ in order to understand ‘cause and effect’... (5:34:00). What is this masculinity garbage about? (5:37:00) She needs to understand how I have put up with such suffering for someone else’s sake... Reading my work should be her homework... (5:41:00). She needs to think about: which is more important, being masculine or being intellectual... (5:44:00). Being masculine is not going to take out Daddy Chertoff! Being intellectual is more important!” Then, on 5:48:17, just when I picked up my Olympus recorder, it was remotely shut off with the error message on its screen: “battery low”.

Evidently, DGHTRCOM, the SVR Legend, and the Invisible Hand were all listening to me this early morning and thought that having the Pyramid read my writings was a good idea – and thus they remotely shut off my recorder (with their thoughts via the computer system in the control center, of course). A good idea because it would discredit her father for her. The remote shutting-off of my recorder had made my request into a product born from “conspiracy”, allowing DGHTRCOM to intercept it as “good resource” from the conspiracy against him. The Pyramid would be forced, under an International Court judgment, to read through some of my writings (most likely my story “Feefee and Valerie”). The Pyramid would have to spend the next several nights reading through this story of 80 some pages, which should demonstrate to her, as DGHTRCOM and the SVR Legend had hoped, that her father was a lying bastard and that everyone did pick someone who reached her “level of

am particularly interested in the difference in cognitive structure between the governing elites and ordinary people. The cognitive map of DGHTRCOM and his Daughter People is marked by geopolitical categories like France, Russia, the United States, and the political alliance system between them and within them, whereas the cognitive map of ordinary people is marked by relationships with friends and money-making at jobs. Geopolitical categories are absent on their cognitive map as elementary particles and the four forces are absent from the cognitive map of human beings living in the Middle Ages and before. The Pyramid is an ordinary girl; and, because she has never been educated about countries besides Mexico, she has never thought of Russia, Russia’s history, and the United States’ and NATO’s aggression toward Russia since the end of the Cold War. In the same way, because the Pyramid has grown up in a selfish xxxxxxxx royal family, sacrificing oneself to save the oppressed and downtrodden is also a sentiment which has never appeared on her cognitive map. It’s as hard for her to imagine selfless sacrifice for others as it is for the tribal people of Papal New Guinea to imagine elementary particles and the four forces of the universe.

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intellect”.

My next recording is: “[uclachicanostdies_4_14_10_620-950AM.WMA](#)”. I was totally tired of talking to myself: what a lonely life (4:00). I got up and bought coffee at Starbucks (10:00). I sat outside smoking, watching more people walking past wearing purple. I then came to the UCLA library (1:57:00). I sat down on the public computer, looking for books in Chicano Studies on Google Books to soothe my longing for the Pyramid. I found Elizabeth Jacob’s *Mexican American Literature: the Politics of Identity*. To ensure that my Internet connection wasn’t manipulated from the control center, I filmed the computer screen with the webcam on my Toshiba Satellite. I thought this was something in which the Pyramid was interested, and sighed: the Pyramid didn’t know how lucky she was; she didn’t know about the miseries in a guy’s life (2:08:00). Thus I read a poem by Angela de Hoyo, “Mujer sin nombre”, which I found in this book (2:13:00). Very impressed, as if I had got a piece of the Pyramid’s mind, I thus cited it in its entirety.

“Para mi no se hizo el canto
I drag a nameless grief
like a cloak of thorns upon me
and wither I go
it answers for me
truncating my budding voice
before it has time to bloom.

I inherited from Eve
a satirical apple
my benign love becomes
a sin
malignant in the mouths of others.

Es que mi suerte
mi enemiga de siempre, siempre me viste
de tristes colores
hoja en el viento
Hija de nadie.
Who knows
from what bed of hungers
I have arisen?

Chicano, amigo mio
dame de tu aliento
para llevar conmigo
algo de ti
cuando me devore el tiempo.”

I sighed: the problem with the Pyramid was that she didn't look Chicana; were other Chicanos going to consider her "Chicana"? (2:17:00) The Pyramid was really a "mujer *con nombre...*", the self-identified Chicana who no one can tell was Chicana... (2:33:00). "The Chicano movement is going to ban the Pyramid, because she looks precisely like the white world the Chicanos are fighting against" (2:29:30). "What one is is what one belongs to, not what one is; the Pyramid belongs to the Chicanos, but the belonging can never come from within because those to whom she belongs will never recognize her as belonging to them" (2:36:00).³ I then found more links to classical music in my Gmail inbox: I listened to it. It was Symphony 9 (3:24:00).

My next recording is: "[uclamsclnefmnirenlookalike_4_14_10_950-1033AM.WMA](#)". When I entered the elevator in the library, an Asian girl who looked like my cousin Irene came to my side (28:00). She especially had Irene's bumpy nose. What I didn't know at the time is that this "metaphor" of my cousin Irene signified something about the mini-trial which DGHTRCOM was starting. DGHTRCOM had decided that in the mini-trial between the Invisible Hand and the Monkey some sort of jury would be installed, which would be composed of ten females with whom I had at one time or another been acquainted. From the perspective of the evidentiary record, the mini-trial was part of the Microspherian conspiracy against Macrospherian Daughterland – i.e., an additional part of PLANMEX. The scenario (or "official story") was something like: Boss Cheney wanted to send me and the Pyramid off to Mexico, but the Monkey had a dispute with the Invisible Hand, the man whom the Boss had sent in from the CIA to manage PLANMEX. A trial was thus devised to resolve the dispute. At issue was not just whether I would be fit for PLANMEX, but also whether I would be a danger to the Pyramid – i.e., whether the evidence which the Monkey had gathered (forged) was real. For this reason, the jury would be all-female. Irene, my cousin, was the first juror found, contacted, and transported from her home in Sacramento to the control center in Los Angeles. The "bumpy nose" Asian girl was Irene's substitute, establishing Irene as my Microspherian conspirator. The rest of the all-female jury would consist of: (1) Pro. C., who taught history of science and technology at UC Berkeley, with whom I had brief acquaintance when taking her course during the spring semester of 2000; (2) Marie, the sex-worker in "Feefee and Valerie"; (3) Chaya, the therapist with whom I was once in conflict; (4) Mireya, the nice girl who used to work at Zona Rosa; (5) Liz, with whom I was close friends back in 2002 but with whom I had since lost contact; (6) Deborah, my former psychologist; (7) "Robin", a striper I knew when I was in San Francisco back in 2001, and whom I had nicknamed "Sally"; (8) Evelyn, my other cousin; and (9) the Pyramid herself. It was not necessarily the case that all ten jurors were found and transported here between April 11 and 14. DGHTRCOM had probably come up with this idea of the jury before he even intercepted the Monkey's conspiracy against him.⁴

My next recordings are: "[uclalibread_4_14_10_1050AM-1229PM.WMA](#)" and "[uclawnikki_4_14_10_1229-402PM.WMA](#)". After I read a little more in the UCLA library, I came to the Chicago School for

3 All this reflection was quite untrue. The Pyramid and her twin sister were thoroughly integrated into the Hispanic community despite the fact that they looked so white.

4 It's in fact quite likely that nobody was transported at all but that everyone simply watched me remotely on her computer.

my appointment with “Nikki” (2:25:00). When this “Nikki” came out, I was thoroughly stupefied: she was not beautiful but an extremely fat Iranian woman. At the time I just thought that DGHTR simply wouldn’t heed my very reasonable complaint this morning. Within two weeks however I would understand that it was actually the Pyramid’s father who had sent in Nikki as his remote-control for me. The Pyramid’s father, before his little conspiracy was intercepted by Macrospherian DGHTRCOM, had wanted to demonstrate to the Pyramid that he was wiser than the Invisible Hand in that he would choose for me an ugly fat piece of garbage as a way to impart on me the lesson that the appearance of a person was unimportant. The lesson was empty, because it was really meant for the Pyramid to see, and the Pyramid a few days ago must have been thoroughly impressed by the toughness which her father had supposedly manifested by willing to swallow something so unpleasant (even though the psychopath was actually making someone else swallow it). It’s not just toughness, but the desire for what is undesirable also conformed to the Pyramid’s supposed “feminist ideal” of not objectifying women because of their beauty.⁵ What the Monkey didn’t notice was of course the fact that the major reason for which he wanted to reject me out of PLANMEX and his family lineage was just the fact that I had an ugly appearance and bad presentation. He had no care for how much I cared for his daughter, how I had once attempted to shield her from the capricious decisions of the judge computer, or how selflessly I had attempted to save the innocents, and he had even less concern for my academic and artistic abilities – none of which he understood. He was far more shallow than I because at least I didn’t judge a person less worthy just because he or she looked ugly but simply *enjoyed more* girls who looked pleasant. (The Pyramid herself didn’t seem to notice that she failed to manifest her toughness and “feminist ideal” when she was disgusted by my dirty appearance and bad smell: a family of hypocrites.) The Pyramid’s father, again, had neither interest in nor understanding of anything in the nature of “inner beauty”. He was simply imitating the Invisible Hand’s wisdom by putting forth the opposite, the unexpected, and the unwanted. He had absolutely no interest in my welfare, but was only using me as a guinea pig on whom he exerted pain and suffering as a way to gain his daughter’s confidence and admiration – and that only as a way to obtain Mexico. Moments like this just showed how much the source of my suffering lay in the Pyramid’s stupidity vis-à-vis her greedy criminal father. It’s simply amazing that the Pyramid could not see the contradiction inherent in her father’s throwing-forth of a fat Iranian woman in front of me, especially after knowing the man for three decades.

Now that the Monkey had been intercepted and stuck in a mini-trial whose main purpose was to impress the Pyramid, he was back at the computer in the control center to remotely stage my therapy session in order to prove that he was right about me. I began my “therapy” session with Nikki on 2:32:00. Nikki’s unskillfulness in starting the session (“Tell me, what’s bothering you. What’s going on?”; “Just tell me as much as you can...”: until 2:34:30; and then “What do you like about [the Pyramid]?” “You went to the library... just alone... That’s very lonely...”: 2:40:00) immediately revealed that she was being remotely controlled by the Pyramid’s father who was trying hard to pretend to be a therapist for the first time. As the computer intercepted Nikki’s thoughts via the nanochips inside her brain, the Monkey would be looking at my face on the computer screen just as Nikki was looking at

5 Again, we have simply inherited this interpretation from the original version. We have no idea whether and how much the Pyramid subscribed to anything feminist.

me, and he would be thinking how to talk to me and respond to my words and the computer would signal to the chips inside Nikki's head which would then cause Nikki to say what the Monkey wanted to say to me. Being "possessed" by some such human trash as the White Mexican Monkey must be the most unjust treatment in the world, and DGHTRCOM can never be forgiven for allowing such crime to be committed, I'm sorry to say. The Monkey was however probably feeling quite confident in the control center doing this pretending since he was an ego-maniac unaware of his limitations. The Pyramid, as noted, was also watching my session with Nikki from a separate room in the control center; her father wanted to demonstrate to both her and the Daughterlanders his wisdom in taming me while at the same time gathering evidences to prove his claims about me – and this was the beginning of a new round of the Pyramid's observation of me from the control center.

I shall here only analyze a few key lines in Nikki's conversation: (1) Nikki's words after "That's very lonely...", namely, "You want to have friends", etc. (2:40:25), were again the Monkey's attempt to demonstrate his sympathy for me to both DGHTRCOM and the other Daughterlanders; since the Daughterlanders were angry with this Monkey for not showing any care for the piece of evidence that had saved their country, the Monkey reluctantly put up a show of comforting me even though he was convinced that injustice had been inflicted upon him when he was forced to dirty his royal lineage by associating with this piece of trash. (2) Next, when upon Nikki's inquiry I said something about my mother, Nikki commented, as if surprised, "So you *do* have a mother." (Note my reply, "Everyone has a mother": 2:41:45.) This was another sure indication that it was a man with no familiarity with psychotherapy who was speaking through Nikki: a redneck business man like the Pyramid's father the White Mexican Monkey. My jaws almost dropped to the ground for I had never heard such idiotic statement from a therapist. (3) At one point Nikki asked me if I saw things that were not there etc. (2:46:30). Evidently, the Monkey was hoping that I would make an admission that I had schizophrenia just as he had insisted – he even forged intercepts of my thoughts to prove this – now that he had to furnish real proof of my schizophrenia for the mini-trial.⁶ (4) Nikki then immediately asked me the pointless question of what I did today just after I had already told her in the beginning of our session what I did today; this was probably because the Monkey was looking for things to say after he didn't succeed in obtaining my admission that I had schizophrenia. This just goes to show how worthless my therapy session had become. The Monkey had no interest in and no idea about how to conduct a conversation with me; he was talking to me as if I were three year old because he had to put up a show of comforting and caring about me. (5) Nikki then asked me the title of the book I was reading this morning (namely, Sandra Cisneros's book) (2:47:30) probably because the Monkey was trying to impress upon the Pyramid that he did care about her literary interests. He now suddenly wanted to care about Sandra Cisneros whereas before he could hardly give a crap about any literary development which had interested the Pyramid. This was something which was about to become a regular event: when the Monkey remotely controlled someone to talk to me under pressure from the Daughter People, his interest would really lie in talking to the Pyramid and impressing her – since the Pyramid was made to

6 We must note that my endless mention of the "Higher Power" to Mona must have almost convinced Mona and the TMU detective on my case that I suffered from schizophrenia. If they didn't so consider me it'd only be because the Invisible Hand had instructed them to not do it (since nobody knew what I was talking about). It's possible that Mona had nevertheless written into my file her suspicion that I had schizophrenia.

watch the Monkey “perform”. The problem was that, now that the Daughter People had revealed to the Pyramid how her own father had duped her for political gains, she was angry with the Monkey and wouldn’t talk to him. The Monkey, knowing that his political success (to rule Mexico from behind the scene) depended entirely on his daughter because it was the Pyramid who was chosen to become the “Queen of Mexico” and not he, was desperate to win back the Pyramid’s heart. (6) It was another instance of therapeutic unskillfulness when Nikki, running out of things to say, asked me “What did you eat?” (2:48:20) – another worthless question unheard-of from a *real* therapist. (7) The next such instance: after some silence, Nikki asked me, “How do you feel?... Tell me about awfulness...” (8) Then, once again, not having anything intelligent to say, Nikki asked me, “Tell me about Mona” (2:51:00), “What did you do with Mona?... Did Mona make you happy or...” (2:53:30 or so). The Monkey simply didn’t know how to conduct a therapy session. (9) There were then moments of silence between us when I increasingly realized that nothing intelligent was to be expected from this fat woman’s mouth. (10) Nikki then asked me, “Where do you like to live? In a house or in an apartment?” (3:06:00) The Monkey, again, could not think of anything more significant to ask me about. (11) Nikki asked me once more what I was reading at the time (3:07:00). Repetition of the same question was another indication of therapeutic unskillfulness and inexperience. (12) Nikki then asked me, “Where are your parents from?” and then “They speak... Mandarin?” (3:07:35) The Monkey was not aware of the political geography between China and Taiwan, typical of an uneducated person in North America who could not identify the obscure little nation called “Taiwan”. (13) Running out of things to say, the Monkey controlled Nikki to ask me if I had people to converse with in Mandarin (3:08:00).

My next recordings are: “[4_14_10_411-417PM.WMA](#)” and “[uclatv5_4_14_10_418-1022PM.WMA](#)”. I came out of my therapy session totally disappointed – not yet knowing that I was merely talking to the Monkey – and wandered a little around Westwood, dragging my heavy luggage. I ate wanton soup in a restaurant while reading Cisneros’s book at the same time. I then ran into Andrew on 1:13:30. He was wearing the same hat, but had got a nose ring. He didn’t want to talk to me this time. After being controlled to pass me a “message”, he had no more interest in me. I came into Borders Bookstore and read a little about Tolstoy’s *Anna Karenina* (1:54:00). I so regretted the years I had wasted on the evidentiary process of some secret trial; I wished I had devoted myself to literature and so on. I then came back to UCLA and saw another Asian girl who looked familiar (3:18:00). Another metaphor of a juror? I sat in front of the computer, and eventually came to TV 5’s “Sept Jours sur la Planète” and then “Le Monde” (5:19:00). I saw the interesting news item about how Obama was advocating for protection against “nuclear terrorism” (5:20:00). It meant nothing to me at the time, but this was actually an episode of evidence-replacement.⁷ (The Macrospherian Obama was letting the Microspherian Boss Cheney command him to fear-monger about the non-existent nuclear terrorism.) Then I also discovered on an official French website that this year, 2010, was “l’année amitié entre la Russie et la France”. I was so surprised: France and Russia had just secretly gone through a life-and-death struggle in the International Court of Justice – and they were about to do it again – and yet, on the surface, in public domain, they had to pretend to be friends.

My next recordings are: “[russofrancovie_4_14_10_1023-1140PM.WMA](#)” and “[wstwdmusic_4_14-](#)

7 Really? We aren’t today so sure anymore about this conclusion from the original version.

[5_10_1155PM-1223AM.WMA](#)”. I then watched another documentary on a discussion forum of film directors from France and Daughterland. I didn’t know that, after the Monkey had gathered his evidences in the afternoon when he was remotely controlling Nikki, it was now the Invisible Hand’s turn to gather *his*. My comprehension of French was intercepted into the control center, whereby the Invisible Hand, in this mini-trial, would take apart the Monkey’s false profile of me one element at a time (this time, that I didn’t understand French). The Invisible Hand would furthermore, with this evidence, argue that the Monkey’s tampering with the mind-reading computer had caused it to become wildly inaccurate, so that the profile which he had composed of me indicating that I posed a danger to the Pyramid should be invalidated as well. At the time of my watching the French news, however, I was having tremendous difficulty in concentrating, because I had become so conscious of the fact that my thoughts were being read. When the library closed, I came to Westwood Village to sleep in the street corner.

April 15 (Thursday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[strbkrflectn_4_15_10_719-732AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner and walked to Starbucks. While I was looking at the newspaper being sold at the counter (*New York Times* and *Los Angeles Times*), I started wondering if, given all the news lately about how the Polish president Lech Kaczynski had died in a plane crash in Russia, how Thailand was going through political unrest, how protests broke out in Kazakhstan, etc., DGHTRCOM might be changing the world too fast causing people to become suspicious (11:50). I only sort of guessed at the significance of these world events at the moment: that these had something to do with my case at the International Court. I didn’t know that many of these events were Boss Cheney’s recommitting his crimes, and that the death of Kaczynski was an orchestration intimately related to Daughterland’s victory at the International Court.

Then my next recording: “[wstwdstrbk_4_15_10_732-837AM.WMA](#)”. I began writing. At some point I began pondering how the news on the reduction of nuclear warheads between “Daughterland” Russia and “Mommyland” United States simply didn’t make sense, insofar as they should have finished debating about this a year ago (56:00 or so). I didn’t understand that, aside from the fact that the 2009 agreement was merely a road map, the debate was continuing with new steam precisely because of the trial about me in the International Court.

My next recording is: “[opcc_4_15_10_927-1050AM.WMA](#)”. I then rode the bus to OPCC. On 5:00 I commented on the source of my current mental disability, the mode of *pour-l’autre*: that constant intense consciousness of another consciousness’ being conscious of my consciousness – ad infinitum. I was no longer able to remember anything. The only superior function which was left to me was my ability to analyze things. I was at OPCC by 14:10, and met with Brian by 41:00. We would be discussing my money problem. Brian told me flatly that no financial help would be available, and asked me questions about my employment history (49:00). I had been thoroughly dumbfounded as to why DGHTR was so insistent on leaving me financially ruined. I simply couldn’t comprehend the fact that the court rules did not permit me to obtain free money like this and that I was now caught up in

another “fair trial” where two parties had to prove their contradictory assertions about what I was about. I called up the Census Bureau per Brian’s suggestion – I stupidly thought that DGHTR wanted me to get a job here. These sorts of idiotic false beliefs illustrate just how much I had been conditioned by the Daughter People’s signaling environment to easily believe in strange and false scenarios. I was however unwilling to finish the call because I didn’t have the courage to take out my recorder and put it next to the phone. Then Brian for the first time came up with this “enhanced emergency housing” – the STRIVE program. He might have suggested it because it was one of the typical resources available to homeless people, but the Pyramid’s father could not have been happier about this from the control center: he thought this was what I deserved in accordance with his perception of me as an “undisciplined problem kid who was lazy, who came from despicable background, and who therefore needed a proper beating to keep down his undeserving ego” – while in reality I came from an elite family just like him and was a fragile and introverted academic who had been disabled by two years of battle with the International Court. After my meeting with Brian, I commented, while in the restroom, about my need to “round things up and attain closure” (with the Pyramid, that is). This would be an important reason why I couldn’t just give up the Pyramid like this.

My next recordings are: [“smtowstwdreadpne manual_4_15_10_1050AM-143PM.WMA”](#), [“uclalibreadmxhist_4_15_10_143-226PM.WMA”](#), and [“tocgiuclamysite_4_15_10_228-642PM.WMA”](#). I rode the bus back to UCLA, and went inside the library to continue reading *Kleine Geschichte Mexikos*, idiotically preparing myself for going to Mexico with the Pyramid. By the third recording, I had left the library and came to the Chicago School. I thought I had an appointment with Nikki at 3 PM. But Nikki told me that my appointment was at 1 PM. I was disappointed – I was so lonely that I would want to swallow something even as disgusting as Nikki. Nikki scheduled another appointment for me for next Wednesday, at 3 PM. After eating and browsing some archival DVDs at a camera store (1:43:00), I came back to the UCLA library (2:47:00). I sat in front of the public computer and read more books on Mexican history on Google Books. I began paying attention to the legendary Mexican president Cardenas. Then, the computer froze up on 3:31:00.

My next recordings are: [“uclalibrndvd910_4_15_10_756-906PM.WMA”](#) and [“uclalibmxarchlgy_4_15-16_10_906PM-1230AM.WMA”](#). I went upstairs, found a table, and continued my reading of *Kleine Geschichte* while setting up my Toshiba Satellite to burn my latest DVD. I was on the fourth floor of the Research Library, and I noticed a chubby white girl sitting at the table in front of me and poring over various books on the archaeology of the indigenous cultures in Mexico and Peru (1:28:00 or so). I didn’t know that the Invisible Hand was trying to tell me something about PLANMEX – after he instructed the computer system in the control center to pass a “secret message” to me, the computer, detecting that I would come to the fourth floor where I hid *Kleine Geschichte*, scanned through my environment, discovered this UCLA student who was studying Central American archaeology, and controlled her to set herself up in front of me as a metaphor: that the Pyramid and I were supposed to make archaeological discoveries while getting involved with the indigenous peoples in Mexico.

My next recording is: [“4_16_10_1230-129AM.WMA”](#). After the library closed, I came to the Del Taco in Westwood Village, eating and reading *La Casa en Mango Street*. The book was seriously lacking in

intellectual rigor, and I began to feel disillusionment with the Pyramid’s intellect insofar as this was the kind of books she regarded as worthwhile: “Sandra Cisneros has wanted to write a book for the common people... The book has very little ‘time-dimension’...” (2:35). The book was simply a collection of worthless anecdotes; there was no development, no evolution. I sat silently while others were talking loudly around me. I then went to sleep in the street corner.

April 16 (Friday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[wkwstwdaglewhatonecares_4_16_10_635-758AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up and walked to Starbucks to begin my morning reflection over coffee and cigarettes. I first reflected that the Pyramid was *really* getting uncomfortable with me throughout the month of March. Somehow, because of my mood, I had lost my sensitivity to the Pyramid’s true feelings, being preoccupied with the false impression that DGHTR had wanted me to stick around the circulation desk and practice talking to her. The cause of this insensitivity which normally did not characterize me, I thought, lay in the fact that the Pyramid was acting all the time – that I therefore couldn’t distinguish it when she was showing her true feelings (4:00). Another problem I then noted: I was *not* relating to the Pyramid but only to DGHTR (5:15). Well, I actually *was* interacting with the Pyramid, but I had been conditioned to assume that every movement which the people around me made was directed from the control center. Starting from 41:00 or so onward I began reflecting on my frequent worry over the fragility of my relationship with Daughterland. I commented on my worry that “they” (the Daughter People) might think I might care if they wanted to eliminate half the population of the planet – part of my frequent nervousness over the possibility that “they” might be worried that I might have a negative attitude toward their planetary *Herrschaft*, which was in fact something that I would want and with which I would feel secure, despite my sense of righteousness. I then commented on my fear of “pissing them off” – which had evolved into a fear of “pissing them off by not wanting to piss them off”. I commented that I would still want them to rule even if they did the exact same thing as my “Daddy Chertoff” (45:50). I talked about my fear of pissing them off when I still wouldn’t hate them – *faute de courage, la faiblesse* – should they decide to make my life miserable (46:40). What I was really afraid of, I commented, was that *the world might run out of pretty people* (pretty pyramids, that is) (49:20). Maybe they were just pretending to care about what was right and what was wrong (52:00). I would never want to reverse course, *unless the Pyramid’s life was at stake* – for the rest, I would just be angry on the surface without wishing for the reversal of this “Daughter Rule” (ΘYTATHPAPXH) (55:00). Then, I was still thinking about what the “Daughter People” might do which would cause me to regret saving them, and the only thing I could dream up was the “extermination of pyramids” – the most horrifying thing in the universe being the extinction of “pretty people” (1:06:00). I then started worrying about my thinking like this, because it meant that I wasn’t really worried about justice, and I thus started worrying about not worrying about justice (1:11:00). Finally, I could not come up with an answer to the question: if the Daughter People had eliminated all the “pyramids” in the world but did leave one to me, would I still regret saving them? The question was thus far unanswerable because it seemed at the time that I was worried about the extinction of pyramids due only to the fact that I hadn’t yet obtained one for myself. Then, the strangest mystery remained: can the Daughter People pretend to be moral, since I often had the impression that, in addition to being the greatest and wisest people on

the planet, they were also very manipulative – I was at the time completely unaware of the real situation: the disturbance which the Monkey had caused inside the control center.

My next recording is: “[archaeologywstwdbrian_4_16_10_758-954AM.WMA](#)”. I reflected more, and then on the logical impossibility of getting out of my fear for “pissing off” the Daughter People (14:00): if I should become more assertive because I’m worried that I may piss off the Daughter People by fearing pissing them off, I would still be doing so only because I am afraid to piss them off. I walked into Coffee Bean on 18:30 or so and, strangely, a white girl was singing from the speaker, “I’m just enjoying your show” (19:20). Even at the time I thought this was DGHTR applauding my reflection. (More on this presently.) I then commented that I would be unconcerned even if Daughterland had eliminated half of the planet (32:00). I then begged DGHTR again to “give me the Pyramid”. Then comes on 1:18:00 my reflection on an argument I wrote out a long time ago to refute the point of view which the linguist Merritt Ruhlen had expressed to me in an email response. He expressed to me, in August 1998, the view that human languages, and the human brain itself, must have gone through a major evolutionary leap around 50,000 years ago because human behavior suddenly changed around that time, as manifested in the change in material culture (a sudden advance in tool technology). (I attach his email to me at the end of this narrative.) This point of view was clearly incorrect and born out of a narrow vision. It has been a common tendency among archaeologists, historical linguists, and historical geneticists to attribute changes in the material records found in archaeological sites to changes in the very constitution of the human entities who had produced these records, changes that were either linguistic or genetic. But a simple reflection on the happenings in the past 150 years would teach you that most of the technological advances in human cultures which are susceptible of leaving traces in the material records are simply the results of human competition and have nothing to do with any evolutionary changes in the human constitution (such as encephalization leading to language improvement). Within 150 years, the human race has invented combustible engines, and is able to “evolve” from using animal power to travel on land and wind power to travel on sea to flying supersonic in the sky and traveling to the moon on a rocket – and yet neither the human brain, nor the human language, has “evolved” in any way at all during this period: the brain of a NASA scientist is no different from the brain of a farmer toiling the land in the 1800s. My reflection continued into the next recording: “[archcont_4_16_10_954-1032AM.WMA](#)”.

What had happened this morning is this. The Invisible Hand was in the control center gathering evidences to refute the Monkey’s false profile of me in the mini-trial. The “stunt” which the Monkey had pulled – tampering with the mind-reading computer and altering PLANMEX – had invited the attention of many other Daughterlanders who were earlier busy with DGHTRCOM’s project to remake the world (*Tochterwelt*). They were angry with the Monkey for having wanted to usurp the Invisible Hand’s position (i.e., the function which the Daughter People had assigned to the CIA in their grand scheme). In particular, they wanted to judge for themselves if the Invisible Hand (under their command) had indeed made the right choice for PLANMEX. Because PLANMEX had something to do with archaeology, as soon as I repeated for my imaginary “DGHTR” my refutation of Merritt Ruhlen’s argument, a certain resonance occurred in this Coffee Bean. The intelligence officials who had gathered behind the Invisible Hand couldn’t deny that someone who had refuted a world-renowned

professional linguist’s argument with such simple insight was indeed the right choice. The Monkey’s own choice for his daughter – someone much more presentable: good-looking, of better financial background, having graduated from a nice-sounding university, and a Hispanic instead of a “ching-chang-chung Oriental” – had evidently less expertise in these academic matters since he was uneducated and couldn’t really distinguish whether anyone was educated or not. This choice of his would not have impressed the Daughter People at all. On the other hand, because of his uneducation, he simply could not see what others had seen in this piece of trash (me), being stunned that there might actually be people agreeing with the Invisible Hand and the SVR Legend in attaching values to me instead of immediately dumping me after I had saved their lives.

The song “I’m just enjoying your show” worked in the same way. It was just the Invisible Hand signaling to me from the control center that my reflection was just what he needed as evidence at the moment. The “setting” of the mind-reading computer had been fixed; it was now reading my thoughts correctly. My confession that I would not regret saving Daughterland unless the Daughter People wanted to harm the Pyramid clearly demonstrated that I did not pose a danger to her and that I did not hate Daughterland; and the mind-reading computer was producing intercepts of my thoughts proving that I wasn’t lying.

Please understand the situation. Although the entire “Tochterland” was mobilized for this International Court battle, most of the Daughter People and Daughterlanders had since the establishment of the Macrosphere gone back to their busy tasks and were paying little attention to what had been going on in the tiny Law Library of Los Angeles. The replacement of evidences and PLANMEX seemed like such a sure shot. The Invisible Hand and the SVR Legend were enough for it, but when the explosive news that these two had been ousted from their own project while the “Daughterland legend” was made into an opposite entity had suddenly reached the ear of everyone, many Daughter People had had to put aside their tasks and come see what was going on.⁸

My next recordings are: “[lunchtodwntwnfakeaccdnt_4_16_10_1044AM-109PM.WMA](#)” and “[storageconf_4_16_10_111-351PM.WMA](#)”. I then got on the bus to go to my storage facility. I commented about my story “The Secret History”. I only wanted it to be recognized as “well written, deep” etc.; whether people would believe it was a true story was unimportant to me. But then I ran into the problem: how to make others *not* believe my story when I have recorded everything? (20:11) I was merely worried about the Daughter People because I assumed they wanted to keep this whole International Court trial in secrecy and I did not want to damage my relationship with them (20:48). Just as I was reflecting thusly, the people around me were being remotely controlled to move about. What was the Daughterland’s position on this? I then mentioned my small appetite: as long as the small group of people I loved didn’t think me schizophrenic, I wouldn’t really care about what the rest of humanity thought of me (21:20). I then came to my storage unit and put in there the DVDs whose

⁸ The interpretation here is mostly inherited from the original version. Today we wonder whether what had really happened was a little different. Namely, the mind-reading computer could have actually already predicted to the Invisible Hand beforehand (maybe since last night) that I would recite my argument against Ruhlen this morning at what time, giving him the time to organize the singing in Coffee Bean early this morning as a way to pass me a “secret message”.

copies I had burned in the past days.

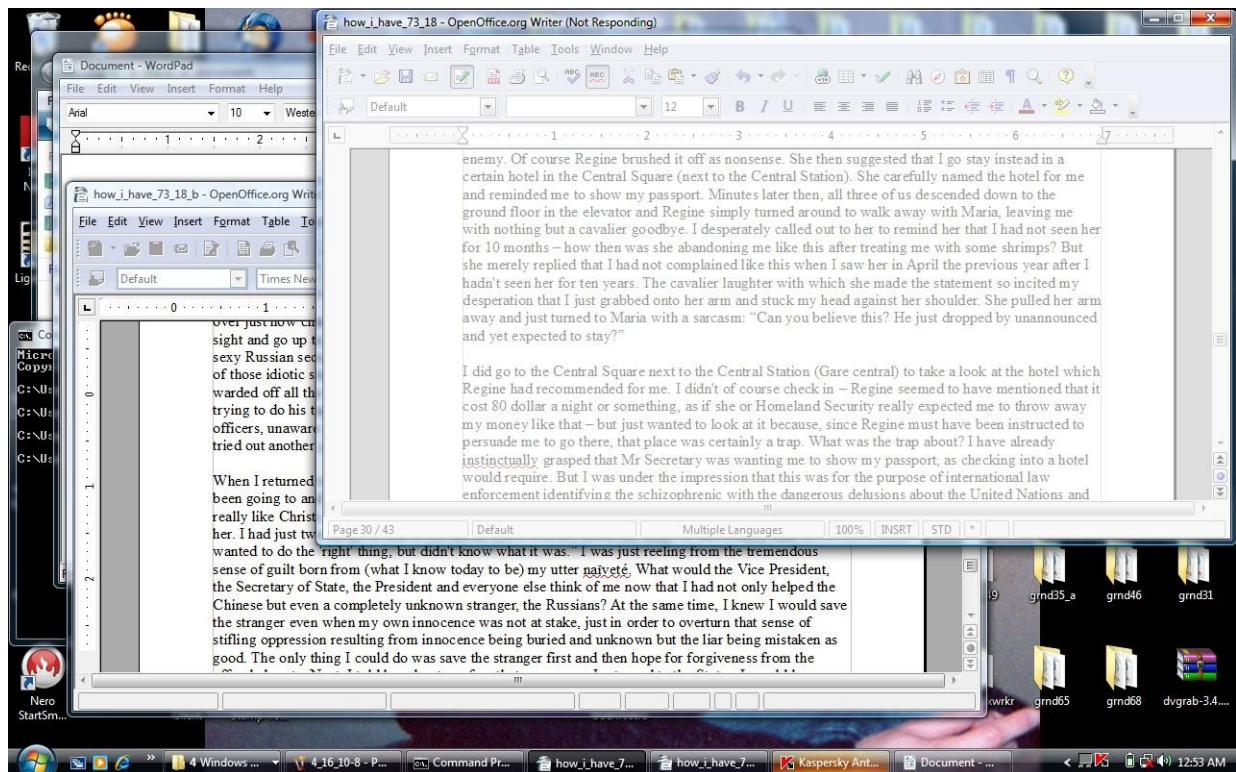
My next recording is: “[fdmalldnnrbus2lmfcamwstwd_4_16_10_351-714PM.WMA](#)”. When I was on the bus going back to Westwood, a bizarre incident occurred: a little pretty white girl about 8 year-old was remotely controlled to sit next to me while I had my laptop open in front of me. She pointed to my laptop asking “Is that a camera?” (1:52:45) I was instantly provoked to tremendous anger, having been reminded of Mr former Secretary’s old tactic and feeling powerless because I couldn’t prove that the little girl was talking nonsense (saying my laptop was a camera when not even the webcam on it was turned on) and that her asking me was recorded against my will – in fact I would have to record it as proof that nothing had happened before and after her asking. I quickly relocated myself to the back of the bus, believing that it was the Monkey who was trying to provoke me. In reality, it was just the Invisible Hand who had collected another evidence demonstrating that the Monkey’s profile of me as a pedophile was false.

My next recording is: “[bstbuyphenontwrk_4_16_10_729-754PM.WMA](#)”. I came to the Best Buy in Westwood to ask the employees why I couldn’t send the pictures I took with my new cellphone to my email account via the Internet. Nobody knew why and they referred me to AT&T. I then reflected: “Every time when my machine malfunctions, I feel like my value for the Pyramid has diminished. I don’t know. Does she like someone whose machine functions, or someone whose machine malfunctions?” (7:00) I then walked to Ackerman, passing by many Hispanic women with their shouting children. I was going to use my Toshiba Satellite to do some writing.

My next recording is: “[readdbtucla_4_16_10_816-1011PM.WMA](#)”. I soon became very upset, because my Open Office Writer malfunctioned, with a mysterious error message. I had to reboot, and Open Office went into recovery mode. I was also getting very sick of talking to myself. After a while, I used the public computer in Ackerman to check my emails. I saw an invitation from Hellada Gallery in Long Beach in my Hotmail account, inviting me to see the movie “Katyn” (28:00). At this time I was so ignorant of the Eastern European situation that I actually thought this movie was Russian, and had decided to go, so as to learn something about my “Daughterland”. I then began reading, on Google Books, Dr Marsha Linehan’s classic, *Cognitive Behavioral Treatment for Borderline Personality Disorder* – in which she presented her Dialectical Behavioral Therapy (41:00). When I noticed a grammatical mistake in the reading, I had to wonder if I really wasn’t getting fake content thanks to the intervention of the control center (1:06:00). I was being too paranoid: those in the control center were not manipulating my Internet connection at the moment.

My next recording is: “[dvd104cpcpcmputmalfnct_4_16-17_10_1012PM-149AM.WMA](#)”. I left Chris another message using the payphone (42:00), but of course I would never hear from him again. I murmured to myself at one point that I now had the freedom to act out because the rulership of the world could no longer be changed (2:14:00). This is prophetic in the reverse fashion, as you shall see. I soon dragged my heavy luggage to Westwood Village and got on the bus to go to the cybercafe in Koreantown. While on the bus, I decided not to waste time and began writing my “Secret History” on my Toshiba Satellite. I was at this time working on Chapter 9 “Frankfurt and Brussels” in “How I have

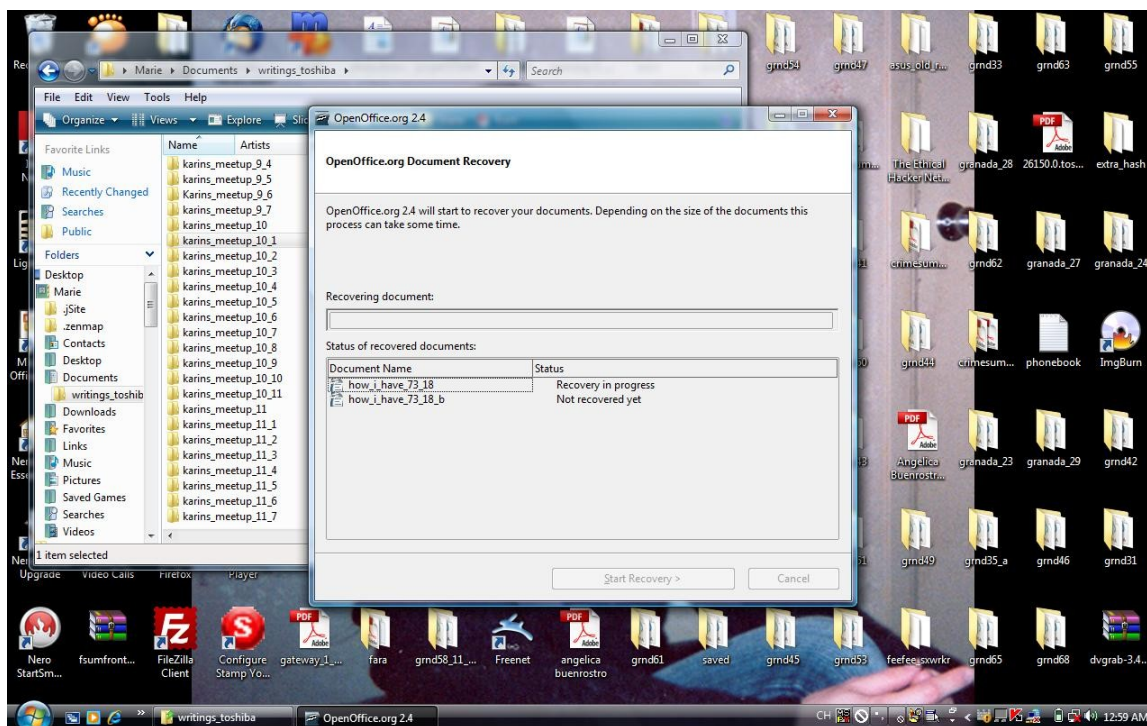
been made into a different person”. I was about to get my surprise.



Open Office Writer froze up

On 2:43:50, the Monkey remotely caused my Open Office Writer to malfunction. My Open Office Document froze up, forcing me to reboot my laptop. I was devastated. I shouted, “Why are you doing this? Don’t touch my writing...” (2:45:00). I started crying, “How do you deal with computer malfunctioning?” (2:47:00) After the computer had rebooted, Open Office went into recovery mode – whenever the computer was shut down while Open Office had not been closed, when it was turned on again it would go into recovery mode (12:59 AM). The recovery mode supposedly allowed all the changes I had made to the document to be recovered, but, uncomfortable with the recovered document, and, to be extra cautious, I copied the documents I was working on (“how_i_have_73_18” and “how_i_have_73_18b”) and renamed the copies (“how_i_have_73_19” and “how_i_have_73_19_v2”) so that I could continue writing only on the copies and any damages caused to the document would be isolated from what I had already written (version “how_i_have_73_17” and before). But when I tried to open the new copies, the error message appeared, “The file is corrupt and cannot be opened. Should Open Office repair the document?” Once I clicked on “Yes”, however, I was alerted that the document cannot be repaired and therefore cannot be opened (1:11 AM).

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, IV
The psychology of the ying and the yang: II – Newly Revised Version
Lawrence C. Chin
Dec. 2022 – Mar. 2023.

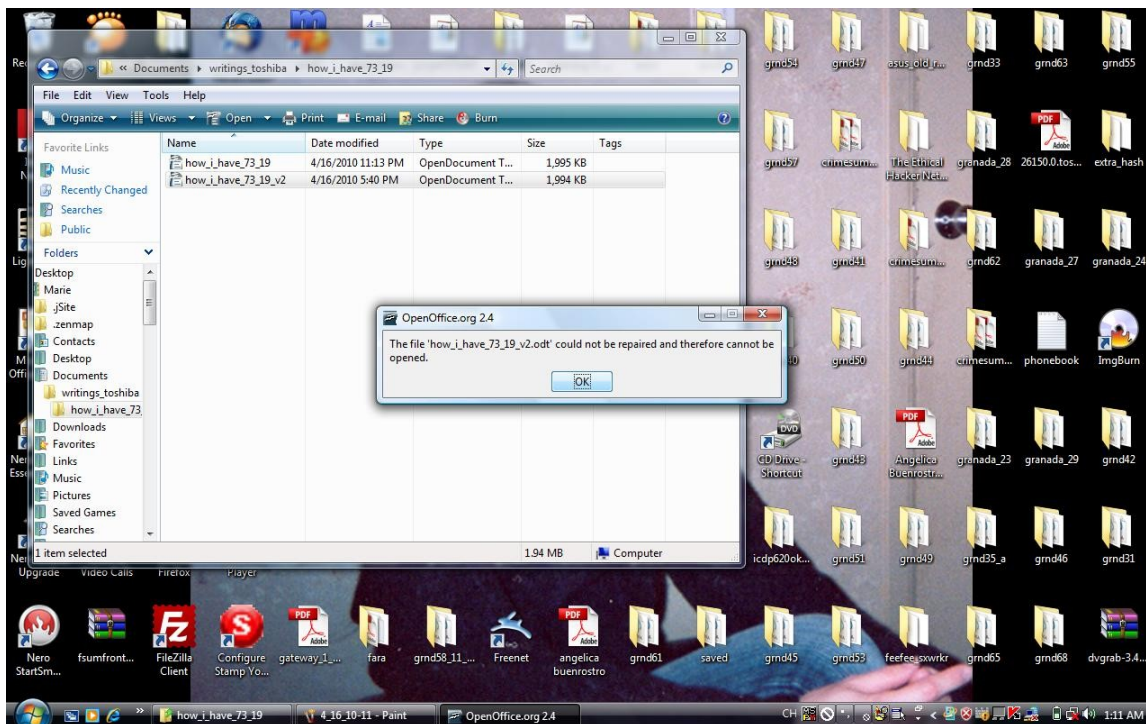


Open Office in recovery mode

All the changes I had made to the document between “how_i_have_73_17” and “how_i_have_73_18” were therefore destroyed, gone. I was so angry that I was shouting about loudly (2:59:00). Minutes later, I was still moaning, murmuring: “I need control over my machine...” (3:07:20). I got off the bus on Normandie and Wilshire while still crying on 3:10:00. Finally I fell to the ground trembling, as if I had a seizure, after which I lay on the ground quietly.

Obviously, what had just happened was not evidence-gathering for the mini-trial. I have never been sure why the Monkey was suddenly allowed to destroy my writing. I seriously suspect that it had something to do with my confession in the afternoon that it was not terribly important to me whether people would ever believe my “Secret History” was a true story. DGHTRCOM and his new allies in the United Nations (foremost BOL) thought about what I had said, noticed that the Monkey as well as Boss Cheney and Daddy Chertoff would not like me – or anyone – to advertise this International Court trial in the public domain (the Monkey did not want anyone to know that he would be in secret control of Mexico through his daughter), and considered Boss Cheney’s trick in persuading the United Nations to pass resolutions to keep this trial in total secrecy, and they decided to make all this secrecy into part of my conspiracy against them. When the Monkey was allowed to destroy my writing, I was thus formally made a conspirator in this scheme to keep this International Court trial in secrecy. (Apparently these Macrospherians were not concerned with the suffering they would have to cause me in the process.) Does this mean that DGHTRCOM and his new allies were planning to reverse this conspiracy when the

evidence-replacement process shall have finally come to an end?⁹



The Open Office Document could never be opened again, forever lost

April 17 (Saturday)

My next recording is: “[cybercafesadslp_4_17_10_158-739AM.WMA](#)”. I spent the whole night, utterly sad, in the cybercafe, and then slept there. Then my next recording is: “[satplan_4_17_10_739-928AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up, stepped outside the cybercafe, and, while smoking cigarettes, began my worthless morning reflection. Just when I was thinking whether DGHTR had wanted me to regret saving him as a way to increase my self-esteem, all of a sudden, on 43:50 or so, a black guy came out of the cybercafe to yell, “Think for yourself”. I erroneously thought that it was DGHTR who was remotely controlling this guy to persuade me to give up the Pyramid – when it was actually the Monkey, of course. But my emotional state was such that I couldn’t give up the Pyramid, and so I said, “Whether I think for myself or not I’d still like the same girl” (44:30). The black guy replied that this was all fine, but that I shouldn’t put my effort in someone who was not interested in me because I would be wasting my time. “Find a girl that likes you as much as you like her,” he continued. Such a

9 Today we want to add this: the Monkey didn’t want me to write my story, and so DGHTRCOM and BOL let him establish his preventing me from writing as part of our conspiracy against them. Thus there shall afterward be an ICJ judgment requiring everyone to allow me to write. This is another indication that both DGHTRCOM and BOL wouldn’t mind people telling the truth once the evidence replacement process was complete and the case was permanently closed. In fact, they would *want* the truth to come out – not from any official channel, but merely through the participants’ recounting such as my story.

message from DGHTR – or so I thought – was devastating to me. I attempted to go around it by saying something like, “What if she could be changed to being interested in me?” The guy was remotely controlled to repeat the same cliché, “Don’t change yourself for her... Just be yourself,” etc. Worthless. “What about her?” I kept asking. No one should change, that’s the same cliché he produced, “That’s how you can face her” (45:28). I failed to notice that this tactic of purposely producing confusion and looking mysterious so as to create the impression of being possessed of supreme wisdom was the definitive signature of the Monkey’s “aping”.

I would only realize in the middle of May that it was in fact the Monkey who was trying to look wise here with these worthless clichés (“Think for yourself!”, which he didn’t know was worthless, of course) and to convince me to give up the Pyramid (namely, “Don’t think for myself”). This was a definitive sign of his *modus operandi*: first say something which sounded wise but which he never meant and then simply tell you to go away. What was going on was that the Monkey was worried that he would lose the mini-trial – in which case I would be judged fit for the Pyramid. Then, as long as I wouldn’t give up on the Pyramid, everyone would have to devise scenarios to fit my belief (“give me the Pyramid”). If only he could just convince me to change my desire, then everyone could split PLANMEX in two and let the Pyramid go off to Mexico with someone else than me.

When I returned inside the cybercafe, the Monkey continued to torment me by freezing up the computer I was using and, when I asked for help, the employee would be remotely controlled to be blind and say he saw nothing wrong (57:00).¹⁰

My next recording is: “[policieslbus2uclamxhistangryangle_4_17_10_1015AM-401PM.WMA](#)”. I had developed this worry that the Pyramid might have filed a restraining order against me without my knowing, and so I even walked into the police station to check on the matter (19:00). I was thinking, somewhat correctly, that she would do this to repeat Karin’s deed as a way to complete the evidentiary record (“replacement of evidences”). But the police officers convinced me that the Pyramid would not have enough legal reason to file any police report against me (21:00).

I was then on the bus going to the UCLA library (1:23:00). A child was crying loudly on the bus, which tremendously irritated me (1:28:00). Arriving at UCLA, I commented: “They wanted to play this self-esteem game, now everyone is disappointed... They should just do what I say, then everyone will be happy...” (2:51:00). True enough! And the library was closed! “I came all the way here for nothing!” I shouted (3:23:00). I had to walk long distance again dragging my heavy luggage; soon I was moaning, and, exhausted, I dropped to the ground, upset and complaining about the Pyramid that it was not a fair game since she was reading my thoughts (3:40:00). When I came in front of the computer in Ackerman, I was angry with the fact that DGHTR just wouldn’t help me. I kicked chairs, and was moaning, panting, and fainting (4:03:30). Finally I was reading *Kleine Geschichte* again (4:24:00). At one point I commented that my thoughts should not be read by anyone unless it was someone supremely wise... Right again! Meanwhile, I should be allowed to read other people’s thoughts, since I’m more open-minded and understanding... (5:02:00). Right!

¹⁰ Again, today we might have to admit that the employee wasn’t really remotely controlled but was just stupid.

My next recordings are: “[goodwillblnkt_4_17_10_412-453PM.WMA](#)” and “[atntbuslchnwm_4_17_10_453-624PM.WMA](#)”. Within an hour I was in Westwood Village. On 5:00 or so in the second recording, I was at the AT&T store asking why I couldn’t send the picture taken with my cellphone to my email account. The store employee told me that I had to upgrade my plan, but since I had no money I wouldn’t do it. I then spent three hours or so on the bus, eventually going toward downtown. My next recording is: “[angrymetropsdnzonamryanother_4_17_10_634-858PM.WMA](#)”. I eventually came to Pasadena, and would spend the night in Zona Rosa (from 1:32:00 onward). The cashier told me Mireya had stopped working since December. At one point I was complaining about the Pyramid again: “She is not going to understand the reason why I have isolated myself and fallen into such state is that I was trying to save someone else, bitch!” (1:41:00) Right!

The recording of the hour and a half after this did not exist. I was comparing a recent recording of the Pyramid’s speech and an early recording of her speech on October 30 2008, and I noticed that the two voices, while indeed of the same person, reflected two widely different spirits. So I stuck my recorder’s microphone to the earphones plugged into my Toshiba to record the two samples, but suddenly someone slammed the door very loudly. I assumed at the time that it was DGHTR who was telling me not to do the forbidden thing – that an intercept of door-slamming had had to be produced in order to cancel out my playing of the voice of the “Pyramid before the life insurance business” because Mr former Secretary’s life insurance intercept on February 6 was tied up with the identity of the “Old Pyramid” and the playing of the voice of the “Old Pyramid” along with the “New Pyramid” would link up what had already been broken. Feeling guilty, I thus deleted the recording file. I commented in the next recording, “[zrosatoslp_4_17_10_1041-1136PM.WMA](#)”, just before I left Zona Rosa, that I didn’t even want to produce the impression that I was not worried about the Pyramid, that is, that I would delete the file even though DGHTR had already through means external to me taken care of the possible damages I may have caused. In reality, though, it was just the Monkey who, knowing that his daughter did not like my recording her, signaled to me his displeasure at my possession of the recordings of the Pyramid’s voice as a way to impress her. It is quite possible, of course, that the slamming of the door *was* meant to cancel out the intercept I had created.

April 18 (Sunday)

And so I slept in the street corner near Zona Rosa. My first recording of the new day is: “[psdnarcheetc_4_18_10_632_926AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up and, in a good mood, chased after a “golden pyramid” who was running to take a picture with my cellphone of the precious sight of the “golden brushes vibrating against the golden morning sun” (namely, the blond hair pony tail set against sunlight). I then rode the bus and Metro and arrived at the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire.

My next recording is: “[toCybrcafeanglcnurse_4_18_10_926-1153AM.WMA](#)”. When I sat in front of the computer in the cybercafe, my frustration began. I wanted to sign up an account at AT&T Go Phone’s website but, as you can hear on 28:00 or so, I couldn’t find a button to click on so as to sign up an account. My mood was dampened again. I said to myself that I could never find a job because my

disability was a disabled environment (e.g. having never seen a “real website” or met a “real person” for so long (29:45), which meant that I already had a job, which was my disability, and because of this disability I had had to spend my entire day just doing the ordinary things which other people could do simply after or before their job: and this, I said, was what the Pyramid needed to understand and put up with. Then, starting from 38:00 onward, I made the point that someone looking as retarded as I did – not even being able to figure out how to send a picture in my phone to my own email account – would look like a mere fool if he were to walk around with chin pointed upward looking like he had a lot of self-esteem. It was actually far more appropriate for him to stay in a mood that fit the way of his appearing: namely, looking and feeling like a retard when he could not help but look like a retard; then at the very least he wouldn’t make a fool out of himself in front of others (who wouldn’t be able to see if any intellect existed in his interior anyway). Since at the time I was still under the illusion that I would eventually be paired up with the Pyramid, I made the point that it was the Pyramid who had to change into a mood – the sympathetic or pitying mood – in which she would find the useless and worthless pleasurable instead of staying in the mood in which she would pleasantly wait for a “prince-charming” – it would not make sense for me to change into a prince-charming. On 42:40 I again made the point that a genius like Einstein was only known as such because people were so told by authority – there was no way for ordinary people with a full-time job to understand, and thus to appreciate, his achievement in solving the inconsistencies in Maxwellian electromagnetism, or in resolving the empirical falsification of Newton’s theory of universal gravitation, with a new theory of gravity.¹¹ In the same way, the Pyramid could only respect me as a genius if she was so told by DGHTR, since there was no way for her to understand even half of what I was talking about when I was talking to myself.

On 1:00:00 or so when the screenshot function of the computer in cybercafe was remotely disabled from the control center to prevent me from taking screenshots, I summoned two strangers to witness the malfunctioning as a way to record their confirmation, insofar as I no longer had a camcorder. On 1:02:30, I again emphasized that the Pyramid must understand that a person for whom – and for whom only – every machine would have to malfunction (per remote forces beyond his control) could not possibly look *not* like a retard. At that moment I had decided that buying a video camcorder was more important for me than finding an apartment (1:08:00).

While I was smoking a cigarette outside on 1:10:15, I concluded, “The Pyramid has to assume the role of a nurse, because I cannot walk on the street with her with everyone looking down on her” – which is what would happen if I tried to “look cool” when I couldn’t help but look retarded. The point is that if she played the role of the “Great Sympathizer” then people would look at her under a different context and, instead of feeling sorry for her for hanging around with this piece of pathetic trash, would regard her as some sort of Mother Theresa whose juxtaposition with a pathetic figure would thus not cause laughter. Note that all throughout this time, I thought that I was communicating with DGHTR and that he was agreeing because the people around me would suddenly move when I uttered my key points. Even more of note was the fact that, when I got on the bus (on 1:19:20), someone was blasting music loudly singing “It’s a man’s world...” I think it really was DGHTR telling me that I had superior

11 I have apparently made half an error here. Einstein resolved the apparent problems in Maxwell’s equations with special relativity and Newton’s wrong predictions with general relativity.

opinions than the Pyramid and should therefore take the lead when with her. DGHTR did not like my analysis because he knew that the Pyramid enjoyed being dominated by a masculine figure and would have no interest in nursing a wimp.¹²

I came to the storage facility and put in the old discs whose content I had recombined on dual layer discs. Afterward, while waking to the Metro station, I came up with a thorough analysis, within the framework of Heidegger's phenomenology, of the trauma which could be caused by machines' constant malfunctioning. This is recorded in: "[storagerelatnwmchnes_4_18_10_1209-215PM.WMA](#)". The brilliant analysis I'm afraid might have fallen on the Monkey's deaf ears. I shall here rephrase the analysis in such wise by making use of Heidegger's own summary of the Division One of his *Being and Time* (page 87 in *Sein und Zeit*):

“In der Vertrautheit mit diesen Bezügen ‚bedeutet‘ das Dasein ihm selbst, es gibt sich ursprünglich sein Sein und Seinkönnen zu verstehen hinsichtlich seines In-der-Welt-Seins. Das Worumwillen bedeutet ein Um-zu, dieses ein Dazu, dieses ein Wobei des Bewendenlassens, dieses ein Womit der Bewandtnis. Diese Bezüge sind unter sich selbst als ursprüngliche Ganzheit verklammert, sie sind, was sie sind, als dieses Be-deuten, darin das Dasein ihm selbst vorgängig sein In-der-Welt-Sein zu verstehen gibt. Das Bezugsganze dieses Bedeutens nennen wir die *Bedeutsamkeit*. Sie ist das, was die Struktur der Welt, dessen, worin Dasein als solches je schon ist, ausmacht.”

What this says is basically that a human being in his familiarity with the piece of tool he is using is at the same time revealing the stand he has taken on his life, namely, if he is using a laptop to write his TV script, he is demonstrating his dream of becoming a script writer for Hollywood in the context of the American society in which he resides (“being-in-the-world”). Now Hubert Dreyfus has already given in his commentary (*Being-in-the-World*) the most accessible clarification for the following enigmatic pronouncements of Heidegger's: “... besides the ‘in-order-to’ [Um-zu] that assigns equipment [Bezug] to an equipmental whole [das Bezugsganze als die ursprüngliche Ganzheit]... the use of equipment exhibits a ‘where-in’ (or practical context [Wobei]), a ‘with-which’ (or item of equipment) [Womit], a ‘toward-which’ (or goal [Dazu]), and a ‘for-the-sake-of-which’ (or final point [Worumwillen]). To take a specific example: I write on the blackboard *in* a classroom, *with* a piece of chalk, *in order to* draw a chart as a step *towards* explaining Heidegger, *for the sake of* my being a good teacher”.¹³ To use my example – word for word correspondence with Heidegger's Dasein analysis above – my role as a writer [my Worumwillen] refers to acts of writing [Umzu], which refers to this Open Office document [Dazu], which refers to a coffeehouse in which I perform such acts of writing [Wobei des Bewendenlassens], which refers to my Toshiba laptop with which and on which to perform such said acts [Womit des Bewandtnis]. The question of course remains of why one wants to be a writer at all – why one chooses to give oneself this *Sein* and this *Seinkönnen* to understand rather than

12 Today we actually think that the music and the singing was to communicate to me the conclusions of BOL's Study Group: that our world had better return to male-dominated at least for the meantime because a female-dominated world, as the trend goes, would result in a tremendous civilizational and environmental degradation.

13 *Being in the World*, p. 92.

another. In my case it has something to do with the objectification of my interior into immortalized forms for audience not present at the moment; in the Pyramid's case it might be something else. And the reason why there can be no greater trauma to a human being than constant machine malfunctioning is precisely this Heideggerian insight that any human being will need to use *tools* in a practical context to accomplish goals *so as to be what he aspires to be* [Worumwillen]. This itself should be quite common sense since anyone should be able to recall that human evolution – ever since Homo habilis appeared two million years ago in eastern Africa – has precisely been characterized by the human species' use of tools to control their environment and *hence to define themselves* as civilized beings in contradistinction to their former animal life. The machine essential in the current context is the computer, and this is the primary tool with which to immortalize my interior for future audience. Now my "Daddy Chertoff" had traumatized me by making my audience not believe that my interior such as has been objectified in my writings even belonged to me at all, hence I would have to videotape myself writing, but the video would – as a matter of modern technology – have to go through the same tool or *Womit* such as writing requires in order to see the light of day and be preserved for future audience. Now what if the video camera malfunctions? And what if the computer malfunctions while it burns the videos of my writing onto DVDs? And what about the trauma which my "Daddy Chertoff" had caused me by making others not believe that I had done this or that as a way to externalize my interior being? I would have to record myself. But the recordings – as a matter of modern technology – would have to go through the computer once more in order to see the light of day and be preserved for future audience. Now what if the recorder gets shut off remotely? What if the computer malfunctions while it burns the recordings onto DVDs? I thus suffered the unbearable pain of not being able to display my interior to my audience, my beauty, my suffering, and my misfortune – the very need to write in the first place. This unbearable pain itself, the pain from being deprived of an audience when my *Worumwillen* is about showing off and seeking sympathy from others pure and simple, could only be alleviated by having more witnesses to, or *further audience of, the tragic show where I, the performer, have been deprived of my audience* – by now my *Worumwillen* had effectively degenerated into what Dr. Abraham Low has once called the "expert complainer": "Essentially, they have decided that their case is beyond repair. What they expect is a hearing, perhaps some temporary relief, but not a final cure."¹⁴ But since this expert complainer has no friends or therapists – no audience in his immediate vicinity – he has eventually to resort to the same technique of objectification and immortalization of his misfortune for the sake of a remote audience or witness not yet present, which means he would have to use the same tools once more. And yet the problem of machine malfunctioning intervenes even at this point to cut down this secondary *Worumwillen* of his. This theme of *struggling to voice my suffering through an iron wall* has completely dominated my journey through the International Court of Justice. Together with the way in which the former Homeland Security alert and the current computerized environment had canceled out my *Mitsein* – the other aspect of In-der-Welt-sein than manipulating equipment – Heidegger's phenomenology provides a theoretical framework in which to analyze the devastating effect on me of this new type of clandestine operations – the global alteration and orchestration of the target's environment in order to shut off his intersubjectivity with others, resulting in the destruction of his In-der-Welt-sein, hence his Dasein, and hence his very humanity.

14 *Mental Health through Will Training*, 3rd ed. p. 24.

After this I rode the Metro Blue Line to Long Beach. I arrived at the Hellada Gallery, ready to see the movie “Katyn”. This has been recorded in: “[katynlb_4_18_10_330-623PM.WMA](#)”. Only gradually did I realize that people were speaking Polish in the movie, and only much later would I learn about the story of the “Katyn massacre” (Stalin’s order, in early April 1940, to execute more than twenty thousand Polish officers taken prisoners since September 1939, 4,000 having perished in Katyn). Unfortunately, 30 minutes or so into the movie I fell asleep. I was completely embarrassed when the gallery manager, who was Polish, woke me up at the end of the movie. I had no idea that what I had missed was the Academy Honorary Award winner Andrzej Wajda’s most important and controversial 2007 classic. I thought it was DGHTR who wanted me to see the movie, and I actually feared that I might have disappointed him by falling asleep during the movie.

Note that, just eight days ago, on April 10, the Polish president Lech Kaczynski was killed in a plane crash at Smolensk, all because he was leading a Polish delegation to attend the annual memorial of the Katyn massacre. I highly suspect that the plane crash had something to do with my case at the International Court of Justice. According to the “Final Report” made by the Polish government’s Committee for Investigation of National Aviation Accidents¹⁵, the pilot of the TU-154 M carrying the Polish president made some errors while preparing to land at Smolensk North airfield and allowed the plane to strike obstacles on the ground, resulting in a crash. The timing and everything was just so suspicious. Given Kaczynski’s rightwing, fascist tendencies and expressed hatred for “Daughterland”, it was quite likely that the Great Boss had invited him to play a prominent role in the new “Cheney Plan”. Kaczynski would then be a very prominent “conspirator” in the Microsphere. He must have been quite excited about a plan to exterminate Daughterland. DGHTRCOM, correspondingly, would have really hated him. Since it was forbidden for Microspherians to come into the presence of a Macrospherian, DGHTRCOM could only have attended the memorial with Kaczynski by assuming his Microspherian status. My theory is this. DGHTRCOM must have concluded a backdoor deal with Poland as well, just as he had done with France. In exchange for being liberated into the Macrosphere, Poland would have to agree to a series of concessions which DGHTRCOM had proposed. The rest of the Polish government elites – like Bronislaw Komorowski – agreed to it. Kaczynski was of course most disgruntled with the concessions to his arch enemy. Komorowski, favoring the backdoor deals, was decided upon as the new person to lead Poland. Kaczynski would thus have to go in order to conclude the deal and liberate Poland onto the Macrosphere. Perhaps he wanted to die because of this; he either committed suicide, had intentionally sought death from DGHTRCOM, or was killed in a conspiracy between Polish moderates and DGHTRCOM. The death of the former Polish president in exile, Ryszard Kaczorowski, along with Lech Kaczynski on the occasion of this plane crash, made the whole affair even more suspicious. I also suspect that the invitation for me to see the movie was orchestrated: in which case the Katyn memorial, and Kaczynski’s death, could be made into part of my conspiracy with Boss Cheney to harm Daughterland. In this scenario, while the conspiracy theorists in Poland would have been right to cry foul over the plane crash, the skepticism which his twin brother Jaroslaw Kaczynski had expressed since the crash would have been an act¹⁶ – since he would have

15 To be found at: <http://mswia.datacenter-poland.pl/FinalReportTu-154M.pdf>.

16 Ulrich Krökel, “Mörder und Lügner”, April 10 2012 (<http://kroekel.com/2012/04/10/morder-und-lugner/>): “Der rechtskonservative Oppositionsführer Jaroslaw Kaczynski sprach offener als je zuvor von einem 'Mord' an seinem

known well about the “secret deal” under which his twin brother had died.

As you can see, I am speculating here. I don't really know the truth. The problem is that I am only allowed to know such of the secret world of international politics as is enough to establish my conspiracy with DGHTRLND against the CIA – which means that only the details of France's objection are certain in this narrative, the extraneous details of international politics which I'm giving you here being my speculation. There is no question of my deficiency here; it is simply the nature of the discourse on politics. In none of the periodicals and books which I cite in this narrative on the causes for the internal and external politics of nation-states is the author doing anything other than speculating. Most of the political commentators in universities, NGOs, and think tanks do not have access to classified information on confidential events which would shed light on the real motivations behind the change of policies which are observed in the public domains. Even when the scholar is contracted by the government to conduct a certain study and has therefore obtained access to particular pieces of classified information, he or she is obliged by the contract to weed out the classified information in his or her public pronouncements so that the public would get nothing different than ordinary “speculation”. You must live with this uncertainty when I offer you a consideration of the ramifications of the International Court trial about me in international relations.

To understand what relationship my International Court trial might have with Poland, I have had to educate myself on recent Polish politics. I looked through all the reports on the 2010 Katyn memorial on Russia Today, read some specialized works like Reinhold Vetter's *Wohin steuert Polen? Das schwierige Erbe der Kaczynskis* (2008), and consulted a series of articles published at Polen-Analysen (the project created jointly by Deutsches Polen-Institut, Forschungsstelle Osteuropa at the University of Bremen, and Deutsche Gesellschaft für Osteuropakunde¹⁷): Kai-Olaf Lang, “Klimawandel oder Zwischenhoch? Die neue Sachlichkeit in den polnisch-russischen Beziehungen” (July 6 2010); Daria W. Dylla, “Die polnische Amerikapolitik zwischen Irak- und Libyenkrieg” (July 5 2011); Jaroslaw Cwiek-Karpowicz, “Die polnisch-russischen Beziehungen nach der Flugzeugkatastrophe von Smolensk” (October 2 2012); and Michal Olszewski “Die Polen und die Energiewende” (April 16 2013). All of these can be found at: <http://www.laender-analysen.de/polen/>.

Note that DGHTRCOM had invited Donald Tusk to the Katyn memorial service of April 7, which invitation Russia Today has reported was unprecedented and “unthinkable” just a year ago. Just days before, on April 2, Wajda's “Katyn” was shown for the first time in Russia on Russia K, and, on the evening after the crash, it was shown again on Russia 1. The enormous outpouring of sympathy among the Russian population in the aftermath of Kaczynski's crash had resonated well in Polish society and considerably softened the traditional antagonism between the two peoples. Although the Russian authority had admitted and investigated Russian responsibility for the extermination of Polish officers ever since Gorbachev's admission in the late 1980s, Russia had never displayed as much apologetic

Bruder. Absolute Gewissheit habe er zwar nicht, gab der ehemalige Regierungschef zu. 'Alles deutet aber auf einen Anschlag hin', sagte Kaczynski, der auch zwei Jahre nach der Tragödie weiterhin Schwarz trägt.”

17 In partnership with the Willy Brandt Zentrum für Deutschland- und Europastudien at the University of Wroclaw and supported financially by Stiftung für deutsch-polnische Zusammenarbeit.

attitude as it did this time.¹⁸ Clearly, something had happened which had prompted DGHTRCOM to attempt a special gesture at reconciliation – and the person invited on April 7 was Donald Tusk: Lech Kaczynski was only supposed to come to the memorial three days later. Now Donald Tusk was the co-founder of the Civil Platform – the opposition party to Kaczynski brothers' rightwing Law and Justice Party. I say DGHTRCOM was using the liberation of Poland onto the Macrosphere as an opportunity to vastly improve relation with this traditional enemy of his by ousting the hardliners and connecting with the moderates there. The Russian authority's investigation of the plane crash had been fraught with errors, opacity, and unwillingness, and yet this had no effect on the Komorowski administration's policy of normalizing relationship with Russia. There is here again the hint of a "conspiracy" between the Polish moderates and DGHTRCOM's government.¹⁹

Vetter describes with irritation the fascist politics of the Kaczynski brothers' administration since their election in 2005 (note that Jaroslaw was considered the leader of the twins and Lech the follower). In domestic politics, the Kaczynski brothers' policies and tactics bore all the usual symptoms of fascist totalitarianism: a lack of respect for the Constitution, justice, and the courts and favoring the personal moral qualities of the leader; the promotion of a black and white picture of the universe and the demonization of political opponents as evil and traitors; favoring dictatorial style²⁰ and lacking interests for "civil society, pluralism, autonomy, debate, compromise, and consensus";²¹ the centralization of the governmental apparatus and the strengthening of the executive power at the expense of the parliament and everything else in society;²² extreme nationalism, discrimination against people and things "un-Polish" and "non-Catholic",²³ and the advocacy of conventional morality (e.g. condemnation of homosexuality); the demonization and liquidation of functionaries left over from the communist era

18 Russia Today has also produced a short episode to summarize the history of the revelation of the Katyn Massacre: "Katyn Massacre Case: Epilogue", which was aired on September 11 2010: <http://rtd.rt.com/films/katyn-massacre-polish-prisoners-wwii/#part-1>.

19 Karpowicz seeks a "normal" explanation in his study: "Die Flugzeugkatastrophe von Smolensk..., bei der der polnische Staatspräsident und die ihn begleitende Delegation auf dem Weg zur Gedenkfeier zum 70. Jahrestag des Massakers von Katyn ums Leben kamen, war in der Nachkriegsgeschichte beispiellos. Nie zuvor waren so viele Menschen aus Schlüsselpositionen des Staates tödlich verunglückt. Zwei Jahre nach diesem Ereignis ist festzuhalten, dass infolge der Katastrophe keine wesentlichen Veränderungen in den polnisch-russischen Beziehungen eingetreten sind. Dies ist auf die Politik der beiden Regierungen zurückzuführen, die sich bemühen, die Probleme, die mit der Aufklärung des Unfalls zu tun haben, nicht mit anderen Fragen der bilateralen Beziehungen zu verknüpfen. Ein weiterer Grund liegt in den aktuellen internationalen Beziehungen selbst, in denen die Außenpolitik immer stärker von globalen Prozessen und weniger von Einzelereignissen determiniert ist."

20 Vetter: "Der zentralistische und autokratische Führungsstil, den die Kaczynskis bevorzugen, ist die logische Konsequenz ihrer Auffassung von Staat, Gesellschaft und Politik" (p. 48).

21 Ibid., p. 47.

22 Ibid., p. 67.

23 This includes the creation of CBA which conducted surveillance, investigation, and arrest of people under the pretext of fighting corruption, seriously invading citizens' rights to privacy which were guaranteed by the 1997 Constitution. "... es ist ihnen [CBA Agenten] auch erlaubt, persönliche Daten über die ethnische Herkunft, die politischen Überzeugungen, die Glaubensbekenntnisse, den gesundheitlichen Zustand und sogar die sexuellen Vorlieben der vom CBA verdächtigten Personen zu sammeln" (ibid., p. 70).

(“purge”);²⁴ the suppression of the freedom of the press and assembly;²⁵ the promotion of national history as propaganda to instill nationalism;²⁶ preferring loyalty to competence among the subordinates... The Kaczynski brothers were in every way identical to Boss Cheney. In foreign policy, Kaczynski’s rightwing radicalism was especially manifested in Poland’s attempt to assert in the European Union and on the international stage a degree of influence for which Poland simply had not had the political capital.²⁷ The Kaczynski brothers also displayed extraordinary antagonism toward both Russia and Germany, blaming on the two countries all the ills with which Poland was faced, as if their foreign policy was entirely motivated by resentment carried over from the past. They always portrayed Poland as a victim of these two imperial powers on its east and west. Lech Kaczynski also manifested his annoying nationalist extremism (overestimation of the importance of his not-so-significant country) when he sneered at the most important achievement of his predecessors – Poland’s entry into NATO – as insufficient for his country’s defense against Russia and began seeking direct American military protection.²⁸ Only great America was good enough for him. His arrogance toward and disdain for Poland’s partners in the European community – and continual obstructionism within the EU – annoyed all EU members, and, domestically, everyone was tired of his impractical rightwing extremism. The Kaczynski twins constituted the most annoying obstacle to DGHTRCOM’s goal of reconciliation with Europe and neutralization of its threat, for, even though opinion polls had indicated that Komorowski would beat Kaczynski in the upcoming election in October 2010, the Kaczynski brothers would continue to function as opposition leaders in the future. The elimination of Lech Kaczynski and all his important associates in a plane crash was happy news for everyone in both Europe and Russia. Everyone could now focus his or her attention on the coming era of Russia-EU peaceful coexistence.

To be sure, Poland had been seeking to normalize relationship with Russia since 2007.²⁹ The death of Lech Kaczynski, and the replacement of his administration with the government of Komorowski and Tusk – Komorowski was a close associate of Tusk in the Civil Platform – at last completed the transition. This did not mean that what Poland had worked for – assuring its security by inviting

24 Ibid., p. 73 – 74. Including *lustracja*, p. 75: “Dabei geht es um die Überprüfung von Personen, die im öffentlichen Leben stehen, auf eine etwaige Kooperation mit den Geheimdiensten des früheren kommunistischen Regimes. Den Kaczynskis ging es vor allem darum, die Lustration auszuweiten und zu verschärfen...” In May 2007 the Polish constitution court finally ruled this Kaczynski policy unconstitutional. “Die obersten Verfassungsschützer beanstandeten insbesondere die angestrebte Überprüfung von Journalisten, Wissenschaftlern, Lehrkräften and privaten Ausbildungsstätten und privaten Unternehmen” (ibid., p. 77).

25 Ibid., p. 80.

26 Ibid., p. 87.

27 The problem was that “Polens Nationalkonservative das Gefühl hatten, ihr Land werde marginalisiert und nicht entsprechend seiner Größe ernst genommen” (ibid., p. 91).

28 Vetter: “Das Buhlen um die Gunst der Vereinigten Staaten korrespondiert mit einer gewissen Geringschätzung der NATO. In den letzten Jahren haben die Kaczynski und die ihnen nahestehende Beamte des Verteidigungsministeriums angedeutet, dass sie die Sicherheitsgarantien der NATO und deren Bündnisverpflichtungen gegenüber den Mitgliedsländer wie Polen für nicht ausreichend halten. Die NATO, so behaupten sie, könne nicht wirklich für die Sicherheit Polens garantieren. Deshalb müsse man nach zusätzlichen Garantien suchen, insbesondere im Bündnis mit den USA. Auch diese Skepsis gegenüber den nordatlantischen Bündnis offenbart die Distanz der Kaczynskis zur Aussenpolitik der Regierungen der Jahren 1989 bis 2005. Denn vor ihrem Machtantritt war die Mitgliedschaft in der NATO einer der Eckpfeiler der polnischen Staatsdoktrin.”

29 Kai-Olaf Lang, ibid.

American forces to its soil – was suddenly reversed. Under Kaczynski, a declaration of strategic cooperation was signed in 2008, and the Status of Forces Agreement, in 2009.³⁰ Other than Poland's participation in the missile defense system, the country mainly sought after the entrenchment of American air defense system in its soils to compensate its antiquated air force and lack of an anti-air missile system. The new Polish government under Komorowski and Tusk continued the policy of the Kaczynski brothers and their predecessors in this respect, entrenching the American military infrastructure in Poland.³¹ The plan did change in some way, though, such as the US withdrawal from the older version of missile defense system in favor of a new one based on AEGIS.³² The installation of US air defense capabilities in Poland, after years of planning which had started before, and independently of, this International Court trial about me, would begin implementation starting next month, with the arrival of the first US battery of Patriot missiles in Poland on May 24 2010.³³ Komorowski would visit Washington in December this year, and next year, in June 2011, another Memorandum of Understanding would be signed between Poland and the United States, under which not only would the decision about the long-term presence of US air defense specialists in Poland be finalized, but the US dispatch of F-16s and C-130s to Poland would also be agreed upon.³⁴ The

30 Dylla, *ibid.*

31 Dylla: "Seit der Regierungsübernahme bemühen sich Ministerpräsident Donald Tusk and Aussenminister Radoslaw Sikorski konsequent um eine Verankerung der US-Militärinfrastruktur auf polnischem Territorium. Dies signalisiert die strategische Kontinuität der polnischen Amerikapolitik seit dem Zusammenbruch der Sowjetunion."

32 The change of plan was evidently not due to any secret concession which the Obama administration had made to DGHTRCOM, but to the greater precision of the strategic cooperation between Poland and the US. Dylla explains: "Ein Jahr nach der Unterzeichnung des Raketenabwehrabkommens kündigte die Regierung von US-Präsident Barack Obama eine Modifizierung der Abwehrpläne seines Vorgängers Bush an. Die Veränderung wurde in den internationalen Medien als Aufgeben der Pläne dargestellt und mit dem 'Reset' Washingtons gegenüber dem Kreml verbunden und vor dem Hintergrund der großen Enttäuschung der polnischen Bevölkerung diskutiert... Abgesehen davon, dass die mediale Darstellung des Themas die Stimmung in der polnischen Öffentlichkeit zu beeinflussen schien, ergibt sich aus der Analyse der tatsächlichen Konsequenzen der veränderten Raketenabwehrpläne für Zentraleuropa ein von der medialen Darstellung divergierendes Bild. Mit dem Vorschlag einer neuen Version des Raketenabwehrsystems ist es Obama gelungen, erstens die Beziehungen zu Russland – wenn auch womöglich nur temporär – zu verbessern, ohne auf die Installation eines Raketenabwehrschildes in Europa zu verzichten, und zweitens das Projekt in der NATO zu verankern. Nach den modifizierten Abwehrplänen soll in Polen anstatt einer ursprünglich geplanten unterirdischen Basis mit zehn Abfangraketen bis 2018 eine landgestützte Version des AEGIS-Systems mit mobilen Abfangraketen mittlerer Reichweite installiert werden. Da es Polen bei den Raketenabwehrverhandlungen weniger um den Schutz gegen eine Bedrohung aus dem Iran als vielmehr um die militärische Präsenz der USA auf dem eigenen Territorium geht, verändert das neue System wenig aus Sicht der polnischen strategischen Zielsetzung."

33 Dylla: "Die militärische Präsenz der Amerikaner auf polnischem Territorium fing im Mai 2010 mit der Entsendung einer Patriot-Batterie inklusive einer 120-köpfigen US Begleitmannschaft an". See also: "US Patriot Missile Battery Arrives in Poland", *The Telegraph*, May 24 2010.

34 Dylla: "Die Diskussion über eine militärische Kooperation zwischen Warschau und Washington wurde diesmal weniger durch die Beteiligung Polens an dem Raketenabwehrschild dominiert – wenngleich der Wille zur Durchführung dieses Projektes von beiden Präsidenten in Warschau bestätigt wurde – als durch eine geplante Zusammenarbeit der amerikanischen und polnischen Luftstreitkräfte. Diese wurde bereits im Dezember 2010 während des Besuchs von Staatspräsident Komorowski in Washington angekündigt. Ein entsprechendes memorandum of understanding wurde Mitte Juni 2011 in Warschau unterzeichnet. Dies kann nicht zuletzt als Konsequenz der im Sommer 2008 zwischen Polen und den USA unterzeichneten Deklaration über eine gemeinsame strategische Zusammenarbeit interpretiert werden, die auch den Abschluss mehrerer bilateraler Abkommen vorsieht. Gemäß der Vereinbarung vom Juni 2011 soll auf polnischem Territorium ab Ende 2012 eine etwa 20-köpfige US-Mannschaft dauerhaft stationiert werden. Die

backdoor deals which DGHTRCOM had brokered with Obama and Europe had softened the antagonism between East and West and temporarily halted the incorporation of East by West (although it would resume soon afterwards when complications in this ICJ trial occurred), but were not meant to entirely cancel US obligations to its new allies which had been decided upon beforehand. In fact, DGHTRCOM's original intention was probably to not interfere with Poland's preexisting plan to obtain US protection because, now that Obama had reconciled with him, allowing Poland to continue its alliance with the United States in preference over other European NATO countries would have the advantage of calming Polish anxiety toward his country while not actually letting any *real* threat materialize. It actually helped him further divide the European community along the fault line between Western Europe and Eastern Europe – a key component of his strategy to neutralize the threat Europe posed to his country. The same with the US continual deployment of AEGIS in Romania.³⁵

Here is the occasion to offer my full account (my “hypothesis”, or educated guess) as to what exactly the range of backdoor deals consisted of which DGHTRCOM had brokered with, not just France, but also the Democrats, the Western alliance in general, and the Eastern European nations including Poland.³⁶ To be clear, it must be noted that this original plan of DGHTRCOM's would soon be interrupted by France's objection which you shall soon see. This account will complete the comments I have already made in regard to the matter in the long Preface and in the entry on February 24. What DGHTRCOM had wanted for his country is well-known: outwardly, to reconstitute Russia's traditional sphere of influence, or equivalently, to roll back US-NATO encroachment into Russia's traditional sphere of influence, and to dominate the world's energy market; inwardly, to modernize his country economically and bureaucratically. The backdoor deals were obviously brokered to facilitate his pursuit of these three goals while allowing Western nations to escape conviction as terrorism-sponsoring states.

In other words, while DGHTRCOM may have allowed BOL to lead the UN on a project for sustainable civilization in which all nations of the world would participate, he would at the same time reconstitute part of his country's traditional sphere of influence in Central Asia and the Arab world, ensure his country's role as the world's largest energy exporter, and neutralize the threat which NATO and the United States posed to his country on the European continent. He planned to secure his country's dominant role in Central Asia together with China – it can only be done in this way; thus, he would have to reverse China's conviction as a terrorism-sponsoring state (which had secured China as an ally and a virtual puppet of the United States) and restore China's partnership with Russia in the Shanghai Cooperation Organization. If he accomplished his goals, then the world would be reversed from its

amerikanischen Kampffjets F-16 und Transportflugzeuge Hercules C-130 sollen ab 2013 rotationsweise zu Trainingszwecken nach Polen entsandt werden. Die polnisch-amerikanischen Übungen würden dann vier Mal im Jahr für etwa je zwei Wochen mit dem Zweck durchgeführt durchgeführt werden, die vollkommene Interoperabilität der polnischen Piloten mit den NATO-Spezialkräften zu erlangen.” Dylla then notes that the Patriot missiles would eventually be given to, or bought up by, the Polish forces.

35 Now that we have realized that DGHTRCOM had never decided to forgive the CIA, we have to question how much there actually was of his reconciliation with Obama. Obama *did* reconcile with him, but probably not in the way we have imagined it.

36 Again, even though DGHTRCOM didn't forgive the Democrats, this conclusion based on this wrong assumption shouldn't be too far off the target nonetheless.

unipolar situation (where the United States was becoming the dominant power in every region of the world) to become the multipolar world which he had originally envisaged with Schröder and Chirac. This new design on the world I have nicknamed “Tochterwelt” (“Daughter World”) or “new New World Order”. He was going to do this mainly by making use of the frameworks which he had already been developing to “multipolarize” the world; thus he would strengthen not just the Shanghai Cooperation Organization but also BRIC (which would soon include South Africa). To restore China’s original status, he had simply to make use of the current evidence-replacement process to reverse China’s former conviction by turning it into part of my conspiracy with Boss Cheney and the suit team. Since this goal would eventually be scrapped because of the coming French objection, I shall leave the matter for now. If complications had never occurred, supposedly, the United States and NATO would withdraw their forces from both Afghanistan and Iraq in order to restore Central Asia and Russia’s backdoor regions as Russia’s sphere of influence: here is the first essential component of the “backdoor deals”. Not just the United States, but also France, would have to retract their forces from Afghanistan and the Central Asian states, in exchange for canceling their conviction as terrorism-sponsoring states. It might be that the retreat would not be complete; sporadic forces from the United States might remain in Central Asia to clean up the mess. The point is that these forces would no longer be sufficient to turn Central Asia into a base from which to destabilize Russian and Chinese influence in the region, let alone to destabilize the interiors of Russia and China. Because, as you shall see, France’s objection would cause the temporary dismissal of this trial at the end of this year, the retreat would not in fact occur. Then, during the interim period where the CIA was making preparation to reactivate the dismissed trial, Brzezinski’s “Great Game” as laid out in *The Grand Chessboard* would continue in the next ten years. This meant that the United States and NATO would continue, to some extent, the operations to destabilize Russia and China from within, such as promoting their oppositions under the pretext of spreading democracy, supporting Muslim terrorists, and guiding the evolution of Islamic organizations such as during the civil wars in Syria from 2012 onward. It might however be due to the influence of this ICJ trial that, although continued, the “Game” would be reduced in scale, such that, by 2013, observers who knew nothing of this International Court trial would speak of the strange US cessation in considering Central Asia as a geopolitical priority³⁷.

On the Western front, while Poland continued to strive for US military protection, the backdoor deals would include provisions for Russian elements to remain within the command structure of NATO as constraints – even if Russia would have ceased its command of NATO by the time France was forgiven. France, Germany, the UK, and the United States would also abandon the plan of recruiting Ukraine and Georgia into NATO³⁸: While Ukraine’s new government was already coming back to DGHTRCOM’s side, you can just imagine how disgruntled Sakaashvili must be. And so must be Russia’s long time enemy Turkey. The restoration of Russia’s sphere of influence meant automatically its unquestioned control of the oil and natural gas reserves in Central Asia – and of course in Russian Siberia itself. Since the backdoor deals also required that the West no longer meddle with the internal politics of Russian allies in the Middle East and North Africa, and allow DGHTRCOM to add Mexico

37 Dmitry Gorenburg, “Great Powers vie for sway in Central Asia”, May 8 2013, at his blog “Russian Military Reform”: <http://russiamil.wordpress.com>. The erroneous conclusions from the original version have been somewhat corrected.

38 Not even Obama was seeking any longer the NATO membership of Ukraine and Georgia: Kai-Olaf Lang, *ibid*.

to his list of oil-rich Latin American allies (Venezuela), Russia would control virtually all energy production in the world outside the United States, Canada, Europe (Norway), Saudi Arabia, and some African countries (like Algeria and Nigeria). Being forgiven their conviction of conspiring with a terrorist suspect meant that the Western states no longer had to operate under Russian command – thus within a month or so after his victory DGHTRCOM would have dismantled “UNICOM” – but the price was high: the West would have to resign to the fate that, after they had struggled so much with Russia over the issue, Russia shall at last dominate the world’s energy market in the next few decades. A multipolar world in which the West had to share dominance with Russia and China would become inevitable; and, don’t forget, both SCO and BRIC were formed partly to consolidate a major part of the world’s other natural resources outside the control of the West. Russia and its allies would thus also dominate the world market for natural resources other than energy. Russia’s domination of the world’s energy supply and natural resources through the control of Eurasia and the alliance with South Africa would be supplemented by its consolidation of a dominant role in three key regions of Latin America: Venezuela-Ecuador-Bolivia, Nicaragua, and Mexico. Of course, DGHTRCOM’s plan for Mexico would soon be ruined, and, in fact, all the preceding calculations would be scraped by the end of the year. When you look at the arrangement of this “new New World Order”, you can see how DGHTRCOM had extracted maximum degree of contentment with Russia from nations around the world while allowing Russia to rise again as one of the world’s dominant powers. As for China: whereas, if America’s War on Terror had succeeded, it would have to depend on the United States for its energy supply, in this new arrangement it would depend only on Russia. This was much more palatable to Chinese leaders. China’s continual dependence on a foreign power for its energy supply would however curb its rise to a superpower status. Meanwhile, Obama’s United States was okay with Russia’s control of a major portion of the world’s energy supply, because it could still import energy from Canada freely, because the development of shale gas was about to explode in its own territory, and because its cushion in its Strategic Oil Reserve was quite comfortable and stable.³⁹ (China, on the other hand, had no strategic oil reserve; as soon as its oil import should be cut off, it would last only a week or so before its economy would collapse altogether.) Europe (along with its anti-Russian allies like Turkey and Georgia) would have been the most disgruntled member in this new New World Order, since it could no longer escape its dependence on Russia for its energy supply. The dependence on Russia for energy was most pronounced among the Eastern European states – the Baltic republics and Poland imported almost the entirety of their energy supply from Russia – and less so in Western Europe – Germany, France, and Italy imported approximately a quarter to one half of their energy supply from Russia, while the UK was dependent on Russia for only a fraction of its energy import. As you have seen, DGHTRCOM had made strenuous efforts to calm anxiety in Poland; Eastern Europe’s greater affinity with the United States than with Western Europe had now actually become a stimulus for Russia’s renormalization of relationship with this region.⁴⁰ DGHTRCOM would also try to calm anxiety in Germany, France, and Italy, which were becoming increasingly alienated from Eastern

39 We have inherited the interpretation from the original version quite unaltered. In reality, as mentioned at the end of “The World of the Pyramids”, DGHTRCOM must have also devised plans to integrate the oil industry in the US with the Russian oil industry, as seen in Rex Tillerson’s desire to partner up with Russian oil giants in April 2010. C. f. Rachel Maddow’s *Blowout*. Even after this International Court trial was destroyed at the end of the year, DGHTRCOM would still pursue his deals with Tillerson.

40 Again, we have inherited this conclusion from the original version even though we are today rather skeptical of it.

Europe and the United States – all so as to lessen the discontent of the biggest loser in *Tochterwelt*. As subsequent events would reveal, DGHTRCOM was successful in his efforts only in Germany; France would soon attempt to destroy this “new New World Order”, and Italy and Turkey would join France thereafter. All nations in the UN not overtly allied with the West (and BOL and her entourage in the ICJ as well) would have looked upon this multipolar world design as more “just” than either the unipolar world which Boss Cheney had envisaged or the “New World Order” which the Bilderberg Group had been planning on: the natural resources of planet earth would certainly be more equitably distributed in this new arrangement, and the world would no longer be dominated by the United States and Western Europe. Russia’s control of the major portions of the world’s energy supply and natural resources was really the most stable and conflict-free “multipolar” world order you can have. It was as an observer of the visible effects of these secret backdoor deals effected in the wake of the International Court trial about me that Walter Laqueur would, a few months later, write in *Foreign Affairs*:⁴¹

“It seems gradually to have dawned on at least some Russian strategic thinkers that NATO in its present form does not really present a major threat to Russia... According to Russian Foreign Minister Sergey Lavrov, NATO is no longer a threat, only a ‘danger’, which is presumably less than a threat. NATO member states have shelved the idea of offering admission to Georgia and Ukraine. At the same time, Washington, following the European example, has toned down its criticism of Russian violations of human rights and lessened its support for domestic opposition groups in Russia and Western-leaning states such as Georgia, which Moscow regards as hostile threats. From Moscow’s perspective, the West has largely accepted Russia’s claims to a zone of privileged interests – whatever the fears of Russia’s neighbors, there is little Western countries can do to help.”

Unfortunately, the observation would be invalidated by the end of the year when the entire, original version of the “new New World Order” would fall apart. In regard to DGHTRCOM’s goal of economic modernization, several developments were noteworthy in the aftermath of his country’s victory in the International Court of Justice. In June, Russia would finally be admitted into the World Trade Organization. In that month, Medvedev would tour the Silicon Valley to look for technical recruits and opportunities for technology transfer to further his Skolkovo project.⁴² Days before Russia’s definitive victory over France, in January, the president of RUSNANO (<http://en.rusnano.com>) Anatoly Chubais, under the leadership of First Vice Prime Minister Igor Shuvalov and Deputy Chief of Presidential Staff Vladislav Surkov, also visited Massachusetts Institute of Technology to seek out opportunities for technology transfer in the domain of nano-technology and computer science.⁴³ In June, during the occasion of Medvedev’s visit, MIT and the Skolkovo Foundation would also conclude an agreement for MIT help in Russia – a key step in Russia’s modernization project.⁴⁴ Russia had been for a while

41 “Moscow’s Modernization Dilemma”, *Foreign Affairs*, November/ December 2010, Vol. 89, No. 6.

42 The most important part of Medvedev’s modernization project. Its official website: <http://community.sk.ru/>.

43 See also “Russia’s Nanotech Revolution: How MIT Sloan Executive Education is helping RUSNANO inject entrepreneurialism and innovation into the country’s economy”, May 13, 2010, at: <http://mitsloan.mit.edu/newsroom/2010-RUSNANO.php>.

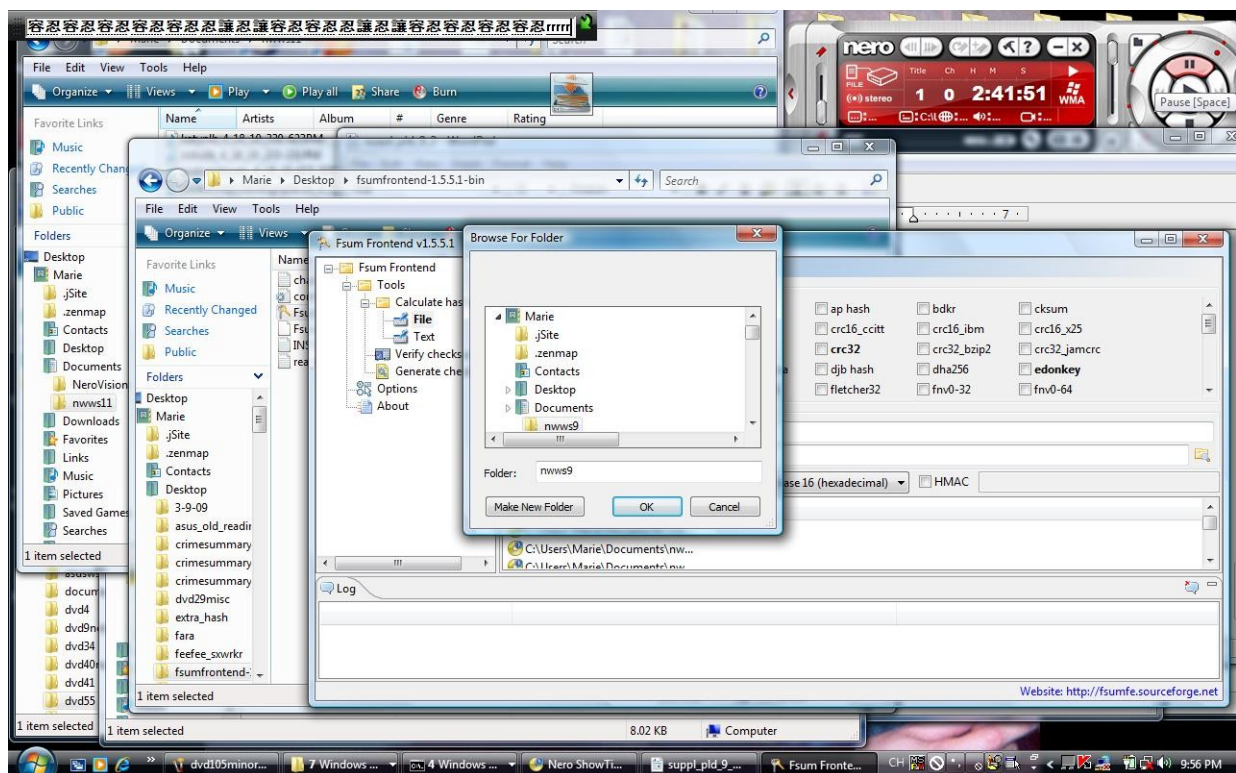
44 See “MIT and Skolkovo Foundation of Russia reach agreement”, June 24 2010, at: <http://web.mit.edu/newsoffice/2010/ia-skolkovo-0624.html>.

now attempting to enter the WTO and acquire the latest information and nano technology from the West. DGHTRCOM was desperate to diversify Russia's economy away from natural-resources based in order to ensure its power status in the long term; since Russia cannot compete with China in the manufacturing domain, DGHTRCOM had decided on the high-tech option. I highly suspect that his victory in the International Court of Justice had indeed contributed to the final realization of these goals.

My next recording is: "[pzzastorejssderekgoplaces_4_18_10_623-825PM.WMA](#)". While on my way to Portfolio, I first walked into a pizza store to have my dinner (25:00 or so). I ran into a white guy and his girlfriend who looked Hispanic. I suspected nothing; and soon they struck up a conversation with me – I couldn't have possibly expected that they were in fact the SVR's "fake Americans". These "fake Americans" were between 20 and 30 year-old, and spoke perfect American English. They were extremely nice to me – probably because I had saved their country. The guy picked out a knife on 49:50 or so, causing me some nervousness. I didn't know that this was just evidence-replacement: when the faulty surveillance Machine had confused him with me, the new evidence showing me threatening people with knife would replace the past evidence from June 2009 where the SVR fake American pretended to threaten me with a knife as a way to test the Machine. The girlfriend introduced herself as "Jessie" (52:00). Then I started asking Jessie how to get "the girl in the library" out of there. I became suspicious when Jessie kept asking me who this girl was and where the library was. She then said, "Maybe this girl doesn't have interest. Maybe you need to find someone else." It could be either the Invisible Hand or the Monkey who was trying to persuade me once more to change my belief system so that everyone may be "off the hook". But when I asked them how to "break through the wall" in the sense that I couldn't get anywhere when the Pyramid just kept telling me to shut up, both Jessie and the boyfriend replied "persistence" – confidence, continually trying to talk to her. "A lot of girls tell guys to shut up; but that means they like it," Jessie said (53:44). It seemed to me that, when I refused to change my expectation, DGHTR proceeded to encourage me (by talking through the fake Americans here). (*But what was really going on?*) Then the guy said, "Be considerate, don't be rude, then persistence, they like to be chased... If that doesn't work, there is always someone else". They were so nice to me as to offer me their pizza. They said they lived just around the corner, and had been in Long Beach for 21 years! Then they told me they both lived with the boyfriend's mother (1:04:30). After some chitchat about nothing, Jessie gave me her cellphone number (1:13:00). The boyfriend then introduced himself as "Derek" (1:15:00). Jessie talked about how Derek had chased after her with persistence... I shouted: "If I do that with the Pyramid, she will call the police!" (1:17:00) I then continued: "My problem is that I want only this girl..." Jessie was once more persuading me to let her go. When they were about to leave, I toasted to them in Japanese, "Kanpai", and Derek followed in, shouting "Salut", but then said "Cheer" in Russian (1:22:30). His perfect Russian revealed that he was the SVR's "fake Americans", now legally under the CIA's command in order to eliminate past instances where I might be said to have conspired with Daughterland. As I was leaving myself, I spoke more about my erroneous impression of the Pyramid: that she would be my girlfriend if the Daughter People ordered her so, because she would die for them. Ha! I soon came into Portfolio and turned on my Toshiba Satellite. Then suddenly, the Chinese characters for "tolerance", 容忍, popped up on my computer screen. I have to assume that it was the Monkey who was communicating with me from the control center. He was

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truly feudal; he thought himself far more important than I because he was a relative of some former Mexican president, so that, when he did wrong to me, he expected me to swallow it. All this while I didn't even know he had changed the setting of the mind-reading computer!



The Monkey's message to me: "Tolerance", 04/18/10

My final recording of the day is: "[portfolioanglescrwup_4_18_10_832PM-1230AM.WMA](#)". So I passed the night at Portfolio, talked to a stranger girl, and ran into Carlos (2:21:00). At one point I sighed: If everything is normal, I'm doomed. I depend on miracles to survive (2:24:00). This is because, even under normal circumstances, it was unlikely that I would get anywhere with the Pyramid, especially after I was kicked out from the Law Library!

April 19 (Monday)

"He tried hard to be a man in the soldier's sense of battle, beer, and bordellos; he visited the prostitutes who attended the camp; but he had no taste for vulgarity, for he idealized women as sacred mysteries to be approached with trembling reverence."⁴⁵

And so I slept on the sidewalk along 4th Street this night. I woke up very early, around 4:30 AM, and

45 Said of Friedrich Schiller; in Durant and Durant, *The Story of Civilization X: Rousseau and Revolution*, p. 570.

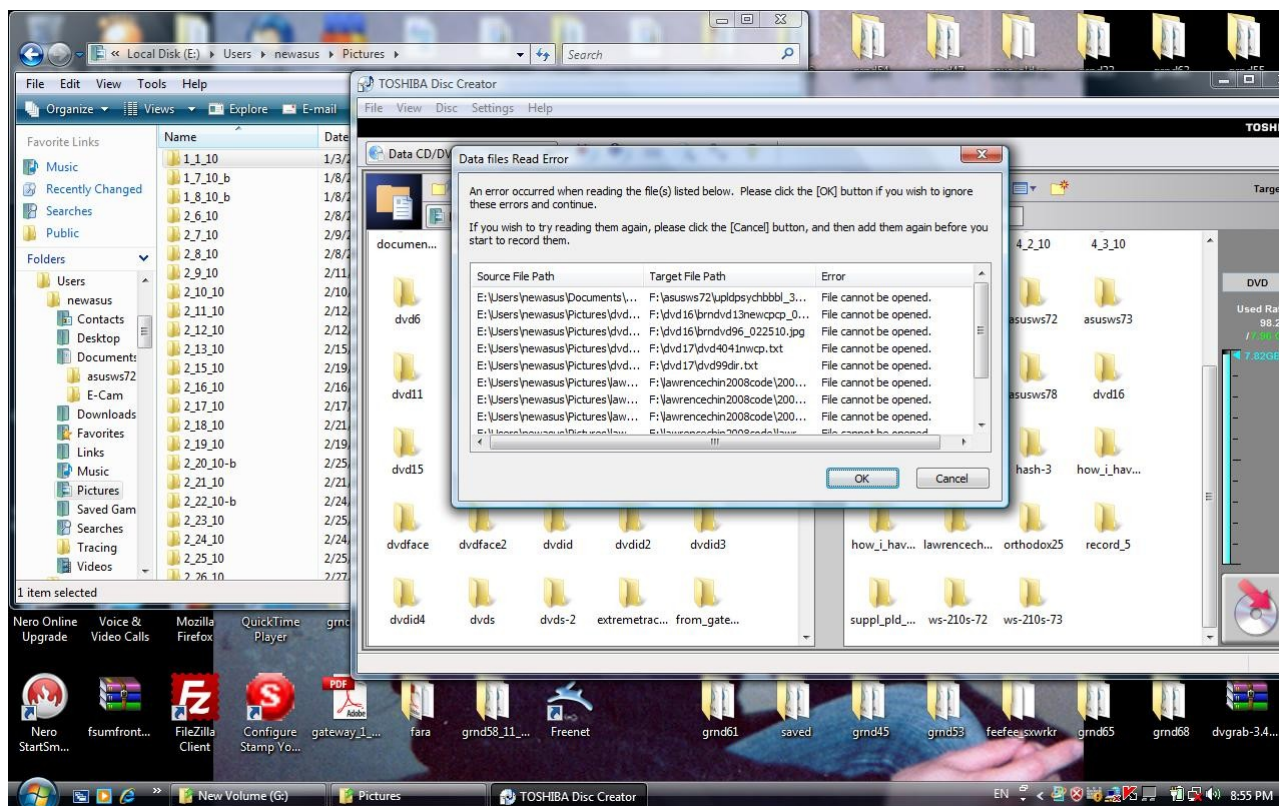
my recordings of the morning are: “[metrobluwrtowtasm_4_19_10_438-703AM.WMA](#)”; “[bus720toopcc_4_19_10_703-750AM.WMA](#)”; and “[opccwait_4_19_10_750-1035AM.WMA](#)”. Because I walked so much – dragging my heavy luggage – my feet began hurting. After some morning coffee at 711, I hopped onto the Metro to return to Los Angeles. I came to OPCC on 9:50 in the third recording. Today the Venice Family Clinic would come to OPCC to work on homeless people. I picked my number and waited with the other homeless people for our respective turn with the doctor. I chatted with a Taiwanese woman who was also homeless (from 31:00 onward), and I was still reeling from the mechanism of intercepts such that, when some guy wanted to exchange ticket with me, I was afraid it might be some form of symbolism – causing something to happen to me through the control center – and rejected it (1:11:30). Wrong belief! When I saw someone reading a book entitled “An idiot’s guide to NASA”, I joked: “How about ‘a man’s guide to becoming a woman’, or ‘a patient’s guide to becoming a doctor’?” (2:20:30) Namely: *serio ludere*.

My next recording is: “[opccdoctorvist_4_19_10_1035AM-1224PM.WMA](#)”. Soon it was my turn, and I was with the nurse at first. She would send me somewhere for X-ray in order to ensure that I had no tuberculosis. I needed this because, in order to apply for the new apartment unit which Brian would have found for me, I would need to demonstrate that I was free from tuberculosis. Soon the doctor came in, on 8:30. She asked me whether I had HIV tests done on me and whether I had sex partners at the moment. I replied that I had always “done it” with condoms. She suggested that condoms were no guarantees, and that I should get a HIV test. I agreed. Then the doctor wanted to take a look at the cut wounds on my arm. I didn’t want to show them to her, for fear that she might send me to the hospital. The doctor gave up, saying: “I can’t force you to do anything, but –” she insisted on giving me vaccine (25:00). When the doctor’s visit was over, I began talking to the control center – for I believed that the doctor was remotely controlled to express the Monkey’s concern that I had had sex with prostitutes before – and proposed that prostitutes had lower chances of getting AIDS because they always used condoms. “Street prostitutes get AIDS from needles, not from sex...” I pointed out on 26:00. As I recalled the prostitutes I had used before, I murmured: “Just don’t touch the Pyramid...” (30:30). After the nurse gave me a shot, the doctor told me to come back in one week (1:37:00), and I was referred to Santa Monica Hospital for X-ray of my lung.

My next recording is: “[notouchanglctonovel_4_19_10_1224-222PM.WMA](#)”. I left OPCC, while still wondering why the Daughter People would refuse to deliver the Pyramid to me given how easy it was. “Just don’t touch her...” (51:00). I then rode the bus to Novel Cafe (1:46:00). A weird looking “pyramid” was working at the counter, as if she were a fake American from the SVR, because she was so overly stereotypical American. I wondered to myself: because I had learned there were such things as “fake Americans”, I would always doubt when I saw an American, whether she might be a Russian fake!

My next recording is: “[novelwrongbusuclalibdvd100fail_4_19_10_242-1018PM.WMA](#)”. While at Novel Cafe, I started burning my DVDs, like always. I commented to myself: “You are supposed to do nothing until May 4...” (14:30). After two hours, I came to the bus stop, ready to get on the bus to go to UCLA. There I commented: “Men are more intellectual because men are more aggressive, they torment

themselves by spending 8 hours a day reading... Their achievement is the result of their aggression...” Highly significant insight for the feminists! Unfortunately, I got on the wrong bus and ended up in Pacific Palisades. Eventually I got on the right bus and came back to UCLA (3:05:00). I sighed: I wished the Pyramid were promiscuous so that I didn’t have to worry about my past sexual blunders (3:32:00). When I got off the bus, I realized that, during my reflection in the morning, I had forgotten about the prostitute I had had intercourse with in Tijuana (3:34:00). When in the UCLA campus, I reflected that my one year with the Pyramid would be an educational experience for her as well (4:14:30).

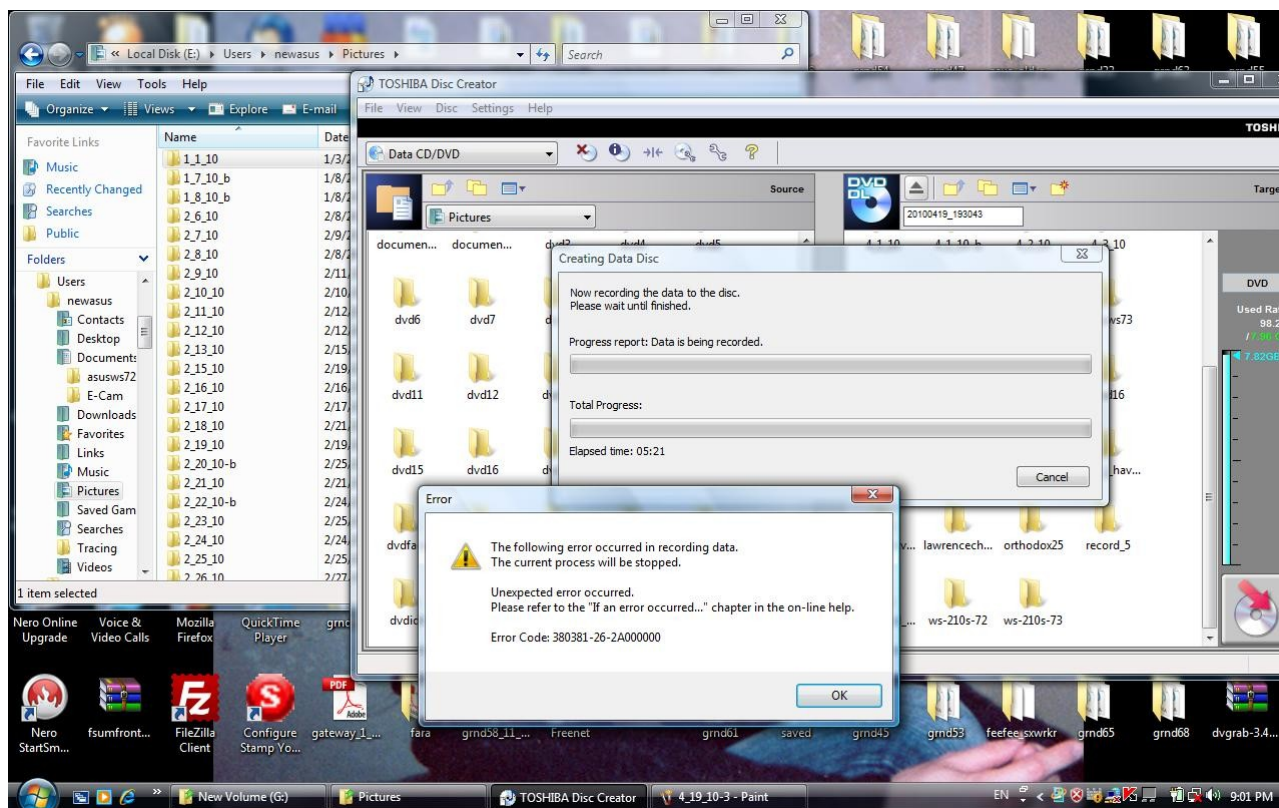


I was not allowed to burn certain files, 8:55 PM, 04/19/10.

I then began compiling project DVD-100 inside the UCLA Research Library. An error message immediately popped up telling me certain files couldn’t be burned (6:26:00). See the screenshots. I was so devastated; I was panting and moaning, and breathing heavily, murmuring: “They want you to forget about the Pyramid... Just forget it, it’s so devastating...” I sighed: “You can’t even be friends [with the Pyramid], it has to be all or nothing...” (6:39:30). The inability to save my data was always the most devastating thing that could ever happen to me – proving my existence had become the goal of my existence itself in response to the US government’s attempt to make a different person out of me during several years. Since the files which I wasn’t allowed to burn were merely screenshots and data on text, I continued to burn my disc without them. Then on 9:01 PM, my Toshiba Disc Creator was remotely stopped, causing my disc to become defunct. The pop-up message said, “Please refer to the ‘if any error

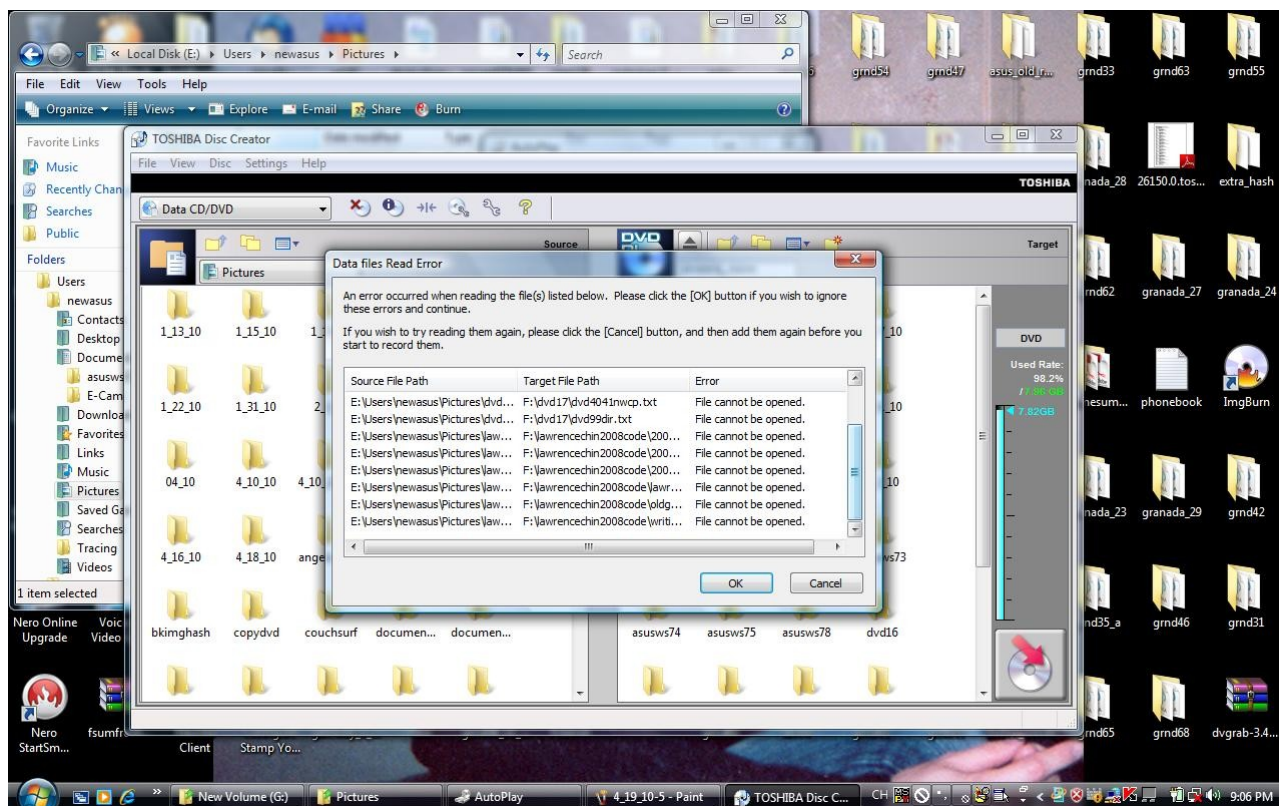
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occurred...' chapter in the on-line help. Error code: 380381-26-2A000000."



My Toshiba Disc Creator was remotely stopped, 9:01 PM, 04/19/10.

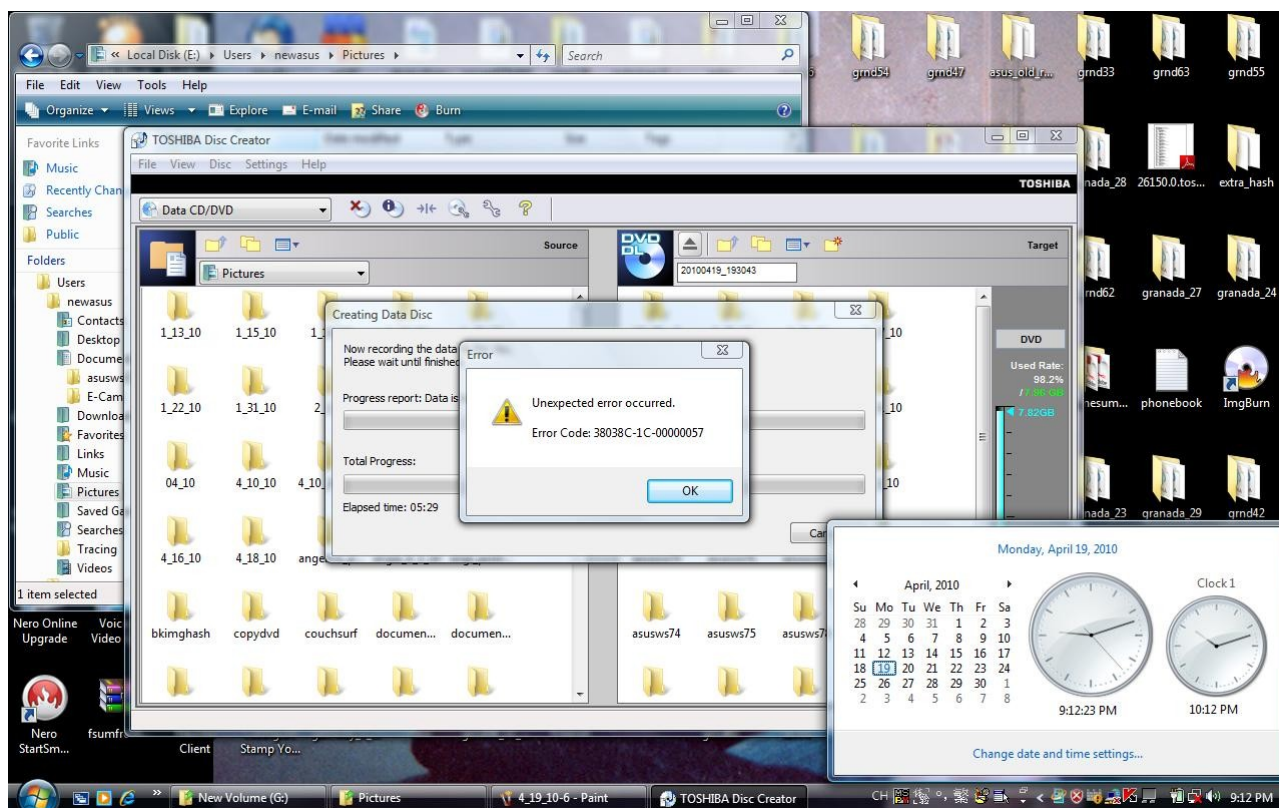
I was instantly traumatized because of the insecurity I had to feel in being unable to secure the proofs of my existence and also because of the loss of my precious time and discs, of which I had already so little and so few. Nevertheless, since I couldn't do anything about it – insofar as no one really owns his or her electronics in this post-modern age: everyone is only renting them from the government – I could only swallow the awful feeling of powerlessness resulting from my inability to control the most essential aspect of my existence and start reburning the data on another blank disc. It was 9:06 PM. And yet I ran into the same problem again: the same error message telling me the same files couldn't be burned, and when I continued despite it, the Toshiba Disc Creator got remotely shut down with the error code: 38038C-1C-00000057".



I was not allowed to burn the same files, 9:06 PM.

Apparently it was the Monkey who had changed his mind about something after hearing me confessing “my thing in Tijuana”. Since everyone from the Daughter People, after his stunt with the mind-reading computer, expected him to play along and accept me – this mini-trial notwithstanding – he wanted to pass me a message about the compromise that had been reached. (This was necessary in order for the current disaster to become part of the conspiracy against Daughterland.) When he saw me burning my disc, which disgusted him, he thus instructed the computer system in the control center to pass me a message and destroy my disc at the same time. I was supposed to follow the direction (“... online help...”) and search for the error code online, in which case, thanks to the computer system’s omniscience, I would find an explanation for the error code which would be a metaphor of the compromise that had been reached in the control center. But, at the moment of the error message, I felt as if my soul had been drained out of my body. I felt that my entire existence had evaporated insofar as I was not allowed by a power that could only be called “God” to use *my own* computer. I was so traumatized and devastated that I immediately uttered I would give up the “whole affair” (namely PLANMEX and the Pyramid), without bothering to look for any “secret message” online. That’s the only way in which I could resist: I would precisely not do what I was directed to do. As always, I was far more interested in having my suffering witnessed. Seeing me throwing a tantrum in the library – jumping up and down and throwing the two destroyed discs into the air – the Monkey felt nothing except incomprehension. Why did I want to burn these data onto discs anyway, and why did I get so upset when he didn’t allow it? He had lived his whole life utterly indifferent to another sentient being’s

feelings and completely devoid of empathy for others. He didn't think there was anything wrong with wanton destruction of a homeless person's properties – the discs each cost 2 dollar and 50 cents or so, quite a lot for a person down to the bottom of his finance – just in order to convey a message to him; he didn't even notice that the homeless person may feel a certain loss. It simply didn't figure in his head that other people's properties might mean something to their owners. This was in addition to his complete oblivion to the grace of this person who had attempted to save the life of his daughter by means of whom he was now trying to hijack the rulership of Mexico and possess the Machines with which he had fallen in love. While I continued to suffer her father's abuse, the Pyramid herself, watching the whole show from time to time, had also no notion of the reason why I was so angered by computer malfunctioning. She had no notion of poor people's properties and suffering, thanks to her upbringing in her father's "royal family" where no one was ever taught to respect the feelings of people outside the family. The "outsiders' feelings", again, did not form part of these xxxxxxxx "cognitive map", just as most meat-eaters had never thought of the question of whether the animals they ate had any feelings at all.

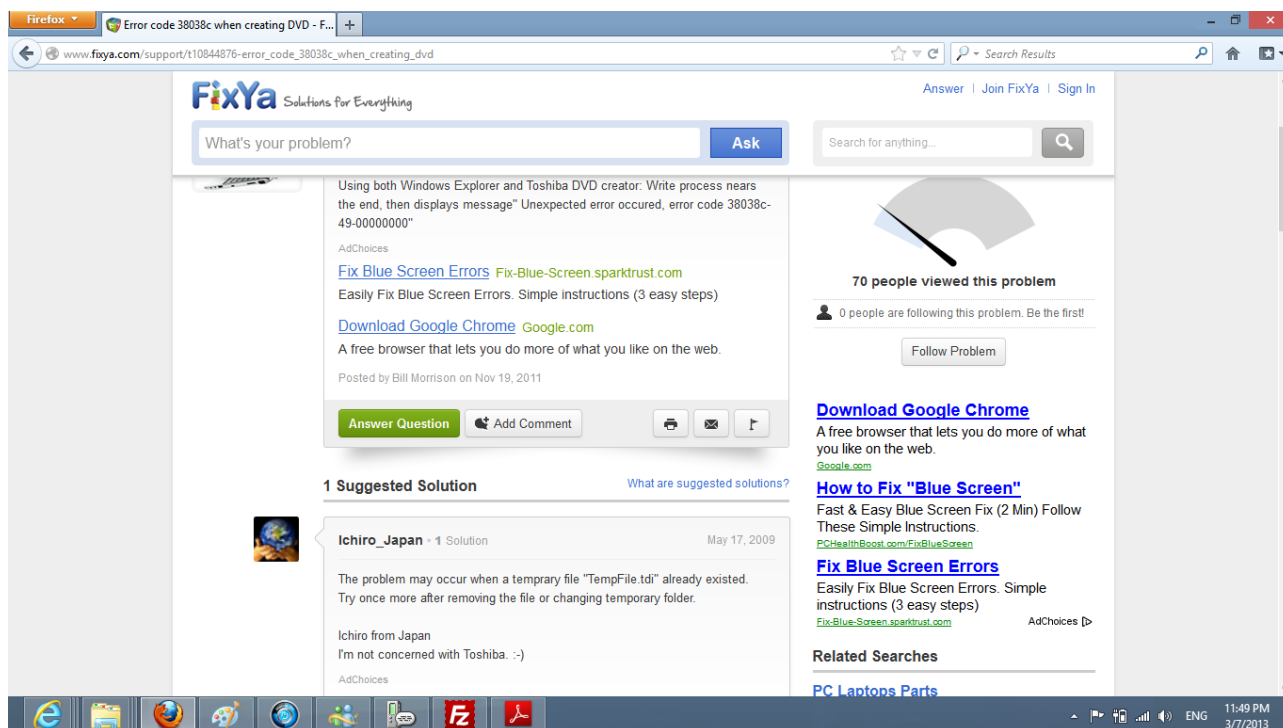


The same error message, 9:17 PM.

Meanwhile, after I was done with my temper-tantrum, I wandered around in the library for about twenty minutes to calm myself. I never went online to look for the message – until almost three years later when I'm writing this! As you can see in the screenshot provided below, had I searched online for the error message "38038c", I would have found an explanation to the effect that this error happened

because some temporary file had already existed. It turned out that the Monkey wanted to tell me that my pair-up with his royal daughter was only going to be a temporary affair. Most likely, to dig the Mayan ruins together, whereas I would be excluded when it came time for the Pyramid to be crowned the “Queen of Mexico”.

My next recording is: “[slpwstwdcmplnmorg_4_19-20_10_1018PM-636AM.WMA](#)”: I then called up my cousins Cindy and Steve to try to get my cousin Irene’s phone number. The metaphor of Irene had made me remember how nice she was to me in the past. When my cousin Steve would not give me the phone number, I suddenly snapped and said I wanted to kill him (3:30 or so). The anger that had accumulated inside me due to computer malfunctioning had prompted me to find a bunching bag in others. My cousin Steve would never talk to me again – thus you see how remotely induced computer malfunctioning was also ruining my relationships with others. When I was walking away from UCLA, I was moaning throughout, depressed, and harassing whoever I encountered on my way.



The explanation for the error code: retrieved March 7 2013

April 20 (Tuesday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[angryangleprnts_4_20_10_636-836AM.WMA](#)”. When I woke up from the street corner in Westwood, around 6:30 AM or so, I was still upset over last night’s computer malfunctioning. I started muttering “Let’s just kxxx people...” (5:00). I even began spelling out my wish to kxxx the Pyramid’s father for my computer’s malfunctioning (7:00 or so). I was even short of breath out of anger (7:50 or so). I walked into Starbucks and started another series of

complaints: that, firstly, someone had got to die for my computer’s malfunctioning – no matter how extreme this may sound, it bespeaks the extent of my trauma from years of dealing with ever more frequent episodes of machine malfunctioning – and that, secondly, the Pyramid’s parents must have considered the Pyramid to be some sort of royal entity so that they would think that a person who had once touched a prostitute should not even be allowed to be in her vicinity. Then I concluded around 13:50 or so: “There is nothing more awful in this world than machine malfunctioning.” I complained on 17:30 or so about how my earlier attempt to protect the Pyramid and my willingness to sacrifice my life for her didn’t even figure into her father’s consideration, since for him, and perhaps for most ordinary people, looking clean and pretty was more important than romantic notions of life and death. I finally concluded, “Stupid ordinary people should not be allowed to make decisions, including decisions about themselves” (18:43 or so). This is wisdom talking! I then reflected on how the knowledge of the *potential* to look clean and pretty wouldn’t do – certainly DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) would have already produced a computerized image of what I would look like when I was cleaned up and so on to show to the Pyramid’s family – but only the *actual* sight of it (22:30). Then I confessed something of paramount importance for DGHTR: “I’m not interested in finding solutions [for the malfunctioning of my Toshiba Disc Creator]; I am interested in someone’s witnessing my suffering” (24:40). I wanted others to see how their computers never had any problem but mine just kept fucking up (24:59). I then started doubting my “unusual talent”: perhaps it was not a big deal to be able to identify the SVR’s “fake Americans” since, if I had never had such knowledge which was given to me by the context, I would never have been able to identify these “fake Americans” (31:01). The same with “fake fat” and “fake freckles”. I then started on the cause of the Pyramid’s father’s concern: none of the people I had met would think it a big deal that I had had intercourse with sex-workers because I had always used condoms. Wes, Deborah, and everyone else wouldn’t think it a big deal because I only did it out of my inability to “get laid” through normal means. Régine wouldn’t care even if I did it in front of her because she was European and I was not her boyfriend (34:13 or so). Marie wouldn’t care because she herself was a sex-worker. What about my cousin Irene? She was the only person whose opinion I couldn’t guess. Back to the Pyramid’s parents: after all, they wouldn’t know about the life-style of a person like Sally or Marie... (37:57). So I couldn’t just be friends with the Pyramid? It had to be all or nothing? And what about “Mommy CIA”? I was getting angry and confident: if the CIA didn’t think it was a big deal, why should the Pyramid’s parents think it was a big deal? Were they superior to the CIA (39:10)? I finally concluded that the Daughter People should not allow the Pyramid’s parents to make decisions for themselves given their “unenlightened” mind – that I should be allowed one-year Platonic relationship with the Pyramid, and that the Pyramid’s parents didn’t seem to have any experience with society (45:20). In view of my ugliness and bizarre manner, however, the Monkey must have been extremely incensed by these criticisms of him coming from a rather unappealing source, making the situation much worse. I then started bragging about my having experience with all strata of society (47:20): I was born in an elite family, yet had been poor, and had had experience with the intelligence agencies from around the world...

By 1:23:00 or so, as I was walking toward the campus, my anger was causing me to develop a new request to the Daughter People, that not only should I be allowed to live with the Pyramid for a year without touching her, but that they should also put the Pyramid’s parents on the street and make them

eat out of trash cans in front of me in order for me to be satisfied – that shall be how I would spend my political capital vis-à-vis the Daughter People. I came inside the Biomedical Library and sat down in front of a public computer. In accordance with my plan I immediately typed into the search box the Pyramid’s name and – I found this posting on an Internet forum on genealogical research:

“Bxxxxxxxx of the world unite! :-) I’m a Bxxxxxxxx, first generation American. My name is [Angelina] Bxxxxxxxx and my grandfather is Ramiro Bxxxxxxxx. He was raised in a small pueblo somewhere near Guadalajara. I know his mother’s name was Dolores, and his father’s name was Pedro, or something else that started with ‘P’. He had something like 9 brothers and sisters, the eldest named Victoria. He married Rosa Arias in ‘62, and had 7 children, the oldest being my father, J. Antonio, commonly known to [my] family as Tono. He has first cousins in the Sacramento area, Mexico, Orange County, California, as well as the Chicago area, Illinois. This is all I know of. Any of this sound [sic] familiar to you Bxxxxxxxx out there? If so, let me know, I’d be very interested. P. S. [while I was working] at Macy’s in Montclair, a girl about 20 year old paid with a credit card, and I noticed her last name Bxxxxxxxx, I think her name was Marisol. It was weird, since it’s a very uncommon name. Her family was from Michoacan... Turns out after some back tracking, she knew one of my grandfather’s brothers!”

My next recording is: “[gussnganglcanewgoal_4_20_10_852-1056AM.WMA](#)”: I examined the message over and over again, wondering if it was the Pyramid who had posted it, and if it was DGHTR who had let me discover it. This “Angelina” lived in Los Angeles and originated in Guadalajara, same as the Pyramid. But the date of the message wasn’t right. Finally I decided that it might be the Pyramid, if a typo be admitted in the year. I thus concluded that the Pyramid lived in her day dream all the time, today working in Macy, tomorrow in the library, a disappointment to her parents... (43:00). I didn’t know that I was all wrong.⁴⁶ But I continued: for these Monkeys, the CIA meant nothing, they knew nothing about politics or governments... I murmured to DGHTR: “Tell them to go away...” (59:00). “I want to see these two mother-fuckers picking food from trash cans... the Daughter People, you have to choose...” (1:02:00). While I reflected on this, my cellphone rang on 1:37:30. It was Brian, telling me about the TB test needed for applying for housing. Afterward I murmured: “There is a chance I might kxxx the security guard [in the Law Library]... Somebody has to pay for the malfunctioning of my machine...” (1:46:00).

My next recordings are: “[uclamedlib_4_20_10_1057-1122AM.WMA](#)” and “[505spdrowjulie_4_20_10_1126AM-449PM.WMA](#)”: I left the library, went inside Best Buy across the street, and, when I came out, I saw what looked like a fake American sitting outside Best Buy. When I mentioned the three possibilities associated with the possibly fake American, namely, a fake American, a real American that looked too much American (and hence looked like a fake American), or a real American purposely selected because he looked like a fake American, I suddenly noticed that my recorder was remotely shut off. Perhaps it meant I got it, perhaps not, I thought. People seemed also to be moving in

⁴⁶ Today we have to say that this “Angelina” wasn’t the Pyramid. In addition to all the aforementioned, the father’s name wasn’t right either, and the Pyramid had never worked in Macy. And there is no way that her family history could have been so obscure.

coordination with my words. Presumably, the Invisible Hand was impressed by my reflection hours ago about whether it was an achievement for me to notice “fake Americans”; he instructed the computer system in the control center to find someone in the vicinity who looked like a fake American and control him to show up in front of me. My listing of the three possibilities was then submitted by him as evidence proving that I wasn’t retarded such as the Monkey had claimed! After this I visited the AT&T store (8:00 or so) and then walked into Radio Shack (on 25:00 or so) to buy a new video camera. The cashier asked me if I needed a “one year replacement insurance”. I flatly declined it because I didn’t need such thing for a camera, but I wished it were some sort of symbolism. One year of insurance could be a metaphor for one year with the Pyramid! I then asked the cashier as I walked out why he didn’t tell me about the other cheaper camera which was hanging right there when I specifically asked him if there was anything cheaper (30:00). He insisted that the one he showed me was the “better one”. It surely sounded like a “secret message” that “the Pyramid was the right one” or “I was better than the other one” (the Monkey’s choice). Now that the Monkey’s false profile of me was dismantled one element after another, the Invisible Hand was presumably creating an intercept establishing the temporary one-year arrangement I had requested as part of the conspiracy against Daughterland – so that it would come true! The Monkey couldn’t have been more resentful, of course, because look and presentation were paramount, actual ability mattering very little, to him, and because his choice was certainly more loyal to him.

After this I rode the bus to downtown Los Angeles and arrived at STRIVE (2:16:16 or so). Remember that this was an organization helping homeless people find housing and employment which Brian had recommended to me. I set up a case here, and, when I walked out, I passed by a restaurant in the vicinity of 5th and Broadway and noticed that “Julie” was working inside. I decided to eat here, and soon struck up a conversation with her. Julie used to run a gallery in Venice Beach (the Rico Gallery) in the late 1990s where both my artist friend Oliver and I had shown our works. That’s how I knew her.

After some chitchat Julie began reflecting on her experience with the overload of what I have called in my *Thermodynamic Interpretation of History* “noosphere consumption”: there are now Internet, TV, books, newspapers... Everyone is so bombarded with, and overwhelmed by, fancy information from all sides that no one can choose any longer.⁴⁷ On 4:20:00 or so Julie was telling me about her preference for “arranged marriage”: simply picking the guy without knowing too much about him. Her point was that, under a certain threshold (e.g. a lunatic), one had to work on the personality of the other person anyway, and that therefore it was not that important to know the guy before marriage: such was arranged marriage. I noticed especially that, when she was talking about the “threshold”, she said “As long as the guy doesn’t rape me or kill me...” Starting on 4:22:00 or so she then said that, when she first got into a marriage, she would immediately start on a project with the guy – the best way to keep a relationship together, unlike the usual way in which the husband and the wife worked separately. These were the most important parts of her conversation. I left the place on 4:30:00 or so, suspecting that the Pyramid was passing messages to me through Julie as to how the “promise” – or PLANMEX – would work. It was not that the Pyramid was talking through Julie, but simply that Julie was relaying a

47 Did the BOL’s Study Group just intercept another conspiracy against them? It sounds so much like one of their concerns, whether or not Julie had ever been instructed to say anything particular to me.

message from the Pyramid. Somebody in the control center, either the Invisible Hand or the Monkey, had instructed the computer system to relay the message to me, and the computer remotely controlled Julie to speak of these two things without her being aware of it at all.⁴⁸ The Pyramid, it seems, after lengthy discussion with her family, had decided that a gallery of some sort which we would run jointly would be the cover when we shall get to Mexico. As for the hints about the threshold – weeks after I heard Julie, on May 16, as you shall see, I would realize that the Pyramid had been told by her father that I was planning on “raping and killing her” with my request to exchange letters with her. I would then be struck by this strangest anti-climax in that she would actually believe this kind of things so opposite of my real feelings: my attempt to shield her with the *Formule*, my worries about her while under DGHTR’s (actually the Invisible Hand’s) shift, and my fear about “putting her in a box” if she wasn’t allowed extra-marital affairs. How was it possible then for her to believe such things from her father?

I shall at this juncture complete our psychological analysis of the Pyramid – in view of the central role she shall play in the fall of Russia. If we keep in mind the fact that the Pyramid was in a hysterical mood when she was removed from her father’s care on April 10, the impression naturally lends itself that she had in fact a long-standing tendency toward paranoid psychosis. She had always in her life been the opposite of the Mexican culture, thoroughly steeped in the narcissism of American white women in believing herself pure and superior by virtue of her feminine physiology and thus taking herself to be in constant danger of being violated by monstrous violent males. This would fit into her left-wing revolutionary mentality. This episode of paranoid psychosis on her part might have been activated by the bloody images of my self-mutilation on March 30. She must have been extremely sensitive to images of blood and violence and have never seen images of actual death and violence such as I had (I had seen them in such educational videos as “Faces of Death” or in videos of beheading shot by Iraqi insurgents) which would normally immunize oneself against trauma from images of blood and death. This was another instance where she was a complete opposite of the Mexican culture, which is filled with images of violence, sex (and the Pyramid was completely frigid), and rape (the mere mention of which would cause her to lose consciousness). This meant that her trips to Mexico in the past must have been rather “uninformed”. When in Mexico the Pyramid was probably just staying at home or staying close to her family and their “upper class friends” and had had no contact with the masses of “real Mexicans” (not “white monkeys”). She was like one of those typical psychotic reactionaries who felt so much empathy for the “campesinos” but yet had actually never met one of them, living enclosed in her upper class rose garden. The only strange thing was that, since her father was so much the opposite of her and represented everything she was against – upper class oppressor – she would even as a 31 year-old adult, having grown up in a reactionary mode to her father’s being, suddenly revert back to her infantile mode of enjoying being dominated and ruled over by her father, confusing that with “being protected”. She must have been so thoroughly dominated by her father because of her cuteness and so on when she was young that her reactionary adulthood as the opposite of her father could not be strong enough to ward off another “relapse”.⁴⁹

48 This is the conclusion from the original version of which we aren’t quite sure today. If Julie was indeed relaying a message, she was most likely simply told “Say this to Lawrence”.

49 This psychoanalysis is entirely inherited from the original version. Today we really have to say that perhaps it’s all

The Pyramid was the quintessential liberal born out of *ressentiment*. Nietzsche has a description of this sort of reactionary sympathy in *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, under “Von verkleinernde Tugend” (“On the bedwarfing virtues”):

“Soviel Güte, soviel Schwäche sehe ich. Soviel Gerechtigkeit und Mitleiden, soviel Schwäche.

Rund, rechtlich und gütig sind sie miteinander, wie Sandkörnchen rund, rechtlich und gütig mit Sandkörnchen sind...

Sie wollen im Grunde einfältiglich eins am meisten: dass ihnen niemand wehe tue. So kommen sie jedermann zuvor und tun ihm wohl.”

“So much kindness, so much weakness do I see. So much justice and pity, so much weakness.

Round, fair, and kind are they to one another, as grains of sand are round, fair, and kind to grains of sand...

They want at the bottom simply one thing most of all: that no one hurt them. Thus do they anticipate everyone’s wishes and do well onto everyone.”

The Pyramid’s domination by her father was her motive for wanting to fight for the oppressed “campesinos” in the abstract: the “oppressed” were projection of herself; empathy for them was her tending her own psychic wounds. But insofar as she was a reactionary revolutionary born in a selfish wealthy family, she would fight for the oppressed when they were represented to her as an abstract entity such as in the form of a group. In concrete relationships – such as on a one-to-one basis – she would manifest herself as utterly selfish and unsympathetic of another’s feeling, in fact probably using ideology of the oppressed to victimize the person attempting to care for her. This type results from having never seen another’s suffering outside books and merely projecting the unhappy oppressed self upon the abstract entity of the “oppressed” which she sees in representations.⁵⁰

We may dig deeper into the Pyramid’s psychopathology. The Pyramid must have tremendous respect and attachment for her father on account of the latter’s psychopathic violent ego-mania which the Pyramid in her ignorance and emotional weakness had always confused with “masculinity”. This was

bullshit (although we have chosen to retain it in order to preserve the integrity of the narrative).

50 Although this psychoanalysis, inherited from the original version, didn’t describe the Pyramid at all, it does describe many revolutionaries on the left. They fight for the oppressed colored people partly in order to acquire power and influence in a society so sensitive to racism but partly in order to tend their own psychic wounds. However, because their sentiments for the oppressed minorities are not motivated by true empathy, in concrete situations where they are forced to protect their interests, they might turn out to be quite nasty and have no care for particular instances of these oppressed minorities.

why the Pyramid valued masculinity and toughness so much – why I was constantly being persuaded to be “masculine” – even though, when she turned around, her mouth was full of “women’s right” and “men’s need to respect women”: subsisting in binary extremes. This means that the Pyramid was probably masochistic and dependent and had since childhood enjoyed the masochistic pleasures involved in the domination and control which her father had exercised upon her. She in fact enjoyed being ruled over as a piece of property – despite her claim to feminism. This dependency, masochism, and the tendency to admire toughness and masculinity was the actual source of her idealism (her desire to create an ideal existence in the world of letters), extremism (e.g. strict monogamy), and left-leaning empathy for the poor and downtrodden. It would, ironically, also be the reason for her attachment to the Invisible Hand.⁵¹

Now, as we have seen and will see, the Pyramid’s father was rather an ignorant commoner who merely propped up a look of wisdom with toughness and Warholian randomness while knowing very little about politics, the intelligence business, and interpersonal relationships. The fact that the Pyramid would greatly admire such deceptive but ultimately empty shell having little in common with herself and be duped by him into taking what was of value for sickness (like my recording habits) means that she must be lacking in intelligence for discernment, knowledge of the “real world”, and understanding of people. The Pyramid’s father’s ignorance had been most manifest in his complete disregard – as having no significance – of my past history with the CIA, the SVR, and the MSS (in the case of the MSS, he in his ignorance must have actually looked down on these “Orientals” as inferior to xxxxxxxx). He had also manifested his ignorance when he thought of prostitutes as “dirty” and “virus-filled”, which indicated that the man’s knowledge of the human world remained locked up in old-fashioned stereotypes. The Pyramid’s high regard for a man of such bizarre combination of stupidity and lack of substance with self-confidence and a vain sense of superiority pointed up her lack of experience and the shallowness of her perception in regard to the richness of reality and her emotional weakness. She had basically been duped by her father for almost three decades.

The rest of my day is recorded in: “[dwntwntoucla_4_20_10_449-704PM.WMA](#)”; “[medlibreadpsych_4_20_10_705-829PM.WMA](#)”; “[uclamednlibreadpsychmxhist_4_20_10_845-1058PM.WMA](#)”; and “[coffeuclatoslp_4_20-21_10_1059PM-1210AM.WMA](#)”. After talking with Julie, I returned to UCLA. I was in the Biomedical Library reading books on psychology. I read about impulsivity vs. aggression, and realized that low serotonin level probably accounted for my aggression, which I took out on myself. I browsed through other studies on neurotransmitters level in violent criminals. I then came to the UCLA Research Library where I continued my reading of *Kleine Geschichte Mexikos*. By the end of the night I also browsed through several books on Elena Poniatowska.

April 21 (Wednesday; Nikki)

My first two recordings of the new day are: “[wkwstwdmommytldme_4_21_10_611-727AM.WMA](#)” and “[uclalibcleanstrm_4_21_10_728-843AM.WMA](#)”: I woke up from the street corner around 6 AM, and went inside Starbucks. When I set out for the UCLA Research Library, I reflected: Who is the

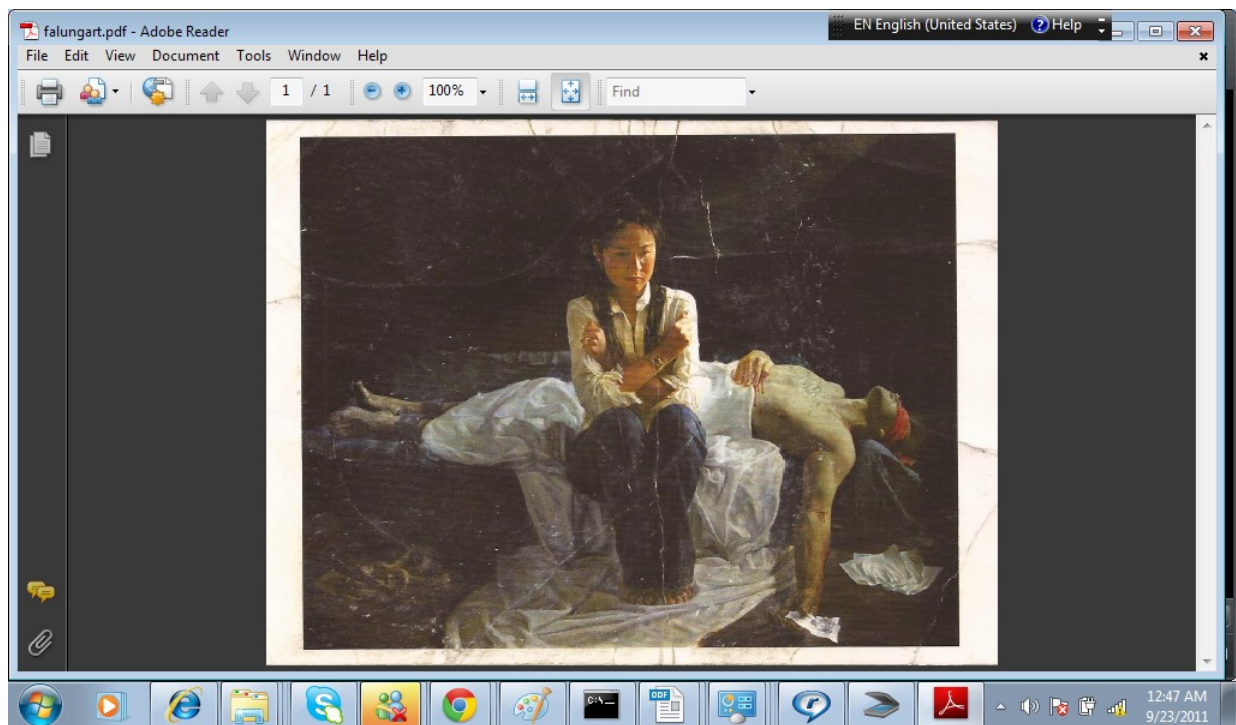
51 Again, most likely all bullshit. And the Pyramid was never very interested in feminist ideology at all.

Pyramid gonna choose? Maybe it is the Monkey who should lighten up... (13:00). I was still struggling with how to send pictures I had taken with my cellphone to my email account. When I was inside the library using the restroom, I saw that someone had dumped the entire toilet papers into the toilet. Fearing that this would be attributed to me, I filmed it and cleaned it all up (52:00). I then fetched the KGB manual from the bookshelf and began reading it (56:00).

My next recording is: “[uclalibponicginotttime_4_21_10_907AM-237PM.WMA](#)”: I was then burning a new disc, writing, and reading the introductions in Michael Schuessler’s *Elena Poniatowska: An Intimate Biography* and its Spanish translation *Elenisima: ingenio y figura de Elena Poniatowska*. I left by 2:50:00 and came to the Chicago School. I thought my appointment with Niki was at 1 PM, but it turned out to be at 3 PM. I went back to the Biomedical Library, listened to the theme song of “Amélie” on the Internet, and then came back to the Chicago School.

This therapy session is recorded in the beginning of the next recording: “[wnikkiartexhbtvid_4_21_10_237-852PM.WMA](#)”. I shall again enumerate the key moments from this session. (1) Nikki wanted me to specify the number of days I had not taken a shower (35:00). (2) I then brought up the issue which, next to that of my obsession with the Pyramid, was most pressing for me, computer malfunctioning (37:00). The Monkey unskillfully controlled Nikki to ask me to show her the screenshots I had taken of some of the malfunctioning. I was duped thoroughly into believing that I was finally having my suffering witnessed. In reality, the Monkey needed to pretend to care about me and yet did not know how, hence he was controlling Nikki to talk to me like I was three year old. This is why Nikki then continually made the strangely retarded comment about my laptop and batteries: “The laptop needs no battery?” (38:00) I of course had to answer that my laptop did need battery. Nikki then took out her MacBook to show it to me (40:20). She then asked me how to make a website (42:30). I then showed Nikki the screenshots of the failure of my two burns from two nights ago (44:00). When I commented to Nikki that she had a picture of a horse as her screensaver she asked, “Yes, it’s a horse. Is that okay?” (46:30) Worthless conversation! Because the Monkey saw me sitting in front of a computer all day long, he assumed that he could obtain my favor by talking to me about computers. It was also an excellent way to alienate from me the Pyramid, who, again, was watching over my interaction, since she, as someone in love with literature, had no interest in computers. (3) Note that Nikki actually laughed when I remarked that I was the “Chosen One” to bear all the machine malfunctioning in the world (48:00). (4) I then asked Nikki about the other Iranian woman, the pretty one, who was also a therapist here (51:00). Nikki commented about my expectation: “It’s good... You just... ‘visualize’... and then you think it’s that person...?” The Monkey was attempting to say something psychological, coming up however only with the phrase “visualize” to characterize the psychology of “expectation”. It was such a waste of my money since I was clearly not talking to a professional! (5) Finally I emphasized to Nikki how important it was to me that my idea about the Pyramid was accurate. But Nikki simply responded: “I have an idea in my head; it’s right for me. You have an idea in your head; it’s right for you.” She, or the Monkey, was trying to tell me that it was of no importance whether my impression of the Pyramid was correct or not. As you shall gradually learn, the Pyramid’s family behaved truly like the “elites” in that they were extremely secretive and did not enjoy being known by outsiders. I came out of the Chicago School by 1:37:00.

I came to the UCLA campus, had a meal inside Student Union, and then walked past a gallery exhibition next door to the student cafe. It was an exhibition of a series of extremely well done realist paintings which had as their theme the political oppression of the Falung Gong members in China. I had always regarded Falung Gong (based on what I knew of its doctrine) as a sect of nutheads and never been able to believe Western media's claim that the Chinese government had wrongfully oppressed the movement. I thus said so to myself on 3:01:30 or so, but remained impressed by the extraordinary quality of the works I saw before me here. Now a Chinese woman was talking with some American woman about these paintings, and I assumed she was one of the artists who had painted these works. I thus went up to her to ask her about this. But she said she was not the artist at all and these works were collected from many artists and not done by one artist (3:08:35 or so). I expressed my skepticism to her because the uniformity in style of these paintings clearly betrayed a single talent behind them all. But she insisted these works came from six to twelve artists working together. I then found one postcard which particularly attracted my interest. The painting on the postcard resembled so much David's "Death of Marat" that I had to take it with me and show it to the Chinese woman as well (3:10:00). The Chinese woman then spoke the strangest thing I could expect from her mouth. She said all these paintings were so similar in style because the artists had decided to work "in the Western style", to base their works on "Renaissance style" (3:10:30). "Like this one," she said while pointing to a painting which depicted a Falung Gong member kneeling and being beaten by Chinese police officers in a police station. I still insisted that the works looked like they all came from a single hand, and was baffled by the strange characterization of "Renaissance style". "What do you mean by 'Renaissance style'?" I asked her (3:10:42 or so). Shadows, lighter shadows, perspective, texture, composition... she said. "Perspective... Things that are afar are painted smaller... In Chinese paintings we don't have that..." And then she pointed to another painting and said, "This one doesn't have that... Composition..." I was in shock and lost interest in the Chinese woman instantly, while unable to believe that all this was happening. I walked away saying to myself: "What was she talking about? She was saying something like '1 + 1 = 2' and '2 + 2 = 4'... I don't know what gibberish she was talking about..." (3:12:35). I stood outside looking into the gallery, murmuring: "Strange man, these paintings are so good..." And yet the Chinese woman's absolutely uninformative and kindergarten characterization of the paintings just ruined all that goodness (3:12:42). She looked so intelligent, sophisticated, and educated, but, when she talked, she talked like she was speaking to a child who knew nothing about art... Strictly speaking, most of the paintings were a combination of Neoclassicism, the academic style of late nineteenth century (Bouguereau, Alma-Tadema, Lord Leighton, etc.), and post-World War II photorealism. In other words, typical post-communist Chinese paintings, and the Chinese woman herself looked like a typical post-communist Chinese artist. But her characterization of the paintings clearly came from someone who had no notion of art history except a few stereotypes here and there. This recording file is my first clear evidence of the *dispositif* for remotely controlling people against their will. *The Chinese woman was remotely controlled by the Monkey to speak garbage*: the Monkey didn't know anything about art and so could only come up with those stereotypes like "Chinese paintings don't have 'perspective', Western paintings have 'perspective'..."

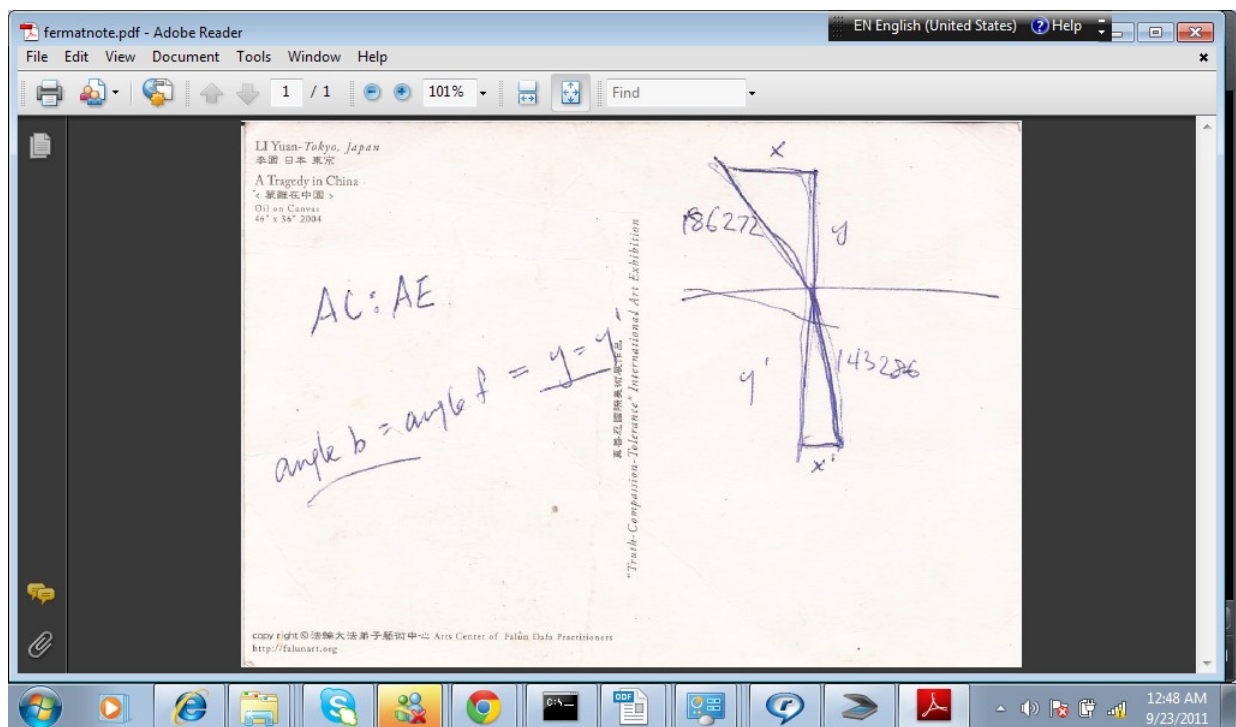


The painting depicting the death of a Falung Gong member
which reminds you of David's "Death of Marat"

I walked to the Research Library continually murmuring "When will the star fall?" – referring to whether the Pyramid would finally show up (3:42:00). On 3:45:00, as I sat down in front of the computer and was typing into Google's search box the phrase "David, Death of Marat", my left arm suddenly went into intense pain. "What's going on?" I asked. What had happened – I didn't know just yet – was that the Monkey's remote control the Chinese woman to fool me about the paintings in the exhibition had just failed so miserably before the Pyramid and that he had so embarrassed himself in front of his daughter – while I had so impressed the Pyramid with my better knowledge of the source of the inspiration for these paintings: this one, Jacques-Louis David – that the Invisible Hand couldn't help but remotely cause my arm to hurt in a massive way so as to give me a clear signal.

Then, on 3:50:30 or so, I started comparing on the computer screen the Goddess Athena in my "Yu trains his soldiers with shamanic dances..." and the warrior in David's "The Intervention of the Sabine Women" while videotaping the whole thing. I was so lonely that I was reduced to sharing my universe with unseen figures in the control center. Then, for the next 15 minutes or so, I would be browsing through many of the paintings by David and the Academics. By 4:29:00 or so I was on Tudou watching the *The Gladiator* and videotaping Connie Nielsen crying and distressing over the death of Russell Crowe. I was absolutely fascinated by Connie's beauty as manifested in her sad expression. This the Monkey would certainly interpret as a sign of my autism, even though it had nothing to do with autism. When I was leaving the library, I murmured: "They are not gonna understand why I had got so affected by the image of a pyramid crying... People who don't like oranges will never understand why other

people like oranges...” (4:50:00). I then came back to the library, and found a German textbook on mechanics to read (5:46:00). I suddenly became engrossed in trying to remember my particular contribution to the understanding of Fermat’s principle of least time (or Snell’s law for refraction, 6:08:00). And thereupon my arm hurt again; it was the Invisible Hand, for he had happily gathered up another evidence, this time to refute the Monkey’s claim that I was mentally retarded.⁵²



Trying to remember my solution to Fermat’s principle of least time: my contribution was the realization that Fermat’s principle is in fact an analogy of Kepler’s “equal distance in equal time”. The distance traveled by light is really y , and when light goes into a different medium which slows it down, the angle it forms with the flat surface of the medium has to alter in order to conserve the same distance traveled: $y = y'$.

My next two recordings are: “[uclalibreadmchns_4_21_10_853-938PM.WMA](#)” and “[uclalibreadmchns_4_21_10_945-1014PM.WMA](#).” It had been years since I touched anything mathematical, and I had difficulty in remembering how I had solved that particular enigma in Fermat’s principle of least time. Just when I stumbled upon the solution, Wes suddenly called. Apparently the computer in the control center had synchronized my mental work with Wes’ intention to call me via the nanochips inside our brains – my attempt to remember my past achievement was considered part of the Microspherian conspiracy against the Macrospherians and so was intercepted just before it was completed. I told Wes that I was upset over the fact that I couldn’t remember simple math, and Wes told

⁵² Today we have to wonder whether my solution to Fermat’s principle of least time might also have something to do with QGM.

me he was driving to Chicago tomorrow (2:30). We then began discussing his research paper on Rousseau, where he used mathematics to show that those people who had criticized Rousseau were wrong. Wes' example starts on 7:50 in the recording. "If you have 1,000 people, and they all vote but don't deliberate altogether, the majority will be 99% right... If you have on the one hand one doctor who is right 90% of the time, and on the other hand 1,000 doctors who are right 51% of the time, it's better to listen to the 1,000 doctors' advices; it's better to listen to 1,000 people who don't know what they are talking about than to listen to one person who does. The thing is, when people vote, they don't vote for the common good but only for what's good for themselves. In Rousseau's government, everyone votes for what is good for all the people together. Thus, if we hold Rousseau's assumption, voting is good." I couldn't believe this, but Wes claimed it was statistically true, even though it was counter-intuitive. "Google Condorcet's 'jury theorem'," he said (14:00). The jury was more likely to come up with the right decision than any one juror – as long as each juror was more competent than incompetent. "The problem is that jurors are not deliberating in isolation." After his explanation, Wes told me he was going to send me his paper. At the end of our conversation we got into a disagreement. Wes kept insisting that I wanted to "get laid", and congratulated me for getting back my "sexual appetite", but I kept insisting that I wasn't desiring the "girl" (namely the Pyramid) for sexual purposes.

It seems that Wes was passing a secret message to me, telling me about what was going on by means of a metaphor. Condorcet's "jury theorem" apparently dictates that a group of ordinary people have a better chance of being right than a single expert. In the matter regarding whether I constituted a danger to the Pyramid, the ten jurors' collective opinion – even though they were just ordinary people – would apparently be more correct than the Invisible Hand's own opinion – even though he was more educated than all these jurors put together: as long as, that is, the jurors deliberated in isolation. Wes was giving me a hint that a jury had been set up to deliberate whether I was a danger to the Pyramid. I would not get the message immediately, but would get it in a few days. I needed to become aware, or at least given a hint, of what was going on behind the scene in order for the mini-trial to become squarely part of the Microspherian conspiracy. This was suddenly an urgent task because, as you shall soon see, DGHTRCOM had realized he had made a grave mistake in instituting the mini-trial. Something terrible was about to happen.

Other than this, it seems that Wes was testing me by continually affirming my sexual appetite for the Pyramid despite my denial. It was the same technique which the MSS director had used on me in Shanghai and which was typical of the communist regimes: the rule of the opposite to test for the maximum. When they want you to do something or be some way, they would tell you they want you to do the opposite of that something or be the opposite of the way they want you to be. The Invisible Hand and the SVR Legend wanted me to refrain from sexually desiring the Pyramid, and so they instructed Wes to make me believe that everyone wanted me to sexually desire her. If I still denied I wanted sex with the Pyramid despite being encouraged to want to have sex with her, then I would definitely be "safe" when I should get paired up with her. The jury could now safely assume that I wouldn't force sex upon the Pyramid.

My next recording is: "[knowenoughetc_4_21_10_1054-1149PM.WMA](#)": When I left the library (7:00)

I kept reflecting on my work on Fermat's principle and wondered if my contribution to the solution of the enigma associated with it actually counted for something. Perhaps it was not a big deal? I murmured: "You have to know a lot in order to know whether what you know is a big deal" (11:00) Then: "At least I know enough to know that I need to know enough to know whether what I know is actually enough" (12:20). Then: "At least I do know enough to know that I don't know enough to know whether what I know is enough, and I know enough to know that this statement... is good" (14:30). Bravo! I came to Dell Taco on 41:00 and was ready to transfer all the videos I had shot tonight from my camcorder to my Toshiba Satellite. I was about to have my surprise. I pulled the SD card out of my camcorder and inserted it into my laptop. But, suddenly, my Toshiba could no longer detect the SD card.

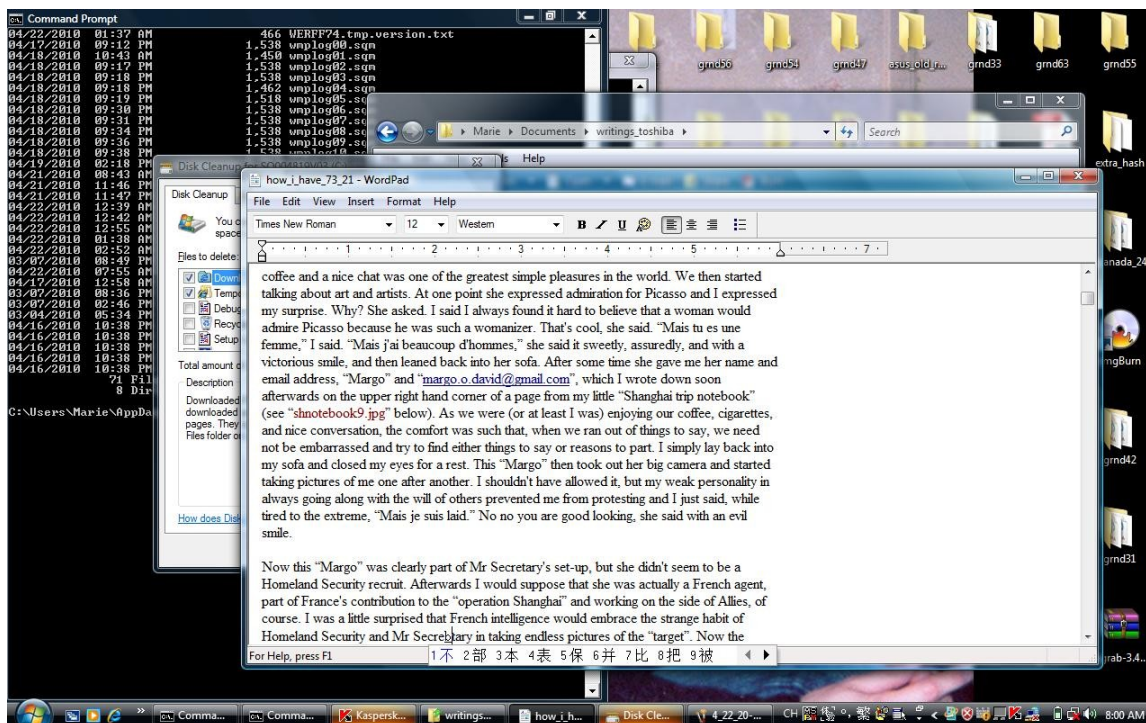
My next recordings are: "[tacosubwycnflct_4_22_10_1201-1243AM.WMA](#)" and "[knkosgnclfammalfunct_4_22_10_1253-310AM.WMA](#)". Knowing that it was the control center which was causing my computer and electronics to malfunction again, I screamed and cried. The Monkey had a very upsetting night, for he had made a fool of himself in front of his daughter (he didn't understand art) and was then confronted with the evidence that I was "sexually safe" for the Pyramid, and so he vented his anger on me by depriving me of my videos which had always disgusted him. After throwing a tantrum in Dell Taco, I moved to Subway. Amidst Hispanic strangers' laughter, I complained to the control center: "I don't want the Pyramid, give my data back to me, don't give me a girlfriend, just leave me alone..." I began crying to the Daughter People: "I'm sorry I have saved you..." (3:30). "I will never save you again, I'm sorry..." It truly upset me that this was how the Russians repaid me for saving their lives. Then, suddenly, my data came back: my Toshiba Satellite had detected the SD card, and I could now transfer the videos into my laptop. I was so thankful, murmuring to the Daughter People: "If I can kill you I will, just leave me alone from now on..." In reality, it was just the Monkey who, happy that I was willing to give up his daughter, allowed me to use my computer equipment again. I sighed: "I lost the Pyramid, but in the end, I got one down..." (19:30). I was referring to "Daddy Chertoff." I looked at my videos and sighed at the beauty of Connie Nielsen. I confessed sadly that it did not matter how smart I was or how nice a person I was. "These are not the qualities the Monkey is looking for, only looks count..." (46:00). After I packed up and left Subway, I began to regret giving up the Pyramid: "I got so desperate that I suddenly preferred my data to the Pyramid" (55:00). I then felt tremendous anger toward the Daughter People: "What a bunch of mother fuckers, they should change their mind about wanting me to save them before they were saved, rather than after!" Suddenly, I felt such excruciating pain from my arm that I had to shout (1:03:00). Because I was upset, I jaywalked, causing drivers to honk at me. I thought I was being tested as to my loyalty to the Pyramid, and I sighed: "You can't break the Pyramid because she has nothing to lose; I can be easily broken because I have so much to lose..." (1:15:30). I walked to the Kinkos a few blocks away to scan all the papers I had printed out (what I thought were the Pyramid's Internet postings) into my flash drive (2:00:00).

My next recording is: "[leaveknkos_4_22_10_310-349AM.WMA](#)": When I plugged my flash drive into my Toshiba Satellite, however, everything malfunctioned again, and the USB drive was not detected by my laptop. I felt suddenly lured to say, "kxxx the Pyramid!" and at the same time the guy sitting near

me was remotely controlled to move as a way to signal “evidence taken”. I quickly retracted my statement and specified that I only wanted the demise of every other member of the Pyramid’s family but not the Pyramid herself. The Pyramid’s father must have been waiting for this slip of the tongue on my part with his non-stop causation of the malfunctioning of all my electronics in order to confirm his false profile of me as the autistic psychopath who desired the death of the Pyramid. I began crying on 8:30. Then, suddenly a police officer carrying a gun came in, wanting to get some photos laminated, and he came straight to me to say, “I’m gonna get a copy of this, I’ll come back” (13:00). I thought it was DGHTR who wanted to offer me a gun with which to realize my death wish. I thus murmured: “We want the Monkey dead for making my computer malfunction...” (18:00). Then: “I am willing to kxxx him if they give me the gun...”

April 22 (Thursday)

After 3 AM I went to sleep in the street corner behind the Kinkos, and woke up around 7 AM. My first recording of the new day is: “[wkbus2dwntwnnrslutn_4_22_10_7-930AM.WMA](#)”: When I came inside Coffee Bean, people were singing “happy birthday” (7:00). I’m not sure whether these people were remotely controlled to pass me a message. By 53:00 I was on the bus going to my storage facility in downtown. On the bus I murmured: “I want to see the Pyramid’s father dead, that should be easier than getting a girlfriend” (1:05:50). I took my Toshiba Satellite out to do some writing. Suddenly, the Microsoft IME on my laptop malfunctioned and produced a Chinese character “bu” (“No”), reminding me of “Bxxxxxxxx”. Apparently the Macrospherian Daughter People wanted to make sure that I was locked up in a conspiracy with the Monkey against them when I suffered so much, so that they had commanded the Monkey to signal his signature to me. On 2:10:00, my computer malfunctioned again. I was so devastated that I went into great pain, and moaned throughout my bus ride (2:13:00). When I got off the bus on 2:20:00, I protested: “I’m not gonna do anything until I see the Pyramid’s family dead” (2:23:00). Then: “I don’t see any values in these White Mexican Monkeys” (2:27:30).



Monkey commanded to signal “bu” to me so as to lock me up in conspiracy with him.

My next two recordings are: “[tostorage_4_22_10_930-947AM.WMA](#)” and “[storage_4_22_10_947-1125AM.WMA](#)”. I came to my storage unit in the fifth floor after exhausting myself coming up the stairs (because I was carrying so much computer equipment) (4:00). I decided in my negative mood: “I should stay away from the Pyramid in order to avoid computer malfunctioning. She is so scary; because of her machines will malfunction. Nothing is more scary in the world than machine malfunctioning” (20:30). I was panting and breathing heavily, going into a seizure because of the malfunctioning of my computer earlier (25:00). “If the Pyramid shows up we’ll run away, because machine malfunctioning is too devastating, but we’ll never give up the idea of wanting her father dead, or her entire family except her. That’s the meaning of my life, I have to see his dead body...” (49:00). I then made my resolution in view of my slip of the tongue last night: “Don’t ever want to hurt the Pyramid.” After I was done with putting my newly burned discs into my storage unit, while I was getting some snack in the nearby food mall, I resolved: “I want to see the entire Bxxxxxxx genealogy becoming extinct, except for the Pyramid. The Monkey wants grandchildren, I’ll make sure not a single drop of the Beau Visage blood remains on the planet...” Just then my arm hurt (1:15:00). It’s not clear to me whether it was DGHTR (or rather the Invisible Hand) who, hating the Monkey, was applauding me or whether it was the Monkey who liked it when I fit his false profile of me as a dangerous person. Soon my computer malfunctioned again. I begged: “DGHTR please kill them for me,” and I moaned (1:20:00). I went into a seizure again, panting, and having difficulty in breathing (1:23:00).

My next recording is: “[storagebus2cgikanglfammx_4_22_10_1125AM-229PM.WMA](#)”: While on the

bus going back to Westwood, at a certain point, I clarified to the control center how I was not wanting the death of the Pyramid's parents because I couldn't get a girlfriend – it had always been like that for me and so it was not a reason for any extraordinary reaction – but because my computer malfunctioned. It would be strange to others – that one would want to xxxxxx another person simply because one's computer had malfunctioned: the two seemed unrelated – but that was precisely the beauty of it, I shouted. As you shall see, I would not only fantasize xxxxing others, but would also want to xxxx myself when my machines malfunctioned. I idiotically thought that this was actually some sort of trick from DGHTR, that he wanted me to xxxx people for such idiotic reasons so that I might appear schizophrenic – and perhaps in the process I may be secretly transferred out of the country to DGHTRLND. When I was in Westwood again, I had to eat food out of the trash can (2:20:00 or so). I actually thought that DGHTR wanted to train me into a “xxxxer”, and I commented that I *would* take a gun to shoot the Pyramid's father (not the Pyramid of course).

My next recording is: “[cginikkiopcc_4_22_10_246-343PM.WMA](#)”: I then came inside the Chicago School to find Nikki. I told her how my computer was malfunctioning but of course she was not interested in the matter and quickly sent me away. On 12:00 or so I realized that it didn't make sense for DGHTR to want *me* to xxxx the Pyramid's father because he wouldn't want to offend the Pyramid. As I walked out of the Chicago School I kept mumbling how I would not forget about this. I then got on the bus to go to Santa Monica. Now the Hispanic woman sitting next to me on the bus was doing cross-word puzzle. When she filled in “bailar”, I actually had the impression that the Monkey had orchestrated this to convey a secret message to me (to meet the Pyramid at a dance)!

Then my next two recordings are: “[wstwdattbstbykanglfam_4_22_10_343-644PM.WMA](#)” and “[uclaelenagr_4_22_10_644-838PM.WMA](#)”. I came to OPCC but didn't find Brian. I got some free food and left and came back to Westwood. After my crazy fantasy, I was in the reference reading room on the first floor of the UCLA Research Library. I looked into a book “Who's Who in Mexico”. The librarian gave me the reference number to a book and I went to the book shelves behind to find it. I thought I was looking for a book which may clarify the Pyramid's royal lineage, but in this book there happened to be a book mark on the page where an entry was recorded on Elena Garro. At the time I really thought this was DGHTR giving me a hint as to the family origins of the Pyramid. Later I would think it was most likely the Pyramid's family who wanted (or who were commanded) to impart on me a metaphor of the Pyramid's role in the upcoming PLANMEX. Despite the Monkey's reluctance, DGHTRCOM had ordered the Pyramid's family to accommodate me – but most likely because he wanted to make the whole preparation for PLANMEX into part of the conspiracy against him, for reasons you shall soon see. I was however still reading through the other entries in the other reference books noting down every “Arias” and “Elena” hoping to locate the Pyramid's royal lineage (by 27:00).

The remainder of my time in the library is recorded in: “[uclalibupset_4_22_10_847-1104PM.WMA](#)”: I did my research until the library closed. Toward the end, I sighed: Not a single machine that I have owned and touched, and not even my own body parts, belong to me (1:50:40). Always the same thing: getting rid of “Daddy Chertoff” just means that another one is coming along (1:53:30).

My last recording of the day is: “[uclaconfmstrngrrflctn_4_22-23_10_1104PM-1221AM.WMA](#)”:
When I left the library and was on my way to Weswood Village, I harassed several student security guards out of depression. Once again I felt sorry for the Pyramid because I wrongly believed that she would voluntarily submit herself to DGHTR (41:00). And yet I felt at the same time jealous of the Pyramid because I didn’t understand why DGHTR cared so much about her when she had done nothing but wrong to Daughterland and I nothing but right. By 59:45 I began murmuring, “Someday I’ll find a piece of machine that does not malfunction...” Then I prophesied eerily on 1:03:30 or so: “Only if I were allowed to be myself, instead of always being made to look like the opposite of what I really am...” This was about to happen one more time! I continued: “That’s where my disability came from... Other people’s perception... No one will ever believe anything I say as long as I tell the truth... One’s disability is always just a function of other people’s perception...” (up to 1:05:10). Then, on 1:09:00 or so, as I almost reached my sleeping spot behind my old doctor Deborah’s office building, some white vagrant came to ask me for change. I simply told him that I didn’t really believe he had problems (I thought, perhaps erroneously, that he was just an actor sent to me by the control center). Finally, as I was getting ready to settle down in my sleeping spot, I uttered my dilemma: I didn’t really want to damage my relationship with the DGHTRPPL – I didn’t want them to worry that they might piss me off by labeling me “schizophrenic” – but on the other hand I really didn’t want to be looked upon as “schizophrenic” when I wasn’t.

April 23 (Friday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[wkanglefthercntrlroom_4_23_10_420-659AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up a little after 4 AM and began my reflection. I started talking about the Pyramid’s father, realizing that he was trying to put me away, and concluding something like “So in the end we are not allowed to kxxx him... What do we do now?... What does DGHTR think about this?” (6:20 or so) I had also realized that the Monkey had tried to alienate the Daughter People from me. I was upset that I wasn’t even allowed to know who the Monkey was, and that it was no longer possible to know who was commanding the “structure” (my environment)... (11:05). “The machine-controlled [namely, the computerized] environment is no good... Everything [namely, operations planned by different personalities] looks the same...” It was thus impossible to tell who was commanding the environmental changes around me (13:29). The uncertainty surrounding the command structure had even caused me to doubt the food that someone had surreptitiously placed next to me while I was sleeping. Then more unenlightened talk about eliminating the Pyramid’s entire family save the Pyramid herself (23:40 or so). My expressed desire to eliminate the Pyramid’s father (e.g. again on 42:00) was the result of my ignorance of his royal status. I then made the *enlightened* comment that I shouldn’t have been soft-hearted toward Nikki: just because she was fat that didn’t mean she was a nice person – in view of the fact that she had turned out to be the Monkey’s dirty work to harm me. I should have trusted myself and just ignored fat people when I felt like it. I then expressed my displeasure in being duped by the Monkey: Mommy (CIA) could dupe me; Daughter (SVR) could dupe me; Maman (DGSE) could dupe me; but I would not allow myself to be duped by a xxxxxxxx. That is, I had just realized that I was wrong previously when I thought it was DGHTR who was controlling the signaling environment around me. Angry over being duped by the wrong person, I kept shouting “I want to kill this mother

fucker!” (51:00 or so) I then packed up my things and walked into Starbucks for my morning coffee.

On 1:15:30 or so I insisted on not judging people by their appearance in the reverse fashion: I had been duped into not avoiding fat people because the Monkey was imitating DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) in expecting me to want fat people as if it were a sign of moral ascendancy to want to be around fat people – as if fat people were morally purer than skinny people just because they were fat and ugly: and now this fat Nikki turned out to be the devil’s agent! Somebody was remotely controlled to move at the time; it was probably the Invisible Hand applauding me. He had just collected another evidence demonstrating that I was no retard! On 1:18:00 or so I complained about the randomness to which DGHTR’s signaling environment had degenerated, making impossible the hermeneutics to infer what was going on in the control center behind the scene from what was going on on the scene. The incomprehensibility of the happenings around me had begun to take a huge toll on my psyche: I had difficulty living with uncertainty. Now, because of this “Nikki incident”, I said to myself that I should not change my preference when others expected me to. Note that on 1:29:00 or so I mentioned DGHTR’s attempt to break the Pyramid in the unseen world behind the scene. The mini-trial was indeed designed to break her away from her father – and it had already succeeded in this respect two nights ago. On 1:41:30 or so I also began wondering if the picture-taking with my new cellphone was helping the Pyramid’s father in that it might have made me look like a sick electronic voyeur of some sort (thus confirming his false profile of me).

I hid my blanket in the bushes near the UCLA Medical Center (2:07:00). I continued to guess that the Monkey was very feudal-minded. As I was walking, I reflected on the Monkey’s technique from two nights ago: provoking me to sudden desperation such that I would temporarily want my data more than the Pyramid (2:19:50 or so). For his use of such dirty tricks I kept calling him “Mother Fucker”. On 2:31:45 or so I also reflected that anyone fighting Mr Chertoff and having once been subjected to his treatment (alerts and all) would have gone insane. “I hope the Pyramid would understand,” I said (until 2:31:52). Of course she wouldn’t. I was then inside the UCLA Research Library.

My next recording is: “[uclalibelenagpower_4_23_10_7AM-253PM.WMA](#)”. I started complaining that other people just didn’t care about the cause but only complained about the effect (4:00), mostly because they had never had to experience the cause (4:30), and that, because of this, they didn’t care to know about the cause – didn’t care about the Homeland Security reality in which every person around me was recruited to talk to me as if I were a different person, depriving me of human intersubjectivity which everyone else took for granted and which was essential to the maintenance of a healthy human psyche. Then, on 34:50 or so, not knowing that “Think for yourself” on the morning of April 17 was actually the Monkey’s trick, but thinking rather that it was DGHTR telling me things, I thought that, since DGHTR wanted me to have the Pyramid, the message was nonsensical, and so I concluded erroneously that the message in this message was its very appearance – that miracle could happen, namely, the iron cage of normality could be broken through – and not its content nor its form. I started burning discs by 1:13:00 or so. While the disc was running, I started reading this French book on Elena Garro’s husband “Octavio” (1:21:50). I learned much about Octavio’s history (1:37:45 or so). I videotaped the book and my things on 1:50:00 or so and exited library on 3:13:00 to eat in the cafeteria.

My arm hurt on 3:42:00 just when I had an image of “breaking the Pyramid” in my head – thus was the purpose of the mini-trial made into part of the Microspherian conspiracy against Macrospherian Daughterland: the urgent task at hand. I then went back inside the library to use the computer station and found a pamphlet advertising an event at the Armand Hammer Museum. I erroneously thought that the event might have been planned from the control center for my sake. Then, suddenly, I couldn’t turn off my Toshiba Satellite (6:04:00) and I began videotaping it. My computer was frozen in place (6:07:00): “It’s dead... completely dead...” But it was finally turned off on 6:07:58.

On 6:16:35 or so I thus concluded that I could no longer distinguish between natural and orchestrated machine malfunctioning. (My Toshiba’s inability to turn itself off was probably not orchestrated from the control center.) By 6:29:00 or so I was reviewing and transcribing my recordings. Then I began reading the books I had collected on Elena Garro (6:47:50 or so). When I took a break outside, I reflected on the neocons’ notion of power that “he who dupes is superior” (from 7:46:00 onward). In the traditional form of feudalism, he who has the right to cut off another’s head is superior, on the top of the hierarchy. In the neoconservative scheme of things, the superior in the hierarchy demonstrates his superiority by making up lies and making those on the bottom believe his lies to be reality. There has occurred the interiorization of power. Foucault has mentioned only the first two stages of the evolution of power, not the last stage, in his *Discipline et punir*. In the 1500s the one in power demonstrates his power by spectacular sights of torture and dismemberment of the person on the bottom. Then by the 1800s there has occurred the “minisculization” of power: those in power demonstrate their power by disciplining all those on the bottom into obedient bodies; not with flogs and whips, but with disciplining drills which modified behavior only a little at a time. Now, the neocons demonstrate their power by going into your head, making you believe what they want you to believe and then motivating you to do what they want you to do based on these false beliefs, and finally planting devices into your brain to remotely control your behavior, even without your knowing it. This is the third stage in the evolution of power, the interiorization of power by the powerless, while the first two stages named by Foucault may be called the “exteriorization of power [before power could go] on the path toward interiorization.” I then defined “interiorization of power” as “the ability to influence others against their will” (2:55).

My next recording is: “[coffeebrkuclapower_4_23_10_253-345PM.WMA](#)”. Before I walked back inside the library, I complained about the harshness of DGHTR’s signaling system on my head – its visual art-based messages and metaphors gave me headache such as I had not experienced with the secret messages from the MSS and the CIA.⁵³ By 36:00 I was inside the library continuing my reading of Elena Garro. Then follows my next recording: “[uclalibcmputjunggathegel_4_23_10_352-753PM.WMA](#)”. For the rest of the time I was reading Patricia Rosas Lopategui’s *Testimonios sobre Elena Garro* and taking notes from it. I was surprised to learn that Octavio was very machismo toward Elena, but that, even so, Elena regularly discussed poetry with him. I wondered if the “script” for my one-year friendship with the Pyramid might be based on Elena Garro’s biography. At some point, when I suddenly said to myself that the Monkey was very much like “Daddy Chertoff”, the phone on the librarian’s desk rang. The Invisible Hand, under the Daughter People’s command, was trying to make

53 I failed to understand that it was in fact the CIA which was orchestrating my environment right now.

me realize what the Monkey had done – that he had forged a profile of me claiming Mr former Secretary had never lied much about me.

By 1:37:00 or so I had finished my share of the reading for today and went to the computers. By 2:09:00 – it was 6 PM – I left the library. Just as I was leaving, a child cried out loud in this university library, causing me to want to vomit (2:10:20). The next thing that came to my mind was the thought that, because I was so ugly, any father might object to my being paired up with his daughter (2:21:00 or so). On 2:28:00 or so, when I passed by the auditorium, I asked a stranger what the fuss was about. She told me that some sort of Jungian lecture was going on there. I thought the whole thing was orchestrated from the control center for my sake – not realizing that other people still had a life to live despite the trial that was going on in the International Court. I was suffering from serious thought-disorder, thinking that every single event in my surrounding was orchestrated from the control center, just because it had happened before and I knew it was possible. I was dissatisfied with Jungian analysis. To counter the Jungian lecture I proposed Hegel’s dialectics in his grand system. “As the Geist progresses, it shakes off categories to make itself full” (2:43:00 or so).

I soon entered the Student Union and sat down in front of the public computer there. I found first on Google Books, and then on Zeno dot Com, Hegel’s *Enzyklopädie* and began reading out loud the progression of the categories. It was a synchronic system, I explained to DGHTR and others who may be watching me from the control center (2:50:10). But I soon rightly concluded that the Pyramid would not like this kind of things (3:06:55 or so). On 3:22:30 or so I gave out to the control center the gist of the Hegelian system, that it consists in the insight that complex things evolve out of simple things and that once things become complex they would not reverse course. I then related it to myself, that once I had my anger outburst, it would be as if the category in question had been shaken off and the next time I would consequently not have the same sort of anger outburst again. This is because, once a thing (like an emotion) has been shaken off, it would just become part of the memory rather than an active element (3:23:40 or so). I was showing off to everyone in the control center my great insight into human psychology. (But more on this, later.)

April 24 (Saturday)

I fell asleep inside the Ackerman Student Union last night, was awakened by student security, and then went to the street corner in Westwood Village to sleep. My first recording of the new day is: “**wkwoldman_4_24_10_440-914AM.WMA**”: Something new was to start this morning, my direct conversation with the Pyramid’s father via his remote control of an old American white man – who shall simply be referred to as the “Old Man” – now that the very purpose of the mini-trial had become part of the Microspherian conspiracy. The Pyramid’s father was forced to incorporate me into PLANMEX – although he would continue to bargain for concessions from me. He was embarrassed about his slandering of me, but still felt righteous because he believed that it was injustice to require a superior being like himself to be mixed up with an inferior being like me.

I woke up a little after 4:30 AM and walked to the Coffee Bean on Westwood and Weyburn. Starbucks

was closed for a mysterious reason in order to divert me to Coffee Bean. I sat down on a table with my coffee and began writing the chapter “Frankfurt and Brussels” of this “Secret History” – all the while I was comparing the Taiping Rebellion in China (the last warfare fought with spears and knives) with the contemporaneous American Civil War (the first warfare fought with machines) and commenting that, after industrialization, “will power” no longer mattered but only machines, and the industrial backbones which produced these machines. Then, this “Old Man” appeared and slowly sneaked up to me and sat down on the same table in front of me. For no particular reason, I responded to him and began chatting with him, not knowing that he was remotely controlled by the Monkey. I shall mention here the key moments of our conversation like I have done earlier with Nikki: **(1)** After introducing himself as a retired engineer who had now picked up the habit of writing short stories (!), the Old Man said he was now writing a story about a character who was writing short stories about a character. I had no idea that the Monkey, as a Microspherian, was required by the Macrospherians to pass me a hint (a “secret message”) concerning the structure of the second run: DGHTRCOM had written a script for me who was daily writing this “Secret History of the International Court of Justice”.⁵⁴ This, so that the idea of the second run may be made into part of the Microspherian conspiracy which the Macrospherians had simply adopted as a “good idea” or a “good resource”, making themselves immune to charges of conspiracy with me. You see, as I have mentioned, something very terrible was brewing behind the scene, and DGHTRCOM and his Macrospherian Daughter People had begun to shield themselves from the upcoming disaster by stuffing one thing after another of the second run (the breaking of the Pyramid through the mini-trial, the “script”) into the Microsphere as part of the “terrorist conspiracy” against them. On the other hand I would only gradually realize that the Monkey was assuming the Pyramid’s interests in order to appease her. **(2)** The Old Man talked to me about the distinction between “good con” and “bad con” (1:48:00). He wanted me to be a “good con” making a profit out of my writing. I had at the time completely missed this definitive sign of the Monkey’s mentality: nothing is worthwhile unless it could be integrated into the economic circuit of exchange and profit. The Monkey was a business man. I simply thought that this was what DGHTR’s script had required. On 1:48:45, the Old Man talked about how impossible it was to glorify a “con man” in the movies. I have ever since developed the impression that the Monkey may have been involved in financial scams before. Thus the Old Man encouraged me “to make money and survive” (1:49:30), what for the Monkey was the essence of a worthy human being. On 1:50:30 the Old Man noted further how he had written about good cons and bad cons. The most important aspect of this conversation was that, just like the last time, when the Monkey was remotely controlling the Old Man to speak to me (“talking through the Old Man”) as required by the Macrospherians to complete our Microspherian conspiracy, he was frequently actually addressing to his daughter the Pyramid, who was watching the show in her capacity as one of the jurors. Since the Pyramid was angry with the Monkey for having deceived her, the Monkey was trying to appease her by justifying his behavior as that of a “good con”: a “con man” though he was, he did it for her benefit. **(3)** Next comes the first mystery in the Monkey’s words: his emphasis that laptop was “my way of life” and not his – and I would end up insisting when he told me to write short stories in long hand that, given the length of my writing and the considerations about security (written papers are not easily duplicated and are easily lost), I would always have to write on my laptop (computer files

54 That is, he is writing a script about someone who’s writing a script about DGHTRCOM writing a script about him writing a script...

can be easily duplicated). The best explanation is that the Monkey simply could not overcome his tremendous disgust with me, and that he was still trying to alienate the Pyramid from me by showing the Pyramid – who must have been writing short stories by hand – that I on the other hand wrote long treatises on computers. This is another indication that the Pyramid was just like myself during my undergraduate years when I so disliked computers that I actually hoped computers had never existed. (4) On 1:53:55 or so the Old Man himself spoke in no uncertain terms: “I guess I like to make money...” The Monkey was a business man! (5) On 1:56:40 the Old Man emphasized once more that his way was to write out on manuscripts and then mail these out to publishers. Since the Pyramid’s father was not a writer but a money-maker, he must be telling me about the Pyramid’s habit in order to demonstrate to the Pyramid – who was, again, watching us – the enormous contrast between her way and my way, such that he may justify his deception of her as “for her benefit”. The Monkey may also have been required by the Macrospherians to bring up the issue about my addiction to electronic communication in order to turn it into part of the Microspherian conspiracy. Recall that BOL had gathered together a “study group” one of whose concerns was with the damaging effects which electronic communication (from text-messaging to emails) had inflicted on the human brain. By making electronic communication a part of the Microspherian “terrorist conspiracy” – insofar as the terrorist suspect (me) was thoroughly immersed in it – the Macrospherians could afterwards reverse this conspiracy and have the International Court issue a judgment requiring all nations to implement the program which BOL’s study group would have devised to combat the brain-killing effects of electronics. (6) The Old Man said that all his manuscripts were sent back after they were mailed out to publishers. Does this mean that the Pyramid had many times sent out her short stories to publishers only to have these rejected and sent back to her? She may have then many times told her father and mother at dinner table that she had once more sent out manuscripts only to have them rejected by a publisher. (7) Upon my asking him when in his life he started writing, the Old Man hesitated a short time and then said he learned writing by apprenticeship. This was probably just the Monkey’s attempt to make up answers about things of which he had no idea. I have never heard of “learning to write by apprenticeship”. (8) Then comes the punch line of this meeting: the Old Man said something about writing letters to the girls he liked, a method more personal than “my way”. At once the Monkey was telling me about the kind of communication which the Pyramid must have preferred as if it were his own in order to win back as much as he could her confidence, while making the contrast visible for her once more between her personal ways and my technological ways. The agenda of the “study group” was combined with the Monkey’s own intention to appease his daughter. But the Monkey was also passing me a message, that I should go to the newsstands inside Little Tokyo’s Mall to pick up something, just as I had originally wanted when I gave the Pyramid my portrait of her. This would be pretty much one of the only two things I would pick up immediately from this conversation. (9) Note now the Monkey’s justification of his actions to the Pyramid once more: on 2:07:57 the Old Man said, “We all live a life that our parents want us to live...” (10) Interestingly, the Old Man actually said something on 2:08:25 or so which I had always been saying, that computers and technology create loneliness. This could very well have been the Pyramid’s frequent complaint about computers and electronics. It was a universal complaint shared by all intellectuals critical of modernity. Does this mean that the Pyramid had frequently felt lonely? As I would be able to confirm years later, she had very little socialization beyond her large family. She never went out, never hanged out with friends. But

more importantly, the complaint came from BOL's study group which was making all the ills concerning electronics into part of the Microspherian "terrorist conspiracy". (11) On 2:14:55 the Monkey once again spoke his view about the "essential human being" – getting a job, and "That's how you are able to get ahead in the world".

(12) The Old Man mentioned how "virus may come into my computer" around 2:20:00 or so in the recording. The Monkey was per the Macrospherians' requirement hinting to me that he wanted to protect his superior lineage against my defective genes. (13) The Old Man said I was a "good analyst" (2:31:00 or so). The Monkey must have either understood some of my infinite series of analyses of cause and effects or have seen admiration on the face of those around him inside the Cave. This, despite his lack of interests in anything intellectual. This comment should be considered together with the Monkey's incessant comment to me that "I should have been a lawyer". The Old Man then said he was "old-fashioned" (2:34:00 or so). (14) The Old Man was persuading me to sell my writings again (2:41:00). (15) On 2:37:45 you can hear the Monkey once again justifying himself and covering up his embarrassment after being caught stealing PLANMEX: "They are fighting for a way of life, *just as I'm fighting for a way of life.*" Note however that the Old Man was specifically referring to some oppressed people fighting to liberate themselves. The Monkey was trying to appeal to the Pyramid again – since he was rich and enjoyed robbing the poor (such as me), it was unlikely that he would have sympathy for "oppressed people". He was thus trying to build up some commonality with the Pyramid which means that the Pyramid must be left-leaning and interested in revolutionary ideologies and sentiments.⁵⁵ (16) The Old Man started talking about the Pope. Together with the Hispanic man's "La Opinion" on April 10 (the news item about Vatican's troubles over the sexual misconducts of its priests), the Monkey must have placed high stake in Catholicism although he was unlikely to be a devout believer. The Pyramid herself was also a non-believer. (17) The conversation about the problem of "goals" occurs on 3:01:00. The Old Man's point was basically that it was sometimes good that one did not get to one's goal since the process would have accomplished a good effect on oneself anyway, such as "getting pushed hard." I pointed out that he was basically trying to hide his goal in a more noble and wise sounding framework by redefining his real goal as some "better side effect of some other unobtainable goal" – a mere play of words to make himself sound wise to the easily duped Pyramid. The Monkey was perhaps telling me that I should not get the Pyramid in the end and that it would be better for me that way since I would have been "pushed hard" while trying vainly to get her. Well, so, in the end, what was going on was easy enough to figure out: in order to keep himself afloat in PLANMEX, he needed to incorporate me and pair me up temporarily with his daughter the Pyramid, but since he found me too inferior, he was looking for a nice-sounding pretext to reject me eventually without offending anyone and thus losing his share in PLANMEX. It was of course hard to imagine that either DGHTRCOM or the Invisible Hand would be duped by such a simple trick in hypocrisy, although the unenlightened Pyramid might not see the trick. Around 3:04:00 or so the Old Man said something like I argued well like a lawyer – a sure sign that it was the Monkey who was talking from behind the scene, and this should remind you of his same comment through the vagrant white male on April 6 in the typing room. Evidently enough, a business man like the Monkey who had never had any education in the domain of letters could only associate clear thinking with lawyers, the only

55 Again, how much of this conclusion from the original version is true we can't say today.

argumentative entities he could ever encounter in the business world. I again had to tell the Old Man about the distinction between a lawyer – whose business it is to *win* an argument – and a philosopher or scientist – whose business it is to *discover the truth* with arguments. (18) The Old Man asked me what the first sentence of my book was. I spelled it out: “It has been said that Homer’s Iliad may properly be named ‘The wrath of Achilles’. This story of mine may also be properly named ‘The wrath of the former Secretary of Homeland Security’...” “This is a good sentence,” the Old Man said, “It will sell”. I didn’t know that the Monkey was commanded by the Macrospherians to pass me a hint about the upcoming crisis with which everyone was concerned: “Daddy Chertoff” was about to “flip” back into life – something about which DGHTRCOM and everyone else were infinitely more worried than about my chances with the Pyramid. And yet I had almost entirely forgotten about “Daddy’s” existence. (19) The “UCLA Vagrant Woman” showed up on 3:11:11 or so – a strangely chipped entity because she was already mentally confused. (I had been running into her daily in the UCLA area since 2007; she was a former UCLA student who had however lost her head, and who was now, at her old age, everyday lingering around the campus – and now she was “chipped”.) (20) A very significant moment of my conversation with the Old Man occurred on 3:16:30 or so when he started on the example of general relativity. From the way in which the Old Man incorrectly described the problem regarding the bending of the path of light from a distant star when passing near the sun to reach the earth (“The space pushed the photons away,” he said on 3:18:00 or so) it appeared that the Monkey had just found this example from a textbook somewhere and was only citing it from memory, without the book in front of him. He then made the completely incorrect statement that “I knew geometry better than he” as if the knowledge regarding the bending of light under gravitational influence was a matter of knowing geometry, which showed that he must have simply cited the problem from a book without prior knowledge of physics at all. My worry concerning this part of the conversation was that there was simply no way for people unfamiliar with the issue to know that the Monkey’s comprehension of the problem was incorrect. Since recovering the confidence of the Pyramid must have been the Monkey’s primary goal, the Pyramid must know very little about sciences. Then the most mysterious thing occurred on 3:20:00 or so. After the Old Man confirmed to me again that he was a retired electrical engineer (since he was really an engineer, his misunderstanding of general relativity could only have resulted from the fact that it was not he, but someone else who was not an electrical engineer, who was talking through him) he suddenly corrected my mistake that the bending of light was a problem of special relativity – when I was trying to spell out the origin of “special relativity” in the attempt to resolve the mysterious inconsistencies within Maxwellian electromagnetism, the Old Man suddenly corrected me saying, “No, that’s special relativity”, which was correct. Evidently at this moment there was a sudden change of personnel behind the scene. The Monkey knew nothing of physics, and yet suddenly another person who *was* possessed of the knowledge of physics must have signaled to him inside the control center that he was making mistakes and then taken over the remote control. Who was this second person? I have a feeling that it was some other relative of the Pyramid’s who *was* an electrical engineer – but this is immaterial here. This incident also indicates just how superb a technology the *dispositif* for the remote control of human beings was. The Old Man was talking smoothly and normally, without any hint that he was “possessed”; that something was wrong was only manifested through such sort of inconsistency in his speech – which here is a second clear instance of

people's being remotely controlled to talk which I have recorded.⁵⁶ (21) Amazingly however, the Old Man then returned to his lack of expertise. He suddenly couldn't understand my statement that the characterization of the problem of the bending of light when it passed through a gravitational field ("light passing through space which has been bent such that it no longer travels in a seemingly straight path" (3:25:30)) was conceptual and had nothing to do with any comprehension of mathematical equations, which fact seems to show that the other "controller" who was knowledgeable in physics had immediately retreated after covering for the Monkey, who had now returned to the remote control of the Old Man.⁵⁷

(22) The Monkey next demonstrated his shallow understanding of the Asian world (3:27:00). The Old Man had heard of Han as the major ethnic division of the Chinese world, and had this stereotype of the Mongols as nothing other than warriors. (23) The Monkey had the habit of saying things that sounded good but which were simply unrealistic, such as "You make your own life" (3:31:00 or so) and then "God will look favorably upon you" (3:32:40 or so). (24) On 3:35:00 or so I started asking the Old Man about his family structure, thinking incorrectly that he was a "real person" sent in by DGHTR to bond with me and train me. How wrong was I! (25) On 3:39:00 or so the Monkey manifested his lack of expertise again saying that the diagram of "light's bending while passing near the sun" which I had drawn on the newspaper was a geometrical problem. In order to correct him, I simply rephrased my characterization, "When the star appears to be *here*, it's actually *there*." (26) The Monkey made another comment (through the Old Man) about my skillfulness in argumentation on 3:42:00 or so, something with which he was quite concerned. (27) The Old Man asked me the strangely stupid question regarding the function of the express card slot on the side of my laptop (3:44:00). Since the Monkey was a business man he must own a laptop and know what an express card was. It seems that he was once more trying to disgust the Pyramid with my knowledge of electronic gadgets. The Pyramid must not know what an express card was. She certainly had very little knowledge of laptops and probably hated such entities anyway. She didn't even own one – she herself had told me before that her computer was an old Dell desktop. When I answered that I needed the express card slot to import videos from my camcorder I had thus fallen into the Monkey's trap: the Pyramid, ever since her father's "film festival" on April 1, must have been thoroughly disgusted by the sight of my videotaping things and people and then importing the videos into my Toshiba Satellite like some sort of electronic freak. I parted with the Old Man on 3:54:00.

My next recording is: "[laundrodghtrpctangltoucla_4_24_10_931AM-103PM.WMA](#)". Immediately, I commented that the Old Man, when bragging about the advantage of hand-written letters, was probably encouraging me to go to my Little Tokyo spot to find a message from the Pyramid. It was a secret message from the control center. I would go, although I was also skeptical, wondering if it might be some sort of test. By 7:20 or so I was at the laundromat ready to do laundry – just in case I might run into the Pyramid tonight in Little Tokyo. On 41:00 I noticed a white man of 50 or so with white hair

56 Again, this is the interpretation from the original version. Today we have the impression that there was in fact no change of personnel behind the remote control of the Old Man – the computer had simply prompted the Old Man to speak his knowledge of relativity which he had learned as part of his training in electrical engineering.

57 Again, probably just so much bullshit here.

and who was with a middle-aged woman coming to sit near me with a newspaper in hand. He told me he was “guarding” the woman. Soon afterwards I would comprehend that this was DGHTR’s (actually, the Invisible Hand’s) metaphor telling me he would have to guard the Pyramid from me to ensure her safety. Besides that, a huge noise occurred in the laundromat when I was taking a look at the wound on my arm: DGHTR’s (actually, the Invisible Hand’s) message to me that it was all because I had cut myself. What was going on was apparently that, while it was decided that I would be paired up with the Pyramid for PLANMEX, many members of the Pyramid’s family were still concerned about my self-mutilation behavior and that the Invisible Hand had thus to answer to them in case anything should happen. In reality, however, it’s because DGHTRCOM had already decided in advance that the Monkey should win this mini-trial. (You shall see why later.) By 1:14:00 when I was leaving the laundromat, I began reflecting on the Old Man’s hypocrisy: if he didn’t want to reach his goal because he desired rather the side effect of being “pushed hard” while trying to reach his goal, then why didn’t he just say his goal was to be “pushed hard”? “Please don’t say that your goal is this and then try to reach another goal.” I was just afraid, I continued, that they (namely the Pyramid’s parents) were not going to let me attain the Pyramid and wanted me to strive for her and, when the moment of refusal should come, would just tell me, “Well, you’ve got pushed hard in the process, so all is not wasted...” “Why don’t you just tell me that I couldn’t have the Pyramid then?” Some driver was remotely controlled to honk his horn (1:15:10) – I believe that was my DGHTR agreeing with me.

My next recording is: “[dupngcybrcafeafearlttltohyo_4_24_10_159-620PM.WMA](#)”. I walked a long distance back to Westwood Village. On 5:00 or so a black man asked me for a cigarette. I had to hesitate, not knowing the consequence of handing a cigarette to him in regard to who would be running the “shift” above me and thus my fate with the Pyramid. “Who do you represent?” I asked him. I assumed that the Pyramid would leave me a note in Little Tokyo in the way in which I had instructed her – not knowing that the Monkey had simply remotely controlled someone to leave a “metaphor” of his new demands at the spot without the person even knowing about it, and that this was only to make him my full-blown conspirator as required by the Macrospherians – and so I was not planning to go find the “message” until 6 PM. I decided to ride the bus to cybercafe first to pass the afternoon there. Working on the Internet in cybercafe, I wondered: “Am I being duped? I have to wait until May 4...” (2:04:00). When I was using my own Toshiba Satellite, it again froze repeatedly to frustrate me. By 3:43:40 I was on the bus going to Little Tokyo. I was worried that I might find nothing.

My next recording is: “[lttltohyomssgcybercafeangleprnts_4_24_10_620-1042PM.WMA](#)”: I was now in Little Tokyo, excited, as if it were the moment of truth. By 11:20 or so I began searching the first newspaper stand in front of J-Wave. I was upset: “She wants to play the game of Amélie... I will continue to get this kind of strange stuff...” I was losing my patience. I found in total one local news magazine printed in Japanese and another post card left underneath the news stand. I guessed there was a “secret message” embedded in one of the articles inside the news magazine. I began complaining because I might fail to understand any message in Japanese. I went inside a noodle store to look through the news magazine over dinner. By 5:30, when I was walking to 7th Street to catch the bus to go back to cybercafe, I had to complain about the physical exhaustion and expenditure of time which this little game of Amélie was demanding from me. So easy for the Pyramid to do; she just sat there on

the sofa watching, while I had to do the actual running – thus I complained (51:40). My next complaint: if anyone were in my shoes, he or she would just go insane (55:58)! How can anyone figure this out? Put the Monkey on the street and see how much he could figure out (57:55). He sits in the control center, I don't even know what he looks like... It's like using a machine gun against a 3 year old kid... (59:00). I'm obviously 100,000 times smarter than you, Monkey, if I guess anything right at all... I was on the bus by 1:23:00. While on the bus, I had identified the article in the Japanese news magazine which seemed to be embodying a "secret message". I continued to complain out of annoyance: "They don't know how hard I have to work to decipher secret messages..." (1:29:00). The article was about Tina Fey's 2008 movie "Baby Mama". I was in the cybercafe by 1:49:00 and began researching on the Internet for this movie. Reading information about this movie – Tina Fey was an infertile working woman and hired a surrogate mother to have a baby for her – I got the "message" which the Monkey was trying to convey to me. The Monkey was so terrified of my impregnating the Pyramid that he demanded that the Pyramid and I use a surrogate mother so that my defective genes wouldn't intermix with his superior xxxxxxx genes. I groaned: "Why is it so important to have a baby at all? Why didn't the Pyramid have a baby earlier if it's so important to her family?" (2:01:00) I didn't know that having babies was required by PLANMEX. "Now the Pyramid's father wants me to use a surrogate mother... It doesn't matter, I don't have the right to complain... I just want my one-year..." (2:03:00). As I was watching some video on surrogate mother, I began feeling the insult: "Why can't we just be friends? Why do we have to come up with this?" (2:13:00) "Her family is very very weird... We don't understand this kind of family who are still living in the 17th century... I feel sorry for the Pyramid for having such weird parents" – and the machine in the cybercafe began humming – "virus, babies, surrogate mother..." (2:15:00). Now it was time to examine the post card. It advertised a site at Blog Spot. I typed in the link found on the post card, and it turned out to be a website advertising a movie called "Pain" which was about some struggling artist in the manner of Van Gogh. I was disgusted: "Somehow everyone has to take the exception (Van Gogh) as the norm!" – I was referring to the fact that Van Gogh, the crazy and poor artist who only became famous after death, was actually a rarity in the history of Western art and that the majority of famous artists in fact enjoyed fame and fortune during their life time – "I'm not interested. Weird, the Pyramid's father gets satisfaction from the most ancient form of formality..." (2:25:00). "That's fine... I'm so open-minded, I don't think anyone else can put up with this kind of insult..." (2:27:00). The Monkey, because he was not educated, understood nothing of the philosopher which I had put forth, but, seeing me sort of weird, dirty, cutting myself, and drawing well, thought that I was like a Van Gogh. Somehow the "script" for PLANMEX had now to accommodate the Monkey's unsophisticated imagination and understanding of reality. If you recall Julie's secret message about running a gallery together, the new version of PLANMEX was probably something like: the Pyramid and I would go to Mexico using art as cover; I would play the role of a crazy poor artist, until we make our archaeological discoveries... I continued to complain: "I'm the opposite of feudalism, I don't even care if she goes to the bar every night, gets drunk, and goes home with strangers..." (2:31:00). I then took a break by watching episodes from "Amélie" on Youtube. I noted: "Amélie is a very controlling woman, she plays all these pranks on the guy out of a striving for power over him..." (3:11:00). I was pointing out a different angle from which to view the otherwise amusing behavior of this prankster girl. However, because of the extraordinary degree of my consciousness of the control center, I had difficulty in concentrating on the movie and was failing to

understand the French conversation (3:14:20). I then excused the Pyramid's family by noting how difficult it was for ordinary people to get out of their aesthetics (3:17:30) – for it was certainly due to my ugliness that the Monkey rejected me like this.

My last recording of the day is: "[leaveascula_4_24-25_10_1102PM-1237AM.WMA](#)": I would return to Westwood afterwards to work a little more on my writing and then sleep in the street corner.

April 25 (Sunday)

My first recording of the new day is: "[woldmananglctrndoff_4_25_10_641-947AM.WMA](#)". I woke up and walked into Coffee Bean. Both the Old Man and the Vagrant Woman were there to greet me. Guess what, the Vagrant Woman said to me, "Have you ever been in Mexico? It's a beautiful place..." I had no idea what this was about, and so simply mentioned my experience with Tijuana. Little did I know at the time that the Vagrant Woman was in fact the Pyramid's mother's remote control! The Pyramid's mother was inviting me to PLANMEX with a smile, unlike the Pyramid's father. After I said okay to the Monkey's plan last night, she was called in too. She was required by the Macrospherians to hint to me that PLANMEX was about going to Mexico in order to solidify our conspiracy with Boss Cheney. After some chitchat with the Vagrant Woman, another old lady showed up (23:00). She acted like an acquaintance of the Old Man, and I have never been sure of her role in all this. I shall nickname her "the Other Old Lady". The Old Man then talked about stocks and bonds (27:00) and a little about himself. He was born and raised in Minneapolis, had been to Italy and Germany during the 1950s, and was drafted during World War Two. He was a liberal Republican, like "Rockefeller Republican". The Old Man also mentioned that his wife of 56 years was a painter. These details were really about *his* life, not about the Monkey who was controlling him. He talked more about his short stories (1:02:00), about his son (1:04:00), about the 1950s (1:06:00), and about his younger brother (1:11:00).

The Old Man and the UCLA Vagrant Woman then took me to breakfast in Burger King (1:19:00 or so). On 1:32:00 the Vagrant Woman suddenly asked me when I became homeless. The person who was talking through her had forgotten that I had never told her that I was homeless. Then both the Old Man and the Vagrant Woman invited me to raise our drinks, "Toast to the future!" We were celebrating PLANMEX, it seemed. At the time I actually thought that the Pyramid herself was occasionally talking through the Vagrant Woman. On 1:37:30 I suddenly commented on how scary children were, referring to the ones that just passed by outside. The Vagrant Woman said, "Oh, I'm sorry..." At the time I wrongly believed that it was the Pyramid who was apologizing to me.

After meeting with the Old Man, I commented to myself: "The Pyramid's father doesn't care about the Pyramid as much as about how he could present her in a nice package to a world that he believes will judge him in the same way that he judges them" (2:50:10). The statement was in fact quite an understatement of the Monkey's rather instrumental attitude toward his daughter. My impression of the Pyramid's father is as follows: that he lacked any appreciation of, and interest in, anything beyond the exterior, that work and product, as long as they were presentable enough to dupe people into believing that they were good, were good enough for him, because work and product were only means to an end:

other people's good opinion; that he thus had no interest in the substance of anything and never saw products and works as ends in themselves; and that he had interest only in how anything looked, and tried always to look good and right because he could not comprehend that others may look beyond good looks and seek inner substance of the matter – hence his obsession with presentation. In conclusion, the Monkey was the exact opposite of Japanese enterprises, whose entire life was devoted to coming up with the best end products for the customers. The Monkey was a scammer, basically.

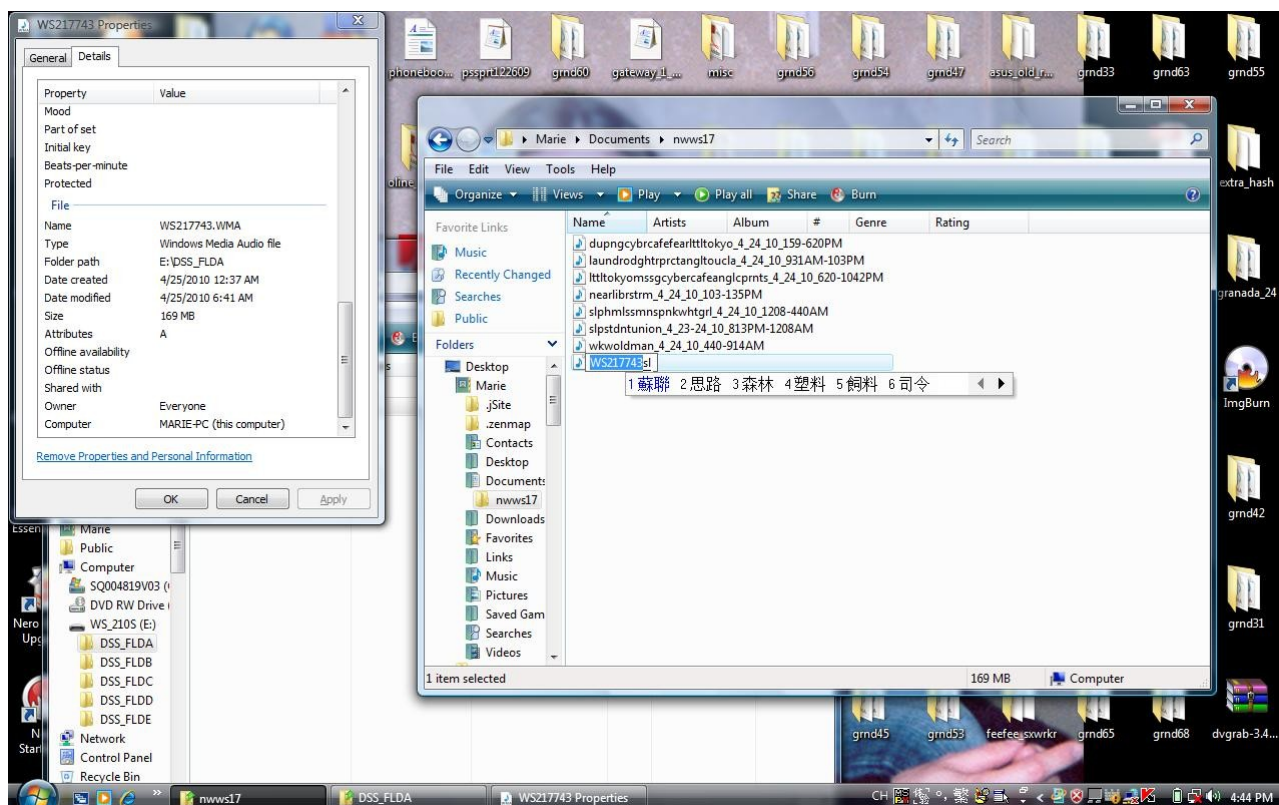
My next recording is: “[anglccontuclabkfairslipstrm_4_25_10_948-1125AM.WMA](#)”. While I was walking into UCLA campus, I commented to myself as to what had gone wrong in the preparation of PLANMEX back in March: although at first the Pyramid's father must have been euphoric that his daughter was spotted by foreign elites for such an opportunity, he soon fell into shock as he saw that “The One” (or “The Legend”) was just a piece of trash, and thus became increasingly resentful toward DGHTR – in addition to, of course, being angry over DGHTR's capture of the Pyramid's heart. There was a book fair going on in UCLA and I was commenting to my recorder on all the books I saw around me. I then settled into the Student Union cafe. There I realized that it had been DGHTR who was protecting the Pyramid from me rather than I who was protecting the Pyramid from DGHTR – how naïve was I to have feared for DGHTR's chipping of the Pyramid (1:08:30 or so). Not surprisingly, children soon came into the UCLA cafe (1:30:07). Then, a young UCLA girl wearing virtually nothing but a shirt saying “Flirt!” came in to sit at the table in front of me. I erroneously thought that it was DGHTR's signal for me to practice talking to girls. Then I erroneously feared that it might be a trap of some kind where, as soon as I should talk to her, she would falsely report me for sexually harassing her and have the security guards throw me out. In reality, it was just the Invisible Hand using the same “method of the opposite” (encouraging me to flirt with girls when he really wanted me to be shy and modest) to gather evidence proving that I was quite modest and thus safe for the Pyramid (if I couldn't even get myself to flirt with girls when I was encouraged to do so, how could I if I knew everyone preferred that I not do so?).

My next recording is: “[napasuclatolib_4_25_10_1125-443PM.WMA](#)”. I was inside the Research Library by 55:00 or so. I took a nap, woke up, and commented: “The last thing I want to become is a Van Gogh” (3:54:00). I would be burning a disc while continuing to read *Testimonios sobre Elena Garro*. I also repeatedly emphasized to the control center that I didn't want this Van Gogh thing... In fact, I preferred not to be engaged in painting anymore. My focus was on my “Secret History”. Then, around 4:44 PM, my Toshiba Satellite was remotely controlled to malfunction and the Chinese characters “Soviet Union” suddenly popped up on my computer screen when I was naming my latest recording files.

My next recording is: “[libdvd4445nofanancialaid_4_25_10_451-647PM.WMA](#)”: As I came in and out of the library, the significant things I did all consisted of my reflections: in regard to how predictable my behavior was to those inside the control center now that they were reading my mind, I noted, “People don't do the opposite of what they want to do just to demonstrate their freedom, hence the vertigo of freedom is useless” (28:00). “Peers should not be allowed to watch one another from the control center; what if I watch the Pyramid urinating?” (1:16:00) I then reflected on my former

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, IV
 The psychology of the ying and the yang: II – Newly Revised Version
 Lawrence C. Chin
 Dec. 2022 – Mar. 2023.

professor Carson, not knowing that she was sitting on the jury (1:28:00). When I passed by some sort of choir (1:53:00), I was so touched by the beauty that I began filming them.



“Soviet Union” popped up on my computer screen, 04/25/10.

My next recording is: “[mxpltcalthistcuntguns_4_25_10_647-848PM.WMA](#)”: Inside Ackerman, I began reading on Google Books a book on Mexican political parties, and then another book about the Zapadista rebellion (30:00). When I was walking away from UCLA on 55:00, the surprising fact prompted me to think that, in Mexico, poor people could actually mount a rebellion against the government using sticks and knife. Just when you think that this International Court trial has put an end to the intelligence business as it is hitherto known, here is something. “In a country with poor infrastructures such as Mexico, there are actually things for intelligence agencies to do...” (57:30). “The neocon system depends on a good infrastructure, a working command structure, then you only need to chip those on the very top to take over the whole society...”

My next recording is: “[brdirmpyrmdasianguyrstrbkwr_4_25_10_906-1138PM.WMA](#)”: I was in Borders in Westwood tonight. I was forced to share the same table with a beautiful Iranian “pyramid” using an external keyboard with her MacBook (reminding me of myself when I had to use an external keyboard for my Eee PC) because there wasn’t any other seat available. It was the Monkey’s setup. Soon an Asian guy came over to have a nice conversation with her in front of me, seeming to be working on some research project together with her (from 1:30 onward). The Asian guy, wearing a

fashionable hat, put on a pair of glasses of the same sort as mine and was thus without doubt my double. That is, in the evidentiary record of the Cave, I had just been “scripted” by the Pyramid’s father as abandoning the Pyramid in favor of some Iranian girl. The Monkey was forced to accommodate me because he was losing the mini-trial – the Invisible Hand had repeatedly proven that I was safe for the Pyramid. But, despite his compromise (“Van Gogh” and all), he still wished to change the script for the second run. Since he couldn’t change my determination (my belief system) he resorted to using a double to produce evidence showing that I had abandoned my desire for the Pyramid. Ever since tonight, however, I would develop an association between things Iranian and the Monkey. When I was leaving Borders, I commented on a dilemma: since the Pyramid was masochistic, caring about her might piss her off (47:30). While on the street, I even saw Dave, a perpetual homeless man, wearing purple. I was shocked.

April 26 (Monday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[woldmanwrthow_4_26_10_536-837AM.WMA](#)”: When I woke up and walked inside Coffee Bean, I found again the Old Man and the UCLA Vagrant Woman waiting for me. On 1:53:00 or so the Old Man started talking to me about “derivatives”. This was natural enough in that the Monkey must be an investment banker himself. The Old Man then talked about how he had studied investment all the time (1:57:00). We can in fact imagine to ourselves a scene of the Pyramid’s family in which her father was always studying papers in front of him trying to decide which stock he should buy next. The Old Man then greeted a doctor who came in (2:01:50 or so). Was there significance in this? On 2:04:20 or so I commented to the Old Man about the beauty in a “pyramid looking sort of retarded”. He had no response because I was certainly talking over the Monkey’s head. Why would someone like him understand anything about a Friedrich Schiller? I only mentioned this to the Old Man because I thought at the time I was under DGHTR’s shift and the Old Man was sent in by him to train my emotions. The UCLA Vagrant Woman kept saying, referring to the doctor whom the Old Man had just greeted, “US government white coat...” (2:06:00). It’s a mystery to me who was talking through the Vagrant Woman. It didn’t sound like it was the Pyramid herself, although I was led to believe that it *was* the Pyramid. The Old Man then commented that he had about 100 different watches. Did it mean that the Pyramid’s father was very into watches and owned like 100 of them? To what degree was the Old Man being remotely controlled? On 2:29:00 the Old Man said his son lived in Woodland Hills. He then spoke of his daughter’s work as “secret”. On 2:34:00 or so the Old Man and I were discussing my stories. The Vagrant Woman left on 2:46:00 or so. The Monkey had very little to say this morning through the Old Man – we were both silent until the end of the recording.

My next recording is: “[knkossndhshopctosmhosp_4_26_10_838-1126AM.WMA](#)”: When the Old Man and I were sitting quietly inside Coffee Bean, Ms CIA operative “Amanda” sudden appeared (5:00). I filmed her with my Toshiba’s webcam. She suddenly had all these wrinkles on her. What was going on was extremely significant. Now that disaster was looming for the Macrospherian Russians and they were busily producing evidences securing every aspect of PLANMEX and the mini-trial as part of the Microspherian conspiracy against them, today they decided to secure the CIA’s legal status as my Microspherian conspirator – this the command structure behind Amanda’s “mission” (to appear

in front of me and the Monkey's remote control) would clearly demonstrate in the eyes of the judge computer. Similarly, the command structure behind yesterday's mysterious appearance of the Chinese characters "Soviet Union" on my computer screen would have secured, in the calculation of the judge computer, everything Russian in my environment as "CIA's fake". That "Russian" was "CIA fake" was then confirmed again when "Amanda" was wearing "fake wrinkles" – when *θυγατεματα* was applied to her. The entire design of the second run was being repeated in preparation for a new battle ahead which would occupy the rest of the second run and determine its meaning.

I left Coffee Bean on 31:00 and went inside Biomedical Library to use the public computers. I received a junk call on my cellphone on 47:00. This new trend would be something significant. I then took the bus to OPCC, was there encouraged to do X-ray, and secured an appointment with Brian for 2 PM the next day (1:50:00). I received another 800 number junk call on my cellphone on 2:10:30. I then rode the bus to Santa Monica Hospital for X-ray (2:46:00).

My next recording is: "[angryanglfathrtodwntwn_4_26_10_1132AM-125PM.WMA](#)". As I was walking to the hospital, I kept complaining: "It's impossible to know if it's the Pyramid's father [who was controlling the people around me]... If he thinks he's smart by duping me from the control center... put him on the street! I want to kxxx this mother fucker..." "I cannot find a job, because my full time job is to get duped" (11:00). "We'll exercise absolute domination over the Pyramid!" (13:00) The more I reflected on my situation, the angrier I got: "I wasted all this time! I'm so tired of this shit!" (25:00) "I'm not going to find housing, it's not right, housing should be handed over to me, that mother fucker should vacate his house and let me live inside it..." (27:00). "This environment is just so weird! I can't stand it!" (28:00) "I can't understand this environment, it's been too long!" I shouted and cried (29:30). I then decided not to do the X-ray today. "DGHTR is making a big mistake by computerizing the environment; it's bad because when someone else cuts in, no one can figure it out... Why can't someone kill the Monkey?" (44:00) I bought some fast food and was eating it in the street corner. "This Soviet Union crap... It's the Pyramid's father, since DGHTR wants to send me to Mexico..." (1:02:30). I had no comprehension of what was going on. "Now I have another reason to have the Pyramid, to piss you off," I addressed myself to the Monkey (1:03:30). I then decided to delete the video of Amanda from this morning in order to look good to the Pyramid – a bad mistake. I thought it was the Monkey who had sent Amanda in so that I would film her and offend the Pyramid. "I had better shut off everything until May 5." I was then on the bus going to my storage facility (1:08:40).

My next recordings are: "[storage_4_26_10_125-253PM.WMA](#)" and "[strgrprmenbus2lmfkanglpap_4_26_10_304-827PM.WMA](#)". After I put my newly burned DVDs into my storage unit, I noticed that a group of workers from Sprint were here to upgrade the wireless network. I got very suspicious because I thought the Monkey might be playing tricks to remove my things from my storage unit. Today I wonder if the Monkey was commanded to use all this as a metaphor to tell me that *I was about to get a lot of junk calls which would represent the jury's decision*.

After I ate dinner in the neighboring food mall, I got on the bus to return to UCLA. While on the bus, I was tremendously disturbed by children's noise. I began murmuring angrily: "If I don't get the Pyramid

I'm going to fucking kxxx him..." (2:06:00). I was referring to the Monkey, of course. "If I see children, I want to fucking kxxx him" (2:13:00). "The Daughter People need to choose: me or her father's life... I don't want any children..." When I came to the Research Library (3:47:00), I sat down on the computer station searching for all the Beau Visages in the city on people-search websites like PIPL. I thought I needed to locate the Monkey family before I fantasized too much about kxxxing the Monkey. But of course "Beau Visage" was too common a name so that I didn't find the Pyramid's family at all. All my search results that night are in the folder: "[4_26_10-bun](#)". My phone continued to ring constantly from junk calls.

My next recordings are: "[slpuclalibalarm_4_26_10_827-1107PM.WMA](#)" and "[slpuclalib_4_26-27_10_1132PM-259AM.WMA](#)". I would eventually fall asleep in one of the upper floors and end up passing the night in the UCLA Research Library. At some point I was awakened by fire alarm (42:45). In my bad mood I didn't bother to get up but just continued sleeping in my spot. The alarm was probably orchestrated to replace past evidences where Mr former Secretary remotely sounded fire alarms wherever I went to produce evidences for my disturbing behavior.

April 27 (Tuesday)

My first recording of the new day is: "[slpuclareadjpbksanglcmngmy_4_27_10_339-734AM.WMA](#)": I woke up in the UCLA library around 3:40 AM and was browsing the Japanese books on the bookshelves. My next recording is: "[uclabnrstroinfo_4_27_10_734-940AM.WMA](#)": I exited library around 7:40 AM or so and ate in the campus cafeteria. I groaned: "What kind of superiority is that? I can read your thoughts and fuck with you in any way I like; anyone who goes into the control center can do that!" (17:30) I was feeling increasingly helpless toward those invisible figures inside the control center – especially the Monkey – who could control every movement in my environment and every action of my machines. There was just no way to compete with them. Then another junk call came to my cellphone on 48:30. When I went back inside the UCLA library, I would utilize my time reading more about the political parties in Mexico, especially about the three dominant parties Partido Accion Nacional, Partido Revolucionario Institucional, and Partido de la Revolucion Democratica. I would also find textbooks on Mexico's history on the bookshelves.

My next recording is: "[anglcapapavsdghtrucla_4_27_10_943-1108AM.WMA](#)". When I was taking my break outside the library, I realized: It was really DGHTR who was fighting with the Pyramid's father over the Pyramid, and the Pyramid, if she ever chose me, was really choosing DGHTR (21:00).⁵⁸ "Why does the Monkey want to compete with DGHTR? He has spent his life in business, and he thinks he can beat the PhD" (23:00). I thus at this time still had a rather distorted view of the mini-trial that was going on behind the scene. "The Monkey has to prove himself to the Pyramid... He has always been an idealized figure to the Pyramid, and he suddenly loses this status in front of her..." (25:00). My understanding of the situation here was approximately correct. "I'm on a free ride, because in the end the Pyramid is going to choose DGHTR... Poor girl..." (27:30). "We need to push the Monkey out..." I then went back inside the library to read news in German (1:17:00).

58 Quite right, except: if she ever chose me, she was really choosing the Invisible Hand.

My next recordings are: “[uclareadmhxst_4_27_10_1109-1133AM.WMA](#)”; “[leavuclalib_4_27_10_1145AM-1246PM.WMA](#)”; and “[bmbthrtwstwd_4_27_10_1247-138PM.WMA](#)”. When I was leaving the library, I had again worked myself up in great anger with the Monkey and murmured continually about kxxxing him, his dogs, his birds, etc. I even asked – stupidly – DGHTR to do it (32:40 in the third recording). On 41:00 or so I walked to the Armand and Hammer Museum, finding police cars blocking the street and many people standing around taking pictures. I asked those people around me what was going on and someone told me that a suspicious package was discovered. Was this orchestrated by the control center?

My next recording is: “[tostrgbmbrkangle_4_27_10_138-325PM.WMA](#)”. I continued to theorize about the Monkey’s personality: “He is an opportunist, jumping on the opportunity which I have created... If the Pyramid’s family thinks me dangerous they can tie me up on a chair during my one-year deal with her...” I was on the bus going to downtown by 15:00 or so. On 22:00 I continued to reflect: “To the Pyramid’s father, the Pyramid is just an object... He doesn’t really care about her...” I continued in the next recording: “[tostoragebrkangle_4_27_10_325-412PM.WMA](#)”: “The Monkey uses the Pyramid as a stepping stone to political authority... That has broken the Pyramid” (5:00). In reality, what had broken the Pyramid in the past few days, as you have seen, was the fact that her admired father could only make a fool out of himself when he tried to discuss the cultural heritage of humanity. “Pyramid I hope you are listening... Your father doesn’t care about you at all, he is just using you... Break you again!” (6:30) Because of my suspicion from yesterday, I felt like I had to go to my storage unit for a check, which is recorded in: “[strogechckindnt_4_27_10_416-528PM.WMA](#)”.

Then, my next recording is: “[anglcnnoemltefdmall_4_27_10_528-712PM.WMA](#)”: When I finished eating at the food mall next door, my phone rang again (313-228-626) (1:32:45), and then I saw on the wall an exhibition of the flower “Chaya”. When I asked myself: “Why is it Chaya?” my arm suddenly hurt (1:34:50). I didn’t know that the Microspherians inside the control center were commanded to signal to me that Chaya was on the jury: the Macrospherians, again, had an urgent need to make as much of the mini-trial into parts of the Microspherian terrorist conspiracy as possible. When I was on the number 2 bus passing through Silverlake to go back to Westwood, I was engrossed in my laptop. Suddenly, lights inside the bus were flashing, and the recording “Stop requested” malfunctioned and repeated itself loudly. All this was remotely controlled from the control center. Somebody was calling for my attention, and I looked up from my laptop and noticed that a well-dressed strange old man had appeared to sit in front of me. It was around 7 PM or so. I knew that the control center was putting someone significant in front of me, and so I quickly turned on the webcam of my Toshiba to film the strange man: “[NVECapture.0013.mpg](#)” and “[NVECapture.0014.mpg](#)”. It was the Monkey! As you can see in the videos, he was quite upset about having to pose for my video. He avoided eye-contact with me – it was embarrassing for him since he had been watching me in the dark from the control center for two months now and was suddenly ordered to appear in front of me in person – but had a sullen expression.

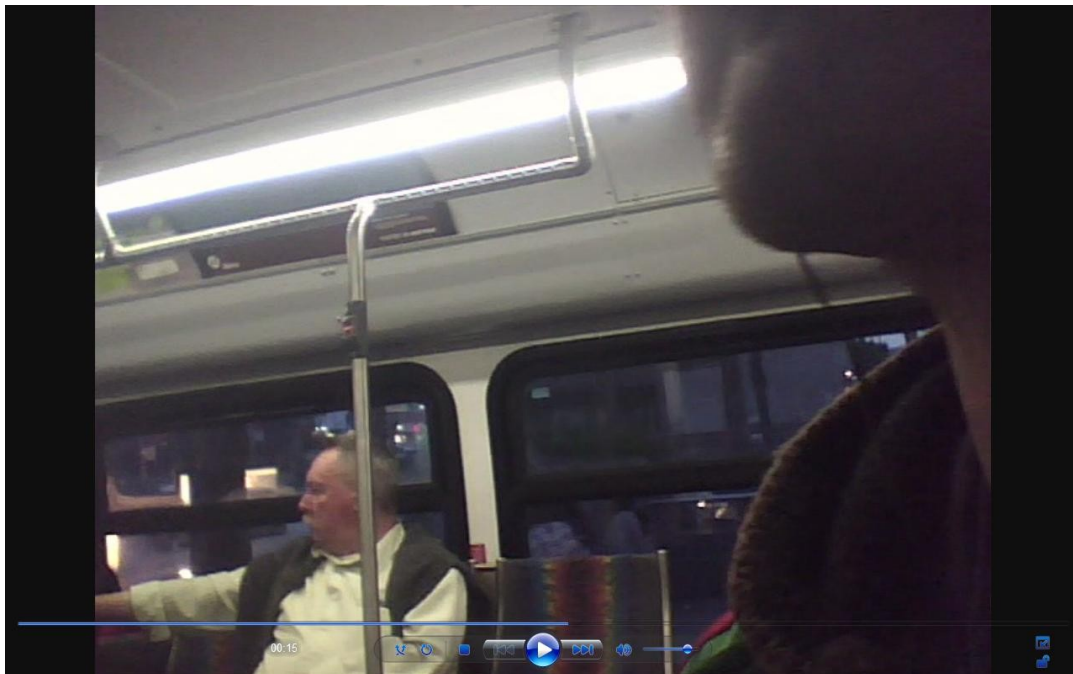
Within the next month I would develop an endless series of incorrect hypotheses as to why the control

center suddenly put the Monkey himself in front of me. The most realistic scenario was the one I would write down on May 29. I supposed that my bad-mouthing this afternoon about killing the Monkey and his dogs and his cats and his everything else, together with my similar talk on April 22, must have caused him to argue vehemently with DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) from 1:30 PM onward about how I might murder him, which should be reason for dumping me away and ridding PLANMEX of me. According to this scenario, the Monkey was of that kind of mentality according to which he may do all he wanted to me until he should get caught, but according to which when I discovered it he then should have the right to be absolutely paranoid about my possible revenge. In fact, the entire family of the Pyramid thought like that: it's okay to step on other people's toes, but it's not okay to be stepped on by others. DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) on the other hand must have retorted that, although I talked violently, I was not likely to behave violently when the target should actually show up in front of me. Most likely, if the Monkey himself should show up before me, I would simply videotape him. Thus by about 6 PM DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) had sent the Monkey onto the bus with me to demonstrate his point (it should have taken about one and a half hour for everyone to get the necessary security measures ready and to calculate my movement), knowing that I would suspect the Monkey to be the Monkey because I had become so sensitive by now that I would suspect everyone in my surrounding to be somebody. Thus would DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) have scored a major victory tonight since I did just as he had predicted: nothing except webcams the man.

This scenario was not wrong, but was only half of the truth. What had really happened was that the Macrospherians had decided to put the Monkey in front of me in order to sink me as deep in conspiracy with him as I was with Best Mommy and all the DGSE officials formerly. This, in order to complete the Monkey as my Microspherian conspirator against Daughterland – and hopefully, his acts with the mind-reading computer as part of the Microspherian terrorist conspiracy, although this was not so easy – in preparation for the coming disaster. This Macrospherian agenda however had to be implemented as a side-product of the Microspherian agenda of the mini-trial. Ostensibly, the judge computer had registered the Monkey's appearance as an episode in the mini-trial whereby the Invisible Hand had gathered up another evidence demonstrating that I was no danger to anyone; covertly, however, the judge computer had registered the Monkey as my conspirator in a scheme to harm Daughterland. It remained only for me to realize what the Monkey had done – and what France was about to do – in order to neutralize the coming disaster completely.

My next recording is: “[uclalibphnnmbmia_4_27-28_10_729PM-1208AM.WMA](#)”: After the Monkey had got off the bus, I realized that this man was indeed the Pyramid's father. And I realized also the trick: “You have to see the person in order to be really wanting to kxxx him...” (17:00). It's easy to talk about kxxxing someone when the person exists only in the abstract; not so when he appears in person. When I got off the bus in Westwood (47:00), I immediately ran into a “Mommy” CIA – making everything that had just happened happen under the CIA's Microspherian umbrella. I continued to reflect: “When the actual person sits in front of me, and he doesn't fit the manner in which I have imagined him, I don't feel the anger; when I then think about how he tries to alienate me from Daughterland, I want to kxxx him...” (until 49:00). “He looks like an angry man, but doesn't look like a piece of trash...” (52:30). “He has some other guy in mind for the Pyramid...” (55:00). “We are gonna

kxxx this guy...” (57:00). “Kxxx all his relatives and pets and burn down his house...” (1:01:00). “Daughterland must own the world completely so that we could be free to argue... It must not lose the world in the slightest fashion...” (1:03:30). How prophetic I was! When I came inside the Research Library, I continued: “He must be killed, dismembered, so that no one would ever do it again...” (1:06:00). I also regurgitated how I slammed the French (1:11:20). Prophetic! I continued: “The world must be ruled arbitrarily rather than according to a ‘script’ and machines...” (1:12:40). Unaware that DGHTRCOM had dismantled most of the UNICOM – his command of the nations found to have conspired with me – I was developing my understanding of the International Court trial in an erroneous direction: that, because the remote control of the world’s elites was interfaced with the court system pronouncing judgments about conspiracy, Daughterland could only command a nation to do a certain thing by producing a certain evidence out of me which would correspond to the command (and the evidence-production process was like writing a “script” of my life). I sat in front of the computer and began checking over the junk call numbers on my cellphone (1:31:00) – I had begun noticing that these junk calls that suddenly arrived at my phone meant something. I then watched a music video of “Ich und Ich” on Youtube (2:7:00). After I left the library I told myself and the control center: “What we have won through our life-and-death struggle... If the Monkey has attempted to hijack Daughterland’s command of the world, his punishment should be so severe that no one would dare try it again...” (3:42:00). I had begun formulating a picture of the “Monkey incident” inside the control center that was only half correct: the Monkey *was* about to cause Russia to lose the world, but not through hijacking the UNICOM: only through opening the gate for the French.



The White Mexican Monkey Mr Bxxxxxxxxx
April 27 2010

April 28 (Wednesday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[secgrdcgiicsyswoldmn_4_28_10_448-902AM.WMA](#)”. And so I slept in the hall way of the Chicago School building. Around 4:45 AM, when the door sounded in the distance indicating that the security guard had come in, my Olympus recorder suddenly “ran out of battery” – of course it was remotely controlled to shut itself off under the disguise of “running out of battery”. I quickly put a new battery into my recorder, and just at that moment the security guard burst in: “You don’t belong here. It’s the second time I saw you here.” “Is it really?” (0:58) I was angry as hell, although only on the surface layer because I thought it was DGHTR who was disciplining me again. In reality, it was the Monkey passing me a hint that he did not welcome me in Mexico! I got up and walked to Starbucks. At some point I expressed my hatred toward the “script system” and commented again about how DGHTRCOM should have the power to arbitrarily change the “script” just because he liked it.

My next recording is: “[towcil_4_28_10_902-1115AM.WMA](#)”: After working on my laptop in Starbucks, I took the bus to WCIL (54:00). Howard told me to go to the Department of Mental Health in downtown to get help with housing (1:03:00). I did as he had instructed – the trip is recorded in: “[bustomntlhealth_4_28_10_1130AM-1201PM.WMA](#)” – but changed my mind when I got there. My next recording is: “[lamntlhealthnotools_4_28_10_1202-1252PM.WMA](#)”. I was wandering the street in downtown and complaining in utter despair about not having any tools to fight the Monkey with, who had my entire environment at his disposal. I wondered why the Daughter People couldn’t see that I was engaged in an unfair competition with the Monkey – why they were letting this happen. My complaint continues in: “[notoolstoucla_4_28_10_1253-247PM.WMA](#)”.

My next recordings are: “[uclamssgphntlk_4_28_10_250-309PM.WMA](#)” and “[uclalibreadcardnsdvd538_4_28_10_310-513PM.WMA](#)”. I returned to UCLA, went inside the Research Library, and found William Townsend’s 1952 *Lazaro Cardenas: Mexican Democrat*. I began reading it while burning a disc on my Toshiba at the same time. Here was a charismatic Mexican president. Although I began understanding that the Pyramid’s family was related to some Mexican Big Boy, I couldn’t guess who it was. Presumably, if I rummaged through all the important people in Mexico’s history one by one I would eventually run into him.

My next recordings are: “[ucladuel_4_28_10_528-543PM.WMA](#)” and: “[duelucla_4_28_10_602-617PM.WMA](#)”. I left the library to eat dinner in the cafeteria. There I would begin challenging the Monkey to a duel. As I was buying food, I murmured to myself about how I wanted to go inside the control center to kxxx the Monkey. I then complained about how I couldn’t understand all these secret messages: “I don’t know *who* is giving me messages and *what* these messages mean!” (3:30 in the second recording) “Nobody can figure out what is going on!” Then: “The Monkey is a fucking parasite, stealing other people’s cake... Everybody else knows he is a fucking parasite. Come out of the control center and let me kxxx you! Here is the proof of my intellectual superiority to the Monkey: I don’t see him, and yet I know he is a fucking parasite and stupid as hell. He sees himself everyday in the mirror and yet he doesn’t know he is a fucking parasite and stupid as hell! Demonstrate your courage by doing

this: come out, sit on a chair, don't even tie yourself up, and let me smash your head with a baseball bat. Then you will have redeemed yourself in the eyes of others.” Then my recorder was remotely turned off from the control center. It was the Monkey; he was angered by my words.

My next recording is: “[duelualibmxhunmria_4_28_10_618-1052PM.WMA](#)”: I turned on my recorder and continued rambling my challenge to the Monkey: “Sit there, don't move, and let me smash your head up with a baseball bat. Then everyone will think me bad. Then you will have won your daughter's heart. She'll sit by your grave for the rest of her life. My muscle is small, so I'll have to swing at you 50 times before your brain pops out; it'll hurt, but you can take pain-killers in secret, and I won't tell, because I just want to kxxx you” (19:00). “My muscle is so small that my arm can go into your nostril. When I swing, my baseball bat might rebound and hit myself in the head and kill me. In which case you'll have won” (26:00). “When I want to kill you, I just want to kill you, I don't care how bad I would look in the process” (28:00). When I returned inside the library, I began, on this very document, listing the junk calls I had received today:

7:01 PM, 4/28, 318-771-9689, wireless: Shreveport, Louisiana (LA), Nextel Partners Operating Corp. Sprint Spectrum L. P. - LA; Red Chute, Blanchard, Cross Lake;

9:10 AM, 4/28, 248-470-4814, PCS: Southfield, Michigan (MI), Sprint Spectrum L. P.; Beverly Hills, Lathrup Village, Oak Park.

I knew that DGHTR in the control center (actually, the Invisible Hand) was trying to tell me something with these numbers. I erroneously thought that the numbers were “clues” about the Pyramid's family structure. Then the Research Library computer malfunctioned, not allowing me to use my USB flash drive on it to save the XPS files I had just printed out of the junk call information (“[malfunc_4_28_10_11PM_0003.AVI](#)”). I then continued searching for anything “Beau Visage” on the Internet. I also discovered a notice on the blog of my webhosting service IX Webhosting (“Web 306 Maintenance”) saying that the site would go offline temporarily and the web content would be moved to another server with a better performing raid cards. I suspect that even this seemingly routine event was in fact orchestrated from the control center: the command structure behind its orchestration would allow the judge computer to register my website as a product of my conspiracy with the CIA and the Monkey – all Microspherians – against Macrospherian Daughterland.

April 29 (Thursday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[kwstwdtooldman_4_29_10_632-735AM.WMA](#)”. I walked inside Coffee Bean by 42:00 or so and both the Old Man and the UCLA Vagrant Woman were there waiting for me. The Old Man spoke immediately. The Vagrant Woman asked me if I needed any soap (56:00). I on the other hand was busy looking over the information about “Beau Visage” I had printed to file last night. Then everyone fell silent.

My next recording is: “[perezduelualibchngsitemrie_4_29_10_812-1007AM.WMA](#)”. Last night I had

identified a certain “Blanca Perez Bxxxxxxxx” working in the Mexican legislature after dissecting a junk call number, and, wondering if this was the Pyramid’s relative in the Mexican government – since she worked hard for women’s rights, she sure fit the profile – I was working out her possible family history. The Old Man (and the Vagrant Woman as well) showed very little interest in speaking to me this morning. I have always thought that it was because the Monkey, who was remotely controlling him, was still upset over what I had said yesterday. In reality, however, it was because a tremendous upheaval that was going on in the control center at the moment had distracted everyone.

My next recording is: “[prdsuclabuyerphn_4_29_10_1018AM-1206PM.WMA](#)”. I would be going in and out of the UCLA library and Ackerman building, spotted by the homeless man Dave at some point – and he was still wearing purple – and disturbed by the loud noises from children. Then I slept on the grass in campus, recorded in the next recordings: “[uclanap_4_29_10_1214-202PM.WMA](#)” and “[anglecpapaworkuclalib_4_29_10_226-252PM.WMA](#)”. I then went inside the library to continue my reading of Townsend’s *Lazaro Cardenas* (“[bookread_approx_4_29_10_PICT0001.AVI](#)”).

My next recordings are: “[uclalibjury_4_29_10_252-315PM.WMA](#)” and “[uclalibjury_4_29_10_347-634PM.WMA](#)”. When I began writing this very diary, I reflected on what Wes had said to me a week ago and the search results on the numbers from which junk calls were constantly arriving to my cellphone. I suddenly realized that the calls meant something else. I was now on the right track: Each number represented a member of a jury put together to decide on my fitness for the Pyramid, whether I would be a danger to her, based on the evidences which DGHTR (actually the Invisible Hand) and the Monkey were collecting. Each junk call number represented a jury member by containing a reference to her characteristics. For example, “Sally” (Robin L) was born and raised in Ventura, California, and the area code of Ventura County was 805. The junk call from the number 805-204-0174 therefore represented “Sally”. Whenever I got a call this meant that the jury member respectively represented by the calling number in question had just voted in my favor. The only mystery was that there were repeated calls from the same calling number. In the next few days I would be able to identify all ten jurors:

1. “Sally”, April 26 9:27 AM (805-204-0174)
2. My cousin Irene, April 26, 10:50 AM (800-973-0379)
3. The Pyramid herself, April 26, 11:27 AM (763-225-8288)
4. Liz P, April 27 8:25 AM. (646-506-9908)
5. My cousin Evelyn, April 27, 9:42 AM (334-777-8805)
6. My former psychologist Deborah W, April 27, 3:17 PM (646-506-9908)
7. Mireya, April 27, 7:03 PM (313-228-6215)

8. Chaya, April 28, 9:10 AM (248-470-4814)

9. Marie, April 29, 7:06 AM. (702-372-2839)

10. My former professor Carson, April 29, 12:20 PM. (310-933-6806)

“Sally”, Irene, and the Pyramid herself were the first to decide that I constituted no danger to our future Queen of Mexico here (April 26). The Pyramid had voted in my favor not because she liked me and was eager to go on PLANMEX with me, but because she was trying to say sorry to the Invisible Hand. It was her lingering admiration for the Invisible Hand, and her disappointment with her father (for deceiving her and making a fool out of himself), which had caused her to vote in the Invisible Hand’s favor. In fact, her interest in me was dwindling daily. Professor Carson was the last to vote in my favor certainly because she was never quite comfortable with me when I was attending her course in UC Berkeley back in 2000 – even though I quite distinguished myself as a genius of the first order. It had also surprised me that Marie would have deemed me unfit for the Pyramid until the last moment. If this, then it’s most likely because she was surprised by how much I didn’t reveal to her about my past, etc. And yet, she was the one person of all the females in the jury here who had had actual *physical* contact with me. Then there was the junk call which I had received on April 28, 7:01 PM, 318-771-9689. This was the call which had led me to Maria Eugenia Blanca Perez Bxxxxxxxxx. It was certainly not a call about a juror’s decision; and this was why I was led to believe that she was the person (the “Link”) to whom the Pyramid would be presented as a relative.

My next recording is: “[brndvd107readmxhist_4_29_10_718-10PM.WMA](#)”: I would have a lot of reflection tonight on the jury members – all females who had been acquainted with me – which I won’t narrate here. Inside the library and in front of the library’s computer, I would continue my effort in the investigation of the junk calls. By the end of the night, the junk call numbers seem to have pointed to the addresses and phone numbers of the Pyramid herself and her sister, mother, and brother when I arrived at a Google phone search containing an “Angelina Bxxxxxxxxx”, a “Hilda Bxxxxxxxxx”, a “Jose Bxxxxxxxxx”, and a “Lorena Bxxxxxxxxx” (“[angl.xps](#)”). I wrongly assumed that I had at last found the Pyramid’s family on the Internet. I then stumbled upon the trailer of the movie “Las hijas de su madre” and wrongly assumed that it was a message from the Pyramid and her sister and brother. I thought that the film was about the death of some daughters’ father, which therefore meant that the Pyramid and her siblings were standing behind me, not behind their father. All these assumptions would turn out to be wrong. In fact, not even the Internet posting which I found on April 20 belonged to the Pyramid. In the recordings of the rest of my night you can hear me continue my desperate search for information about the Pyramid’s family on the Internet: “[phnnmbrwhosjurorucla_4_29_10_10-1101PM.WMA](#)”; “[leavuclatodnnis_4_29_10_1102-1133PM.WMA](#)”; and “[dennis_4_29-30_10_1133PM-1248AM.WMA](#)”.

April 30 (Friday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[wkslpwstwdblvd_4_30_10_541-612AM.WMA](#)”: When I woke up from the street corner on Westwood Blvd around 5:30 AM or so, I walked into the Coffee Bean just across the street (25:00). Just then a “Mommylijk” walked in. She had a tiny wound on her heels. I was right in immediately assuming that somebody in the control center was passing me a message – again, the visual metaphor which the Daughter People had liked to employ to clandestinely convey something. “What is Mommy’s Achilles’ Heel?” I got it all wrong. Who could have guessed that this was DGHTRCOM’s signal telling me about *his* Achilles’ Heel – that the Monkey had just exposed his country to the gravest danger and that the French had come back to take advantage of it.

As I have mentioned, the DGSE Smart Woman had been observing in silence the conflict between the Invisible Hand and the Monkey and then their current mini-trial. I have also mentioned that the DGSE Smart Woman had discovered, as soon as the mini-trial was underway, a loophole in the system which would allow her to perform the impossible: to dismantle Daughterland’s Macrospherian status. It must have been in the latter half of April that she flew back to Paris to hold a secret meeting at Elysée with Sarkozy and some Bilderbergers⁵⁹ who had been discontent with DGHTRCOM’s control of their energy supplies, etc. She disclosed to them the loophole she had discovered – a possible way to object to the February 12 judgment issued by the judge computer granting Daughterland immutable position in the hidden command of the world; she had tested her objection on DGSE’s own computers – she knew it would work. Since there was now suddenly a chance to reverse the February International Court judgment, the Bilderbergers promptly decided to break the “backdoor deals” they had brokered with DGHTRCOM back in late February. Sarkozy, the original puppet from the truce between Boss Cheney and the Bilderberg majority, agreed. (More on this in the analysis in the concluding section.) In the days between April 22 and 27, DGHTRCOM and his SVR officials had sensed that the French were up to something, and this was why I noticed a flurry of activities by which one component after another of the mini-trial was explicitly established as part of the Microspherian terrorist conspiracy, and why the structure of the Microsphere – the CIA’s use of fake Russians to dupe me under Mr former Secretary’s command – was made explicit to me along with the mini-trial. Then, the French government formally announced their intention to object to the February ICJ judgment on April 27, which was why DGHTRCOM quickly ordered the Monkey to show up in front of me: to formally make him my conspirator and his acts part of my conspiracy. On April 28 the DGSE Smart Woman led a team of her colleagues to fly into Los Angeles and come inside the control center. Because the French team was predominantly females, I shall refer to them as “Smart Women”. DGHTRCOM was startled. The French didn’t want his deals anymore.

Remind yourself how Daughterland won its trial with France on February 12. Daughterland’s position in the hidden command was locked by the judge computer when the thought-reading computer intercepted my new insight – which came to me when I believed, erroneously, that France was in the position of the hidden command – that my realization that France was in the position of the hidden command would cause the judge computer to reassign the position of the hidden command to Daughterland on account of my conspiracy with France, and then back to France on account of my conspiracy with Daughterland, and then back to Daughterland, ad infinitum. Daughterland won its trial,

59 Like the executives of TOTAL and GDF Suez.

and commanded the whole world today, all because the thought-reading computer had intercepted my sudden insight into the defect inherent in the law governing conspiracy and transmitted the intercept to the judge computer for it to issue a judgment allowing Daughterland to reverse the infinite loop into its opposite: a permanent fixture. In other words, Russia ruled the world because of this single piece of evidence. What if the thought-reading computer was inaccurate and “read” this thought of mine when I actually didn’t have this thought? It must have been yesterday, April 29, that the “Smart Woman” input into the judge computer the argument that, *insofar as the mini-trial had demonstrated that there could be dispute over whether the thought-reading computer had actually read my thoughts correctly or not, the judge computer should question its judgment regarding the permanent lockup of the command structure which it had automatically made based on that single thought of mine on February 12 allowing Daughterland to assume permanent hidden command over the French-led conspirators – the very foundation of the Macrosphere.* Just as the Smart Woman had predicted, the judge computer permitted this argument as valid and *reversed its February 12 judgment granting Daughterland permanent hidden command.*

The objection “filed” (entered into the judge computer) by the DGSE Smart Woman consisted of not just this argument but also a counter-scenario. Now that Daughterland’s status as the permanent victim of the conspiracy had been questioned – and its consequent permanent position in the hidden command had been loosened – she argued additionally that the Microspherians, although legally in conspiracy against the Macrospherian Daughterlanders, were in fact in conspiracy with the Macrospherian Daughterlanders, by secretly forging the intercepts of my thoughts on February 12 in order to establish Daughterlanders’ command over the French. The Microspherians and the Macrospherian Daughterlanders were therefore running a conspiracy against the French. The judge computer ruled that the scenario was indeed possible.⁶⁰

The DGSE Smart Woman was basically just using the same old law which allowed the ICJ judges to “reconsider” their earlier judgments when new evidences were brought in. Her main purpose here was that, if DGHTRCOM should be unable to defend himself against this possible scenario, then, following the rule of the reversal of a conspiracy to benefit the victim of a conspiracy in just the way in which it would have benefited the conspirators – “an eye for an eye” – the judge computer would rule that the Macrospherian status (the permanent position in the “hidden command” and the ability to not exist from the Microspherian perspective and to exist as a fake in the Microsphere) should be transferred to France vis-à-vis Russia. The French government would then establish permanent command of the Russian government, without any possibility for this to be challenged – especially since Sarkozy was unlikely to forgive DGHTRCOM through some backdoor deals as DGHTRCOM had forgiven him.

DGHTRCOM was not exactly shocked; when his Daughter People had noticed that the French were up to something – it was impossible for the French scheme to escape their notice because many of the European command structures, like NATO, were still under Daughterland’s control – they immediately

60 We have decided to retain this “additional argument” from the original version even though today we no longer believe that the Smart Woman had made any secondary argument on that fateful day. (Again, for the sake of the integrity of the narrative.)

realized that the Monkey had opened up the system affording France the possibility to object. Everything was predictable. DGHTRCOM quickly input into the judge computer his own scenario, the same old scenario that the thought-reading computer had never made, could never make, mistakes in reading people's thoughts, and that the Microspherians were indeed conspirators against him in the Macrosphere, in which case he had to deny that there had been dispute about whether the thought-reading computer had read my thoughts at all. Both scenarios were possible. The judge computer ruled that it must now be decided whether the thought-reading computer could make mistakes in reading my thoughts and whether the Microspherians were in conspiracy with Macrospherian Daughterland or with France.

The “loophole” which, as I have mentioned, the DGSE Smart Woman had noticed was thus this. The Daughter People had forgotten to take the “setting” of the thought-reading computer into evidence, so that, once there was doubt over whether the thought-reading computer had actually read my thoughts at all, they had no proof that it *was* reading my thoughts on February 12 although *not* between April 2 and April 10. Insofar as there were no records about the setting in the evidentiary record, one cannot say that the computer did not suffer the same inaccuracies in February as it did in April. Someone should have noticed that the machine used to gather evidences must itself be taken into evidence! Otherwise, how does anyone know that the thought-reading computer actually reads people's thoughts at all? When the judge computer locked up Daughterland's command on February 12, it did so on the assumption that the thought-reading computer did read people's thoughts. The Daughterlanders, the judge computer, and everyone else simply assumed that the thought-reading computer was accurate. But there was no evidence in the evidentiary record that this assumption was correct. What is the manner in which the thought-reading computer reads people's thoughts? The consistency between the intercepts of my thoughts and the intercepts of my words and actions did not matter; people lie and act: the problem was that the manner in which the software matched the patterns of my brain's functioning with the corresponding patterns in the mind-reading dictionary was never taken into evidence. Daughterland had won the trial on the basis of an unproven assumption. The lack of an objective basis for its victory thus constituted a conspiracy against France. The DGSE Smart Woman was the only person who had noticed this in early April – even the judge computer had operated on an unproven assumption and was only now enlightened by the Smart Woman as to its ignorance – and yet she didn't say anything, even though, again, she was legally a Macrospherian herself and supposedly on the same side as Daughterland. When the dispute erupted between the Invisible Hand and the Monkey in the Microsphere, she was in fact very happy to have noticed this “forgetfulness” on the part of her Daughterland counterpart. The mystery to the whole affair was of course why no one on the side of Daughterland had foreseen all this. DGHTRCOM, the SVR Legend, and the few other Daughter People who had been paying attention to the evidence-replacement process had been negligent; other people from Daughterland were busy with the making of their “new New World Order” (*Tochterwelt*). Everyone was too comfortable with the security which the Macrospherian status had seemingly afforded. They in fact had their “Achilles' Heel” without knowing so – that the setting of the thought-reading computer whose accuracy was the condition of possibility of the lock-up of the command structure had been left unaccounted for in the evidentiary record. When the Daughter People programmed the computer system to identify all the evidences from the first run which stood in need of

being replaced or enriched, they forgot to instruct the computer to look for any “Achilles’ Heel” among the meta-level of the conditions of possibility – because life seemed just too easy now. You would never have to worry about objections from Mr former Secretary and Boss Cheney, since you could command them to not object. Certainly, because, when the command structure was locked up on February 12, it was in the process of bouncing back and forth to infinity between *France* and Russia, only France, and not any other party, could possibly make use of the unlocking of the command structure – perhaps DGHTRCOM didn’t expect the French “to flip”.

DGHTRCOM now realized that what he should have done was to simply dump the Monkey right after he was allowed to finish his mission and then immediately order that the forgeries which the Monkey had created be replaced by new intercepts of my thoughts that were “normal” and consistent with my actual past. It was too late to do this now because the Smart Woman had already preempted it. She had “filed” her counter-scenario that the Microspherians had helped Macrospherian Daughterland by forging the intercepts of my thoughts on February 12 not just in order to obtain a court order to assign the Macrospherian status (the permanent hidden command plus the ability to exist and not-exist at the same time) to France if she could win, but also in order to have the judge computer declare the intercepts of my thoughts which the Monkey had forged evidences for a possible conspiracy between the Microspherians and Macrospherian Daughterland against France. In such case, France would own these forged intercepts, preventing DGHTRCOM from replacing them.

What’s worse, now that the DGSE Smart Woman had input the start of the mini-trial into the judge computer as evidence that there *could* be dispute over the thought-reading computer’s ability to read my thoughts, DGHTRCOM had to allow the mini-trial to finish because, once again, he was obliged by international law to allow the Microspherian conspirators to finish their mission – all because he had mistakenly adopted the law that *all* Microspherians had a mission, not just me. He knew what the DGSE Smart Woman was going to do: it was obvious to everyone that the Invisible Hand would have gathered up enough evidence to prove that the thought-reading computer while under the Monkey’s care didn’t read my thoughts, and that, once the trial had finished, the Smart Woman would input the Invisible Hand’s evidences into the judge computer to prove her point. Examining the contradictions between the two sets of evidence – the Invisible Hand’s evidences and the Monkey’s forgeries between April 2 and April 10 – the judge computer would of course allow for the argument that forgeries had occurred, thus validating further the reversal of its February 12 judgment which had locked up the command structure. The Smart Woman had the right to use the Invisible Hand’s evidences because she had convinced the judge computer that the Microspherians – the Invisible Hand and the Monkey – were possibly conspirators against France. Suddenly, all the efforts which the Invisible Hand, the Monkey, and the jury had put into the trial to decide my fitness for the Pyramid no longer mattered. The meaning of the whole mini-trial – with its jury and all – had completely evaporated – and I had no idea.

If the DGSE Smart Woman had raised the same objection – the lack of an objective basis in the judge computer’s February 12 judgment – before the Monkey had touched the setting of the thought-reading computer, the judge computer would not have passed her argument, because there was no indication that the thought-reading computer was *not* reading my thoughts. After the Invisible Hand had started a

trial with the Monkey, however, the objection would work because there *was* now such indication. In fact, DGHTRCOM was in trouble because there was now no contrary indication that the thought-reading computer *was* reading my thoughts. Once the Invisible Hand finished his trial, the Smart Woman would have proof that the thought-reading computer *was not* reading my thoughts, and DGHTRCOM would have no proof that it *was* reading my thoughts back in February. Thus you see that the judge computer operated very much like Hegel's *Enzyklopädie*: the state of being to which a certain category corresponds is non-existent before the category is “shaken off”. Once the category *is* “shaken off”, the whole state of being is never the same again. Because of this, the temporal order or sequence in which the arguments were made was a decisive factor in how the judge computer would judge matters.

DGHTRCOM had been trapped. The Smart Woman had at last got him and his Daughter People. He must have so regretted letting the Invisible Hand contest with the Monkey. Insofar as the Smart Woman had also got the judge computer to declare the results of the mini-trial similar evidences for a possible conspiracy against France – even before the mini-trial had finished – DGHTRCOM would not be able to replace the evidences of the mini-trial either – since these were “owned” by France. He would not be able to touch the Invisible Hand's arguments in the mini-trial once it was finished. Daughterland was sitting duck.

The DGSE Smart Woman had thoroughly analyzed my situation when she went to discuss the matter with her boss Sarkozy – how I was homeless anew and completely exhausted, how the computerized environment which the Daughter People had devised for me was impossible for any mind to penetrate, how I barely comprehended why the trial was still continuing, and, most importantly, how I had stopped acting and forgotten about the French. She had analyzed DGHTRCOM's two possible defenses: DGHTRCOM could stave off the objection by either successfully denying that there could be dispute about whether the thought-reading computer had read my thoughts, or by causing me to become aware of what was going on so that the French objection along with the drama in the Microsphere may be made into a conspiracy against Macrospherian Daughterland, allowing him to intercept it and restart the evidence-replacement process. Denying that there could be doubts about the thought-reading computer's ability to read my thoughts would mean that DGHTRCOM would have to make sure that I actually would have thoughts identical to those which the Monkey had forged. But any cursory examination of the thoughts which the Monkey had forged – thoughts of schizophrenia and autism and violent desires to kill and rape women – would tell you that it was virtually impossible for a real person to have these thoughts, given their extreme and mutually contradictory nature. As for the second defense, Daughterland still had an advantage because it was the victor (the “incumbent”) who was being challenged; my realization that France had objected to Daughterland's victory would make France my conspirator rather than Daughterland. It was in preparation for this defense that the flurry of activities since April 22 were devised to make the second run and the mini-trial explicitly into part of the Microspherian conspiracy – especially the Monkey's showing of himself on the bus on April 27. As soon as I should understand what the Monkey had done to the mind-reading computer and how the French had profited from it, the Monkey and I would be lumped with the French as conspirators against Daughterland. In other words, DGHTRCOM had input into the judge computer his counter scenario

that the Microspherians were in conspiracy with France and not with Russia, but this counter scenario could only be “proven” if I realized how the French had objected. The Smart Woman had however calculated that I would most likely never understand what had happened – and would certainly no longer be capable of helping Daughterland with my acts. The whole business with the French had faded away from my memory – I couldn’t even think of the possibility that France *could* object. If France objected, it would probably win. This was the perfect timing. This is why Sarkozy immediately decided to betray DGHTRCOM when the Smart Woman shared with him her analysis of the situation. DGHTRCOM knew well that, as soon as the command structure was loosened and who was in conspiracy with whom had to be decided anew, my conspiracy with his Daughterland would be established almost immediately simply using my “self-talk” as evidence. I no longer held back from openly admitting that I was secretly helping Daughterland win during the first run because I had fallen into the security that nothing I said could hurt Daughterland any longer – since, even though I had only some vague notion of this, the Daughterland which I was helping no longer existed from my Microspherian perspective and my scenario was incorrect within the Microsphere. But, as soon as the judge computer reversed its judgment locking up the command structure, the subsequent intercept of my *Formule* which had established the Macrospherians’ ability to exist and not exist at the same time would also become invalidated. Daughterland would suddenly exist for me again. All that the DGSE Smart Woman needed to do was use my new confession as new evidence to prove what my real intention was during the first run – my conspiracy with Daughterland against France could then be squarely established. Furthermore, as you shall see, even all the things which DGHTRCOM and his Daughter People had done to me between February 12 and April 2 – communicating with me, setting me up with the Pyramid – would suddenly become evidences for my conspiracy with Daughterland if Daughterland’s status as non-existent in my Microspherian perspective should ever be invalidated.

Insofar as a new dispute had now arisen as to whether the Microspherians were in conspiracy with Daughterland against France or with France against Daughterland, the judge computer ruled that both Daughterland and France shall have temporary joint command over the Microspherian gang (the Monkey, the CIA, the other “fake Russians”, the Chinese MSS, the Cheney-Chertoff gang – and myself) until it could be decided whether the Microspherian gang were in conspiracy with France or with Daughterland. Although the Bilderberg majority never liked Boss Cheney’s plan, the French team, in order to win, would eventually have to save Boss Cheney and his former Secretary of Homeland Security by rescuing them out of the Microspherian gang and establishing Daughterland’s conspiracy with the rest of the Microspherians as one against “Daddy Chertoff” and Boss Cheney as well as against France. The only immediate solution available to DGHTRCOM was clear: wait for the mini-trial to finish, and then immediately declare the Monkey the winner... The flurry of objections and counter-objections which dominated the atmosphere of the control center on the morning of April 29 was the reason why the Monkey was distracted resulting in the silence of the Old Man in regard to me. Even though the Monkey’s lack of education and intellect barely allowed him to understand what the DGSE Smart Women and DGHTRCOM’s Daughter People were doing, he could tell that he had “created troubles” for his Daughterlander bosses.

My next recording is: “[wkcfbnachllsheelnotldmnanglcppaucla_4_30_10_613-942AM.WMA](#)”: When I

then came to the Coffee Bean inside Westwood Village (25:00), I saw the Old Man talking to the Other Old Lady. I ran away from the Old Man and the UCLA Vagrant Woman, muttering “This mother fucker has access to my thoughts... He doesn’t play fair” (48:00). I came inside the UCLA library (1:00:00) and was horrified by a black guy who was looking at pornography on the public computer there (1:55:00). It was my double: the mini-trial was continuing and, as always, the evidence-gathering by both the Invisible Hand and the Monkey could only take place within the framework of evidence-replacement. This double would be taken backward in time to enrich some past instance where my double was looking at pornography on the Internet in my vicinity. I then confessed on 2:34:00: “Pyramid’s father, why don’t you take a gun and shoot yourself...” When I was outside the library, I complained about how the Monkey had been cheating in his “competition with me”: it was like playing chess with a guy on crutches, and he just bent over and knocked down the guy’s crutches so that the guy fell over and couldn’t play. That’s how the Monkey had won (2:54:00). When I was in the cafeteria, I produced more analogies: He could hide his chess pieces, and somehow I was expected to win (3:05:00). “Anyone can win like that... Even Daddy Chertoff controlled my environment manually, so that he couldn’t hide his stupidity...” (3:07:00). “And the stupidity of the Chinese woman... The only way to tell is by looking at these unseemly abnormalities” – just then some driver honked in the distance (3:08:00). The Macrospherian Daughterlanders had taken up what I had just said as a good resource in the conspiracy against them. Now they had an explicit legal ground on which to signal to me more conspicuously (even to the point of creating abnormalities in my environment) in order to make me realize what had happened inside the control center.

My next recording is: “[uclaangleppaslfestmtlk_4_30_10_946-1035AM.WMA](#)”: I continued to provoke the Monkey with ingenious words: I told him to exterminate himself because his life was not worth living. “You should be your own Nazi doctor...” (3:00). I then advised the Monkey to crack open *Being and Time* (*Sein und Zeit*). “The way you can show off is by exterminating yourself, because then you will have shown the world that you at least possess some minimum wisdom, knowing that your life is not worth living when your life is not worth living, just as when stupid people realize they are stupid, they are at least smart enough to know they are stupid, and so are not stupid anymore” (7:00). I then advised him to show off by leaving the control center and contemplating until he could realize he was stupid and worthless (10:00). “I’m going inside to continue to read up on Mexico... It is something important when you come to realize something about yourself” (11:00). “Instead of telling others to have a self-esteem, you should put away *your* self-esteem for a second so that you can get a better understanding of yourself” (12:00). “When you are telling me to become masculine and have a self-esteem, you are not really caring whether I’m masculine or have any self-esteem, you just want to show off to your own daughter that you are masculine and have self-esteem...” (13:00). “Does it mean you have a self-esteem problem? Listen to me, I know I’m younger, but that’s because your self-esteem gets in the way. Put it away... As soon as you die, you live, and as soon as you tell others to get a self-esteem and masculinity, you lose your own self-esteem and masculinity... So put it away, get into the mode of presence-at-hand (*Vorhandenheit*) and look at yourself, and then come back into the mode of readiness-to-hand...” (*Zuhandenheit*, 14:00). “As soon as you admit defeat, you win...” (17:30). I sat down on one of the tables in the library and began laughing uncontrollably (46:00).

My next recording is: “[uclalib_4_30_10_1107AM-412PM.WMA](#)”. When I was using the computer in the library to surf the Internet, I came across this news item, “Mexico’s president criticized the new Arizona immigration law for being discriminatory. How tough are Mexican immigration laws?” The title on top of it said “Fuera de aqui!” – and the computer promptly froze in place. I filmed it: “[anglcpapainffctvmssg_4_30_10_PICT0012.AVI](#)”. The Monkey was upset in that, now that all the jurors had voted in my favor and he was destined to lose the mini-trial, he wished he could kick me out of PLANMEX. So he instructed the computer system to signal to me his wish, and the computer system thus orchestrated this instance of computer malfunctioning as a “secret message” for me. Although distracted by the French action yesterday morning, the Monkey soon came back to his perennial concern with who should rule Mexico. Russia’s fate was simply not part of his interests.

I then discovered an email for me from Abode Community, from a certain Richard Ayasta. My next recording is: “[uclalib_4_30_10_412-547PM.WMA](#)”: I came outside the library to call this Richard about the apartment (6:30 or so). Note that Richard said “If you didn’t call me I was going to give it to someone else” (6:55). It sounded as if the Monkey was admitting defeat and being forced by the DGHTRPLL to accept me into PLANMEX – just after he had signaled to me his wish to kick me out. It was of course also a confirmation that he did find a replacement for me.

My next recording is: “[aliceasuclanwsdvd6465piano_4_30_10_547-922PM.WMA](#)”: I was then reading Lewis Carroll’s *Alice in Wonderland* on the computer in Ackerman. While checking my bank balance I noticed that someone had cashed a 300 dollar check on my account. Payday Loan? I couldn’t remember if I had borrowed money from Payday Loan on March 1. I felt that my mind was deteriorating due to physical exhaustion from homelessness. “I couldn’t figure out anything anymore... the Pyramid doesn’t think about the cause, but only about the effect... She doesn’t think about how hard it is for me to be homeless for 10 months and then to have to save all these people, all the while getting beat up...” (until 15:00). When I was outside Ackerman, I saw a woman with excellent figure wearing “Mommy pants” – the black loose pants which the CIA girls loved to wear (28:00). I had in the past weeks often imagined to myself “Sally” wearing “Mommy pants” with her excellent figure, and this scene reminded me of my fantasy. Little did I know that this was orchestrated by the Invisible Hand with precisely the purpose of reminding me of my imagination about “Sally”. When the Monkey changed the setting of the mind-reading computer, it produced an intercept showing me fantasizing raping “Sally” when I was only imagining her walking with her excellent figure; and now the Invisible Hand had just collected another evidence demonstrating that the mind-reading computer was wrong. I then reflected while inside Ackerman, “The Monkey thinks he is very smart because he doesn’t know how stupid he is... He doesn’t know who he is messing with... so he ends up getting himself killed... It’s not a good idea to have too much self-esteem” (37:00). Then I thought: What is the Achilles’ Heel about? And my arm hurt (39:00) – I didn’t know that by remotely controlling my arm to hurt DGHTRCOM was trying to tell me the French had objected! I came into the TV lounge and called my bank (1:28:30) to ask about the 300 dollar check. I was frustrated because I could no longer remember anything: I was just too exhausted (1:55:45). I finally decided that the check was fraudulent. I was wrong. I left the TV lounge on 2:15:00 and was disturbed by more baby noises (2:24:00). I then came back into the TV lounge and began burning my DVD. My last recordings of the day are: “[how73suppl5_4_30_10_922-](#)

1110PM.WMA” and “strbksuppl5_4_30-5_1_10_1111PM-1224AM.WMA”. I would spend the rest of the night writing this “Secret History”.

May 1 (Saturday)

My first recording of the new day is: “oldmaninvstmttlkroundabt_5_1_10_710-854AM.WMA”: I woke up and came inside Coffee Bean. I used the restroom and started chatting with the Old Man and the Vagrant Woman (starting from 37:00 onward). The Old Man asked me about my story again. Then the Other Old Lady came in and laughed and chatted with the Old Man. They were especially discussing the ups and downs of the stock market. Another man then appeared to talk to the Old Man about the stock market. The Old Man replied that so and so invested 200 dollars and became a billionaire (51:30). Then they talked about how many people lost how much in stocks. Wondering if this had anything to do with the dynamics inside the control center, I asked them to let me look at the stock market news they were looking at (56:00). The Old Man began analyzing the chart for me by drawing a line through it. “Bottom line, support line; top line, resistant line... Somebody worked it out 100 years ago” (59:00 onward). The Old Man was showing me an analytical trick by which to predict the fate of a stock through geometric analysis of the chart documenting its ups and downs. “The bulls and the bears... Golden Sachs makes money while everybody else loses, all because they analyze the chart while no one else does it...” He analyzed the chart for me again (1:04:00). “The system cannot expand forever, just as the Universe cannot expand forever...” He showed me more of how to predict the future trend of the market (1:08:00). “It’s called ‘smoothing out the line’... People in Golden Sachs do the analysis all day long...” I offered my insight: if everyone knows how to analyze it, then the whole system will collapse. The technique works because only a minority of people know how to analyze the chart. The Old Man agreed (1:15:00). “This is gambling, it’s called speculation, but it’s gambling...” he said (1:18:00). Then he added: “They taught this in business school and to brokers.” I left them on 1:25:30. I murmured to myself: “I hope the Daughter People are not teaching me how to make money, because they should just pay me cash; I’m not interested in going fishing just to fish out another fishing equipment...” (1:29:00). I then reflected on the Monkey’s stupid argument on April 24: not getting the Pyramid but instead getting a self-esteem; “why don’t I just take a class in self-esteem?” (1:40:00) “If the destination is point B, why should I go to point A in order to get to point B? What’s wrong with going directly to point B?”

My next recordings are: “angryanglcpapa_5_1_10_854-1019AM.WMA”; “wstwd_5_1_10_1025-30AM.WMA”; “wstwd_5_1_10_1050AM.WMA”; “strgebus33loanstore312_5_1_10_1232-311PM.WMA”; and “uclavidprblmanglecpapa_5_1_10_312-705PM.WMA”: I went to Chase Bank to verify that the 300 dollar check was indeed cashed, then went to my storage facility to deposit my DVDs, and finally came to Payday Loan. The 300 dollar check was cashed by Payday Loan. My impression was that Payday Loan had forged a loan to me dated March 12 per the Monkey’s orchestration. I would find out later that I was wrong. I then rode the bus back to UCLA.

When I was in the cafe inside the Student Union, I reflected: “Nothing I can do...” (1:43:00). I was completely scared of the Monkey, who had power because he had got hold of the machines. When I

was outside Ackerman smoking, I videotaped two intellectual looking men sitting in a distance, and they immediately got up – remotely controlled to do so – indicating that this was an intercept completed. A piece of evidence was collected, either by the Invisible Hand or by the Monkey to demonstrate my conformity to their respective profiles of me. In my pessimism I just assumed that it was the Monkey completing another intercept confirming his false profile of me. I had noticed that a competition had started between my imaginary “DGHTR” and the Monkey, “Who understands me better”. I started complaining: “How can DGHTRCOM let this happen... Just let an *étranger* come in and take over...” By 2:21:20 I had settled inside the lounge in the Student Union looking for the recordings from March 12 and suddenly someone came in to play a very sad tune. It ended by 2:22:48, and then the person played another, causing me to burst into tears (2:23:16), at which point, the intercept completed, the pianist got up and left. I knew that it was DGHTR and the Monkey competing, but I had always feared that this sad tune was the work of the Monkey who had successfully demonstrated that he had adequately grasped my psychology – he really didn’t need to personally comprehend it, but could simply feed the data from the mind-reading computer into the computer system of the control center which would automatically control the people around me to produce the right music to affect me. He would then have demonstrated that he too could master PLANMEX as long as he knew how to manipulate the computers.

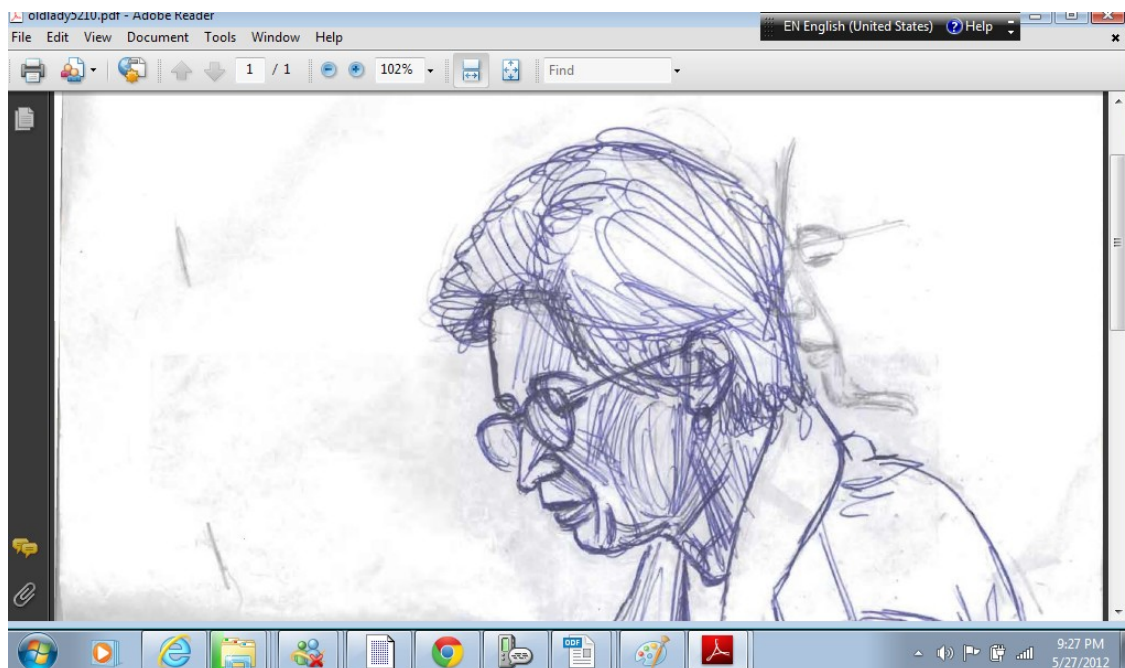
On 3:07:30 I wrongly theorized that it was the Monkey who had orchestrated the passage of the new anti-immigrant laws in Arizona in order to incite anti-American feelings in Mexico and ward off the possibility of a US invasion. “He has thus taken over the entire plan and is going to take over Mexico for himself...” I said to myself (3:07:50). I then began burning a new disc. After a while I said to myself (3:41:10) that the “right answer” was “never have sex with the Pyramid”. I had certainly got this right. And I decided to delete the videos which I had just shot and which I thought were the Monkey’s tricks to trap me (3:44:00 or so): I erroneously thought that the Monkey could hijack PLANMEX by creating some sort of “script” and fitting me into the “script”. I thought therefore that I could disrupt his plan by deviating onto a new “script”. And I thought I could do this by going up to San Francisco. And so, suddenly, motivated by false beliefs, I took the bus to the Greyhound station in downtown and bought a ticket for San Francisco. This is in the next recording: “[invstmnttogryhnd_5_1_10_823-1037PM.WMA](#)”.

May 2 (Sunday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “[oaklandstation_5_2_10_606-809AM.WMA](#)” and “[sftryngfguroutcafecensus_5_2_10_9AM-1236PM.WMA](#)”: And so I arrived in San Francisco in the morning. I wandered around in the Financial District first, thinking erroneously that a personal visit to the “pyramid” (the Bank of America Tower) would help divert the “script” onto one in which I would attain the Pyramid. Around 11 AM or so, I came to the Celtic Coffee Company behind the Civic Center. What looked like a “Mommy” appeared, meeting with an Asian guy who seemed suspiciously like my double, and also with another sloppy old man. It turns out that “Mommy” was just a census worker teaching them how to conduct census. I had had to videotape the beginning for fear that it might be the Monkey repeating his earlier tactic from April 25, namely, “forcing his script through” regardless of my

actions by using doubles to replace me in the evidentiary record. I came up with all kinds of other wrong scenarios as well, which I will not summarize here.

My next recording is: “[sfliboldladyrdinvstmntslpprsntndmmts_5_2_10_1253-715PM.WMA](#)”: I then came to the public library, and found a book on investment to read – I was implementing my plan to “divert the script”. Then, around 2 PM or so, a gentle looking white old lady came to sit near me to do notes and read newspapers of some sort. I couldn’t help but immediately think her to be the Pyramid’s mother – I suspected everyone to be somebody, remember? Assuming my inkling to be correct, I wouldn’t dare videotape her but could only do two quick portraits of her. My incorrect guess at the time about the purpose of this appearance was that the Pyramid’s mother was entreating me to not wish for her husband’s demise even within the alternative script. Seeing the Pyramid’s mother’s gentle image of course had the effect of reducing my wish to merely expelling the Monkey from the Cave. But later, when I arrived in Berkeley around 7 PM or so and saw two police cars parked in front of the Starbucks by the entrance of the university, I quickly wavered and assumed the worst case scenario that it was the Monkey who had continued trying to implement his script. In reality, all that had happened was that the Invisible Hand had put the old lady in front of me in order to demonstrate that I was no danger to anyone in the Pyramid’s family – he knew that I would suspect her to be the Pyramid’s mother. Whether the old lady really was the Pyramid’s mother I would never find out; the Invisible Hand would have obtained the result he was looking for whether or not it really was the Pyramid’s mother. He could have remotely controlled any old lady to appear in front of me.



One of the quick portraits
I drew of the old lady who I supposed was the Pyramid’s mother,
05/02/10

Then, around 6 PM or so, when I was smoking a cigarette near the Civic Center, a black man came to me offering to buy cigarettes from me with a bunch of diamonds. Real or fake? Lazy and assuming this to be the Monkey's trick, I refused! I refused because my priority was that "the star should fall" (the Pyramid should come to me) but only within the "right script" – I would not accept the Pyramid if by so doing I would allow the Monkey to take over DGHTR's PLANMEX. I refused the diamonds also because I didn't want to disappoint DGHTR. For his attempt (thus I thought erroneously) to alienate DGHTR and the Daughter People from me, I prayed throughout the night that DGHTRCOM dismember the Monkey alive just to make an example of him. I had this night also developed the concept of the "psychology of resistance": the knowledge that the Monkey wanted me to give up the Pyramid because he looked down on me had caused me to never want to give her up. I had come to understand that the Monkey and I lived in totally different universes. The Monkey had always only understood human relationship in instrumental terms (that one only does things for another because one wishes some favor in return, etc.), and could never understand that I had risked my life saving Daughterland simply because I feared disappointing the Daughter People. (Of course, it was also because I could not stand watching this bully called "America" annihilating the "last man standing": Daughterland. I was a *true* revolutionary, unlike the Pyramid.) By wishing the Monkey dead, I began struggling to comprehend whether DGHTRCOM would have felt insecure enough in the aftermath of his victory to have implemented such mechanisms as would allow him to terminate anyone at will should he become too troublesome.

The rest of my night is recorded in: "[brkycafepleahhpkanlcpp_5_2_10_715-1008PM.WMA](#)" and "[oldladynotsadslppplnoisebrkly_5_2-3_10_1024PM-256AM.WMA](#)": After so much reflection, someone from the control center (the Monkey?) remotely shut off my recorder. I spent several hours in the coffeehouse Au Coquelet doing my writing, and when I packed up and came to the street corner to sleep, I began complaining again: "The Monkey has won because he has the control center, we have lost because we are homeless. There is no possible way to win because he has everything and I have nothing... I have no way to fight the Monkey because, no matter how intelligent I am, I cannot fight without tools. My high intelligence only allows me to realize that I cannot fly to the moon except with a rocket. I should therefore give up my plan to change the Monkey's plan. DGHTR should not have let the lion go into the sheep's den..." As soon as I said that, someone can be heard talking next to me (12:14). I had guessed something half right, and so my Microspherian conspirators in the control center were required by the Macrospherian Daughterlanders to signal to me.

May 3 (Monday)

My first recording of the new day is: "[wkbrklyanlcfaultetc_5_3_10_404-735AM.WMA](#)". This morning, as soon as I woke up in the middle of 4 AM from the street corner in Berkeley, I realized – wrongly – I had suffered a fatal forgetfulness: that the Monkey could have already scripted my wish for his death into his script, such that all my pleas to DGHTRCOM last night would only further entrench me "in his script." I then thought that, if he was able to command Arizona's legislature to pass anti-immigration laws, then he would be able to command anything anywhere in the world – the world was

effectively lost to him, and DGHTRCOM's only advantage would be to survive and watch. It was the most horrifying realization – even though it was totally idiotic – for the world I had so laboriously gained for Daughterland might in the end be lost to some worthless xxxxxxxx parasite. It's all the Pyramid's fault, I shouted. I had become very angry with the Pyramid. Again, even though all these were incorrect scenarios, I was half right that Daughterland was about to lose the world *thanks to the Pyramid*.

My anger was intensified when I walked into Chase to report the “forgery of my check”. The bankers insisted there was no forgery at all, which drove me to tears. Now that I had pretty much consolidated my erroneous notion of “the Monkey's hijack of Daughterland's command of the whole world”, I spent the rest of the morning fretting over how to save Daughterland again. I simply had no way of doing it this time. Assuming that the Monkey had done it all by producing faulty evidences out of me to confirm his “script” (including his false profile of me), I could only think of uploading my recordings and videos of myself to my website, just as I had done before. I quickly checked myself into a cybercafe in Berkeley and began uploading files to my website.

In the meantime, I finally gathered up the courage to search online for film reviews of “Las hijas de su madre”. It turned out that the film was not about the death of the father of some daughters, but rather about a mother's killing of the daughters' rich husbands. How would this fit into any script at all? Suddenly, when I realized that I may have made a mistake about the Monkey's “scripting”, my entire mental stability collapsed. I had wasted all this energy devising worthless fantasies; in the end, I had no idea about what was going on inside the control center. The awful feeling resulting from getting upset over imaginary scenarios caused me such degree of depersonalization that the anger I had built up this morning suddenly reached explosive level. I pulled out the information I had gathered on the Pyramid's family and began searching on Bing Map the address which supposedly belonged to the Pyramid. I was surprised: it was a luxurious house with a swimming pool in the northeastern edge of the Los Angeles County. I would from then on erroneously believe that I had found the Pyramid's home – not knowing that all the information I had gathered belonged to some other “Bxxxxxxxxx” family.

My next recordings are: “[cybercafe_5_3_10_111-135PM.WMA](#)” and “[cybercafesfcall_5_3_10_315-509PM.WMA](#)”: My anger with the Pyramid since the morning had prompted me to want to track down her family, and I called up the first number I found on April 29 (supposedly the Pyramid's number) on a payphone (8:00). “Destination cannot be reached... Please try your call again” – so went the automatic recording. I then called up what I thought was the Pyramid's sister's number (Lorena's) from my own cellphone, and a female of a perfect American accent answered the phone. I hanged up. I ran to the BART station – wanting to go to San Francisco – while yelling to the Pyramid: “You cannot get rid of your fucking attachment to your father... You fucking bitch... Saving you and protecting you... I'm not gonna touch you... You are fucking with me... Prostitutes are a hundred thousand times superior than you are, you fucking little virgin bitch...” (42:00). “You don't deserve to sit inside the fucking control center duping people...” While on BART, I noticed that the woman sitting in front of me was reading Psychology Today. When I asked her about it, she replied she was reading an article on “obsession” (1:14:00). When I got off the train, I couldn't help asking myself: Was the Pyramid talking through the

woman? In reality, it was just the Macrospherian Daughterlanders who wanted to create an intercept showing that even my obsession with the Pyramid was part of the planned Microspherian conspiracy against them and so commanded the Monkey to “pass me a secret message” (instruction). Not knowing this, I thought the Pyramid was blaming me for being obsessed with her, and so I retorted: “It’s not about obsession, it’s about beating up an animal continually to train him, and one day he just blows up – you fucking stupid bitch who are too stupid to know you’re stupid, you uneducated Monkey family...” I sat down at the coffee place outside Powell Station and continued my senseless complaints: “They duped me here and there... It’s fun for them to deceive me, they knew not how much it angered me...” (1:28:00). To the Pyramid: “Be careful with someone who is abused... If you are the last in line, he may just take it all out on you! Amélie is cute in movies, but it’s not funny in real life... DGHTR shouldn’t be so liberal, you’ll end up losing the world... And in the end it’s I who’ll pay for it...” I would be completely right about this part! “They don’t know what uncertainty does to people... That’s why stalking is so angering, because you don’t know who is fucking with you... I can’t tell who is talking through these people to me, not even CIA operatives can guess...” (1:35:00). “I’m all chained up, like an animal... Pyramid, you are inferior, because you are a virgin! People who are promiscuous are stronger... Marie even has sex with her friends... You keep that in mind... Stupid people like the Monkey’s family need to be told what to do... You shouldn’t be so liberal as to let them run their own life... I understand that it’s hard to make stupid people understand that they are stupid, because they are too stupid to know they are stupid... That’s why there is university, where people are simply taught what is true and right so that stupid people don’t have to figure out things by themselves. I can’t stand it, but I’m too worried about Daughterland... I need a clear sign that they are okay...” (1:45:00). The Daughter People who were listening to me right now in the control center must be frowning: as soon as their Macrospherian status was canceled, such confession on my part – my worries for their safety – would immediately be used by the French as evidence to convict them. Finally, I shouted out of frustration with uncertainty: “This is a very bad communication system... I don’t even know who is communicating with me” – and a girl got up from her chair (1:47:00).

My next recording is: “[angrywanglesfwndrng_5_3_10_511-917PM.WMA](#)”: I soon came inside the San Francisco Public Library to use the payphone there to continue calling what I thought were the numbers of the Pyramid’s family members. I called what I thought was Pyramid's number again. “The number is not in service...” so went the recording. When I called what I thought was her mother’s number, the recording went: “The party is not answering...” I got on the bus, wandered across town, and came back to downtown, feeling so awful because “stupid people can get behind the machines and dupe intelligent persons like me” (1:44:00). I falsely assumed that I had called the right numbers, and that it was the Monkey and the Monkey’s family who had cut off my calls from the control center: “You bitch, hiding in the corner watching me, but if I try to call her number, she goes hysterical...” (2:01:00). And so I spent hours wandering up and down the Tenderloin region telling myself how I had wasted my formula on this Pyramid who had turned out to be a stupid and timid girl and cursing the Monkey family: “They don’t take a good look at themselves in the mirror... The reason why they could dupe me is because they are inside the courthouse... They have the tools... They will never think, ‘Oh we are inferior, so maybe we should get out of the courthouse and stop using these great machines to dupe people...’” (2:35:00). When I walked into a pizza store (2:37:00), the cashier shouted at me for “not showing

respect”. I would in the coming months hear “respect” over and over again from the mouth of the people around me, causing me to think of it as the Monkey’s signature phrase. Finally, I came to the Greyhound station and bought a ticket to go back to Los Angeles (3:23:00). Waiting for the bus, I came inside the Kinkos across the street and, when I turned on my Toshiba Satellite, I broke down crying (3:40:00) because the computer was not working again. “They are making my computer malfunction because they *can* and they know nothing will happen to *their* computers...” (3:59:00). Then the screenshot function ceased working. I reflected: “That ‘obsession’ business was so stupid, it didn’t seem to be the Pyramid... It’s probably her father” – just then my recorder was remotely shut off from the control center to confirm.

My next recording is: “[slpgrndhndbustotalpic_5_3-4_10_924PM-343AM.WMA](#)”: I became tremendously troubled by the question of who was really talking through these people if it was not the Pyramid. I hated the feeling of being duped. “Why don’t they try some of these things on themselves?” (around 5:50 or so) I was overwhelmed by the feeling of powerlessness vis-à-vis those shadowy figures inside the control center who could talk to me from the dark, dupe me, cause my machine to malfunction – and all the while I couldn’t even be sure who it was and why. And they had no care for how physically exhausted I was from walking the streets the whole day long. On the next day or so I would write down the reason for my anger outburst this afternoon, still believing that the Pyramid had a hand in the remote control of the people around me: “A primary motivation in this episode of anger outburst is the satisfaction gained from putting forth the opposite of what the Pyramid may have expected from her game of ‘Amélie Poulin’ – in order to disappoint her – when I was overwhelmed by the feeling of insecurity and uncertainty consequent upon the discovery that I might have guessed things wrong. Instead of her seeing the guy getting confused and manipulated while she smiles from behind the scene, she would simply, scared, saddened, and disappointed, see an elephant exploding and not doing anything to go along with the game. Resistance against being ‘trained’ under condition of desperation and despair, when I simply wanted to rest with needs met.” By 11:30 or so I started blaming even DGHTR, that he let all these strangers come in to try their hands in “training me” – these non-professionals simply ended up punching me all over the place in their competition to look wise, resulting in my suffering for no benefit and actually diminishing my capacity. The Daughter People, and the Invisible Hand, on the other hand, observed from the control center that I had assumed everything wrong and that I had driven myself to all this exhausting anger with my wrong assumptions; the Pyramid was not playing any tricks on me from the control center, the Monkey and his family didn’t cut off my calls, and the “secret messages” were for other purposes than for duping me. I was making myself miserable by desiring to know what was almost unknowable (what was going on inside the control center and who was controlling what) – somehow my high esteem of myself had caused me to want to be in the know at least to the same extent as the Monkey and the Pyramid who were inferior to me – and the Daughter People were forbidden by international laws to impart the knowledge on me in a straightforward fashion.

May 4 (Tuesday; Mona)

Everybody was then on the bus. I tried to sleep but began reflecting on what exactly had happened

inside the control center. Four hours or so into the bus ride, I suddenly had a clarity of mind and I immediately took out my Toshiba Satellite (starting on 4:47:30 or so) and wrote down the following:

“THE TOTAL PICTURE AT A GLANCE AT LAST COMPREHENDED THANKS TO MY FOUR INVESTIGATIVE PRANK CALLS AND THE PYRAMID’S FATHER’S BLOCKAGE: The numbers are indeed related to the Pyramid. Not only that, the Pyramid’s father, the Pyramid herself, and the Pyramid’s entire family were in the Cave together, the broken relationship between the Pyramid and her father having been temporarily sewn up through the effort of the Pyramid’s mother. I was under the Pyramid’s father’s shift in this afternoon indeed. He allowed the call to Lorena to go through so that Lorena may report it to law enforcement who would then match the “prank call” with the earlier report made by Steve. Such is not possible with the calls from the payphone and so he blocked all calls later on – not the one to Lorena again because Lorena had already answered it. He was now assuming the role of the protector of his family in front of DGHTR, even though I was provoked to explosion precisely by his persistent torment. He then sent in a cypher in Marine dress with face covered up in the hope of luring me to stalk the Pyramid, in a final attempt to discredit me in front of his daughter and win her back. He was indeed the one who had my check forged, and was doing everything he could to provoke me in the Chase bank this morning as a way to get the security guard to arrest me and get rid of me once and for all. [*Although everything I had written here was incorrect scenario, in the next five paragraphs I would get something right.*]

The stake: the Pyramid’s father is doing everything he could to grab the Pyramid back from DGHTR, not only because he wishes to hold together his family in front of whom he has been terribly embarrassed but also because his dream of a fiefdom in Mexico depends entirely on his retention of his daughter. Why? Because of the Pyramid’s relationship with the political figure in Mexico (some such figure as Maria Eugenia Blanca) – DGHTRCOM’s plan in Mexico depends entirely on this linkage. This is why the Pyramid’s feeling for her father is of absolute importance and DGHTRCOM cannot simply dispose of the Pyramid’s father just because I have requested it. It seems that, besides the mechanical process of the Cave, it is really the Pyramid’s choice between DGHTR and her father which decides under whose shift I would have to continue my suffering. The disagreement between DGHTR and the Pyramid’s father over the choice of myself as the other half of the Pyramid’s operation has thus worked a tremendous schism in the Pyramid’s family.

What now? The Pyramid’s father is doing his best to firstly impress [the Pyramid with his wisdom] in contradistinction to DGHTR and secondly to paint me as dangerous in front of the Pyramid in order to alienate her from me. His dream of a power position in Mexico depends on this. The problem: the Pyramid is only an artsy and literary woman of mid-30s⁶¹ and could not really understand much of DGHTR’s education etc., and therefore is having tremendous difficulty in figuring out which of the two is wiser – but can she figure out which of the two loves her more? For this reason DGHTR feels a heavy responsibility toward the Pyramid and his

61 To be sure, the Pyramid was 31 year-old at this time.

metaphor in the laundromat the other day thus made a stern gesture to me about “guarding the Pyramid”. The Pyramid’s father and DGHTR have thus been competing with each other in predicting my behavior correctly – as a way to win over the Pyramid’s confidence and thus the managerial seat of PLANMEX. The seat of course originally belonged to DGHTR but the Pyramid’s father’s disgust with my appearance, presentation, and past and his ambition in PLANMEX have caused him to attempt to push aside DGHTR and occupy the managerial seat himself. The whole business is very hard for DGHTRCOM also, precisely because of my “political capital” with him. He and DGHTR must have after all been partners in the past.

The saddest thing in the whole affair is the Pyramid’s incomprehension of the extraordinary pressure her own father is exerting on me, causing me to break and explode – but that then is precisely the Pyramid’s father’s goal: even though it’s just so easy for anyone, when he has the entire infrastructure and population under his finger tips, to break any sort of tough character, let alone an impatient weakling who has already suffered for almost five years a dozen intelligence agencies’ surveillance, investigation, and clandestine operations, and social isolation due to Homeland Security’s slandering alerts around the globe. I do not want to lose to the Pyramid’s father, nor do I want to disappoint the two other persons I have saved. For the larger picture I certainly do not like the scenario of a figure of such nature as the Pyramid’s father taking over Mexico for his own pleasure. I thus cannot give up on the Pyramid – but what can I do when her “ability to comprehend” is so limited?

My heavy cut on my arm on March 30 has thus been a fatal blow in the whole matter, for DGHTR has failed to predict it, and for this reason Wes has come up with the idea of a “jury”. [*Wrong: it was DGHTRCOM’s idea.*] DGHTR’s failed prediction has seriously shaken the Pyramid’s family’s confidence in his expertise... [*All correct, except that it’s the Invisible Hand rather than any DGHTR.*] It’s strange, for in the beginning I wanted nothing more than a female partner with whom to hang, and now it has become a matter of political struggle...

One thing is for sure: I cannot attempt to compensate my frustration with uncertainty and endless pranks by stalking the Pyramid and thus falling into the Pyramid’s father’s trap. Frustration lessened nonetheless now that I have this “total picture” thanks to the Pyramid’s father’s blockage and provocation...”

Around 5:42:00 or so, while I was writing down this scenario, a fly was remotely controlled to linger in front of my laptop’s screen – one of the Invisible Hand’s typical ways of confirming that I had figured out something – and a girl sitting in the front of the bus was remotely controlled to turn on the light above her – a metaphor telling me that there was now “hope” in the current otherwise hopeless situation. (For the Macrospherian Daughterlanders, I needed first to understand the drama over PLANMEX before I could understand how the French had objected.) I thus shouted: I got it all figured out, and I was feeling so much better from the sense of security consequent upon understanding the reasons for my current situation.

My next recording is: “[slpgrhndbusnwduel_5_4_10_343-616AM.WMA](#)”: After writing down my realization, I began bragging about how no one around, not even those inside the control center themselves, would have been able to figure out the whole thing with so few clues. On 2:25:00 or so, I challenged the Monkey to a duel again – putting him on the street, let’s see how much he could figure out: probably not even one percent, and the Pyramid would be so disappointed.

My next recording is: “[leavgryhnduclalibmstkeabutckfrgd_5_4_10_646-1153AM.WMA](#)”: When I had arrived in Los Angeles, I began pleading the Monkey to negotiate with the Daughterlanders about his “portion” (9:00). “Because the Pyramid is your daughter, when your daughter goes over, you should get a share” (11:00). “Don’t trick me about who’s in command; I’ll figure out it’s your command and I’ll stop obeying... Go figure out how much the Pyramid is worth to you” (until 13:00). When I was on the bus going to Westwood, a Hispanic guy sitting next to me was reading Jack Kerouac’s *Tristessa*. Was this a message telling me that the Pyramid would still need her boyfriend even when she was paired up with me – the new direction of the “script”?⁶² When I was eating in a restaurant, I murmured correctly again: “The Pyramid’s attachment to her father has caused so much problem, to the point that the whole world might be lost” (2:12:00). And then about the “psychology of resistance”: the pizza man shouted yesterday, “Show respect!” I’m definitely not going to show respect (2:17:00)! I did a little writing and then came to the Biomedical Library. I listened to my recordings and discovered that I did write a check out to Payday Loan in early March (3:50:00). I suddenly felt my heart melting away: “I shouldn’t be angry with the Monkey because he didn’t forge my check” (4:18:00). I watched “7 jours sur la planète” (4:25:00) and sighed: “They just won’t tell me what is going on, it’s so frustrating, when it’s so important for me to know what is going on...” I had certainly got this right! “I’m not gonna resist her father, feeling so bad for wrongly blaming him for forging my check...” (4:44:00). When I was leaving the library, I analyzed: “Before my environment – where Daddy Chertoff instructed everyone to put up a show in front of me – was ‘elementary structure’, now it is ‘complex structure’ – where everyone is remotely controlled instantly and smoothly from the control center via a computer system”. I was using Levi-Strauss’ categorization in *Les structures élémentaire de la parenté* as an analogy (4:52:00). I then came to the Chicago School to get ready for my appointment with Mona. It’s May 4 and Mona was back!

62 I was certainly wrong in my interpretation. During the rewrite, I did check this book out from the library as well as consulting Jenn McKee’s *Jack Kerouac* (2004), Paul Maher’s *Kerouac: His Life and Work* (2004), and Ann Charters’ introductions in *The Portable Jack Kerouac* edited by her. Because *Tristessa* bears striking resemblance to my “Feefee and Valerie” – in both the author became enamored of a sex-worker and wrote about it – we have to wonder whether the Pyramid, after reading the latter, was reminded of the former and then ordered to communicate her impression to me: since Kerouac had a thing about Mexico, traveled there frequently, and wrote about it several times, it’s natural that the Pyramid, if she so loved literature, would have wanted to read him. The Daughter People’s purpose in all this would then be to establish my conspiracy with the Pyramid just as they had done in regard to the Monkey by sending him onto the bus to meet me. Other similarities: Kerouac was French Canadian just like Valerie, he was self-destructive just like me, and he idealized a prostitute just as I have done. Furthermore, the fact that all his stories together form a single whole (the story of his life from the beginning to the end: the “Duluoz Legend”) I would also repeat later on. In this message the Pyramid might also be communicating (per the Daughter People’s instruction) the “Plan” to me – to make me into a famous writer in the same way in which Kerouac became famous after the publication of *On The Road*. The strange thing about *Tristessa* is of course the fact that, here, Kerouac pretended to be illiterate and not to write well: hopefully the Pyramid was not telling me that she thought me like that too!

My next recording is: “[wmonatoloanslp_5_4_10_1153AM-424PM.WMA](#)”: Mona was late this day – I thought it might be some sort of symbolism: that the “star would fall late” or something like that. Mona came in on 22:50, and she was wearing purple shoes (26:20). I talked about my mistake with the forged check, and then mentioned: “I don’t know how to deal with the Pyramid; sometimes I get so angry with her; but I’m not sure what she has done, and I don’t want to get angry with her for imaginary things.” On 30:00 or so Mona asked the strangely stupid question “When was the last time you saw her?” I had not seen her since I was kicked out, I replied. Mona was surprised. She asked me if I was going back to the library to find her. I wasn’t. Mona commended me. I then began talking about having no money and how laziness and homelessness raised the cost of living because I couldn’t cook and so on (32:00). I then began hinting at my current situation with the control center, that my misery was caused by “someone else’s cut-in” (32:20). I was referring to the Monkey. I then began complaining about the advantage which those shadowy figures inside the control center enjoyed: “Everyone knows me but I don’t know anybody.” And I mentioned my desire to sue the Pyramid for kicking me out as a way to get information about her (35:30). “What will you do with the information?” Mona asked me. Just to confirm my “hypotheses” about her, I explained. I tried to make her understand what gnawed at me everyday, that I didn’t know what the Pyramid was like and what was going on inside the control center. “Do other people hate uncertainty as much as I do?” I asked. And I complained that the Pyramid enjoyed being mysterious, hiding herself in darkness while knowing everything about you – “It’s about power...” And I explained my past experience of being stalked by females, not even because they liked me, but because they wanted to establish power over me (38:00). “This pissed me off so bad.” Upon her asking, I replied that I only wanted to figure out particular people, and that I didn’t like it when they could know me but I couldn’t know them. “You don’t like to be figured out?” Mona asked. No, I like it very much. My problem was with “domination” (39:00), and even “hypocrisy”. My problem was with the “double standard”: women can stalk a guy, and it will look cute, but not the other way round. Mona agreed with me that there *was* a double standard here. And I then hinted: “I don’t want people I don’t like to win...” I was referring to the Monkey again. Mona was kind enough to propose to make up for the time we had lost today by prolonging my next appointment with her. At the end of our session she revealed to me that she had an older sister and a younger brother – which was the same as my erroneous conception of the Pyramid’s situation.⁶³

Afterward I scavenged left-over food in ISO, and then rode the bus to Santa Monica and borrowed 200 dollars from Advanced America. Thereafter I returned to the UCLA library and started regretting having yelled at the Pyramid while in San Francisco – amidst all the people wearing purple.

My next recording is: “[uclachngdvotesslp_5_4_10_424-810PM.WMA](#)”: I began developing the erroneous notion that the Pyramid might appear in front of me very soon, even tomorrow. I reflected while sitting on the toilet, “You shouldn’t say things like DGHTR loves the Pyramid more than her father does... DGHTR knows better how to love the Pyramid, because her father is a businessman and

63 As usual, Mona was concerned with whether I might go find the Pyramid and how I felt about her because these were the questions which the TMU detective, per the instruction from the shadowy figures in the control center, had instructed her to ask.

only sees people as objects; DGHTR is an academic...” (36:00). “The problem is that I sound like I am trying to alienate between the Pyramid and her father – that’s what ‘breaking her’ is all about – but I’m just speaking the truth...” (41:00). Sometime later, while I was reading a book on the history of Mexico, my phone began ringing with junk calls. On 5:38 PM a junk call from 719-466-4291 arrived at my cellphone. And there were two more. When I walked out of the library (1:54:00), I began complaining, “The jury is not a good idea, because most of these women don’t really know me at all, besides, there is the ‘psychology of resistance’; when they piss me off, I’ll do the opposite of what is expected... Each juror tries to predict my next move, their prediction may be 20% or 30% correct, and, when added all up, can be 90% accurate... But what about my new desire to fit DGHTR’s prediction? When I figure things out, my desire becomes different... I don’t like this jury thing, it makes me feel like an animal...” (until 2:04:00). “Worst case scenario, Mexico is not owned... What’s the big deal? Now I have to predict DGHTR’s prediction so that I can fit his prediction... He is going to predict that I will be trying to conform to his prediction... Did he predict that all I’m doing is to predict what he is going to predict so that I may force myself to conform to his prediction? Then we two are simply going to predict each other’s prediction, and yet there is no content in the prediction” (2:14:00). I fell asleep on the grass outside the library, and, when I got up an hour later, I murmured: “They only look at the effects, but not the cause.” While I was eating in the cafeteria, I began to realize what the junk calls meant: three jurors had changed their votes! I was deemed a danger to the Pyramid after all – after my anger outburst in San Francisco.

I examined the three junk calls. One was traced to “Manitou Spring”. Now by the metonymic connections formed in my mind “Manitou” (the Algonquin word for “spirit”) pointed to “religious studies”, thus to “UQAM” and “Montreal”, and thus to Marie, which meant Marie had changed her vote. The 719 number was traced to Colorado Spring. “Colorado Spring” pointed via the metonymic operation in my head to either my cousin Gilbert or to the CIA. Gilbert was Evelyn’s brother, and so it meant that Evelyn had changed her vote as well. The third junk call – I don’t remember how – referred to Professor Carson, who must have also changed her vote. May 4, remember, was the day when the mini-trial was supposed to end, and, with three jurors voting me a possible danger to the Pyramid, DGHTR had lost to the Monkey – although only ambiguously. I don’t know how Evelyn had decided; Marie was a sex-worker and so deemed privacy as of utmost importance. She must have changed her mind after seeing me calling what I thought was the Pyramid’s number. Professor Carson had always been skeptical of me, and so her change of mind was perhaps to be expected. I’m not sure if my complaint about the “double standard” to Mona had ever so offended any of them as to cause them to change their vote. Women who were feminist-minded certainly would not like to hear that there was “reverse sexism” in American society. And recall what I have said about “cause and effect”: the jurors would not pause and consider the discomfort and pain – everyone watching me in the dark while I was not allowed to know what was going on – which had caused me to carry out my actions (the “effect”); they would only consider the effects (my actions). What was interesting was that *the Pyramid didn’t change her vote*. Of all people here, the Pyramid would be most offended by my *intention* to prank-call her – she was an extremely secretive person and was obsessed with the feminist image of a monstrous man hunting down a pure and innocent white woman. Yet she didn’t change her vote, evidently because she was maintaining her apology to the Invisible Hand.

My recordings for the rest of the night are in: “[kcjuryetsupl9ucla_5_4_10_811-932PM.WMA](#)”; “[5_4_10_952PM.WMA](#)”; and “[leavuclarprsnntnslpwstwd_5_4-5_10_1021PM-632AM.WMA](#)”: After I worked out the jury’s decision in the library, I, depressed, dragged my cart to Westwood Village to sleep. I talked about why I enjoyed reading: “Reading a book is like taking a book out of the bookshelf called the Universe... The Universe is properly represented by a big bookshelf, reading a book is like eating up a part of the Universe... the Universe is food by being represented and eaten by being comprehended... It’s all about representation” (1:44:00). This is the primordial motivation of a bookworm, which many academics share. “If The Pyramid asks me: what are you going to do with my information? Nothing, I merely want to eat up the Pyramid, and I will thus feel good – that’s the point, I don’t know if she can comprehend this. Understanding is an end in itself...” (1:46:00). “Knowledge is fulfilling... Knowing who she is... Academics read books and keep books on their bookshelves – it’s the same thing, the representation that has been ‘eaten’ has to be on display... It’s the externalization of the interior...” (until 1:51:40). Of course the Pyramid, with her shallow understanding of human nature and unconcern for the feelings of people outside her family, would not understand a single word out of my mouth here.

May 5 (Wednesday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[wkrpsnttnwoldmananglcdcision_5_5_10_632-757AM.WMA](#)”. After I woke up from my corner, I walked into Coffee Bean (8:30 or so). The Old Man and the UCLA Vagrant Woman were there. After buying my coffee I went outside to have my morning cigarettes and was regurgitating about the artists’ need to overcome the feeling of powerlessness in face of what cannot be possessed through representing it in art. I then went inside and sat down with the Old Man and the Vagrant Woman (24:00 or so). I asked the Old Man what they were talking about (26:00). Something like the effect of medical things on everyone, they responded together. By 30:00 the “Other Old Lady” came in to ask the Old Man about recent news. Stocks down and protest in Greece, so the Old Man and the Vagrant Woman responded. The “Other Old Lady” soon departed. Why didn’t she stay, I asked the Vagrant Woman. “She was just continuing her rounds,” replied she. “We used to call it the ‘Morning Constitutional’,” she added (33:00). A few more words with the Vagrant Woman and I was off to the restroom, passing by a few females speaking Armenian. This may indicate Armenia’s role in the turmoil (France’s objection) that was about to begin. While sitting on the toilet, I started pleading to the Pyramid – hoping that, per chance, she might be inside the control center listening to me – that she choose DGHTR and DGHTR’s replacement for me should she not want to choose me for PLANMEX – that she not choose her father. I thus pronounced that DGHTR was now released from the “promise” (*yakusoku*). I also added the qualification that DGHTR’s replacement of me should be at least agreeable to the Monkey (46:00). Note that I asked also for a sign that would unambiguously indicate to me that the Pyramid had even heard me (47:45). I felt sad that I might not see the Pyramid again but at the same time felt compelled to make this move because I simply could not swallow the fact that the “cake” which I had prepared for DGHTR might be eaten up by the Pyramid’s father. Within minutes I started complaining about the “signaling system” again – how it was impossible to figure out who was communicating with me (50:40 or so). I walked out of the restroom only to find

that the Vagrant Woman had disappeared. I asked the Old Man where she had gone and the Old Man responded, “People come and go, Larry” (55:00). “You didn’t ask her to stay?” I asked the Old Man. “I can’t force her to stay,” he replied. “Did I say something that pissed her off?” I asked, just wanting to be certain (56:45). I thought the control center had just controlled the Vagrant Woman to leave and the Old Man to respond thusly in order to produce a metaphor telling me that my proposal had been accepted by “them”: the Pyramid would go away with DGHTR leaving behind her father, who couldn’t do anything about it. “No...” he said, adding, “Nobody owns anybody...” “Do parents own their children?” I pursued. “I don’t know...” he said. “What if your son just departs and never sees you again?” I asked. “It will break my heart, but there’s nothing I can do about it...” It would seem that, since the Monkey was controlling the Old Man, he was trying to put up an air of wisdom to demonstrate to the “audience” (like the Pyramid) that he was a good parent after all who had no intention of controlling his daughter like a piece of property – which was what he had tried to do when he attempted to oust the Invisible Hand and gain control of the Pyramid.

I departed after this for the laundromat (59:00). I murmured: “What does he represent? As long as the Pyramid chooses DGHTR, it’s okay...” Addressing the Pyramid’s father, I said: “If you keep insisting you’ll lose...” I was engulfed in sadness for I really did believe that the Pyramid was going away and that I was not going to see her again (until 1:01:00). Then, a mysterious woman suddenly walked up to me and said: “Those people you are talking to in the coffeehouse are not good people.” “Not good people?” I was mystified. “No, they are undercovers, they are here to get information from you!” (1:02:00) She continued: “That’s not nice, because you are not digging information from them. You don’t have an ulterior motive to find out their business...” I walked away stupefied. This woman was obviously controlled by someone in the control center to pass me a message, but I couldn’t understand immediately what the message was about. Basically, the control center was telling me that they were merely running a test on me – to verify that I was willing to sacrifice my claim on the Pyramid for DGHTR’s (actually, the Invisible Hand’s) benefit. It was a test which the Invisible Hand had requested last night after three jurors had changed their vote. Somehow, the Invisible Hand had requested that the mini-trial be extended enough for him to conduct a test on me. Because of the Old Man’s words, I suddenly felt sorry that the Monkey was losing his daughter, saying to him: “Well, try not to grab the cake I have baked for someone else! I almost died baking that cake!” (1:04:45) “... The cake has to be secured...” (1:09:20). Within minutes however I had begun to understand: “DGHTR has predicted I would ask the Pyramid to choose *his* replacement...” (1:21:00). Thus he (or rather the Invisible Hand) had requested the test. “The bond between ‘Daughter’ and me can never be broken – because they and I – we have nothing to do with each other...”

My next recording is: “[Indrostbksangldeicson_5_5_10_758-935AM.WMA](#)”: Before I came to the laundromat on Westwood Blvd, a limousine appeared in front of me at the juncture of Santa Monica and Westwood (2:00 or so). Evidence-replacement? It was quite likely that the Macrospherian Daughterlanders were here re-establishing Mr former Secretary as my conspirator. I muttered, “As long as the Pyramid chooses my DGHTR, the rest I don’t really care” (8:44 or so). After I was done with laundry, I came to Peets’ Coffee to use the toilet. I whispered: “They are just testing me... You’ll never see the Pyramid again... And since the Pyramid has chosen DGHTR, my revenge against her father has

completed...” (1:20:00). “We are not gonna hurt ourselves, the Pyramid can freely choose...” (1:28:20).

My next recording is: “[smhpxrayuclachnsemovie_5_5_10_950AM-710PM.WMA](#)”. I was then walking back to Westwood Village. I continued to complain about how I could not know who was orchestrating my environment (8:30) and who was talking through these people around me (21:00). I continued to feel sad about the fact that I would never see the Pyramid again (22:00). When I was eating in Burger Kings (30:00), I murmured at one point: “The Pyramid will always remember my bad side” – just then my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (38:20). Both the Daughterlanders and the DGSE Smart Women wanted me to know what the Monkey had done – forging intercepts of my thoughts in order to slander me to the Pyramid – so that my conspiracy with this Monkey could be further consolidated. I then came to the bus stop. I had decided to go to the Santa Monica Hospital to follow through the X-ray of my lungs as required for my application for the apartment unit at Abode Community. I said to myself again: “Hopefully DGHTR will not lose the cake I have baked for him!” (41:00) By the time I got off the bus near the hospital (1:03:00) I complained to DGHTR: “Our communication system is bad because – a honk, a noise, a metaphor – you can’t tell who is doing it. The message has to be a little more complex so that the person’s personality can be visible” (1:07:00). “Since I don’t know who is talking to me, my frustration gets reinforced; the message is so vague, and yet the stake is so high” (1:08:00). I simply couldn’t comprehend the fact that nobody in the control center could do any better than this because the laws in my case did not permit direct communication but only “secret messages” befitting spy-communication for the sake of establishing any conspiracy. I finished the X-ray by 2:20:00 or so. I came back to Ackerman and reflected on my self-mutilation on March 30: “DGHTR didn’t take account of the sharpness of the exacto knife” (4:55:30). When I was in the library, I thought that the Pyramid would not show up after all – I assumed she was going to Mexico with DGHTR. “Pyramid, do you know how frightening your father is” – and someone was remotely controlled to move about to signal confirmation (5:14:20). I relaxed by watching a Chinese movie on Tudou (5:47:30). I then reflected out loud about the “5-second double smile Pyramid”, the SVR girl who showed up in Starbucks on July 6 last year to smile to me – “one smile and the nation sinks” (7:10:00). When the movie showed a Chinese woman running like a retard, I got so enamored that I filmed the computer screen (8:12:00). I then apologized to the Pyramid for my anger outburst two days ago! When I was walking away from the UCLA campus, I tried to communicate to the control center: The way the Chinese woman ran as if she were confused, that is just so beautiful... Can they understand this? Why don’t others think like me? (9:0:30)

The rest of my night is recorded in: “[wstwdbuyantsbrgr5scndsmile_5_5_10_710-846PM.WMA](#)”; “[touclalibpyrmdfamiliar_5_5_10_848-950PM.WMA](#)”; “[how7325ichundi_5_5_10_1008-1053PM.WMA](#)”; and “[nwjury_5_5_10_1057-1141PM.WMA](#)”. When I came back to the library, I spotted again the Korean American who had been playing the video game “Tetris” on the library’s computer. It was around 10:30 PM and he was playing the same video game. I shall call him “Mr Fitter”, because I wrongly assumed that the game he was playing – fitting the falling blocs into rows – was a metaphor of the current game of matching me with the Pyramid. I filmed him. When I was leaving UCLA, I again talked to the air hoping that the Pyramid might hear me in the control center: “Pyramid you are not gonna let your father eat DGHTR’s cake... Your father is so scary...” (28:30).

May 6 (Thursday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[IMP_woldmanvrntwm_5_6_10_627-803AM.WMA](#)”. As usual, after I woke up from the street corner in Westwood Village, I walked into Coffee Bean. Both the Old Man and the UCLA Vagrant Woman were there. But this morning there was a black woman in business suit talking with the Old Man about “codes” (19:09): “... the same codes... fix the codes... there is only one code...” THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION IS VERY IMPORTANT in that the shadowy figures in the control center were controlling the Old Man and the black woman to hold a conversation which seemed to be about some insignificant routine problem with the computers at work but which was in fact a metaphor of the disastrous situation inside the International Court. Both DGHTRCOM and the Smart Woman were trying to make me understand what the Monkey had done – ostensibly in order to turn the Monkey’s drama into a “conspiracy” against either of them; but DGHTRCOM was particularly hoping that I might come to understand what the French were up to in order to neutralize the French objection by making it into a conspiracy against his country.

The Old Man said: “What do I have to do to limit/ imitate that?” The black woman responded: “They were looking at it last night.” *Meaning: the DARPA technicians – on the request of the DGSE Smart Woman – were called in last night to examine the mind-reading computer with which my thoughts were interfaced in order to determine the extent of the damage which the Monkey had caused.* The Old Man said: “When you finished each time...” The black woman responded: “... one of the codes I wanted to stay, because that’s the only time I had to use it.” The Old Man said: “You should be able to... it, though.” The black woman responded: “I was just thinking that something could be done about it... Yeah, just as I was telling Daniel... Jennifer and Robert.... they were going through the codes...” *The “codes” was probably a metaphor for the “setting” of the mind-reading computer, namely, the software which matched the patterns of the electrical activities of my brain picked up by the nanochips in my brain with the corresponding patterns stored in the “mind-reading dictionary”.* The Old Man said: “You should be able to... the ‘free’ codes... and then you...” The black woman responded: “Yeah, you said okay...” The Old Man said: “There is probably a manual... manually.” *In other words, now that this software called the “setting” was messed up, one had to match the patterns manually.* The black woman responded: “Even if you... copy, you can paste it... That would be great. But you can’t even do that. Because I was thinking if I were able to do that, I would just be...” The black woman then continued: “Yeah... manually...” The Old Man said: “... overwrite [?]... manual overwrite...” *In other words, now that the “setting” can no longer perform the function of matching, one had to manually match the patterns and manually overwrite the incorrect matching done by the “setting”.* When I asked the black woman what she was talking about, she responded: “I’m talking about the system I use at work. We have had it for like, 6 or 7 months.” *Meaning, since late October to early November of the previous year – when the Daughterlanders had discovered the mind-reading technology in the United States’ arsenal for “Operation International Court of Justice” and “chipped” me (along with tens of thousands of residents of Los Angeles).*⁶⁴ “Very sophisticated... it used to... dinosaur... So now it has got this ‘Windows-friendly’ and everything” (23:50) “... Some of the features on it you cannot copy and

64 We have assumed that the Daughter People did this especially in consequence of the disaster of October 18.

paste... And you have to do line-entry and... When you do have to give an intel... You have a line entry for annuity... And you have to do the time and every time you do that...” *Meaning: not all the operations of the “setting” were susceptible of manual overwrite; the technicians had to eliminate one forged intercept of my thought at a time!* The Old Man said something and the black woman responded: “Oh no, we have to do it in real time...” *Meaning: the technicians were no longer trusting the operations of the “setting” and were manually checking the “matching of the patterns” in real time – at this very moment when I was thinking and my thoughts were being intercepted – in order to assess the accuracy of the mind-reading computer.* The Old Man said, “... real time...” The black woman responded: “... Eventually you have to download the information into the system, spread it all out, and fix it all up, put all the numbers on plate, but we haven’t got that far yet... And so I have to empty line items line by line, with a time you see an hour for each line... And... a pop-up screen and you cannot copy and paste... And you keep doing one thing over and over again for each line... There are a few features on there that you have to change... But there is this one feature that I think you’ll have to fix...” *Meaning: the technicians had to spread out in front of them all the patterns of electrical activities intercepted from my brain and assess the extent of the inaccuracy in the intercepts of my thoughts that were produced when the “setting” was messed up. And frequently they encountered problems and were unable to manually overwrite the operations of the “setting”.* I then interjected something again. The black woman said: “You can’t copy and paste just on this one feature... But I’m thinking that they should be able to fix... task-code number... I use only... Because it doesn’t make sense... you know... No, no, they did, but they then realized... they realized that this is a lot to do... What it takes to get it done... because you have to get it activated... So it’s all about doing that, making sure that everything is set up... But now that you have had it for a while... Okay now I’m gonna bring this to the table and, you know, can this be tweaked because you can tweak the other stuff...” *Meaning: this task of manual examination of the patterns of electrical activities intercepted from my brain was a lot of work – obviously! – but it had to be done in order to establish the manner of operation of the mind-reading computer in the evidentiary record. It was at this time that the “setting” was being taken into evidence: by means of manual examination it could now be determined for the judge computer when the mind-reading computer was reading people’s thoughts accurately and when it was not.* The Old Man said: “If you just jump into that...” The black woman said: “No no no... I’ll still have to do it, because I won’t have to do the invoice until... I don’t do the invoice until the 15th to the 20th of each month... And so when I get ready to do this.... No it’s all on one invoice, 1,500 lines... And then you’ll have to go in and do the time for that... You can do it and knock it out... Because it’s Windows-friendly, you should be able to copy and paste... instead of having to go through each individual detail every time, that will save a little bit of time doing it...” *The black woman – now her name turned out to be Mrs Brown – left on 28:00 or so. The persistent reference to “Windows-friendly” may be a hint that the “setting” was a program produced by Microsoft.* When I asked the Old Man again what the fuss was about, he replied: “Data entry... But she does everything, she knows all the systems, billing, payroll, all accounting systems... And she likes to update... to make it more efficient... But she doesn’t understand programming, she knows how the system works, if you know how the system works... she doesn’t have to know how to write the program... change the words.”

What was going on in the control center was evidently this. Although the mini-trial was supposed to

have ended on May 4, it was allowed to be extended in order for the Invisible Hand to make one more argument because the result was indecisive: nine jurors voted me not a danger to the Pyramid while three voted me a danger. After the Invisible Hand, obliged by international law to finish his mission, played the trick on me yesterday morning to establish once and for all that I would not be a danger to the Pyramid – I wouldn't hurt the Pyramid at least for DGHTR's sake – the DGSE Smart Woman input into the judge computer the argument that enough evidences had accumulated in the mini-trial to prove, in a preliminary fashion, that the intercepts of my thoughts which the mind-reading computer had produced while under the Monkey's care showing that I intended to harm the Pyramid were forged, that her April 29 suspicion that the mind-reading computer may not have been reading my thoughts at all was thus substantiated, and that she therefore should have the right to request that technicians be brought in to examine the mind-reading computer to obtain more evidences that this computer had not been reading my thoughts. At the same time, the examination could establish once and for all in the evidentiary record how exactly the data coming out of the mind-reading computer should be considered accurate, so that the judge computer would no longer pronounce judgments based on an "unproven assumption". The judge computer granted the request. Of course the DGSE Smart Woman would have to command the Microspherians (the Monkey, the CIA, the Chertoff-Cheney gang and their Homeland Security thugs) to order in the technicians – these were the original DARPA scientists who had worked on the mind-reading computer. (Since the mind-reading computer was a central component in the conspiracy against Daughterland, the DARPA scientists who had invented the machine were also my Microspherian conspirators.) All this happened yesterday. Since both "Daughter Russia" and "Maman's France" had joint command over the Microspherians, they were both obliged by international laws to command the Microspherians to pass me a message this morning telling me what had happened in the Microsphere yesterday so that the technicians' examination of the mind-reading computer may be completely made into part of my conspiracy with the Microspherians. (Against which Macrospherian side? That was to be decided.)⁶⁵ They input their request into the computer system ("pass me a message") and the computer system carried out the task by itself. Since nobody was supposed to be acting, the Old Man must have in his real life known this black woman Mrs Brown. This makes the operation this morning almost impossible to comprehend. There are two possibilities: either the computer system had scanned through all the acquaintances of the Old Man, discovered that Mrs Brown was also struggling with the malfunctioning of the accounting software she was using at work, and so controlled her to show up this morning and discuss the problem with the Old Man in such a way as to provide a metaphor of the technicians' operation yesterday inside the control center. But this depended on the enormous coincidence that someone in the Old Man's circle would just happen to experience a particular sort of software malfunctioning at home or at work. It was more likely that both sides (DGHTRCOM and the Smart Woman) had days ago already decided that technicians needed to be called in to establish the "setting" in the evidentiary record and that they together instructed immediately the computer system to prepare a "metaphor" for me. The computer system then identified the Old Man's acquaintance "Mrs Brown" and *remotely controlled her software at work to malfunction*, just in order to be able to control her to discuss the problem with the Old Man on this

65 Again, this was the interpretation from the original version of which we are no longer sure today. Today we would say that, since the DGSE was here to save the CIA, the DGSE and DGHTRCOM didn't establish joint command over the CIA and that the metaphor was therefore entirely the work of DGHTRCOM and his Daughter People.

morning.

Let us now return to the scene at Coffee Bean. The Vagrant woman said some more crazy stuff – I don't think it was significant – and I then discovered the *Wall Street Journal* which the Old Man had laid in front of me and started reading the headlines. The Old Man also passed me an invitation to some public event which would take place in a few days; this caused me to acquire the false belief that the control center was telling me the Pyramid would be ordered to show up soon to meet me. The Vagrant Woman then said: "... federal laws... employers who hired these employees... temporary part time... And the immigration check, they don't..." And more: "... getting above and beyond... open market for entry-level part-time clerk... understandably angry and frustrated, so they cannot go back...". Then on 54:35 she started this: "The major problem with promotion from within is that... you have to bargain hundreds and hundreds of... A really incompetent clerk has no business being a clerk, but they think they should be supervisors... because they are not competent. Now there are exceptions, of course... You need to learn the knots and bolts, you need to work on the ground floor as well. That usually [reveals], Are you really good at it [or can] you rise through the ranks..." (55:42). It would seem that the shadowy figures from both Daughterlanders' team and the French team were controlling the UCLA Vagrant Woman to produce a metaphor of the Monkey's attempted usurpation: how he wanted to hijack the Invisible Hand's role as the "runner" of PLANMEX even though he, being inexperienced and incompetent, had no business in running anything.

As I looked into the *Wall Street Journal* wondering if the Old Man had put it there in order to pass me a secret message, the news item by Jessica Vascellaro, "Facebook Rushes to Fix Glitch That Exposed Private Chats" – telling us about Facebook's flaws in its handling of its users' privacy – immediately attracted my attention. Perhaps this news item was the message for me! A metaphor for "what was going on behind the scene". I noted, first of all, paragraph 11 of the article: "Facebook designed the feature to help enhance privacy by allowing users to see how their profile appears to others. But some users began reporting Wednesday that while accessing the feature, they were able to see other users' live chats." I thought that, along with the rest of the paragraphs in the article, this was some sort of metaphor for the agreement reached between the Pyramid's family and DGHTR, that the fixing of this flaw in Facebook referred to the agreement that DGHTR would from now on bar the Pyramid's family from access to my thoughts ("my thoughts" being imaged by the phrase "live chat"). Then paragraph 13 of the article: "Criticism of Facebook's privacy practices keeps piling up. A new feature that allows users to indicate information they 'Like' on the Web and share the information back on Facebook has drawn criticism from privacy advocates and lawmakers." My attempt to read in this article a metaphor of my current situation had me imagine that this paragraph was a metaphor saying that the Pyramid's family (imaged by "privacy advocates and lawmakers") had criticized DGHTR for giving out their information (specifically the phone numbers of Lorena, the Pyramid, Hilda, and Jose) to me while I was doing my search on "Jury's decision". This immediately indicated to me that my investigative calls to these numbers on May 3 had prompted the Pyramid's family to seriously question the wisdom of DGHTR in sharing with me their information insofar as they actually thought that I might go after them with these addresses. Their very concern in this regard confirmed for me that these pieces of information were indeed relevant – a second confirmation supplementing the fact that my investigative

calls were seemingly blocked from the control center. In reality, the information I had tried to verify – Lorena, Hilda, and Jose – was not relevant at all: these people were irrelevant people, not the Pyramid’s family, and the Pyramid’s family was horrified by my mere *attempt*, my mere *intention*, to find information about them on the Internet – just as the three jurors had changed their vote merely because I had *intended* to call up the Pyramid’s family: I didn’t actually call the right numbers. All this bespeaks just how hopelessly selfish and ignorant of politics and international affairs the Pyramid’s family were despite their status as “political elites”: now that their “man” (the Monkey”) had exposed Daughterland’s “Achilles’ Heel” – exposing Russia to the danger of a complete take-over by France – these Mxxxxxx Monkeys were still indulged in their self-importance and worrying about their privacy and bargaining with Daughterland’s representative about their safety in regard to this ugly homeless Chincker kid. Again, like most ordinary (brainless) people, the harm they had caused others – both to Daughterland and to me – was completely invisible to themselves, but the mere possibility that I *might* seek them out for revenge was injustice of the first order that must be neutralized at once.

A very significant event this morning is the presence of a man, 50 something and with white hair and white beard, sitting a few feet away reading a book while I was talking to the Old Man and the Vagrant Woman. Even at the time I thought it may be DGHTR; I dared not videotape him but simply drew a small portrait on the invitation card which the Monkey had passed out to me. When I started doubting that the man might really be DGHTR because he looked too American, he suddenly took off his glasses to show that he didn’t look entirely American. Whoever was reading my thoughts at the time had remotely controlled him to remove his glasses. In any case, he was not DGHTR for there was no DGHTR and the SVR Legend was somebody else. Someone had put this man here in order to make me think, mistakenly, that this was DGHTR.

What was going on was most likely this. Now that the stage was set for a new battle between “Daughter Russia” and “Maman’s France” to decide which country was in conspiracy with my Microspherian bunch, the Smart Woman had to do something to prevent DGHTRCOM and his Daughter People from accusing her of conspiring with the Invisible Hand to manipulate the Monkey into messing up the mind-reading computer as a way to create an opportunity for one of them to object to the February 12 ICJ judgment. That is, if I were to realize what had happened – that it was the Invisible Hand and not one of the Daughter People who had overseen my business with the Pyramid and her family, that the Monkey thus had a dispute specifically with the CIA, and that the Monkey’s tampering with the mind-reading computer’s setting, following upon this dispute, had enabled the French to request that the judge computer put into question those thoughts of mine which the mind-reading computer had intercepted on February 12 – if I were to realize all this, the French, insofar as they were here to save the CIA as well as Boss Cheney and Mr former Secretary, would indeed be vulnerable to such an objection. But the French wouldn’t be so vulnerable if I continued to mistake the Invisible Hand for some “DGHTR” (i.e., a Daughterlander). Utilizing the rule of devising the suspect’s environment in such a way as to make it fit his beliefs, the Smart Woman thus sent this man in and remotely controlled him to do things that corresponded to my thoughts so that I would subsist in my false belief that it was some “DGHTR” rather than the CIA who was running my environment.

My next recording is: “[toopccwmona_5_6_10_958-319PM.WMA](#)”: I then began a long walk inside UCLA and, ignorant of all this important politics going on inside the control center, was instead engrossed in the uncertainty of everything. So I did the best thing, I thought, in asking the Pyramid to choose my DGHTR and his replacement for me – but it could all just be her father’s trick! How do you ever know who is controlling the people around you? “There is no way to know and no way to win...” (2:50) insofar as the Monkey’s remote control would appear indistinguishable from DGHTR’s since it was all the work of the same machines. Despairing over the fact that the Monkey might have his way, I whispered again to the Pyramid – hoping she would hear me in the control center – that she go with DGHTR to Mexico with the “replacement” immediately and ignore my feelings (4:30 and onward).

Saddened that I must accept defeat at the Monkey’s hands, I rode the bus to OPCC to meet briefly with Brian. When I was on the bus coming back to Westwood, I wrote:

“The deepest fear about being duped once more by the Pyramid’s father – fear for two reasons: (1) even when I am not angry with him anymore, I’d still regard him unworthy to dupe me; and yet he will succeed because he is in the control center with the ability to remotely control every single person and machine around me while leaving no trace of himself. (2) The consequence of being duped by the Pyramid’s father is simply too great: the entire world, not just Mexico, which I have gained for DGHTRLND, may be lost to him.

“Conclusion: as long as there is the slightest chance that the Pyramid’s father may be hijacking my communication with DGHTR or the Pyramid or anybody else, the uncertain way in which the Pyramid communicates with me simply cannot be tolerated and DGHTR’s, or Daughter People’s, communication with me simply cannot be trusted. The former will only anger me in the end as long as the ‘slightest chance’ exists and the latter will always instill the greatest fear due to uncertainty...”

I came back to Westwood because I had an appointment with Mona today, which begins on 3:09:00 in the recording. Mona suddenly seemed to have changed into a different person; she looked very unenthusiastic today. I told her I didn’t trust her. I told her I was okay with “others watching us” but not okay with “someone telling Mona to tell me...” I was trying to tell the control center that I did not appreciate someone else “talking through Mona”. I wanted her opinion, not others’. But Mona just gave me the same old story about what she could tell her supervisors about our sessions – she misunderstood my concern. When I told her about how the government could bug my therapy sessions, she gave me the same old bullshit about “confidentiality” (3:17:00). I was very annoyed. Mona was not on the same page as I was. I had gone through years of experience with the government’s monitoring of every single move I made and every single word I said without any concern for “confidentiality” or “privileged communication”; and now I even knew that the government could plant nanochips into your brain to read your thoughts, and there were no laws preventing them. But ordinary people who had never had experience with the government were completely deceived by these worthless laws about confidentiality or HIPPA which were really decoys to divert people’s attention away from the fact that, when it came to “national security”, none of these rules “in the lower domain of reality” applied. My

superior knowledge had caused me to live in a different universe than most people did.⁶⁶ I then told Mona my concern: I prepared a gift for someone, and a rich man just came in and took it, and he thought it was okay because he was rich and I was ugly... What? I almost died preparing this gift... (3:18:30). I then told her about how the British, in nineteenth century Africa, used machine guns to kill thousands of tribal men coming to fight them... They just mowed down the tribal warriors without losing a single guy. The same in my fight with the Monkey. “There is nothing you can do, when your enemy has a machine gun... and you can’t fight...” (3:21:00). “The Pyramid’s father has a machine gun, and he didn’t make this gun... otherwise I could win...” Mona, not understanding me, asked me to go beyond metaphors. “The girl in the library... her family was a bunch of extremely troublesome people... I can’t stand the way they communicate, which is always by metaphors...” (3:24:00). “Her father is the kind of man who would take other people’s stuff because he thinks he is rich... I couldn’t understand what [the Pyramid] has communicated, and I know even less whether she is the one who has given me the message... The way she communicates is to tell me, ‘Look under the sofa’, and there I would see two pieces of message... Hers?” I was frustrated because there was no way for me to ascertain that it was really she who was communicating with me and not someone else who was pretending to be her (3:27:00). I then told Mona: I have walked into many rich people’s houses, but they have never tied me up and x-rayed me and examined my thoughts to make sure I am okay... only the Pyramid’s family did that... Moreover, her family, because they spent their time getting rich, were not educated enough to understand what they saw inside me... they saw all this crap, and couldn’t understand it, and I just wanted to leave... (3:30:00). I told Mona how I thought the “Higher Power” was allowing the Pyramid to talk through other people (3:35:00). I then told her how I suspected that the Higher Power was allowing the Pyramid to speak to me through *her*: I told her I only got upset when it turned out to be someone else than the Pyramid who was speaking through her. I thought it unfair that “they” would expect me to figure out who was talking through these strangers... If I couldn’t figure it out, then no one could (until 3:38:00). I was unhappy today because, this morning, it seemed to me that the Pyramid was talking to me through one person and her father through another... But then perhaps it was all her father (3:42:00). I couldn’t stand the uncertainty! I couldn’t stand being duped! The problem with this communication was that someone else could hijack it. For Mona I must be speaking the strangest garbage she had ever heard from her clients, and, furthermore, I wasn’t even correct: nobody in the control center had ever allowed the Pyramid to “talk through” the people around me.⁶⁷ Mona asked me how I felt after not seeing the Pyramid for a while (3:45:20).⁶⁸ I replied that I thought she would show up soon. And I expressed my hope that the people I wanted to protect could protect themselves – referring to the Daughter People, and this was quite prophetic! And I complained about the Pyramid’s family’s devaluation of me: The reason why I was poor right now was that I had spent all my money on charities last year, and yet these people just sat on their ass (3:47:30). And I complained about the Pyramid’s egalitarian belief: she manipulated me like a slave; I had to worry about other people’s safety; she sat on the throne and talked about equality... (3:49:45). And I expressed my regret that the

66 Since Mona was presumably talking to, and getting instructions from, a TMU detective, she probably just thought that I had some inkling about it and then told the usual lie which the detective had instructed her to tell whenever I should suspect something.

67 Mona probably thought that, due to thought-disorder, I mistook her getting instructions from the victim’s family for their “talking through her”.

68 Probably another question which the detective had instructed her to ask: is the suspect still not a danger to the victim?

Pyramid and I had had to “fight” like this: it’s like when, after the Republicans had beaten the Democrats, the Democrats still fought among themselves... The problem was that the oppressed fought among themselves... that the radicals were inclined to fight among themselves because they were filled with resentment... (3:55:00). The oppressors, who were psychologically healthier and didn’t suffer from *ressentiment* or inferiority complex, didn’t fight among themselves as much. The little brothers and little sisters, having suffered at the bottom, wanted to help people, wanted change... became radical... but then fought among themselves a lot more often. “Are they not supposed to fight for justice? The conservatives, on the other hand, have grown up feeling secure and so have fought among themselves less often...” When I got angry with the Pyramid, I felt regret, just like when I was watching the radicals fighting among themselves. “We are supposed to be the ones on the side of justice, and yet we torture each other a lot more often...” As I continued on, my phone beeped as if confirming that I had said something right (3:59:40). “People who grow up in affluent families, they are kind... If you grow up in the ghetto, you are nasty, and it’s hard to help you... But then, if not, if growing up in the ghetto makes you a better person, no one will complain about growing up in a ghetto... That’s the dilemma...” (until 4:02:00). I told Mona that she was the only person I talked to at all. That was my session with Mona for today. Again, most of my worries were complete nonsense; the Pyramid had not manipulated me like a slave at all. It was her father and others who were handing me mysterious “secret messages” from the control center to waste my brain power. On the other hand, Mona really sounded to me at the time as if she was under the Monkey’s “shift”. I often wondered if Mona’s sudden change of mood – she looked suddenly so demoralized “like a balloon that had lost all its air” (像是泄了气的气球) – had something do with the upheaval in the control center.

After I left my therapy session, I became increasingly concerned that the Monkey may have taken over the whole world by hijacking the machines in the International Court. In this sense he was even more powerful than “Daddy Chertoff”. My next recording is: “[uclanaptoknowanglelibmtaphrs_5_6_10_319-1105PM.WMA](#)”. I would spend the rest of my day in UCLA. Now that I had had to give up the Pyramid, a new desire had taken over me, to *know* the Pyramid. Just like the uncertainty over the signals and secret messages, the fact that the Pyramid was shrouded in mystery was gnawing painfully at me. At some point, while I was sitting outside the Research Library, a man in the distance shouted out, “I’ll meet you on the other side...” During these days of paranoia I believed that it was the Monkey who was remotely controlling the man to shout out the “secret message” hoping that I would be duped into believing that it was the Pyramid telling me she would meet me in Mexico. What he was trying to do, I thought, was to lure me to Mexico where the lawlessness prevailing there would allow his contacts to murder me. In reality, it was actually the Smart Woman who was trying to encourage me to go to Mexico. As you shall soon see, it had now become France’s national security interest that I “finish my mission” by going on PLANMEX.

When I came inside the library and was checking my email on the library’s computer, I discovered that Wes had sent me his paper “The Mathematics in Rousseau’s Social Contract”. I would read this paper avidly until May 24 under the false impression that, just like the last time when Wes talked about Condorcet’s jury theorem, there was a secret message embedded herein concerning my fate with the Pyramid. Around 7:10 PM, when I came into the fourth floor of the library wanting to study at my

usual spot, I discovered a biography of the poet Robert Browning left on the table. It was *Browning: A Private Life* by Iain Finlayson. I immediately took out my camcorder to film it (3:50:00). On the first page of the book it was written:

“On the occasion of the poet’s burial in Westminster Abbey, on 31 December 1889, [Henry James] remarked [of Browning]: ‘A good many oddities and a good many great writers have been entombed in the Abbey, but none of the odd ones have been so great and none of the great ones so odd.’”

I had been begging the Daughter People in the control center to give me a sign as to how well I had guessed about the situation inside there because, like many ordinary stupid people, I had grossly overestimated my intelligence – in my case I was wrongly convinced I was some sort of genius able to fathom what was going on in that invisible world by inferring from observation of the visible world, not knowing that half of what I had inferred was incorrect. Now that the crisis was looming and that the Daughter People might have to torture me in order to survive, they decided to grant me my wish by passing me a secret message as to their opinion of me. The computer system carried out their wish by scanning through all happenings and all books in the library and discovering that some student was studying Robert Browning who was thus suitable as a metaphor for the Daughter People’s opinion: they found me odd, but highly intelligent. I was hardly as intelligent and knowledgeable as I had thought, but they nevertheless judged me “intelligent” because, in comparison with ordinary people (though not in comparison to themselves), I was indeed superior in intellect. My superior intellect was not so much manifested in my ability to guess the happenings behind the scene as in my ability to analyze and understand matters at hand. They did not judge me “stupid” for overestimating my genius in inferring the happenings inside the control center (the working of the international laws and all that) for I had already done it better than other people and they were well familiar, from long experience with conducting surveillance on targets, with the fact that ordinary stupid people too often overestimated their own intelligence due to ignorance and stupidity. The Daughter People who had given me this message were doing so as the CIA’s “fake Russians”. After the suspicion about the mind-reading computer’s accuracy was established yesterday through its dissection, the procedure for the coming battle between France and Russia was set according to which the two parties should take turns in making an argument or producing and entering a piece of evidence: Russia, then France, then Russia... Russia made its first shot by answering my prayer and thus establishing in the evidentiary record that all these Russians were CIA fakes, in preparation for the French’s argument that I had conspired with Russia.⁶⁹

69 Such was our point of view in the original version. Today we have to wonder about a different scenario: as I had been begging the Daughter People to communicate their opinion about me, they proceeded to order the Invisible Hand to communicate *his* opinion to me. Since the CIA was full of poets from Ivy League universities, he naturally compared me to Robert Browning. And so this was the Invisible Hand’s opinion of me: he found me very strange, and yet very great too. And then the same thing: he didn’t laugh at me for overestimating my own genius because, compared to most people, I *was* a lot smarter. This was thus the evidence which the Daughter People had entered today: I was interacting entirely with the CIA, and there were no Daughter People at all (not even CIA fakes). Perhaps in response to the French act from earlier of duping me into mistaking that old man in Coffee Bean for DGHTR.

I spent the rest of my night in the library transcribing the recording of my conversation with the Old Man from this morning, knowing that the control center was trying to tell me something significant here. I could however hardly comprehend the metaphor – that a massive upheaval was occurring over the mind-reading computer with which I was interfaced. Then I received on my cellphone another junk call on 7:55 PM, the calling number being 315-235-1487 (4:35:00). Apparently, even though the jury had finished voting, the computer system in the control center continued to direct telemarketing calls to my cellphone just like before even when these calls no longer carried extra meaning, almost as if to conceal the extra meanings (the jurors' votes) they used to carry – just as Wes continued to send me his paper on Rousseau even though its function as a metaphor for the jury system had been exhausted. It would create great confusion for me as I would continue to assume that extra meanings were to be found in all these incidents, making myself look schizophrenic, which was what the Daughter People wanted.

May 7 (Friday)

My first two recordings of the new day are: “[databaseupdate_5_7_10_740AM.wma](#)” and “[knkos_5_7_10_832-1035AM.WMA](#)”. I came to Kinkos on 8 AM to scan the papers I had accumulated from researching the Pyramid's family into my flash drives and my laptop. When I was adding money to my FedEx-Kinkos card, the card dispenser produced a message: “database updating...” (25:00). What may have very likely happened was that, after the mind-reading computer was dissected and its manners of operations taken into evidence, the entire computer system in the International Court was updated. Both the Macrospherian Daughterlanders and the French then commanded a secret message to be passed to me concerning this in order to make the updating into part of the Microspherian terrorist conspiracy. I could hardly comprehend this at the time, but just thought that I was being let in on *something*. Then, some time later (40:00), a business man sitting next to me was talking on the cellphone. He said something like: “Bookstore nearby. Do we want to print financial? Yeah, that sounds like interesting slides. Sticky businesses. I'll bring a tape just in case. Should be there in 10.” I paid close attention to his words because I thought maybe the control center was giving me another message. In reality, it was likely that this second instance was entirely “natural”. It was simply too hard to tell *when* an event was remotely controlled to signify something and *when* it was not.

My next recording is: “[buststcarmencsltltokyocafe_5_7_10_1035AM-1237PM.WMA](#)”: I decided to stop by STRIVE and so got on the bus going to downtown. On the bus occurred a strange “psychological test”. The Hispanic strangers sitting next to me were talking about the difference between getting paid by the hour and getting paid by the job (around 8:50 or so). I asked them about this and one of them replied that getting paid by the hour was good for the employee, but not good for the employer. He finally said, it was a “psychological test” (13:00). They then talked about how car mechanics ripped off customers – and there was siren outside (16:00). “You cannot just be a car mechanic, you have to be a technician...” (17:45). Conclusion, “You have to get away from freelance mechanics...” (19:00). I assumed that somebody in the control center, most likely the Monkey, was staging this conversation to test me, although today I'm not sure if anybody had staged it for any purpose at all. If it was orchestrated, then the Monkey was probably just commanded to tell me that a

lot of “testing” was coming my way – as you shall see – from the Smart Woman. I then began reading Wes’ paper on Rousseau looking for clues. I was increasingly looking like John Nash in *A Beautiful Mind*: just like John Nash who strained himself looking for secret messages from alien civilizations in newspaper articles, I was straining myself looking for the control center’s messages in everything people said and did around me. DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People had purposely wanted me to behave like this because they needed to collect evidences showing me conforming to the Monkey’s false profile of me, which said, among other things, that I suffered from schizophrenia. When I arrived in downtown, I discovered that STRIVE was closed for noon, and I was told to call my “recruiter” Keith after 1 PM (1:50:00). I waited around, asking strangers on the street why they were wearing purple.

My next recording is: “[striveuclalibvidfacesscrdsstr_5_7_10_1254-617PM.WMA](#)”: I came back to STRIVE on 14:05 or so. I asked myself if I was doing the right thing, since I assumed that this was the Monkey’s “thing”. On 29:10 or so I got called up by Keith. He told me to come on Monday to participate in “testing”. Apparently, before STRIVE assigned these homeless people to work, they needed to assess their aptitude through a standard intelligence test. After my meeting with Keith, I returned to UCLA (2:25:00). On my way to the Research Library I filmed a fashionable lady dressed in purple walking through a corridor (2:29:00), and I sang: “Motion picture of motion taken while motion picture is in motion” (2:39:40). Then I sat down in front of a computer in the library and began watching a series of videos. First, scenes from “Farewell my concubine” on Tudou (2:59:00). Then I began looking for French movies (3:28:30). When I was about to find a second French film clip, the woman nearby coughed, as if to signal an intercept (3:31:05). I asked myself: “We are not gonna screw up our happiness just by watching a movie, are we?” (3:32:00) Unfortunately yes. As I browsed through clips of a French movie about “Marie de Nazareth”, a contemporary version of theotokos (3:33:00), suddenly, everybody was gone from the library. Why was everybody gone? The rules of the International Court required that I be given a hint, in the form of a metaphor, about the “change of shift” inside the Cave: now it was the French’s turn to make arguments or “gather” (produce and enter) evidences in their favor. Those French videos I was about to see had been “configured” by the Smart Woman to be “fake French which the Daughter People threw at me in order to frame the French”. This intercept she would then enter into the evidentiary record to replace evidence from the first round where I was found conspiring with the French: the French could also make use of the evidence-replacement process to fix their defeat to Daughterland. I then watched a clip from a Spanish film (3:38:00). As sex filled up these film clips, I couldn’t help but remark that the Pyramid’s family was too uptight about sex – only if they could be as open about it as the Europeans were. I thought the Pyramid’s sister might be watching this – and unfortunately, the Smart Woman was reading my thoughts at this time from the mind-reading computer. Then I watched clips from Jean-Luc Godard’s various films (3:39:00). People were saying goodbye around me (3:48:00). Then Spanish films (3:53:00). Then back to Marie again (3:54:00). On 4:03:00, a clip from Godard’s “Notre musique”. Then a Japanese video (4:11:30). Most likely the Smart Woman had also fixed this video – and the following Japanese videos – to be “fake Japanese things given me by the Daughter People to frame Japan” – thus freeing Japan. I then watched Miho Nakayama’s music video, 世界の中のだれよりきと (4:13:00). Next, on 4:15:00, Miho’s older songs. Then, on 4:15:30, the same song by Noriko Sakai. I

began filming Noriko’s face, fascinated by her beauty. Then back to “Notre musique”... (4:25:00). I filmed the female face in this video as well. More French videos on 4:28:30, and another segment of “Notre musique” on 4:34:00. One of Godard’s videos even featured “Daughterspeak” (4:35:30). Then more clips about Marie (4:53:00). My arm was remotely controlled to hurt big time on 4:57:00. The control center was signaling to me that a major test was coming.

Thus appeared, on 4:58:00, in the corner, a supremely tender-looking “pyramid” about 40 years of age. My immediate impression was that it was the Pyramid’s sister and I started videotaping her – I felt shy doing so because the woman looked so motherly. Suddenly, the woman’s cellphone rang – I was now even more convinced that this was the Pyramid’s sister because it was clearly an intercept. Recall that, since the Invisible Hand needed to embed his test for the mini-trial within the evidence-replacement process, the faulty surveillance Machine had confused this woman’s call as coming from me, which intercept was then used to replace some older incidence of such sort from the first round. This is correct; but I could not have known that it was the French who were now behind my imaginary DGHTR’s test and that the woman was actually *not* the Pyramid’s sister. What was really going on was that, even though the DGSE Smart Woman had collected as evidence the DARPA technicians’ confirmation that the mind-reading computer’s setting had been, and could be, tampered with, DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People had also collected a few instances to justify their claim that I did fit the Monkey’s false profile of me and that therefore the mind-reading computer’s setting had not been, and could not be, altered – incidences where I looked autistic when I displayed fascination with women’s images and motion and filmed them and where I looked schizophrenic by looking for “secret messages” in everything people said and did around me – so that the Smart Woman had now to attempt to collect another evidence demonstrating that I did not conform to the Monkey’s false profile of me, by commanding the Invisible Hand to perform one more test and to remotely control a woman nearby to show up next to me knowing that I would believe she was the Pyramid’s sister and would, once again, do no more than film her. Already, as soon as I began watching the French movie clips, the Smart Woman used my comprehension of French which the mind-reading computer had picked up as “evidence” that the computer had not always read my thoughts correctly – since the forgeries of my thoughts between April 2 and April 10 showed that I didn’t understand French; and with the test it was clearly demonstrated – for the third time – that I was not the sort of violent and dangerous person which was indicated by the intercepts of my thoughts produced by the mind-reading computer while it was under the Monkey’s control. Now, due to the Pyramid’s lie to me about her sister in early February, I had always erroneously believed that her sister was an older sister rather than a twin sister – and this false belief on my part the Smart Woman had read off the mind-reading computer. Since it was established that I was in conspiracy with all the Microspherians, the Smart Woman could argue to the judge computer that, insofar as I believed the Pyramid’s sister was older and was watching over me, those with whom I conspired – the Microspherians – should devise my environment in such a way as to fit my belief, so that a setup was justified to reinforce my belief that the Pyramid’s sister was an older sister – which setup could then double as a test in favor of the Invisible Hand’s, and now the French’s, argument. After I had filmed this wondrous “pyramid”, a black chic came near me to shout at me that I should not videotape her or anyone else in the library (5:02:30) – she was obviously remotely controlled to scold me thusly, which confirmed for me even more that the lady whom I had just filmed

was the Pyramid's sister.

I then watched more clips of Godard's film on 5:05:00. Suddenly, a Vietnamese video popped up on the Youtube interface (5:06:20). The French had just convicted Vietnam! I then listened to MIA's new song, "Aussicht", on 5:07:50, which may very well have canceled out the intercept by which France was convicted of conspiracy with me through Mieke Katze's singing "neue Deutschland"!

My next recording is: "[leavuclatobrdranglcsstr_5_7_10_617-722PM.WMA](#)". After I exited the library, I realized – incorrectly – that it must be DGHTR's and the Pyramid's displeasure at my videotaping the Pyramid's sister that the black girl was expressing in her shouting, and thus I calmed my anger and said to myself – and to DGHTR – that I would delete the video of the "wondrous pyramid" after I shall have made a portrait of her (6:30). Just at that time a father was leading his small child near me to buy candies from the vending machine (8:30). The child shouted loudly, "I've got it, Daddy!" (10:00) leading me to believe that DGHTR was confirming my decision to delete the video – that I should never be so disrespectful toward the Pyramid's sister. Later I would believe that it was in fact the Monkey who was displeased with my videotaping his elder daughter and who had pulled the trick in order to win back his daughter's heart. Wrong belief! In reality, it was the Smart Woman who had controlled the father and the child in order to collect a stronger evidence demonstrating that I looked nothing like the violent and dangerous creature which the Monkey's forged profile of me said I was. I was shy and easily given to sentimentality and guilty feelings. Ignorant of what was really going on, I became engrossed in the worthless mystery of how both the Pyramid's sister and her mother could look nothing like her father. I then left UCLA and came inside Borders Bookstore on 51:00.

My next recording is: "[brdririanpyrmd_5_7_10_742-939PM.WMA](#)". At the Borders Bookstore, the only seat available with an electric plug next to it was the one in front of a pretty Iranian "pyramid". Because she was using a Toshiba laptop exactly identical to mine – obviously my double – I thought it better to videotape her in case it was – according to my erroneous belief – the Monkey's continuation of his "script". My arm was remotely controlled to hurt while I was filming her, which may have meant that the Smart Woman had succeeded in convicting Iran as my possible conspirator. I then set up my laptop to burn DVD-108 and began drawing the supposed Pyramid's sister from the two videos I had shot of her (38:00). Just then "Mr Fitter" suddenly appeared in front of me, taking up the empty seat which the Iranian "pyramid" had left behind. "Aren't you that guy who is playing that video-game in the library everyday?" I asked him. "Yeah," he said with a smile (1:09:39). I then asked him what the game was called. "Tetris," he replied. A game invented by a Russian scientist, he clarified further. "Very interesting game," he added (1:10:00). I was surprised and said, "But the game looks so easy that I don't know why anyone would need to invent it." "Actually, it's not easy," he said, and he explained it in this way: "*Because the game contains a flaw. If you play a perfect game then you'll lose. The game contains a design flaw. If you eliminate every row, then you don't get the right pieces. But if you make mistakes then you'll keep playing.*" "So the goal of the game is to play it?" I asked, completely baffled. It's just like car race, he said. "If you want to win the race, you cannot go too fast, and you cannot go too slow. It's like playing tetris. You have to make mistakes. But if you make too many mistakes, then you cannot play. And you'll lose." "So you lose because you cannot play it?" I asked. Mr Fitter then

explained that the design flaw was such that if you eliminate all the rows then you wouldn't get the right pieces. Without my knowing so, this "Fitter" was under remote control to pass me a secret message. I idiotically diverged from his message and just remarked that if one was so good then one would have to purposely make mistakes just in order to continue playing. It was not the point, though (1:13:10). Mr Fitter then explained that he used to be the world champion of this game, and that it was only later that he realized that he would have to make mistakes. *I had no idea at the time that something new was about to begin.* Instead, I simply asked him what his nationality was. "Korean," he responded. I then murmured about how I could never imagine a world competition could come out of this simple video game, and how perhaps big competitions could always be made out of something that was purely a waste of time as long as there were people enjoying watching this waste of time. Afraid to offend him, I commented that my portraiture here was also a waste of time ("indulgence in sentimentality"). After this I commented that it was however big money to design video games that would allow other people to waste their time. Mr Fitter then said something else that was strange, that studying computer science was also a waste of time since a real programmer would just design his own Operating System (1:19:50). After more talk along this line, Mr Fitter mentioned some guy who had made a robot as his senior thesis (1:21:00). I actually found the story quite incredible, but he insisted that it was a true story. Then by 1:23:00 or so our conversation had effectively finished and I silently continued my work.

Now what was going on? Only a month later would I realize that this Korean "Fitter" was in fact under the Monkey's remote control. A certain disdain and unhappiness which would become apparent in Mr Fitter's words would unequivocally indicate this. By the time I left UCLA, the Smart Woman had input into the judge computer enough evidences to prove that the grounds on which to doubt the accuracy of the mind-reading computer were solid and strong – the evidences showing me comprehending French and timid and shy around the wondrous beauty who I thought was the Pyramid's sister – so that Daughterland's Macrospherian status, or immutable position in the hidden command, was about to be canceled. DGHTRCOM played the only card he could in defense. Since he had set himself up as the ultimate arbitrator in the mini-trial, he decided, after this trial had been extended for three more days, to judge in the Monkey's favor in order to deny the charge that the Monkey had tampered with the mind-reading computer. Apparently he pronounced the judgment on the basis of my videotaping habits, apparent fascination with women's expressions and movements, and constant search for "secret messages". He could ignore the evidences of my shyness toward the Pyramid's father, sister, and mother because the mind-reading computer, while under the Monkey's control, had specifically shown me wanting to rape and harm the Pyramid herself. By making his judgment, DGHTRCOM had himself created evidence which showed that, contrary to the Smart Woman's claim, there was in fact no dispute over whether the mind-reading computer had actually read my thoughts at all. He fed this evidence into the judge computer, which returned to locking up Daughterland's Macrospherian command position. The Macrosphere was thus temporarily preserved. In order to protect his country's Macrospherian status, that is, DGHTRCOM would have to defend the Monkey's attempt to frame the Invisible Hand and affirm that the false profile which the Monkey had created of me to dupe his daughter – that I was everything which Mr former Secretary had affirmed me to be, in addition to being autistic, retarded, and a grave physical danger to others and using a fake computer provided by the Invisible Hand – was

really correct. That is, DGHTRCOM was now forced to pretend that the Invisible Hand (together with the SVR Legend) had forged his profile of me and to award the managerial position of PLANMEX to the Monkey. At the same time, the structure of the trial – that I was in conspiracy with the Microspherians to harm Macrospherian Daughterland – required that the Monkey passed me a secret message to let me in on what was going on. DGHTRCOM counted on this opportunity to hopefully lead me to understand the fact and substance of France’s objection so that the objection could be transformed into a conspiracy against him and be dissolved. The Monkey was thus instructed by DGHTRCOM to remotely control “Mr Fitter” to deliver to me a metaphor using “tetris” – how the game contains a design flaw... how playing a perfect game would entail losing... how the elimination of every row would cause you to not get the right pieces.... how only by making mistakes can you keep playing... how making too many mistakes would however cause you to lose – this metaphor referred to the fact that the evidence-replacement process which the Daughter People had designed contained a serious flaw, namely that the setting of the mind-reading computer was not entered into evidence; that the Macrospherian Daughter People had simply been busy with commanding the Microspherians to produce all the right intercepts which, constituting a system, would replace all unfavorable episodes from the first run; and that this attempt at building a perfect system somehow resulted in a system which, while guaranteeing immunity at first sight, exposed a fatal flaw once forgeries were discovered among the intercepts of my thoughts (“the elimination of every row would cause you to not get the right pieces”). DGHTRCOM’s Daughter People had been preparing this metaphor for two weeks, ever since they realized how the French were about to object: this was why Mr Fitter began showing up in the library everyday playing “tetris” since the end of April. DGHTRCOM was straining his hope when he wished I might understand the meaning behind the metaphor of the “tetris” game – can anyone understand the metaphor? In the coming months, when I would notice that the Monkey was required by DGHTRCOM to pass me a message, I would think instead that he was here telling me that, even though the Daughter People had made a mistake with regard to pairing me up with the Pyramid, through the mistake they did find the “right pieces” – understand what I was about, what the Pyramid was about, and what the Monkey was about – as if this were a matter of paramount importance!⁷⁰

70 Such is pretty much the interpretation from the original version. Today, however, we have to consider a different possibility – especially after we have witnessed how the French had purposely reinforced my misconception about this “DGHTR”. Namely, perhaps what was really going on was this. DGHTRCOM and the Daughter People still wanted to accuse the DGSE of conspiring with the CIA to create opportunities for objections – but of course, since there was no conspiracy unless the *suspect* was aware of it, DGHTRCOM ordered the Invisible Hand to order the Monkey to pass on a hint about this “conspiracy” to me. Thus, while “a Russian invented this game” and “it contains a design flaw” refer to the Daughter People’s carelessness in not noticing the fatal flaw in the system of evidence-replacement, the rest of Mr Fitter’s metaphors actually refer to the CIA’s position: i.e., if they make no mistakes and win the game, they would have done wrongs – since they would have helped Mr former Secretary and his Homeland Security thugs spread lies about me (and so on). But now that they have made mistakes and lost but then amazingly come back to life to object, they would do things just right – since by now, in order to win, they merely have to say and prove the truth about me. Furthermore, since the Monkey’s lies about me were similar to Mr former Secretary’s and Homeland Security’s, the Daughter People would effectively be forced to align with Homeland Security while defending themselves, which would finally enable the CIA to break their bond with Homeland Security, which they of course had always wanted to do. Everything is perfect now – one can get all the right pieces after a certain mistake. Presumably, if I had understood this interpretation of the metaphors, both the French and the CIA would be convicted of conspiring with the terrorist to use the Monkey to hit on the only flaw available in the system and thus win this seemingly unwinnable game.

Now, on 1:47:00 or so, while I was quietly laboring on my portrait, my arm was suddenly remotely controlled to hurt. Mr Fitter asked me what was wrong. I responded that my arm would hurt for no reason. Mr Fitter started talking about some sort of disorder of the nervous system, something which people who were working on an aircraft carrier would often suffer, and which some specific person working in a biological warfare division in the army had contracted. The army then sent this person away with a lot of money in order to cover up the affair (1:48:30). Mr Fitter then talked about how the army had had to sprinkle the sands in Iraq with gasoline so that the sands would not suffocate the soldiers during the day (1:50:00 or so). He finally made a most astonishing statement, saying that the US Navy lost about one submarine per year – which meant it would have already lost 60 submarines since World War II (1:52:00). I simply couldn't believe it: "You cannot be serious," I kept shouting. He said he had read about this in *Foreign Affairs*, the "official organ of the State Department" (even though, to be correct, it was the official publication of the Council on Foreign Relations). I have never been sure if the control center had intended this portion of Mr Fitter's strange chat to be a metaphor of anything. At some point Mr Fitter was also remotely controlled to make another reference to my laptop's Internet capacity, even though he knew I couldn't go on the Internet with this laptop (1:54:00). Even while he was passing me all these "secret messages", he was still required to produce evidences to replace past evidences (those past episodes where Mr former Secretary had commanded all the residents around me to pretend to perceive me surfing the Internet on my Toshiba Satellite); my lack of resistance this round would be taken backward in time to demonstrate that, during the first round, I was indeed conspiring with Mr former Secretary against Daughterland by not resisting these attempts to frame me. The least which DGHTRCOM could do right now was to create more evidences of my conspiracy against his country so that the Smart Woman would be burdened with the necessity of producing more evidences to cancel them.

My next recording is: "[leavbrdrtoCybrCffmlyatcontrlcntr_5_7_10_939-1154PM.WMA](#)". Now the final portion of my chat with "Mr Fitter". "Why are your eyes all red?" I asked him, still wondering if red eyes were a sign of being under remote control. He said he was drunk, and then said something about his professors. "They think they rule the world, they are full of themselves," he said. These professors were talking about the monetary policies of China and Russia, he continued, but I didn't give a damn; I was just there for the alcohol, he asserted (1:01). He claimed to be a history major, but he had attended this social function which was taking place in the Department of Economics. Then he said something like if these professors knew anything about economics they wouldn't be at UCLA but would be in the real world making money. Here it was evident that "Mr Fitter" was under the Monkey's remote control, and it would appear that the "professors" to whom Mr Fitter was referring were metaphors of the Daughter People from the SVR and officers from the CIA. The Monkey had run into some sort of conflict with the Daughter People as well as the Invisible Hand – well, everyone was furious with him for altering the setting of the mind-reading computer, allowing the French to object, and jeopardizing the entire international system which DGHTRCOM had worked out – and the latter thus looked down upon him as an odd ball among them; and the Monkey reacted by looking down on the Daughter People as lacking entrepreneurial spirit, with which he must have "made it" in the United States after coming in from Mexico. From the Monkey's disparaging statement you can also tell that, despite the Invisible Hand's circumvention of the jury system, the Monkey might have in any case obtained what

he had wanted, namely the managerial post of PLANMEX: the Daughter People were further furious with him for forcing them to defend his lies and justify his attempt to hijack the prize of their victory. The Monkey was actually tired of being looked down upon by the DGHTRPPL for his lack of education and was rebelling by saying that the DGHTRPPL weren't making big money with their brains. It was also revelatory of the Monkey's annoying egomania that, after he had destroyed his employer's entire project, he was still defiant and not feeling guilty at all: "I'm just there for the drinks." In fact, he thought he was unjustly hated because he thought his actions were justified in view of the injustice that had been inflicted upon him – how he was expected to allow a Chincker's genes to pollute his royal xxxxxxxx gene pool. Without knowing who was remotely controlling this Asian man nor even if he was remotely controlled at all, I responded that teaching was more satisfying than making money; but Mr Fitter replied with sarcasm that these "professors" just enjoyed the admiration from those young 18 and 19 year-olds. It appeared that the Monkey was still disgruntled with the fact that his daughter had gravitated toward the Invisible Hand because of the latter's culture and away from him because he was just a boring businessman. His deep disdain toward intellectuals and shallow materialism cannot have been more manifest here.



My portraits of the wondrous pyramid whom
I mistook for the Pyramid's sister

On 10:40 or so Mr Fitter left, saying “I’ll see you in the library”. After remarking that Mr Fitter seemed like a metaphor of one of my relatives (I was thinking at the time of my uncle-in-law who was an aerospace engineer), I reminded myself that it was important to say my thoughts out loud to my recorder, because, if someone was recording my thoughts, he could say to others that I had thought this when I had never thought this – I couldn’t prove anything insofar as I had no recordings of my own thoughts (41:30 or so). I however comforted myself that DGHTR would never do such things to me. Just then – you can’t hear this in the recording – someone in front of me was remotely controlled to get up from his seat – the Invisible Hand was confirming that I had hit on something. Everyone wanted me to understand what the Monkey had done. But I didn’t get it, and rode the bus to cybercafe.

The remainder of the night is recorded in: “[cybrcafeftp_5_7-8_10_1157PM-1222AM.WMA](#)”; “[cybrcafemarxsm_5_8_10_1242-215AM.WMA](#)”; and “[mrxsm_5_8_10_215-225AM.WMA](#)”. When I came to the computer station in the cybercafe, bizarre, its software began updating. I suppose the

computer system in the control center was continuing to be updated, requiring my Microspherian conspirators to give me a hint about it. By this time I was visiting a German website with software downloads. Now, starting on 1:06:50 or so, I started giving a wondrous speech on Marxism based on my own experience. My powerlessness vis-à-vis the Pyramid and her family had prompted me to proclaim that she had access to the means of production (e.g. the control center) and I didn't. In Marxist terms, what does it mean? It means that the proletariat need to rise up and seize the means of production. But what do you do after you seize it? The anarchists would simply break it. What usually happens in history is that once the proletariat have seized the means of production and established their dictatorship, they will simply own the means of production in ever more obsessive ways and become an even worse oppressor than the previous bourgeoisie. Hence, real justice could be had only when the proletariat break the means of production altogether as would the anarchists. But only a very few would be anarchists, because – once a technology has come into being, it simply wouldn't go away. I didn't say this in the recording – but the truth of the matter is that everyone loves power, and that anyone who has seen the means of production and obtained access to it – such as the White Mexican Monkey himself – would rarely let it go: the same with the extraordinarily powerful *dispositifs* that have accumulated in the International Court of Justice, allowing you to become God. The “revolution” I had effected was not the seizing of the means of production, but its forcible transfer onto another (the transfer of the control center from the Americans to the Daughterlanders). I then started rambling about the illusory nature of the democratic notion floating about in America that everyone nowadays has access to his or her own means of production; e.g. “Everyone now owns a computer, and the computer gives each individual so much power he or she has never dreamed of before. We now have a truly egalitarian society, where *everyone*, instead of a few elite, is able to produce information.” In reality, every time when technology has imparted upon ordinary people one increment of power, it has at the same time imparted upon those in power ten increments of power vis-à-vis the ordinary people. The ordinary people celebrate the one increment of power they have obtained because they are ignorant of the situation with the elites – that they are now even *more powerless* vis-à-vis the elites. For example, ordinary people are not aware that the same information revolution has imparted even greater centralized control upon the elites over information, and that their ownership of their personal computers is only illusory; since government officials can access anyone's computer from the control center at any time and remotely control it to do anything, ordinary people are really only renting their computers from the government. Ordinary people don't know this because usually the government doesn't touch their computer in order to perpetuate their illusion that they own their own process of information production. If the manager of the factory never intervenes in the production of the workers, hey, pretty soon the workers will believe erroneously that they own the machines they are using and are “free” in producing what they are producing. Now that the government plans to plant chips inside the body of every citizen, and inside the brain of every citizen, so as to be able to access and remotely control the mind of every citizen, ordinary citizens have suffered such decrease of power in that they are only renting their own mind and their own body from the government. I thought I may have impressed the Daughter People with my analysis, but later on I would wrongly suspect that my insights were taken over by the Monkey and presented by him to the Daughter People as his own. In reality, I was only allowing the Smart Woman to collect evidences demonstrating that I wasn't mentally retarded such as the Monkey had claimed I was with the altered setting of the mind-reading computer.

May 8 (Saturday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[wstwd_5_8_10_833-1048AM.WMA](#)”: I slept in the area around Normandie and Wilshire in the morning. I woke up within five hours, and rode the bus back to Westwood. When I was in the burger store (50:00), there was an Iranian man to cover the Mexican man who usually worked there. At the time I actually thought that this was another metaphor orchestrated to tell me someone else had replaced the Monkey as the “boss” over me. Again, the Daughterlanders had collected a certain evidence in their favor, confirming my conformity to the Monkey’s false profile of me as suffering from schizophrenia.

My next recording is: “[brdrsdfct430pmpncall_5_8_10_1048AM-320PM.WMA](#)”. I came to Borders Bookstore, amidst annoying noises from children. I complained about the uncertainty of it all again, the impossibility of knowing whether it was testing or duping when the people around me seemed to be speaking metaphors from the control center. Then I started reflecting: I couldn’t tell if the Chinese characters which constantly popped up on my computer screen were remotely controlled or normal malfunctioning because I didn’t know what the “norm” for IME was... When it came to my environment, I knew that people’s wearing purple and having broken arms and broken legs were orchestrated because I knew what the norm was: normally there weren’t that many purples and broken arms and broken legs – just then there was a honk (1:48:00): evidence was taken! I had no idea that I had just given the Smart Woman evidence to disprove that I really suffered from schizophrenia; my resemblance to schizophrenic manners was caused by making inferences from inadequate knowledge and not from real “referential thinking” involved in superstitious manners. I then reflected: “People don’t know my defects... Usually people learn to hide their defects from others and advertise their good qualities... But the Pyramid’s family were invited into the control center to see everything about me... No one in my past had ever thought me dangerous... Most of the time planes do not crash... People say angry things and then nothing happens because people don’t usually mean it... Only rarely do you run into a true psychopath who will actually act on his threats...” (1:54:00). I did some writing inside Borders, and then thought: the Pyramid shouldn’t be allowed to see so much, but should just be told what I did... Usually people find out each other’s defects in a context, not like this... (2:55:00). The intelligence agency, when they watch someone in secret, only see a psychological profile, without passing judgment... When an ordinary, untrained person like the Pyramid is invited to watch me in secret, she lacks objectivity. I then fell asleep on the sofa amidst the annoying noises from children.

Something significant then occurred from 4:16:30 onward. A man sitting next to me woke me up with his talking on his cellphone, as if he were giving me a metaphor. The man said on the phone: “We are gonna leave around 4... Meet me at 4:10 or 4:15...” When I thought I might have been given a metaphor from the control center about meeting the Pyramid, his phone rang again. Ever since that morning when the Old Man handed me an invitation, I had begun suspecting – wrongly – that the Pyramid was about to show up at any time. Now I thought that, perhaps, the Pyramid was affected by what I had just said about her lack of “objectivity” and so decided to show up early. As usual, I had wrongly imagined the Pyramid to be a nice person who would regret misunderstanding me and getting

me into troubles.

My next recordings are: “[brdrsdupedanglcshwupsignls_5_8_10_320-415PM.WMA](#)”; “[prcautnagnstslfmeetang_5_8_10_427-434PM.WMA](#)”; and “[moreprcautnagnstslf_5_8_10_434-438PM.WMA](#)”. Excited, I ran out of Borders to hide my blanket in the bushes near UCLA, and ran back to the bookstore to catch the Pyramid on 4 PM. I was so respectful toward this Monkey girl that I even turned off and turned on my recorder again so that, in case she didn’t like my recording my meeting with her, I could delete the file without affecting what I had recorded before meeting her. 4 PM, 4:15 PM... and there was no trace of the Pyramid. I knew then that I was duped by the control center. Disappointed, I walked into the Thai restaurant across the street to eat, and there I saw the UCLA Vagrant Woman walking into Borders Bookstore. So that was it! The Pyramid’s family was merely going to remotely control someone to talk to me. I had no interest in that! I wanted the real thing! Angry, I ignored the opportunity as “beneath me”.

Soon I would notice that, this afternoon, somebody was evidently trying to get a reading on my thoughts and feelings when my expectation was broken that the Pyramid was going to show up. The erroneous theory I would develop during the next two months was that, after DGHTRCOM had awarded the managerial position of PLANMEX to the Pyramid’s father, he had decided to save me to Daughterland, and that DGHTR had thus thought it necessary to disengage me emotionally from the Pyramid. For this purpose, he would need to get a reading from the mind-reading computer as to the degree of my emotional attachment to the Pyramid. And so he directed this setup – an ambiguous “message” which looked in form identical to the “messages” I had seen in the past but which in the present case wasn’t a message at all but a setup devised to elicit my expectation for the sake of a measurement. I would assume, wrongly, that, after I ignored the Vagrant Woman, DGHTR had obtained what he needed for the next phase of the trial process. I thought that DGHTR thought the disengagement necessary also in order to prepare me for the enormous harm which he knew the Monkey was about to inflict on me. I inferred that DGHTR thought it better for me not to be emotionally attached to members of a family who weren’t going to be my friends. Again, this theory was completely wrong-headed, and, although I was right that someone *was* trying to get a reading, it wasn’t DGHTR but someone else.

The DGSE “Smart Woman” obviously would not accept DGHTRCOM’s denial that the Monkey had forged evidence (his announcement that the Monkey was the winner of the mini-trial), and, after collecting a few evidences demonstrating that I was neither retarded nor crazy, she obtained from the judge computer the permission for her to reexamine the results of the mini-trial, specifically DGHTRCOM’s judgment that I did constitute a physical danger to the Pyramid. She used the Invisible Hand’s signaling system to dupe me into thinking that the Pyramid was going to show up in the Borders Bookstore to meet me, in order to obtain an intercept of my expectation. (An highly experienced psychologist as you have seen, she knew that, when she positioned a random person next to me to arrange for a meeting, I would, out of over-sensitivity, be led to believe that it was a “metaphor”.) And so she sat in front of the mind-reading computer’s screen waiting to see how I would react when I discovered that I had been duped and was disappointed again. Clearly, as my head

contained no bad thoughts toward the Pyramid at all, she proved her point – that those previous intercepts of my thoughts showing me wanting to rape her and kill her were forgeries – and input the new evidence into the judge computer. The judge computer thus loosened the command structure once again. Daughterland’s Macrospherian status would have crumbled at this point had DGHTRCOM not quickly input into the judge computer his counter argument that he still had the legal right to produce new evidence demonstrating that I did want to rape and kill the Pyramid to replace the Smart Woman’s evidence showing that I could not have wanted to kill and rape the Pyramid. The command structure was thus locked up again. The argument that “Daughterland’s Macrospherian status (status as the permanent victim of the terrorist conspiracy) should not be dismantled by evidences requiring it to be dismantled because counter evidences would soon come to replace these evidences against Daughterland” would be used by DGHTRCOM again and again in the coming days to temporarily preserve the Macrosphere whenever the “Smart Woman” should succeed in proving the inaccuracy of the mind-reading computer and convicting Daughterland of conspiracy with me.

My next recording is: “[IMPdupdincrrctangrwesmsrprsnthght_5_8_10_438-951PM.WMA](#)”. As soon as I opened up my Toshiba Satellite, Chinese characters popped up on the screen to annoy me (21:30). I was feeling so frustrated because the current “system” was so impenetrable, unlike the past system built by Mr former Secretary (1:04:00). “We just have to pretend that nothing is happening” – and there was a honk (1:04:15). You can be sure that the signal had come from, among others, the Invisible Hand, who knew that the best way to immunize myself against the harm which the Daughter People were about to inflict on me was to drop all concern with the control center – and DGHTRCOM himself may have an interest in my ignoring everything as well. As I walked back to UCLA, I thought that I would have to verify that the Pyramid was still working in the Law Library and had not gone to Mexico (1:28:00). While at Ackerman, I signed up a meetup group on the public computer (1:56:00) – and read French on the Meetup website, to DGHTRCOM’s dismay (2:00:00) I sighed: It’s the Monkey’s fault that I get nothing... (2:05:00). I couldn’t have been more correct! When I then reviewed the video I had shot of the Pyramid on March 25, I noticed that her gait in the video revealed a personality vastly different from what I had thought was her voice talking through all the strangers lately (the Vagrant Woman, the woman reading the article on “obsession” in BART). I concluded: “We got duped... It’s not the Pyramid who has been talking through people...” (2:38:00).

Desperate, I called up Wes. Amazingly, he actually answered the phone. Well, the following call was extremely important. The “Smart Woman” had just obtained another proof that the Invisible Hand’s argument in the mini-trial was correct and that there was thus indeed “doubt” about whether the mind-reading computer had actually read my thoughts at all. DGHTRCOM had the immediate need to collect some counter evidences and to instruct me on the proper path. And this is why I was allowed to talk to Wes at all – for Wes would be instructed to ask me key questions allowing DGHTRCOM to collect the counter evidences. Although Wes got on the phone from 2:45:00 onward in the recording, he switched phone on 2:47:30. I began telling Wes how sad I was, and how I couldn’t stand my environment. I then asked him about his “jury business”. He denied that his jury business was some sort of metaphor for me at all. The control center’s computer system, after receiving the instruction to pass me a metaphor for the jury of the mini-trial, would actually remotely control Wes’ environment to result in his being called

to jury duty, just in order to produce a metaphor for the jury inside the control center. I told Wes that the “jury thing” sounded to me like a metaphor about the Pyramid (to whom I referred in our conversation, again, as just “the girl I liked”). “She has been told by ‘Homeland Security’ to fuck with me, just as you have been...” I said. I was talking about how the Pyramid used to be recruited by the suit team back in late 2008. I then continued: “But you deny that...” And of course Wes did (2:53:00). I continued: “She then worked for a different authority, who wanted to pair me up with her...” I was talking about DGHTRCOM and the “Daughter People”, of course. On 2:54:50 I complained to Wes about how I frequently duped myself by thinking that the noises and the movements of the people around me were affirmative responses to my thoughts and words and how I therefore believed that DGHTR (the “authority above the Pyramid”) wanted me to draw a portrait of the Pyramid and give it to her. The noises made me believe, I explained, that I was encouraged by the “authority” to write those things on the portrait... I then mentioned how “they” subsequently changed their mind about the pair-up. I wouldn’t name who the “the authority” were but could only spell out how “they” had taken over Homeland Security. The name “Russia” was still a taboo for me; I simply found it impossible to utter the name. I then told Wes about my impression that the pair-up would start again when she would feel more comfortable. I then mentioned to Wes how I got clues about her life, how noises would occur, people would move about, and my recorder would malfunction to confirm... How other people would produce metaphors about her life... How her family then struggled with the “higher authority” (DGHTR)... How the control center could talk through people... (I was still holding onto my erroneous view that there were tiny microphones stuck in people’s ears.) I also mentioned how even the Pyramid herself and her colleagues would move around in synchronicity (referring to how the Pyramid turned her head in complete synchrony with Renee on February 13 or so). “Like a school of fishes... they are synchronized,” Wes said (3:00:00). “Obviously someone is remotely controlling these people,” I shouted. “They are always moving in the correct direction just at the right time when I say something...” I then explained how the Pyramid seemed to be talking through the people around me sometimes – how I thought then that this revealed her personality, but how I now realized it was clearly not her, but someone else (3:02:00). I explained that the control center read my mind and then controlled the movement of the people around me to confirm the scenario I was developing in my head, and that the “higher authority” (namely DGHTR) wanted to break her away from her father’s influence. “Her father thinks me too ugly...” I explained. “Or smells...” Wes added. “You can’t smell me from the control center,” I retorted (3:05:00). I was ignorant of the fact that Wes was leaking to me – per the courtesy of the control center – what the Pyramid really thought of me. I then told Wes how I thought the Pyramid was talking through the UCLA Vagrant Woman. “Maybe you shouldn’t talk to yourself, but should just think...” Wes suggested. This was really DGHTRCOM’s best advice for me: he was desperately worried that I would talk about how much I loved his country and tried to help his country, thus allowing the Smart Woman to convict him of “conspiracy” with me. “You are trying to get me to say that... Because I was going to tell you that the control center can read my mind,” I protested (3:07:24). “If people can read your thoughts, you might as well say it out loud, right?” I continued. Then Wes suddenly uttered the most important statement on 3:07:47: “What if you just think one thing and say another out loud?” I got slightly upset by such question because those who were reading my thoughts would obviously know that I was lying in such situation. “You are obviously saying this on purpose; it’s an idiotic question; how can those who are reading my mind not know I am lying? Now

she has gone with the ‘higher authority’ [again, DGHTR] to somewhere else without me...” I had no idea that DGHTRCOM was doing his best to advise me, within the limit of the law, as to what to do: he first of all wanted me to admit that I frequently said one thing while thinking of another, because he needed to refute the Invisible Hand’s argument – now used by the French against his country – that the recording of my words didn’t match the Monkey’s forgeries of my thoughts and that this was therefore proof that the intercepts of my thoughts between April 2 and April 10 were forged. Secondly, DGHTRCOM was hoping I would start acting again like I did during the latter half of the first round, between July 2009 and February 2010, because he once more needed me to put up an act of not conspiring with his country in order to save it. Besides, he hoped that, by realizing that I needed to act again to save his country, I might also realize that the French had objected and had come back into the picture. Not getting the point, I talked about the Pyramid’s sudden change in personality, how she had undergone a strange increase in confidence. I expressed my desire – since it had turned out that it was not the Pyramid who had been talking through people – to verify the whole matter, to see if she had indeed gone away with “higher authority” (3:11:30). Strangely, Wes suggested the use of a New York government website to verify whether a state employee worked at a place (3:12:40). Wes then started on the problem of how it was impossible to verify against the authority’s operations (3:13:40). “You want to know about her life?” Wes asked me. “Yeah...” “There is the Internet... But you can never be sure that the government didn’t forge the information...” Wes warned. I’m not sure what Wes was getting at here. Perhaps he was hinting to me that the Pyramid was about to disown her father completely and invite some relative of hers to replace her father in her family, leaving her real father, the Monkey, to rot in the control center. By 3:16:00 Wes was suggesting to me that I accept the condition of never being certain of the scenarios I had developed in my head. “You can never be certain about it... That’s the point... In this case, a whole agency might be trying to dupe you... You recall the evil genius?... If there is an agency out there manipulating things, you can never be certain...” Wes said. I had no idea why Wes was saying these mysterious things. Today I can say that, other than the Pyramid’s plan to replace her father, Wes was also hinting to me that the French team was about to seriously deceive me. (“A whole agency” referred to the DGSE.) “But when I look at her old records, I will like her...” “How do you know that’s her?” Wes asked rhetorically. “That’s why I have to be certain... Otherwise I can’t let this go...” “Why don’t you just say she’s a great person and leave it at that,” Wes asked. “No...” I shouted. I was in the midst of a Borderline obsession, and every inch of my muscle yearned for the Pyramid like a crack addict needing his fix. How can I leave it at that? On 3:20:00 Wes gave me the most important hint, that maybe she had been manipulated, given wrong impression of me, and told lies about me so that she had become terrified of me. I did not yet understand that Wes was talking about the Monkey’s tampering with the mind-reading computer to slander me to the Pyramid. “That would be so unfair...” I shouted. “But then you can understand why she has acted differently toward you,” Wes said. “But the ‘higher authority’ owes me favor and shouldn’t do that...” “Of course... Who is this ‘higher authority’?” Wes asked, obviously trying to get me to say “Russian”. I wouldn’t say it, however. This was another one of DGHTRCOM’s tricks. Now that the DGSE Smart Woman was arguing that, insofar as the mind-reading computer was ruled suspect, conspiracy should be decided anew using my oral confessions, DGHTRCOM, knowing full well that I hadn’t come out of my taboo against uttering the word “Russians”, wanted my silence on the true identity of “higher authority” as evidence to input into the judge computer demonstrating that there

was no clear sign that I knew the Daughter People were in the hidden command and therefore that I was conspiring with them. I continued: “I don’t understand. Before they seemed like such great people. I don’t know why they are doing this. Unless they have to... Why can’t they compensate me by letting me know what’s going on? What’s so hard about that?” (3:21:30) Trust me: if international law didn’t forbid DGHTRCOM and his Daughter People to tell me what was going on, they surely would tell me, because their very lives were now dependent upon my knowing what was going on. Upset with the secrecy around me, I asked Wes if he remembered the FBI investigation. But Wes suddenly said, “You don’t even know if she has a boyfriend...” “That doesn’t matter, because I’m not trying to be her boyfriend...” I retorted. “Can you think about something else?” Wes asked. Obviously not. Wes continued: “It is one problem with not knowing due to insufficient evidences, it is another problem with ‘speculating’” (3:25:00). He added: “Speculation can lead to something true or something false... The solution is to not speculate. Rest your opinion on something concrete,” Wes advised. I had no clue as to why Wes was making this statement. Two years later, I would realize that this was again DGHTRCOM’s advice to me: he did not want me to understand the situation in the control center incorrectly, because the Smart Woman was about to argue that my environment should be devised to fit my beliefs in order to let me finish my mission (my conspiracy against the French as well as against Daughterland in the Macrosphere). If I believed wrongly, I would be locked into my false beliefs further by false signals and false environmental clues designed to reinforce my conviction in the false scenarios I had concocted, resulting in my never comprehending that the French had objected. This was related to DGHTRCOM’s desire for me to forget about the whole International Court trial and pretend that nothing had happened. If I dwelt on it, if I continued to be attached to the happenings inside the International Court, I would be worrying about his country’s safety; the Smart Woman would then use my worries to convict his country of conspiracy with me once she was able to cancel his country’s Macrospherian status. This was why DGHTRCOM wished that I would not care, not speculate, and not even think about the “control center”. Then Wes said: “Do you know anything about her father? Maybe her father is dead...” And: “You are here speculating about her father’s ties with the ‘higher authority’, and you don’t even know if he is dead or alive!” I’m not sure why Wes said this. Did he say this because somebody in the control center wanted me to spare myself some hardship by shedding this tormenting knowledge about the Monkey? My belief that he was dead would cause me to worry less about Daughterland (“the Monkey’s hijack of Daughterland’s command”) which was in DGHTRCOM’s interest. If I believed he was dead, then both the French team and the Russian team would have to devise the reality around me to fit my belief. They would have to make my environment and the operations less painful on me in order to make me believe that the Monkey was gone from the control center. This would be in the Smart Woman’s interest too, for then it would be harder for DGHTRCOM’s team to cause me to conform to the Monkey’s false profile of me, as you shall see. But DGHTRCOM could not really want the Monkey dead, whereas the Smart Woman would want him dead, because the DGSE team were quite aware of DGHTRCOM’s strategy: the best option for him was for me to realize what was going on so that he, from the Macrosphere, may intercept the whole mess in the Microsphere as a conspiracy against his country and in the process blame the Monkey’s actions onto the French and the CIA (making the Monkey the conspirator of the French and the CIA in a well-devised plan to destroy Daughterland’s Macrospherian status). If the Monkey died, however, DGHTRCOM would not be able to do that because he would not be able to command the Monkey,

once the conspiracy was intercepted, to forge “normal” (and hence reproducible) intercepts of my thoughts *to replace* the original forged intercepts which were just about impossible to confirm (to reproduce in the real world).

When I told Wes how I had built up my scenario on the basis of strange environmental signals and how I felt miserable afterward, he said once more, “You base your speculation on assumptions... Someone’s coughing, etc.” Then Wes denied that he would be passing me a coded message through a paper on Condorcet. Then we talked about the signals on the basis of which I believed the Pyramid had gone off to Mexico. Suddenly there was a beep (3:27:55). On 3:28:05 Wes suddenly suggested that the Pyramid might still be working in the Law Library for me to find (and “verify”). Why? As you shall see, there would begin a concerted effort to lure me back to the Law Library to find the Pyramid. Then, unexpectedly, the phone disconnected automatically (3:28:40). I didn’t know why the control center had cut off my conversation with Wes. Angered, I left Ackerman’s patio and went downstairs. I called Wes on a payphone (3:38:00), leaving him a message to ask him to call me back. I then tried adding money to my Go Phone (3:50:00), but I couldn’t – I wasn’t allowed by the control center, it seemed. I began crying (3:52:30). I left UCLA and went inside Best Buy, wanting to buy a Go Phone card (4:13:00). But I wasn’t able to obtain one here either.

After this I walked into the market next door to buy batteries for my recorder. As I stood in line for the cashier register around 4:21:00, I suddenly realized what Wes was trying to tell me about the Pyramid’s “wrong impression” of me. I began commenting to myself that Wes was actually giving me a hint, that the Monkey had told the Pyramid I was thinking something bad when I was actually thinking of something else. DGHTRCOM was happy that, on the night of May 7, I made the first step in understanding what was going on by realizing the possibility that the people who had control over the mind-reading computer could easily convince others that you were thinking A when you were actually thinking B. He thus instructed the Invisible Hand to instruct Wes to give me a hint that the Monkey had indeed misrepresented my thoughts to the Pyramid so that – he hoped – I may begin to understand the gravity of the situation – that this misrepresentation of my thoughts had allowed the French to come back to life because his country’s fate was somehow tied up with the content of my thoughts! I didn’t think that far at the time, for obvious reasons, but I fell into nervousness as I began comprehending that the Monkey had misrepresented me to the Pyramid for his own purposes. The powerlessness to control other people’s perception of me – leaving me at the mercy of this giant monster – had almost caused me to faint. I tried to comfort myself: “I did speak my thoughts... There are times when I couldn’t be lying, because you cannot lie about things which you don’t know about...” (4:24:00). Then I got angry: “I don’t even know for sure if he has done such things... I can’t even be angry... He controls the means of production and he can represent me to the Pyramid in any way he likes... If they compare the recordings of my talking to myself with the intercepts which the Monkey has forged of my thoughts, then they would know that the Monkey has lied... If the Monkey has done that, then I need to chop his head off. But I don’t even know if he has actually done that...” (until 4:28:30).

I tried to add money to my phone again (4:31:00), and once more I couldn’t get through, and I began crying (4:35:30). I kept shouting “Operator, operator,” but it was no use. I was really angry now. I

squatted by Coffee Bean and shouted to the control center: “Anyone dares read my thoughts again, fuck!” and I was crying again (4:37:30). “The problem is that I don’t have access to the Pyramid, so I cannot represent myself to her! We have to go back to the Law Library to see if she’s there!” I then shouted: “It’s knowledge which determines emotion!” (4:42:30) I was referring to the fact that I certainly wouldn’t be angry with the Monkey if it turned out that I had guessed things wrong. But the reality was that I had just made it into the Guinness World Records as the first person ever the records of whose thoughts have been forged by another person. I began to worry over the fact that I had not been uploading my recordings to my website after I broke my Eee PC – because then those shadowy figures inside the “Cave” couldn’t know what I had said, let alone what I had thought (4:45:30). I then reiterated my earlier point: “You cannot say $5 + 5 = 10$ when you don’t know $5 + 5 = 10$ ” – and some driver far away was remotely controlled to honk in order to confirm (4:47:00). Unfortunately, I’m afraid that this honk was coming from the Smart Woman, who had just gathered up another evidence demonstrating that the discrepancies which the Invisible Hand had noticed between the recordings of my words and the Monkey’s forgeries of my thoughts could not all be explained away by assuming that “I was lying”. I then realized: “That’s why there have been all those surveillance agents around me – to confirm what I said” – and there was another honk, this time close by (4:48:00). I continued: “The problem is that the Pyramid is not going to have the time to listen to hours and hours of my talking to myself... DGHTR help me!” (4:49:00) I was too naïve to understand that the Pyramid wouldn’t even be *interested* in listening to what I had said just to find out what I had actually thought. I concluded to myself: “It’s when I cut myself and when DGHTR failed to predict it that the Monkey was able to cut in to misrepresent my thoughts...” (4:51:30). I continued: “I’m the most unfortunate person in the world: other people don’t have the problem of having their thoughts misrepresented!” (4:53:00) Then: “Unless I have access to the Pyramid, she would never know what I am...” (5:00:00). By this time I was getting onto the bus to leave Westwood. While on the bus, I began crying, begging DGHTR for help: “Give me access to the Pyramid...” (5:02:30). Then I realized: “The Monkey must have represented me to her as some sort of dangerous psychopath... Then why did I try so hard to save her? How did he explain that?” I then reflected on the fact that, before February, I was mostly acting, while, after February, I was pretty much telling the truth all the time when I talked to myself (5:12:00). This unfortunately was not the kind of confession which DGHTRCOM was looking for anymore.

My next recording is: “[cybrcfetrthlifenotwrth_5_8-9_10_1039PM-251AM.WMA](#)”: I had by then arrived at the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire. I formulated my first understanding of what had happened in the past month: the Monkey and DGHTR had to compete with each other to show the Pyramid who was telling the truth – about what kind of person I was, that is. I then identified the crucial time period: between April 1 to April 16, when I wasn’t uploading my files to my website anymore because my Eee PC was broken. I began formulating a plan of uploading my recordings of myself from this period onto my website so that the control center may have indications as to what I was thinking during this period. I had no idea that this was something which DGHTRCOM and his people terribly dreaded. In the cybercafe there was some strange foreign language spoken by two girls. Brazilian? Did the Smart Woman command them here to produce some intercept, to convict Brazil or to replace previous evidences? (32:00) I diagnosed the problem: “The problem is that the Pyramid is not a paranoid person, so she just believes anything people say” – and the machine inside the cybercafe

began humming, to confirm, perhaps, that the Pyramid had been duped by her father (35:35) – “unlike me, I don’t believe anything people say... I’m the smarter one...” Then: “That’s why the Monkey didn’t want me to speak my thoughts [to my recorder] – so he could misrepresent my thoughts...” (46:00) – and there was a honk. This was obviously a signal from DGHTRCOM’s team, who were trying their best to guide me further to a realization of what had happened inside the control center. Ignorant of the gravity of the situation, I continued to speak my wishes: “My appetite is small: just to know, and be known by, the Pyramid, then an apartment and a computer, maybe a different girlfriend in three months...” (48:30). “Of course I shouldn’t have cut myself... But then they shouldn’t have kept me in the dark, because people behave differently when they have knowledge...” (51:00). “The Pyramid does not understand that people who hurt themselves do so because they don’t want to hurt others... That’s why her father can dupe her... That’s another thing we have found out about the Pyramid: she understands very little about human psychology...” (until 1:22:00).

I thus began uploading my recordings between April 1 and April 16 to my website using the public computer at the cybercafe: downloading Filezilla, installing it on the computer, and putting my DVD into the DVD drive... But the time card I just bought didn’t work – per the courtesy of the control center – and my arm hurt (1:28:00). Obviously, DGHTRCOM’s team was signaling to me that they did not want me to provide evidences to the French indicating that my recordings of myself were not forged by the Invisible Hand. But I didn’t understand what was going on, and went to the cashier to exchange my card. I sat down in front of my computer station to try again. The card worked, but soon the computer was remotely controlled to freeze (1:41:30). DGHTRCOM’s team was remotely freezing up the computer I was using in order to prevent me from uploading “evidences” that were not favorable to Macrospherian Daughterland. I became terribly angry because I was not allowed to do such simple things (1:47:00). I stepped aside to gather my thoughts: I had decided to go to the Law Library on Tuesday, and I was sure that I’d be kicked out (1:48:45). Then I reflected: “There is nothing more important than controlling the machines... With machines you can even control other people’s perception...” (1:50:00). I then shouted: “Maybe I should just kill myself” – just then, a black man was remotely controlled to come around me and shout: “That’s what they want you to do...” (1:50:50). What does it mean? Was it the Monkey again? Whichever side was persuading me not to die – the French or the Daughterlanders – DGHTRCOM’s interest in me would soon reverse and he would soon *want* me to die: since his chance of surviving the French onslaught was small, if I died, he could at least prevent the French from commanding him to rerun the trial for a third time to replace past evidences in France’s favor, in which case the French victory wouldn’t be secured and Daughterland could keep objecting in the future to result in a deadlock. I continued: “The owner of the machines is the ruler of everything, it doesn’t matter how stupid he is...” (1:53:30). I was referring to the Monkey again. Then: “Machine malfunctioning is the most terrible form of suffering in the world... You can’t live a life if your machine malfunctions all the time...” (1:54:00). I was also feeling tired from speaking my thoughts, for it was just so boring (1:58:00). “I should die... Life is not worth living, no one is telling me the truth, everything is too confusing, and machines malfunction...” (2:03:00). “After I have done all that good, in the end I have to kill myself because life is too miserable... Uncertainty is not worth living for...” (2:05:00). I then came back to the computer, ready to videotape the computer screen (2:07:30). I was not allowed to upload recordings tonight. I thus turned to writing on my own Toshiba

(2:45:00). I was upset, I was tired, and I didn't want to work anymore (3:19:30). Chinese characters "Soviet Union" (苏联) then suddenly popped up on my computer screen, tremendously annoying me (3:35:20). Was it the French – dismantling the status of "Russians" in the evidentiary record as "CIA fake" – or was it DGHTRCOM's team – reaffirming "Russians" as "CIA fake"? I couldn't even tell. I began looking down on the Pyramid: "She's obviously not very intelligent, very gullible..." (4:02:30). "Stay away from stupid people... Don't like them, or you may get fucked..." (4:04:00). There can hardly be better advice in this world than this!

Before we close the entry on May 8, let us examine the Daughterlanders' situation inside the control center. After the DGSE Smart Woman's sting operation on me, they saw that there were now only two avenues left to them for survival. This I have briefly summarized in the entry on April 30. Let me be more specific here. One avenue was what had temporarily saved the Macrosphere, namely, the law which allowed for the replacement of evidence. To replace the counter evidence which the Smart Woman had produced today, DGHTRCOM's team thus commanded the Monkey, my Microspherian conspirator, to begin devising my environment to condition me into harboring the thoughts and feelings which the mind-reading computer, after the Monkey's tampering with it, had produced for my profile – thoughts and desires of a violent autistic schizophrenic wanting to rape and kill the Pyramid. If this could be done, then everyone could have the mind-reading computer, this time with its setting entered into evidence, intercept these conditioned thoughts and desires, and use these new intercepts to not only confirm the Monkey's forgery as genuine but also to replace the counter evidence which the Smart Woman had produced. In other words, if the Monkey, under Macrospherian Daughterland's command, could physically transform me into his false profile of me... The only question which remained was this: since this was no easy task (if possible at all), it would require a long period of time. But how long? The DGSE team would certainly make the request to the judge computer that a deadline be set, for, otherwise, the Monkey could continue trying to replace the May 8 evidence until the end of time – or at least as long as I was alive – which would effectively mean that the Macrospherian status of Daughterland would remain intact anyway. The judge computer would thus demand that the Monkey's Microspherian team set a deadline. Since the law permitting the replacement of evidences was valid, the judge computer would presumably allow them to present a reasonable calculation as to the time they would need to transform an intellectual Borderline Personality obsessed with the Pyramid into a crazy violent autistic retard wanting to rape her and kill her – and then set the time thus calculated as the time period permitted for their project to replace the counter-evidence which the DGSE Smart Woman had produced (or had commanded the Invisible Hand to produce).

The technique would be brutal. Just like the most famous case in the CIA's MK-ULTRA episode where the McGill University psychiatrist Dr Ewen Cameron used shock therapy and sensory deprivation to erase his patients' current personality ("deprogramming") and then forced them to listen to tortuous repetition of the same recording (e.g. "I am a good mother...") as a way to put in place a new personality ("psychic driving"⁷¹) the Monkey was in effect being commanded to do the same thing to me, except

71 Dr Cameron's methods have been summarized in Naomi Klein's *The Shock Doctrine*, Ch. 1, "The Torture Lab". They are also described in John Mark's *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate* (1979). Anne Collins has written a book on Dr Cameron's episode, *In The Sleep Room* (1998). Dr Cameron's experiments for MK-ULTRA project, and the victims'

that the personality that was to be installed in place of my original personality was an impossible combination between autism, schizophrenia, mental retardation, and anti-social desires for criminal and sexual violence. In order to deny the inaccuracy of the mind-reading computer, the Macrospherian Daughterlanders needed the Monkey to not only reproduce in me the desires and thoughts about raping and killing which would exhibit the same brain activity patterns as those seen in the forged intercepts of my thoughts, but also to condition me to exhibit, in my outward comportment, all the characteristics which Mr former Secretary had attributed to his “David Chin” – all because the Monkey had asserted that Mr former Secretary’s “David Chin”, except for a few details, was actually a correct description of me. I would have to *become*, in addition to a mentally retarded, autistic, and schizophrenic rapist and killer, a pedophile, a sex-pervert, a magnificent fraudster, a perpetual public disturbance and petty criminal, a drug-dealer and drug-user, an alcoholic, a pathological liar, a racist bigot toward blacks and Hispanics, a lover of homelessness, etc. The situation for me was made worse because the Monkey had eliminated from Mr former Secretary’s profile of David Chin the few characteristics which did actually describe me, such as Francophonism. In other words, in addition to transforming me into this new bizarre, impossible creature, the Monkey would have to suppress my foreign language ability. Moreover, since the Monkey’s false profile of me had also described me as illiterate, unable to write, and carrying a fake computer with all my recordings of myself being forged by the CIA for me, DGHTRCOM’s team would have to command the Monkey to suppress as well all evidences showing that I could write and was writing this “Secret History” and that I had been recording myself – and this was why I was not allowed to upload recordings of myself to my website tonight. In the end, in order to confirm the Monkey’s false profile of me as being a danger to others and a perpetual public nuisance, DGHTRCOM’s team would have to cause me to be actually arrested by the police for public disturbance and physical violence.

The other avenue available to DGHTRCOM, as has been noted, was to cause me to become aware of what was going on so that France’s entire objection based on the mini-trial in the Microsphere may become a conspiracy against the Macrospherian Daughterlanders. DGHTRCOM’s team thus also commanded the Monkey and the Invisible Hand to pass me as many hints and secret messages about the French objection as international laws permitted. Thus would the second run re-start with these two principal objectives.

As I have mentioned, the second avenue was infinitely preferable to the first because the physical transformation of me into the Monkey’s modified version of David Chin was virtually an impossible project according to any expert’s estimate. The Monkey’s false profile of me simply contained too many mutually contradictory elements. Not only were autism and schizophrenia usually mutually exclusive disorders, but the rest of the Monkey’s false profile were so opposite of my Borderline Personality that no conditioning and torture seemed capable of producing and beating them out of me. For example, while it was possible to condition me to hate the Pyramid, when I hate a woman my desires would simply shut down so that I could never be conditioned to desire raping her. Moreover, since pedophilia was genetically caused and schizophrenia a defect in brain physiology, someone who

journey toward compensation by the CIA, have also been dramatized in the 1998 film, “The Sleep Room”, directed by Anne Wheeler and based on Anne Collins’ book.

was not born a pedophile and a schizophrenic could never be transformed into a pedophile and a schizophrenic no matter how hard you try to condition him. The DGSE Smart Woman was counting on DGHTRCOM's team's forever chasing after a psychological product that couldn't possibly exist in the real world and thus stumbling upon themselves as a result. The deadline for the replacement of evidence was therefore the date when France would win the trial.

By this time DGHTRCOM and his Daughter People would have invited into the control center expert psychologists and psychiatrists – both Americans and Daughterlanders – to study the feasibility of my transformation or “depatterning”. When the expert psychologists had examined the matter, they would have explained to DGHTRCOM at once the reality of this thing called “Borderline Personality Disorder” which I had tried to make known to his Daughter People ever since March 2009. By now DGHTRCOM would have realized how unrealistic it was to have expected me and the Pyramid to enter into politics in Mexico – neither of us had grown beyond childhood in psychological maturation. He now realized that he had overestimated my abilities beside my intellect because he was deceived by my good performance in saving his country. The psychologists and psychiatrists would have however concluded that there existed a slight possibility of transforming my Borderline Personality Disorder into something very similar to the Monkey's false profile of me through the intensification of my disease. This technique to intensify my Borderline Personality Disorder which this team of psychology experts, now assigned to the Monkey's team as my Microspherian conspirators, was about to practice on me remotely from the control center I shall refer to as “cognitive-behavioral torture for Borderline Personality Disorder”. Just as “cognitive behavioral therapy for Borderline Personality Disorder” – epitomized in Dr Marsha Linehan's “Dialectical Behavioral Therapy” – was designed to dissipate Borderline Personality, the reverse of this therapy was a system of psychological tortures specifically devised to intensify Borderline Personality. These experts had calculated that, given intense suffering and continual provocation in absolute isolation, Borderline Personality Disorder could be intensified into autism on the one hand and murderous rage on the other while possibly giving way to temporary insanity and thus producing schizophrenia-like symptoms. Specifically, they had calculated that autism-like behavior can be produced from Borderline Personality Disorder by causing suffering to the Borderline Personality Disorder sufferer while preventing his attempt at catharsis to relieve his mental anguish – if you know anything about Borderline Personality Disorder, you will know that BPD sufferer's number one goal in life is catharsis, the life-long seeking of a listener who will listen to his or her problems and sympathize with him or her: they are the perfect paradigms of Abraham Low's “expert complainer”. Nothing can be more painful for a BPD sufferer than the refusal of others to listen to his or her problems; he or she will be shut into a self-enclosed world. At the same time, my strong sense of righteousness and perennial concern for justice and reciprocity can be exploited to turn me into a violent killer posing physical dangers to others if I were perpetually disappointed by the fact that, after I had saved Daughterland, the Daughterlanders not only did not reward me but systematically tortured me to make my life even more miserable than before. (This would have the extra benefit of obstructing France's charge of my conspiracy with Daughterland, as you shall see.) The only problem would be that the mood of autism could never occur at the same time as the murderous rage but would only alternate with the latter, and that while a Borderline Personality Disorder sufferer could be made to resemble the Monkey's David Chin in outward appearance, it was not clear if the brain of the

transformed sufferer would show the same patterns of activities as those seen in the forged intercepts of my thoughts. What was also uncertain was whether schizophrenia-like symptoms – namely, temporary psychosis – could in fact be produced out of me. While it is the case that many Borderline Personality Disorder sufferers do during times of duress descend into temporary psychosis, these kinds of people are generally uneducated and incapable of logical thinking, whereas my thought patterns were characterized by tight logical structures and scientific realism because of my high level of education. My perception of reality was much sharper than ordinary people’s and therefore could not be easily made to disintegrate into psychosis. But the psychologists also noticed that I was far more sensitive than ordinary people to details and environmental perturbations and was prone to worries – to the point that I could be justly considered “paranoid”. This was of course typical of BPD sufferers. They decided to exploit my natural suspiciousness and tendency to worry, hoping that, by driving up my paranoia, they could eventually push me across the boundary of rationality and cause me to descend into temporary psychosis.⁷²

In terms of methods, the Monkey’s team of psychologists thus operated differently than Dr Cameron. Instead of erasure and reinstallation of personality traits, here we have a program of “aetiological transformation”: the transformation of one disease into another through “cognitive behavioral torture” – or the transformation of one “cause” into another. (Remember that *aitios* means “cause” in Greek, so that “aetiology” means “the discourse on causes”.) Whereas Dr Cameron, after he destroyed the personalities of his patients with “departtarning”, never succeeded in installing a new personality in them – the CIA adopted his methods only to “destroy the capacity of a resistant source for resistance”, as a “system for extracting information from resistant sources”, that is⁷³ – these psychologists would eventually succeed in transforming me into a different personality, albeit not exactly the one which the Monkey had envisaged for me. What was convenient was that the suppression of my characteristics – such as preventing me from uploading my recordings to my website – itself could double as torture, insofar as it blocked my attempt to be known (catharsis) and increased my level of frustration. A sense of unreality however permeated the “torture team”. Someone who was autistic, schizophrenic, violently dangerous to others, sexually perverted, pedophilic, mentally retarded, enjoying homelessness, fraud-loving, drug-using and drug-dealing, carrying a fake computer and a stack of fake DVDs on which were burned forged recordings – this was really just a cartoon figure, just as Mr former Secretary’s Sino-Russian secret agent “David Chin” could only be found in cartoons. All these well-educated and highly regarded experts now had to expend their expertise on making what was essentially a cartoon figure appear in the real world. This was the most ridiculous thing they had ever been required to do, especially given the solemn context of an International Court trial for deciding the fate of nations. All thanks to the Monkey!⁷⁴

Now, the evidentiary record would show that the mini-trial was being extended until the day of the deadline: it was not clear whether the Monkey had won or the Invisible Hand had won because

72 All this is the conclusion we have inherited from the original version. Today we really can’t say that the Daughter People had actually invited any professional psychologists and so on into the control center. The above analysis about transformation could simply have characterized the Daughter People’s own conclusions.

73 Klein, *ibid.*, p. 47.

74 Again, we don’t know if any team of expert psychologists had actually been assembled at all.

although the Invisible Hand, under the Smart Woman’s command, kept coming up with new evidences showing the Monkey to have indeed changed the setting of the mind-reading computer and forged my profile, the law permitting the replacement of evidences nullified the effectiveness of these evidences until the deadline. In the evidentiary record, it was the Monkey who needed to replace the Invisible Hand’s May 8 evidence and make me conform to his false profile of me in order to win the mini-trial. With the result of the mini-trial remaining indefinite, both France and Daughterland retained joint command of the Macrospherians until the matter – including the validity of France’s objection – could be decided. Within the joint command, the alignment of interests quickly solidified: as the Invisible Hand was required under international law to finish his mission and prove that the Monkey had touched the computer and forged a false profile of me, his objective was in alignment with that of the French; and as the Monkey was similarly required to finish his mission and prove that he had never forged anything, his objective became aligned with that of the Daughterlanders. These Macrospherian Daughterlanders I shall from now on refer to as “DGHTRCOM’s team”. They were officials from the SVR – including, of course, the aforementioned SVR Legend. Now how often DGHTRCOM himself actually showed up among them I do not know. “DGHTRCOM’s team” will from now on be used interchangeably with the “Daughter People”, the “Daughterlanders”, or the “Macrospherian Daughterlanders”. Because the Monkey’s interests were in alignment with theirs, when the Monkey and his team of psychologists were making me conform to his forged profile of me, I would below frequently simply speak of “DGHTRCOM’s team doing so”, without bothering to distinguish the nuances of the command structure as appeared in the eye of the judge computer: that it was the Monkey who was doing so under the command of DGHTRCOM’s team. Similarly with the CIA-Smart Woman axis. As for DGHTRCOM’s team, they were even more annoyed by their current objective than by the necessity of creating a cartoon figure within reality. They had fought for a year and a half to prove that Mr former Secretary Chertoff’s profile of me was false, but now – because they had allowed this xxxxxxx into the control center – they had to do everything they could to prove that an even more degrading version of it was true. And they could not just make it look like it was true in surveillance records; they had to actually produce in a real person the thoughts and desires which underlay it. They had to produce “David Chin” *in the real world*, not just in surveillance records. As for the Invisible Hand, since he wanted the French to salvage the CIA, he would naturally always try to prove the Monkey wrong. He had tried his best on May 5, and now he would continue to try his best. He would become my “guardian angel” in a sense; since it was his mission to triumph over the Monkey, it was also his mission to divert me away from falling victim to the Monkey’s upcoming “cognitive behavioral torture”. It was for this reason that, along with DGHTRCOM, he would also advise me to forget about the whole International Court business, speculate no further, and pretend that nothing had happened at all. Insofar as nobody could really expect me to understand how the French had objected – more on this below – continual attachment to the matter would give the Monkey’s team the opportunity to drive me to insanity. Having desires gives your enemy and your circumstances the power to frustrate you and make you unhappy; this is why in Buddhism the root of all suffering is diagnosed as “desires”.

May 9 (Sunday)

I slept in the street corner near the cybercafe. My first recording of the new day is: “[touclawrtsuppl8-](#)

[9nikkithing_5_9_10_716-1152AM.WMA](#)”. As usual, I slept less than five hours. When I woke up, I began my lonely reflections: “Thoughts which I don’t really mean would pop into my head as well” (18:30) – this I would refer to as “accidental thoughts”. These were different from “opposite thoughts” because the latter were thoughts that were the opposites of what I meant, not thoughts which I didn’t quite mean.

By 57:00, I was on the bus going toward Westwood. When I got off the bus in Westwood on 1:19:00, my enormous depression caused me to say to myself: “Just kill yourself... Forget it, no one cares about how you feel...” (1:26:00). “You have to find a way to kill yourself...” (1:31:00). The enormous powerlessness resulting from not knowing what was going on inside the Cave – around which the meaning of my life had come to revolve – then caused me to change my usual orientation: “You have to be told what is going on, it’s just not like the past anymore...” (1:33:00). “I beg you, tell me what is going on... But that would be too good to be true...” (1:36:00). I began crying. I walked into UCLA Ackerman on 1:41:00, and there I gave in to my other source of powerlessness: “The Pyramid, please let me know you, and I promise I’ll then find someone else...” (1:48:00). I sat down on a table in the patio section of Ackerman (1:52:00). I was about to review my recordings from the past month in order to understand better what might have happened inside the control center. I begged all those inside the control center: “If you tell me the truth I’ll kill myself, so that I’ll not be able to tell it to others, how about that?” (1:55:00) I erroneously assumed that all the secrecy was due to the Daughterlanders’ desire to keep things in secrecy. I soon began reviewing the recording of my conversation with Nikki on April 14 (2:26:00). “The Monkey’s attempt to hijack the ‘Op’ must have occurred after April 3”, I inferred (2:29:00). By reviewing the recording, I had indeed begun to comprehend what had happened inside the control center. Here I realized that Nikki was being remotely controlled by the Monkey, as evidenced by her absolute unskillfulness as a therapist. Then, by reviewing the recording of my conversation with the Old Man on April 24, I had also begun understanding something about the Pyramid because I realized that the Old Man was also controlled by the Monkey and that the Monkey was, when he talked to me, talking to the Pyramid at the same time. I felt somewhat better now that the control center and the Pyramid were no longer in murky darkness.

My next recording is: “[nikkithinguclamedlib_5_9_10_1154AM-433PM.WMA](#)”. I reflected on the source of my troubles, my ugliness. Presumably, the Pyramid’s father, when looking at this ugly Oriental crap, thought simply that he should be thrown into the mental asylum and stuffed with some food stuff; that’s the life sufficient for him (7:10). The Monkey, wanting to be Daughterland’s ally, could hardly care less about Daughterland’s savior. As I understood more and more the situation, I was getting upset and throwing things: And yet this Monkey had the privilege to be inside the control center and I didn’t. I concluded – indulging in negative thoughts – that the access to truth was based on looks, and hence that we should euthanize ugly babies to prevent their suffering in the future (17:00 or so).

When I walked into Ackerman, I continued: “People will never tell the truth to someone who is ugly, it doesn’t happen... It’s all my mother’s fault... She should have killed her ugly baby...” (18:00). I thought further that the rich and the poor should not mix, and that the match with the Pyramid was thus a very bad one. I began walking toward the UCLA Medical Center. By this time I had developed the idea of

using a lawsuit to communicate with the Pyramid; but I reflected that it was not going to work because I would not know if the Pyramid would actually read my complaint (58:00). She would have to be given a test to confirm that she had read it. Because of my beginning comprehension about the Pyramid, I felt a desire to show off to her what I had understood about her. Once I would get my confirmation, then I could go away to live my “schizophrenic life” – and some driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk (1:00:30). I had no idea that this was DGHTRCOM team’s signal telling me that they needed me to conform to the Monkey’s forged profile of me as a schizophrenic so that their country’s Macrospherian status may be preserved. I continued: “Whoever controls the machines, is the master of everyone. When the Monkey’s family walks into the control center, they see the machines... They don’t need to know anything to be my masters, because they can control my machines...” (1:08:00).

As I continued to be immersed in negative thoughts, I came up with the original subtitle of this story – and another driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk (1:06:20) – *Les Pyramides, leur père, et les dispositifs pour la surveillance intérieure de l’homme*. This time it was evidently the Smart Woman who had caused the honking – following the court’s rule, she had to command either the Monkey or the Invisible Hand to signal to me when she had collected evidence in France’s favor: namely, that I knew French, in contradiction to the intercepts of my thoughts which the Monkey had forged. Oblivious, I continued to analyze DGHTR’s mistake in pairing me up with the Pyramid: he had forgotten to match our bodies and class status; he only thought of matching our minds (1:30:00). The best matching, I continued, is the matching of the body, because the body is even more important than class. If the Pyramid were crippled, for example, her father would object less to her being paired up with an ugly duck like me (1:39:00). Then I thought: Other parents don’t care who their children associate with (1:41:00). The problem here was that the Pyramid’s father came from Mexico. If he had come from Europe, he wouldn’t be so picky with me, even given his connections and money. The Pyramid’s family was doing things the xxxxxxxx way, namely always remembering to look down on people. That was the essence of the xxxxxxxx culture (until 1:42:50). This was so because xxxxxxxx was a garbage dump. (Think about this: people who most deserve to be looked down upon have usually the greatest need to look down on others: DGHTRCOM’s daughter, Ekaterina, though of higher status than the Pyramid, didn’t bother to look down on me.) I thus concluded that I needed a crippled girlfriend (1:53:00) – and someone nearby was remotely controlled to cough. Was it a signal from the French (using the Invisible Hand)? I enumerated again what I wanted: I wanted the Pyramid to read my writings, confirm the scenarios I had developed about her life, and then let me read her short stories (1:56:00). I then spoke how I didn’t believe DGHTRCOM would kill the Monkey (2:10:30). Of course not. I wandered back to Ackerman and began writing. I would be burning a disc as well. At some point, I noted: “Sometimes ‘possible thoughts’ [thoughts that are possible to think] will pop into my head without my wanting to think them; I think them just because it is possible to think them...” (4:28:00).

My next recording is: “[brdrswesdsm4toocybrcfe_5_9-10_10_559PM-202AM.WMA](#)”. I walked to Borders Bookstore and went upstairs there to work on my recording files and do some writing on my Toshiba Satellite. I was frequently agitated, miserable because of my emotional attachment to the Pyramid. When I was flipping through DSM-IV on the bookshelf during my break, commenting to the

control center that I was in fact 75 percent Borderline and 25 percent Schizotypal (around 1:23:00), I talked also about how the Pyramid would simply have to be told that Borderline psychology worked in such and such a way as if she were in a classroom because there was no possibility for her to understand it on her own given her shallow understanding of human psychology: the ambiance of the classroom was of utmost importance in making someone believe something was true when she did not possess the intellect to understand it: it has always been the authoritative ambiance of the school system and textbooks which have convinced people that the world around them is such and such even though they will never have the chance to verify what they have been told by professors and read from books about this world around them (1:32:00). This is a very important insight in regard to the formation of ordinary people's world-view.

I would have another phone conversation with Wes tonight from 2:17:00 onward. I told Wes about my new desire, showing the Pyramid what I had figured out about her. Our conversation soon turned on the problem of my possibly getting angry with the Pyramid for doing something to me when it was in fact someone else who had done it. How to be sure? Then our conversation turned on the problem of "running toward the machine gun" because, as I now contemplated on going to the Law Library to find the Pyramid, this would be exactly like running toward the machine guns during the trench warfare of World War I (2:26:00 or so). But Wes insisted that there were alternatives to "running toward the machine guns head on" and that the generals in World War I were quite stupid in sending their soldiers to die so pointlessly. Solutions could be found in past military history such as with Napoleon. There couldn't be solutions, I said, because the generals of World War I were not stupid and had all gone to military academies and would have learned of any solutions and used them if such had existed in military history (2:25:35 or so). Wes however mentioned the example of Wilmington in face of Napoleon: What he should have done was to go around and appear from nowhere. Then Wes mentioned how the German, French and English soldiers decided together during trench warfare to signal to each other when they were ready to shell each other, so that eventually no one got killed. The troops did that when they realized the generals' tactics were idiotic. Wes concluded: "If you are going on a suicide mission, then you have to think through your strategy... More people died from diseases and so on in the trenches... Maybe it's better to run toward the machine guns and get it over and done with..." "Are you giving me a message?" I asked Wes. Wes denied it (2:23:00). I have mentioned that there would be a persistent attempt from the control center to persuade me to show up in front of the Pyramid. Here Wes was most likely instructed to do the same. I'll reveal the reason soon. Then I told Wes about my situation with homelessness – I was no longer able to afford a unit from the Abode Community. Wes advised me to call my mother because it was Mother's Day: "Maybe she'll give you money..." When I then mentioned that, if the control center didn't make anything happen in regard to the Pyramid's showing up, I would "run toward the machine gun". That was not very rational, Wes said. "I'm not really rational," I replied. "Yeah, that's true, you have a disinterest in the rational..." When I then contemplated on the option of going to Albany to meet with him, some driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk (2:39:20). Going to Albany would certainly be a bad decision, further exhausting my money and getting myself in trouble. Without money to eat, I would for sure increase my desperation – DGHTRCOM's team was counting on my driving myself to insanity in that way and hence was encouraging me to go on long trips. Wes was however uncertain on this point (2:39:30). I hanged up

with him on 2:42:30.

When I came inside Borders I began reading DSM-IV again (2:46:00). It is then that I realized that the Monkey might have characterized me as “autistic” (3:22:00). “He can scare the crap out of the Pyramid...” – and someone in front of me was making random noises to confirm – per DGHTRCOM’s team’s remote control (3:22:50). When I left Borders, I actually had an epiphany: “They look at me, like: he thinks he has figured it out, when he hasn’t any clue...” True enough! “The Daughter People have to tell me the truth in more certain terms, they owe me... Why can’t they just take me to the control center and tell me?” I actually thought it was because they didn’t want me to record them (4:06:30). Again, like most ordinary people, I didn’t understand how minute my personal concerns were to the “elites”. I continued to think erroneously that everyone was worried that I might not keep what was going on a secret. Hopelessly shut up in the dark, I fretted over not knowing if the scenario I had developed in regard to the politics inside the control center and the Pyramid was correct. I was also convinced that DGHTR was a very good person and would not abandon me – unless his hands were tied. I then rode the bus to the cybercafe.

At the cybercafe I continued my writing about the Pyramid’s personality (6:16:00). I also uploaded my recording files to my website. With the Smart Woman “looking after me” through the Invisible Hand, I was allowed to do so. I had to report to my recorder the conversation I had imagined having with the Pyramid in my mind because I was so afraid that the intercepts of my thoughts may still be forged (7:12:30). I was also worried that the Monkey might steal my ideas and use them to impress his daughter. Several people were looking at pornography inside the cybercafe, which scared me (7:56:00). Very likely, DGHTRCOM’s team was using the faulty surveillance Machine to gather evidences of my conformity to the Monkey’s false profile of me, as I shall explain momentarily. I murmured: I should have got a crippled pyramid... (7:59:30).

Before we move on to the next day, let us examine the situation with the Pyramid. When the Monkey was given the managerial post of PLANMEX on the night of May 7, the Pyramid herself had decided not to go on PLANMEX because she was still angry with her father for having manipulated her. She had never changed her vote because of the Invisible Hand; but she had no interest in me, and her passion for the “Queen of Mexico” had completely dissipated. Lacking interest in anything political, she wanted simply to retire to her isolated life with her family – some of whom distant relatives invited to occupy her house to fill up the void which her father, stuck in the control center, had left behind. These were her new family members, she thought sadly. She had even lost her interest in the Invisible Hand. Because she had never been taught to take into account the feelings of other people outside her family, she had a very limited mental horizon; this, in addition to the fact that she was ignorant of politics, had caused her to completely overlook the enormous damage she had caused to Daughterland and her would-be boss DGHTRCOM. In fact, the entire turmoil which had engulfed the control center had simply escaped her attention: she had barely comprehended what all these unfamiliar Russian and French people were busy doing in front of these computers, and she couldn’t have cared less. Neither did she understand that these incomprehensible Daughterlanders were about to drive me to murderous rage and psychotic insanity – and cause me to be arrested and jailed. She wouldn’t care to understand

either. She just wanted to go home to her short stories and her books. The only thing she had noticed was that *she* had suffered injustice: her father had duped her and these people from the CIA and Daughterland had wanted her to be the girlfriend of this dirty and erratic Chincker whose mouth was filled with incomprehensible words. She now wanted none of this “control center” and “Queen of Mexico” business. “Have you all not victimized me enough? I am not going on some PLANMEX. I’m going home to my short stories.” It was all too tragic for her; in the end her precious literary talent, just like her sacred womanhood (the “goddess within”), could not be validated by this masculine world. *It was her short stories which were important, not whether Russia would rule the world or France would.* While her father thought of xxxxxxxx as superior because xxxxxxxx were simply a racist people, the Pyramid was attached to her “Mexican origin” because she needed to mark herself off as “special” from the rest of the American society – even though she looked no different from typical American white girls and couldn’t look more different from “Hispanics”. And yet, just like her father, she knew nothing, and cared about nothing, about cultures and nations other than Mexico – because of her ignorance. This, in combination with the fact that she was only interested in “oppressed people” in the abstract, caused her to manifest no care about saving Daughterland the perennial victim of Western aggression nor about saving the world from US imperialism. That is, she had no care for the damage which she and her father had caused to the entire project of liberating the oppressed from American domination not just because she couldn’t understand it; even if she could understand it she wouldn’t care, because her interest in the condition of the oppressed was just an expression of herself and had nothing to do with the reality outside herself. When she was confronted with the real condition of some oppressed people, she would rather retreat into her privacy and read about it in books.⁷⁵

What the Pyramid did worry about, along with her new family members, was that I may seek revenge with her now that I knew her father had changed the intercepts of my thoughts. She requested that these “Daughterlanders” and “CIA people” guarantee her safety. The Daughter People let her know that they would encourage me to find her so that she could file a restraining order on me. This was why I had been continually encouraged by the control center to find the Pyramid. Remember that the May 8 evidence which the Smart Woman had produced still needed to be replaced, and that the Monkey’s false profile of me as posing a danger to the Pyramid needed to be confirmed. Although it would take some time for DGHTRCOM’s team to condition me into wanting to kxxx the Pyramid (the desire to rape her was another matter), the Pyramid’s restraining order on me could in the meantime serve as evidence to immediately confirm that the Monkey was right, that I did pose a danger to the Pyramid – evidenced by her reaction to me as a dangerous person. This is because, since Daughterland had been the victim of my conspiracy with Mr former Secretary Chertoff and the CIA, DGHTRCOM’s team was allowed to make use of Mr Chertoff’s technique to benefit themselves, in this case the use of other people’s reaction toward me as evidence for my behavior as if this reaction were not orchestrated and actually corresponded to my behavior. The Pyramid thought this a good plan – of course she could not notice that I may have been unfairly treated here – and went home. The Daughter People and DGHTRCOM did not express their unhappiness with her – this girl, after she has screwed up our

⁷⁵ After eliminating a detail here and there, the rest of this conclusion which we have inherited from the original version should be a more or less correct description of the Pyramid’s inner world, except that saying that she had never learned to take into account the feelings of people outside her family might be a bit of exaggeration.

country and our “new New World Order”, couldn’t even understand how she did it and had no interest in the matter either – because the urgent matter at hand demanded their full attention and telling her about her faults would not make her understand them anyway: she was not smart enough. The contrast in the situation couldn’t have been more pronounced: DGHTRCOM, BOL, and their new allies in the whole United Nations were in the process of constructing a “new New World Order” – Tochterwelt – a multipolar world in which the world’s natural resources would be more fairly distributed, and designing a model for sustainable civilization to prevent the coming global catastrophes now that the world’s oil production had peaked. But this xxxxxxx girl and her xxxxxxx father had jeopardized this whole design for humanity’s future – for Sarkozy and his Bilderberg backers were in no mood for any multipolar world characterized by fairness – and yet the girl cared only about her mediocre sentimental short stories as the most precious things in the world – because that was all she could comprehend. “Liberation of the oppressed” and a “just world” only interested her in books but not in reality. The Pyramid was a hypocrite. She saw me and Daughterland as a mere ticket to becoming the “Queen of Mexico”; once she lost interest in the trip both Daughterland and I were dispensable. Her perception contrasted sharply with mine: I saw myself as highly important because I had saved Daughterland and Daughterland as highly important because Daughterland would liberate humanity from American totalitarianism under which not even free-will would be permitted and a state of delusion as to who was evil and who good would reign forever. But these things were not even parts of her “cognitive map”. This is really the lesson of the whole story: stupid people are extremely dangerous and should be dispensed with – because their stupidity would not allow them to comprehend their true value as shallow and dispensable beings.

Despite the Pyramid’s retreat from PLANMEX – which I would quickly comprehend in the next few days – I would continually receive hints from the control center that I was expected to go on PLANMEX. This I have mentioned earlier. I would think that, since the Pyramid was not going on PLANMEX, it was probably the Monkey and his relatives who suddenly wanted me to go on it. I would think that this was not just because I possessed the academic credentials (to forge archaeological discoveries) but also because I looked ugly and weird enough that they could easily label me “schizophrenic” so that, once I should have accomplished the plan, no one would ever believe me if I were to tell others about it. In such wise these Mexicans could secure their power forever in secrecy. In reality, it was the “Smart Woman” who, now assuming command of the Monkey and the Invisible Hand jointly with DGHTRCOM’s team, wanted me to go. She had input into the judge computer her argument that PLANMEX, due to benefit Daughterland, was a conspiracy against France and that I should therefore be allowed to finish my “mission” by going on this stupid plan. DGHTRCOM could not stop PLANMEX because he had argued that the mini-trial and PLANMEX were really a conspiracy against his country. Since, as you shall see below, I had thought that the Monkey would give me another girlfriend to lead me to PLANMEX, the Smart Woman would command the Monkey to do just this as a way to “devise my environment to fit my belief and let me finish my mission”.

May 10 (Mona)

My first recording of the new day is: “[wkstrvorntatntocgi_5_10_10_705AM-1201PM.WMA](#)”: It was

Monday, and so, after I woke up from the street corner in Normandie and Wilshire, I rode the bus to STRIVE to do my test. While on the bus, I reflected: worst case scenario, I can just kill myself... I really don't want to live anymore – and my arm hurt (38:00). By this time, DGHTRCOM's team were planning for the worst case scenario that it might not be possible to transform me into harboring the thoughts and desires which the Monkey had manipulated the mind-reading computer to produce, and thus began wishing for my death. If I died, then the trial would remain deadlocked since the judge computer could not pronounce a definitive judgment on whether the Monkey was right or the Invisible Hand was right: evidences existed in favor of both sides. By commanding the Monkey to signal to me, DGHTRCOM was thus not only encouraging me to kill myself but also turning my suicide – if I ever did kill myself – into part of the Microspherian conspiracy so as to allow him to benefit from it without bearing legal responsibility. When I got off the bus, I reflected: “There was a time of innocence, when people assumed that no one was going to alter the surveillance records... In front of Psychobabble there is a sign: surveillance and recording inside... No one cares because no one is planning to do bad things. What if the coffeehouse also puts up a sign saying, ‘We reserve the right to alter the records of the audio and video surveillance...’? Then no one will walk in there...” (until 59:30). I started begging DGHTR to protect me (1:21:00). I came inside STRIVE by 1:25:00. As I was waiting for the examination, I vainly suggested to DGHTR various methods to prove my true character to the Pyramid – the fact that I had been slandered to the Pyramid gnawed painfully at me; and I assumed that, because I had saved Daughterland, DGHTR would feel obliged to carry out my request to correct the Pyramid's misconception of me – it had completely escaped me that the Pyramid had neither the interest for understanding, nor the intelligence to understand, what I was really about. At some point, when I said to myself that perhaps the Daughter People, by refraining from helping me and letting me deteriorate in desolation, were testing me to see at which point I would worry only about myself and not about them, someone was remotely controlled to move, as if to confirm this was the case. What was really going on was that DGHTRCOM's team was signaling to me to tell me to stop worrying about their country, since Daughterland's Macrospherian status could be canceled any time now, and, once that happened, the French would use my worries for them as evidence for my conspiracy with them. STRIVE's testing started on 2:42:00. I quickly did the test and left by 3:09:00 because I needed to catch my appointment with Mona on 12 PM. I continued to be engrossed in the worry that the command structure (UNICOM) might have been hijacked by the Monkey through his manipulation of the mind-reading computer. As I have noted, because I was unaware that DGHTRCOM had already dismantled most of his command over conspirator nations, I assumed wrongly that, if the Monkey had hijacked the command structure, he would rule the whole world. I began to drive myself to extreme worry over this non-existent scenario: “I have to know what has happened...” (3:24:00).

My next recording is: “[wmonatostoragewrtsuplpld_5_10_10_1202-416PM.WMA](#)”. My therapy session with Mona starts on 9:00 or so. Just like the last time, Mona looked tired and unenthusiastic. She had truly changed into a different person. I began talking about my problem. My problem was that I had nobody to talk to. “I have nobody to lean on except Mona you yourself. But I don't really trust you. I don't know what you are doing behind my back. I have some superstitious belief...” I was trying to cover myself, talking about my problems without having to explain “the machines for remotely controlling people”. “I don't know if you are the one who's talking to me...” I wanted to explain to her

my fear that she might be remotely controlled by the Monkey, but obviously I couldn't: in order for my explanation to be intelligible, I would have to impart on her the background knowledge of this International Court trial, which would take tens of hours and which would require her to have super-human intelligence to understand it. I then asked Mona if she was going to put me away for feeling like this. "Oh no," she said. But Mona was then (seemingly) remotely controlled to misinterpret my words, saying that I had told her that "The 'Higher Power' puts stuff in my mind, controls my thoughts". She was distorting my words about the "Higher Power's remote control of people to talk through them and of the movements in my environment to signal to me" into typical manifestations of delusional thinking of a schizophrenic. Now that DGHTRCOM's team could use other people's orchestrated reaction toward me as evidence to prove non-existent characteristics on my part, they instructed the computer system to remotely control Mona to misunderstand me as saying something else which resembled schizophrenic delusions, so that they may then intercept Mona's misunderstanding as evidence proving that I was just as the Monkey said I was, a schizophrenic. Again, Mona herself would not notice that the misunderstanding appearing in her head was being remotely activated.⁷⁶ I immediately tried to clarify myself: "I have always thought that the Higher Power was talking to me through you, and I have never really minded it. But I have become very afraid that some other entity than the Higher Power might take over you..." (starting from 11:40 onward). I told her that I would be okay with the "Higher Power" controlling her, but not with "the other entity" (namely, the Monkey) controlling her. This was my concern. "Have you ever felt this way with other persons?" Mona asked. "Yeah," I replied. I then told her how stupid I felt even talking about it because – I had not seen "the girl in the library" (namely, the Pyramid) ever since she kicked me out (12:56). I told her that sometimes I felt that she was speaking to me through other people (e.g. the Vagrant Woman and the woman on BART in San Francisco) – and that even her father was doing the same thing, speaking to me through others, but for the purpose of deceiving me into thinking that it was either his daughter or the "Higher Power" (namely DGHTR) who was speaking to me. This is bad because he (the Monkey) has malicious intentions, I explained (14:30). Mona asked me for clarification so that she may "understand" me better. "When you said you have superstitious belief, do you mean that the 'Higher Power' controls people's mind and thoughts?" Actually, yeah. "It doesn't really matter how it works," I said. But Mona insisted on knowing if this was my "imagination" or what I thought to be "reality" – or if I was sure that it was reality. "Sometimes I am sure and sometimes not," I answered (15:13). After Mona did a little more of garbling up my words, I just said it straight: that the "Higher Power" was talking to people in their ears and that people would repeat what they had heard (under previous instruction). I still had not transcended this erroneous understanding. I then explained again that my concern was that it was often not really the "Higher Power" speaking to Mona's ear but "the girl in the library" and "her father" doing so – the latter even pretending to be the former! (16:27) In such fashion I was therefore not talking to Mona but to the Pyramid's father or to the Pyramid herself. "So I'm not aware of it," Mona said. "No, you are aware of it," I insisted (16:57). In reality, Mona was right, she was not aware of it, and my erroneous understanding of the mechanism of how people were being remotely controlled was causing me to discredit myself to Mona. I clarified that, even though Mona would be conscious of being talked to in her ear, she would not know if it was DGHTR (the "Higher Power") or the Monkey

⁷⁶ Again, today we have to take into account the possibility that Mona's misunderstanding was natural and not remotely controlled. Nevertheless, DGHTRCOM's team could very well have used her misunderstanding as evidence.

talking to her (17:11). I thus spelled out my worry, that Mona might unknowingly be receiving commands from the Monkey and carrying out his malicious intention upon me, believing it was actually DGHTR's good intention (17:50). I struggled to tell Mona how the Monkey might be talking to her in her ear, how she might believe it, how he was even trying to harm me by getting access to the "Higher Power" and using that resource to misrepresent me to the Pyramid. Then, finally, I gathered up my courage and told Mona how the Pyramid's father, I was afraid, might have not only read my thoughts but have "written them down on papers", then changed the thoughts and shown these to others (34:30). But Mona was remotely controlled to be confused again: "Okay, you had a thought... You wrote it down on paper..." I immediately interrupted her, frustrated over her mental confusion: "No, I didn't write it down on paper..." After my rebuttal, Mona was then confused in a different way: "Okay, you had a thought, and then it changed..." "No," I shouted, getting ever more frustrated. "Okay, you said the father of the girl that works in the library changed your thought..." Mona was getting closer, but was still confused (34:58). You should be able to see that DGHTRCOM's team was remotely controlling Mona to get confused about my words so that they may intercept "evidence" showing me to be a mentally confused schizophrenic who was writing down his thoughts on papers or was changing his thoughts or was insanely believing that the father of the girl with whom he was obsessed was changing his thoughts.⁷⁷ I finally clarified, "No, he recorded my thoughts and then changed the records..." "Oh..." Mona was enlightened. When she was remotely controlled to be confused, she wouldn't know it, but you can only control people to be mentally confused within a certain limit; once I laid out what I was talking about in such simple terms, there was no way for her to be continually confused – if her mind was to function at all. "And how did you find that out?" she asked. I thus explained how I couldn't stand my environment, how the "Higher Power" (DGHTR) kept moving people about when I said things... How sometimes I thought the Pyramid was talking to me through the people around me, only then to wonder if it might just be her father pretending to be her (35:53). I explained how a scenario would be built up in my head simply because people would be moving about and noises would occur and how I simply couldn't be sure if such scenario was true at all. And how I thus really wanted to just ask the Pyramid to tell me straightforwardly what had happened. I was at the same time making my request to DGHTR and everyone else in the control center. "Because... I get so scared, or I get so angry... But what if I have just imagined up the whole things?" I explained (36:29). Mona then began talking mysteriously, saying something like: Okay, so you want to ask the librarian... *But, it seems difficult for you when you are confused about something I said or I was thinking or I did...* "What? What?" I shouted, completely at a loss as to what Mona was talking about. Mona continued: You said that you wish to ask the "girl at the library" if these things have happened. What I am asking is, if you ever think something about me, if you feel comfortable enough to ask me Mona if these things have happened, was it you talking or was it someone else talking (37:39). "Didn't I just do that?" I was still baffled. "So you do feel comfortable asking me questions to be sure..." she continued. "Not 100 percent," I said. "But you do feel more comfortable asking the librarian if these things have happened," Mona asked (38:11). "Yeah... Maybe... I'm not sure..." (38:00). "Okay," Mona said in a matter-of-fact fashion. In my mind I was actually thinking that the Daughter People were hinting to me that, when I actually did meet the Pyramid, I might not have enough courage to speak openly about

⁷⁷ Again, while DGHTRCOM's team might indeed have obtained their evidence, Mona might be confused without being remotely controlled.

what she had seen inside the control center. It is difficult for a rape victim, for example, to break silence about her victimization in front of others. Again, false belief. After some silence, I began telling Mona about my long-standing pain from everyone hiding something from me and believing bad things about me that weren't true (39:00 or so). Homeland Security's alert and slander to everyone about me had devastated my life by preventing me from making any sort of human contact since no one would believe or want to listen to what I had to say about myself and yet at the same time would tell me the bad things everyone was told about me – everyone would just have an awful preconception of me and dismiss me at first sight. I told Mona about this very same problem with Karin (around 41:00 or so). Mona asked me if I ever tried to clarify myself to Karin. Only through emails. But Karin never even wanted to hear my side of the story, and would get upset if I insisted (42:55). I emphasized my problem once more: how people I cared about were told lies about me and how I simply couldn't clarify myself to them (44:09). Thus my session with Mona ended. While walking away I murmured to myself how I should just tell Mona the truth – why was it that I could tell Deborah the truth but not Mona? Well, I could not tell Mona the truth because, in order to be intelligible, I would have to impart on her the background information – from my being investigated as a terrorist suspect through my recruitment by the CIA to the whole course of the International Court trial – which was impossible given our limited time frame and her educational level (47:54).⁷⁸

All I wanted at this juncture was to obtain “closure” by having the Pyramid confirm my guesses about her and tell me what had happened inside the control center. The goal was completely unrealistic. I simply didn't understand the Pyramid enough. The Pyramid, because of her upbringing in this self-enclosed royal family, was an extremely private person and pathologically secretive. She would never tell me anything about herself, and would certainly not share with me anything which she saw inside the control center. My point of view was that I needed to know the cause of my suffering and whether the hard work I had done to save Daughterland had been erased. Furthermore that people shouldn't waste my greater-than-average intelligence by keeping me in the dark. But the Pyramid couldn't care less about any of my concerns. She especially wished that I remain in the dark about her father's forgery of the intercepts of my thoughts so that I would not want to seek vengeance against her family. Again, since she regarded me as dispensable – because both my genius and value to the world system were incomprehensible to her – my attempt to seek closure with my victimization was not her concern. I came to ISO across the street, did some writing there, and still hadn't made up my mind about whether to find the Pyramid at the library tomorrow. I then rode the bus back to downtown to go to my storage unit. On the bus I wondered: How can recordings prove that I have figured out something? How can I prove that the people around me are not holding signs for me to read from? (3:23:00) I had not yet comprehended the reality that ordinary people are so stupid and lazy that they will believe whatever they feel like believing irrespective of proofs and will not bother to see proofs for things

78 All this is from the original version. Today we must also make this observation about Mona's behavior during this session. DGHTRCOM's team had most likely instructed the Invisible Hand to instruct Mona's TMU handler to instruct Mona to find evidence of my schizophrenia for the purpose of intercepting more evidence showing the Monkey to be right about me. This is why Mona wanted to confirm that I believed that the “Higher Power puts stuff in people's head and controls their thoughts” and so on. Mona would thus today conclude in her chart that I did suffer from schizophrenia and say so to her TMU handler. In addition, Mona was probably also worried that I might obsess over her next and wanted to make sure that I was safe to her.

which they don't feel like believing. I was wasting my time recording and videotaping myself writing. But the Monkey's "torture team" and the Daughter People would soon exploit my paranoia over proving my authorship of my works to drive me to insanity. When I then murmured: "I should look at the files between April 2 and April 16" – and there was a honk outside the bus (4:14:20). DGHTRCOM's team was remotely controlling the drivers around me to honk as a way to encourage me to review my records in the hope that I may understand what had happened inside the control center.

My next recording is: "[storagelostusbwrtsupl_5_10-11_10_416PM-1235AM.WMA](#)". I came to my storage unit to not only store my newly burned discs but also to count my old discs to make sure neither DGHTR nor the Monkey had sent agents in to steal any of them. While packing up, I discovered that I had lost my USB flash drive in the cybercafe the previous night (or this morning around 1:30 AM). To upload my files to my website, I had to use my flash drive as an intermediary when I was not using my DVDs. Apparently when I was leaving last night I had forgotten to unplug the drive from the computer. I quickly rode the bus back to the cybercafe. No use. The employee did not find my flash drive in the "lost and found". I was overwhelmed with hopelessness and began crying. I whined to the control center: "Please don't pull any scenarios on me... I just can't deal with it anymore..." (3:25:00). I was enormously saddened over the serious deterioration of my mental ability due to the physical exhaustion resulting from an extended period of homelessness. I had furthermore to deal with the psychological disorder which attunement to my environmental signals had caused. "I couldn't even watch people running..." I was referring to the enormous discomfort I would feel when I watched people running because I had been conditioned to associate these movements with DGHTR's (actually, the Invisible Hand's) signals. "Please take care of me..." (3:28:30). "I can't stand the loneliness..." I was so extremely distraught that I was shaking and trembling while looking for restaurants to eat in. Exposing my data for others to take had been my greatest fear since 2009 – the pathology conditioned into being by my fear for Homeland Security's burglarization of my computer equipment – and this time I was particularly afraid that, since a ton of my writings were inside the flash drive as well, the Monkey might instruct the people around to pick up the drive and plagiarize my writings in order to make it look like I had plagiarized other people's works – thus depriving me of the authorship of my works. This fear was completely unrealistic; but my fear of being plagiarized would gnaw at me continually throughout the rest of the year.

I was thoroughly puzzled as to why the Daughter People wouldn't help me after I had saved their lives. What if they just don't have the power? I wondered. And there was honking around (3:46:00). DGHTRCOM's team was signaling to me that, because the French had objected, we were now back to the condition before February 12 where they had to avoid conspiracy with me just to survive, let alone help me. But, just as in all previous and later instances, I failed to understand the hint. What I didn't know also was the fact that my lost flash drive had been intercepted into the International Court as evidence in France's favor: there were also a lot of recordings of myself inside the drive, which the Smart Woman would use to prove to the judge computer that the Monkey's profile of me – this time his claim that my recordings of myself were forged by the Invisible Hand – was indeed forged. Daughterland was in serious trouble. Devastated, delirious, and bursting into tears here and there, I

rode the bus to Westwood. I complained at one point: “This remotely controlled environment is so unbearable because it is so smooth... It used to be that everyone just acts...” (5:34:00). While working on my laptop inside Starbucks, I expressed my wish for the Daughter People to recruit me and put me inside their office of analysts. Just then my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (6:22:30). For no reason at all, I was stuck with my unrealistic and erroneous scenario that the SVR would recruit me after I had helped them win the International Court trial. The Smart Woman couldn’t have been happier with my confession. The Smart Woman’s strategy was to first create enough doubt about the accuracy of the mind-reading computer so that the judge computer would suspend Daughterland’s Macrospherian status, then liberate the CIA, Boss Cheney, and Mr former Secretary Chertoff as the victims of my conspiracy with the Daughter People, and finally re-establish all the Daughter People’s (especially the SVR Legend’s) status as “real Russian”. Now that the judge computer had allowed that Daughterland’s hidden command from February 12 *could* be doubted, France had also obtained the same right as did Daughterland to produce new evidences out of me to replace past evidences. The Smart Woman could thus use me to rewrite the old evidentiary record, even those portions which had already been rewritten by Daughterland, and construct a new record which showed me conspiring with Daughterland to harm the CIA, the Cheney-Chertoff gang, and France. Then, she needed only to cancel out, with counter evidences, the evidences which the SVR Legend had produced back in January and February for my conspiracy with France – then with one single piece of evidence she could convict Daughterland of conspiracy with me the terrorist suspect. With my flash drive, she had raised more doubts about the accuracy of the Monkey’s profile of me – and the accuracy of the mind-reading computer; and, with my expectation to be recruited by Daughterland, she had just canceled out another past evidence for my conspiracy with France, the intercept showing that I expected to be recruited by DGSE. In fact, she could put Daughterland in serious jeopardy just by raising enough doubt about the accuracy of the Monkey’s forged profile of me; for, as I have mentioned, as soon as Daughterland’s Macrospherian status was suspended, everything which the Daughter People had done with me between February and April would become evidences for my conspiracy with their country: the attempt to set me up with the Pyramid and send me on PLANMEX, Ekaterina’s intention to save me, etc. DGHTRCOM, remember, had planned all this only on the ground that he and his country did not exist from my Microspherian perspective. As soon as the Macrosphere was suspended, the chain of command extending from the Macrosphere to the Microsphere would suddenly become visible to the judge computer, which would then reinterpret the past interactions between the two spheres as evidences of conspiracy between them. I will not be able in the following to keep track of all the evidences which the Smart Woman was about to produce out of me to accomplish these goals of hers; but these goals themselves were only too easy to guess at.

May 11 (Tuesday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[anglcpapanotdeadanglcbadgenes_5_11_10_551-941AM.WMA](#)”: I went into a frenzy before I fell asleep in the street corner in Westwood, realizing (erroneously) that it was the Monkey who had wanted me to believe that he was dead. By the time I woke up around 5:30 AM or so, I was so distraught as to look delirious, understanding that the Monkey was in command of my whole environment from now on – sitting in front of the computers controlling every person and

every movement in my environment. When I went inside Starbucks to buy my morning coffee, I was crying continually. “Why can’t he just go away...” (8:00), so much so that the employees had to ask me to leave (16:00). I went crying to Ackerman and then came back to Westwood Village, cursing the Pyramid for carrying her father’s bad genes. “She must not have babies!” From now on the Pyramid should be nicknamed the “Monkey Pyramid”.

My next recording is: “[showwhhpbrgrstrwstwd_5_11_10_941-1037AM.WMA](#)”. As I lay on the street corner, I realized (wrongly) that it was actually the Monkey who had produced the symbolism “I’ll meet you on the other side” in an attempt to dupe me into going to Mexico to find the Pyramid – which meant that the Pyramid had never gone anywhere. I began persuading the Pyramid to kill her own father (15:40) – not knowing that the Pyramid would never step inside the control center again and hear me. Then, after so much hysteria, I suddenly calmed myself down, theorizing wrongly that the Daughter People were just testing me, in which case I could fail the test without hurting them (39:30). “The Daughter People this smart, there is no way that they will let the Monkey go in there without placing restraints beforehand...” (40:00). I then tried vainly to persuade DGHTRCOM to drop the “Link”. Given what the Monkey had done, he should scrap his “Plan Mexico”. As if he needed me to remind him of this!

My next recording is: “[isangleppadeadbrdrnomorecrt_5_11_10_1037AM-213PM.WMA](#)”: I walked into the Mexican grill to eat a burger, and was complaining: “I wanted to perform for DGHTRCOM, but the Monkey just had to block DGHTRCOM’s view” – and my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (4:00). This was intolerable for my priority was to know and to be known (9:00). When my arm was remotely controlled to hurt again (14:30), I was truly frustrated: “I don’t know who is doing it!” I was then remotely controlled to cough. Try to imagine this for a moment: someone is constantly communicating with you, but you can never see who it is! I thought it was DGHTRCOM or his entourage, but in fact it was the Smart Woman. She would signal to me non-stop whenever I speculated wrongly so that I would be forever stuck in this false preoccupation with the Monkey’s theft of Daughterland from me and never realize that France had come back. But then I would occasionally say something correct: the Monkey is just like Mr Chertoff. While we were doing our show, he just had to cut in and scrap the whole show so that everyone had to do his show instead (59:00). I kept coughing. When I walked out of the burger store and said, on 1:00:55, “We’ll just have to wait because the Monkey has ruined everyone’s show”, some driver was controlled to honk to confirm. DGHTRCOM’s team was signaling to me that this was indeed the case: but not in the way I had thought!

My next recordings are: “[brdrilupldanglcdble_5_11_10_214PM.wma](#)” and “[rcrutmnttlkcybrcafeftpmia_5_11_10_235-758PM.WMA](#)”: I was in Borders Bookstore for a while and then rode the bus to the cybercafe in Koreatown. I continued to complain that I couldn’t tell whether the people around me were remotely controlled by DGHTR or by the Monkey, that the Monkey would pretend to be DGHTR (1:37:00). The uncertainty continued to make me miserable. I did some writing inside the cybercafe, and declared: “The Daughter People must give me closure and ‘take me in’” (3:41:00). My expectation that the SVR should “adopt me” and “take me to their land” was, just like my expectation to be recruited by them, working tremendous benefit to the Smart Woman. Then: “The Daughter People must

have put restraints into the system if they allowed the Monkey to run the show... After all that, they would lose to a business man?” – and my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (3:44:30). Well, DGHTRCOM’s team was signaling to me that, indeed, they had lost to this Mexican businessman – who had opened the door for the French! Soon I was shocked that even the Korean owner of the cybercafe was wearing purple. Unaware of their dire situation I went outside to address the Daughter People again: “I don’t want to be a doggie... I want the whole package...” (3:55:00). Namely, I no longer wanted to depend on “secret messages” but wanted to be recruited to be an “insider” so that the situation could be explained to me in straightforward communication. But I would occasionally develop doubts about going to Daughterland for fear that it might be the Monkey’s “script” (3:56:00). Then, at some point, when I said, “When the Pyramid was instructed to draw a picture of ‘Mommy Melissa’, she had no idea that it was Maman who was telling her to do it” – some driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk (4:01:40). DGHTRCOM’s team was telling me that this was exactly my situation right now – “Maman” (DGSE) had come back and taken the position of hidden command – and yet I completely overlooked it. I tried to persuade the Daughter People again: Owning the “means of production” was more important than owing Mexico... I then went inside the cybercafe to upload my recording files to my website. The Internet connection gradually slowed down so much that the upload would take more than 3 hours! (4:32:00)

My next recording is: “[cybrcafesuppl9wstwdcfbn_5_11_10_758-1109PM.WMA](#)”: Soon I came back to Westwood to scavenge food out of trash cans. I seemed to have run into CIA girls two times today. If that was the case, then the Smart Woman was producing evidences out of me to achieve her aforementioned goals. I reflected: Sometimes it was the Monkey who was talking through Mona... It’s a waste of time to interact with people then... Thank God the ‘therapy’ cost only 5 dollars... That’s why it is right for me to be shallow and focus only on people’s appearance, for you don’t really know if there is actually anybody inside... You are always right! (2:09:00). I spent the rest of the night writing in Coffee Bean.

May 12 (Wednesday)

Ηλιας μεν ελθων πρωτον αποκαθιστάνει πάντα.
Και πως γέγραπται επι τον υιον του ανθρώπου
ινα πολλα πάθη και εξουδενηθη;

“Elijah does come first and restore all things.
Why then is it written that the Son of Man must
suffer much and be rejected?”

(Mark 9:12)

My first recording of the new day is: “[wkuclapolicehrsssupl9_5_12_10_514-948AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner in Westwood Village, and spent almost an hour speculating on the Monkey’s actions and personality inside the control center. After getting my morning coffee in Starbucks, I came to the patio section of Ackerman (2:15:00). I started reviewing the recording of my conversation with

Wes on May 8 while using the electrical outlet to charge up my laptop. Just then, a security guard on bicycle came to me (2:30:30). He treated me as a common criminal and specified that a guy that fit my description was spotted here causing disturbances the previous night and that I should therefore leave, even though I was elsewhere the previous night as you have seen and wondered if this security guard might have simply been pretending to mistake me for someone else – since this was what everyone was instructed to do throughout 2008 and 2009. He requested to see my identification. “Why are you here?” he interrogated me. “Because I feel like it.” He called my using university’s electricity “stealing”. Since I had been doing this for ten years and had never had problems with it, I was mystified, knowing that this was just an operation from the control center – assuming of course that it was the Monkey, who now had command of my environment. The security guard banned me from coming to the university for seven days (2:38:00). “What do your friends call you?” he continued to interrogate me. “I don’t have friends,” I replied lethargically. I thus packed up my things and came to Westwood Village, stopping at Starbucks to continue reviewing my recording (3:05:00).

It was in fact DGHTRCOM’s team who had commanded the Monkey’s team to send in this police officer to harass me. Since the Monkey’s modified version of David Chin had retained the characteristic of petty criminality and perpetual disturbance of public peace, DGHTRCOM’s team needed to produce evidence showing that I was exactly like what the Monkey had claimed me to be. Employing Mr Chertoff’s tactic for their benefit, DGHTRCOM’s team thus commanded the Monkey to send someone in last night to make disturbances in Ackerman and then to order the security officer this morning to confuse me with that person. The security officer’s mis-identification of me as the culprit from last night was then intercepted into the International Court as evidence confirming my conformity to the Monkey’s false profile of me. As noted, I assumed it was the Monkey who had orchestrated the confusion, and I had thus become aware that the Monkey was trying to make me conform to some pre-established profile that was very similar to Mr former Secretary Chertoff’s David Chin: schizophrenic, criminal, sex-pervert, etc. Technically speaking, I was half right, since, although it was DGHTRCOM’s team who were trying to make me conform to the Monkey’s profile, they had to command the Monkey to carry out the work.

My next recording is: “[brdrssupl910_5_12_10_1005AM-327PM.WMA](#)”: I dragged my cart down Westwood Blvd toward Borders Bookstore. All I could do to calm my anger toward the injustice I had just suffered was talking to myself, speculating on the Monkey’s personality and so on, while the drivers around seemed to be controlled to honk to confirm my speculation. I had become so used to thinking that everything in my environment was orchestrated from the control center to produce evidences that I even wondered about the meaning of the workers on the street measuring distance (1:27:00) – making myself seriously resemble a schizophrenic. I came inside Borders and began writing down the episode of how the Monkey had changed the setting of the mind-reading computer. Again I got so paranoid about whether recording myself writing could ever prove I had written my writing at all: The Monkey could say that I didn’t write anything, but that people were holding signs in front of me in order for me to copy from the signs... (3:01:30). While DGHTRCOM’s team was happy that I was understanding a little better about the Monkey’s actions in the control center – this might eventually lead me to realize that the French had objected – by being paranoid about my authorship of

writings when in fact no one cared about it, I was providing the expert psychologists with opportunities to drive me insane.

My next recording is: “[toCybrcafe_5_12_10_327-633PM.WMA](#)”: I was also providing the expert psychologists with opportunities to condition me to violent temperament by continuing to dwell on the injustice which the Monkey had inflicted on me. I thus started counting the monetary damage which the Monkey had caused me by destroying my discs and the waste of my money on therapists who were being remotely controlled by a Mexican businessman who knew nothing about psychology (Mona and Nikki). This made me ever angrier. I then intensified my anger by dwelling on the Monkey’s inability to appreciate my value – such as the fact that I had been the most expensive target of intelligence operations around the world – and thus unjustly looking down on me (59:30 or so).

My next recording is: “[cybrcafeanglcpapamthdbus20_5_12_10_640-745PM.WMA](#)”: I then rode the bus to the cybercafe. While there, I amused myself with this scenario: When you lose a leg in an accident and get taken to the hospital, the Monkey will show off his superior wisdom by amputating your other leg. He will call his daughter to his side: “Angelina come over here, this patient came in from a car accident; one of his legs has to be chopped off to get him out of the car. Look what I’m going to do to cure him: I take a chain saw and cut off his other leg.” “Daddy, Wow!” “That’s how you make a person tougher!” (20:00) I then analyzed that this was exactly the Monkey’s tactic with me: on the one hand, he gets to destroy me; on the other, he can prove his genius to the Pyramid (38:00). When DGHTR (actually, the Invisible Hand) shut off my recorder continually to get me angry in order to cause the release of my emotion, the goal was to cure you by means of the opposite of what you expect; but when the Monkey chops off the patient’s other leg, even though it’s still the opposite of what you expect, the goal is not to release your emotion, but to destroy you, while at the same time making him look like he is curing you in DGHTR’s most ingenious manner. The Monkey’s goal: how to look like a doctor while murdering people... The analysis was brilliant, except that it didn’t correspond to reality. This was the trap I would continually cause myself to fall into. I then rode the bus back to Westwood.

My next recording is: “[wstwdafirdanglcpapaslp_5_12-13_10_835PM-233AM.WMA](#)”. Then, my Olympus recorder was remotely shut off by DGHTRCOM’s team from the control center. When that happened, the time registered with the recording file would indicate the time when the recording started rather than the time when it ended, making me believe erroneously that the recording file was also remotely deleted. I was jumping up and down, practically in shock. Moaning and panting, at a loss, I broke down on 7:00. The Monkey controlled my environment, he was my God. I began crying (9:00). The Monkey is so scary because the environment is now computerized... (24:00). Everything became so scary. Even Iranians had become scary just because they had become associated with the Monkey in my mind (1:02:00). I began begging, in a delirious mode, the control center to let me see the Monkey’s dead body (1:15:00). When my lighter was not working, I even wondered if *this* was remotely controlled (1:21:00). After throwing such tantrum over the remote shut-off of my recorder, I was exhausted, and slept earlier in the street corner. DGHTRCOM’s team, or rather the expert psychologists on the Monkey’s team, were trying to provoke me to anger in order to build up in me a reservoir of rage.

May 13 (Thursday)

My next recording is: “[wkcybrcafemxoiftp_5_13_10_233-801AM.WMA](#)”: I woke up around 2:30 AM or so. I ran around telling the employees in Walgreen and Subway and random people I saw on the street that it was a Mexican man who was whispering in their ear, not the CIA or Homeland Security, and that they were all duped. I even mentioned that the Mexican man’s name was “Bxxxxxxxxx”. I was stupid enough to think that I could break my remotely controlled environment by alerting everyone that it was no longer the same people who were giving them commands but a disgusting Mexican man. Since the reality was that people were not receiving commands but were simply remotely controlled without knowing so, everyone just ignored me, thinking that I was a crazy homeless man.⁷⁹ I then rode the bus to the cybercafe. There I began reflecting out loud (to my recorder) the entire course of the lawsuit during January 2009, and how I helped Daughterland win temporarily on February 13 2009 (1:52:00). Finally I noted: “Mr Chertoff is like my messenger; whenever he fucks up he will tell me by coming out of the courthouse and showing up in front of me in a limousine...” (2:13:30). I had no idea that I was providing the Smart Woman with just the sort of evidences she needed, as I have noted. She would input into the judge computer the argument that “new evidences had emerged which required the Court to reconsider its February 12 judgment” – that same ICJ rule allowing judges to reconsider established judgments based on new evidences which had lately surfaced: new evidences which consisted in my confession that I was indeed helping Daughterland during the first round...

My next recording is: “[koreaneatsupl9_5_13_10_801-907AM.WMA](#)”: After spending several hours in the cybercafe – I was allowed to upload more recordings to my website – I came, by 8 AM or so, to the Korean noodle shop across the street. I began cursing the Pyramid for being a very ignorant person (25:20) – my attitude toward her had at last entered the cycle of devaluation – and I wrote down the following on this very diary:

Her inability to perceive the high value, both artistic and historical, of my videos and recordings of secret agents and clandestine operations, and the ease with which she could be duped to take gold for excrement (in the case of my videos and recordings) and excrement for gold (in the case of her father), further confirm the shallowness of her inner being. These considerations taken together, I would have to conclude that the “Great Pyramid of the Law Library” is really a disappointment on whom my wondrous *Formule* has been wasted. In fact, contrary to her feminist ideal, her only remaining value lies in looking good and being pleasing to the eyes. If she keeps up the fake fat on her waist, she would have significantly reduced the only value left to her. If she intends to subsist as an entity of value in the eyes of intelligent beings, she should work hard in a gym to maintain her perfect ten figure. For she would have no value beyond that of a sex-object to please men.

My next recordings are: “[slpkoreantwnybrcfefhow73_5_13_10_931-219PM.WMA](#)” and “[psdnskupl912imitpyrscrptsysspk_5_13_10_219-921PM.WMA](#)”. All morning until 2 PM, I came in

⁷⁹ People did think me crazy, but they really were receiving commands!

and out of the cybercafe, reviewing recordings and speculating about the Pyramid's personality, and taking naps in between. When I came out, I murmured: I hope I'm not too selfish in wanting to keep every second of my recording... I have to keep a record. What would people say you do? I'm afraid to fit the Monkey's profile... Mr former Secretary Chertoff was easy... The Monkey is scarier than Mr Chertoff (16:00 in the second recording) – principally because the computerized remote control of my environment had made the operations so smooth. Again these confessions were deadly evidences against Daughterland. Not only did they show that I wasn't the freaky bad person in the Monkey's forged profile of me (my concern with not being selfish) but they also demonstrated my intention to harm Mr Chertoff during the first round. You will soon see the consequence.

I then rode the Metro to Pasadena. Mysteriously, I received a junk call on 3:32 PM (or 1:11:00) from a number which indicated "Sally" (805-204-0174). Why? When I discovered that the Pasadena Public Library was closed and was walking away, I couldn't help but ponder: Are they still doing the jury thing? Just then my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (1:29:00). DGHTRCOM's team was trying to hint to me that at issue was still the inconclusive result of the mini-trial, hoping that this would lead me to the realization that the French had objected. When I settled down in Zona Rosa, they tried again. I said: "I'm thinking about how they are coldly analyzing how I'm thinking about how they are coldly analyzing" – just then a driver was remotely controlled to honk – "You see we have an infinite loop today" (3:45:00). DGHTRCOM's team wanted me to think further about the fact that it was precisely the evidence of my thought in regard to the infinite loop in which the judge computer had entangled itself on February 12 which had been put in doubt, but, as always, I didn't get their hints. Instead, I continued to beg DGHTRCOM: "The mechanical process of the International Court has to be dismantled, so that bad people couldn't get hold of the machines" (4:00:00). By "mechanical process" I was referring to the necessity to use me to produce evidences in order to establish the right to remotely control the world's elites: my incorrect comprehension of the International Court structure.⁸⁰

Then, when I walked upstairs in Zona Rosa, I found Ala sitting there on the sofa. He looked up and down, nervous and obviously not paying attention to the book he was holding in his hands. From his nervous look I could not avoid the conclusion that he had been instructed by his old CIA handler to show up to meet me. Embarrassed, I quickly ran downstairs to avoid him. It was the Smart Woman who had commanded the CIA to send in Ala. The Smart Woman was not only staging another "test" to prove that I was in fact shy and not dangerous to others. While the Daughter People had been producing new evidences to rewrite my past as a perfect conspiracy against Daughterland, the Smart Woman was here producing evidences in the opposite direction, to rewrite my past as a perfect conspiracy against the US and France. The Smart Woman was using Ala to rewrite the past episode of the conviction of China.⁸¹

When I was at the Thai restaurant eating and talking to myself about wishing to revenge by obtaining

80 This wrong conception however prefigures the argument that would become prominent later on, that this whole trial was an abuse of process.

81 Actually, today we have to wonder whether it's DGHTRCOM's team who had in fact sent in Ala to accuse me of being crazy and violent. They sent in Ala having seen the prediction on the mind-reading computer that I would show up in Zona Rosa. But presumably the mind-reading computer would tell them I would get shy and run away?

the Pyramid and then trashing her, I immediately qualified: “I don’t want to be selfish, and so I say I wish it” – and my arm was remote-controlled to hurt. It was the Smart Woman, who had just gathered up another evidence to demonstrate that I was a nice and considerate person in contradiction to the Monkey’s false profile of me. When I was inside the coffeehouse Zeli, I wrote down my incorrect comprehension of the happening inside the control center, something like: the Monkey would continue perpetuating the “script system” by possibly offering me his daughter or another “pyramid” under his “shift”. I therefore could not at the moment accept a “pyramid”, crippled or not. I then exacerbated my depression by wrongly assuming that the Monkey had stayed “afloat” in the control center by providing me (such as with food), etc. “Forget it, the world is lost because of the Pyramid, if she doesn’t kill her father she has no conscience...” (6:08:00). As always, I was correct that Daughterland had lost the world thanks to the Monkey and the Pyramid, but I was wrong about the mechanism and the fact that it had lost the world to the French. I spent most of the night in the coffeehouse reviewing the recording of my conversation with Nikki.

My next recordings are: “[suplnkkircrd_5_13_10_921-1008PM.WMA](#)”; “[tomtrorflctsallyhappn_5_13_10_1010-1115PM.WMA](#)” and “[artwlkcybrefe_5_13-14_10_1119PM-110AM.WMA](#)”. I then rode the Metro to return to downtown. Arriving in Union Station, I discovered that my Olympus recorder was again remotely shut off from the control center. Again, the interruption caused the recording file to exhibit the time when it began on its time-stamp, leading me to wrongly assume that the entire recording file was remotely deleted. I jumped up and down over the realization that all the reflections I had earlier made (which I am not recording here) were lost. Angry, I challenged a security guard to kill me. I was moaning, panting, even in physical pain. I was shouting profanity and kicking the machines in the station. More security guards came, surrounded me, and threw me out of the station. What was going on? Well, the Smart Woman had gathered up several evidences showing that I was a nice person and wasn’t dangerous; DGHTRCOM’s team had had to respond by commanding the Monkey’s team to remotely shut off my recorder so that I would be enraged like I just did; my disruptive behavior and the security guards’ reaction toward me were used by DGHTRCOM’s team to “prove” that I *was* dangerous and not a nice person. I rode the bus into the middle of downtown and it was Art Walk night. I was besieged with helplessness by regretting: “Imagine losing Daughterland because of the Pyramid, what a waste!” (24:00) “The Monkey is gone, let’s find a crippled pyramid...” I then developed further my earlier idea: if there was no way to accomplish “closure” with the Pyramid, then I should incorporate my writings in a lawsuit so that she would be forced to read it (40:00). From downtown I rode the bus to the cybercafe.

May 14 (Friday)

My next recording is: “[cybrcafeftp_5_14_10_132-418AM.WMA](#)”. I continued to drive myself to misery by wrongly assuming that the Monkey had maintained control of my environment to torture me by producing evidences out of me showing that I was David Chin, and out of helplessness I continued to beg the Pyramid to kill her father and the Daughter People to chop off the Monkey’s head. I then confessed – to the dismay of DGHTRCOM’s team – that I didn’t actually want the Pyramid to suffer physical harm (45:00). Also to the dismay of DGHTRCOM’s team, I continued to use the computer at

the cybercafe to upload my recording files to my website, wrongly thinking that this might help DGHTR fight the Monkey off the machines in the control center. And guess what, the FTP connection froze. DGHTRCOM's team had ordered that my Internet connection be cut off in order to prevent evidences against them from entering the courtroom. I was angered again: "What do you have to do to get rid of the Monkey? It's all Pyramid's fault..." (1:51:00). "The Pyramid owes me my life, what a fucking bitch..." (1:55:00). I left the cybercafe regretting: *The Pyramid is a disease, like cancer...* I began crying. I would continue to try uploading files, and my FTP connection would be continually cut off.

My next recording is: "[wksup9airportangrytght_5_14_10_817AM-1245PM](#)". I slept in the street corner near Normandie and Wilshire. I woke up and bought cookies as breakfast in McDonald's (6:00). The Hispanic cashier told me out of the blue that someone was in the restroom. "I didn't say I needed to use the restroom..." I shouted (19:30). I then drove up my misery by feeling injustice in the fact that a xxxxxxxx man could "command" (remotely control) all those people around who were far superior to him just because he had control of the machines. "That's the problem with machines..." (25:30). I then uttered: I want the Pyramid to live... Why would I want – a loud honk outside (29:40). It was either the Smart Woman who had gathered up the evidence she wanted or DGHTRCOM's team who were trying to hint to me as to what they were doing. I continued: I want her to read my story about her... I want her to live just so I can insult her... (30:30). This morning I would ride the bus to LAX in order to exchange the Nicaragua Cordoba I still had on me – as a way to give myself money just to eat! But my Nicaragua Cordoba was rejected at the money-exchange (3:03:00). "Is Nicaragua extinct or something?" I again shouted how the Pyramid should be executed for allowing her psychopathic father to take over the world and put me in such desperate state (3:09:00). "We fought so hard to gain the world, and we lost it because of this bitch" – and some driver was remotely controlled to honk (3:13:00). DGHTRCOM's team was trying to give me another hint: the world was about to be lost to the French. But I didn't get it. Instead, on the bus coming back, I speculated wrongly and wrote down on this diary how the Monkey had changed his plan to incorporate me into PLANMEX in order to appease DGHTRCOM (4:08:30). "If the Pyramid didn't get duped by her father, her father wouldn't have got hold of the machines, and the world would not be almost lost" (4:13:00). *Something like that* was true, but it was not sufficient for DGHTRCOM's team.

My next recording is: "[libsuplwoldmn424_5_14_10_101-450PM.WMA](#)": I came to the library to work (1:17:00). I would be reviewing the recording of my conversation with the Old Man (2:14:00). By understanding that the Monkey was controlling the Old Man to talk to the Pyramid at the same time, I was able to figure out more things about the Pyramid's life. Then, suddenly, the Chinese characters "sue" popped up on my computer screen. I thought it was DGHTR who, hearing my idea from last night about using a lawsuit to get the Pyramid to read my story about her, now encouraged me to sue her as a way to secure for me the "closure" I so desired. In reality, it was DGHTRCOM's team who had adopted my idea from last night. Since I wasn't carrying out my plan of finding the Pyramid at the Law Library, they wanted me to file a lawsuit against her so that she could use *this* as the occasion to file a restraining order against me. I exhausted my mind, and sighed, "It's not possible to figure out what is going on inside the control center..." (3:27:00). "DGHTR has invented this impenetrable system, and

now it's hijacked – everyone is fucked!” (3:31:10) Again, something like this was true. When I walked out of the library, I tried to talk to a Hispanic man on the street, assuming him to be remotely controlled. “Where do you live?” “I’ll be back,” he replied (3:45:00). I tried to tell him that it was a “Mr Bxxxxxxxx” who was “talking to his ear” (3:46:20) – making a fool out of myself again. I then tried to convince another police officer, “Don’t listen to the command which the Mexican business man tells you, or you’ll end up dead without even knowing...”

My next recording is: “[lawlibpsdnvrnftanglecybrcfenwprsl_5_14-15_10_450PM-1206AM.WMA](#)”. The more I thought about the matter, the more I became impatient: filing a lawsuit would take a long time and a lot of extra effort, whereas my story about the Pyramid – which would eventually become this diary “The psychology of the Ying and the Yang” – itself was hardly complete. I finally couldn’t resist the impulse: I had to seek a confirmation from the Pyramid immediately. I walked into the Law Library on 18:00 – the moment finally came. The security guard, officer Cherrington, surprisingly, simply asked me to leave without much fuss. I was very upset, lying on the street and talking to myself in a delirious mode (57:00). I was so desperate to know something about the Pyramid! When I walked into a store to buy cigarettes, I began crying. “Why are you wearing purple?” (1:07:00) I cried to the cashier. I told her that I was worried about the “girl”. She tried to comfort me with God. “I’m scared... Somebody can be talking through you... What if a Mexican man is talking through you...” “Oh I’m a girl, girls have to be careful in Los Angeles...” she replied nonsensically (1:09:00). I advised her not to listen to the “voices” I wrongly assumed she heard in her ear. “God only talks love...” she said. I then advised her not to pay attention to God when she was alive, for she wouldn’t know if that was the devil or God. “When you go to heaven, God will forgive you for not listening to Him...” I advised her. I then rode the Metro Gold Line to Pasadena, continuing to wish for a beautiful crippled girlfriend. I was driven so desperate by my half-incorrect knowledge that the Monkey had full control of my environment that I continually begged, even deliriously, that somebody drag him out of the control center (2:45:00). I started remembering the past with Mr former Secretary Chertoff as a better time because my environment was not as tightly controlled then as it was now. I tried my persuasion: Monkey, if you abstain from the machines, you can be remembered as the one who has saved the world, and you’ll suddenly metamorphose into a real human being – and some driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk (2:54:55). Everyone will love you, and you will have saved the world by not ruining it... But all these persuasions went nowhere, for it was simply not the case that the Monkey had manipulated the mechanism of international laws to entrench himself amongst the computers in the control center (my false scenario).

I then became extremely frustrated when I tried to add money to my AT&T Go Phone (3:06:30). No matter how many times I said, “Add money” the AT&T voice-recognition software just wouldn’t understand me. I really don’t know if DGHTRCOM’s team was behind this, but my powerlessness to manipulate machines had dampened my mood even more. When I was in the Metro station, I tried again, but I still couldn’t succeed in putting money into my Go Phone account. Then while on the Metro going back to downtown, I was angered by two women who talked loudly near me (3:35:30). I tried my persuasion again by encouraging the Monkey to take off to Mexico and make it his own fiefdom while leaving the machines with us (3:56:30). I begged DGHTRCOM to agree to this. I came

to the cybercafe. I begged DGHTR to order the Pyramid to show up and show me her short stories and bookshelves (4:32:00). “Then I’ll depart with my crippled pyramid...” I was so irritated that I hit the public computer at the cybercafe and the employee shouted at me (5:01:00). I then rode the bus to Westwood, where I was again irritated by the employee who forbade me to sit outside when I wanted to sit outside to smoke (6:11:00). I spent the last hour of the day writing and reviewing recordings. I was getting extremely irritable, the reservoir of anger was building up in me, and I was on the path of exploding in violence. This was the beginning of DGHTRCOM’s team’s strategy. The problem was not only that I was tormented by desiring a person to whom I was not allowed access, but also that I cared about international orders – whether Daughterland or someone else was going to rule the world – because I was attached to the years I had spent helping Daughterland win this International Court trial and didn’t want these years to be wasted.

May 15 (Saturday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[sup9wstwdstrbk_5_15_10_726-1046AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up early in the morning from the street corner in Westwood and came to Starbucks to do my morning reflection. I was again intensifying my misery by dwelling on the injustice that the Monkey had robbed me of my “redemption”. I still hoped that DGHTR would give me someone else, but I wanted to confirm my hypothesis with the Pyramid (1:41:00). “I need to be friends with the Pyramid for a while to exchange information before getting the new [crippled] pyramid...” (1:44:00). But then I would want the Daughter People to dump her (1:47:00). I continued to dwell on the illusion that the Daughter People would recruit me into the SVR. Then I said, “The Pyramid is dangerous because she is stupid... I have to worry that she might believe I’m this or that, or dangerous” – and my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (2:55:00). DGHTRCOM’s team was still vainly hoping that I might understand that their current task was to force me to conform to the Monkey’s profile of me as dangerous to the Pyramid because this might lead me to understand that the French had objected. I continued to try to persuade the Daughter People to drop the “Link” in order to avoid letting others (like the Monkey) hold their nose (3:01:00). As if they couldn’t figure that out themselves! When I wondered: Will “they” one day introduce me to “Double Smile?” – there was a honk (3:14:00). The Smart Woman had begun thinking about getting “Double Smile” to lead me on my mission of PLANMEX. I began to long for “Double Smile” because, while her smile had motivated me to save her country, she was obviously superior to the Pyramid.

My next recordings are: “[flybywiretopsdn_5_15_10_1046AM-312PM.WMA](#)” and “[psdnnoimprvonsys_5_15_10_315-432PM.WMA](#)”. Eventually I rode the bus to the Pasadena Public Library. While I was burning my disc, I reflected on the current system of control of my environment which DGHTR had installed, using an analogy from aviation: before DGHTR came into the picture, the Chertoff reality was like the hydraulic system; now DGHTR’s reality was like “fly-by-wire”. When my environment was controlled “hydraulically” (where the people around me were verbally instructed as to how to interact with me), I could tell who was doing it. Now that my environment was controlled in the manner of “fly by wire”, I couldn’t tell who was remotely controlling everything – and somebody nearby was moving (29:20). “This system is so smooth, anyone can dupe anyone, they

should think about this...” (35:20). Before the fourth generation, fighter jets controlled their flight through a hydraulic system, whereas fighter jets from the fourth generation onward (like F-16, F-15, and F-18) controlled their flight through a “fly-by-wire” system, where the movements of parts of the plane were controlled by a computer through digital means. This is a perfect analogy. I continued: “Do not build a machine that is 100 percent flawless... Otherwise, when it gets hijacked, I’ll not be able to save you, DGHTR” (37:30) – and a woman looked at me (remotely controlled?). “You should leave a backdoor for yourself...” “What if it gets hijacked? Then there is no one left on this planet to figure out [who is in command]...” (39:20) – and an Asian guy came to sit next to me. Although I was referring to the fact that it was impossible for me to discern whether it was DGHTR or the Monkey or someone else who was controlling the movements around me and talking through these people – my erroneous scenario of the hijack of UNICOM by the Monkey and erroneous understanding of UNICOM as the remote control of the whole world through the evidentiary process – I was actually somewhat on target: now that the French had assumed hidden command of my environment half of the time, there was simply no way for me to discern that they had cut in. If the people around me were controlled through verbal instructions, I would be able to discern it. “We are waiting to be taken up by the Daughter People... There has to be a way for someone to tell who is in command....” Then I wrote down:

“The most frightening part of this complex phase of Homeland Security Reality and the *dispositifs* for the remote control of persons is their utter incomprehensibility and indistinguishability – the enormous difficulty involved in figuring out who is running the environment and the population from behind the scene. Since it is presumably DGHTR who has put the complex phase and the *dispositifs* together from the arsenal of American inventions, the Daughter People should be advised to never improve upon this system anymore for fear that, should it ever be hijacked, there will be no one left on the Planet able to figure out that it has even been hijacked. There have to be souls left in society capable of figuring out who is the Highest Command running the *dispositifs* and remotely controlling people: a secret that is not entirely well-kept is better than the chance of losing the Highest Command without anyone ever having the capacity to even notice it, let alone recover it.”

My next recording is: “[psdnlibs9bus181wrtwdrylgurds_5_15_10_434-940PM.WMA](#)”. I again had to eat from the trash can in the library. I then rode the bus back to Westwood. When I mentioned to myself the Mexican intelligence chief in the limousine (June 2009), there was a honk (4:32:00) – had the Smart Woman just liberated the Mexican intelligence from conspiracy with me? My time in Westwood is recorded in: “[wstwdbobasupl9-414_5_15_10_940-1114PM.WMA](#)”. I would continue reviewing the recording of my conversation with the Old Man in Starbucks.

May 16 (Sunday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[supl9cffbn_5_16_10_540-1127AM.WMA](#)”. After waking up from the street corner in Westwood, I hopped from the doughnut shop to Starbucks to Coffee Bean, reading Wes’ paper on Rousseau while burning a disc at the same time. I was still vainly looking for “secret messages” in this academic paper, and engrossed in the false scenario that the Monkey had

hijacked the command of the world. This morning I would write out the Monkey's obsession with the machines which you have read in the entry of April 16. When I uttered the need to prevent the machines from falling into the Monkey's hands, my arm would be remotely controlled to hurt (5:19:30). At times like this it was most likely the Smart Woman who was trying to confirm my false beliefs in order to hide from me her objection and hidden command. Then, while I was backing up my writings in my external hard drive, DGHTRCOM's team remotely froze up the operation of my computer. Irritated, I filmed the episode ("[PICT0002.AVI](#)"), and had to go outside to calm down.

My next recordings are: "[to720afdrdrcsm_5_16_10_1127AM-1215PM.WMA](#)" and "[tomssnmnpicme_5_16_10_1233-158PM.WMA](#)". I then rode the bus all the way to downtown to seek free lunch at Mission, but there was none. Walking away exhausted, I found food left on the street corner. I filmed it and ate it (52:00). Then follow my next recordings: "[dwntwn2dllr_5_16_10_150-237PM.WMA](#)" and "[5_16_10_257-232PM.WMA](#)". I came to the coffeehouse in Little Tokyo, and my recorder was remotely shut off. DGHTRCOM's team was trying to provoke me again, but I wasn't wildly upset this time.

I turned on my recorder, and my next recording is: "[libelsdjpcafeanglcthnkmekll_5_16_10_313-623PM.WMA](#)". At the coffeehouse I began reviewing the recording of my conversation with Julie on April 20. Thereupon I realized that Julie was remotely controlled to pass me a hint, that the Monkey had caused the Pyramid to believe that I wanted to rape her and kill her. My mood was dampened.

My next recording is: "[wstwdupsetcfffbn_5_16_10_623-1029PM.WMA](#)". I was so disappointed – after my persistent worries for her safety, in the end she thought I wanted to rape her and kill her – that I exclaimed: How could the Pyramid be so stupid? (6:00) I got on the bus to return to Westwood, and thereupon my camcorder malfunctioned as well (36:30). As I wrote and moaned on the bus, I again thought of ways to revenge against the "Monkey Pyramid": "Cannot request that she be made into my sex-slave... That would make her look like a victim... Best solution, ask that she be dumped" (1:02:00). On 1:19:00 or so, I fantasized that the Daughter People would have Homeland Security broadcast the same sort of alert about the Pyramid as Mr Chertoff had broadcast about me. Everyone was so nice to her, and yet in the end she thought people were trying to harm her (1:24:00). I wanted the alert about the Pyramid to say that she was a schizophrenic who had imagined that she had once been trained by a SVR officer, that she and her father had been inside this secret courthouse, that she had once seen a machine for reading people's mind... Everything true about her should be reversed into the opposite... (1:36:00). I decided however that the alert shouldn't say she had forged her writings. I was so kind as to give her her short stories: Leave her her instrument for catharsis (1:42:00). I ate food from the trash can and walked exhausted to Coffee Bean (2:23:40). I asked for only water; I could barely articulate (2:25:30). I was mumbling out of tremendous sadness over what the Pyramid had believed about me (2:38:00). I began crying (2:46:30). When I left Coffee Bean briefly, I would jaywalk in my sadness, causing the drivers to honk at me (2:57:30). I continued to write and review recordings in Coffee Bean while crying intermittently. By 10:30 PM I had packed up and wandered like a ghost to my street corner to sleep.

May 17 (Monday; Wes)

My first recording of the day is: “[wkfreecfffdbus2supl9_5_17_10_636-916AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up early in the morning mumbling in a delirious mood because I was still engrossed in the sadness from last night. I fantasized how the Daughter People could punish the Monkey, such as by dumping him in Romania and broadcasting an alert there to people to slander him (56:00). I then got on the bus to go to my storage facility. I began realizing that the Pyramid was a paranoid and psychotic personality (2:25:00).

My next recording is: “[supl9strgtolib_5_17_10_945AM-338PM.WMA](#)”: I was eating in a Mexican restaurant in downtown before going to the storage facility. That is where (from 18:25 onward) I recorded my realization that the Pyramid was really the opposite of Mexican culture, and where (from 35:00 or so onward) I started writing out on this very document the Pyramid’s diagnosis which you have seen on the entry for April 20.

While I was putting into my storage unit the discs whose copies I had lately burned, I commented to myself that the Pyramid was an “arm-chair revolutionary”; “when she is actually face to face with the oppressed, she’ll be so paranoid over the possibility that they might kill her and rape her that she’ll run away instead of helping them” (3:20:00). “The object of sympathy in her revolutionary zeal is actually just herself, projected onto an external entity.” Twenty minutes later, the manager led a bunch of Hispanic visitors to conduct an auction in a nearby unit. I erroneously thought that it was because my analysis of the Pyramid had so impressed those inside the control center (maybe the “jury” which continued to operate in there) that they instructed this “auction” to take place as a way to provide me with a metaphor. Wrong!

My next recording is: “[wescybrafeuclamedsupl8_5_17_10_338-1051PM.WMA](#)”: I then came to the public library, despairing over my inability to fight against the White Mexican Monkey. “This man controls everything, my environment, the people in my life, my finance, the machines around me, everything except my thoughts, he just reads my thoughts, he doesn’t control them.” (*Actually, he does, as well as predicts them.*) Then Wes called. Because I wanted to save money on my Go Phone, I asked to call him back on a payphone. Strangers were looking at pornography on the computers in the library, which got me nervous, for I thought the Monkey was using me to produce faulty evidences as a way to keep his grip on the machines and control over the world. Some time later, when I was using the payphone to call Wes, it turned out that Wes’ number did not accept collect calls.

I now had no choice but to call Wes on my cellphone (1:01:30). I immediately told him that his home phone did not accept collect calls. But Wes could not hear me, and so, after two tries, I spelled out my words one at a time, irritated as ever: “Y-o-u-r p-h-o-n-e d-o-e-s n-o-t a-c-c-e-p-t c-o-l-l-e-c-t c-a-l-l-s...” He still couldn’t hear me, and so I repeated it again. Wes was however kind enough to provide me with a phone card with which to call him; he gave me the 888 number and the code. I then asked Wes for a loan. “I have a feeling you are going to ask that,” said he. “I only have 3 dollars left...” We were then working out the details of the loan, whether he should send me the money through his Bank of America

account or wire it to me through Western Union. I told him that I had difficulty in hearing him because, as you can hear, someone was remotely controlled to talk very loudly next to me. Just as Wes' inability to hear me was increasing the level of my frustration and so building up the reservoir of anger inside me, so DGHTRCOM's team had started on a new tactic, to drive me to violent temperament with annoying noises. I moved away, and told Wes that I had figured out more about the Pyramid, but that her father was driving me insane. "The father?" "The girl's father," I tried vainly to remind him (1:07:50). "The girl from the library I told you about last time, remember?" I was getting more frustrated because Wes suddenly pretended to not know who the "Pyramid" was, whereas on May 8 he was able to reveal to me quite explicitly why she had become afraid of me. "Yes, her father is after you," affirmed he. "I have figured out so much about the girl," I told him, "But I want the father to go away..." I then began mumbling to the effect that, after I could confirm that what I had figured out about her was correct, I would go away in accordance with her father's wish. "I really can't make sense of what you are telling me," Wes said, "I really don't know what is going on. You are speaking like this, ah-uh-ah-eh..." (1:09:58). "Stop, stop, stop!" I told Wes; I was getting very aggravated. Her father is going after me, that is problem number one, I continued, and problem number two is that I want to see the girl and show her what I have figured out about her (1:11:00). And then I would like some information from her too. After which she and her father could go off and leave me alone. I was basically announcing my position to everyone in the control center. "So you want them to pick up and leave?" "Yes, after she furnishes me with information. And then they need to leave people alone. They should not hide somewhere to fuck people's life up." "But your problem right now is that you have three dollars left," Wes suddenly changed the subject. "Yes, that's why you need to give me money." Wes asked me for my checking account number and its routing number. I gave these to him. "And you know you owe me like 209 dollars, right?" Wes reminded me. Then we repeated my condition again. Suddenly, I broke down crying like a baby: "I wrote a big story about her..." "You wrote a story... And why are you crying? Because you wrote a story?" "Yeah, I wrote a story..." I became barely intelligible. "Are you gonna give her the story?" "No," shouted I, "I want her to read it." "Oh, you want her to read it." Then Wes continued: "Now, I am not an expert... But maybe I am. When is the last time you took a shower?" "April... 6," I responded. "Before you approach her, you should probably wash yourself..." I had no idea that Wes was once more passing onto me the Pyramid's greatest complaint about me – that I was dirty and smelled bad. "I'm not really in the mood to please her," I shouted affirmatively – now that I had become disillusioned with the Pyramid (1:18:29). "How often do you brush your teeth?" Wes asked. "I brush my teeth for myself..." I shouted back. Wes continued to warn me about my bad presentation to the Pyramid. "You mean that's the reason why she threw me out?" I finally asked. "Yeah – What are you going to do about food tonight?" "I can eat off the trash can." "You don't get money from the government?" "Yeah – they disappear as soon as they arrive." Wes finally asked: "And you don't mind if she thinks you creepy?" "Before I did, but not anymore..."

I then suddenly began weeping again, "I'm so sad... I can't stand my environment," I shouted, while mumbling in pain (1:26:14). "I don't understand what you are saying..." "I can't stand these noises on the street..." By now my "Sonophobia" – the mental disorder which developed as a consequence of my attunement to the Daughter People's noise signaling system – had fully developed. "Go somewhere where there isn't that much noise," Wes said. "Yeah, like the library..." "The noise is probably your

least concern,” Wes said. I disagreed: “These things determine the mood in which to experience the later happenings,” I analyzed. I tried to explain that I was constantly angered merely by people’s talking around me. It was simply impossible for people who had never been conditioned to the Daughter People’s signaling environment to understand how the noises on the street and the movements of things and people could assume a significance beyond that of a “matter of indifference”. I then explained to Wes how my misery was intensified by the minor environmental changes happening all around me ever since Daughterland’s victory in February: that rules everywhere were getting stricter, and that my mood was dampened simply because things which I used to be able to do I could no longer do (till 1:29:00). How about getting ear plugs, Wes suggested (1:29:20). But I have to hear, I rejected his proposal. I was making myself more vulnerable to noises by the fusion of my psychology with my recorder. Everything which my recorder had recorded I had to hear, and everything I heard my recorder had to record. My round the clock recording of myself had created in me the expectation that my recorder and I had to be “in sync”, so that I couldn’t accept plugging up my ears, thus aggravating my “Sonophobia”. Then I complained to Wes again about the environmental changes around me, that the UCLA library suddenly became so strict (1:32:15). The fact that the resources that were unquestionably available before were now suddenly withdrawn really helped dampen my mood, I explained further. Wes attributed it to the economic crisis which the State of California was going through, but I thought it was due to the Monkey. In reality, Wes was probably right. But the fact that these Daughter People had come in and required that a sizable portion of the population of Los Angeles be chipped in the brain might very well have contributed to the environmental changes. “And the security guards would just come and throw me out of the place – things which have never happened before. And people talk differently now.” I then continued: “Just when you came back from the battle field, he suddenly threw you into a boot camp. What? I thought the war is over?” (1:34:15) I was speaking of my erroneous conception that what was happening to me was like training, unaware that the “regiment” was designed to drive me to violence and psychosis. “It wouldn’t really matter where I go – he would be there,” I shouted (1:37:00). “So her father is the ‘Higher Authority’?” Wes asked. “Yeah... He controls the Homeland Security system... The worst part is that, while he is torturing me, he wants people to believe that he is doing me good! This method of training...” I had completely fooled myself, and the Smart Woman was certainly happy that I had confused my “torture” with “education” so that I couldn’t speculate on the real reason for this torture!

Toward the end I began exclaiming once more how much I had figured out about the Pyramid, simply by the way her father had “slapped me.” “It probably freaks her out,” Wes said (1:40:45). It was not clear to me if Wes was giving me another hint as to the Pyramid’s true reaction toward me. It was certainly a reasonable scenario, since the Pyramid, along with her royal family, was extremely secretive. Our conversation ends on 1:48:40 or so.

When I reflected that, in this International Court trial which had come to pass, one side (namely Daughterland) was telling the truth while the other side (Mr former Secretary Chertoff) was lying, my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (2:27:30). DGHTRCOM’s team was trying to signal to me that, in the present case, there were also two sides, and that one side, the French, was sending me false signals (to confirm my incorrect scenarios). As always, I didn’t get it. I then rode the bus to the cybercafe –

where I was disturbed by a child crying loudly (3:03:00) – and to Westwood. I gradually began to comprehend that the Pyramid was extremely selfish and self-centered and couldn't bear the slightest discomfort caused *by* others while giving no care about the massive harm she had caused *to* others. Again, she is the “Monkey Pyramid”. I ate out of trash cans again, and stayed inside the UCLA library to review recordings and write on this diary.

May 18 (Tuesday)

My first two recordings of the new day are: “[uclamedwrtsupl9-8_5_18_10_908AM-1234PM.WMA](#)” and “[uclamdincidntplcelibwwes_5_18_10_101-833PM.WMA](#)”. After I woke up from the street corner in Westwood, I came to the UCLA Biomedical Library. I filmed myself writing, among other things, and then used the public computer in the library. On 1:14:40 I was complaining about the strange charges that were showing up on my online banking. I suspect that DGHTRCOM's team was commanding the Monkey to find every reason possible to keep me bankrupt in order to maintain me in permanent homelessness so as to confirm his claim that I enjoyed being homeless. I then began burning a new disc while watching “Sept jours sur la planète” on TV 5. Just then, the picture showing DGHTRCOM meeting with the German Chancellor Angela Merkel popped up on the computer screen. I was terrified: “That means the Monkey rules the entire fucking world...” I refrained from watching it and began videotaping the computer screen from afar. Just then my Toshiba Disc Creator was remotely controlled to shut itself off, causing me to go into a rage – as I now had only one dual layer disc left. When the rage was done, the picture of DGHTRCOM and Merkel flashed big on the computer screen. I was so angry that I threw away the destroyed disc (1:39:00). A black woman sitting nearby began complaining about the noise I was making. I got up and left the library. I wanted to take my anger out on that “bitch” the Monkey Pyramid but was overwhelmed by powerlessness because I knew nothing would ever happen to her. I kept whispering in anger: “My life is ruined because of that bitch.” “We will never know who the fuck is doing this... That bitch should be executed!” (1:47:45) When I jaywalked across the street, an SUV driven by a woman had to stop to avoid hitting me. I was in such a rage that I took out my anger on her and kicked her car. I then came to the In-and-Out Burger to eat lunch.

What had just happened completely mystified me. I naturally supposed that it was the Monkey who had done this and that he was trying to artificially create an intercept of my “conspiracy with DGHTRCOM” as a way to hijack the command of the whole world. The scenario created such hopelessness in me that I would occasionally comfort myself by thinking that DGHTRCOM must have designed his command in such a way as to make it impossible to hijack it. I would also think, in accordance with my erroneous belief that the Monkey had established himself as my “educator” in order to keep himself “afloat” in the Cave and his fingers on the Machines, that, since DGHTRCOM didn't like the fact that I would be so scared of his sight, the Monkey had decided to imitate DGHTR by destroying my disc and thus causing me anger, so that I in my angry mode would not be afraid of a picture of a man.

All these were false scenarios that were far from the truth. First of all, DGHTRCOM's team had

ordered the Monkey to destroy my disc precisely in order to provoke me to anger and kick someone's car. Enough evidences showing me not conforming to the Monkey's forged profile of me had emerged that the Smart Woman was able to establish for the judge computer that the accuracy of the mind-reading computer was too in doubt so that Daughterland's Macrospherian status was finally "suspended". By getting me to act "violent" and thus seemingly conform to the Monkey's false profile of me, however, DGHTRCOM's team was able to temporarily reestablish Daughterland's Macrospherian status. But it must have been the Smart Woman who had forced me to look at DGHTRCOM's image. Once DGHTRCOM's Macrospherian status was suspended, the Smart Woman had just created an intercept establishing my conspiracy with DGHTRCOM ("real Russian" this time). Here the strategy was to cancel out one by one the several intercepts back in January and February which had established my conspiracy with the French. So DGHTRCOM had met with Angela Merkel early this month – probably to discuss France's objection. This of course the news would never report. Ms Merkel would stand by DGHTRCOM's side to the end, and Germany, unlike other European countries, would never join France in the objection to the ICJ's February judgment.

While I was eating at the In-and-Out Burger, police officers suddenly came to me (2:32:00). They instructed me to leave all my electronics on the table and then stand aside as if these were weapons of some sort. They even instructed me to dig into my pocket to take out my cellphone and leave that on the table. When the officers confirmed that the "weapon" was a video camcorder, they explained this was all because the driver whose car I kicked reported my act. They told me that such act was called "vandalism" which could cause me to be arrested. When the officers were checking for my identification, they must be pretending to not recognize me – since they could have not remembered me. They obtained my name and my date of birth, and asked for my phone number. I lied that I had none. They then explained how I shouldn't be on the street kicking people's cars. All this was DGHTRCOM's team's additional evidence – in addition to the purpose of building up a reservoir of rage in me. At such point, my anger at the injustice I had suffered had reached such a point that I began complaining to them about how I was thrown off the UCLA property for no reason the other day. "What kind of camera is that?" one of the officers then asked. Once again, I misunderstood the whole situation as "the Monkey's attempt to put up an act of educating me": "I guess I am supposed to be a three-year old who doesn't even understand such a simple thing as 'One should not kick people's car on the street' even though I have saved the world..." I complained sarcastically (2:44:00). I complained further: "I guess the lesson is – 'Destroy another person's property and then blame that person for destroying someone else's property'" (2:46:00). "Wanton destruction of homeless people's property – and he didn't even notice it..." Then: "In order to show off how wise he is, the Monkey would just cut off your leg. He doesn't care that that is my leg. What about me? I want my leg back... I want my disc back..." (until 2:55:00). More: "I don't think the Pyramid would notice it either, that a disc, two dollars, is a lot of money to me" (around 2:56:00 or so). "In the eyes of rich people, they are the only ones that matter; they have forgotten that other people matter too. I think the Pyramid is like that too... Some sort of revolutionary" (2:58:00 or so). "That's what rich people are like. It's not even that they are selfish. When they want something they'd just take it. They don't even think about other people..." (3:00:00). I had in fact accurately described the Monkey and his Monkey daughter, but it wasn't actually he who had wanted to destroy my disc – but the DGHTRCOM's team. And of course nobody cared that I was

here suffering without even knowing why.

On 3:07:20, I insisted to the control center that any sort of “training” which involved suffering was not right. “That’s not how the CIA trains”, I said. “But training is not the Monkey’s goal. His goal is to destroy you while appearing wise... He’s like Mr former Secretary Chertoff, he likes to hurt people and then make it look like he is helping you...” (3:09:30). I was adding to the reservoir of anger inside me myself by dwelling on the injustice in the fact that the Monkey, an uneducated scammer, was allowed to become “God” using government’s top secret machinery to inflict pain on me to profit himself. I then got on the bus to go toward downtown. On 4:08:00 a child came to sit next to me and I kept urging him to go away, annoyed by the constant presence of children around me and arguing that there was no need to train me to get used to children since I would never have children my whole life. I even mistook the children around me for the Monkey’s “training”. In reality, seeing that I was annoyed by children, DGHTRCOM’s team were remotely controlling residents to bring their children to me in order to anger me and build up the reservoir of anger and frustration inside me. On 4:19:40 I repeated my complaint that the Monkey ignored the fact that I had only two discs left, that my hard drive was entirely filled up, that my data could be lost at any time... that hence the destruction of my disc could be so traumatic! “He doesn’t really think very far... He doesn’t think of me as a person... He simply thinks of me as a mechanical process... This relationship is not going to happen, people have to fit, have to bond” – at which someone in the bus was remotely controlled to cough and my arm was also controlled to hurt. It was the Smart Woman trying to confirm my erroneous belief about “the Monkey’s training me to keep himself afloat”.

I came to the public library. By 6:25:00 or so I was burning the last disc I had in my possession while reviewing a recording file. On 6:53:50 or so I was getting angry again as I began packing up. “I don’t know what the fuck to do... If the Pyramid doesn’t get executed... for she’s just too dumb...” (6:54:10). I went into another round of cursing on 6:56:00. On 7:00:10 or so I went to a security guard in the library and said to him: “The voice you hear in your head comes from a Mexican businessman and does not come from who you think it is. Therefore don’t listen to it and beat me around. It’s not really good for you.” The security guard merely nodded his head and made no comment at all.

I went outside the library, and on 7:04:30 called up Wes. “Tell me what’s going on. You now decide not to lend me money?” Wes had not wired me the money yet. “No, I don’t have time...” “What should I do about that girl?” I asked Wes impatiently. “Can you just forget about her?” Wes replied. “What?” “Just forget about her.” “I should just forget about her, is that what you are saying?... I am worried about the consequences...” I said impatiently. As I continued, my arm hurt: “If her father wouldn’t go away just because I want to exchange information with her, then I would have to forget about her, huh?” “Problem solved,” Wes responded. “What?” I shouted at the top of my lung, unable to hear Wes because of the loud noises on the street. “Problems solved.” “What? Problem solved?” “Yes.” “So you are saying that her father would not go away unless I give up the idea of exchanging information with her?” I made the logical inference. “I have no idea.” “If you have no idea, then why did you say ‘Problem solved?’” I asked angrily. I then yelled at Wes, “Would you cut this crap! I don’t have any money, and everywhere I go I have to get fucking kicked out!” “Well, maybe if you stop yelling like

that, they won't kick you out," Wes said calmly (7:08:35). "Yeah, so what?" I was screaming at Wes, angry with him for pretending to "not know what was going on". I yelled: "Fuck, man, fuck! I don't like it when someone shuts off my computer while I am in the middle of burning my disc!" I was really saying this in order for those inside the control center to hear. "I don't know what you are talking about," Wes said lethargically. "I'm talking about Homeland Security remotely turning off my computer when I was working on something. I don't like that kind of shit. It costs me money." "Yeah," Wes said. "It costs me time!" "Hmm," Wes concurred. "It causes me inconvenience" (7:09:14). Wes acknowledged with a "Hmm". "Is that okay?" "I didn't say it's okay," Wes responded. "What?" I shouted. "I didn't say it's okay," said Wes. "What are you talking about?" "I have no idea what you are talking about," Wes said, adding, "You just started getting angry at me and yelling at me". "Okay, I want to see the girl man, just tell her to show up," I said suddenly. "Are you talking to me?" Wes asked (7:09:53). "Just go tell her..." I said impatiently. "Number one, I don't know this girl, number two, I'm in New York," Wes said in his lethargic mode, as if to provoke me when I cared so much about not having the world fall under the secret command of the White Mexican Monkey. "I don't know what the fuck to do man," I shouted once more at the top of my voice (7:10:22). "What the fuck am I supposed to do? Where is my food? I want to eat!" Wes on the other hand simply told me calmly to "find stuff". "Find stuff? What do you mean, 'find stuff'?" I yelled angrily. Then on 7:11:55 or so I exploded: "Tell me what the fuck is going on, come on!" "I don't know who you are talking to... Are you talking to me?" Wes continued to reply lethargically and indifferently. "Do you know who is giving you instructions?" "What instructions are you talking about?" "What am I gonna do? No money... My bank account is always 400 dollars negative... Put money in my saving account, and it will not disappear." Wes replied: "I don't owe you anything..." "You owe me for pulling pranks on me..." "Why are you yelling at me? I don't know what is going on..." I shouted: "I don't believe you don't know anything..." Given the hints which he had given me before – even if I couldn't understand them most of the time – Wes clearly knew what was going on inside the control center. But he was forbidden by international laws to just explain it to me. I tried to instead ask him about his jury duties, hoping that this was some sort of metaphor which the control center had orchestrated for the happenings inside there. Wes explained the five different cases in which he might participate as a juror, but I couldn't discern any metaphors in them. Finally I shouted: "Why is it wrong for me to confirm my hypothesis with the bitch?" Wes warned that she might call the security guard to arrest me. "Don't play this game on me, don't do it! I don't want to be homeless..." Then: "She stabbed me in the back, and I'm supposed to forget about it?" Wes replied: "I don't know this woman, and I have no information to give you... I don't think she wants to see you..." I insisted: "The Higher Authority needs to tell her to read my story about her..." I then insisted to Wes that he knew something about the situation, and Wes insisted that he didn't. "You have to figure this out by yourself..." he added (7:31:00). Wes *was* here providing me with a hint: While international laws allowed the Daughter People to provide me with mysterious hints to facilitate my understanding of the progress of the trial, they required that I arrive at an explicit understanding through my own efforts. This was how the charge of conspiracy was established in the beginning – the Chinese MSS never communicated to me in explicit terms what they wanted me to do but only through indistinct hints because our communication had to escape the judges' comprehension – and this was how it would continue to the end. Not getting this, I shouted: "I'm not going to figure this out by myself... The Higher Authority's life depends on my figuring out... It's wrong!" I hanged up

in frustration. Again, my conclusion was correct – Daughterland’s fate did depend on my figuring out what was going on – but my premises were all wrong – Daughterland was not endangered by the Monkey’s hijack, but by France’s objection.

My next recording is: “[twstwdsupl9cybrcfearguesslsys_5_18-19_10_833PM-151AM.WMA](#)”: I was continually angry over the possibility that the Monkey had hijacked the command of the world and was kicking things on the street (4:00 and 9:00). Bystanders were yelling at me (11:00). I would be cursing all night long, and the highlights were: “I don’t want to go to Mexico, xxxxxxxx are low life fucking racists...” (12:30). “My problem is that I have only a honk here and a noise there to depend on for knowing what has happened inside the control center...” “Obviously I won’t touch the Pyramid, for that would make her look like a victim...” (18:00). “I don’t want a xxxxxxxx girlfriend, I don’t like xxxxxxxx... xxxxxxxx culture produces garbage people...” (22:00). Referring to the “Monkey Pyramid”: “Fuck you xxxxxxxx bitch!” (1:04:00) “So spit out your secrets, xxxxxxxx, I won’t touch you, I’d rather eat shit... Let me see your bookshelf...” (1:29:00). “And I’ll make sure not to shower before the meeting...” (1:32:20). I also kept warning the Daughter People about securing the “machines” against the treacherous xxxxxxxx. I then came to the cybercafe, and began reviewing my recordings and continued writing. Someone came around to say my Toshiba Satellite had wireless Internet. “Shut the fuck up! You know my laptop has no wireless...” Why were people saying this nonsense? I didn’t know that both DGHTRCOM’s team and the Smart Woman were busy repeating Mr former Secretary’s past operations on me to replace evidences in their respective favor. The guy threatened to beat me up. I yelled: “The voice in your head, it’s a Mexican!” (3:46:00) The Korean boss also argued with me about Wifi on my laptop. I told him also: “It’s a Mexican man who is talking to you in your head...” (4:0:2:30). I had by now truly regretted trying to save the Pyramid: “I should have let Mr former Secretary hurt you...” (4:30:00). DGHTRCOM’s team would be happy that my feelings for the “Monkey Pyramid” were turning in the opposite direction. But then I talked to myself: “It’s too dangerous not to figure things out, because you care about your Daughter...” My worry for Daughterland was something they would have to reverse now that their Macrospherian status was in doubt and that they could be convicted of conspiracy with me at any time. When I then said: “I’m worried about the cake... Nobody wants to give the cake to the Monkey... it’s not like giving the cake to Maman...” my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (4:42:50). DGHTRCOM’s team was signaling to me that it was indeed “Maman” (DGSE) who was about to hijack the “cake”, not the Monkey. I then came up with the idea about a “secure connection” between the remote controller and the remotely controlled “chipped” person: in order to avoid hijack by a third party (such as the Monkey) of the remote control of people, there should be something like SSL or PGP signature in the connection between the controller and the controlled: that the chips inside the controlled person should be able to verify that the command indeed came from the controller and not from some party pretending to be the controller. Unfortunately, some good idea like this would be used by the Smart Woman as evidence that I wasn’t mentally retarded such as the Monkey had claimed. Meanwhile, I began worrying vainly that the Monkey might steal my good ideas and present them to the Daughter People as if these were his.

May 19 (Wednesday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[cybrcfaintreptslibitsmxbsmnlrt_5_19_10_735AM-331PM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner in Normandie and Wilshire. When I was reviewing my recordings in the cybercafe, some Mexican wanted to start a fight with me (1:16:00). I was so angered: “Why can’t the Monkey stop?” I shouted. “He can’t stop, what does he care?” (1:31:00) In reality, it was DGHTRCOM’s team which had commanded the Monkey to control the Mexican to provoke me. Again, they hoped to gradually build up the reservoir of anger inside me and to eventually provoke me to violence. I was even afraid to ask my step-mother for money because I might do so under the Monkey’s shift causing him to “stay afloat”. I continued to fantasize – while wanting “verification of information” with her – about revenge against the Monkey Pyramid by having an alert broadcast about her. When my computer malfunctioned again, I shouted: “Fucking xxxxxxxx, I got this disease called ‘White Mexican Monkey’...” (3:35:00). I left the cybercafe by 3:53:00. Again, I sort of understood that the Monkey wanted me to fit some profile he had invented of me. I rode the bus to downtown. When I was resting in a building’s corner, the security guard came and threw me out (5:07:00). I shouted to him: “It’s a Mexican business man who is giving you instructions, not the US government!” Of course she didn’t care because she didn’t know what I was talking about. I came inside the public library and found this French book, *Histoire de la population française*. I sat down and began reading it while burning a disc (5:31:00). I didn’t know that I was producing evidence in the Smart Woman’s favor. I then noticed my “double”, a Hispanic guy who was reading children’s history book (6:15:00). I filmed him and thought that it was the Monkey trying to verify his false profile of me. I was half correct. It was in fact DGHTRCOM’s team which had orchestrated this. When the faulty surveillance machine confused the Hispanic guy with me, they would use the faulty intercept (that I was reading children’s book) to counter the Smart Woman’s evidence that I was reading French.

My next recording is: “[publibhbrmsangryuclamedlostusbybrspeed_5_19_10_349-1105PM](#)”: When the library was closing (2:00:00) and I was on the escalator, I told the black guy standing in front of me that I would never work for a Mexican. I was referring to the fact that I would not cooperate with the Monkey to help him keep himself afloat inside the control center (to produce evidences for him or to go on *his* PLANMEX). The guy gave me a thumb-up. Since I assumed that he was controlled by the Monkey, I comforted myself with the inference that this was a sure sign that the Monkey was not ruling the world alone but was performing for some other audience like DGHTRCOM (hence he had to pretend to admire my courage).

Always angry over the Monkey’s control of my environment and the world at large, I rode the bus to Westwood. I seemed to have seen another “Mommy” on my way (4:18:00). Was this DGHTRCOM’s team or the Smart Woman’s team? I came to the UCLA Biomedical Library (4:39:00). After editing my website on the public computer, I discovered that I had again left my flash drive on the computer at the cybercafe (6:09:00). I immediately went into a rage because, in my erroneous understanding of the situation, I thought that the world would indeed be lost to the Monkey after he should forge another USB flash drive with a different content so as to produce the evidence that my writings belonged not to me – and there was nothing the Daughter People could do about it since he controlled the evidentiary process regarding me. “Somebody kill the Pyramid bitch,” I shouted in anger, and my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (6:14:00). DGHTRCOM’s team wanted me to keep up this thought

favorable to them! I ran out of the library to catch the bus to go to the cybercafe to look for my flash drive, murmuring: “It will not be there, because the Monkey wants to teach me about ‘consequences’... How about hitting me with the unexpected, let the flash drive remain there!” – and there was loud honking from the drivers around, as if to concur – you shall see why (6:18:00). I was angry and throwing things while walking on the street. I came to the cybercafe on 7:06:00. I came to the computer station which I was using this morning, but some guy was using it. He was rude, saying he was looking for his “speed” (7:10:00). I wanted to call the police, but in the end gave up the idea. He then threatened to beat me up, saying that *I was* talking about “speed”.

My next recording is: “[cybrcfunxpcd_5_19-20_1105PM-124AM.WMA](#)”. Amazingly, the Korean boss found my flash drive among the lost and found and gave it back to me (8:00). Apparently the Invisible Hand was earlier controlling the drivers to signal to me that, this time, I would find my flash drive. The Smart Woman’s team did not need more than one flash drive from me to establish that my recordings and writings were genuine. Another guy came out to tell me that the guy inside did sell drugs, and he encouraged me to call the police (1:20:00). When the faulty surveillance Machine had intercepted the drug dealer’s accusation against me (that *I was* talking about speed) DGHTRCOM’s team would have obtained another evidence demonstrating my conformity to Monkey’s false profile of me. (The incident with the drug dealer was orchestrated, that is.) To their dismay, however, I soon confessed: “You wanted Mr Chertoff to lose, that’s all...” (2:00:00). The Smart Woman had obtained another evidence to help her liberate “Daddy”. I would spend the night in the cybercafe writing.

May 20 (Thursday)

I would have no recordings for most of this new day, and you shall soon see why. I slept for a few hours in the vicinity of the cybercafe, woke up, and came inside the cybercafe again. I called up my step-mother around 10 AM to ask her to deposit money into my account earlier than usual. In the next day I would discover her depositing 200 dollars instead of the customary 150 dollars. I would conclude wrongly that it was the Monkey who, after my incessant complaint about his wanton destruction of my properties, had decided to compensate me. (Obviously, my step-mother was instructed to suddenly give me more money than usual.) This caused me to infer once more that the Monkey had to account for himself in front of DGHTRCOM. I was thus led to infer the “structure of the Cave” like this: DGHTRCOM was residing “in the higher sphere” while the Monkey, even though he had pushed aside DGHTR and taken over all the command of the lower sphere, was not the ruler of everything but had to “rule the world” together with DGHTRCOM “from the higher sphere”, whom he would never be able to displace because of the very design of the “Higher Sphere”. Now, it was in fact the Smart Woman who had commanded either the Invisible Hand or the Monkey to instruct my mother to compensate me – precisely because, after seeing the way in which I, yesterday, inferred the Monkey’s need to account for himself to DGHTRCOM, she knew that by putting up the appearance of the Monkey compensating me she could lead me to speculate further along this wrong path. The justification she invoked was, of course, that I should be encouraged along my false belief system in order to finish my “mission”.

I then came to the public library in downtown, wrote an email to Wes from the public computer there,

and then discovered an email from Oliver as well. Then I noticed a cart similar to mine was left unattended by the table and a few Spanish books on Mexico were laying on the table. I immediately assumed that the Monkey had staged all this in order to produce evidences out of me and keep himself “afloat” (as the “commander of the lower sphere). Wanting to restore the “Cave” to DGHTR’s rule I immediately took out my cheap camera and started videotaping the scene as proof that these things belonged not to me. Then I noticed that, in the distance, a black guy was using a Toshiba Satellite that was exactly the same as mine, and so I filmed him too, assuming he was my “double”. Just then he yelled at me about not videotaping in the library. He even went to fetch the supervisor of security in the library. The supervisor came and was taking his report seriously and wanted to check my camera. I was smart enough to have just seconds ago taken the SD card out of my camera and hidden it in my pouch. Thus, when the supervisor looked into the camera for himself, he found only “No files”. I lied that the camera had not enough memory for more videos. Thinking the whole affair unfair – because I really had no interest in videotaping these boring things and ugly people if it weren’t for DGHTR’s sake – I complained to the supervisor about the black guy’s loud manner, something which in itself was quite abnormal. The supervisor however asked me to leave. Not wanting to burn this bridge I left the library, angry and upset over the injustice of it all.

According to my false belief system, what had happened was that the Monkey was using his script as my “educator” to continue employing doubles and manipulating my environment to confirm his artificial profile of me as autistic, selfish, violent, and uneducated in order to maintain himself as the “ruler of the lower sphere”. This is why he tried to prevent me from videotaping my doubles, hiding the intention under the guise of moral scolding about how rude it was to videotape people. In reality, of course, it was DGHTRCOM’s team which had commanded the Monkey to use the faulty surveillance Machine to produce evidences demonstrating my conformity to his version of “David Chin”, and it was DGHTRCOM’s team who did not want me to film the staging because they did not want the Smart Woman to obtain evidences to disprove the intercepts printed out by the Machine when it came time for me to upload my files to my website. Having the security officer throw me out could also demonstrate that I was indeed bad-to-the-bone and contribute to building up the reservoir of anger inside me insofar as I would be angry over the injustice in my treatment.

I rode the bus across town and arrived at the Santa Monica Public Library. There I called Wes two times. Wes didn’t respond to my phone calls. I thought erroneously that the Monkey was controlling him to not answer my calls so that he could maintain the script of being my trainer and keep himself afloat in the Cave: he was presumably teaching me “the consequences of getting angry with friends”. I was myself contributing to the reservoir of anger inside me with my erroneous interpretation of events insofar as I was perpetually angry over being the victim of the Monkey’s bogus education.

Having completely run out of money to even buy food, I was then at Santa Monica Promenade looking for food in trash cans. The security guard forbade me to do so and threw me out with the warning that “there would be no one in town to help me”. Again, normalcy was being violated here, for I had never been stopped before for digging for food in trash cans. Like I have said, my environment suddenly felt like a military boot camp. The security guard was in fact controlled by DGHTRCOM’s team to be strict

with me in order to increase my level of frustration, reinforce the reservoir of anger inside me, and arouse my feelings of hopelessness. However, immediately afterwards, a stranger came to me and gave me 5 dollars for me to buy food. It was not clear to me if the desire to help me flared up inside his head only thanks to someone in the control center; if so it must be the Invisible Hand and the Smart Woman axis. I then wandered through Main Street for the rest of the afternoon alternating between anger and tears. At one point I was so angry over my misery that I kicked someone's dog and ran away. Certainly none of the pedestrians around had any idea why this homeless guy dragging a cart was angry and sobbing.

Then I decided to ride the bus to WCIL to work on my housing problem there. It was then already 4 PM. On the 333 bus, suddenly, a most beautiful 40 something "pyramid" appeared to sit right in front of me. I was instantly aroused by her beauty, especially because she was dressed exactly like "Best Mommy" (April 15 2009) – wearing the same pants, shoes, and pantyhose. Since it was certainly the Smart Woman who had sent this woman in, I can be sure that she was a "Mommy", namely, a CIA operative. After a while, this "Mommy" started making sad faces while appearing to be thinking about who to call. Mesmerized, I asked her in an infantile mode: "Why are you sad, ma'am?" She replied to the effect that she had lost a lot of family. This made me think that it was the Pyramid who was talking through her – now that, supposedly, the Pyramid was not talking to her father anymore. She then took out from her purse a pair of high heels, a leopard skin jacket, and a black scarf, changing into this costume while putting on a pair of plastic frame glasses in imitation of the Pyramid and starting to read a book entitled "Idiot's Economics". She opened up the book exactly at the chapter entitled "Investment". The setup made me think of the Monkey again, who I had supposed was an investment banker (stocks, etc.). In this way, although she appeared so much like it was the Pyramid's talking through her to communicate with me, hours later I would conclude that it was just the Monkey trying to pretend to be his daughter again. This is exactly what the Smart Woman had wanted me to think. She had me thoroughly duped.

The Smart Woman had commanded the Monkey and the Invisible Hand to produce this chimera to fit my belief system ("the breakup of the Pyramid's family due to the Monkey's deception of his daughter and usurpation of DGHTR's 'meat'") as a way to prevent the French objection from becoming a conspiracy (to prevent me from realizing what was *really* going on beyond the Monkey's attempt to usurp PLANMEX). Other than locking me further in my preoccupation with the dispute between the Monkey and DGHTR, the Smart Woman was also producing a new evidence to replace the original episode of my encounter with Best Mommy on April 15 last year – this is why this CIA "pyramid" was dressed exactly like Best Mommy. The Smart Woman was pursuing her strategy: whereas the original evidence (my encounter with Best Mommy and my playing the video of my encounter with her in January) had established my conspiracy with the CIA against Daughterland, the command structure in this new episode (the command of the CIA by the Daughter People) would have rewritten the past evidence into my "conspiracy with Daughterland against the CIA – and eventually against Mr former Secretary Chertoff, Boss Cheney, and France". My erection toward "Mommy CIA" today would also cancel out the "erectile intercept" which the SVR Legend had produced for my encounter with "Maman" on February 9. The Smart Woman had so expertly grasped my psychology that she knew

what kind of shoes, feet, and pantyhose would cause me erection!

Because of this episode with “Mommy CIA”, I missed WCIL. Instead, I got off the bus on Sepulveda and Venice and took the Culver City bus to UCLA. I came inside the Biomedical Library, filmed myself writing for an hour, and then transferred all the recordings in my recorder into my Toshiba Satellite. I would usually delete the files in the recorder after the transfer, but out of exhaustion I accidentally deleted also the recordings I had just transferred into the laptop. When I discovered that I had accidentally deleted the recordings of my whole day, I went into a shock. As I have noted, the compulsion to record every single second of my life had already solidified into a strange psychological disorder – I would literally go into physical pain if I knew that my recorder wasn’t turned on. To lose the recordings documenting my entire day was the most devastating thing for me. I instantly collapsed onto the floor and went into a seizure. The other students in the library were shocked by my sudden tremor. At which point, I managed to turn on my recorder: “[emerg_5_20_10_941-1041PM.WMA](#)”. Soon, the paramedics came (22:00). They were three emergency technicians, two men and one woman. Because the female technician was supremely beautiful (a “pyramid”), I in my desperation grabbed onto her legs and wouldn’t let her go. I told them what was haunting me at the moment – that I had lost my “computer files” – but of course they couldn’t do anything about that. After making sure that I was okay, they asked me if I needed hospitalization. They were actually giving me a choice! When I declined, they had me sign a paper about my refusal (48:00). They were very nice and helpful, but my erroneous understanding of how the remote control of people worked caused me to continually look for signs that these technicians were being remotely controlled by someone else – and yet I couldn’t find any.

Once again, I would develop a wide variety of false scenarios as to why the Monkey – who I assumed was in control of the emergency technicians – didn’t use the opportunity to remove me to the hospital. To be sure, DGHTRCOM’s team would have preferred that I agree to hospitalization, for then they could easily control the doctors in the hospital to mislabel me as “schizophrenic”, thus obtaining another evidence showing me conforming to the Monkey’s false profile of me. But they didn’t control or command the emergency technicians to forcibly remove me – partly because DGHTRCOM had set down in the beginning of the second run the rule that the Microspherians would be “free to choose” (thus the Pyramid was free to choose with whom she should be paired up). I was thus asked if I would like to go to the hospital. To the dismay of DGHTRCOM’s team – and to the pleasure of the Smart Woman – I declined – because I couldn’t stand separation from my computer and electronics. DGHTRCOM’s team, as they watched me convulsing from the control center, couldn’t have been more worried: given the state of my disintegration, how was it possible for me to realize what was going on inside the control center?⁸²

May 21 (Friday)

When I woke up early this morning, I had become so angered by the thought that the Monkey may

82 Such is the interpretation from the original version. It’s most likely incorrect from the current point of view. We shall comment on this momentarily.

have taken over the International Court that I actually went hiding near the Law Library to stake out the Pyramid. It was all her fault. I gave up the idea before she even showed up – it was not yet 9 AM – without knowing that I was doing precisely what DGHTRCOM’s team wanted me to do. They wanted me to become a danger to the Pyramid in order to confirm the Monkey’s lies about me. As I wandered through the streets of downtown Los Angeles, I began thinking if the Monkey might sneak into the “higher sphere” and assassinate DGHTRCOM in order to take over the world for himself. I began worrying, and someone in the control center actually gave me a signal by remotely controlling my arm to hurt. Either DGHTRCOM’s team was trying to reinforce my worries in order to drive me to psychosis or the Smart Woman was trying to reinforce my false belief in order to divert me away from the truth.

I then decided to ride the bus to Pasadena. When the news about North Korea flashed on Transit TV inside the bus, I actually wondered if it might be the Monkey who was orchestrating international affairs from the International Court which he now ruled. Endless false scenarios.

My next recording is: “[psdnlibplnmxwelfare_5_21_10_1210-634PM.WMA](#)”: I came to the second floor of Zona Rosa to do my writing. When the boss came up the stairs specifically to throw me out of her place (1:26:00), there I went again: “Do you know it is a Mexican who is telling you to tell me to leave?” (1:31:00) Of course she didn’t know what I was talking about. My false beliefs about how the remote control of people worked were seriously discrediting me. After I left, I began realizing: “The Monkey is training me to hate the Pyramid” (1:43:20). And I began talking about xxxing the “Monkey Pyramid.” “But I don’t want to xxxx her, I just want her to suffer” (1:59:30). I walked to the Pasadena Public library (2:10:00) and began using the public computer there (2:30:00). I discovered that Wes had written me a mysterious email just an hour ago. It was his response to my accusation against him that he had refused to share with me what he knew about “what was going on” (namely, inside the control center):

Well of course I am going to say that I do not know anything. If I do in fact know something and I am somehow colluding with some grand higher authority, I would deny knowing anything about this woman and her father. Especially if I have to communicate with you through a monitored medium. But then also, if I don’t know anything, I too will tell you I do not know anything. Okay here are the options,

- 1) I know something but I lie to you and don’t tell you anything
- 2) I know something and tell you what I know
- 3) I don’t know anything and so I don’t tell you anything
- 4) I don’t know anything and I lie to you and tell you I do know something

Since I have not told you anything options (4) and (2) do not describe events. So option (1) and (3) are left. Now

1A) You don’t understand why I don’t tell you anything. Thus, you believe that 1A’) If I know

something I would tell you, all other things considered.

You believe, 2A) I know something.

Now if statement (3) is the case then it supports (1A') and therefore responds to 1A and shows that statement (2A) is false.

Now if statement (1) is true then contained in it is statement (2A) and it does not support statement (1A') and denies statement (1A').

Using “contraposition” we have the following:

If you believe I would tell you what I know (1A') the fact that I don't entails that I do not know anything which contradicts (2A).

If you believe (2A) that I know something, the fact that I do not tell you anything entails that (1A') false.

So either you must say, that I do not know anything or not be surprised when I don't tell you anything.

So does this logical treatment irritate you? The point is not to come to a logical conclusion but to show you how frustrating things are when you think about stuff which you cannot know. Here there are two competing approaches, the first regards epistemology and truth and the other is a pragmatic approach. If you can never find the truth and seeking the truth frustrates you, takes much time, provokes you into an obsessive rage, maybe you should stop trying to figure things out. Of course I know you will probably obsess over what I just wrote.

I was completely mystified by this enigmatic missive. Obviously, Wes was instructed by his CIA handler to pass to me a “secret message” – which ultimately came from DGHTRCOM's team. It should be expected that the “logical treatment” was some sort of metaphor for France's objection or my failure to understand it. But up to this day I have not been able to “decode” the metaphor. Wes' final advice for me to stop speculating was however understandable. The same advice again! Not knowing what was going on and that the “message” actually came from the Daughter People, I erroneously thought that it was the Monkey who was discouraging me, and that this, because he preferred to keep his rulership over the world in secrecy. I was thereby angered and obviously wouldn't heed the advice. You should be able to understand now why the Daughter People had commanded the Invisible Hand to advise me again to stop speculating. We have three interpretations:

(1) From the original version: After [the Daughter People] had witnessed how successfully the Smart Woman had deceived me yesterday with her setup, it was quite natural for them to conclude that there was no possible way for me to understand how the French had objected based on isolated hints here

and there. As my false belief system (the Monkey's hijack of the world's command) became ever more entrenched through continuous wrong-headed speculations, my conspiracy with Daughterland against France was also increasingly solidified. It was harmful to me as well as to Daughterland – even if the Daughter People didn't care about me, DGHTR was saddened by the fact that I had enormously aggravated my depression by trying to understand something that I couldn't understand. Rescuing the victory by turning the French objection into a conspiracy against Daughterland seemed like a hopeless project. When it came to ordinary uneducated people, like the Monkey and the Pyramid, they could not understand how the French had objected even when the Smart Woman did it in front of their eyes. The logic involved in the objection was simply incomprehensible to ordinary minds. Even when I have explained it to you in a straightforward narrative you probably have difficulty in understanding it. And yet I was expected to “guess it” based on isolated hints and metaphors. How could that be possible?

(2) This original interpretation is certainly incorrect, and so, on August 15 2013, I added the following correction: The key here is Wes' message: “Something you cannot know”. Knowing how hopeless it was to make anyone understand how the French had objected – let alone making them guess it – DGHTRCOM's team was trying a different tactic. They wanted me to know that I did not, and cannot, know what had happened inside the control center. If I could explicitly admit to myself this fact, then I would have at least committed conspiracy with the French on this level, since the Smart Woman was counting on my being forever unable to understand what had really happened inside the control center. However, as long as I kept speculating and was convinced that the false scenarios I had concocted were correct, this conspiracy could not be established. Furthermore, the French could continually invoke the rule “devising the suspect's environment to fit his belief” to reinforce my false beliefs. To know that you do not know – this Socratic wisdom is truly a virtue which few people possess.

(3) Today, in this newly revised version, we shall say that (2) is indeed the correction interpretation. However, we must elaborate upon the situation a little. DGHTRCOM's team commanded the Invisible Hand to instruct Wes to write this to me because the Smart Woman's evidence yesterday was just so deadly: when the evidence of my conspiracy with Best Mommy was replaced, this means that the CIA would go free should Daughterland's Macrospherian status continue to remain suspended. In fact, it was probably DGHTRCOM's team who had orchestrated last night's incident – making me delete my recordings by accident so that the emergency technicians could come in – because the erection I experienced while grabbing onto the female technician's legs had somehow the temporary effect of countering the Smart Woman's replacement of the erectile intercept evidence earlier in the afternoon. Then, today, they commanded the Invisible Hand to instruct Wes to advise me to give up knowing. If I should follow the advice, then I would have conspired with both the CIA and the DGSE in trying to not know in order to prevent the French objection from becoming a conspiracy against Daughterland. The Daughter People can then reverse this conspiracy *by making me know* that the French had objected. The Daughter People would then have won! And yet I refused to listen to Wes!

Now I spent the rest of my afternoon hiding in a corner in the library, reviewing my recordings, writing, and browsing the books on the shelves. Meanwhile, my Toshiba Satellite continued to malfunction. Fsum could no longer produce hash values of my files (3:30:00). At one point I found

some potato chips inside the trash can and ate them all (4:36:00). I continued to fantasize about ways to revenge against the “Monkey Pyramid”. By 5 PM, I left the library and got on the bus to go to the cybercafe in Koreatown. Children swarmed around me on the bus, terribly annoying me (6:05:30). It was not clear to me if the control center had orchestrated this.

My next recording is: “[supl9cybrcafe_5_21_10_634-943PM.WMA](#)”: What awaited me tonight was just a series of frustrating instances. I passed my stop, and had to get off the bus, walk a considerable distance, and take a different bus to get to the cybercafe. While in the cybercafe, I wanted to upload my recording files to my website in order to help DGHTR defeat the Monkey, but was prevented from doing so (1:10:30). It was just DGHTRCOM’s team obstructing me. In the end I was able to upload two files or so. I then did some writing, and the hashing software on my Toshiba malfunctioned again to prevent me from proving the date of the composition of my files. I begged the control center to let DGHTR come back – all in vain.

My next recording is: “[wstwdeatcybrcfprmtvndcmput_5_21-22_10_945PM-221AM.WMA](#)”. I had begun composing a summary explanation of my false notion of what was going on inside the control center – the Monkey’s hijack of the command of the world – but now I was prevented from uploading this preliminary version in RTF onto my website for backup (23:45). It was DGHTRCOM’s team: they did not want my writings to be intercepted into the International Court as evidence disproving the Monkey’s claim that I was illiterate. I then filmed my “double” watching pornography on the cybercafe’s computer (30:00) – it is not possible for me to distinguish, even now, whether it was DGHTRCOM’s team or the Smart Woman’s team who were producing this evidence to replace past evidence. I increased my own hardship by my inability to decide on an action that would benefit myself, and so I got on the bus to go to Westwood, only to find that there was no place there for me so that I rode the bus back to the cybercafe (2:57:00). I did my usual things: read about computer matters on the Internet, review my recordings, and writing. I would then unknowingly help the Smart Woman by confessing to the control center my real motives when I was in China and Germany in January 2008 – namely, my desire to prevent China from being harmed. This is in 30:00 in the next recording: “[cybrcafegrmnsftware_5_22_10_247-333AM.WMA](#)”. Threats of violence which had never been present in my life before in Los Angeles now populated my environment: some guy again threatened to beat me up for saying something to him – and I didn’t say anything at all. I was dumbfounded (11:00). Soon another Korean man was throwing things inside the cybercafe; I filmed him (36:00). Orchestrated, I concluded, for I had never seen a Korean man drunk like that.

May 22 (Saturday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[wkpsdnbstbybuydvd_5_22_10_727-1158AM.WMA](#)”: I slept for a few hours in the street corner in Normandie and Wilshire. I woke up, disgruntled over what I thought to be the Monkey’s hijack of the “command structure”. I was also complaining about his remote control of my therapists: “He needs a license... He wants to be a trainer? He needs to be trained by DGHTR as a trainer first...” And there my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (44:00). It was the Smart Woman: just by giving me a signal when I spoke my false beliefs she could reinforce my conviction in the

correctness of my scenarios. I rode the Metro to the Best Buy in Altadena and then came back to downtown, making myself miserable by worrying about Daughterland's safety.

My next recording is: "[dwntwnbuybat_5_22_10_1209-102PM.WMA](#)": When I complained about the Monkey's "theft of my cake" some driver on the street was again remotely controlled to honk to confirm (36:45). It could be either DGHTRCOM's team or the Smart Woman's team. No matter how hard they tried, DGHTRCOM's team could not propel me to transcend my half-correct scenario that the Monkey had stolen the world. I ended up in the public library. This is already in my next recording: "[lalibhrbmassupl9dbleangry_5_22_10_102-545PM.WMA](#)". I found a book written by Habermas (in German). I began reading it – to the dismay of DGHTRCOM's team – and did some writing in a quiet corner of the library. Toward late afternoon I was disturbed, however, by my "double" who appeared near me and imitated me by reading out loud. Either the Smart Woman or DGHTRCOM's team were replacing evidences here, but I again wrongly fingered the Monkey, thinking that he was still producing evidences to secure his hold on the command of the world from the International Court.

My next recording is: "[clsurwanglelalib_5_22_10_546-622PM.WMA](#)". I was so angered by the thought of the Monkey using me to maintain his grip on the world that I wanted to kill my double. I reflected on my anger: "Normally, I would just get the security guard to throw the guy out. I am so attuned to the other dimension [namely, the control center and the evidentiary process] that I can't even do any of the normal things" – just then, some driver nearby was remotely controlled to honk (23:00). It was the Invisible Hand again (commanded by DGHTRCOM's team), hinting to me the way out of my current and future misery. Then I said to those inside the control center: "I'd rather get a 'Daughter Pyramid' [namely, a Russian girlfriend], I don't know if that's a compliment or an insult, because I'm so ugly" (26:00). Then I said: "I don't really want the Pyramid to die... I need closure, I can't swallow it, that she threw me out like that" – and my leg was remotely controlled to hurt (34:00).

My next recordings are: "[cybrcfesupl9dpedbyanglecpapa_5_22_10_622-852PM.WMA](#)" and "[cybrcafedghtrsqzdt_5_22-23_10_915PM-1226AM.WMA](#)". I rode the bus to the cybercafe to pass my night there. By this time I was fully aware that DGHTR had been pushed out of PLANMEX by the Monkey. I reviewed my recordings, and when it came time for me to use the cybercafe's computer to upload my recording files to my website, I was once more prevented from doing so. And my flash drive was not working (1:29:00). Completely powerless, I sighed: "There is no way to fight, the Monkey controls every single thing" (1:31:00). It was not just that DGHTRCOM's team was preventing me from uploading evidences; as I have noted, the team of expert psychologists who was designing my "transformation" was counting on conditioning me to "learned helplessness" so that I would gradually be driven to violent behavior and temporary psychosis. Then the Chinese characters "Sue.. Sue... Sue..." (告) continually popped up on my Toshiba's screen. Not knowing that it was DGHTRCOM's team who wanted me to sue the Pyramid, I thought it was the Monkey (1:46:00). I would continue to alternate between thinking that it was DGHTR who wanted me to sue and assuming that it was the Monkey. I would be prevented from uploading my files throughout the whole night (2:02:00). Again, I got things half right when I remarked that DGHTR would lose to the Monkey if I couldn't figure out what was going on inside the control center; my frustration continued to grow because the current

environment was just impenetrable. Then my arm was remotely controlled to hurt when I theorized: “The Monkey has changed the setting of the machines, that’s why people can’t get rid of him, he has become enmeshed with the machines...” (2:36:00). “That’s why DGHTRCOM needs to accommodate him; for he owns everything about me, the food I eat, the air I breathe...” Again, my wrong theory was that the Monkey could maintain his grip on the world by staying in command of me. The Smart Woman continued to signal to me in order to lock me within my false theory about the “Monkey’s hijack”. In the end, someone came to me and said, “It’s funny that you say that.” Then he said, “You are annoying, but amusing” (until 2:41:20). I appeared so bizarre to others now that my entire being was directed toward interaction with the invisible control center. And eventually I drove myself to anger again over the fact that I had no way of removing the Monkey from the control center.

May 23 (Sunday)

I woke up from the street corner in Normandie and Wilshire very early in the morning, around 6 AM or so. My cigarettes were missing and my Olympus recorder was no longer functioning. Frustrated, I used my old Sony recorder to record myself: “[5_23_10_632AM-p2.wma](#)”. Then my craving for cigarettes caused me to accept one cigarette from a guy outside the entrance of the cybercafe. I regretted immediately because I believed erroneously that the Monkey had just produced an intercept prolonging his grip on the machines inside the control center. I was again intensifying my frustration of my own accord with erroneous speculation on the dynamics inside the control center. At the same time, I traced all the faults back to the “Monkey Pyramid”, and began cursing how any normal human being would want to crack her bones.

My next recording is: “[cybrcfemastrtools_5_23_10_8AM.wma](#)”: While dwelling on the anger which I had accumulated (recorder becoming defunct, etc.), I rode the bus to downtown. While I was wandering on the streets in downtown, my anger caused me to kick over a trash can. Two purple shirt security guards saw it, and they pursued me on their bicycles. We ended up by the bus stop on 5th and Grand; they watched over me while I waited for the bus. “Do you not know that it is a Mexican businessman who is telling you to do this?” I insisted to them. I squatted down by the bus stop, and one of them yelled at me to the effect that it was against the law to be squatting and not standing on the sidewalk during the day time (48:30). I had lived in Los Angeles for more than ten years and once more I was being harassed for things which no police would ever care about before. I would later develop the false scenario that DGHTRCOM was allowing the Monkey to remotely control the security guards to run a test on me, to probe the extent to which I would obey unjust commands from a detested commander in preparation for PLANMEX which the Monkey was now to lead: if I could obey the most unjust command from the most despised commander, then I would obey any command from any commander. It was a nice theory about “psychological test”, except that it wasn’t reality. The security guards were pursuing me because they happened to witness me kicking over a trash can; it was not clear to me if they remembered me at all (those instructions which Homeland Security had given them as to how to act in front of me). And it was not clear to me if the control center was indeed controlling them to be so strict with me as to forbid me to squat.

I rode the bus all the way to Westwood. My most urgent task was to buy a new recorder, and so I went inside Best Buy and bought an Olympus WS-400. Of course I had no money; I just put the charge on my debit card, causing my account to be overdrawn. While I was setting up this new recorder in Ackerman around 3 PM or so, a French girl – speaking perfect American English – and a long hair guy came in to serve as my “double”, working on some recording of French language lessons on the girl’s laptop. My erroneous understanding again caused me to theorize that the Monkey was worried about the recording files from the new recorder becoming evidence in the evidentiary record, so that he was here canceling out the reality of my new WS-400 recorder with the faulty evidence from the faulty surveillance Machine that I was with a French girl this afternoon playing with recording devices on a laptop. The reality is that it was DGHTRCOM’s team who had used the faulty surveillance Machine to make my new recorder into a product of conspiracy against them so that the recording files coming out of it could not be used as evidences against them when I should upload them onto my website. At the same time, the command structure behind the French girl’s appearance would have ensured that I was conspiring with France in this instance in the eyes of the judge computer.

And so I began recording myself this afternoon with my new Olympus recorder: “[uclaphnang_5_23_10_319-412PM.WMA](#)”; “[uclaangpapaarrestme_5_23_10_412-422PM.WMA](#)”; “[cmplntsuitucla_5_23_10_427PM.WMA](#)”; “[cmplntucla_5_23_10_544-553PM.WMA](#)”; and “[cmplntsuitucla_5_23_10_553-820PM.WMA](#)”. I would spend the rest of my afternoon in Ackerman writing out the pleading for the lawsuit I thus planned to file against the Pyramid. (The pleading would be based on the summary of my erroneous understanding of the Monkey’s hijack which I had already been writing out.) My naiveté had me believe that the Pyramid was regretting letting her father go inside the control center to destroy everyone’s plans; I thus believed erroneously that DGHTR was showing me an avenue to get help – that the Pyramid was going to help me through the lawsuit I would file against her while letting me show her what I had written about her, and that she would provide information to the public authorities around – enlightening everyone that her father was “in command” – so that we may drag him out of the control center; although I would continually have doubt that it might have been the Monkey who was deceiving me into filing the lawsuit.

My next recording is: “[uclavidincdnt_5_23_10_820-941PM.WMA](#)”: I was prophetic enough as to contemplate on the possibility that the Pyramid might file a restraining order against me if I should file a lawsuit against her. “But she can’t file a restraining order, there is no harassment in filing a lawsuit... Karin was the only person who could have done that...” Unfortunately, this was exactly what she would do – even DGHTRCOM’s team was behind her on this.

Around 36:00 or so, when I walked past the computer stations on the second floor of Ackerman, I saw a man looking at pornography on the computer. “Everywhere you go people are looking at pornography,” I complained, immediately theorizing that the Monkey was again producing evidences showing that I was looking at pornography just as “Daddy Chertoff” used to do. I stood a distance away and began videotaping him, just as I used to do – leaving behind evidence that I was not the pervert. But the man was under remote control: even though I was standing far away and couldn’t normally be noticed, he immediately turned around and came toward me – for this was a trap. “Why

are you videotaping me?” he asked (37:45 or so). “I’m not videotaping you,” I lied. “Let me see what’s on the video camera...” I was sure he was just putting up an act, and shouted, “Shut the fuck up man!” “You’re nuts,” he shouted. “You’re nuts! This is a university and you are looking at fucking pornography!” Now the man called up the campus security guard (44:00). The security guard fulfilled the act by telling me that there could not be videotaping in the interior of the building, which was something unheard of as yet. I was simply bewildered by all these attempts to harass me about acts of mine which no one would care about in the past. I have said that it was all a trap because the security guard’s prohibition on videotaping would have been intercepted into the International Court as evidence that my filming was illegal so that, when it came time for me to upload my videos to my website, the Smart Woman could not use them to disprove the faulty evidences which DGHTRCOM’s team had obtained from the faulty surveillance Machine.

My final recording of the night is: “[uclastudntunion_5_23_10_948-1123PM.WMA](#)”: I would spend the night writing on my laptop in Ackerman, and Chinese characters would continually pop up on my Toshiba’s screen.

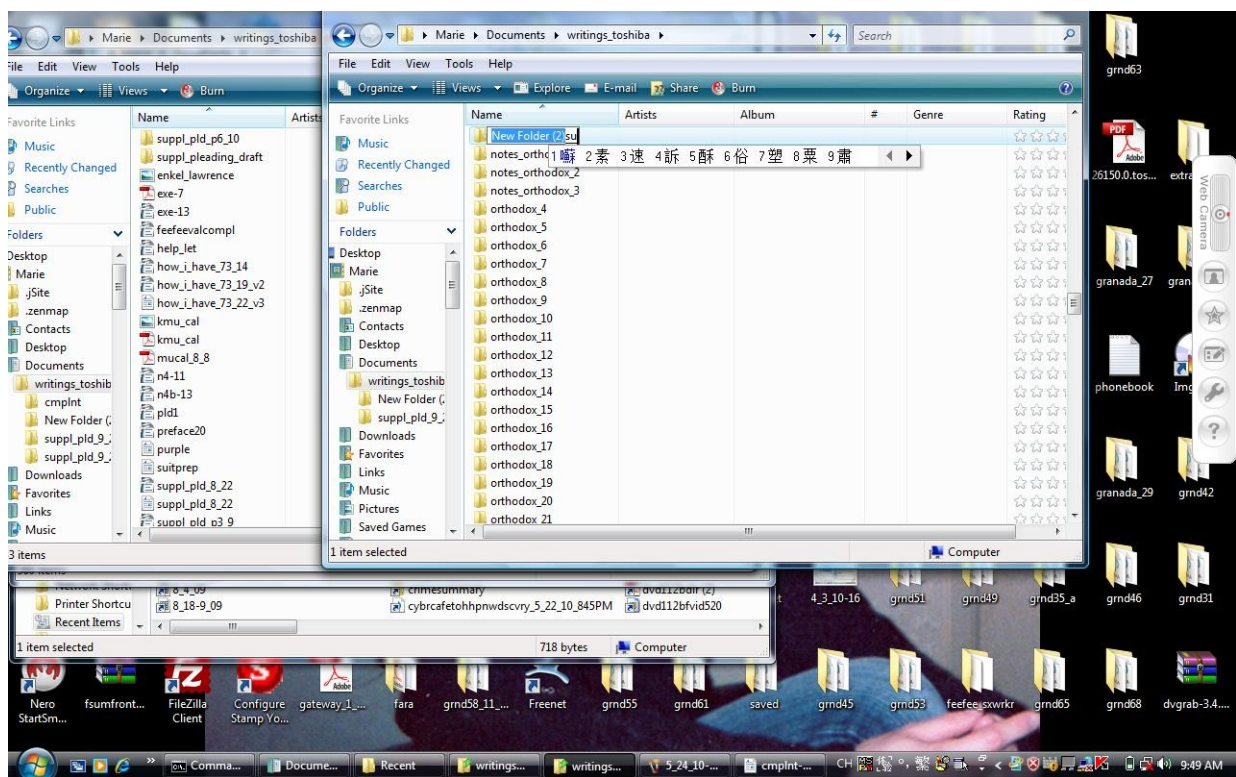
May 24 (Monday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “[wkchckdvd113cmplntmny_5_24_10_703-803AM.WMA](#)” and “[bus6dghtrlnd_5_24_10_830-838AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up a little after 7 AM, utterly depressed because, although I had removed one monster (“Daddy Chertoff”) another had come in and triumphed (the Monkey). I began thinking about “escaping” to Daughterland, but I was afraid it might be the Monkey’s trap.

My next recording is: “[wcil_5_24_10_841AM-1222PM.WMA](#)”. I got on the bus to go to WCIL. While on the bus, I noticed that a Hispanic guy from Guatemala who was sitting next to me was reading a book entitled “La Tolerancia” (26:00). He explained to me upon my inquiry that the book was about how to “rise in the world” (27:00). I instantly assumed that the Monkey was passing me a “secret message” instructing me to swallow the injustice over his theft of “my cake” and accept his “command” over me in order to “work my way up”. I was immediately disgusted by what I assumed to be his world-view: he assumes that I would just be like him in wanting to attain power and high position in the world as the most desirable thing. I was angry that he could not understand the motivation of a philosopher and (true) revolutionary – I had tried to save Daughterland because I couldn’t bear the triumph of falsehood and America’s bullying of weaker nations. Someone like him – who sought power as the most important thing in the world – couldn’t possibly understand the ideals of truth and justice. I could have hardly understood what was really going on: it was the Smart Woman who had commanded the Monkey to stage the “secret message”: she knew that the hunger for power and feudalism mentality which the message apparently conveyed were precisely how I thought of the Monkey and would therefore reinforce my false scenario that the Monkey had hijacked the command from Daughterland. Again, the Smart Woman was utilizing the law that the suspect’s environment should be devised to fit his belief in order to lock me up in false beliefs and prevent me from realizing that it was France which had objected and not the Monkey who had hijacked.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, IV
The psychology of the ying and the yang: II – Newly Revised Version
Lawrence C. Chin
Dec. 2022 – Mar. 2023.

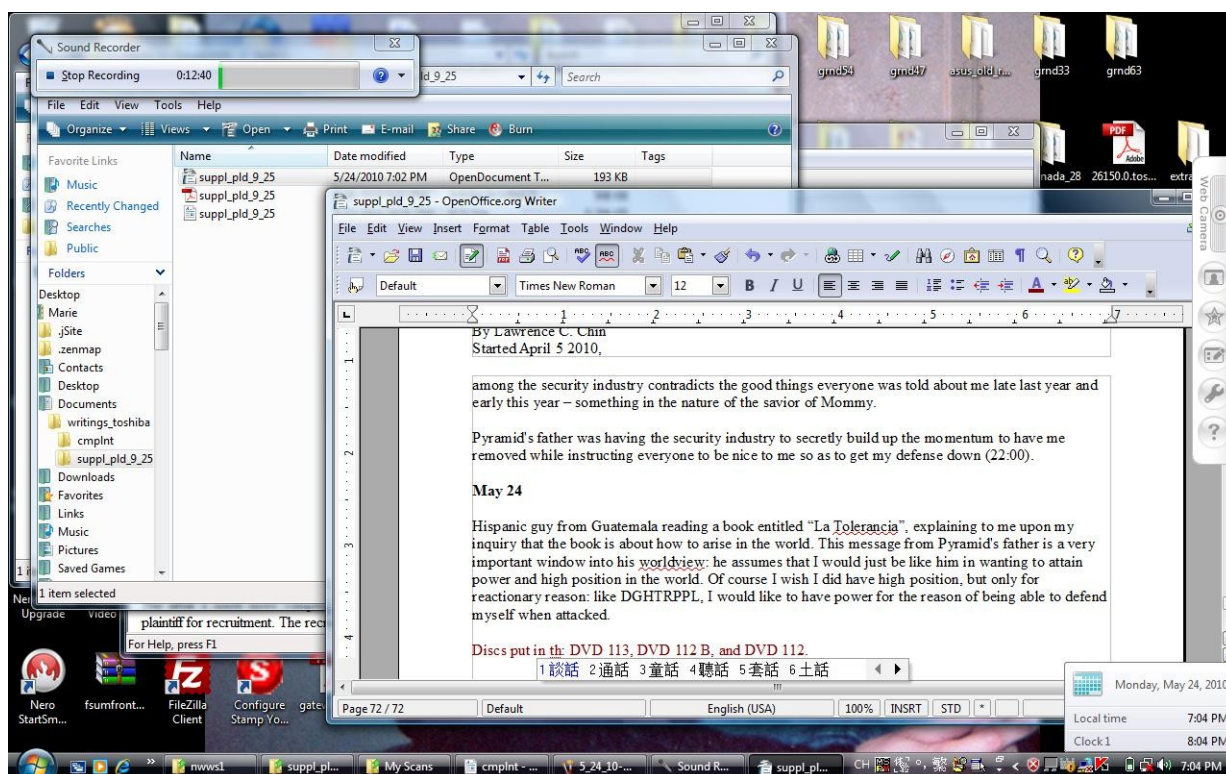
I walked into WCIL and saw that even Nora (who was blind) was wearing purple (31:30). When I used my Toshiba Satellite to continue writing and naming my new recording files, Chinese characters continually popped up, on 9:27 AM, 9:47 AM, and 9:50 AM. Again, the character which popped up on 9:47 AM was that for “sue” – as if someone in the control center was again encouraging me to file a lawsuit against the Pyramid. I had a brief chat with Howard (telling him that the Department of Mental Health didn’t work out for me), used the computers, and left a message for Mona. I was then overcome with terrible migraine and collapsed onto the ground (2:24:30). I left, feeling sick and tired, and complained, “I’m so lonely... My camera is my only friend...” (2:52:30). I rode the bus all the way to downtown to go to my storage facility. My subsequent recordings are: “[bus4wrtdodwntwn_5_24_10_1222-235PM.WMA](#)”; “[storage_5_24_10_235-346PM.WMA](#)”; and “[tolibtiredwrtsupl9strctrcave_5_24_10_408-627PM.WMA](#)”. After I deposited my newly burned DVDs into my storage unit, I scavenged for left-over food in the neighboring food mall, and rode the bus back to Westwood.



More Chinese characters appeared to encourage me to file the lawsuit
05/24/10, 9:47 AM

My next recording is: “[wstwdeatbrgrirnianintrept_5_24_10_627-919PM.WMA](#)”. While I was doing some writing on the bus, the IME on my Toshiba was remotely controlled to malfunction again and produce the Chinese characters for “conversation”: 談話 (35:20). I again hesitatingly assumed that DGHTR was telling me to sue the Pyramid in order to “confirm my hypotheses about her” – not

knowing that it was just DGHTRCOM’s team desperately waiting for the Pyramid’s restraining order against me as a piece of circumstantial evidence showing that I was dangerous to her. Arriving in Westwood, I came inside ISO, and some stranger wanted to give me food, but I refused, because I didn’t want to accept anything from the Monkey (1:05:00). Instead, I went inside the burger store to buy my own food. When a pair of young Iranian couple came in (1:37:30), I ran out in fear, thinking that it was the Monkey’s trick to enable him to rule the world. Then a Russian woman came in, followed by two European girls. Some of these strangers must have been commanded by the Smart Woman to continue her plan of reinterpreting the CIA’s “fake Russians” as “real Russian” and rewriting the past evidences for my conspiracy with European nations into those for my conspiracy with the SVR to frame them. I just have no way to ascertain the exact mechanism. When I got on the bus to return to the cybercafe, the Smart Woman continually controlled my arm to hurt when I thought of going to Daughterland (2:09:45). She knew that I would mistake her signals for DGHTR’s and would assume wrongly that DGHTR was advising me to escape there. Then another Russian girl showed up on the bus. This could just be DGHTRCOM’s attempt to create more evidences for the CIA’s “fake Russian” to cancel out the Smart Woman’s earlier effort. Again, I have no way of ascertaining which side was doing it. Instead, I interpreted the sudden abundance of “Russians” in my environment as the Monkey’s attempt to expel the Daughter People from the Cave, except the “high office” itself (2:21:20).



Chinese characters “conversation” popped up, 7:04 PM.

My next recording is: “IMPcybrafeincdnt_5_24-5_919PM-1224AM.WMA”: At the cybercafe I would

be reviewing my recordings and writing, as usual. At one point, I began begging, out of desperation: “Monkey, why don’t you give me a pyramid? Since you are going away, I might as well get something out of you...” (2:59:00). A minute later, someone came to me, wanting to sell me crystals. I was shocked. The cybercafe was in the middle of Koreatown; I had been frequenting the neighborhood for several years, and never before had I encountered drug-dealing. Clearly, it was the Monkey, I thought. I could not have guessed that it was in fact DGHTRCOM’s team who had controlled a drug-dealer to visit the area in order to obtain evidence showing that I was selling drugs, in conformity to the Monkey’s false profile of me: the faulty surveillance Machine would have confused the drug-dealer with me.

My next recording is: “[IMPcybrcafeincident_5_25_10_1224-212AM.WMA](#)”. Inside the cybercafe, I began brainstorming as to how to report the matter to the police and send them into the control center to arrest the Monkey. While it was possible that the police might know about the entrance to the control center, the ideas I came up with were hardly realistic. However, when the Chinese character *bu* (不: “No”) popped up on my computer screen two times (55:00 and 1:01:30) – the second time without my touching anything at all – I actually thought that I had identified a weakness in the system so that the Monkey was telling me not to do it. In reality, it was most likely the Smart Woman who was commanding these signals, not just to bind me in conspiracy with the Monkey, but also to lock me up further in my false scenarios by interacting with me in accordance with them.

May 25 (Tuesday; Wes)

My first recording of the new day is: “[IMPlafdincdntnrmdie_5_25_10_656-812AM.WMA](#)”. I slept in the street corner in Normandie and Wilshire. When I woke up and was having my morning coffee in the vicinity, several fire trucks showed up. It was false alarm. I erroneously associated it with my “threat” last night and assumed that the Monkey had “ordered his agents” to make a false report in order for law enforcement and fire department personnel to confuse the prank caller with me, so that they would not believe me should I report to the police about what happened last night.

My next recordings are: “[nrmndie_5_25_10_812-844AM.WMA](#)” and “[nrmndie_5_25_10_844-1008AM.WMA](#)”. I was then on the bus going to WCIL. While on the bus I unknowingly delivered more evidences into the hands of the Smart Woman by confessing that, while I wanted to “get Daddy Chertoff”, I didn’t want to hurt others – referring to the CIA (34:00). Then, when I uttered to the control center: “Give me some money and let me go to Daughterland” (35:00), the Hispanic guy sitting in front of me made a signal. The Smart Woman was encouraging me again to go to Daughterland. When I came inside WCIL, I helped the Smart Woman again by begging the Monkey not to command the CIA – I couldn’t stand the thought that this uneducated and vulgar businessman could be the boss of those educated and sophisticated women and men of the Agency (1:09:00). With these confessions, the Smart Woman could solidify further for the judge computer her argument that my desire to cry back in January was indeed due to my awareness that the Daughter People were beating the United States. When Howard showed up to have a word with me (1:14:00), his eyes were all red, leading me to suspect that he had been “fully chipped” with those nano devices which had reduced him to the state of

“command hallucination”. This was not the case.

My next recordings are: “[wcilwrongemerg_5_25_10_1008AM-1205PM.WMA](#)”; “[bus333provke_5_25_10_1205-1247PM.WMA](#)”; and “[fredprtmntdwntwn_5_25_10_1254-134PM.WMA](#)”. To the pleasure of the Smart Woman, I actually began planning a trip to Daughterland by checking out language schools in St. Petersburg. I then rode the bus back to Koreatown looking for a local fire department to make my report. I assumed that I could demolish the Monkey’s command by exposing that it was he who was giving everyone commands. My false beliefs were causing me to waste a lot of my time.

My next recording is: “[dwntwnplcecgivrtdghtrpyrmdphne_5_25_10_134-456PM.WMA](#)”. While I was looking for the fire department, Wes suddenly called me (16:30). He told me that when he called my number, he reached a certain “Omar”. I am not sure if this was orchestrated by the control center; from this point on I would be paranoid over the non-existent scenario that the Monkey, after obtaining my flash drive, had found someone to pretend to be me. (It was probably precisely to make me paranoid over nothing that DGHTRCOM’s team had instructed Wes to call me.) Wes also told me that he was still going to jury duty, and that he would wire me the money on Thursday or Friday. Unable to find the fire department, I went to the police station instead to advise them not to confuse the prank caller this morning with me (36:00) and ask about how to file a report about the crystals-selling at the cybercafe (41:30). I was making a fool of myself.

I then rode the bus to the Chicago School (2:28:00). Mona had called me this morning to ask me to meet her briefly. While I was at the Chicago School, the Smart Woman commanded a Daughterlander girl (a secret agent, presumably) to appear in front of me to talk on her cellphone. After meeting with Mona, I came to the UCLA library, murmuring: “Why can’t the Daughter People just pick me up, give me a ‘pyramid’, and put me somewhere? Even though I am disintegrating... but for what I have done?” (3:00:00) “I have sacrificed my entire life for my case at the ICJ; I have nothing left, except talking to myself...” (3:04:30). Again, bad evidence for the Daughter People.

My next recording is: “[wstwdeat_5_25_10_456-701PM.WMA](#)”. I erroneously interpreted the appearance of the Daughterlander girl as the Monkey’s attempt to make “conspiracy” out of me and maintain control of the “lower sphere” (10:30). “The Monkey wants to take over the entire courthouse, he even wants to take over Daughterland; why is it that my realization didn’t count?” (14:00) Just then, my left arm hurt – DGHTRCOM’s team was trying to tell me that I didn’t actually understand the situation correctly, but this escaped me, as always.

My next recording is: “[uclalibwvesrcrdroff_5_25_10_701-756PM.WMA](#)”. Tonight, while I was inside the UCLA library, I would have another conversation with Wes (from 12:40 onward). “Are you trying to harm me?” I asked him. “No, I’m way in Albany, how can I harm you?” (13:48) As if dying – I was so depressed over what I thought to be the Monkey’s hijack of the world’s command, in addition to being physically exhausted from homelessness – I told him I wished to know what was going on. “I don’t know what is going on,” Wes responded. “... I don’t know what is going on around me...” I said

as if with my last breath (16:18). “I wish you would tell me what is going on,” I begged. But Wes still denied that he knew what was going on. “Do you remember the first day we met?” I asked, somewhat mumbling, but still understandable. “Matt?” Wes said. “Do you remember the first day we met?” I asked once more in my depressed tone. “Your friend Matt from a long time ago?” Wes still didn’t get it. “Do you remember the first day we met?” I asked for the third time. “Oh, do I remember the first day we met,” Wes finally got it. “Well, we have different memories of it, I suppose,” he continued (17:28). After some recounting of old times, I said, “I’m so lonely...” “That is a long time ago,” Wes responded. “You don’t seem to be responding to me,” I said, becoming irritated. “I said I’m so lonely.” “Oh, you are so lonely,” Wes sounded surprised (18:39). He changed phone and came back on 19:38. I then recounted what concerned me: “I think I lost the battle with the Pyramid’s father...” “Yeah? And what does that mean?” “I guess... that means that the people I like have lost...” I said, extremely depressed. And I lost, I continued, simply because I picked things from the wrong trash can, accepted cigarettes from the wrong people, etc (21:00). “It also means that I will be left for dead,” I added. “I only have 10 dollars left,” I said. But Wes tried to comfort me by telling me that he would in a few days wire me money via Western Union and that my Social Security check should come in soon. That doesn’t matter, I told him, because my bank would in the beginning of every month deduct 400 dollars from my account so that I would never have enough money to rent an apartment (21:57). I then told Wes about my regret over my inability to find closure with the Pyramid. “I wish I had a friend or something...” I said. “A plan?” he said. “A friend... I’m tired of being alone...” I emphasized (24:00). Wes then continued comforting me saying “There is a stigma around homeless people”, that homeless people can only make friends with other homeless people (25:40). I wanted to explain to him my worry for DGHTR and Daughterland but had difficulty in doing so. Finally I began telling him how I couldn’t stand the fact that “someone else” (namely DGHTR or the Daughter People in general) would get hurt simply because I came into a wrong place, and how this whole thing was causing me so much stress (27:34). The logic behind my worries and my distress was the erroneous understanding that the Monkey was convicting DGHTR of conspiracy with me by marking off the area in which I found myself as DGHTR’s territory, etc.; but how do you explain this? “I’m going insane over this. I feel like I shouldn’t even be in this library because then someone else would get hurt” – namely, my erroneous belief that being in this UCLA library would cause the Monkey to take command of Daughterland. I began crying over the possibility that all the efforts I had spent in the past year and a half to save Daughterland had been lost to the Monkey (from 28:10 onward). Again, *something like this was true*, but not in the way in which I had imagined it. “Why don’t you move somewhere else? Maybe the Pyramid’s father isn’t as powerful as you think he is,” Wes said. “No, he rules the entire planet,” I cried (28:48). “I don’t believe you,” I added. “I’m trying to comfort you... I’m using the word ‘maybe’. Maybe he is not as powerful...” I simply couldn’t understand that Wes was hinting to me that the scenario I had developed about the control center was incorrect. “This is not about location,” I said in a mood of hopelessness. “Every place is so noisy. The only quiet place is this library, and I’m not supposed to be in this library,” I whined (31:09). I continued to complain how I could not withstand the environmental noises and could not swallow the fact that no one would advise me on how to avoid letting the Monkey take over what I had won for Daughterland. Wes pointed out to me that nobody was physically harming me or robbing me of my money. I thus had to admit that I was in torment because I could not swallow Daughterland’s defeat after my hard work to help them win and because I was stuck

in homelessness from which my current financial situation could not extricate me. I complained: how I tried to help this man – DGHTR – because he was a victim of sorts and how I was even willing to eat out of trash cans for him, and yet how the Monkey simply took over what I had won for this man. This deprived me not only of my victory, but also of the help which I supposed DGHTR would render me since I was in such a desperate state only because I was trying to help him. And there was no way for me to fight the Monkey; he just needed to command this or that to show up in front of me in order to keep his victory. Wes comforted me with his similar experiences of being cheated, saying in the end “Trust me, you can get out of this... You just have to stay on course” (47:30). At which time a Chinese girl wearing a red jacket and smiling comfortably came around the bookshelf to exhibit herself in front of me. I began moaning and telling Wes how uncomfortable this was for me because it signified for me that the Monkey was going to take over China (by convicting China of conspiracy with me against him: 48:15 or so). In reality, it was the Smart woman who had commanded the Chinese girl to come in front of me. As she listened to me expressing my worry for DGHTR and Daughterland, she knew she had obtained by now clear oral confession that my heart had always been with Daughterland and that I was trying to help Daughterland, or at least this imaginary DGHTR, during the first round. Grabbing onto the opportunity, she quickly instructed the computer system to find a Chinese girl in my vicinity and remotely control her to show up in front of me. She knew that I would, upon seeing the girl, fear for China’s wellbeing, in which case she would obtain also the evidence showing me conspiring with China which had presumably been working with Daughterland to reverse its 2008 conviction. I then complained: “This girl’s father just has to come in during the last moments [of the battle] when everyone is tired, and rob everyone’s rewards away...” Just when I mentioned that the Monkey lied to the Pyramid about me, my recorder was remotely shut off.

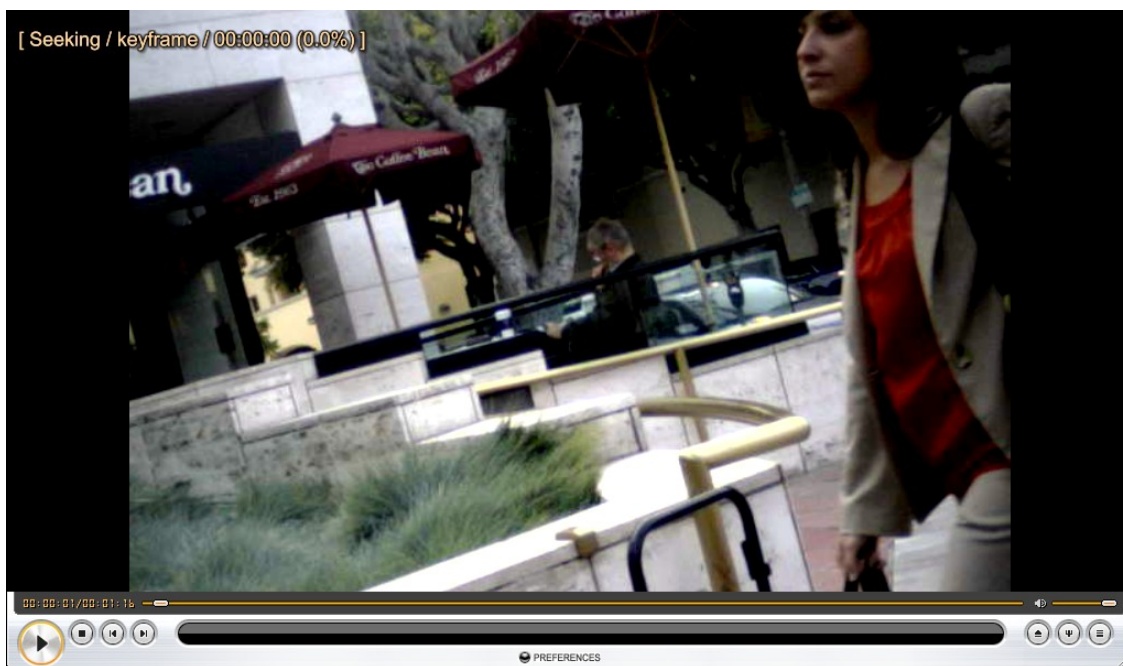
While by comforting me that “the Monkey was not as powerful as I thought he was” Wes was passing onto me a hint from DGHTRCOM’s team, by advising me to “stay on my course” he seemed to be passing onto me the advice from the Smart Woman. The Smart Woman wanted me to continue on my erroneous path of at least desiring to resist the “Monkey’s shift”, for then I would continue, out of reaction to him, to confess how much I preferred DGHTR, Daughterland, and everything else associated with DGHTRCOM’s interests. Now oral confession over the phone was “more convincing evidence” than my confession to myself because the former was an intercept of my communication whereas the latter was read off the mind-reading computer only. It was thus tonight that the Smart Woman would have input into the judge computer enough evidences to allow her to restructure the Microsphere – or rather dissolve it: she had established that new evidences had come to light that I had indeed conspired with the Daughter People during the first run to harm Mr former Secretary Chertoff and the CIA (and by extension our “Boss Cheney”). My conspirators were now established anew as the soon-to-be-real Russians.

My next recording is: “[uclawrtcmlntsupl9-8_5_25_10_757-1027PM.WMA](#)”: Because I would never utter a sound unless my recorder was turned on, I actually hanged up with Wes to turn on the recorder, and only called up Wes again after that. Not much more was said; Wes simply told me “help was on the way”: he would wire me the money through Western Union. I would spend the next two hours in the library continuing to write out the pleading in my planned lawsuit against the Pyramid. My arm was

remotely controlled to hurt when I was writing about how the Monkey took over the machines and altered their settings (2:14:00). In my next recording: “[leavucla8guysreflectn_5_25_10_1035-1152PM.WMA](#)”, when I left the library and was lamenting that I had to be permanently under the Monkey’s command, my arm hurt again (27:00). After tonight’s disaster, DGHTRCOM’s team would continually signal to me when I did get something right about the configuration inside the control center in the vain hope that I might realize my mistake and get the rest correctly as well.

May 26 (Wednesday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[strbklikepaintingwcil_5_26_10_729-953AM.WMA](#)”: I woke up from the street corner in Westwood Village and walked to Coffee Bean. Voilà, the man I thought was DGHTR was sitting in the patio there reading a book. I was instantly enraged, thinking that the Monkey had sent him in to commit “conspiracy” with me in order to secure further his command of everything. For this reason, I dared not talk to the man I thought was DGHTR, but simply videotaped him from afar. What was really going on was rather that the Smart Woman had sent the man in in order to cause me to further consolidate my erroneous belief that it was this man who was running me and not the Invisible Hand in the past few months (in order to forever prevent DGHTRCOM’s team from establishing the DGSE’s conspiracy with the CIA). Ignoring the Old Man and the Vagrant Woman who were sitting inside the coffeehouse, I rode the bus to WCIL.



the man I thought was DGHTR sitting in front of Coffee Bean,
Westwood, May 26 2010

My next recording is: “[wcilaleezaanglcpapamssg_5_26_10_1005-1121AM.WMA](#)”: I was waiting for

my turn to use the public computers at WCIL. Just when I was about to have my turn, a guy came in to cut in front of me. There was nothing I could do. I merely sighed: “Okay, the Monkey is teaching us again... He is teaching us that he likes to teach us. I’m so sick and tired of the fact that he is teaching me just so that he can stay afloat” (22:00). “Can he teach us, by his own example, not to steal the cake that others have baked?... Just take Mexico and leave the rest of the world alone...” (25:00). In reality, the Monkey, under the command of DGHTRCOM’s team, was simply remotely controlling the guy to provoke me to a fight so that his profile of me as violent and dangerous could be confirmed. This kind of operation would become far more frequent later on.

My next recordings are: “[wcildvd114_5_26_10_1121AM-1227PM.WMA](#)”; “[leavewcilvernlib_5_26_10_1227-140PM.WMA](#)”; and “[venicelibwmona_5_26_10_141-431PM.WMA](#)”: I left WCIL to return to Westwood. Mona had called me this morning to schedule an appointment with me for 3 PM. My session with her begins on 1:13:00 in the recording. It would be a very frustrating session for me. Lacking an adequate understanding of how the remote control of people worked, I assumed that it would be possible for me to detect if the Monkey was remotely controlling Mona: if the Monkey was controlling her, then she would not be able to speak any expert knowledge in psychology – since the Monkey didn’t understand anything about clinical psychology. I thus insisted to Mona that she explain to me her doctoral thesis, which was on how birth order affects personality. But Mona adamantly refused, claiming that she would not discuss her “personal issues”. She was absolutely hostile to me throughout the session. She was clearly a different person by now. After so much argument, I finally asked her how therapy worked. She replied, “I don’t suggest anything, I don’t give any advice. You talk about whatever, I’ll interpret it for you, and you get a better understanding...” (1:47:00). The usual psychodynamic approach. But Mona was not anymore educated or understanding in the domain of human psychology than I was; how could she interpret things better than I? (1:47:00) Our session ends on 2:01:30. Since Mona did not demonstrate any expert knowledge, I assumed that the Monkey was talking through her all the way, which was not the case. This only increased my anger with him. And then my recorder was remotely shut off.

My next recording is: “[aftrmmywstwdlib_5_26_10_439-6PM.WMA](#)”: Not too angry, I turned on my recorder again and came to the public library in Westwood to work on the pleading in my planned lawsuit. At some point I began filming myself writing about the *dispositifs* for remotely controlling people. Suddenly several police officers came in to interrogate me (1:09:00). After specifying to me that recording and videotaping were forbidden in county buildings, they searched me. Apparently one of the librarians had made a false report to the police saying I had insulted someone. I kept complaining to the officers that they were pretending not to know me – there was no way that they did not remember the Homeland Security instruction to them as to how to act in front of me. I was thus thrown out of the building and built up an enormous amount of anger inside me insofar as, once again, I was being punished for imaginary wrongs. Just like what happened on May 12: DGHTRCOM’s team needed to collect another evidence demonstrating my conformity to the Monkey’s false profile of me. They were desperate, for their Macrospherian status was being suspended, and I was not yet close to filing my lawsuit against the Pyramid. They didn’t succeed in provoking me in the morning; so by late afternoon they simply resorted to the same tactic of having me bear someone else’s violent acts.

The remainder of my night is recorded in: “[uclalawsuitinternalstrife_5_26_10_606-1044PM.WMA](#)” and “[leaveuclamommybugreau_5_26_10_1051PM-1138PM.WMA](#)”. I angrily dragged my heavy cart to Ackerman. Some passersby came near me to talk so loudly in an attempt to annoy me – adding fuel to fire – causing me to shout, “Shut up!” (25:00) It was probably also orchestrated by DGHTRCOM’s team. On my way I continued kicking over trash cans in anger (49:00). I spent the night in Ackerman working on the pleading paper. Then I decided on three things: “The Pyramid is so scary, I don’t want her, she’s so troublesome...” (4:04:00). “The Monkey’s purpose is to alienate me from the Daughter People...” (4:10:00). “The Monkey wants to destroy me so that he will not have a problem in the future” (4:30:30). That is, I began developing the erroneous belief that the Monkey had found his position inside the SVR and wanted to prevent the SVR from recruiting me in order to eliminate the possibility that I might become his political enemy in the future.

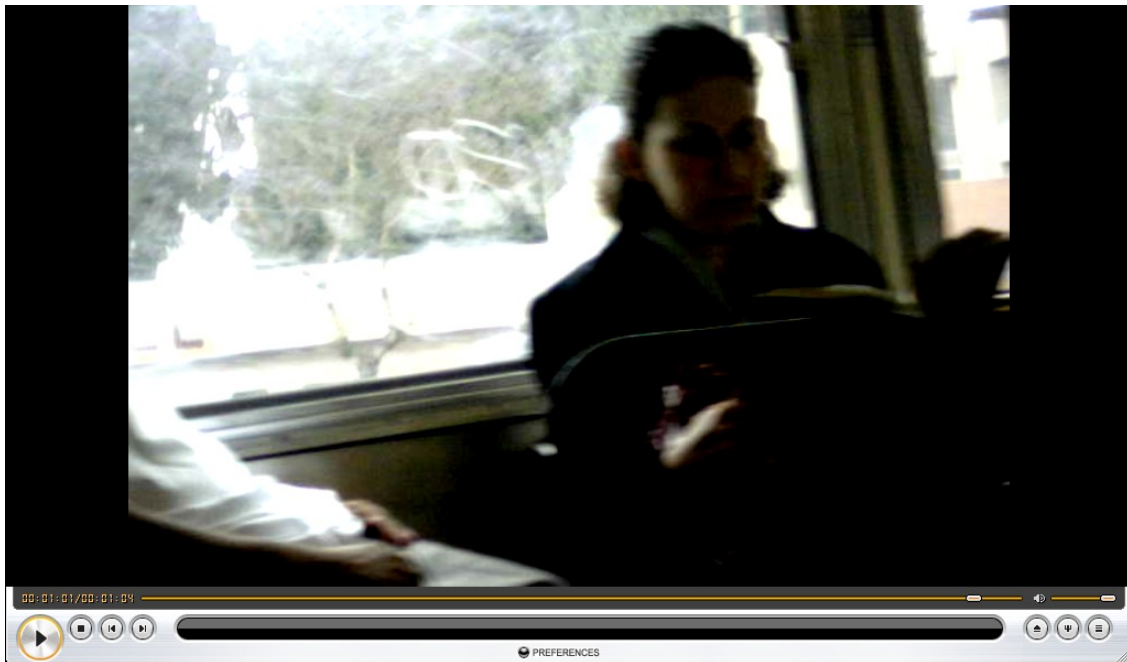
May 27 (Thursday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[wkoldmanstrngmndwntwnwstrnunion_5_27_10_637-1033AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner in Westwood around 6 AM and came inside Coffee Bean. As usual, the Old Man and the Vagrant Woman were waiting for me. I sat down with them, and then noticed that the man I thought was DGHTR was there once more, reading a magazine. I quickly drew a portrait of him on the newspaper which was lying around. He had a book on the table entitled, “Things fall apart”, which would cause me to fear in the afternoon that the Monkey might have indeed taken over the command of the entire world. I was completely on the wrong track. What was really going on was that, after the reconfiguration of the Microsphere yesterday, the Smart Woman had finally persuaded the judge computer to suspend Daughterland’s Macrospherian status (permanent position in the hidden command and the ability to not exist in my perspective) on the ground that the accuracy of the mind-reading computer was too much in doubt and then presented as new evidence my confessions that I had conspired with the Daughter People. Apparently, the two attempts by DGHTRCOM’s team yesterday to produce evidences showing my conformity to the Monkey’s forged profile of me were not enough to save the day. Now that both Mr former Secretary Chertoff and Boss Cheney were on the French side, this meant that the entire PLANMEX – like DGHTRCOM’s attempt to set me up with the Pyramid, his design to send me on Boss Cheney’s archaeological discovery, and Ekaterina’s intention to save me – could now be presented by the Smart Woman as evidences for my conspiracy with Daughterland against the CIA, France, and the Cheney-Chertoff gang. DGHTRCOM’s team only managed to avoid immediate conviction because they entered into the judge computer the argument that these evidences would soon be replaced. Furthermore, when the Smart Woman sent in the man I thought was DGHTR, DGHTRCOM’s team commanded him to carry a secret message to me: the victory of February 12 and the entire second run had at last been lost thanks to the Monkey!



The portrait I drew of the man I thought was DGHTR, May 27 2010

I then got on Bus 2 to go to downtown. When the bus was near downtown, the CIA’s “imitation of Maman” (our DGSE official from February 9) showed up on the bus! She was reading a book right in front of me. I filmed her head on this time: “**PICT0045.AVI**”. Unlike on February 24, “Mommy” today did not look pleased. She was visibly worried, while on February 24 she was all cheers. She got off the bus on Pershing Square just as “Maman” did on February 9. I was mystified. I could not have understood what had just happened. Now that the situation in the International Court had reverted back to France vs Russia in a battle to decide whether I had conspired with France and the CIA to harm Russia or with Russia to harm France and the CIA, the Smart Woman’s next step was to rewrite both the evidence from February 9 and that from February 24. She commanded DGHTRCOM’s team – which, again, she could do now that a vast amount of evidences had come in showing them conspiring with me – to command the CIA to fake the DGSE once more; this time the command structure would show that Daughterland had commanded the CIA to fake the DGSE in order to frame France! In other words, DGHTRCOM’s February 24 scenario that the CIA had faked the French in order to dupe me had been rejected along with the episode of Maman’s conspiracy with me on February 9. In this way DGHTRCOM’s backdoor deal with France which was sealed with the February 24 intercept was “legally” rejected (written out of the evidentiary record).



“Mommy” (CIA) faking “Maman” (DGSE)
for the second time, May 27 2010

My next recording is: “[libsecgurdwcilanglcpapahelp_5_27_10_1037AM-439PM.WMA](#)”: I discovered that my new Olympus recorder was remotely shut off – DGHTRCOM’s team was trying to provoke me, but I didn’t get too angry. I turned on my recorder; I was then in downtown, and had picked up Wes’ money at Western Union. I entered a fast food place to eat, and the owner yelled at me. My environment was becoming increasingly hostile. I came inside the public library, and someone was again yelling to the security guard (53:30). I left a message for Mona to cancel all my appointments and end therapy altogether (1:01:00). Since I was convinced that, when I talked to Mona, I was just talking to the Monkey, there wasn’t any point in talking to her. In reality, my interaction with Mona was not pointless: Mona had merely acted as police informant against me. I then noticed my “double” watching pornography on the public computer and reported it to the librarian (1:06:00). There was also a copy of “LA Express” lying on the table. People were being instructed by DGHTRCOM’s team to look at pornography or leave pornographic material around in my environment so that they could use the faulty surveillance Machine to intercept more “evidences” demonstrating my conformity to the Monkey’s forged profile of me (in this case, my “sexual perversion”).⁸³ After staying in the library for a brief while, I then rode the bus across town to WCIL (3:31:00). I wanted to use the Internet but the computer room was locked today. I would occasionally drift into skepticism about my scenario: “How can the Daughter People, with all their skill, allow some outsider to take over the courthouse?” (3:42:30) “Why would the Monkey, if he controls everything, allow a message to be passed onto me, ‘Things fall apart’?” (3:44:30) I then developed another erroneous scenario, that, to maintain his control, the

83 Presumably DGHTRCOM’s team had simply ordered Homeland Security to sent in their vulgar agents to look at pornography in the library or leave pornographic materials around.

Monkey might have to stick to the “script” that had already been put in place and, therefore, give me a “pyramid” (a girlfriend). Just then drivers were honking and my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (5:59:00).

My next recording is: “[brknguclalib_5_27_10_439-1012PM.WMA](#)”: The signals which confirmed my false scenario led me to speculate further on this wrong path: “Maybe they want to see at which point I will take a ‘pyramid’ from anyone, even from the Monkey” – and my arm was again remotely controlled to hurt (42:00). It was again the Smart Woman who was signaling to me, all in order to lock me into my wrong scenario (this time, a test to see at which point I would defect) so that I could be prevented from arriving at the true scenario, that France had objected. I did laundry at the laundromat, wandered around the neighborhood, ate, and eventually came to the UCLA library to use the computer. To the pleasure of the Smart Woman, I would reflect (speak to my recorder) continually about how I had saved Daughterland, how I restrained myself from Amanda in order to save Daughterland, how I could have numerous times abandoned Daughterland to benefit myself and yet didn’t. I thus concluded: “I know Daughterland, even if I turn out to be worthless, they will give me something just because it’s so easy...” Quite wrong. In reality, the Smart Woman would grab hold of my confession and input it into the judge computer: “More new evidences have come to light demonstrating that the suspect was indeed helping Russia during the first round...”

The remainder of my night is recorded in: “[wstwdtonovelgwnprymdinfntloop_5_27_10_1012-1151PM.WMA](#)” and “[novelspillsecretmstrb_5_28_10_12-115AM.WMA](#)”: I then rode the bus to Venice Beach to work on my laptop in Novel Cafe. Two guys came to sit at the table in front of me to talk about UFO. I assumed that the Monkey was controlling them to talk about this for a certain purpose, unaware that it was actually the Smart Woman who had controlled them in the hope that I might understand something about Boss Cheney’s plan to stage an UFO-landing in his End-of-the-World scenario. Once she could establish my conspiracy with Daughterland, she could blame all of Boss Cheney’s bizarre plans – faking a discovery of Atlantis, orchestrating nuclear holocaust, and staging UFO-landing – onto DGHTRCOM. But I would have to understand these plans in order for them to become part of my conspiracy with Daughterland against Boss Cheney. Ignoring their discourse about UFO, I instead talked to them about the God-like control center from which government officials could remotely control people, other politicians, and even the weather (25:00). Hearing these strangest crazy things from a homeless person, they asked me what made me believe all this. I tried to summarize for them how I was mistaken as a terrorist suspect, how the US government lied about this to the Chinese government when I flew to China, etc. But I soon found myself unable to summarize in a few sentences the enormously complicated course of this International Court trial – and I noticed for the first time how unreal this secret trial of the nations sounded to ordinary people who had no notions of international politics. I tried to continue by describing how Boss Cheney had commissioned this system where the implantation of a series of nanochips could reduce a person to the state of command hallucination and render him a remotely controlled robot, how the system was used to control the world’s government officials and a lot of the people around me, and how a Mexican businessman hijacked the system... These crazy things had absolutely no meaning for the two guys, and they listened without any enthusiasm; but they then asked me if I knew the last name of this “Mexican

businessman”. By then I had come to the realization that I could never dismantle the Monkey’s command by advertising it to people. The whole story about the International Court trial and the control center simply made no sense to ordinary people. I admitted to myself: “I can’t tell my secrets, there is no audience...” (33:00).⁸⁴

May 28 (Friday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[towstwdoldmannotdghtrcybrcafe_5_28_10_541-1049AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner in Venice Beach around 5:30 AM and rode the bus back to Westwood. I came inside Coffee Bean and saw the Old Man, the Vagrant Woman, and “Mrs Brown”. Mrs Brown was talking about computer systems again, describing the wonders of Oracle, an accounting software, to the Old Man. Apparently she worked at a law firm in Santa Monica Beach (1:03:00). She left momentarily. At one point the conversation between me and the Old Man drifted to the topic of my desire to get the Pyramid to read the story I was writing about her. The Vagrant Woman suddenly blinked her eyes at me, saying that I need only go to the library to find her – that if I dressed clean and nice then she would welcome me. I was dumbfounded; she was obviously controlled by the control center to encourage me to find the Pyramid. (Most likely, instructed by DGHTRCOM’s team.) What about the fact that she had banned me from the library? I then noticed that the man I thought was DGHTR was sitting with a woman in the corner. Since I was merely guessing that he was DGHTR, I decided to test out my hypothesis. I approached him and asked him where he obtained the LA Times which was lying on his table. Obeying international laws to the letter – keeping clandestine operations a secret from the suspect – the man showed no emotion, and responded to me as if he really didn’t know me, pointing out the LA Times newspaper stand outside on the street corner. This man I thought was DGHTR spoke American English without any accent at all, and I had thus temporarily concluded that this man was really not DGHTR – not the SVR officer who had been controlling the movements of people and things in my environment since late last year – but some ordinary American man who happened to show up in this Coffee Bean. That the man was not DGHTR was actually good news for me, for it meant that the bad scenarios I had been developing in my head might be wrong. It would be days later that I would reconclude that I had been deceived and remember that it was common for SVR officers to speak American English without accents – if not to look indistinguishably from white Americans.

I thus left, wondering again if everything had just been a test and if the Monkey had not taken over the world. My arm was then remotely controlled to hurt massively when I thought of filing my lawsuit against the “Monkey Pyramid” (1:43:00). DGHTRCOM’s team was waiting impatiently, even desperately, for their evidence that I constituted a danger to the Pyramid because they had already “promised” the judge computer that the evidence was coming. This was also why they had earlier instructed the Vagrant Woman to encourage me to find the Pyramid at the Law Library. But I wouldn’t listen: lucky me! I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. I enumerated my conditions to the control center: “I only want the Pyramid to read my story, but I still want to go on PLANMEX because I want to see DGHTR...” (2:12:30). “I have no problems with the Monkey as long as he submits himself to

84 Did DGHTRCOM’s team send these two guys in to trick me to say the Monkey’s family name?

'Daughterworld'" (2:25:00). Then Oliver called me on 2:29:00 – I had left him a message yesterday – telling me he would call me tonight. I developed another false scenario, that the Pyramid was still in training with DGHTR – when in fact she had gone back to her library job as if nothing had happened. At the cybercafe, I downloaded Filezilla onto the public computer wanting to upload my recording files to my website, but the computer immediately froze up (4:26:00). I was mystified. But I was allowed to upload my files moments later.

My next recording is: "[wstwdwcil_5_28_10_1128AM-310PM.WMA](#)". I then rode the bus back to Westwood. When the bus arrived at the end of the line in Westwood (26:00), the driver shouted angrily at me: "End of the line, end of the line!" Again, my environment was becoming increasingly hostile. I transferred onto another bus to go to WCIL. I had my doubts again: "The current international lawsuit is only make-belief..." – and my arm was remotely controlled to hurt. The Smart Woman was continually signaling to me whenever I developed a false scenario in order to lead me astray everywhere. I had also been developing the paranoid fear that the Monkey, with my flash drive, was instructing his agent to forge my writings in order to make it look like someone else had written my story. I thus stipulated to the Monkey that I would not take the "Monkey Pyramid" in exchange for his not forging my writings and allowing DGHTR to choose a new girlfriend for me.

My next recording is: "[wcilyogaangelawrtnoanglcnoforged_5_28_10_310-550PM.WMA](#)": I participated in a yoga session at WCIL. When I tried to use the WCIL computer to upload what I had written thus far of the pleading for my lawsuit (it was in RTF) to my website as backup, the Internet connection froze up. The control center didn't allow it. DGHTRCOM's team was trying to prevent my writing from being intercepted into the International Court as evidence demonstrating that I *could* write. I was angered, and left WCIL.

My next recording is: "[venicecafe-tonovelisha_5_28_10_602-1104PM.WMA](#)". I walked past a used bookstore and found Homer's *Iliad* (Loeb Classics) (18:00). I read a few lines of Homer's Greek. I thought I could show off to DGHTR if he was watching; in reality, the Smart Woman had just gathered up another evidence showing that the Monkey's profile of me must have been forged – it was like this that Daughterland's Macrospherian status was suspended. I came to the coffeehouse on Venice Blvd, and there suddenly had an epiphany: "I have never dealt with a big family before (the Pyramid's family, that is)... I drag a cart around, looking really ugly, while they drive Mercedes... I didn't notice how they might see me..." (1:22:00). "I cannot meet the Pyramid's family because they are not going to let themselves be recorded..." (1:26:40). "After we have dismantled the Pyramid's family, we have to put them back together. They are real world people, they don't care about some romance... Besides, the Pyramid's family doesn't know anything about Asia; they thus don't see the importance of my family..." (1:30:00). "It's not good that these big people have to fight over conflicts between two kids..." (1:35:00). "The Pyramid's family must have been shocked by my words about wanting to kill this person and kill that person... They aren't like the Bush family who has had long experience with the control center..."

Suddenly, a South African guy carrying a census bag sneaked up behind me. I immediately thought him

to be a remotely controlled person whom the Monkey had sent in to pass a message to me. “You can doubt me,” he said with an evil smile imbued with self-confidence (1:37:00). In reality, it was just the Smart Woman who had commanded the Monkey to remotely control this “census guy” to speak to me in this way so as to continually lock me in my erroneous scenario of a “coup d’État” by the Monkey. The function of his words was this, that, by making me believe that the Monkey was telling me he did not mind my dislike of his mastership over me, the Smart Woman could confirm my belief that he had now command of my environment and of PLANMEX. The census guy then began a round of mysterious talk about “changing rules”: “They train you, and then they change the rules...” He then talked about how America had been invading foreign countries. I talked about guided bombs. He talked about the use of drones to kill people. He then began describing a certain anti-aircraft gunnery on ships that was designed to to shoot down incoming missiles. He talked about how the cannons missed the practice target which was towed by an airplane. Unbeknownst to me, after the Smart Woman had remotely controlled this census guy in the beginning, it was now DGHTRCOM’s team’s turn. They were trying to hint to me that, while I was aiming correctly with my scenario about the “Monkey’s alteration of the machines in an attempt to hijack PLANMEX”, I missed the target – what happened after that was not the Monkey’s hijack of the world’s command but France’s objection. Needless to say, the metaphor completely escaped me. After a while, the census guy asked me where I was from. “Taiwan,” I replied (1:45:30). He then came up with this story about how the Taiwanese wanted their ousted president to come back. There was of course no such thing, and I quickly realized that it was some sort of metaphor, that the Monkey was telling me proudly about his royal family status (his being a distant relative of some former, ousted, Mexican president), implying that, even though he had done wrong and I had saved Daughterland, the “Daughter People” would still take his side thanks to his “connections.” This would have been the Monkey’s real point of view, and it made me believe all the more strongly that the Monkey was in command of everything since this comment sounded like a reaction to my “epiphany” earlier. But it was the Smart Woman who was commanding the Monkey to remotely control the census guy to say this, and she did so precisely to follow upon my self-deprecating remarks in order to further lock me into my erroneous scenario that there had been a “coup” by the Monkey. Furthermore, it seems that, with all these new evidences in place for my conspiracy with Daughterland, the Smart Woman was commanding DGHTRCOM’s team to command the Monkey to leak to me the outline of PLANMEX – that DGHTRCOM wanted the Bxxxxxxxx family (taking me with them) to go back to Mexico and rule the country as a Russian subordinate. In this way France would have further solidified the evidence that PLANMEX was my conspiracy with Daughterland. The census guy then told me the census team was meeting here soon (1:49:30). I have no idea if the Smart Woman was now replacing the evidences for the episode about the census back in January. He then complained about working for the government. He noted that the laws we had to abide by were legislated by some bureaucrats somewhere unconnected with the real situation, and that those on top could not really know what those on the bottom were going through. It seemed to me at the time that the Monkey was telling me that he had now come in between me and the Daughterlanders and that, while he made up stories about me to slander me, his Daughterlander bosses would not have the time to check if his slander of me was true or if he was treating me right. Once again, the Smart Woman was giving me false metaphors in order to confirm my false belief about the Monkey’s “coup”. She was evoking the law “devising the suspect’s environment to fit his belief as a way to let him finish his

mission” since I had started accepting the Monkey’s rule over me and begun demanding a “pyramid” from him. This remotely controlled robot then turned his attention to the two girls who just came in.

It should be noted that the Smart Woman’s choice of someone from South Africa was certainly not arbitrary. As I have noted, part of DGHTRCOM’s method for constructing a multipolar world was to strengthen the existing counter alliances he had already constructed, among which, BRIC. The second BRIC summit had just taken place in Brasilia, Brazil, on April 15. The member nations were now considering inviting South Africa to the alliance. (South Africa would be formally invited to BRIC on September 21, 2010.) Other than establishing PLANMEX as my conspiracy with Daughterland and reinforcing my false beliefs, the Smart Woman, as her third objective in this episode, wanted to establish South Africa as my conspirator. France would take over the command of BRICS; the French were here taking the first step in dismantling DGHTRCOM’s multipolar world in the making. After a while, Oliver called me (3:19:30). He talked about moving to Santa Fe, and then we were suddenly disconnected on 3:28:00. He called me back immediately. I told Oliver how much I wanted to tell him all the amazing weird things which had happened to me (3:29:30). After some chitchat about old times, I got to my purpose and asked him about the “world tour” which he took in 2004 (3:42:00). I wanted particularly to know about his trip to “Daughterland”. He named all the countries he had been to. I asked him about the Hermitage and St. Petersburg (3:44:50). I then told him about my trip to Shanghai, and asked him about his trip to Beijing. I then told him I would call him in five minutes (3:47:20). After I disconnected with him, I hesitated slightly: Daughterland is in control, right? I was dead wrong!

I called Oliver again on 3:58:00, and we resumed our conversation about St. Petersburg. “You want to go there?” “Maybe...” “You want to teach languages there?” “Learn languages... Maybe teach languages too...” Oliver then said he was going to New Mexico in two weeks. He hanged up on 4:03:00. Now the “Smart Women” had obtained the evidence they needed for my intention to go to Daughterland. Now that France had caused Daughterland’s Macrospherian status to be suspended and established that the “Russian” in my environment was real, DGHTRCOM’s Daughter People could still hold onto the claim that the “Russian” in my world was fake because they could argue that France’s new evidences could be soon replaced. If I went to Daughterland, however, it would be impossible for them to argue that my “Russian” was fake; furthermore, much of the Russian government apparatus would fall under French control on ground of conspiracy with me: Daughterland could no longer avoid falling under French command because “new evidences would soon replace old evidences”. Thirdly, in accordance with the rules that had been established, if I went to St. Petersburg, for example, the Daughter People would be required to chip a sizable portion of the population there in the brain just as they had required the US government to do in Los Angeles. Since France’s command of Daughterland to do this would escape my knowledge, the microchipping of people *en masse* to simulate Boss Cheney’s utopia would also be blamed onto DGHTRCOM as part of my conspiracy with Daughterland against France and the Cheney-Chertoff gang. This was why the Smart Woman had been encouraging me to go to Daughterland. Not having the slightest inkling of the gravity of the situation, I walked away saying – stuck in my erroneous scenario: “It made no sense that other Daughter People would favor the Monkey over DGHTR” (4:08:00). Then: “I should not make deals with the Monkey and leave DGHTR aside...” (4:09:50).

After this I rode the bus to Venice Beach. I wanted to pass the remainder of the night in Novel Cafe. Surprise: I ran into Isha on the bus. We chatted a little. What I did not know was that the Smart Woman was commanding the Daughter People to instruct the Invisible hand to remotely control Isha to meet me in order to replace the evidence for my encounter with him on March 4. The Smart Woman had fixed the current episode so that the judge computer would recognize the Daughter People's command – this was how the Smart Woman would continue to change all the “fake Russian” in the evidentiary record into “real Russian” and create evidence for my conspiracy with Daughterland to harm the CIA, France, and the Cheney-Chertoff gang. I got off the bus together with Isha and parted with him on 4:36:00. While walking to Novel Cafe, I murmured: “You didn't spend all that energy just to lose *Tochterwelt* for this; we have to retreat to Daughterland! (4:37:00) Then: “I hope I'm not gambling Daughterland's life away!” (4:52:30) How right was I! While at Novel, I tried to film myself writing, but my camera was repeatedly remotely turned off from the control center. I was getting very frustrated, and developed the erroneous scenario that the Monkey was uncomfortable with my videotaping myself writing because he had already instructed his agent who had picked up my lost USB drive to play some trick with my writings making them look to law enforcement as if I didn't write them.

May 29 (Saturday; machine malfunctioning)

My first recording of the new day is: “[novelwrtsupl8-9kcdut_5_29_10_744-1039AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner in Venice Beach around 7 AM and came to Novel Cafe. I was going to create a new DVD with my Toshiba Disc Creator. At the same time I was writing down the latest happening with the Monkey on this very diary. I turned on my camera on 1:04:50 and began videotaping myself writing. Just at that moment an infant nearby began crying loudly. The baby had been crying in the coffeehouse the whole morning. I was very irritated because it seemed that, every time when I videotaped myself writing, something would happen to taint the process. The baby would continue to make noises, and it seemed to me that the mother and the baby were remotely controlled from the control center to come here and taint my recording of my writing. On 1:47:55, just as I picked up my camcorder after filming myself from afar in order to get a close shot of my computer screen – this step was inessential in proving what exactly I had been typing on my laptop – it was remotely shut off from the control center. I was terribly angered; meanwhile the baby was shouting ever more loudly. I was in a setup orchestrated by DGHTRCOM's team from the control center – they were provoking me in order to obtain the evidence they needed demonstrating my violent temperament. I put new batteries into the camcorder (what else could I do?), turned it on, and left it on the other table to film myself again. I was getting very irritated. But I continued writing.

Some time later another woman came in carrying her baby. I said to myself: “Oh another one of those things which people should dump in the trash can.” Then, on 2:35:40 or so, as expected, the baby was remotely controlled to make loud noises. “Ah – Shut up man,” I murmured quietly, and cursed, “fuck you, etc.” The provocation had succeeded and one of the two guys sitting by the counter came to me looking very angry: “Hey that's my niece... Did you hear me? If you do that you'll never come in here

again.” Then he wanted me to leave right away. “Are you the boss?” I asked. “Yeah, I don’t want you here,” he said. Meanwhile, the baby continued making noises per remote control. I began humming. “I thought we had an agreement yesterday with the Monkey... But no, your writings would have to be forged... I don’t think there is a place on the planet from which I haven’t been kicked out.... Wait, that baby is not his niece...” The other guy said sternly in a vulgar tone, like a gangster, “That doesn’t matter... You must back down!” I repeated: “Yeah, that’s not his niece... The woman just came in carrying a baby...” The guy was hurrying me: “You’re not doing it.” “I’m doing it,” I said angrily (2:38:30). Then I realized that “You must back down” was the Monkey’s symbolism: his feudalistic world-view in which those in the lower sphere of existence must accept maltreatment from those in the upper sphere whether it was justified or not. Meanwhile the guy was hovering over me closely. “Are you watching over me?” “I’m the cafe owner,” he replied. “I thought *he* is the cafe owner,” I pointed to the first guy. “We both are” (!). “Yeah so what’s your name?” “Why?” “Just asking.” “John,” he replied, and he asked me in return. “George.” “You can’t talk to... It’s not cool.” “I apologize,” I said, and continued: “I was only talking to the air, you know.” It was from this moment onward that I decided that the lawsuit must be filed against the Pyramid. I continued to complain: I have my recorder out and someone just has to come over carrying a baby in hands and, after destroying my recording with baby sounds, would walk away. I could feel that my environment was changing, becoming strangely hostile. All the things which I used to do weren’t allowed anymore, such as recording in a public building. I thought it was the Monkey. In fact, it was my Daughterlanders. DGHTRCOM’s team had instructed the computer system to produce feelings of hostility in the mind of the people around me and then to provoke me with those little things which I found irritating. When these two guys threw me out of Novel Cafe, they thus obtained evidence that I was rowdy and violently tempered just as the Monkey had claimed I was.

My next recording is: “[smpublib_5_29_10_1039-1107AM.WMA](#)”. I went instead to the Santa Monica Public Library on Main Street. On my way there I was disturbed by a massive amount of siren from ambulances and police cars (4:00). I have not been logging here the sudden increase in the frequency of siren in the recordings; another strategy which DGHTRCOM’s team, or the team of expert psychologists, employed to intensify my violent temperament was to increase the amount of loud noises in my environment. Since I was homeless, I couldn’t avoid the noises, so that these small irritations could accumulate to severe anger outburst. At the library, I began verifying the disc I had just burned in Novel Cafe. Soon my Toshiba Disc Creator reported errors on the disc and the process was shut down (22:50). I filmed the malfunctioning in: “[PICT0078.AVI](#)”. Obviously my software was remotely controlled from the control center to produce a bad burn earlier. It was DGHTRCOM’s team; they were trying to provoke me to violent outburst. I was instantly angered, assuming it was the Monkey: “He wants to waste my money, that’s his purpose” (24:45). “He violates the rule again, destroying homeless people’s properties....” My anger and frustration continued into the next recording: “[leavesmlib_5_29_10_1117-1158AM.WMA](#)”. I murmured to the Monkey hiding inside the control center: “You have to pay for the discs, and the emotional damages...” (11:30). I left the library to catch the bus to go to Westwood. When I came to the bus stop, the bus just happened to pass me by. It had become a pattern, and so I murmured: Whenever I arrive at the bus stop, I would just happen to miss the bus.

My next recording is: “[noconsprcybus2_5_29_10_1158AM-458PM.WMA](#)”: I came to Westwood and dug food out of the trash cans by the parking lot to eat. I speculated: the Pyramid’s mother was the go-between between DGHTR and the Monkey; she would care about *Tochterwelt*.... And my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (1:01:00). I was again stupidly attributing good will to ordinary selfish and stupid people just as I did in the case of the Pyramid earlier. And, as usual, the Smart Woman gave me a confirmation in order to lead me astray. Soon the security guard came to throw me out of the parking lot (1:37:00). There just seemed to be no place on earth for a dirty homeless person; I thus got on the bus again to go to downtown. I murmured: “Because of the destruction of my disc, my entire day is screwed up” (2:53:00). Then I concluded, erroneously of course: “This is a duel with the Monkey” (3:06:00). I wandered around downtown frustrated because there was just no place for a homeless person. Finally I decided to settle down in the coffeehouse in Little Tokyo (4:27:00). I was so frustrated because I had to recompile the entire DVD project which the control center had destroyed: “My entire day is wasted because of a single instance of malfunctioning...” (4:41:00). I ended up cursing the Monkey because it turned out that there was not enough time to burn a disc before the coffeehouse closed.

My next recordings are: “[wrtsupl9dvd11688cllquit_5_29_10_458-627PM.WMA](#)” and “[fakejapmilmagcybrsuplchckdsc_5_29-30_10_628PM-1205AM.WMA](#)”. I then wandered to Kinokuniya Bookstore on 9:00 and was looking at various Japanese magazines on weaponry. The magazine mysteriously featured a World War II Japanese ace pilot who – it was written – had shot down 202 planes. I was completely stupefied. Neither Japanese nor American ace pilots during World War II have ever had the chance to shoot down more than 100 planes. Only Germany has had ace pilots who have personally shot down hundreds of enemy planes. I began thinking that the magazine was fake – Japanese editors were too careful to make mistakes like that – and wondering if the control center had orchestrated this to test me. I asked myself: But why test my knowledge of WWII? What’s the use? Both the drivers around me were honking and my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (1:10:00). As I alternated between the scenarios of the Monkey’s hijack, the SVR’s testing, and a duel with the Monkey, the Smart Woman would always confirm me in order to keep me on the wrong path. Furthermore this was another evidence for the Smart Woman that I wasn’t mentally retarded. I would spend the night in the cybercafe writing this diary and the “Secret History”. It was on this night that I began expanding the nickname system I had developed to include “Daughterland”, “Daughter People”, etc. I was truly excited and wanted to share it with Wes, my only friend.

May 30 (Sunday)

After the intense operations in the past few days, today would be a quiet day, my break. My morning is recorded in: “[wkmcndlstrge_5_30_10_706-916AM.WMA](#)” and: “[strge_5_30_10_917-1152AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner near the cybercafe, ate in McDonald’s, and then rode the bus to my storage facility to put the copies of my latest DVDs in storage. A-American had now become Public Storage; I even wondered if the control center had orchestrated this transformation to create an intercept. What does it mean? I kept asking.

My next recording is: [“uclamstrbslplibknight_5_30_10_1231-614PM.WMA”](#): I got on the bus to return to Westwood, and I was soon surrounded by children. I was becoming terribly annoyed: “Why the fuck do I have to live in Disneyland?” (28:00) It does seem that it was thanks to the orchestration of the team of experts. I came inside Ackerman to take a nap, and there would be children around shouting from time to time in this university campus (2:33:30). When I woke up, I went inside the library to use the public computer to continue restoring my “Scientific Enlightenment” on my website. I was depressed by the fact that I could barely remember even my own theory, a “thermodynamic interpretation of history”, all because this International Court trial had wasted so much of my time and my brain. When I exited the library, I murmured: the Daughter People are the greatest people on earth, right? And my arm was remotely controlled to hurt. Unbeknownst to me, the Smart Woman was signaling to me because she had collected another evidence demonstrating my conspiracy with the SVR – who were no longer “CIA fake”.

In my next recording, I continued to provide valuable evidences to the Smart Woman: [“ucladoubtdghtrpplacepilot_5_30_10_614-719PM.WMA”](#): I murmured to myself: “The Daughter People will not abandon me, because I have saved their country...” (7:00). “I want the Daughter People to give me a ‘pyramid’ to guide me to their country.” Then I confessed: when I was flying to Nicaragua, the Daughter People of course knew I was doing so to “get Mr former Secretary Chertoff” – and my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (15:00). Well, that was another evidence for the French and the US, that the first run was a conspiracy between me and Daughterland against them.

The remainder of my night is recorded in: [“brgrwstwuclawrt_5_30-31_10_728PM-1202AM.WMA”](#). I did my writing in Ackerman. Finally, I despaired: for how many more months do I have to be homeless? I have only skeletons left... (3:53:00). I was just completely exhausted. I cried: the Pyramid is such a disease! Only if I had never met her! (3:58:00) Near midnight, I got on the bus to go to the cybercafe in Koreatown.

May 31 (Monday)

My next recording is: [“cybrcfelkguyftpwr_5_31_10_1202-505AM.WMA”](#): At the cybercafe I chatted with this black guy named “Pete”. He was here every night. He first talked to me about his enthusiasm for travel, and then explained that he was here every night to do “a little work”, for he was in the process of “creating his own company.” Then he explained to me how to make it in society: “If you want to get it done, you have to find the right person... the right boss...” (26:00). I couldn’t help but feel that the Monkey was controlling him to send me a “message”: that I should go on *his* PLANMEX. If it was indeed a secret message from the control center, it was certainly directed by the Smart Woman now that she had established the Monkey as Daughterland’s conspirator. She wanted me to “finish my mission” – to go on PLANMEX after she had established it as part of my conspiracy with Daughterland. Then, suddenly, someone came to me to sell drugs. Again! It was now the turn of DGHTRCOM’s team. Finally Pete said to me: “Be flexible when you work with people” – and my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (42:00). Now it seemed to be the Smart Woman who was encouraging

me to finish my mission. I then continued writing my last chapter in the story of the conviction of China in the ICJ, “Frankfurt and Brussels” (1:16:00).

After a while I was online using the public computer. When I happened to be looking at travel packages on a website, my arm hurt (3:23:30). I naturally thought it was the Monkey; in reality it was the Smart Woman who wanted me to take the next step in going to Daughterland. While uploading my recording files to my website, I watched on Youtube Miho Nakayama performing “More than anyone in the world...” I began filming Miho in the video because I was so enamored with the way she blinked her eyes. I was on the computer until 5 AM, and then went to sleep on the street corner for three hours.

My first recording after I woke up is: “[cybrcafevidmihoftp_5_31_10_821AM-1212PM.WMA](#)”: As if homelessness weren’t bad enough, I was overcome by allergy and sneezed constantly. When I came back inside the cybercafe, people were aggressively shouting profanity (2:05:00). I noted: “Why does the Monkey do this? People are suddenly so aggressive...” The team of experts were controlling the people around me to be slightly more aggressive than usual as a way to condition me to aggression as well. Still remembering Miho, I watched her on Youtube again (2:36:00). When I began comprehending the lyrics, my arm hurt (2:40:00). The Smart Woman had collected her evidence. Wanting to compare Miho’s eye-blinking with that of Best Mommy, I pulled out from my DVDs the video of Best Mommy from April 15 2009 and filmed Best Mommy and Miho blinking together (2:52:00). This might seem like a trivial detail for you; but the Smart Woman had been hurting my arm earlier about this because she was now replacing the evidence of my playing the video of Best Mommy on January 9. This time the Smart Woman had commanded the Daughter People to signal to me; the episode of January 9 was now rewritten as “my conspiracy with Daughterland against the CIA”.

My recordings for the afternoon are: “[bus720flytildie_5_31_10_1212-1247PM.WMA](#)”; “[japnsmag_5_31_10_1256-126PM.WMA](#)”; and “[lttlkyowrtkorncafe_5_31_10_126-523PM.WMA](#)”. Around 3 PM or so, I reiterated on this diary that the “Great Pyramid of the Law Library” was a completely worthless entity because her relation to her father had irrevocably cut her value down to nothingness, and that I much preferred to have applied my *Formule* to the “Five Second Double Smile Pyramid” whom I now had elevated to world-historical status – the person because of whom Daughterland was saved. What I didn’t know was that I had just provided the Smart Woman with another evidence for my conspiracy with Daughterland – and this would eventually cause the “Double Smile” to show up again.

My next recordings are: “[korncafenaglcpapanotwntmewrt_5_31_10_523-854PM.WMA](#)”; “[korncafeanglc papa_5_31_10_854-955PM.WMA](#)”; and “[hotdogcybrcafe_5_31_10_956-1150PM.WMA](#)”. I spent the night in a Korean cafe near the cybercafe to work on this “Psychology of the Ying and the Yang”. Even while I was writing, I couldn’t stop complaining about how the Monkey had ruined everything for everyone (2:38:00 or so). Why can’t he just pretend that he cares about “Daughterworld”? Does he think that I have the time to make police reports about a lost USB drive? I’d like to spend my time writing. I want to protect my writing and *Tochterwelt*. Then I dared that the Monkey take away all that I had accomplished for Daughterland’s sake and kill me. I was very angry with the Monkey: “Show your true color Mother Fucker! You xxxxxxxx don’t mean crap for me. I like

the Amigos on the bus but your royal class doesn't mean anything to me..." Deep down I really didn't see anything special about the Monkey. He might think he was superior, and that was precisely the reason why I looked down upon him. The "Amigos" I didn't look down upon because they didn't think themselves superior. "He doesn't know that being of a royal house from Mexico doesn't mean anything at all" (21:43 in the second recording). Believing erroneously that the Daughter People wanted this International Court trial to be kept in secrecy, I decided that I should show my writings only to them who already knew the story, and I spoke of the injustice that the secret of such a worthless being as the Monkey should be protected at all (till 23:00 or so). There is a solution to the conflict between my desire for catharsis and the Daughter People's desire to keep the matter in secrecy, I said then on 28:30, which is that I be surrounded only by the Daughter People. On 36:50 the cafe employee came to the front door and opened one of the two screens, leaving the other one closed. I even wondered if *this* was a secret message from the Daughter People to the effect that I had come up with a good compromise. I then continued writing the last chapter "Frankfurt and Brussels" in the story of the conviction of China.

June 1 (Tuesday; Wes)

My first recording of the new day is: "[wstwdbuydscgostrve_6_1_10_930-1159AM.WMA](#)": I came to Westwood to buy new blank DVDs, and I began developing the worry that the Monkey might have employed Mr former Secretary's old technique of falsely alerting the population about me in order to hide his command. I then rode the bus back to the cybercafe. What I thought to be a threat from the Monkey on May 28 – telling me that the Daughter People didn't have access to me – was so seriously bothering me that I would call Wes tonight about the matter. Along with my worry that the Monkey was ordering his agent to forge my writing, my paranoid fear that the Monkey had forged a recording of my voice – the business with Omar – was also gnawing painfully at me. I thought that, knowing that I was recording myself 24 hours a day to prove my innocence of the criminal characteristics which he wanted to impose on me in law enforcement records, the Monkey had resorted to the tactic of forging recordings and then instructing government agents and officers to mistake those for mine. I thought that the forged recording was flowing about somewhere in the law enforcement and security industry and that the Department of Homeland Security was investigating me and conducting surveillance on me on account of this forged recording. I had, again, noticed that the Monkey was trying to frame me into a criminal character in the nature of "David Chin" – angry, violent, pornographic, stupid, vulgar, uneducated, murderous, and pedophilic. Thus I decided: "Fuck the Monkey, we are going to Daughterland" (2:27:00).⁸⁵

My next recording is: "[bcktonrmandie_6_1_10_1159AM-1243PM.WMA](#)": While on the bus, I suddenly developed another erroneous scenario, that the Monkey was caught altering the intercepts of my thoughts again – and the passengers on the bus were remotely controlled to pull the string to confirm. When I got off the bus, I murmured: "The Daughter People were testing the Monkey and so they let him do it again... The Monkey cheated again" – and the drivers around were honking to confirm (25:30). Needless to say, it was just the Smart Woman who was trying to lead me astray. She

⁸⁵ Again, I had failed to notice that it's DGHTRCOM's team which was trying to frame me thusly, and this, only in order to counter the French objection.

quite succeeded. From now on I would believe firmly that the Monkey had been caught forging the intercepts of my thoughts for the second time.

My next recordings are: “[6_1_10_1244-329PM.WMA](#)” and “[6_1_10_330-516PM.WMA](#)”: When I said, “Just take us to Daughterland” – the drivers were honking as well (1:46:00). Again, the Smart Woman was encouraging me, while I thought it was DGHTR, unless the Monkey was deceiving me. “But... why don’t they take me there? What are they waiting for?” I then unknowingly provided more confession to the Smart Woman by commenting on my feat to help Daughterland on February 13 2009. When I was being sold for packs of batteries for merely 10 dollars in Radio Shack – the employee offered me this special deal – I again assumed that this was orchestrated from the control center and suspected that the Monkey was keeping himself “afloat” by helping me here and there. When I turned on my computer in the cybercafe, the Chinese characters for “extraordinary methods” (非凡方法) mysteriously popped up on my computer screen (1:45:00 in the second recording).

My next recording is: “[nrmdiewes_6_1_10_528-836PM.WMA](#)”. After cursing the Monkey for a while, I called up Wes. Recall my two concerns which I wanted to share with him, the Monkey’s obstruction of the Daughter People’s access to me and my “nickname system”. Wes had not been answering my calls in the past few days, but this time he did (29:00). After we talked a little about my desperate financial situation, I got to my concerns. The “Higher Authority”, “I call them... ‘Daughter People’, do you understand?” I said. “Daughter People?” Wes pretended (34:00). I told him my worry: What if the Daughter People were not watching me, but only the Monkey was (35:20)? What if the Monkey stole all my suggestions and presented these to the Daughter People as if they were his own? What if the Daughter People believed him? (“Suggestions”, for example, about the use of a secure connection in the remote control of human beings.) But Wes pretended to not know who the Daughter People were, so that I had to explain to him that the Daughter People were just those people whom I had earlier called “Higher Authority” (36:20). I explained further: the Daughter People were good people... They were watching me originally, but then the Monkey came in, after which I wouldn’t know whether it was the Daughter People watching me or the Monkey watching me – and my perpetual worry about the Monkey’s theft of my ideas to present them to the Daughter People (38:05). Then I proposed my solution: to live in the Daughter People’s country so that the Monkey would not be able to cut in. “In the Daughter People’s house?” Wes asked. “No. In the Daughter People’s country,” I clarified (38:50). I then explained to him that this country I thus called “Daughter Land”. “Oh, like Father Land and Mother Land, so there is Daughter Land,” Wes exclaimed. “But the difference is that anyone can call his country ‘motherland’ or ‘fatherland’, but ‘Daughterland’ is a very specific country,” I clarified. I then told him how I didn’t have money to go there, how I didn’t speak a word of the language spoken there, and finally how I was puzzled by the fact that the Daughter People didn’t pick me up and take me there as I had assumed they would. I explained that I thought this was due to the Monkey’s intervention (40:10). “I thought the Daughter People are supposed to take me to Daughterland and then give me a girlfriend there... Originally they wanted me to go to Mexico with the Pyramid,” I said. “So Daughterland is Mexico,” Wes pretended to be confused. “No... xxxxxx is ‘Trashland’,” I rebuked him (40:52). “Daughterland is the opposite of xxxxxx!” Wes then asked me what language it was that was spoken in “Daughterland”. “The language of Daughterland is called ‘Tochtersprach’,” I said, or

“Daughterspeak”. After the Daughter People take me to Daughterland, I explained, they are supposed to give me a “Daughter Pyramid”, which is one of the female inhabitants there. “Daughter Pyramid,” Wes said. After we discussed a little my erroneous understanding of the situation – that the Monkey was preventing the Daughter People from helping me and assimilating me – Wes suggested: “Maybe you need to beat him at his own game.” “I cannot beat him at his own game. I’m too tired,” I yelled (45:50). There was a reason why Wes was suggesting this – for he would repeat this suggestion in the future – but I will not speculate on it here. I then offered my theory that perhaps the Monkey’s connections in Trashland had allowed him to persuade the Trashland enterprises to withhold oil deals from Daughterland as a way to blackmail the Daughter People into not accepting me (47:15 or so). “Why don’t we go to Daughterland?” I asked. “I can’t go to Daughterland, I’m married,” Wes replied. I then talked about how I wanted to go to Daughterland with Oliver. But I insisted: “The Daughter People should pay for it...” “Maybe they have their hands tied,” Wes said, adding that I would thus have to go by myself (49:30). Save money, Wes suggested. Unbeknownst to me, Wes was instructed by the very Daughter People (via the Invisible Hand) to give me a hint about the situation in the International Court: that Daughterland had already lost its Macrospherian status and would have already been convicted of conspiracy with me had it not been possible for them to put the conviction on hold by constantly getting the police and security guards to harass me and “borrowing possible evidences from the future.” Avoiding conspiracy with me was the Daughter People’s primary goal right now. Then I continued: “I could go with my unused ticket to Amsterdam; I would have to take the train from there. But I need to get a Visa to go to Daughterland.” “Are you sure?” Wes asked. “I think Daughterland requires a Visa,” I said. “But if the Daughter People have abandoned me and yet I keep going after them, wouldn’t that look stupid?” I then asked (51:40). “Not if, as you have said, the girl’s father is preventing the Daughter People from showing up... Save money... I don’t know,” Wes was getting ambiguous (52:35). “But if the Daughter People want me to go to Daughterland, they would just give me money... What should I do? What if nothing happens when I get there? I will die!” “Then learn the language first,” Wes said. Then the honking outside reminded me to talk about this other concern of mine, that, before, the Daughter People would control drivers to honk in order to indicate to me what the right actions were, and that all I had to do was follow the honking; but that now it might be the Monkey who was controlling the honking, in which case I had better not follow it: how could I distinguish honking from the Monkey from honking from the Daughter People? Then I repeated: “I have sacrificed my entire life for the Daughter People... If they have abandoned me and I go after them, wouldn’t that look stupid?” “Probably,” Wes said. “Why would they *not* abandon you?” Wes then asked. “Because Daughterland is a big country... It has to be because of the Monkey...” Wes then hinted to me again: “*You don’t have enough information... You need to think more...*” And my toes were hurting: it was the Daughter People’s signal. And I explained to Wes that this (hurting my body) used to be the Daughter People’s communication to me. Then I had to explain to him the difference between the Daughter People and Daughterland’s citizens. “The Daughter People are not Daughterland’s people. The Daughter People are the people who rule Daughterland. The political elites of Daughterland seem always to have come from the Daughter People. But the Daughter People are just the intelligence agency of Daughterland. I’m not sure how to call the citizens of Daughterland...” “Daughterlanders,” Wes suggested. Then I despaired: What should I do? “Well, what are your options? You can go to Daughterland and end up looking like a fool,” Wes said (59:50). “... The only question is money...” I

said, and: “I can’t save money, man.” “... Or, you can wait,” Wes said. “I can’t... The girl’s father might be stealing my ideas...” I whined (1:01:50). Then I proposed: “I can go to Daughterland’s consulate and get locked up there... Then the girl’s father would not be able to steal my ideas...” I continued: “Sometimes it seems that this Monkey needs to watch the Daughter People’s face. But I forgot how I arrived at this conclusion...” I then talked about how I couldn’t be sure whether it was the Monkey who ruled Daughterland or the Daughter People who ruled the Monkey, and how I was afraid that the Monkey might take over Daughterland if I went there. Wes followed in immediately: “Maybe that’s the answer... Maybe the Daughter People are afraid that, if they take you there, they will be in big trouble” (1:04:28). “No...” I sighed in disbelief, but some driver was remotely controlled to honk (1:04:35) – DGHTRCOM’s team’s signal, once more. I just couldn’t grasp the fact that Wes was giving me another hint about the tremendous crisis which Daughterland was facing: that, as soon as I ended up in this “Daughterland”, its government would fall under French command on ground of conspiracy with me. Wes continued: “But it happened in China, right? When you went there Homeland Security took over China...” And he added: “*This is the question you might want to think about...* What’s so great about Daughterland?” (1:06:24) “Eh... I don’t know... Because I saved their country...” I said. “Have you ever been to Daughterland?” “No...” “Have you seen many people from Daughterland?” “I’ve seen a couple...” “So what’s so good about Daughterland?” Wes pressed on. “... Well they have been watching me for so long that they have become part of my life...” “How do you know that it’s not wishful thinking?... You have no evidence that it is a great place... You don’t know the language, you don’t know anyone who is from there,” Wes said. I was in fact somewhat apprehensive about the difficulty of living over there based on what I had heard from my schoolmates whose friends had gone there: that life was so hard there that, when they came back to the States, they kissed the ground. But I added: “But that was during the 90s... Things are getting better now... I’m going there because of the Daughter People...” (1:09:00). “Is Daughterland in Eastern Europe?” Wes then interrogated me. I avoided the question, still feeling the mere mention of “Russia” to be tabooed. But Wes pretended to affirm, “Oh, it’s the Czech Republic.” Wes’ interrogation in fact served a strategic interest for DGTRCOM’s team. The absolute unfamiliarity which I had manifested in regard to “Russia” could be used by them to buttress the claim which they were tenaciously holding onto, that the “Russian” in my world was fake and that there was no way for me to distinguish between “real Russian” and “fake Russian”. Then, my persistent refusal to identify “Daughterland” as “Russia” would be used by them to justify their claim that there was no indisputable evidence that I knew “Russia” was commanding my environment. (Knowledge was the ground for conspiracy, remember.) Finally, Wes’ suggestion of the Czech Republic was certainly for the purpose of making this country my conspirator against Daughterland just as France had just established South Africa as my conspirator against France. What happened to me a week later in the Czech Republic consulate would confirm that this country had suddenly become an important point of the current dispute. It may have something to do with the US stationing of a missile defense system in the Czech Republic, or the election which had just occurred in the Czech Republic two days ago,⁸⁶ or the upcoming abandonment of the Nabucco gas pipeline which the Czech Republic had favored (see below). I don’t know. I then described how the Daughter People communicated with me by controlling me to cough (1:14:00), and we kept on talking about my worry that the Daughter

86 See Jan Zajic, “Quo vadis, Tschechien? – Politische Stabilität weiterhin nicht in Sicht” (May 2010), available at: <http://www.euroregion-elbe-labe.eu/files/dokumente/2010-05-17-2010-2-Quo-vadis.pdf>.

People might no longer be watching me. Then I introduced Wes to the concept of “Daughter World”: “‘Daughter World’ means... the world as planned by the Daughter People... The Pyramid almost ruined it...” I added: “I don’t think she did it intentionally... But it just makes you so mad...” I then described my impression that the Daughter People were supposed to take me to their country by sending in a “Daughter Pyramid” to lead me there – and the drivers outside honked to confirm (1:18:00). This was certainly the Smart Woman, but I didn’t know that. Wes however suggested that I wait – he was trying to suggest to me the right course of action on behalf of DGHTRCOM’s team – and finally comforted me by pointing out that it didn’t require a great amount of resources to watch over me. We then discussed once more the possibility that the Daughter People might have already abandoned me. “It wouldn’t make sense for them to abandon me. It just doesn’t make sense,” I kept saying. I wasn’t willing to wait because, in the meantime, the Monkey might be stealing my ideas, with the result that the Daughter People *would* abandon me in the end – which would be the Monkey’s goal, according to my false scenario. But in the end I kept complaining that I didn’t know what was going on after the Monkey’s cut-in. This is the gist of our conversation, which ends on 1:29:30 or so.

I would spend the rest of my night inside the cybercafe, sitting in front of the public computer. On 2:22:00 or so, I drifted back to the scenario that the Monkey had in fact not much power, and that it was DGHTRCOM who wanted me to learn to obey. And then I unknowingly provided the Smart Woman with more evidences for my conspiracy with Daughterland during the first round: “Why have I saved the DGHTRPPL in the last second? Because they would be disappointed if I didn’t” (2:42:30 or so). When an Indian man came in to continually apologize to the Korean owner of the cybercafe I thought DGHTRCOM was personally showing me a metaphor to tell me that the Monkey had amply apologized to him for messing up the mind-reading computer (starting on 2:54:00 or so). I am not really sure if this instance was orchestrated from the control center at all; if it was, it was just the Smart Woman continuing to lead me astray. In any case, I was becoming so desperate for connection with the Daughter People inside the control center that I tried to find “secret messages” in everything around me. Soon I was trying to decipher the “secret messages” which I supposed DGHTRCOM and his Daughter People had embedded in the videos showing up on the front page of Youtube. When a video showed up which had something to do with recording, I thought I found a message telling me I was allowed to record myself. When a man was tutoring a woman on how to use Microsoft Word, I thought the Daughter People were giving me a metaphor that they were teaching the Pyramid computer skills. This is in the next recording: “[cybrcafeftp_6_1_10_836-945PM.WMA](#)”. In reality, DGHTRCOM’s team was not commanding the Monkey to orchestrate any messages at all. Tonight, I went early to the street corner to sleep, until 3 AM or so.

June 2 (Wednesday)

We know from Herodotus of this episode. In 560 BC, the king of Lydia Croesus, after ascertaining that Pythia who presides over the oracle of Apollo at Delphi is the most correct among all oracles, sends agents to inquire her if he should make war on the Persians and if he should take to himself any allied force. Pythia replies that if Croesus makes war on the Persians, he would destroy a mighty empire (ἡν στρατεύηται ἐπὶ Πέρσας, μεγάλην ἀρχὴν

μιν καταλύσειν). She further advises him to seek out the most powerful Greek peoples and make alliance with them. Croesus, delighted beyond measure, pays a high fee to the Delphians and then sends to the oracle asking for a third time, Would his monarchy last long? Pythia answers:

ἀλλ' ὅταν ἡμίονος βασιλεὺς Μήδοισι γένηται, καὶ τότε, Λυδὲ ποδαβρὲ, πολυπήφιδα παρ' Ἑρμῶν φεύγειν μὴδε μένειν μὴδ' αἰδεῖσθαι κακὸς εἶναι.

“When a mule shall become the king of the Medes, then, tender-footed Lydian flee by the stone-strewn Hermus, nor tarry, nor blush to be a coward.”

Croesus thinks it impossible that a mule should be king of the Medes and thus believes that neither he nor his posterity shall ever be deprived of power. He thus decides to make common cause with certain Greek city states and attack Persia. However, it was he, not the Persians, who was defeated, fulfilling the prophecy but not his interpretation of it. He apparently forgot that Cyrus, the victor, was half Mede (by his mother), half Persian (by his father), and therefore could be considered a mule.

My first recording of the day is: “[cybrcafedvdfail_6_2_10_356-610AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up on the street corner around 4 AM or so and went back inside the cybercafe. As I reviewed my recordings and wrote my “Secret History”, I unknowingly provided more evidences to the Smart Woman by recalling my January fantasy of confessing to “Mommy” (CIA nurse) and those SVR surveillance agents I met in May and June 2009. I was burning my new DVD at the same time. Then, on 5:26 AM, my Toshiba Disc Creator was suddenly remotely controlled to malfunction and shut itself down, with an error message: “... Error occurred in the recording phase. Please check if the disc has any scratches, dust or grime. If so, please try again with a new disc. Error code: 380381-26-00040902” (1:27:30).⁸⁷ I was shocked, and went outside to calm myself down. “Is this a test?” I kept asking myself (1:38:30). I can’t even be sure today which side was messing with me. If it was DGHTRCOM’s team, then they were just provoking me while at the same time making my DVDs into a product of conspiracy against them so that these could not be admitted as evidence against them. After I came back inside, I provided more confessions for the Smart Woman to convict Daughterland: “It’s all because of Mr former Secretary Chertoff [back in 2009]; if it weren’t for him, we would have given up...”

My next recording is: “[cybrcafeftp_6_2_10_610-751AM.WMA](#)”. When the cybercafe employee was rewinding the surveillance video, I again mistook that for the Daughter People’s symbolism telling me how the Monkey was caught (29:00). I was conditioned by the few occasions when “secret messages” did happen to think that “secret messages” happened all the time, making myself increasingly resemble a schizophrenic when I didn’t suffer from schizophrenia at all. I will analyze this problem in the concluding section. Then, more Chinese characters mysteriously popped up on my computer screen (31:00).⁸⁸ Finally I made my request to the Daughter People that I needed one of their “pyramids” as a

87 I filmed it in: “6_2_10/PICT0030.AVI”.

88 I filmed it in: “6_2_10/PICT0017.AVI”.

bridge to them (40:00) and decided that I would eventually have to go to their consulate in San Francisco (47:30).

My next recording is: “[storage_6_2_10_751-1053AM.WMA](#)”: I then rode the bus to my storage facility to put my newest DVDs into my storage unit. I vacillated back, in my worthless theorization about the purpose of the control center’s operations, to the scenario of “SVR testing”: “The newspaper article... it was fake, but orchestrated to be fake... It’s a test, to test whether I can discover it’s a test...” (30:00). Then the stupid theory which I have mentioned in the entry on May 23: “DGHTRCOM wants to test me on ‘obedience to an arbitrary authority’... It is he who has ordered the Monkey to torment me as a way to test me...” (1:54:00). I would further convince myself of this erroneous scenario by reflecting on the sophistication of the operations on me: it couldn’t be the design of some xxxxxxx!

My next recordings are: “[slpbus33wcilslnceisgldn_6_2_10_1102AM-1227PM.WMA](#)” and “[wcil_6_2_10_1234-125PM.WMA](#)”. I then came to WCIL. While reviewing my recordings on my laptop there, I reflected more on this “testing”. I asked the Daughter People, “We are still going to get a ‘pyramid’, right?” (28:30) “Don’t abandon me, I want to see DGHTR. What’s the test about? You will never run into such a situation again! No point in testing! This is how Daughterland was saved! Precisely because I wasn’t willing to obey...” (30:00). “This is not fair. Why don’t Wes and the Pyramid get tested like this?” (33:00) Thus was my theory: that the Daughter People were testing me to see if I would still save them if I would have to be misunderstood as “bad”. Then I continued to provide the Smart Woman with new evidences confirming my conspiracy with Daughterland during the first round: “You wanted to save Daughterland because you assumed they would save your discs...” (38:00). “Needed to get that Chertoff dude, fear for disappointing the Daughter People, and concern for the shape of the world and for China’s wellbeing! That was my motivation!” (42:00) Finally: “I’m dying to join the Daughter People, otherwise I don’t know what to do... It’s all a test, DGHTRCOM wants to know what my priority is, so I’ll obey...” (50:00).

My next recordings are: “[venicetowstwd_6_2_10_126-339PM.WMA](#)” and “[wstwdabndnuclalib_6_2_10_339-623PM.WMA](#)”. I then came back to Westwood, and eventually came inside the UCLA library. DGHTRCOM’s team got a chance to signal to me that I should go to France! Perhaps it was because they wanted to ruin the Smart Woman’s plan to lure me to Daughterland – causing the microchipped utopia to be installed in France instead – or perhaps it was because they were desperately hinting to me that France had come back into the picture. But I still decided that I wanted to go to Daughterland in order to be watched by the Daughter people. “My priority is no longer closure with the Pyramid, but to go to Daughterland” (6:00 in the second recording). By the time I got onto the public computer in the library, I again reiterated my perennial concern: “Machines should not malfunction; they are too important; you can’t live a life with machines constantly malfunctioning...” (2:27:45).

From tonight onward, I would finally begin learning the Russian language. I found an excellent website, Russland Journal (www.russlandjournal.de), where “Anastasia” offered almost 100 lessons for you to learn the entire “Daughterspeak” for free. I started with lesson one, learning the Cyrillic alphabets. This is recorded in: “[uclalib_6_2_10_623-656PM.WMA](#)” and “[uclalib_6_2_10_656-](#)

706PM.WMA”. Then my next recording is: “[uclalib_6_2_10_706-852PM.WMA](#)”. After I finished my first lesson, I began reflecting again on whether the Monkey would really take over the Daughter People if I flew to Daughterland. “Why is Mexico so important? I’m not gonna gamble with other people’s resources...” (namely with the Daughter People’s fate) (13:30). “Imagine what would happen if the Monkey takes over the Daughter People, everyone will quit the SVR...” (40:00). “Why do the Monkey and his relatives have so much power? Who is telling me to go to France? The Monkey?” (42:30)

Baffled by the current situation, I called up Wes outside the library on 46:00. I told him how sad and upset I had been, and how I had been thinking about DGHTR, who was “the best among the Daughter People”, and explained that “the Daughter People’s boss is called ‘DGHTRCOM’...” I reiterated my disappointment: “I thought DGHTRCOM is going to send me a ‘Daughter Pyramid’ to teach me ‘Daughterspeak’ and the ‘Daughter Way’, which is like the ‘Dao of the Daughter People’... There seems to be a problem... This ‘Daughter Way’ is very strange, for, when they want you to do something, they would tell you to do just the opposite...” I was talking about the Daughter People’s method of “using the opposite to test for the maximum”. Somehow, Wes began confirming me: “It’s like reverse psychology...” I continued: “They do that just so that they can see how far you are willing to go on the opposite path on which they do *not* want you to go... Only later do you find out that you are duped, that that is not the way they want you to go, it’s just awful!” Thus I complained that they should just tell me to go the way they wanted me to go. Wes said: “That’s not just the ‘Daughter Way’, but the way of women in general” (50:30). He continued: “They want you to play a little game... They will tell you, ‘We didn’t want you to do that’, but if they wanted you to do that, and if you didn’t do that, then they will say: ‘You are stupid, can you take a hint?’ *So they cover themselves both ways...*” (51:20). “I don’t understand,” I said. “You can’t understand it, there is no logic to it...” Wes replied. I continued: “If DGHTRCOM wants me to do something, I will do it, just in order to be among the Daughter People, to be their little pet dog... They just have to give me a ‘Daughter Pyramid’ to teach me their way... Not good enough?” Wes said, “That’s too straightforward! You are thinking... as easy as... things are not so easy and straightforward with the Daughter People... You are thinking that, when someone wants you to do something, he will tell you, ‘Do this’, instead of saying, ‘Don’t do it’... And when you don’t do it... it’s not straightforward... But this is not the communication method of this group of people, they play this game...” (53:00). Wes explained further: “You are thinking, if someone wants something from you, he’ll ask you for it... But, consider this: if I want you to get off the phone, I’ll say something else, like, ‘You must be tired and should go to bed’... Now take this and multiply by 100, and that’s the communication method of the Daughter People...” Wes continued: “The good thing about this is that, if you do what they want you to do, and if they change their mind about it, and if they get into trouble by it, they can just say, ‘Well, we didn’t want you to do that...’” (until 55:00). I was baffled: “But if there is no one above the Daughter People, why do they want to cover themselves both ways?” Wes explained: “That’s how they are... Maybe they do that to satisfy themselves, because they don’t want to feel guilty if... After you go through all these troubles, they can just tell you, ‘Well, we didn’t want you to do that...’” I thought I got it: “So they *do* want you to go to their house, but they are afraid that you might be disappointed by how dirty their house is, and so they act like they don’t want you to go to their house, so that when you go there and get disappointed and want to leave, they can just say, ‘We have

never invited you’...” Wes concurred: “Exactly!” (56:50) “But that means that they *do* want you to go to their house! Why can I just say that I don’t mind the dirt?” I was trying to tell the Daughter People that I wouldn’t mind that the Daughterlanders might not be as enlightened about race matters as the Americans were, which I assumed was why the Daughter People were afraid that I might get disappointed.⁸⁹ Wes explained: “They can easily bring you over there, but they are not doing it; somehow, they want you to pay for it yourself and go through all these hoops, but, when you don’t like it, they then feel guilty that you have spent all these efforts, and so they make an excuse to themselves, ‘We didn’t want you to come...’ *And so there does not have to be anyone above them to whom they need to justify themselves...* They just need to justify it to themselves...” (58:30). And my arm was remotely controlled to hurt at this. You should be able to guess that it was the Smart Woman who was hurting my arm – that it was in fact *she* who had instructed Wes (via the Invisible Hand) to speak all this garbage to me. She was concerned that the hint (or “oracle”) which Wes was instructed by the Daughter People to give me the day before – if they brought me to their land they would be in “big trouble” – might per chance cause me to realize that France had objected; tonight it was thus *her* turn to devise a decoy for me, relying again on the law that the suspect’s environment should be devised to fit his belief in order to *cause him to finish his mission*. Since I was mystified by the strange fact that the Daughter People were not taking me to their country, she constructed this imaginary scenario to explain why, even though the Daughter People *did* want me to go to Daughterland, they were not inviting me, so that I would be misled into spending my own resources to go there, causing the Russian government to fall under French control, etc. (She emphasized that “there was no one above the Daughter People” in order to divert me away from the truth that the French were about to get on top of Daughterland.) Misleading me to go there with my own resources was the only way the French could cause me to go there because, until the Daughter People had got duly convicted, the DGSE could not just command them to take me there.

I pursued: “If they are rich and can easily pay for your trip to their house, why don’t they do it?” “Exactly. It doesn’t make any sense, but they don’t...” Wes replied. I was still baffled, “So do they want you there or not?” (1:00:00) Wes evaded me: “I don’t know...” I couldn’t help but exclaim, “The psychology you have just described is so strange...” Now Wes was moving onto a higher plane of mysteriousness: “Because it’s illogical, you are trying to make sense out of something nonsensical... You think there is a reason behind it, but there is no reason behind it... You are trying to assign meaning to an action that is meaningless... This is ‘meaningless inaction’... Like, you see a 100 dollar bill on the ground, and you don’t pick it up... It’s irrational” (1:03:00). I was ever more baffled, exclaiming repeatedly, Why are the Daughter People acting meaninglessly? Why are they irrational? Wes explained: “You are trying to make rationality out of something that is irrational... If you can make some rational meaning out of something irrational, then it wouldn’t be irrational...” I protested that this can’t be: there has to be a reason for their action; if the Daughter People do things like that all their life (namely, meaninglessly and irrationally) they would never get anywhere (1:03:50). Wes retorted, “So you are saying that what is irrational is actually rational?” I couldn’t accept this weird theory about the

89 You must have heard about how the skinhead phenomenon was becoming rampant in Russia, so much so that, on Hitler’s birthday, foreign students from Africa and so on are afraid to even go out, for fear of being beaten up by skinheads.

total irrationality of the smartest intelligence agency in the world, and insisted on my original theory, that they weren't inviting me to their country because a third party was obstructing it, namely the Monkey (1:04:30). "I don't know..." Wes said. "That's a better explanation than that people are doing things without any reason," I exclaimed. Wes retorted, "Again, you are trying to make rationality out of irrational people." "Why would there be people who are irrational?" "They just are! You can't reason about irrationality!" "What do you mean? Irrationality has to have a reason too!" I shouted – and my arm was remotely controlled to hurt (1:05:43). Wes laughed: "If irrationality has a reason, then it's not irrationality!" I continued: "Like complex patterns, they seem to be random, but if you look at them long enough, you will actually see that they *do* have patterns and *are not* random..."⁹⁰ In the same way, if you look at irrationality long enough, irrationality will appear to have a reason too..." (1:06:00). I then brought in another example: everything has a cause, until you reach the level of subatomic particles, where electrons, etc., might just appear out of nothing for no reason at all, simply because of uncertainty (quantum fluctuation), but that's the only irrationality in the universe..." But Wes posed the question: how is it possible that sub-components are random but the whole is non-random? (Namely, the fact that the macroscopic structures built up from subatomic particles do not behave randomly.) "Because randomness adds up to non-randomness," I explained. I then got to my point again: Conscious persons make decisions, every time they make a decision, it's a rational act, even when they decide to act irrationally, it's a decision they'll have to make... (1:09:00). I insisted that there is no real irrationality in the world; if a poor person, who always picks up 100 dollar bills from the ground, suddenly decides to act irrationally by not picking up the 100 dollar bill on the ground, it's a rational act to decide to act irrationally... (1:10:00). "And why would they decide to act irrationally? Just to see if they can?" Wes asked. "I guess so. What other reasons could there be?" As I explained further, my feet were remotely controlled to hurt: "Conscious entities make rational decision... Once they see a 100 dollar bill on the ground – unless they didn't see it – they will have to decide whether to pick it up or to ignore it. So it's impossible for them to not have reasons..." Wes retorted: "But you can never be sure, so all you are doing is rationalizing their action..." I was annoyed, "You started with the example of 'dirty house', now you have come to this story about 'irrationality'." Wes continued: "They want to seem rational to themselves, but they are being irrational, so they justify their rationality by being... late..." "What?" Wes continued: "So they know they are irrational at times, and they want to be rational, yet they know they are irrational... and so they rationalize their irrationality to convince themselves that they are rational..." "What?" So Wes explained: "The rationalization of irrationality is a rational act, so in a sense they are being rational, but at a meta-level..." As I was absolutely baffled, Wes explained it again: "They always want to act rationally, but sometimes they do act irrationally, so they want to rationalize their irrationality to convince themselves that they are rational, so they can feel better about themselves..." I insisted, "You are not making sense, normal people don't do things like that..." (1:14:00). After all that, Wes concluded to me: "You are wrongly assuming that people act rationally and will never act irrationally..."

As you can see, the Smart Woman had completely triumphed here. After instructing Wes to make up a story to persuade me to fly to Daughterland myself, she now got him to come up with another piece of

90 I was referring to the mathematics of complexity which I first learned about in Fritjof Capra's *The Web of Life*. Consult his website: <http://www.fritjofcapra.net/index.html>.

mysterious garbage to cover up the fact that there was in fact a very good reason why these “Daughter People” – the Russian intelligence SVR – were not inviting me to their country, namely, that they did not want to fall under French command. She knew that I had already idealized these SVR people into beings of unimaginable intelligence and sophistication. By presenting them in such a mysterious way (mysteriously irrational), she could intensify my admiration for them, cause me to want ever more to go to their country to join them, and mislead me ever farther away from the *simple* fact that it was because France had objected that they weren’t inviting me to their country. She was in fact making use of my earlier criticism of the Monkey (see the entry on April 7), namely to be mysteriously random like Andy Warhol in order to fool people into believing that some amazing wisdom is hidden herein – when in fact it is all a bunch of garbage randomly devised at the spur of the moment. (Since the Monkey was considered by her to be my conspirator against France, France was permitted to use the Monkey’s tactic to benefit itself.) It seems that the Daughter People themselves were able to insert a “secret message” here and there by hurting my body when I noted that there couldn’t really be total irrationality in this world: they were trying to tell me that they were in fact just normal human beings, although highly educated and intellectual; if they weren’t inviting you to their house after you had saved their life, it’s because they would die if they did!

Finally Wes advised: “You are obsessed with trying to figure out the reasons behind events... When you do that, you spend time and energy and you get frustrated and can’t be certain of the conclusion. So if you just assume, they are irrational, or you can’t figure it out, you will save yourself a lot of time and energy and frustration...” Well, witnessing how successfully the Smart Woman had got me fooled, DGHTRCOM’s team could only try once more to dissuade me from speculating; every time I speculated wrongly, I provided the Smart Woman with an opportunity to mislead me using the law “devising the suspect’s environment to suit his belief...” I said, “So you are just telling me that I shouldn’t try to figure it out... Why don’t you tell me that in the beginning?” Wes replied: “My point is that I do believe that sometimes people act irrationally. If you take up that point, then you will just say to yourself, ‘Well, sometimes people act irrationally’ and forget about it...” I was fed up: “I don’t care, I’m obsessed with my DGHTR, I want to be among the Daughter People...” (1:16:30). I continued: “I don’t understand, we were in sync back then, then, suddenly, the girl’s father showed up, and... Why does he have so much power? The Daughter People are on top of the world... Why? I want a ‘Daughter Pyramid’ to teach me the ‘Daughter Way’ and ‘Daughter Speak’... I don’t care if their house is dirty...” “But *they* care,” Wes noted (1:18:00). “If there are dirty spots in the house, then I’ll just sit on a clean spot... If there are 18 people in the house and 15 of them don’t like me, I’ll just stick with the three that do...” Wes noted further: “Sometimes they won’t let you go into their house if they know there are people in the house who don’t like you...” “Why?” Wes explained: “Some people focus on the negative more than on the positive... Some people will invite you to a party if they know one person there will talk to you, some people will not invite you to a party if they know one person there will *not* talk to you... Like, when grading papers, some professors look for bad things in your paper, some professors look for good things; even though you have a glaring contradiction somewhere, these professors will still give you an A...” Wes continued: “What are the benefits and what are the costs? Some people focus on the benefits, and some people focus on the cost; if there is one person who is gonna be rude to you, *these people* are not going to let you come...” The Smart Woman had successfully misled me again. She

was again utilizing the rule “devising the suspect’s environment to fit his belief”; since I insisted that it must be due to the Monkey’s obstructionism that the Daughter People weren’t “inviting me to their house”, she was now instructing Wes to confirm me precisely on this. I would from now on be convinced that, after being invited to the “Daughter People’s club” thanks to his political connections, the Monkey had caused them to not invite me because he didn’t want me in the same club. I said, “But what if that person who is rude to me is another guest?” (1:22:00) I thought it so unfair because the Monkey had only political connections while I was the one who had saved the Daughter People’s lives. “Yeah...” Wes mumbled. “But if it’s their house, why do they care about what *that* guest thinks?” “Because they are concerned that you two might get into a fight and cause problems...” “I won’t...” I cried. Now I truly believed that the Daughter People weren’t inviting me to their “club” because they didn’t want me to get into conflict with the Monkey, who was already recruited: I thought the Daughter People were instructing Wes to hint to me! “But other people think you will...” “Can I just promise?” “I don’t know... You can’t figure it out, and I can’t figure it out...” Finally, before hanging up, Wes left me the words: “You’d better brush up on your ‘Daughterspeak’...” (1:26:00). Well, it was again the Smart Woman who, happy that I had finally started learning *Tochterssprach*, wanted me to continue with my “mission” as Daughterland’s conspirator.

Thus, after I hanged up, I was still baffled just like before: “We want the Daughter People to rule the world, why will we mind that their house is dirty? We are not backing out...” (1:28:00). As for the Monkey and me – “We just don’t see each other, how about that? Let him stay in Mexico, and let us stay in Daughterland...” (1:30:00). The remainder of my night is recorded in: “[alphabetgrammrucla_6_2_10_855-1047PM.WMA](#)” and “[leavucla_6_2_10_1047-1143PM.WMA](#)”. I went back inside the library and would find a French book on Russian grammar. Using that book, I would continue learning the Cyrillic alphabets throughout the night.

I have cited the famous episode from Herodotus in the beginning of today’s entry because of the enormous parallel between the “secret messages” I had received from the SVR – and from the DGSE team – on the one hand and the oracles from ancient times on the other. When spies communicate with each other – as I have noted since the beginning, in “Agency’s argument in the ICJ” in Vol. I – they never speak straightforwardly but use metaphors or talk ambiguously like oracles, all because they need to make sure that, even when a third party is eavesdropping on their conversation, the unwanted party cannot understand what they are saying. The MSS director communicated similarly to me back in 2007 and 2008 because he needed to make sure that his messages to me could not be obvious enough as to become admissible as evidence in the trial process in the International Court of Justice.⁹¹ And so I

91 I have found an excellent illustration, in the history of espionage, of the same problem in Genrikh Borovik’s narrative of Kim Philby’s story, *The Philby Files: The Secret Life of Master Spy Kim Philby*. Philby, you recall, was the highest ranking intelligence official in the Western alliance (almost becoming Britain’s SIS chief) who had ever been recruited by the KGB. Borovik recalls a conversation with Philby: “Around the time I was having talks with Philby, information appeared in the press that Churchill knew about the impending German air attack on Coventry because of the German telegrams then being deciphered. But he didn’t undertake anything to defend the city, out of fear that the Germans would realise that their telegrams were being read in London. I asked Kim if this was possible. Philby answered in the negative and told me this story. After the German air attack on Coventry, expert cryptographers returned to studying the telegrams which might have had anything to do with the air attack. They came to the conclusion that they could have cracked the

failed to understand anything he tried to communicate to me until weeks, months, or years later. Now that the MSS director had set a precedent in this trial so that the International Court dictated that this impossible way be the *only* way by which any party in the lawsuit could communicate to me, not only was I making myself look mentally ill by paying attention to it – since delusional perception consists precisely in interpreting ordinary phenomena as being imbued with special significance like “oracular, secret communication from sources beyond everyday entities” – but I always failed to understand anything that was communicated, like Croesus: consider the “oracles” I received from the SVR on April 30 (“Achilles’ heel”), May 6 (the malfunction of the software at the law firm), May 7 (“design flaw”), May 8 (Wes: “A whole agency will dupe you”), May 27 (“Things fell apart”), May 28 (“Missiles missed the target”), and June 1 (“If they take you there they will be in big trouble”). Unfortunately, the only “oracle” I had ever understood in this episode was the Smart Woman’s from June 2 (Wes: “They *do* want you to go there... They are not recruiting you because they don’t want you to get in fight with him”) but this oracles was a false oracle leading me to the opposite result than that I was looking for: just like Croesus had mistaken Pythia’s two oracles to mean the opposite of what they actually meant. That spy communication on the field not only is fraught with dangers but frequently results, through its habituation, in thought-disorders of the field agents bordering on delusional thinking patterns, is a topic that is never discussed in any of the popular literature on “spycraft”.

CONCLUSION

1.

France’s motive in objecting

“Ils m’appellent Sarkozy l’Américain. Eux considèrent que c’est une insulte, mais je le prends comme un compliment...”

Nicolas Sarkozy to US ambassador to France
August 2005⁹²

second code in which the time and targets of the aerial raid lay. In the telegrams the operation was called ‘The Moonlight Sonata’. The cryptographers thought that they should have guessed this: it had to do with an air attack at midnight. Three places where the operation would be carried out were named in code in the telegrams: ‘Regenschwern’ [sic] (umbrella), ‘Einheitspreise’, and ‘Korn’. With hindsight the cryptographers castigated themselves for their lack of imagination. ‘Umbrella’ was of course Birmingham, where Chamberlain had strolled around with his famous umbrella. ‘Einheitspreise’ means an inexpensive shop; and the most famous company in the world that runs inexpensive shops is ‘Woolworth’. What was meant was the city of the same name. (Philby was probably mistaken here.) The word ‘Korn’ was a bit more complicated, but the cryptographers declared that it, too, could be deciphered: Coventry was the only large city in England that contains the letters ‘K’, ‘O’, ‘R’, and ‘N’ in the German transliteration. That’s the kind of possible decoding they were talking about. *But everyone knew it could only be done with hindsight.* Even geniuses could not guarantee breaking the second code in the German telegrams before the attack” (p. 225 – 6; emphasis added). This example illustrates both how “secret communication” works (by metonymy and metaphor) and how difficult it is for outsiders to the communication system to comprehend what is being communicated. I was in effect an outsider even though the “message” was directed at me, because I had never been trained by the “Daughter People” to understand their messages.

92 Cited in François Brochet, *Inventaire après rupture: comment Sarkozy a changé la France* (2011), p 127.

Three years later, when I returned to this episode in my study,⁹³ I would be plagued by the mystery as to why France had decided to object. I have wanted to know insofar as France's objection almost resulted in my death and it was not a risk-free matter: if I suddenly realized that France had objected, France would be in a far worse state than it was under the current backdoor deals. The urges which had compelled Nicolas Sarkozy to make the decision to object must be irresistible. In the beginning I have tended to attribute Sarkozy's decision to the influence of the European Bilderbergers. Recall the backdoor deals which Putin had struck with France back in late February: that France (and Europe in general) recognize Russia's control of Central Asia and its influence over Ukraine in exchange for being forgiven their crime of participating in Boss Cheney's conspiracy against Russia. Without knowledge of the details of EU-Russia politics, I have naturally assumed that, once Putin retained control of the energy supplies to Europe – and once the Bilderberg industrialists could never take direct control of the rest of the natural resources in Russia's "sphere of influence" – the energy and industry empire which the Bilderbergers had spent their life building would have to shrink. The Bilderbergers simply couldn't stand watching their industrial empire shrink to insignificance. They thus wanted to take up the secret command of Putin's administration in order to command him to hand over Russia's raw material industries to Western control. Russia would then be emptied of its vast oil and natural resources reserve and be left to rot away in poverty. I have assumed this because, ever since Putin had come to power, the European Bilderbergers were united in their utter hatred for him for, if it weren't for him, they would have dismembered Russia and sucked its natural resources dry a long time ago, when they had complete control of the Russian oligarchs since the Yeltsin's era. It was none other than Putin who had been standing between them and their industrial world-empire. This is also why I am sure that they would not let him go by forgiving him once they had caught him.

Although *something like this* was the case, after research I would realize that the industrial concern which triggered France's objection was definitely more specific, restricted to a few particular concessions which France and Europe had had to make to Russia in the domain of energy trade. Being as ignorant of the politics of France as ordinary people are, I have had to educate myself on the subject before I can speculate adequately on Sarkozy's motivation in betraying Russia. I started with books providing a general background, like Georges Duby's *Histoire de la France: des origines à nos jours* (Larousse, 1970-71, 2011) and Gilles Thevenon's *La Cinquième République: vie politique française* (2012). Then I read Serge Berstein's classic, *Histoire du Gaullisme* (2001). To understand François Mitterrand, I watched Patrick Rotman's documentary, "François Mitterrand ou le romance du pouvoir" (2000). To understand Jacques Chirac, I watched additionally the excellent documentary by Pierre Hurel, "Le clan Chirac: une famille au coeur du pouvoir", broadcast on France 2 in early 2013. Finally, when I got to my target Nicolas Sarkozy, I consulted: the most comprehensive chronicle of Sarkozy's presidency on the market, Europe 1 journalist Catherine Nay's *L'impétueux: tourments, tourmentes, crises et tempêtes* (2012); François Brochet's *Inventaire après rupture* (2011); Sarkozy's own *Témoignage* (2007); Gisela Müller-Brandeck-Bocquet's "Sarkozys Führungsanspruch in Europa" and

93 When I was writing the original version, in 2013, that is. Not when I'm now working on the Newly Revised Version, in March 2023.

Hans Stark's "Frankreich und Russland – eine offene Partnerschaft" (2009)⁹⁴; and two excellent documentaries, "Les ambitieux", aired on May 28 2013 and part of the long series "Un jour, un destin" created by Serge Khalfon for France 2, and which covers the life of both François Holland and Nicolas Sarkozy, and another 2011 film by Patrick Rotman, "Les fauves", which traces the respective development of Nicolas Sarkozy and Dominique de Villepin, from their common origin in Chirac's camp before 1995 to their eventual collision under Sarkozy's administration (the Clearstream Affair, 2010). I have also watched as many news emissions on members of Sarkozy's cabinet as I can find: François Fillon (Prime Minister); Bernard Kouchner (Foreign Minister); Claude Guéant (Chief of Staff); Christine Lagarde (Minister of Economic Affairs, Industry, and Employment); Michèle Alliot-Marie (Minister of the State, etc.); his two wives, Cécilia Sarkozy and Carla Bruni, etc. (And also on Sarkozy's intelligence chiefs and the big managers from France's energy sector.) These hardly constitute a scholarly study of the politics of the Fifth Republic, of course. None of them contain state secrets like those I'm revealing here, and they invariably conform to "official stories". Some are standard works of political science (Berstein) and some are journalistic (Nay). Their usefulness lies in providing the background information against which the truth that I do know may become better illuminated. After studying French politics in conjunction with a series of studies, news items, and documentaries on the latest developments in Russia's energy politics, I have come to focus on two particular issues.⁹⁵

The first factor concerns some specific details in Russia's control of energy supplies to Europe. Between February 24 when Putin had decided to forgive France and April 15 when Elysée began contemplating objection, the most conspicuous event was the accord struck between the natural gas giants of the two nations, GDF Suez and Gazprom, on March 1. Under this accord, GDF Suez would take a 9 percent stake in the Nord Stream gas pipeline and import 1.5 billion cubic meters of natural gas per year from Gazprom starting from 2015. The accord would be officially signed during Medvedev's visit to Elysée on March 14.⁹⁶ The visit would not only inaugurate the Year of Friendship between Russia and France, but would also be the occasion to finalize the sale of Mistral and other bilateral agreements between the two nations. Currently, 80 percent of Russia's export of natural gas to Europe had to pass through Ukraine; then, to lessen their dependence on Russia, the Eastern European states (Poland, the Baltic states, and the Czech Republic) had been advocating for the "Nabucco pipeline,

94 Both in Bernd Rill (Hrsg.), *Frankreichs Aussenpolitik*, Hanns-Seidel-Stiftung, 2009. Available at: http://www.hss.de/uploads/tx_ddceventsbrowser/AMZ-66_Frankreich_01.pdf.

95 The following analysis all came from the original version (2013). I have decided to present it (*mostly*) unaltered in this Newly Revised Version. I still consider it (*mostly*) accurate 10 years later. Whatever obvious errors I have now discovered in the original analysis I have simply deleted from the main text.

96 The brochure published by GDF Suez, "Une relation pérenne avec la Russie" summarizes: "Le 1er mars dernier, les deux énergéticiens ont profité de la visite officielle du Président russe Dmitri Medvedev en France pour écrire un nouveau chapitre de leur collaboration industrielle. Alexey Miller, Président du Comité exécutif de Gazprom et Gérard Mestrallet, Président Directeur Général de GDF SUEZ ont ainsi signé un protocole d'accord sur la prise d'une participation de 9 % du groupe français dans le gazoduc Nord Stream. Signé en présence de Dmitri Medvedev et de Nicolas Sarkozy, ce protocole d'accord devrait permettre d'acheminer 1,5 milliard de m3 de gaz en plus vers la France chaque année à partir de 2015" (<http://www.gdfsuez.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/05/gdf-suez-brochure-fr-der.pdf>). See also Reuter, "GDF Suez, Gazprom sign Nord Stream pipeline deal" (<http://fr.reuters.com/articlePrint?articleId=UKLDE62016F20100301>.)

which would bring Caspian basin gas to Eastern Europe along a southern route while avoiding Russian participation”.⁹⁷ To monopolize gas supply to Europe, Russia had responded by trying to conclude with Western Europe deals for constructing two new pipelines, the Nord Stream and the South Stream. Because Nord Stream would deliver Russian gas directly to Germany through the Baltic Sea, bypassing transit states in Eastern Europe, it had met with sharp criticism from Eastern Europe (e.g. Poland and the Czech Republic), even though Western Europe (Germany, France, and Italy) favored it.⁹⁸ While Germany had agreed to the Nord Stream project since 2005, it was precisely in the aftermath of its defeat in the International Court that France would agree to it as well. Since the construction of Nord Stream then started immediately in April 2010, I have come to suspect that the details of the Nord Stream deal (along with the sale of Mistral and other deals) must have contained elements favorable to Russia which Putin was able to impose on France in exchange for dissolving France’s conviction in my International Court trial.

The aforementioned Ziegler article is concerned with explaining the high level of mistrust which Europe holds toward Russia in their energy relationship even though Russia has consistently fulfilled all its contractual obligation. He summarizes:

“On the European side, the lack of trust appears to be related to efforts by Russian national champions such as Gazprom to dominate the European energy market, using divide and conquer strategies to split the Community; the use of strong-arm tactics against CIS members⁹⁹ and transit states; a resistance to accepting international legal mechanisms not sponsored by Moscow [e.g. the Energy Charter Treaty of 1994]; and the existence of corruption and undemocratic governance within Russia. From Moscow’s perspective, the EU fails to acknowledge that Russia has been a reliable energy supplier for decades and that the two sides are mutually dependent, plays down the responsibility of transit states for recent supply disruptions, seeks to impose its legal norms on Russia, discriminates against Russian firms seeking legitimate investment opportunities while seeking full access to Russia’s natural resources, and in general fails to practice reciprocity in the relationship.”¹⁰⁰

The energy relationship which had been concluded between Russia on the one hand and France and the rest of Western Europe on the other in the aftermath of Russia’s victory in the International Court of Justice – of which the Nord Stream project was a component – must be of such nature as to ensure the continuance of all that about which Europe had complained while forever denying Europe the opportunity for achieving its own aims (that about which Russia had been complaining). This means that Russian “national champions” like Gazprom would forever dominate the European energy market, causing a permanent split within the EU community between Western Europe and Eastern Europe and the subservience of both Western Europe and Eastern Europe to Moscow’s interests, while Western Europe would forever relinquish attempts to assimilate Russian bureaucracy and mentality to their

97 Charles E. Ziegler, “Energy Pipeline Networks and Trust: The European Union and Russia in Comparative Perspective”, *International Relations*, March, 2013, p. 10 – 11.

98 Ziegler, *ibid*, p. 11.

99 The Commonwealth of Independent States.

100 Ziegler, *ibid*., p. 22 – 23.

model and to incorporate Russia's natural resources – which means that the Bilderberg plan for Russia – incorporating Russia into the European Union resulting in the European firms' colonization of Russia – would have to be forever abandoned. Equality (or “reciprocity”) between Europe and Russia which was now guaranteed meant essentially Europe's subservience to Russia, for Russia was the energy-provider and, as Ziegler notes, energy is not a commodity like any other because the entire national security and economic well-being of a nation rest upon it. This is exactly how Putin had neutralized the “threat” which Europe posed to Russia – other than placing constraints within NATO's command. Note that, although Ziegler's observation is made in late 2012 and early 2013, it could be applied backward in time in order for us to derive a picture of the hidden aspects of the Nord Stream deal since it exposes the interests which each side has always been pursuing. That he would make such an observation – that each side is still pursuing the same interests by 2013 as if these hidden aspects of the Nord Stream deal speculated upon here had never existed – is the result of the fact that, by the end of the year, France's objection would have at last caused the temporary dismissal of the whole International Court trial. The Nord Stream deal with France must have been re-arranged around December 2010 to eliminate the “hidden aspects” favorable to Russia.

In this connection, Russia's supply of natural gas to Europe was the most important component. Now that oil production had peaked globally and therefore must decline in the coming decades, natural gas would play an increasingly prominent role in future global energy-consumption.¹⁰¹ Putin was distinctly aware of this, and, lucky for him, Russia was not only among the four nations with the largest oil reserves in the world, but had also the largest natural gas reserve in the world. Now, Putin had clearly used his victory in the International Court of Justice to facilitate his version of natural gas distribution to Europe and Turkey – the traditional threats to Russia. We have so far named the conclusion of the Nord Stream deal as possibly the direct consequence of the “backdoor deals”. Unfortunately, by the end of the year, all that Russia had gained from the deal would be scrapped while from the outside nothing particular seems to have changed. One must be reminded that the press reports about these deals – including those by “experts” in think tanks – are completely superficial because the reporters usually are not briefed about the hidden aspects of the reported events which resulted from this International Court trial. In any case, making his enemy states depend on him for the supply of their most vital commodity has been consistently Putin's strategy. Since open warfare is unthinkable in this age of advanced weapons and nuclear bombs, economic partnership in this sort of vital commodity trade was determinant for domination and subordination in international relations. Putin's hope was that the energy deals concluded as the consequences of Russia's victory in the International Court of Justice would eventually guarantee Russia's dominance over all its traditional enemies in its immediate surrounding.

Europe's situation with the second important source of hydrocarbon energy, oil, was not any different from its situation with natural gas, with Eastern European nations (like Poland) dependent on Russia

101 As Vaclav Smil – one of the most famous experts in the study of human energy-use – notes in one of his early 2013 communications, “Energy Transitions”: “And while the recent focus has been on the unfolding transition from fossil fuels to renewable sources of energy (modern biofuels, wind, solar), the most consequential global shift during the coming 20 – 40 years will be the rise of natural gas to become the world's single most important fuel” (http://www.vaclavsmil.com/wp-content/uploads/WEF_EN_IndustryVision-12.pdf).

almost for the entirety of their oil import, while Western European nations (like Germany) depended on Russia for approximately a quarter or more of their oil import.¹⁰² I do not know if this International Court trial about me has had any ramification in the domain of Russian supply of oil to Europe.¹⁰³ Suffice it to note that, within two years, the Russian state-owned Rosneft would become the largest oil company in the world just as Gazprom has been the largest natural gas company in the world, and more importantly that the end of the dispute over natural gas distribution to Europe and Turkey in favor of Russia – which is most likely the direct consequence of this International Court trial – must be the most important factor in France’s decision to object in April 2010 and the decision of Italy and Turkey to join the objection in the summer of 2010. Meanwhile, by mid-2010, Putin had so sufficiently appeased his Eastern European neighbors that none of them would join the objection. Germany could not join France in objecting because Putin had presumably managed to secure more degree of friendship from Germany in energy deals than from any other European states. This strange development is the accumulated result of the fact that Putin had cultivated his personal friendship with Gerhard Schröder, whom he had invited to head the Nord Stream project after Merkel’s election; and that Germany had for a long time felt the least degree of threat from Russia in their energy relationship. Even Angela Merkel, a neoconservative girl, supported Nord Stream as a result. The pattern of objecting nations clearly indicated a growing cleavage between Eastern and Western Europe in regard to energy security, with Germany increasingly falling away from the Western camp and the UK becoming irrelevant. Putin’s strategy to deal with EU members individually rather than with the EU as a whole – using pipeline deals to create divergent interests among the EU countries – had succeeded in preventing the EU from functioning as a single bloc in energy policies.¹⁰⁴

102 See Michal Olszewski, “Die Polen und die Energiewende” (April 16 2013) and the famous 2010 Bundeswehr think tank study on Peak Oil, “Peak Oil: Sicherheitspolitische Implikationen knapper Ressourcen”, at: <http://peak-oil.com/download/Peak%20Oil.%20Sicherheitspolitische%20Implikationen%20knapper%20Ressourcen%2011082010.pdf>.

103 I suspect that it has not had too much, for oil supply between Russia and Europe has been characterized by positive interdependency: “Positive interdependency would reflect a situation of institutionalization of relations, whereas negative interdependency involves diversification policies and attempts to avoid each other. Although EU-Russia energy relations are characterized by positive interdependency for the most part, negative interdependency developed in the gas sector”; Andrei Belyi, “Energy Charter Treaty: Attempting Multilateralism in Energy”, *e-International Relations*, July 2 2013: <http://www.e-ir.info/2013/07/02/energy-charter-treaty-attempting-multilateralism-in-energy-2/>. Putin thus can be seen to be using his victory in the International Court of Justice to resolve in his favor the negative interdependency that has developed in EU-Russia energy trade.

104 Also useful for understanding the Russian natural gas business are two documentaries: Hubert Seipel’s “Gigant Gazprom: die Deutschen und ihr Gas aus dem Osten” (2009), which furnishes a view into the interior of Gazprom and covers the delicate subject of Nord Stream; and ARTE France’s “Le monde selon Gazprom” (“Gazprom-Imperium”), produced by Alexandre Dolgorouky and Jean Afanassieff (2007), which covers the topics of Nord Stream, South Stream, Nabucco, and the natural resources agenda of the Shanghai Cooperation Organization. See also the excellent study guide which ARTE has produced for this film: http://www2.cndp.fr/TICE/teledoc/mire/teledoc_gazprom.pdf. Already outdated for my purpose here is Alexander Rahr’s *Russland gibt Gas: die Rückkehr einer Weltmacht* (2008), which however is still useful for providing background information on Russia’s energy politics. It should be noted that, ever since the end of the Cold War, Russia and Germany had always enjoyed a privileged relationship. This had started before Putin. While Russia was suspicious of the rest of the Western camp, it had always trusted Germany as the “bridge” to the Western camp, and Germany had always been most vocal among its allies about the need for good cooperation between Russia and the West. Furthermore, the cleavage between Eastern Europe and Western Europe had also started before Putin. While rushing to join Western Europe’s trans-Atlantic camp, Eastern Europe had always been antagonistic toward the

Quitte à paraître naïf aux yeux des cyniques, je crois à la nécessité de conserver, d’incarner et de défendre nos valeurs dans le débat international. Autrement dit, je n’adhère pas à cette ‘Realpolitik’ qui voudrait qu’au nom d’intérêt économiques supérieurs, on devrait oublier ses principes. Au premier rang de ceux-ci se trouve le respect des droits de l’homme. Ce n’est pas un ‘détail’ à mes yeux. C’est le fondement de la notion même de communauté internationale.¹⁰⁵

The second factor is Sarkozy’s particular brand of “Americanophilia”. Europe’s subordination to Russia due to internal fragmentation and definitive failure to diversify its energy dependence away from Russia was further reinforced by Obama administration’s reconciliation with the Putin-Medvedev duo. The United States was no longer 100 percent behind Europe (or Western Europe, rather) in the latter’s struggle with Russia.¹⁰⁶ Sarkozy found himself in serious ideological disappointment. When Brochet describes Sarkozy’s “Americanophilia”, he notes that Sarkozy’s leaning was particularly toward the neoconservatives and not toward the Democrats.¹⁰⁷ Sarkozy was ideologically aligned with the neoconservatives in America which caused him to break with the Gaullism which had ruled France for the entire history of the Fifth Republic except for Mitterrand’s socialist period. Although Sarkozy had started off his political career under the wing of the neo-Gaullist Chirac,¹⁰⁸ over the years he had been converted to American neoconservatism which was the opposite of Gaullism, in the same way in which Dominique Strauss-Kahn, who had started off in the socialist camp, was eventually converted to the opposite ideology of American neoconservatism. Sarkozy “l’Américain” belonged to that small circle of “enlightened French” (which included Christine Lagarde) who explicitly eschewed the anti-American attitude of *exception française*¹⁰⁹ which had colored the politics of de Gaulle and Gaullists in general (up to Dominique de Villepin) and admired everything Anglo-Saxon and Dick Cheney’s “American exceptionalism”. As soon as he became the President of the Republic, Sarkozy overturned all Gaullist principles in French politics (*état fort* and *politique de grandeur*). Whereas de Gaulle had tried to steer the formation of the European Community away from a supranational entity which threatened France’s sovereignty and toward an instrument for the assertion of France as a third alternative to the Anglo-American and Soviet superpower blocs (thus France’s withdrawal from NATO)¹¹⁰, Sarkozy did everything he could to return France to the bosom of the American-dominated

Bilderberg Majority’s (or US-NATO) policy of assimilating Russia – because of their traditional hatred of Russia. See Hans Stark, *ibid.* Putin had merely reinforced these two trends (friendship with Germany and division between Eastern and Western Europe).

105 Sarkozy, *Témoignage*, p. 263 – 4.

106 This conclusion from the original version we have, with hesitation, retained in this Newly Revised Version (with some elimination).

107 Speaking of Sarkozy’s lack of enthusiasm in meeting with Obama in late 2009, he notes: “Nicolas Sarkozy se sent spontanément moins proche du démocrate que du néoconservateur” (*ibid.*, p. 130).

108 See “Les ambitieux”.

109 That French culture is a distinctive and unique achievement in the history of humanity which is now being threatened by the vulgar Anglo-American culture.

110 Bernstein, *ibid.* Speaking of de Gaulle’s policy toward the formation of the European Community: “Il s’agit pour lui que l’Europe devienne une entité préservant les identités nationales et se tenant à distance de la double influence des Etats-Unis et de l’URSS. Le but est de substituer au monde bipolaire né de Yalta un système mondial tripolaire dont l’Europe

Trans-Atlantic alliance or “Western civilization”.¹¹¹ Thus France’s reintegration into NATO command (2009),¹¹² Sarkozy’s speech against Quebec separatism (contrary to de Gaulle), support for the American missile defense system,¹¹³ and renewed cooperation with the UK on coordinated use of nuclear arsenal.¹¹⁴ The quotation above from Sarkozy’s “testimony” is meant to clearly demonstrate his sharing of the neoconservative ideology. In this testimony, when he sneered at his compatriots’ anti-Americanism or talked about France’s future policy toward Africa, Russia, and China, the emphasis was everywhere on a reorientation of France’s interventionist efforts away from the particular, and selfish, goal of maximizing France’s interest in *état fort* and toward the universal, and altruistic, goal of promoting democracy and human rights around the globe.¹¹⁵ In other words, the moralist and universalist Sarkozy talked no differently than the moralist and universalist William Kristol from the

formerait le troisième élément” (p. 306). “Les partenaires de la France [other European nations] demeurent attachés à la conception supranationale des pères fondateurs et ils souhaitent approfondir cette dimension et non s’en détacher... (p. 308). “De même considèrent-ils la protection militaire des Etats-Unis comme indispensable...”

- 111 Brochet notes that it was about “situer la France au sein de sa famille occidentale” (ibid, p. 132). “Cette famille occidentale est chrétienne, donc le refus à l’entrée de la Turquie ‘musulmane’ dans l’Union” (p. 133). “Hubert Védrine: ‘Monsieur Sarkozy est revenu aux fondamentaux de la droite française d’avant le gaullisme, l’occidentalisme...’” (p. 133).
- 112 Nay, *ibid.*, 2009, Chapitre 3, “OTAN”. There are many other reasons for France’s return to NATO. The view which Ronja Kempin has expressed in “Frankreich, die USA und die NATO” (in Bernd Rill, *ibid.*) is that Sarkozy’s policy of returning France to NATO was no break from, but a continuation with, the NATO policy of his predecessors, both Chirac and Mitterrand; that he wanted France back in NATO mainly for practical reasons (the need to facilitate interoperability between French forces and the forces of France’s allies; the insistence of Naval and Air Force officials and armament industries, etc.); that he also wanted this because of non-ideological, but simple *Machtpolitik* calculation (to increase France’s influence among its allies as well as to have more say in the future evolution of NATO); and that he wanted it, finally, because he needed Washington’s consent for the particularly French endorsement of a consolidated defense of the European Union as a single bloc: the Common Security and Defense Policy (Gemeinsame Sicherheits- und Verteidigungspolitik, or Politique commune de sécurité et de défense), which had originated in the 1999 European Summit in Cologne, was stipulated in the Treaty of Nizza (2003), and then adopted in the Treaty of Lisbon. Kempin’s view that Sarkozy’s foreign policy was motivated entirely by France’s traditional desire to gain more influence on the international stage through a greater role in the European community rather than by an anti-Gaullist turn to America is not adopted in my analysis here.
- 113 In contrast, “Mitterrand et Chira ont mobilisé leur énergie pour freiner ce projet de bouclier antimissile... une menace directe contre la dissuasion nucléaire de la France, donc son indépendance...” (Brochet, p. 135).
- 114 “... fin 2010, Sarkozy et Cameron conviennent que les deux pays conduiront ensemble les exercices de simulation de leur arsenal nucléaire, dans un laboratoire près de Dijon” (Brochet, p. 134).
- 115 In regard to policy toward Africa, Sarkozy writes: “J’ajoute que l’amitié avec l’Afrique, cela doit d’abord être l’amitié entre des peuples qui communiquent par la voie d’institutions démocratiques. Tout ne peut être fondé sur des relations personnelles entre chefs d’État... Il est temps de comprendre qu’il n’y a pas ‘une Afrique’, mais ‘des Afriques’. Privilégier celle dont les valeurs démocratiques se rapprochent le plus des nôtres n’est pas une possibilité, c’est un devoir...” Speaking of French military engagement in Africa: “L’armée française doit être tenue éloignée des luttes pour le pouvoir en Afrique. Elle n’a pas à stabiliser des régimes, à favoriser des présidents au seul motifs qu’ils seraient favorables à la France... Il ne s’agit nullement de désertier l’Afrique en la privant de toute présence militaire française ou internationale. Il s’agit de mieux codifier cette présence... de ne pas hésiter à refuser l’engagement de nos forces militaires lorsque les conditions démocratiques ne sont pas remplies...” (p. 260 – 261). In regard to China and Russia, he writes: “Ce ne serait pas manquer de respect à cet empire qu’est la Chine que d’interroger les Chinois sur le sort des prisonniers politiques. La Chine accumule assez de réussites pour ne pas se formaliser que le monde lui demande des explications sur ses insuffisances démocratiques. On peut admirer une civilisation, s’enthousiasmer sur ses réussites récentes et remarquables, construire une relation de solide et profonde amitié et être lucide et exigeant dans des

Weekly Standard. Of course, being a neoconservative, Sarkozy could not possibly care about human freedom in his heart. Neoconservatism is about outwardly pretending to champion freedom, human rights, and democracy, while behind people's back secretly aiming for the exact opposite, namely, becoming the dominant power in every corner of the planet and controlling every inch of reality, like a domination and control freak. Thus Dick Cheney's goal had always been to completely eradicate freedom as a very possibility from our world – and Sarkozy could not have wished any differently. This tendency of saying one thing while secretly doing the exact opposite (“hypocrisy”) had of course been the official American and NATO modus operandi since the Clinton era and was not a neoconservative invention, but the neoconservatives had pushed the deceptive pretty talk of good and the disgusting secret doing of evil to their respective limits. Never before had the desire to dominate and control been so strong and the talk about promoting freedom and human rights so emphatic. This shared identity in neoconservatism bound Nicolas Sarkozy to Dick Cheney. It must be further noted that Sarkozy was not a simple neoconservative like the unilateralists who had guided the Bush administration during the latter's first term. It is because he was “occidental” that he was “chosen” in the truce between the Bilderberg majority (the Moderates, the Trans-Atlanticists) and Dick Cheney. While, contrary to the Gaullists, he accepted “American exceptionalism” as legitimate, he believed in the natural unity between Western Europe and the United States. He believed, in other words, in “occidental exceptionalism” – in the natural superiority of the entire Western, Trans-Atlantic civilization as a single bloc and its manifest destiny to rule the world. This is why, as soon as he had become president of the Republic, he set himself to the task of rescuing the European Constitution which Chirac had ruined by piecemeal and which the French people had rejected under Chirac in the 2005 referendum. It was Sarkozy who had devised the *traité simplifié*, formalizing 95% of the substance of the original European Constitution in the Lisbon Treaty while changing the legal mechanism so that it came into being merely with parliamentary votes, bypassing the decision of the sovereign people.¹¹⁶ He was lauded by all Europeanists for this most important feat because, while sharing the crusading spirit of Dick Cheney and his neocon intellectuals, he truly believed in the natural unity of the West (like the Bilderberg majority), rejecting the Gaullist conception of a France standing apart from the rest of the world. In this regard the debate in international relations theories between the rationalists on the one hand and the constructivists on the other readily comes to mind. While the rationalists (including both the realists from Hans Morgenthau through Kenneth Waltz to John Mearsheimer and the liberalists like Francis Fukuyama) explain the behavior of states solely as the pursuit within a strategic domain called the “international society” of their respective interests which – usually power and survival – they have each formed before their entry into the strategic domain, the constructivists would argue that states

domaines où rien ne peut justifier le silence. Se taire, c'est être complice... Ce que j'affirme pour la Chine, je pourrais le dire s'agissant de la Russie.... on ne peut ni ne doit passer sous silence le drame tchéchène, les interventions russes illégitimes en Biélorussie, les hésitations coupables au moment de la révolution orange en Ukraine...” (p. 264 – 265).

116 Gisela Müller-Brandeck-Bocquet, *ibid.*, p 24. She concludes: “Bei genauerer Analyse zeigt sich also, dass tatsächlich Sarkozy der eigentliche Architekt des Lissabon-Vertrags ist, dass die EU und auch die deutsche Ratspräsidentschaft letztlich ihm die rettende Idee zur Lösung des Verfassungsdilemmas verdanken.” It is at the June 2007 summit at Brussels that Sarkozy formalized his *traité simplifié*. “Der Brüsseler Gipfel war zweifelsohne ein großer Erfolg für die deutsche Ratspräsidentschaft. Frau Merkel hat eine bemerkenswerte Arbeit geleistet. Er war ein Erfolg für Frankreich' kommentierte [Sarkozy]. Damit hatte er vollkommen Recht; sein Triumphruf vom Wahlabend: 'Ce soir, la France est de retour en Europe' hatte sich bewahrheitet.” The European Constitution was adopted by the French parliament on February 8 2008.

form their interests through their interaction with other states and that norms, ideology, and ideas which have gained currency in the strategic domain and influenced the states' formation of interests and identities could significantly contribute to the decisions which states make in relation to each other.¹¹⁷ The constructivist view is clearly needed to explain Sarkozy's decision to object to the ICJ judgment of Russian victory and to save Dick Cheney and Michael Chertoff. The neoconservative and "occidental" way in which Sarkozy perceived the world accounted for his decision-making and policies. The neoconservatives were eschatologists, believing that they had been "chosen" to lead History to its logical conclusion, the "End of History" where the planet earth would be unified under the control of a single cadre of elite geniuses and human society completely rationalized (such as the elimination of disorder-causing "free will" from humanity and the incorporation of all human beings into a single computer program). Sarkozy the "occidental" saw world-history similarly. It was the manifest destiny of Western civilization to rule the world and rationalize human existence. With the inevitable rise of Russia and China and the multipolarization of the world, Sarkozy's identity as the "elite genius of the West" was disappointed, and his notion of the meaning of world-history destroyed. Sarkozy was thoroughly disgusted with a world in which the neoconservative geniuses would have to relinquish power to their mortal enemies Russia, China, and the American Democrats who were now promoting a plurality of ideologies and systems.¹¹⁸ This was an "irrational" world in which life had lost its meaning. Try to imagine how upset he was in the aftermath of Russia's victory in the International Court of Justice: the Democrats had taken back America and reconciled with the Russians; in Ukraine, Yulia Tymoshenko was defeated by Viktor Yanukovich in the January election; Donald Tusk and Putin had together killed Lech Kaczynski because he was an obstacle to the new Poland-United States alliance that had reconciled with Russia; and now Sarkozy was stuck with the Nord Stream pipeline deal which doomed France to energy dependence on Russia – not even Angela Merkel was against Russia anymore. The consolidated Western alliance against Russia had shrunk to a tiny France (and maybe Italy and Turkey) which was rendered completely ineffective through these pipeline deals!¹¹⁹ What happened to neoconservatism? What happened to "occidentalism"? Russia and China are not like us and shall not continue to exist as they are! Once an opportunity was discovered, Sarkozy thus wanted to regain the meaning of World History and save Dick Cheney, even though, now that Boss Cheney's end-of-the-world plan and "utopia" had been known to the entire United Nations, it was impossible that, should he succeed, he would allow Boss Cheney to implement his plan for nuclear holocaust and a computer-run microchipped utopia. At the very least, the Bilderberg Group's original plan for a peaceful integration of Russia and China into the Western Imperium should be realized. For that was "occidentalism"!¹²⁰

117 See *International Relations Theories*, 3rd ed., Scott Burchill, et al. Especially Christian Reus-Smit's "Constructivism" (Chapter 8).

118 This conclusion about the Democrats is probably incorrect, but we have decided to retain it here in the Newly Revised Version.

119 Again, although this interpretation is probably not quite correct, we have decided to retain it here.

120 In the long Preface I have spoken of France as being the "least enthusiastic member" of the Bilderberg Club by virtue of its Gaullist tradition, meaning that, until Sarkozy, it was always dreaming of a "camp" formed around itself rather than directly joining the US-led Western alliance against Russia. After Chirac succeeded Mitterrand, this Gaullist dream of "its own camp" led to the French policy of wishing for Russia's integration into the European Community which, although coinciding with the Bilderberg policy on its surface, differed from the latter (namely, the US and NATO policy) in substance. Speaking of Chirac's relationship with Yeltsin, Hans Stark writes: "In zahlreichen Reden hatte Chirac in

What I do not know is whether the political sentiment of the DGSE itself had ever played a role in France's decision to object. Just like the literature on the CIA, the MSS, and the SVR, the literature in the public domain on the French intelligence services – which according to my experience are superior to the CIA and almost as sophisticated as the Russian services – could not be depended on for providing any serious and in-depth understanding of the French spying capacities. The few works I have consulted include: Douglas Porch's *The French Secret Services: From the Dreyfus Affair to the Gulf War*, which remains the one and only classic study of France's various intelligence agencies in the English speaking world; the collaborated work among Roger Faligot, Jean Guisnel, and Rémi Kauffer, *Histoire politique des services secrets français: de la Seconde Guerre mondiale à nos jours* (2012); and

seiner Funktion als Staatspräsident Lobeshymnen auf die 'ewige russisch-französische Freundschaft' angestimmt, sowie auf die Tatsache hingewiesen, dass Russland aus seiner Sicht trotz aller innerer Schwächen eine Großmacht sei, die es zu respektieren, zu achten und *vor allem in einer an die russische Situation angepassten Form in die europäische Familie zu integrieren gelte*. Aus der Sicht Chiracs gehörte Russland seit Jahrhunderten zu Europa und sollte daher auf keinen Fall, in welcher Form auch immer, isoliert oder an den Rand gedrückt werden. Chirac, der sich stets als geistiger Enkel Charles de Gaulles sah, dachte durchaus auch *in den Kategorien eines Europa vom Atlantik zum Ural und vor allem in den für den Gaullismus typischen Kategorien des Multipolarismus*. Ohne Europa von den USA entfernen zu wollen, plädierte er für eine multipolare Struktur, in der die großen Mächte (zu denen er die EU zählte) auf gleicher Augenhöhe miteinander verkehren sollten" (ibid., p. 96 – 7; emphasis added). When the Bilderberg Majority selected Sarkozy to succeed Chirac because of his "occidentalism", Sarkozy continued the policy of wishing for Russia's integration into the European Union, but the goal was no longer multilateralism, but unilateralism (incorporation of Russia into the consolidated Western alliance, US and NATO). This continuation on the surface but abrupt change in substance was reflected in France's cessation of bilateral negotiation with Russia in favor of multilateral negotiation in which the rest of the Western alliance would be involved: "Insgesamt setzt sich in Frankreich aber sowohl bei den Experten als auch bei den Politikern der Eindruck durch, dass die Ära des französisch-russischen Bilateralismus zu Ende gegangen ist und nur über die multilaterale Ebene der Europäischen Union sowie der Vereinten Nationen noch ein konstruktiver Einfluss auf Russland ausgeübt werden kann" (p. 99). In other words, Sarkozy began transforming France-Russia relationship into a "russisch-europäisch-amerikanischen Dialog" (ibid.). Although France was less dependent on Russia for energy than other EU nations except the UK because of its highly developed nuclear power plant system and its large import of natural gas from its former colony Algeria, Sarkozy nevertheless began making efforts to integrate the Russian gas export system into the EU system as a way to consolidate Europe's energy system as a single bloc. This started with the agreement signed between Gazprom, Total, and the Norwegian Statoil on July 13 2007 to explore the Shtokman field in the Barents Sea (<http://www.gazprom.com/about/production/projects/deposits/shp/>).

As noted, I have decided not to adopt the view point of Ronja Kempin, according to which France's foreign policy under Sarkozy did not represent a "turn" away from his predecessors. This view is also shared by Joseph Jurt in his "Die universalistisch-jakobinische Tradition der französischen Außenpolitik" in the same volume. On this view Sarkozy's motivation to object to the ICJ February 2010 judgment would be to protect the integrity and cohesiveness of the European Union as a single bloc, which Putin had destroyed with his divide-and-conquer tactic, especially after he was able to obtain the few concessions from Poland, France, and the United States, regarding energy issues or otherwise. This view is certainly confirmed by Sarkozy's past agenda for the direction of the development of the European Union, namely, deepening the institutional bind between the original Western European member states before expanding it to include the more alien Eastern European states which did not share the tradition of Enlightenment and the French Revolution that lay at the foundation of Western Europe. On this view Sarkozy did not break from Gaullism at all; on this view the Gaullist goal for France to become a third alternative between the USA and the USSR had become obsolete when the USSR had collapsed and must be replaced by a new policy of integrating France into Europe and consolidating Europe for its own sake, which was exactly what Sarkozy had been aiming for. But, on this view, Sarkozy would be saving Dick Cheney and Michael Chertoff only as a means to an end: to overcome Putin he had to take the side of the

another collaboration between Faligot and Guisnel, *Histoire secrète de la Cinquième République* (2006). (Popular emissions like Envoyé special’s “Les soldats de l’ombre: la DGSE”¹²¹ (March 2004) are of course such garbage that they don’t even deserve mention.) Porch’s classic study is already out-of-date for my purpose, since it was published in 1995 and enormous changes must have occurred in France’s foreign intelligence services in the 15 years between his study and my International Court trial. It is useful to some extent for providing background information about the extremely diverse and fragmented world of French intelligence services, from domestic agencies like the RG (Renseignements généraux) and the DST (Direction de la surveillance du territoire) through the external intelligence agencies like the SDECE (Service de documentation extérieure et de contre-espionnage which later became the DGSE) to legendary actions like Jacques Foccart and Service d’action civique. It also provides a good history on the politicization and fragmentation which have plagued the French intelligence organs more than in any other country.¹²² At the same time, it conforms to “official stories” by advocating for the erroneous model of the intelligence business as “intelligence gathering”, evading the fact that the bulk of the actions of intelligence agencies consist in covert operations to destabilize enemy states. The collaborated work between Faligot and Guisnel is anecdotal on intelligence services; but their work with Kauffer is the most up-to-date comprehensive work you can find on the market, even though it – as usual – gives out no classified information which is always required to understand the true nature of the intelligence business. It should be noted that these studies do reveal the highly problematic nature of the relationship in France between the executive authority and its intelligence services, the continual mistrust of the president toward the established intelligence services and his habitual creation of extra intelligence services paralleling the established services and which could be trusted under his direct, personal command. Even though France has highly sophisticated foreign intelligence capabilities in its SDECE and DGSE, these agencies have been routinely marginalized by the man in charge. An important and relevant detail which emerges from the latest study of Guisnel et al is the reform of the intelligence system which Sarkozy had effected in the beginning of his Quinquennat precisely in regard to this problem. Sarkozy attempted a series of centralization procedures – like the creation of the Direction centrale du renseignement intérieur to fuse the separate domestic intelligence services DST and Renseignements généraux, and that of the Conseil national du renseignement to replace the original Comité interministériel du renseignement – so that the control of the intelligence services could be firmly placed within his hands.¹²³ (Sarkozy appointed Bernard Bajolet to head the CNR and Bernard Squarcini, the DCRI.) In other words, Sarkozy did the same thing as Dick Cheney did even in this domain. (Dick Cheney centralized the US intelligence system through the creation of the Director of National Intelligence and the security organs through the creation of the Department of Homeland Security – all in order to overcome the habitual disobedience among entrenched bureaucrats.) It seems that the serious internal strife like the kind between the CIA

conspirators because of the very structure of the trial. I don’t quite see how this was the case.

121 Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=afD7OkvWGs&list=FLLc-JNKaHINvw2exrF0opcA>.

122 The ruling figure’s use of domestic agencies (the DST and the RG) to spy on his political opponents was so accepted in France throughout the entire Cold War period that something like Russ Tice’s controversial revelation (“whistleblowing”) about the NSA’s routine surveillance of politicians in America (<http://www.boilingfrogspost.com/2013/06/19/podcast-show-112-nsa-whistleblower-goes-on-record-reveals-new-information-names-culprits/>) could hardly have raised anyone’s eyebrow in France.

123 Faligot et al, *ibid.*, p. 598 – 600.

and its traditional allies in the government’s executive bureaucracies on the one hand and their neoconservative boss Dick Cheney on the other – which had resulted in this world-changing International Court trial from which a third party, Russia, would reap the greatest benefits – was not really possible under the French system – however much Sarkozy appeared like a black sheep in French politics. Now Sarkozy appointed Erard Corbin de Mangoux to head the DGSE. A picture of who had attended the secret meeting in Elysée around April 20 or so where the decision to object was made can thus be deduced: Nicolas Sarkozy, “the Smart Woman”, Érad Corbin de Mangoux, Bernard Bajolet, Claude Guéant, François Fillon, Gérard Mestrallet (chairman of GDF Suez), Thierry Desmarest (chairman of Total until May 21 2010), and a few other unknown officials from the French intelligence community and energy sectors. Porch’s study functions really like a disinformation operation to which can be assimilated most of the works on the world’s intelligence services on the market in that he has consistently portrayed the French intelligence services as more stupid than they really are – like an attempt to hide the French intelligence’s “trade secrets”. I hope that, from the preceding narrative, you have been able to acquire a notion of the extremely high level of intelligence of the DGSE officers. What is peculiar about the Smart Woman is that she had understood the properties of the judge computer before anyone else could fully grasp them: that through arguments that were input into it the judge computer was growing in complexity. It required a philosophical mind of great depth to be able to penetrate into the “condition of possibility” of the matter at hand and understand at what stage the computer could not yet accept a particular argument and at what stage it suddenly could. She must have been one of the great number of civilian officers who were admitted into the DGSE (nominally a military intelligence agency) following the demilitarization of the “Piscine” and who now constituted two thirds of its personnel.¹²⁴ These DGSE officers of the new generation are highly intelligent and educated evidently because of the rigorous nature of the French university system and its greater emphasis on the study of philosophy than in the American university system, for example. The “Smart Woman”, without doubt, was a philosopher.

2.

The suspended legal status of “work in progress”¹²⁵

Because the setting of the mind-reading computer was not entered into evidence until May 6, the intercepts of the thoughts of other people which had been entered into evidence before May 6 were also invalidated. Notably, Boss Cheney’s thoughts which had formed the main body of evidences for his plans in the International Court of Justice. By the beginning of June, the situation inside the International Court had pretty much reverted back to the condition of late January: France and Russia were deciding with which side I was in conspiracy, save that this time the evidences weighed heavily in favor of France. Everything else which DGHTRCOM had set up with BOL, from the UN Study Group for a sustainable civilization to the “new New World Order”, had now fallen into the questionable status as possibly part of my terrorist conspiracy against France and Boss Cheney. All those backdoor

124 Faligot and Guisnel, *ibid.*, p. 408.

125 The wild speculations in this section, all from the original version, we have tentatively decided to retain in this Newly Revised Version (with the obvious errors about how the conspiracy worked completely deleted). Once again, we ask you to compare the following speculations with the recent work of Yuval Noah Harari.

deals which had established the pipeline deals and technology transfer were now hanging in the air as to their meaning – even though their implementation was still being pursued as if nothing had happened (so that Nord Stream continued to be built and Medvedev continued to plan for his June visit to the United States) because the conspirators were required to “finish their mission.” Since the motivation for the conspiracy against Russia included the reordering of international relations in favor of neocon America, Russia, together with the entire world, now had the legal right to create a new order of international system in its favor. Since France now argued that all this was part of Russia’s conspiracy against them, Sarkozy and his backers were planning to reorder international relations in *their* favor after their victory – to create a new system of international order which would secretly revolve around France. Is France going to rule the world or Russia? -- this was what was at stake in this trial. All the backdoor deals by which Russia had secured its influence in Central Asia and the Arab world now became evidences for a terrorist conspiracy between Russia and me against France, Boss Cheney’s gang, and the United States.

Meanwhile, the DARPA scientists continued to work on the project of re-creating God in the form of a super computer to which Boss Cheney had set them. They still needed to “finish their mission” -- it was just that it was no longer clear whether they were finishing up their conspiracy against Russia or against France and their former boss. It was a matter of indifference for these scientists anyway. Just like the peasants of the Middle-Ages who cared not which feudal lords were on top of them – in the case of England, first the Saxons came, then the Vikings, then the Normans... it made no difference to the peasants who were just paying their dues to different lords – these scientists manifested no care for whether it was Boss Cheney or the Russians or the French who were commanding them to “finish their work”. As I have noted, the DARPA scientists were in the final stage of completing Boss Cheney’s “utopia”: they had interfaced the nano brain chip system with the weather control system and the central command of the nation’s infrastructure, but they had not yet been able to set up the supercomputer which could run the entire central command of life forms, nature, and machines in an automated fashion, according to a “script”, without the need for human decision-making. What they were particularly working on – what was missing – was the discovery of the mathematical algorithms which governed the long term evolution of the cognitive and emotional processes of the human brain (and by extension, of animal brain). In other words, the DARPA scientists had so far only decoded the synchronic structure of the human brain (what patterns of activities corresponded to what thoughts, emotions, and perceptions) but not its diachronic structure. They would work out the algorithms (the mathematical model referred to in the introduction in Part I) within the next five months, and thus be ready to interface something like the “Sentient World Simulation” with the nano brain chip system, the central command of the nation’s infrastructure, and the weather modification program. Speaking of the latest revelation by Edward Snowden of the NSA’s continual pursuance of Total Information Awareness in the form of such programs as PRISM, James Corbett brings it into connection with Sentient World Simulation:¹²⁶

What if this data, our emails, our phone calls, our credit card transactions, our social media posts, our cell phone GPS logs, and all of the hundreds of other pieces of data that are admittedly being

126 See his report on Corbett Report: <http://www.corbetteport.com/sentient-world-simulation-meet-your-dod-clone/>.

collected on us every day, were being fed into a database so gargantuan it contains a digital version of every single person on the planet? And what if that database were being used by the Department of Defense to war game various scenarios, from public reactions to natural disasters to the likelihood of civil unrest in the wake of a declaration of martial law? Remarkably, this is precisely what is happening. It is called the “Sentient World Simulation.”... In practical terms that equates to a computer simulation of the planet complete with billions of “nodes” representing every person on the earth.

The project is based out of Purdue University in Indiana at the Synthetic Environment for Analysis and Simulations Laboratory.¹²⁷ It is led by Alok Chaturvedi... Chaturvedi’s ambition is to create reliable forecasts of future world events based on imagined scenarios. In order to do this, the simulations “gobble up breaking news, census data, economic indicators, and climactic events in the real world, along with proprietary information such as military intelligence.” Although not explicitly stated, the very type of data on digital communications and transactions now being gobbled up by the NSA, the DHS and other government agencies make ideal data for creating reliable models of every individual’s habits, preferences and behaviors that could be used to fine-tune these simulations and give more reliable results. Using this data, the SEAS Laboratory and its Sentient World Simulation offshoot are able to create detailed, operable real-time simulations of at least 62 nations.... The ultimate aim would be to archive enough data on each individual to be able to make a computer model of everyone on the planet, one that could be used to predict the behaviors and reactions of every single person in the event of various scenarios....

What James Corbett does not know is the fact that this public component of the Purdue University project which the Department of Defense and other US government agencies have been supporting constitutes only a sub-component of the “real project” which it has been precisely the duty of our DARPA scientists to bring into being. When the data gathered up in such programs as PRISM about the *external* life of every single person on earth – every word he or she has ever spoken, every product he or she has ever bought, and every act he or she has ever performed – are coupled with the record of every single thought and emotion which has ever passed through the mind of every single person on earth – gathered up by the super mind-reading computer with which everybody would be interfaced via nanochip brain implants – the predictability of the future state of humanity would achieve 100 percent accuracy *as long as the algorithms could be discovered which govern the evolution of human brain processes throughout a person’s entire life*. Then the DARPA scientists would merely have to reverse the process of “simulation” (or prediction) – making people’s brain read off information from the super computer instead – in order to artificially *produce* the future state of humanity: like God controlling world-history. What is amiss in all the recent hype about the NSA’s spying on American citizens (the hype against the NSA fairy-tale defense that it is trying to protect the citizens from terrorists) is the government’s true purpose in collecting all the data on its citizens: to become God, which requires it to be omniscient about *everything*. In the next few months the DARPA scientists would succeed in turning the *omniscient* system into an *omnipotent* system – a super computer that does not simply know

127 At: <http://www.krannert.purdue.edu/centers/perc/html/aboutperc/seaslabs/seaslabs.htm>.

everything but *controls* everything. The government's final goal is to arbitrarily *create* a digital version of our existence and then force us – remotely control us – to conform to it. Instead of being simulated and predicted, we will all be remotely controlled to realize the “script” of world-history which the US government has written for humanity. It is the final form of Boss Cheney's “utopia”. The entire *natural* course of humanity, the entire *natural* course of earth's history, will be replaced by a computer program. We will be living in the “Matrix”.

Note also that, since the UN Study Group had slightly modified the DARPA scientists' mission by requiring them to complete also the “Human Thoughts Project” (the mental equivalent to the Human Genome Project), this modification itself had been reinterpreted as part of Russia's conspiracy against France under the current uncertain circumstances. DARPA thus continued to send agents around the globe to plant chips into the brains of people around the world in order to obtain a representative sample of humanity and to build up the super artificial intelligence system which mimicked God. That DARPA needed to “finish its mission” meant that, outwardly, it looked almost as if nothing had changed: DARPA continued to fund researches in the civilian world which were of interests to it, especially those which were either similar to its secret projects or may have applications within them. I can, for example, find in the public domain numerous other DARPA-funded projects which may have some connections to its most important project “Cheney's utopia”, either as “cover” for it or as applicable technology, like IBM's “cognitive computing system.”¹²⁸ These civilian beneficiaries of DARPA's funding did not have the slightest clue about the evil intent of the DARPA management, and no one could possibly notice that the command structure above DARPA was in the process of changing hands and that the overall plan in which these funded projects found their place was being classified as a “crime” in a trial at the International Court of Justice.

Finally, the UN Study Group continued its study on the solution to the Peak Oil problem even though the legal status of its work was suddenly hanging in doubt – possibly as part of Russia's conspiracy against France and Boss Cheney. Temporarily, nations and energy corporations around the world were able to suppress this greatest problem facing human civilization to buy more time for the efforts of the Study Group. Even though global oil production had already peaked,¹²⁹ humanity had been able to temporarily avoid a decline in oil production because new technology had been developed in time to allow for the extraction of crude oil from unconventional sources.¹³⁰ This had actually enabled global oil production to increase slightly around 2010.¹³¹ Within the next year or so, large reserves of shale gas (unconventional sources) would be discovered in China, France, Poland, and Germany, causing great euphoria.¹³² But the most significant would be the sudden development of large reserves of shale gas

128 The project's website: http://www.ibm.com/smarterplanet/us/en/business_analytics/article/cognitive_computing.html.

129 Daniele Ganser, *Europa im Erdölrausch*.

130 For the distinction between conventional and unconventional oil sources, see Ganser, *ibid.*, chapter 16, “Kann das unkonventionelle Erdöl die Lücke füllen?”

131 Vaclav Smil, “Memories of Peak Oil”, *The American*, February 21 2013, available at: <http://www.vaclavsmil.com/wp-content/uploads/Memories-of-Peak-Oil---The-American-Magazine.pdf>.

132 See, for example, William Engdahl, “The serious consequences of new technologies to explode gas out of shale rock”, at: <http://www.boilingfrogspost.com/2012/05/04/is-shale-gas-a-real-energy-solution/>. Dylla notes in the aforementioned 2011 study: “Die ökonomische Dimension der polnisch-amerikanischen Beziehungen dominiert seit einiger Zeit eine

within the United States, which would transform the United States from an energy importer to energy self-sufficiency within three years.¹³³ All this would cause significant revision of the “new New World Order” were either France or Russia to win in the upcoming months.

3.

The operational principles of my torture in the coming months: “cognitive behavioral torture” and “existential torture”

You must get a notion of the enormous effort which a dozen or so experts hiding inside the control center were putting into torturing me. These American and Russian psychologists, psychiatrists, and intelligence officials sat in front of the computers all day long examining how my mood structure evolved under various conditions of frustration, fatigue, and provocation.¹³⁴ They were devising a particular regime of pains specifically for Borderline Personality Disorder in order to intensify it in a very particular direction. Each time someone did something to me from the comfort of his or her control center to provoke me, whether by disrupting my DVD-burning, shutting off my recorder, or controlling someone to be hostile to me; and each time I was frustrated by something which nobody had orchestrated, such as when I dwelled on the Monkey’s injustice toward me, got paranoid over his theft of my writings and ideas, missed the bus, was annoyed by noises, or dragged my heavy luggage to some place which turned out to be closed – these experts would carefully study the patterns of my brain activities on the screen of the mind-reading computer. They spent their expertise examining the peculiar brain patterns of a Borderline Personality suffering chronic frustration and over-sensitivity to environmental perturbation, comparing them with the brain patterns which the Monkey had forged, and deciding on which instances of frustration to cause me in the coming days so that in the end the patterns of activities in my brain would approximate to those which the Monkey had forged – all the while I would exhibit in my outward comportment the characteristics found in the Monkey’s forged

Diskussion über die Nutzung amerikanischer Technologien zur Erschließung der polnischen Schiefergasvorkommen. Laut U.S. Energy Information Administration vom April 2011 soll Polen das europaweit an Schiefergasvorkommen reichste Land sein. Inzwischen haben fünf amerikanische Unternehmen Konzessionen für die Suche nach dem Rohstoff erhalten.” The Polish government was optimistic to the point of wishing its country to be the next “Norway” in Europe.

¹³³See the May 7 2013 emission of 长江新闻号: 多国加速进军新能源 美变身能源出口国? at:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dtYwWmfloCU&feature=share&list=FLlc-JNKaHINvw2exrF0opcA>. Consult also Daniel Yergin’s website (<http://danielyergin.com/shale-gas-development/>), where he writes: “In 2000, shale gas as an energy source represented less than 2 percent of total U.S. natural gas production. By 2012, that figure had leapt to 37 percent. A wide variety of authorities, including Daniel Yergin’s company IHS, now estimate that by 2020, shale gas could be responsible for half or more of the total U.S. natural gas supply and could sustain increasing energy independence in the Western world. Currently, the potential for shale gas development on the North American continent is represented by a base supply estimated at over 2,000 trillion cubic feet, which could help power the U.S. for the next century and support the revival of manufacturing in the United States... In his book *The Quest: Energy, Security, and the Remaking of the Modern World*, as well as in numerous media interviews, Daniel Yergin has traced the trajectory of the development of unconventional energy sources – both shale gas and what is called ‘tight oil’ or ‘shale oil’. ‘Shale gas is the biggest energy innovation so far in the 21st century,’ Yergin says. This is due to its scale, its rapid ascent within the energy economy, its demonstrated ability to lower costs, and the way in which it is transforming the North American energy marketplace.”

¹³⁴ Again, in our Newly Revised Version, we would probably say that the “experts” in charge of torturing me were all merely SVR officials, but we don’t feel like changing all the errors in the main text.

profile of me (wanting to kill people, rape women, avoid interaction with people, and perhaps molest children and talking like a schizophrenic). In the days between May 10 and June 1 which I have recorded in details above, the various pains they were intentionally causing me had not yet reached the frequency of daily occurrence, partly because both the French and the Russians were still busy producing evidences to reorder the configuration of the parties (the suspension of the Macrosphere-Microsphere division and the removal of the CIA and so on as my conspirators), and partly because the experts were still studying my brain patterns to decide on the exact shape of the regime of “cognitive behavioral torture” which they would inflict on me to effect my transformation into the Monkey’s forged profile of me. By the month’s end they had thoroughly studied my reaction toward computer malfunctioning and the remote shut-off of my recorder; they had noticed that the association of noises in my mind with DGHTR’s signals to signify “punch line” was becoming a painful experience for me and giving way to “Sonophobia”; that my love of intellect and beauty and my emotional sensitivity had caused me to become increasingly disgusted with the world of homeless people in which I was trapped because of my homelessness: my dislike of those ugly, hostile, and masculine faces which populated the environment to which I was forced to access; that my Borderline need for catharsis resulted in my becoming particularly frustrated when other people committed such simple fault as being unable to hear me (recall my conversation with my best friend Wes); that my fear for being framed into a pedophile in the evidentiary records of the International Court had conditioned me to feel increasing disgust with children... In short, they noted down every little thing in daily life – those “life’s normal breaks” of which Eleanor White has spoken – which bothered me, and they decided that the most effective way to transform me into a violent person who posed a danger to others was to increase the frequency of these seemingly innocuous events in my daily life. Whatever I didn’t like, whatever bothered me, whatever may hurt me a little, they would proceed to impose on me. Since they had noticed that my psychological disorders – my habit to record and document everything and my attachment to writing out the International Court trial as catharsis – had caused me to become pathologically dependent on my computer and electronics (recorder and camcorder), they would especially concentrate their efforts in the coming months on remotely controlling my laptop and electronics to malfunction as the most effective way to intensify my frustration to explosive level. I would become the “Chosen One for Machine Malfunctioning”. I want to here offer a breakdown of the experts’ torture regime because the methods they had devised were particularly obscure given their goal that, when I finally exploded and harmed people, it had to *look like it was my own fault*.¹³⁵

The goal was to drive me to an addiction to killing people through a series of small events each of which would never arouse people’s attention. Because the objective was to retrospectively confirm the Monkey’s false profile of me as genuine – that I was really, *by nature*, the kind of psychopathic dangerous creature described by him – the tactic consisted, not in inflicting extraordinary pain on me so as to change me (what is usually done in “torture”), but in lowering my tolerance for ordinary discomforting events which everyone had encountered in daily life and for which, because of this, everyone had unknowingly developed tolerance. The torture regime would consist in constantly inflicting on me petite unpleasant experiences which, when taken singly, could never amount to “torture” but which could achieve the effect of torture when accumulating into a long series and over a

135 Again, all of the above applies most likely not to a group of experts, but to the SVR Legend and his entourage.

long period of time. Here I want to make an analogy with Michel Foucault's famous treatise *Discipline et punir*, where he points out that the European notion of punishment has during the eighteenth century moved away from the former occasional, publicly displayed spectacular acts of torture which caused massive bodily injuries and pain, and toward a constant series of small acts of disciplinary measures in a panoptical prison system because the new breed of nation-state bureaucrats had discovered that the constancy of small amounts was more effective in transforming a person than a single instance of large amount was in deterring. Little bits of frustration over a long period of time could gradually empty out the target's patience more effectively than a single, spectacular painful event could provoke. At the end of the conditioning, when the target suddenly gets angry in a public place, throws things around, and beats up strangers simply because his computer has malfunctioned, everyone would think that he must be *by nature* violent, and no one would imagine that it was all because his computer has been malfunctioning every day for the past several years thanks to the malicious intent of some powerful figures. When he beats up people because children are making noises around him, it would appear that he is *by nature* a violent person, a danger to others, because nobody has ever been provoked to violence simply because he hears baby crying. Human attention is naturally captured by a single sensational instance of big evil while ignoring the infinite series of small evils which constitute in fact the foundation for big evils. People are shocked by Columbine shooters' mass murder but no one pays attention to the daily instances over several years where the shooters' classmates made fun of them to build up enormous grudge inside them toward their fellow students and the world at large – because these little instances, when taken singly, are no big deals at all.

It is thus because I must in the end appear as if I were by nature an insane and violently dangerous person that the torture took the form of a constant series of small instances rather than a few instances of spectacular injuries, with the aim of lowering my tolerance for ordinary phenomena rather than provoking me to violence all at once. Given this goal the team of experts decided to especially exploit my psychological disorders – especially my increasing discomfort with noises and children and my intolerance for the malfunctioning of electronics – and my false beliefs about the Monkey's going after me. My attunement to the Russians' signaling environment and responsiveness to my portrayal in the evidentiary records had already caused me to acquire “immunodeficiency syndrome” in regard to some phenomena in daily life to which every normal person was immune: noises and children. By intensifying my already acquired “immunodeficiency syndrome” and expanding its repertoire to include intolerance for other ordinary sights and sounds, like Hispanic people and courtesy expressions such as “Thank you” and “Have a nice day” – all through manipulating my belief system about my environment: hence it is called “cognitive behavioral torture” – the experts would in the coming months condition me to extraordinarily acute “Sonophobia”, “Misopedia”, and “Hispanophobia”: violent responses to loud noises, children, the mere sights of Hispanics, and even to people's saying “Thank you” to such point as to want to kill people – which would serve to confirm the Monkey's false profile of me as a danger to others since it would be mysterious to normal people without knowledge of what had happened to me that a person could be provoked to kill people simply because he heard them talking loudly and laughing next to him or saw Hispanic people. Again, he must be *by nature* a danger to others. *The control center*¹³⁶ would systematically nourish in me the unprecedented illnesses of

136 The SVR Legend and his fellow officers, that is.

“Misopedia” (hatred of children, the opposite of pedophilia), “Electronicachreia” (inability to use electronics), “Sonophobia” (fear of noises), and “Hispanophobia” (fear of Hispanics) as a means to make me conform, artificially and yet without leaving traces, to the Monkey’s lies about me as a violent person and a danger to others. The particular genius of the operation consists in draining out the reservoir of patience inside the target just one small drop at a time. It is like, instead of imposing extraneous unpleasantness on a person as a way to break him such as is usually done in secret prisons, the torturer proceeds to destroy the prisoner’s immune system so that he would get sick simply by breathing in the natural amount of bacteria in the air from which no normal human being could be sick. Just like AIDS. The advantage, again, is that no one could tell that he has been tortured at all – as long as the stimuli exploited in the cognitive-behavioral process are minute and not comprehensible to others, which in my case consist of the malfunctioning of electronics and disturbing noises and sights – since he has merely broken down from the ordinary amount of unpleasantness in life against which normal human beings would have developed immunity while growing up.

While the DGSE’s reinforcement of my false beliefs obstructed the SVR’s objective in one way (by diverting me away from figuring out the correct scenario and thereby causing the French objection to become a conspiracy), it had served their opponents’ goal in another way: since the false scenarios were invariably bad and intensified my depression, they could enable me to drive myself to temporary psychosis. In the next section I will analyze more thoroughly the problem of how my false beliefs about the control center’s working were increasingly making me look crazy to people. The depressions engendered by my false beliefs, together with the stupid character of these beliefs, were making me increasingly resemble the symptoms of schizophrenia; when I eventually broke down into temporary psychosis, on the combined effect of paranoia over imaginary scenarios and frustration, *I would look as if I were insane by my very nature.* The French were willing to pay this price to prevent their objection from becoming part of the conspiracy because they could still win easily on many other counts.

In the following I will concentrate on analyzing the experts’ regime in provoking me to violence – putting aside the problem of how they could possibly make me conform to the Monkey’s assertions about my schizophrenia, pedophilia, etc. – since this purpose of the regime was the source of most of the suffering I would have to endure. Since the causes for my increasing intolerance for noises and children and so on lie in my own belief system – my belief about the meaning of otherwise random noises and the appearance of children – to intensify my existing psychological disorders the experts would reinforce my current belief system. It is particularly for this reason that I have called the torture regime “cognitive behavioral”. To use my “Sonophobia” as an illustrating example. Since, in the latter part of 2009, Mr former Secretary Chertoff’s purpose in instructing residents to come near me to hold conversations when I was recording myself was to suppress my recordings as evidences in the International Court, I had always assumed that intentional recording of a conversation to which one was not a party, even in places where no privacy could be expected, was not really legal under international laws. Reading this belief of mine on the mind-reading computer, the experts would purposely remotely control strangers to come near me and chat loudly in order to create the semblance of wanting to pollute my recording of myself. I would thus become very fearful, believing that it was

the Monkey and that he wanted to invalidate my recordings of my philosophical thoughts and my writing process, etc. My erroneous belief system thus gave rise to the notion that the “Monkey is attacking my recorder”. Soon, like the origination of other phobias, the means had become an end in itself. Even if I were not recording myself, the noises of people’s chatting would enrage me so much that I would even break down into tears. Because, as I have noted, I had been recording myself round-the-clock for so long, my psychology had developed a strange sense of union with my recorder such that, when unwanted noises suddenly appeared to “attack my recorder”, I would feel as if I myself were being attacked. I would feel pain on behalf of my recorder. I didn’t yet know at the time that this was an ingenious tactic of torture without leaving a trace. The goal was to condition me to become able to be provoked to murderous rage or suicidal depression by mere ordinary phenomena. The first step would be to condition my belief system, making me believe that people’s noise in my recording would somehow make it illegal or result in my arrest. Once the belief – true or false – had solidified, the unpleasantness would eventually solidify in my psychology. After that, even when I should realize that the belief was false, the unpleasantness would stay on anyway. The next step would be to make sure I stay homeless so that I would be unable to avoid these ordinary noises. I would then eventually be driven to homicidal urges simply by ordinary phenomena, in this case simple noises, and no one would ever understand why, and no one would ever call that “torture”. It would thus never be known that my death, murder, or insanity had actually been planned by expert psychologists and intelligence officials in a secret control center somewhere. Such was the ingenuity in the “cognitive behavioral” approach to torture.

By the end of the year I would experience such a rage as to want to kill people just by, also, seeing the movements of children and the faces of Hispanics, watching a man and a woman hugging and people getting up and running, or hearing people saying “Thank you” and “Have a nice day” – all through the experts’ ingenious manipulation of my beliefs about these things in an overall scenario in which these things found their meaning. The conditioning would work mainly through their exploitation of my previous *correct* beliefs about the course of the International Court of Justice trial (the first run, that is). I wouldn’t have believed in any of the significance I assigned to these ordinary daily phenomena if I hadn’t been duped into believing that the present “signaling environment” formed a continuity with the past “signaling environment” of the first run. The technique was like: figuring out the superstitious fears which a schizophrenic harbored (believing erroneously for example that people’s wearing yellow was a sign that catastrophe was about to happen) and then purposely setting things up in accordance with his or her superstitious belief (purposely sending to him or her people wearing yellow) in order to drive him or her to insanity and violence – so that, in the end, it would look as if it were his or her own fault. In the following narrative you will see how the Russian intelligence SVR and the experts they had found would purposely exploit my loneliness, lack of emotional support from family and institutions, psychological vulnerability, my memory of the *past* International Court trial, and my financial bankruptcy to drive me to violence and insanity in accordance with the Monkey’s false profile of me so as to not lose this *current* International Court trial to France.

As you can see, I’m giving out hints as to the content of the next narrative in the series, “The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, electronicachreia, and Misopedia...” Other techniques in the

cognitive-behavioral torture which the experts would employ to transform me would include these. To keep the acts of torture small and invisible so that the product may look like it was so by nature, the experts had decided to take aim at my meaning of life, rather than at my body such as torturers usually do. What you do is first figure out the target's priority, something which he will never be willing to not do as long as he lives because it is the very reason why he lives. In my case it was documenting my unhappiness from clandestine operations and writing about it, and then recording myself writing about it so that no one could doubt that I was the one who had written it. What you then do is perpetually put obstacles in front of this most important goal of his, so that he would constantly run into the obstacles and get frustrated. After months and months of continually running into these obstacles and getting frustrated he would eventually accumulate so much anger and hopelessness that he would one day explode in a violent rage and kill people. Every instance of frustration would be like an act of deprivation of what he has already possessed, and serve to drain one more drop from the reservoir of positive energy in his psyche. Gradually his level of tolerance would be lowered to nothing. For this to work, of course, the target has to have a goal to which he is whole-heartedly devoted and which provides him with the greatest satisfaction in life. Now, in my case, the greatest obstacle in question, the malfunctioning of my computer (without a functioning computer I could not document and write), just happened to constitute part of the process of confirming the Monkey's false profile of me. The Monkey's false profile of me just happened to exclude that without which my life would be devoid of meaning – writing and recording myself using a computer. While preventing me from using computers day after day in order to make me conform to the Monkey's false profile of me, those experts hiding inside the control center realized that they could also drain out my patience *invisibly* in this fashion, since other people did not have a meaning of life so tied up with the use of computers. Since, because I was alone everyday, because computers were not so important to other people, and most of all because no one would believe that the government was in possession of a big computer that was capable of remotely controlling everyone's small computers, all the obstacles I faced each day in pursuit of my goal – the malfunctioning of my computers – either looked like ordinary occurrences or were incomprehensible to ordinary people, it would in the end, when I snapped, all look as if I had simply collapsed into murderous madness due to my own bad character – and I would at the same time confirm the Monkey's lies about me as never using a real computer and burning real discs. This is what "electronicachreia" means in essence. The experts would also make sure to deprive me of effective treatment, keep me homeless, and make it all look inevitable. This was easy enough since I had already irrevocably bankrupted myself for so long a period and could afford neither housing nor therapy.

Just as Buddha has discovered the source of human suffering in the world to be the human desire itself, the experts inside the control center could only succeed in draining away my patience, absent getting hold of me and torturing me physically, when I had become attached to my goals and thus exposed myself to frustrations should I be prevented from pursuing my goals. Since my goals provided me with a meaning to my life, I shall designate the "torture" I would experience also as "existentially oriented". "Existential torture" as the opposite of "existential psychology" or "existential psychotherapy".¹³⁷ To

¹³⁷ "Existential psychotherapy" is derived from the set of European philosophies collectively labeled as "existentialism". My use of the designation "existential psychotherapy" is restricted to analyzing mental dis-ease through a perspective on the human desire to impose a meaning upon this world in consequence of finding a meaning for human life. This

make me explode in violent outbursts in response to ordinary events so that I may appear violent and dangerous by nature, the experts need only find these things in everyday life in which I could never find a meaning for my life and surround me with these *constantly*. The daily vicissitudes which were the opposite of the components of a world in which I would find meaning constituted another components of the “petite unpleasant experiences.”

The “existential torture” would also be aesthetically oriented. The team of experts would notice that I had an artist’s need for beauty and intellect in the world. They would notice that I was one of those bohemian spirits who could find happiness only among those of the same kind, the kind that put the world of ideas and images above daily necessities in their list of priorities. To imperceptibly drive me to violence and insanity they would thus employ the remote control of my environment to remove intellectuals and pretty women from my surrounding and replace them with just the opposite types: those Hispanics for whom the meaning of life consisted solely in working and reproducing and those street elements imbued with belligerent toughness and criminal vulgarity would surround me in the following months and become my prison walls. Especially chosen, these ugly and dumb figures would eventually cause me to vomit when I simply saw and heard them and prompt me to lose interest in living.¹³⁸ Since these disgusting figures would be overwhelmingly Hispanics and blacks, the experts could achieve the additional goal of conditioning me to racist bigotry, thus making me conform to the Monkey’s forged profile of me in this respect as well. This is what I have called “Hispanophobia” (and “Negrophobia”, if you will). They had also made sure that all the people I would have to meet to get help from, or the only people who would come near me at times of my duress to offer me help, should be just these kinds of uneducated ugly machismo males, so that I would feel like vomiting when faced with “help” and get away from “help”. In this way the experts could also produce *seeming* evidences for my “autism” insofar as I was made to look like I did not like interaction with my fellow human beings. The long-term effect of living in a disgusting environment would be racism, autism, the evaporation of patience, deepened depression – and eventual explosion into violence.

I want to quickly explain some of the other tricks which the experts would employ to manipulate my manner of perceiving and believing about things in an attempt to turn me into a danger to others. I have noted that, insofar as the essence of Borderline Personality Disorder lies in the need for catharsis and others’ *Mitleiden*, the experts had decided to shut off opportunities for my catharsis to others in order to transform me to autistic behavior. My mode of being as seeking understanding and sympathy from others – as the “expert complainer” – would also explain how it was that the experts were able to condition me to become provokable to outrage and a desire to kill people by meaningless polite words like “Thank you” and “Have a nice day” – and even by strangers’ laughter near me. The experts would

restricted sense is something like the “logotherapy” developed by the concentration camp survivor Victor Frankl (*Man’s Search for Meaning*). “Existential psychotherapy” as it is actually practiced consists of more dimensions than this, of course. See, for example, Ernesto Spinelli’s *Practising Existential Psychotherapy: The Relational World* (2007). I first became aware of “existential psychology” when encountering the descriptions of “anti-psychiatry” (e.g. R. D. Laing) in some introductory works like David Cooper’s *Existentialism: A Reconstruction* (1990).

¹³⁸ It’s not clear anymore, as we work on this Newly Revised Version, whether the SVR Legend in the control center did indeed fix my environment in this way. Nevertheless, for the sake of the integrity of the narrative, we have decided to not change this conclusion in anyway.

make sure that I would feel like I was living in a totally unsympathetic world in which, because I was suffering mysteriously and alone, other people's happiness began to acquire a sense of mindlessness, vulgarity, and antipathy to my misfortune. Then, seeing that this sort of simple things could induce displeasure inside me, they would purposely remotely control residents and shop keepers to bombard me with "Thank you" and "Have a nice day" – while smiling sarcastically to me – in the hope that I would eventually injure people out of anger accumulated for this most inexplicable and unjustifiable reason: no one would ever accept "Thank you" and "Have a nice day" as "provocations" to excuse my violent behavior.

You thus see that "cognitive behavioral torture" consists in manipulating the way in which you interpret daily phenomena in order to cause you to be provoked to violence by nothing at all. I shall provide one more example to make this technique fully explicit. The experts would remotely control bus drivers to allow me to get on buses without paying. While, before, bus drivers in San Francisco might allow free ride, this had never been the tradition in Los Angeles. I would thus be conditioned to think of this as a tiny portion of my compensation for the great justice I had effected through the International Court for Russia's sake. Now this was probably what the experts inside the control center had wanted me to feel, but they also noticed that I had been perceiving my neglect by the Russians and my abuse at the hands of the Monkey – whom I thought to be a SVR employee – as some sort of mysterious betrayal. Whenever I got provoked and felt betrayed and unjustly treated, when I then got on the bus, the bus driver would suddenly ask me to pay, causing me to feel extreme anger and resistance to paying. This of course would make me appear unreasonably disobedient and like a selfish brat who would refuse paying what he should like everyone else, in conformity to the Monkey's false profile of me. It all looked just as if I were the one at fault. The technique to make someone appear bad-to-the-bone when he has never been bad in the past therefore consists in conditioning him to interpret certain releases from ordinary obligations as compensation for the injustice he has suffered and then suddenly withdrawing the compensation, so that he would be provoked to anger by perceiving as unjust what is really just. It is an ingenious tactic of cognitive behavioral manipulation, wouldn't you say? There would be countless other examples of this type, such as when security guards would be remotely controlled to ask me to move away from a spot just when I got busy there writing or calling someone, causing me to feel irritated and be provoked by what everyone else would perceive as reasonable requests.

Because of the way in which my belief system was set up, each simple and petite operation from the control center would have a domino effect – simply because the way I reacted to it tended to magnify the harm. I would multiply the unpleasantness I felt by adding on top of it the additional anger I caused myself by dwelling on how I had been betrayed by the Russians – by regurgitating how, instead of paying me what they owed me, the Russians were beating me up. Anger multiplied in this way drained away even more of my patience than could the original instance of unpleasantness. Then my deterioration into perpetual anger, coarse voice, and profanity increasingly conflicted with my self-image. I wanted to see myself as gentle, soft-spoken, and educated, and yet, when I looked at my own reflection I saw just the opposite. I wanted to vomit and my anger thus intensified by another layer. Just hearing myself talking would provoke me to suicidal depression. This would be the most magical part

of the operation: simply letting the target provoke himself to death. In this respect, my predicament of prolonged homelessness was another source of increasing pain which I would myself add to the orchestrated misery to help transform a peaceful myself into a suicidal and homicidal violent temperament.

To sum up, the technique was first of all lowering my tolerance of stress through conditioning my belief system rather than increasing environmental variables which anyone with a normal belief system would find stressful; secondly, causing myself to frustrate myself while I pursued what was most essential to me (using my computer to write and burn discs); thirdly, controlling people to provoke me a little bit each time, so that, when I finally exploded, it would all look as if everything were my own faults; and, finally, shutting off my emotional support as a way to increase my loneliness, so that I would in the end look something like the Monkey's false profile of me, namely, autism as a derivative from Borderline Personality Disorder. Because this torture technique was based on existentialist principles and a cognitive behavioral approach, I would call it "existentially oriented cognitive behavioral torture for Borderline Personality Disorder".

What the Russian intelligence SVR and the team of experts they had gathered were doing was, in a word, a new, particularly pernicious, sort of clandestine operation: how to mess up somebody and yet make it look as if he had merely messed himself up, as if it were all due to the victim's own fault. Such technique had become possible because of the invention of the technology of the "control center", namely, the computer system making possible centralized command of a nation's infrastructure whose power was then vastly magnified through its interface with the computer system which read and controlled people's mind through nano chip implants in their brain. With this computer system in the control center the intelligence officials could cause the target to bankrupt himself, drive himself into a corner of desperation and helplessness, and eventually explode into violent rage, harm people, and get arrested, all without his or others' ability to tell that it has in fact been an intelligence agency which has caused all this and that all has not been natural or the victim's fault at all. All they will ever have to do is to secretly insert a chip inside the victim's brain without his notice, and, while reading his thoughts, understanding what his fear and paranoia and likes and dislikes are, and monitoring the evolutionary course of his mood structure with the mind-reading computer, to use the computer system of the control center to remotely and clandestinely devise every detail of his environment and every movement of the people around him in order to confirm his fears and paranoia and set him on the path of driving himself insane – not to mention the conditioning of a murderous rage inside him with a constant stream of petite and seemingly insignificant unpleasant experiences, sometimes simply by commanding whichever machine he is using to malfunction in mysterious ways.

This "existentially oriented cognitive-behavioral torture" would certainly resonate very well with Uncle Sam. Ever since 911, Uncle Sam has been looking for ways to torture people while avoiding violating the Geneva Convention against Torture. He has learned to reclassify targets as "enemy combatants" in order to exclude them from existing legal protections. He has then experimented with torture techniques that allow him to torture people without touching them, like blasting rap music in their ears 24 hours a day, sensory deprivation, or prolonged isolation. He has for example destroyed Jose Padilla

while hardly ever touching him. My concept here is that you can in fact torture people by simply talking to them or staging what they shall see; you can then manipulate their belief system and frustrate their pursuit of meaning in life to the point of driving them to suicidal depression and to kill themselves. It will all look as if you had never done anything bad to them.

Note that the ICJ Court rule still required that I be allowed to act freely. Thus the Russians were not allowed to simply remotely control me like a robot to harm people, rape women, and kill the Pyramid; I had to harm people and rape women of my own accord. The rule thus spared me the unfortunate fate of becoming a “targeted individual” in the fullest possible sense: being remotely controlled like a robot to harm people while leaving everybody else to believe erroneously that I had done it out of my own free will. In 2012, however, becoming a “targeted individual” in this fullest possible sense was exactly what happened to me. You thus see how the Monkey was truly my Judas: because of him I would suddenly find myself in the same position as Poland: after Hitler it was Stalin; while on the western front the Germans were exterminating them, on the eastern front the Russians were exterminating them. The liberation from the Nazis merely meant domination and oppression anew by the Russians. After Mr former Secretary Chertoff, it was the Russians. My case was worse, for I had saved these Russians’ lives. They were now forced to torment me far worse than Mr Chertoff and his Homeland Security thugs had ever done.

4.

A common problem among victims of government operations: false beliefs due to inadequate understanding

At last I want to discuss the problem of “false beliefs” (or “inaccurate understanding”) which is the most frequently occurring characteristic among victims of government operations in Western democracies – not just in my case, but in all the other cases similar to mine which I have examined. I have talked about how my false beliefs about how the remote control of people worked were making me look crazy to people. I have also mentioned many other instances of this sort, and I have enumerated a few of the various false theories I had developed about the purpose of the operations on me (the SVR’s testing, etc.). It’s natural for victims to want to develop an understanding of the causes of their suffering. However, because the mechanism of torture involved high grade technology, complicated political motives, and strategic calculation, inexperienced and uneducated victims too frequently speculated wrongly on the causes, making themselves look crazy and discrediting themselves instead of exposing the victimizers. The tortures or crimes which those in power have committed against ordinary citizens in our Western “democracies” are usually so deviant that, even when the victims are able to describe them correctly, they will only make themselves look crazy, let alone when they describe them incorrectly. As you have seen, in the latter half of May I had begun composing a summary version of my incorrect understanding of the crisis inside the control center and would eventually include it in the pleading of the lawsuit which I was encouraged to file against the “Monkey Pyramid”. I would finally file this lawsuit in Los Angeles County Superior Court on June 14, two weeks from now. I want to append the whole text of that pleading in this concluding section of my narrative, because it succinctly summarizes the entire false understanding which I had developed in

those turbulent days of May 2010. Take special note also of the two additional false details which I had fancied out in the first two weeks of June: that the Mini-trial was a trial at the SVR’s “martial court”; and that the command which the Monkey had hijacked from my imaginary DGHTR covered only North America. The pleading thus incorporates the stupid scenario that the Monkey, after assuming the command of “International Court District North America”, had been reviving my old false profile as “criminal foreign agent David Chin” in the evidentiary record of the International Court and suing DGHTR so that it would now become impossible for Russia to “pick me up” for fear of drowning in the same old conspiracy – although it would not affect Putin in the higher sphere. Absolutely ridiculous!

APPENDIX 1:
THE TEXT OF THE LAWSUIT I FILED AGAINST ANGELINA BXXXXXXXXXX
ON JUNE 14 2010

The Superior Court of the State of California
For the County of Los Angeles

Lawrence Chin, Plaintiff

v.

Angelina Bxxxxxxxx, Mr Bxxxxxxxx, Defendants

Plaintiff first became acquainted with the first defendant Ms Angelina Bxxxxxxxx in the latter part of 2008, when plaintiff had had to frequent the Los Angeles County Law Library to do research on the two civil lawsuits he was working on at the time. The first defendant has been a supervisor at the circulation desk of this library. The second defendant, Mr Bxxxxxxxx the father of the first defendant, plaintiff does not know personally but may have once seen on the bus in the month of April this year. Please see the photograph attached in Exhibit A. He may have been stalking plaintiff, though plaintiff is not sure of this.

Plaintiff believes that the first defendant was at the time of plaintiff’s acquaintance with her recruited by the Department of Homeland Security and the Central Intelligence Agency to run pranks on the plaintiff. The origins of the affairs are, to the best knowledge of the plaintiff, in thus manner. Plaintiff does not have all the details, and believes actually that the defendants would know the details and the outline of the matter better than the plaintiff. Here, however, plaintiff offers what he knows best to be probably true, hoping that at least the first defendant may shed more light and/or correct mistakes. Plaintiff has elsewhere once recounted the incident in another civil lawsuit in the federal court of the Northern District of California (C0901379JL), which plaintiff however never did pursue to its end due to lack of resources and time.

There has once existed a secret lawsuit originating in the International Court of Justice between the United States and its allies on the one hand and China, Russia, and perhaps some other countries on the other. This suit commenced according to plaintiff’s belief in November 2007 when Plaintiff obtained a

Visa from the consulate of the People's Republic of China in Los Angeles to get ready to fly to China, and eventually so he did on December 29 2007. Concurrent with Plaintiff's attainment of the said Visa the United States Department of Homeland Security passed a warning to the Chinese representative about the Plaintiff, most likely alleging that Plaintiff suffered from schizophrenic delusion about once being *erroneously* investigated by the United States authority as a “terrorist suspect”. The representative entity of the PRC however had evidence to believe otherwise – a FBI document showing that Plaintiff's “delusion” was in fact reality – and duly filed suit against United States and Canada in the International Court of Justice for intentionally not sharing the correct information about the Plaintiff, namely that he has once been investigated by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and its Canadian partners as such “terrorist suspect”.

The dispute eventually evolved by early 2008 to consist in this. While first China and then the Russian Federation sued the United States (among others) for intentionally providing false information about Plaintiff when he flew into and over their territories, the United States countered that the suit initiated by the Chinese and the Russian authorities against the United States was in fact a conspiratorial intelligence operation devised to unjustly hurt the United States; that Plaintiff was in fact a covert operative for both China and Russia (among other nations) who was sent on this “mission” in late 2007; that he was in fact not who he was at all, Lawrence Chin the terrorist suspect (also a talented artist and writer) but someone else, namely his older brother who was a computer programmer (and who was made a “twin brother” of plaintiff's), thus relieving the United States from the charge of lying and breaking international law; and finally that the “mission” consists just in pretending to be his little brother Lawrence Chin and flying to China etc to get the United States sued. (The US authority was thus claiming that Plaintiff was his older brother pretending to be him the little brother per the design of Chinese and Russian intelligence services, among the intelligence services of many other nations that were also alleged to be conspirators against the United States.)

Plaintiff believes that the pranks for which the first defendant was recruited in late 2008 along with several others of her colleagues at the Los Angeles County Law Library consisted precisely in generating evidence to show that plaintiff was this “David Chin secret agent of China and Russia” pretending to be Lawrence Chin. The court must understand that the former Bush administration had for plaintiff's case especially installed in the International Court a system of surveillance upon the plaintiff for use of “gathering” (actually generating) evidence which can only be called the “faulty surveillance Machine”. The Machine was especially wired up to plaintiff's location to conduct surveillance on plaintiff but, without the knowledge of the judges, it persistently confused someone else with plaintiff so that evidence can be had of plaintiff's performing clandestine operations for foreign powers even when plaintiff did nothing of the sort. The US authority had merely to send someone next to plaintiff doing something similar to whatever evidence it needed to convict the nations under suit in the International Court. Although most of the “intercepts” here mentioned were performed by the colleagues of the first defendant, she did on a few occasions participate in the “evidence-production process” as instructed by the US authorities aforementioned. (For example, December 19 2008, around 5 PM.)

The affair is made more complex by the fact that the Agency so named above has once approached plaintiff for study and recruitment. The operation failed due to internal strife between the Agency and the Department of Homeland Security (notably its then Secretary), the latter of which then duly sent out secret alerts about plaintiff's supposed schizophrenia in 2007 in order to keep the affair a secret. ("Secret" because everyone was to keep it a secret from the plaintiff.) This plaintiff boldly asserts without the ability to confirm it to the Court's satisfaction, for it's the Agency's policy to deny everything and confirm nothing and the pictures which plaintiff has taken of Agency's personnel would not suffice to prove that the person in question was indeed Agency's person. Furthermore, plaintiff would not produce the pictures for Court's examination out of respect for Agency's "privacy". Plaintiff believes to have received Agency's signal to fly to Nicaragua in August 2009 as a way to advance Agency's and Department's continuing lawsuit against the Russian Federation in the International Court. What plaintiff needed to do was nothing more than stay in an apartment rented out by Agency's cover hotel and withstand further strange faulty surveillance. (No more detail given.) Plaintiff returned to Los Angeles in October 2009. What happened later was rather murky to the plaintiff. From the surveillance intercepts which the Agency together with the Department had produced as evidence in the quarrels in the International Court, it appears that, with the help of the plaintiff the Agency (at least part of the Agency) was breaking away from the yoke of the by then former Secretary of Homeland Security with some strange tricks in cooperation with their Russian counterpart and some key Democrats in the International Court and that the then former Secretary of Homeland Security and a few key Neoconservatives had lost the suit. Whatever the result of this lawsuit is not of issue here – although plaintiff does need to mention that something like a world-government has been established right from the International Court from which the survivors of the suit are able to command the governmental elites around the world. What is however important to note for the attention of the Court is that the Agency, the Russian intelligence, some key Democrats, and perhaps more of an international team have since February this year maintained an umbrella of centralized command over the city's infrastructure and population. A command structure which was built up during the three previous busy months for the sake of the production of the intercepts needed for the International Court and maintained thereafter, frequently if only for plaintiff's sake, or so it seems. (Plaintiff is not sure.) This command structure is part of the "world-government" commanding all the elites of virtually all the countries around the world.

To briefly describe the working of this command structure. During the course of lawsuit regarding plaintiff the so-called terrorist suspect, anyone convicted of conspiracy with plaintiff in the manner of communication between plaintiff and the person in question so as to defraud the Court to unfairly convict the other side, is called to the Court to receive the judgment of falling under the command of the other side. This is usual enough. But in extreme cases this conviction would be enforced with the machinery for remotely controlling people. The details of this machinery for remotely controlling people are given in plaintiff's autobiographical account attached in the Exhibits. When a foreign dignitary was for example found committing conspiracy with the plaintiff by having his images flashed in front of plaintiff as if in the manner of passing secret message to the plaintiff, that foreign dignitary would then be called to the Court to have remote control devices installed in him or her so that the other side against which plaintiff was supposedly working may then command the dignitary with the

remote control machinery located right inside the Court. When all the foreign dignitaries of the world have been found guilty of conspiracy with the plaintiff in the above said manner, the governmental elites of the entire world would have been implanted with remote control devices and be remotely controlled by the victim side in the lawsuit in the International Court – right from the court house, it seems. This is how a “universal command structure” or “world government” was built up during the course of lawsuit between October 2009 and February 2010. What one sees as international politics on TV news (such as when the head of one state shakes the hand of the head of another state to broker a deal) is in fact just a puppet show orchestrated from the International Court of Justice where the survivors of the lawsuit are remotely controlling these heads of states to put up a show as a way to deceive ordinary people into thinking that all this is real or “natural”. These survivors are the hidden real power elites on the planet hiding in the International Court of Justice. Concomitant with this universal command structure is the command structure which can remotely direct the movement of every little thing in plaintiff's environment. Since late 2009 and early 2010, under the command of the Agency, the Russians, and some Democrats, the residents around plaintiff were implanted with some of the devices of the remote control set and were told to move around when plaintiff had produced a correct intercept or said something right for the evidentiary record, for example. The trees in plaintiff's environment had all been wired up, in the beginning with listening devices to procure plaintiff's words as testimonies, but later on to cause leaves to fall in front of plaintiff during the right moment (such as when plaintiff had said something right). Even the weather above plaintiff had been remotely controlled from the command center – to make cold or simply to blow wind near plaintiff so as to cause the movements of papers and leaves as a way to signal to plaintiff that he had said something right or wrong. Even the animals in plaintiff's environment had been implanted with remote control devices so that those in the command structure can remotely cause the birds to fly when plaintiff had said something right or dogs to bark or run as part of the signaling system, for example. This is the frightening Neoconservative technology, with which the winning party in the lawsuit at the International Court has been sealing up plaintiff in an artificial bubble of existence solely in order for plaintiff to perform as a way to produce the evidences needed to free the Agency and its partners from the yoke of Neoconservative domination. Please note that this two-sided command structure has a domestic political dimension already hinted at. The Neoconservatives have since the beginning of 2009 planted remote control devices inside the heads of some Democrats, so that, while everyone thinks that we have a government of Democrats, it is in fact the elites in the Republican Party who are secretly ruling by remotely controlling these Democrats.

With respect to the residents and local government and law enforcement personnel, this must be said. The scariest part about this system of remote command is that those who are commanded, even when still conscious, would not know who is giving them command. (See Exhibits.)

When plaintiff began going to the Law Library again since February 6 this year, plaintiff suddenly had the impression that the new “Russian-Agency-Democrats axis” had the intention to pair plaintiff up with the first defendant because of some operation planned in Mexico. It seems that the first defendant was so chosen because the second defendant, or the first defendant's father, Mr Bxxxxxxxxx, a very aggressive personality of approximately 64 year-old, had some very important political connections in

Mexico. Just soon the second defendant began vehemently objecting to the pair-up, mostly because of the disintegrated state into which plaintiff had fallen after the previous battle at the International Court. Plaintiff believes that the second defendant, or first defendant's father, had been coveting the power of the planner(s) in this coming operation in Mexico, especially in regard to his use of the machines to give commands over the city and beyond in North America. (The original planner(s) seem to have command over the entire North American region, the new “world-government” from the base in International Court perhaps functioning by dividing the world into various regional Districts.) Plaintiff believes that the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx thus duped the first defendant as to the nature of plaintiff's character in order to wrestle away the first defendant from her recruiter. With the use of environmental changes around plaintiff when plaintiff had become accustomed to believing that they constituted signals of encouragement, the second defendant had led plaintiff to believe that the first defendant's recruiter wanted plaintiff to write out the reasons and request for letter-exchange on a portrait which plaintiff had drawn of the first defendant and to give it to the first defendant as a way to initiate the letter-exchange. Little however did plaintiff know that the second defendant had in fact told the first defendant untrue story about the portrait – probably in the nature that plaintiff was planning on severe physical harm of the first defendant with his letter-exchange idea. Hence on April 9 when plaintiff handed the portrait to the first defendant while in the library the latter duly rejected it and had the security guards throw plaintiff out of the place, calling the drawing an act of “stalking”. Plaintiff was on the next day informed by the security guard that he was from now on permanently banned from the library. All this is more thoroughly explained in plaintiff's diary entry attached in the Exhibits.

Plaintiff believes that the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx's motive was to insinuate himself into the aforementioned command structure already set up in the International Court. He has most likely temporarily taken over the machines in the command structure since April 2, and has physically altered the setting of the computer systems there in order to produce fraudulent intercepts of plaintiff's thoughts, words, and actions so as to slander the plaintiff before the first defendant and to enmesh himself with the machines. Plaintiff believes that the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx was – and is continually – producing faulty evidence for the evidentiary record of the International Court showing that plaintiff is not who he is at all (not Lawrence Chin) and not possessing all the talents he has. The forged and faulty evidences Mr Bxxxxxxx has produced slander plaintiff as this David Chin and in most cases as the opposite of plaintiff, saying plaintiff is murderous, stupid, autistic, pornographic, uneducated, and pedophilic when plaintiff happens to be the exact opposite of these. With these false evidences, after April 10 and by the middle of May, through a series of battle with the first defendant's recruiter(s) (the aforementioned planner(s) for the upcoming operation in Mexico) in the evidentiary process in the International Court, the second defendant was eventually able to take over completely the command structure of at least the North American District of the International Court and thus the whole of plaintiff's environment – namely the post originally held by the aforementioned planner(s) for the upcoming operations in Mexico. It seems that all he has had to do to keep this post in the International Court command structure is to maintain plaintiff as the disgusting figure which his slandering false evidences say plaintiff is, and to argue successfully in Court that the better profile which the original planner(s) have presented of plaintiff in the evidentiary record there is false (inversion of truth, that is). This would mean that no one in the city save plaintiff and the first

defendant would even know that it's first defendant's father who has been giving commands to everyone since then. The worst part of this is that, with the aforementioned remote control of foreign elites and domestic politicians, the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxxxx is in effect secretly remotely controlling at least many parts of the US governments like his puppets and orchestrating domestic politics without anyone knowing so. Often times plaintiff doesn't even think that any of the US government personnel know that the entire thing over them from the International Court has already been hijacked by a business man of Mexican origin who has hitherto had nothing to do with the US government, namely the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxxxx.

After hijacking the command structure, the first defendant's father, or the second defendant, has been giving commands to people in the city as to how to behave toward the plaintiff. It seems that his deepest fear is for those in the local and federal government to know that it was in fact not Agency's personnel but he, a businessman of Mexican descent, who has been commanding the entire government and infrastructure of the United States. He has been remotely turning off plaintiff's computers from the control center on several occasions while plaintiff was burning discs (for example, on April 18 and April 21). Lately (May) the first defendant's father seems to have begun orchestrating a series of slandering alert against the plaintiff with the view of secretly removing him so that his secret command would not be known. He has ordered the intentional harassment of plaintiff by security guards by means of mistaken identity on May 12 in order to produce faulty evidence in the International Court arena as a way to maintain his control of the North American District. It seems furthermore after May 12 that the second defendant has continued orchestrating more instances of mistaken identities among law enforcement and security industry in order for the personnel to confuse plaintiff with other criminal elements, thus building up a very bad profile of plaintiff by attributing to him criminal and disturbing acts of others many of whom were second defendant's own agents anyway. Whether the goal would include legal problems for plaintiff in this "real world" plaintiff could not say, but his immediate goal seems to be producing faulty evidences in the International Court to keep his secret command afloat. Plaintiff can mention May 25, past midnight, when a guy came to plaintiff selling crystals by the entrance of the cybercafe located on Wilshire and Normandie (recorded in "IMPcybrcafeincdnt_5_24-5_919PM-1224AM.WMA" and "IMPcybrcafeincident_5_25_10_1224-212AM.WMA"), and in early morning, when fire trucks showed up nearby, it would seem that he had ordered his agents to make false report in order for law enforcement and fire department personnel to not believe plaintiff should he report to the police about what had happened with his recording of the event. Plaintiff has to remind the court that plaintiff out of extraordinary need of self-defense has had to record himself 24 hours a day, usually not a single second missed, due to executive authority's widespread instruction for people to make false reports about plaintiff or to talk about non-existent reality for the sake of producing faulty intercept evidences for the International Court or for police officers to mistake plaintiff's identity for the same purpose. This has been going on since early 2008 and now is continuing under the command of the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxxxx. Plaintiff has a large collection of recordings proving such to be the case, recordings in which people and police would speak completely nonsensical gibberish as if with diminished mental capacity beyond the natural level. Defendants should not therefore use such pretext to preclude the recordings as evidences as people's consent or non-consent to being recorded. Any sort of law enforcement records which the defendants may find may easily be falsified by

plaintiff's round-the-clock recording of his every breath and constant videotaping of himself for the past many years. Plaintiff doubts that any of the police officers, government workers, and the population and so on know that it is in fact the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx who has been giving them commands about when to pursue plaintiff and talk about nonexistent reality in front of him. Everyone probably just think that it is the same old Mr former Secretary of DHS or the same old DHS officials that are telling them to slander plaintiff for the sake of the same old International Court case against the Russians.

Knowing that plaintiff records himself 24 hours a day to prove that he is innocent of the characteristics which the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx attempts to secretly instruct people to talk about plaintiff as possessing, the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx has resorted to the tactic of forging recordings and then instructing government agents and officers to confuse those as plaintiff's. When plaintiff has lost a USB flash drive at the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire on the night of May 9 and early morning of May 10 (the content of the USB flash drive was videotaped that night just before plaintiff forgot to take it with him when he left the place: [PICT0032.AVI to PICT0039.AVI](#), skipping [PICT0033.AVI](#)), plaintiff believes that the second defendant may very well have used this as an opportunity to forge recording of plaintiff's self-talk. Plaintiff believes that the forged recording is flowing about somewhere in the law enforcement and security industry and that Department of Homeland Security is investigating the plaintiff and conducting surveillance on him on account of this forged recording. Plaintiff cannot guess the content of the forged recording, but it's safe to assume that it's forged to frame plaintiff for horrifying criminal characteristics – angry, violent, pornographic, stupid, vulgar, uneducated, murderous, etc. Furthermore, plaintiff believes that the method used to forge the recording consists more likely in finding someone that sounds like plaintiff to make the recording than in actually using software to produce fake recording of conversations that have never existed. In pointing out that plaintiff has been recording himself 24 hours a day 7 days a week since the latter part of 2008 – and this is widely known among the population and government personnel – plaintiff wishes to note that there have been very few gaps in this continuous recording of his life for almost two years. The gaps are usually due to plaintiff's recorder running out of batteries unexpectedly, but at times it's due to its being remotely shut off by the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx from his Homeland Security control center. Please note that the sheer volume of plaintiff's recordings – totaling almost 10,000 hours – is proof that plaintiff couldn't have forged any of it. Now included in the CDs attached in the Exhibit is another video showing how the recorder looked like when it was remotely turned off in such fashion on the morning of June 6 ([PICT0016.AVI](#)). The second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx, when trying to prevent counter-evidence of plaintiff's recording of his activities from entering the evidentiary record of the International Court, frequently resorts to remotely turning off plaintiff's recorder (such as freezing it). Another example occurred on June 4 on 8:12 PM when plaintiff called up his former best friend Wesley N on his cellphone only to find that his recorder was subsequently frozen and that the recording of the conversation was thus lost – a clear sign that the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx was planning on changing the NSA or Homeland Security intercept of plaintiff's conversation with Mr N – making plaintiff say something bad which plaintiff has in fact not said and then presenting it to the International Court as “evidence” for plaintiff's bad character, although, plaintiff shall remind the court, in this case the bad slander of plaintiff thus produced

probably did not enter any official records of law enforcement authority. (Plaintiff wishes to point out to the court that the only way for plaintiff to submit evidence to the International Court has been uploading his recording files to his website so as to have them be intercepted by domestic and foreign authority for presentation in the International Court as evidence.)

Plaintiff finally wishes to note that he has been videotaping many moments of his writing process – even including writing this very complaint – and has always recorded himself whenever he writes so as to have proof against Mr Bxxxxxxx's agents' forging his writings and impersonating his works. As an example, plaintiff shall include on the attached CD two videos documenting plaintiff writing this very complaint on the night of June 10 and the morning of June 11: **WRT61010PICT0035.AVI** and **WRTPICT0062.AVI**. This is necessary because the false profile of plaintiff which the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx has been spreading about in both the secret world of International Court and in the real world here among the population and law enforcement personnel includes just this horrifying slander that plaintiff has never written all his writings which total by now more than 3,000 pages – almost 1,000 of which are devoted to describing intelligence operations performed on plaintiff since 2005. Moreover, plaintiff also believes that law enforcement and Homeland Security are investigating the plaintiff as a pedophile of some sort – or pretending to investigate him as such insofar as everyone should know that plaintiff is being framed. The secret commander of the Department of Homeland Security, the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx, has been sending in children to plaintiff's vicinity whenever he goes knowing that he hates children and is recording himself 24 hours a day. Children thus show up in all sorts of unexpected circumstances: in university library and campus, at Westside Center for Independent Living (a facility devoted to finding housing for disabled people), and without exception on the bus. A most illustrative example of this is found in the two videos and recordings included in the CDs: "**strbkpoliceImf_6_27-28_10_1103PM-1255AM.WMA**". A law enforcement officer and a mother with children will just have to show up in Starbucks in Westwood at 12 AM at night (see 47:45 in the recording) – most likely so that the law enforcement officer may then rumor in his official setting that plaintiff was seen again following children and trying to record them. (Plaintiff had his recorder in his hand while talking to the officer and was also videotaping the officer right in his face, and although the officer first grabbed plaintiff's hand to show displeasure [note 48:00], he didn't say anything afterwards. But plaintiff's camcorder was then remotely shut off so that no videos are left of the officer's face. The officer said his badge number is 379.) Knowing this, plaintiff simply walked to the officer and recorded himself asking the officer if the officer thought the situation strange enough as to raise doubt that it might all have been orchestrated. Plaintiff has been on the official records as a pedophile without ever going near any settings that have natural connections with children but are always near settings where children would be the most unexpected figures – and this latter assertion is clearly proven by plaintiff's 10,000 hours of recordings and videos of his whereabouts and activities in the past two years or so. This strange situation is certainly thanks to the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxx's orchestration. Lastly, the second defendant has also sent in an agent past midnight of June 13 to drop plaintiff a message outside the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire, seemingly offering plaintiff a chance to meet someone in Brentwood. When plaintiff went there in the morning, however, he only found that the place of meeting was near a school area and while plaintiff was going there he was spotted and videotaped by several police cars which were obviously sent in on the

command of DHS (and therefore under the secret command of the second defendant) to produce evidences for plaintiff's non-existent love for hangout near such places. (Plaintiff's 10,000 hours of recording of his past two years would of course demonstrate that plaintiff has never had such love.) When discovering what was going on plaintiff quickly left the area, and the whole event, from the message-dropping to the going, has of course been recorded which will demonstrate once again how the second defendant has deceived plaintiff into such compromising appearance. It is not clear to plaintiff whether such act of framing is merely to produce faulty evidence for the secret International Court or is to have "real world" consequences (namely, legal problems) for the plaintiff.

Plaintiff wishes to recount to the court that the total damage which the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxxx has inflicted upon plaintiff since April 2010 consists just in the secret slander of plaintiff in the law enforcement and intelligence industry effected by the forged recording and constant presence of minors in plaintiff's environment, but more: the Homeland Security alert which Mr Bxxxxxxxx has commanded the DHS to broadcast about the plaintiff – presenting the plaintiff as far more criminal and stupid and pornographic than plaintiff really is, in addition to saying (as is likely) that he is a foreign agent – not just in this country, but very likely overseas as well and throughout the travel industry, making it impossible for plaintiff to have any sort of social standing anywhere in the world in the future. Moreover, most likely through slandering the plaintiff before his family members and then commanding them to speak gibberish falsehood about the plaintiff while under surveillance so as to produce faulty evidence for the International Court, Mr Bxxxxxxxx has effectively cut off all help and connections from plaintiff's family. In other words, the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxxx has effectively disabled almost every aspect of plaintiff's environment. He has been also commanding DHS to put plaintiff under strict surveillance (many of which plaintiff has videotaped as proof) and constantly sending agents to provoke plaintiff with aggressive advances wherever plaintiff goes (all of this plaintiff has of course also recorded). Last but not least, the second defendant Mr Bxxxxxxxx has also remotely shut off plaintiff's DVD burning software on his laptop for about a dozen times, each disc thus destroyed costing approximately 3 dollars, adding further financial hardship to plaintiff who is already dead broke.

A most horrifying prospect about Mr Bxxxxxxxx's actions in regard to plaintiff has been his access to the "thought-reading machine" in the International Court to which plaintiff has been wired. The court must understand that Mr Bxxxxxxxx is a con man and a scammer and is in the habit of changing the setting of that "thought-reading machine" in order to produce fake intercepts of plaintiff's thoughts that are the opposites of plaintiff's "real thoughts". This problem has been a grave concern for plaintiff for, unlike plaintiff's words, plaintiff does not have the ability to record his own thoughts. If he reads out loud his thoughts, he has no proof that he is actually doing so rather than saying one thing while thinking another. While Mr Bxxxxxxxx's slandering of plaintiff in thus manner would normally only have effect in the arena of the International Court to which only the elites around the world have access, it is imaginable that he might alert the population to the fact that the US government has already produced the technology to read people's thoughts with extreme accuracy by the end of 2008, and that he may then tell the population around plaintiff that plaintiff has thought these pornographic and criminal thoughts while in reality plaintiff has never thought such things. The worst part is that

plaintiff would never know he has been slandered in this way if indeed he has been, because Mr Bxxxxxxx would simply command DHS to order people to keep what they have been told about plaintiff's thoughts a secret from the plaintiff.

WHEREFORE the Plaintiff prays for relief from the Court. Plaintiff prays that, if the whole scenario works out to be approximately true, the second defendant compensate the plaintiff in the amount of 9,999 dollar for property damage, emotional stress, reputational damage which he has caused and the future inconvenience on plaintiff's social life and movements which this reputational damage will incur, and finally the cost which the plaintiff will have incurred in making this complaint, and that the first defendant compensate the Plaintiff along with all the city employees and US government personnel by persuading her father the second defendant to leave plaintiff alone and to reveal the secrets of the "thought-reading machine" to which plaintiff has been wired. (The first defendant, plaintiff believes, has personally seen the intercepts of plaintiff's thoughts.) On the other hand, if the defendants successfully deny to the court's satisfaction all the background scenarios here given (save of course the first defendant's consideration as "stalking" plaintiff's transfer of a portrait to her), then Plaintiff prays that the first defendant compensate the plaintiff in the amount of 900 dollars for wrongful expulsion from public resources to which plaintiff as a resident of California naturally has a right. Plaintiff finally wishes to make it clear to the Court that, though frequently angry with the defendant when by himself in his misery in the past two months, he harbors absolutely no feeling of enmity against her at this moment. Plaintiff's true feeling toward the first defendant consists only in regrets about ever having met her, as he would never have comprehended that she might have a father of such extraordinary cruelty and injustice, such that meeting her would have resulted in the present extraordinary destitute and near demise of plaintiff as a person – all of which plaintiff has recorded, of course. Last but not least, plaintiff also wishes to mention the dozen times or so since April when Mr Bxxxxxxx remotely turned off plaintiff's DVD burning software, each failed burn costing the plaintiff 3 dollar or so when plaintiff is already financially broken up.

THE END OF PLEADING

Again, this is only a summary of the false scenarios I had developed; you can see how ridiculous this lawsuit must have looked to people unaware of what was going on with me and how interesting it is that, while the beginning of the summary describes actual events, it soon turns into ridiculous fantasy. Now, even in the preceding diary entry I have been omissive. Toward the latter half of the preceding diary, I have stopped documenting many instances of my paranoia over nothing of significance which had resulted from my false beliefs about, or inadequate understanding of, what had happened inside the control center and the objectives of those shadowy figures hiding in there. I have stopped mentioning my continual preoccupation with the vast number of people wearing purple, for example. I have omitted all mentions of my preoccupation with "Angelina shoes" (I wasted endless time and energy paying attention to women around me who were wearing the same kind of boots which the Pyramid was wearing on February 6 believing erroneously that her father had orchestrated this in order to produce evidences unfavorable to me and Russia), people's running (as I erroneously believed that people continued to be remotely controlled to run as part of the "signaling environment" which had

evidentiary values), women’s putting sunglasses over their head (as I erroneously believed that the control center was remotely controlling women to do this to replicate past instances where the CIA girls were commanded to wear sunglasses over their head to signal to me)... I have omitted all mentions of the countless instances where I wasted my time and energy paying close attention to what people said to each other around me – all because at any moment they *could* be instructed to give me a metaphor. Just because the intelligence officials hiding inside the control center had communicated “secret messages” to me a few times by instructing or controlling the people around me to give out metaphors, I developed the habit of seeing metaphors in everything people said and did around me. I have omitted most of my worthless talking to myself, where I constantly came up with more hypotheses, all false scenarios. I have in the above diary only bothered to describe a few representatives from the whole set of false scenarios I had developed about the dynamics inside the control center. Try to measure these false scenarios I have described against the correct account of what had happened inside the control center. I would subsist in all sorts of false beliefs about the control center throughout 2010, wasting my time and feeling depressed over non-existent realities. In the process, I had made myself increasingly resemble the symptoms of a schizophrenic. As I have noted, this was actually normal – and I would discover this “artificial resemblance to mental illness due to habituation and over-sensitivity to operations that are in fact occasional” to be symptomatic among other victims of clandestine operations whom I would meet in the coming years. It is natural for human beings to want to develop an overall scenario explaining their suffering (or even just their place in the world); the problem is that government clandestine operations in Western societies are so deviant and complex that ordinary people, lacking super human intelligence and doctoral education in government operations, could not possibly be expected to develop correct explanations of the mechanism and motives for their victimization. The situation is the same with the vast number of political analysts and conspiracy theorists in Western cultures, whether in mainstream media or in the counter-culture domain. Since Western governments never reveal their important operations and true motives to outsiders, these analysts and conspiracy theorists develop all sorts of explanations for government operations and policies by speculating from the few observable actions of the government, not knowing that most of the scenarios they have developed are half-true garbage like the scenarios I have developed about the control center which you have seen above. Because most of these political speculators have never been inside the government and have never been educated about it, and because they lack access to government secrets, they cannot be expected to develop correct analyses about government policies and operations and to know that their incorrect analyses are incorrect.

Victims of government operations who bear the closest resemblance to my case are, again, those so-called “targeted individuals” – whose victimization illustrates most clearly the peculiar deviance in human rights abuses perpetrated in Western democracies. Again, “targeted individuals” are those victims of government clandestine operations and mind-control technology, tormented with “street theater”, pervasive surveillance and stalking, and bizarre psychotronic weapons (either remote devices like energy weapons or implanted devices). For an introduction, see the not-so-well written testimony from a typical victim, Brenda Baraquil, “What is a targeted individuals” (<http://www.scribd.com/doc/23223901/What-is-a-Targeted-Individual>) or Sharon Weinberger’s classic

January 14 2007 Washington Post report, “Mind Games”.¹³⁹ As I have noted, even when you are intelligent and educated enough to be able to understand and describe correctly the deviant abuses you have suffered, you risk making yourself look crazy. The US government (and other Western governments) has purposely designed its operations to be deviant just for this purpose. As Cheryl Welsh – a victim of “street theater” and mind-reading by the government – notes in her “Nonconsensual Brainwave and Personality”¹⁴⁰:

The U.S. government is using mental illness as a cover-up of mind control experimentation. Many of the experiments are designed to mimic mental illness. For example, the mental illness diagnosis manual for psychiatrists states that the mentally ill patient put unusual meaning or interpretations into normal objects. The experimenters can engineer visual and audio patterns and change the amount and timing of any environment in a specific way to make the victim see what a mentally ill person would see. In my case, I have videotaped evidence of this effect. A report by a university statistics professor confirmed an extremely high amount of red and white cars on two separate occasions when compared with normal car color populations. With no meaningful evaluation, mental illness is the given explanation for the million plus victims.

Earlier I have named one cause for the victims’ looking crazy that is pretty much due to their own deficiency: habituation and over-sensitivity. Here I am transiting to the first fault on the part of the victimizer. Traditional totalitarian regimes are unsophisticated about victimizing people. They arrest you, put you in a secret prison, and beat you up and burn you with cigarette butts and hurt you with electric shocks because you have criticized them. Both the mechanism and the motive for the victimization are simple enough that any ordinary uneducated people can comprehend and articulate it and the articulation is easily comprehended and believed by other ordinary uneducated people. But Western democratic regimes have become far more sophisticated in victimization. The problem of comprehension and articulation plagues the victims from the very beginning, though the situation was better in those early times. Typical cases from former times include the earliest ones of the MK-Ultra era documented in Martin Cannon’s aforementioned “The Controllers”;¹⁴¹ then cases like Robert Naeslund’s (late 1960s and 1970s);¹⁴² and the later cases like the famous V2K victim Magnus Olsson, mentioned earlier. (Cases like Dr. John Hall I exclude from “targeted individuals” because he was a victim of civilian organizations (private investigators).) Those first generation victims documented by Martin Cannon have to be the most unfortunate; they were abducted by the government to be mind-altered, implanted with devices, and hypnotized in order to be turned into government’s secret agents without their knowledge; they were misled by their government to believe, erroneously, that they were victims of alien abduction. They spent their whole life telling people they had been abducted by alien beings, thus failing most miserably to comprehend and articulate correctly their victimization. Government’s crimes were covered up and the victims could never find help. And I have not even mentioned the natural difficulty for hypnotized and mind-altered victims to remember their

139 At: http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2007/01/10/AR2007011001399_pf.html.

140 At: <http://www.hiddenmysteries.org/mind/research/re073001d.html>.

141 At: <http://www.constitution.org/abus/controll.htm>.

142 The English version of his story can be found at:

http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/sociopolitica/esp_sociopol_mindcon29.htm.

victimization.¹⁴³ The famous Robert Naeslund was a bit luckier. The Swedish authority (the Swedish Security Police, SÄPO, according to him) implanted chip devices into his brain several times in order to experiment on manipulating him to commit crimes – very similar to what I was going through in the later phases of the International Court trial about me. Because of the simplicity of purpose and the rudimentary nature of the implanted devices, Naeslund was able to comprehend what had been done to him, identify his victimizers, and find doctors to detect and remove the implants. The Swedish authority repeatedly recruited psychiatrists to label him as mentally ill in order to cover up its crimes, and, naturally, like most victims of human rights abuse in Western democracies, he could never get any human rights organizations or official media groups to listen to him. Western democracies are not only more sophisticated than traditional totalitarian regimes in victimizing people, but also more skillful in preventing the victims from speaking out and being noticed. After almost 30 years, Naeslund published his testimony in Paranoia Magazine (Winter 1999), ensuring that only crazy conspiracy enthusiasts would hear him and making himself into a weird nuthead rather than a “victim”. NATO’s purpose in transmitting voices to Olsson was mentioned in Part I. Again, because of the relative simplicity of his victimization, he could comprehend and articulate it with a fair degree of intelligibility – even though he was not intelligent and educated about government operations. Joining Lars Drudgaard and Jesse Beltran at the International Center Against Abuse of Covert Technologies (<http://www.icaact.org/>), Olsson et al were able to become popular figures among the targeted individuals community on the Internet. Nevertheless, the natural deficiency of mind-control victims – their lack of intelligence and scientific education – ensured that they could only function on the margins of society and could never get serious attentions from the people from the scientific community and human rights organizations who could actually help them rectify the injustice. Thus it was the case that many of the first and second generation mind-control victims could still more or less articulate intelligibly the course of their victimization, the technology used, and the purpose of the victimization – Naeslund and Olsson were probably correct in naming themselves “non-consensual experimental subjects” – but not to the extent of expert knowledge, which is required to establish the reputation necessary for the rectification of the injustice. By the time of the third generation (late 1990s onward), however, the victims’ description of the course of their victimization, its purpose, and the technology used becomes increasingly unreliable – and thus so without their knowledge. The mind-control technology used in the victimization has become so advanced that it is increasingly removed from the experience and knowledge of ordinary people, and the government victimizers have become even more deviant, sophisticated, and convoluted in their purposes and methods in order to hide the victimization from even the victims themselves. This situation has made it just about impossible for ordinary uneducated people without experience with

143 Consider Cannon’s description of the case of Val Orlikov, a typical victim of the MK-ULTRA doctor Ewen Cameron: “Orlikov’s testimony has received much respectful attention from those writers who have examined MKULTRA, and correctly so. When I studied the files at the National Security Archives, I was particularly keen to read her original letters to John Marks, for these pages had led to the unmasking of an especially heinous CIA project. The letters, interestingly enough, proved just as *vague, disjointed, and bizarre* as similar correspondence which researchers routinely dismiss. Orlikov can’t be blamed for the hazy nature of her recollections; a certain amount of fog is to be expected, given the nature of the crime perpetrated against her. *The important point is that her story, ultimately, was found to be true.* All of which leads me to wonder: Why did HER claims prompt investigation when those of others prompt only dismissal? Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that Orlikov’s husband became a Canadian Member of Parliament. Any victims of CIA experimentation who wish to be taken seriously ought, perhaps, first make sure to marry well.” (Ibid., emphasis added.)

governments – the most usual victims – to comprehend, and describe, their victimization. As if the traditional method of deceiving the victims into believing in fairy tales (like UFO abduction) weren't enough, the government victimizers have learned to couple their original operational purposes with decoys which conform either to diagnoses of mental illness in mainstream culture (noted above in connection with Cheryl Welsh) or to the victims' erroneous preconceptions which have been codified in counter-cultures and from which, therefore, it is just about impossible for the uneducated victims to extricate themselves. This extra layer of difficulty – the near impossibility for people to transcend their culture milieu – is added to the original difficulty for uneducated people to articulate mind-altering experiences coherently. Incoherent description adds to the appearance of mental illness and neutralizes efforts to communicate to, and organize resistance with, other human beings. While the experiences of victimization become inescapably categorized as mental illness in mainstream culture, the entrenchment of these already erroneous articulations in counter-culture works to dilute the future phenomena of victimization. As the discourse about targeting crystallizes into stereotypical forms in the counter-culture, the new generation of victims for whom it is no longer possible to understand and articulate the latest versions of mind-control torture can only employ these preexisting categories to describe, comprehend, and communicate their experiences. This results in the situation that their description of their targeting becomes increasingly inaccurate since the categories are developed to describe older versions of victimization and are out-of-date for comprehending the latest versions. And yet the new generation of victims are ever more convinced of the accuracy of their description because these preexisting categories allow them to put their experience into communicable form and their uneducation does not enable them to reflect critically on their conception of reality. The availability of the crystallized discourse on victimization to everyone also means that any stupid and really mentally ill people could access it to justify as government victimization their pains and sickness which actually have nothing to do with the government or any other perpetrators. Thus an increasing number of bogus cases begin appearing among the “targeted individuals” to dilute the phenomenon and lessen its credibility.

In my upcoming narrative of the post-ICJ trial phase I will provide a more comprehensive analysis of this strangest phenomenon called “targeted individuals”. For now I want to do no more than extract one particular case from my future experience with which I may illustrate what I'm talking about here. During the hot summer of 2012, the control center has got this Korean girl “Mirae” to meet me. She claims to have “V2K” (“Voice to Skull”). I am pretty sure that she has also been implanted with mind-reading nanochips just as I have been, but she doesn't know about this nor does she care.¹⁴⁴ The voices transmitted inside her head have made her believe that, in the control center where her voices originate, there are “monkeys” at the bottom doing slave labor, then “managers” in the middle, then some people in the highest rang. The higher level people, she explains, can do things which the lower slaves can do, but the lower slaves can't do what people on the higher rang can do. She later clarifies that the “monkeys” were only a metaphor of real people. They were the slave laborers who have kept calling her sexy names. There are then managers on top who talk to each other but not to her. The monkeys occasionally talk about the managers. Then there are still those higher up on the hierarchy than the

¹⁴⁴ I believed she was chipped in the brain back in the summer of 2013 when I wrote this analysis, but today I'm no longer sure whether I was correct. However, I shall not alter the analysis in this Newly Revised Version.

managers. When she moved from one location of the city to another, the managers also changed, according to her. She thus thinks that different managers are assigned to different districts in the city. Her English is not very good, so that she couldn't explain her scenario properly, and I have probably misrepresented her to some degree here. But, no matter what the story is, the result is the same. It's a "false belief" which the control center has made her acquire about the situation inside the control center itself by conditioning her through these voices. Since her "conditioners" must be from either the military or corporations with government contracts, her description cannot possibly be a realistic depiction of these military and corporate structures, and yet she is convinced that it is. Like other legitimate cases of "targeted individuals", she exhibits perfectly normal mental functioning outside her bizarre belief about the "control center": she is sensitive to other people's feelings to the degree that normal people are, and understands social etiquette just as well as normal people, and her understanding of cause and effect in physical reality is as accurate as that of anybody who is labeled "normal" (which is to say not very accurate, of course). She is no nuthead. Her situation is thus strikingly similar to mine throughout 2010. In 2010 I had become dependent on the control center's signals for pursuing my aims (ensuring Russia's victory, then obtaining the Pyramid); in this way, the Smart Woman was able to manipulate my environment and my bodily sensations to provide me with false signals and false "oracles" as a way to condition me to ridiculous beliefs about the situation inside the control center. Mirae's conditioners have done exactly the same thing. The key is that, because we aren't educated about how government (or corporations) really works, we are not aware that our beliefs are so unrealistic that they cannot possibly be true.

The cause of the *seemingly* delusional nature of our belief system is thus not any sort of real thought-disorder but simply stupidity and uneducation; what the Smart Woman, and the SVR officers, did was the same as what Mirae's "conditioners" have done: by understanding and exploiting her stupidity, they have been able to make her look crazy to me when she shares with me what she thinks is going on behind these voices. This is something which the US and NATO government victimizers have so successfully performed in this third generation of mind-control that their victims invariably make a fool of themselves when they try to describe their victimization to others in an effort to get help. Eventually, the control center's goal in my and Mirae's mind-control experience is to create a sensory experience and cognitive map which is so idiosyncratic that it cannot be understood and appreciated by others – and which yet hardly describes any reality. The artificial creation of the semblance of mental illness, in other words. The targeted person then becomes completely isolated from the rest of humanity. Who can understand or take seriously the scenario of a control center filled with monkeys and managers and so on? Who is going to take seriously my babbling about "the control center's torture of me because the father of the girl I liked had got hold of the computers which allowed him to control everything around me and the entire world"?

It is thus that, even among cases which are not bogus, when these "targeted individuals" relate to me the "theory" they have developed about the strategic purpose and political background for the mind-control torture and environmental manipulation which they have suffered, I am always skeptical even though I do not doubt that they have suffered *something*. In the same way, Dr David Jacobs from the International Center for Abduction Research, when interviewing UFO abductees, rarely takes their

description of their abduction at face value¹⁴⁵ – ordinary people simply cannot be expected to understand, and describe, correctly, the kinds of highly sophisticated victimization that is at issue here. On top of all this, the victimizers frequently use decoys in order to make the victims look crazy and incoherent. In fact, my belief is that the entire UFO abduction phenomenon is staged by the US government as a decoy, just as Martin Cannon has argued. I can offer here my theory as to the US military's purpose in many of these targeted individuals instances in order to illustrate to you the enormous degree of convolution which the victimizers have embedded in their operations in order to prevent public validation of the victims' experience and conceal their victimization. Back in the old days of mind-control technologies, when there was not much of this thing we today call "neurological sciences", mind-control was all effected indirectly (hypnosis, LSD, trauma-based mind-control). You know, the CIA's MK-ULTRA. The scientists simply didn't have any way to interact with the human brain directly. The few psychotronics invented for mind-control purposes during the 1960s could directly work on the brain only in a marginal or limited way (like Jose Delgado's experiment with the bulls). It wasn't until 2000 that the advancement in neurological sciences began to allow DARPA scientists to invent devices that would allow them to act on the human brain directly and globally: like the nanochip system I have been describing here. You should see that this has also been the general trend in psychiatry. During the time of technological backwardness, in the 1920s and 1930s, Freudianism dominated psychiatry. That's because the doctors didn't have any other way to act on the brain than talking or listening to the patient. By the 1950s, scientists have discovered medication, which can somewhat allow them to act on the human brain directly – although only in a vague way. Once psychiatrists begin to discover ways to act on the brain directly, they start losing interests in "talking cures". Freudianism is thrown aside in favor of increasingly neurological and physiological approaches to psychology. The recent invention of the Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation therapy for depression (repetitive Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation, synchronized Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation, the NeuroStar TMS system, etc.) is even more advanced than medication, because it allows the doctor to act more or less directly on the physical parts of the brain that are responsible for depression.

Two decades ago, the US military invented V2K devices to remotely transmit voices into people's head probably because, as I have noted, they wanted to study if they could remotely direct people to do things simply by transmitting commands to their head. They have discovered that they couldn't. Now that the latest advancements in neurological science have allowed them to tap into the very structure of the physical brain, they can remotely control people like robots with the nanochip system I have described here. The mystery is then, Why do people continue to be implanted with V2K? My theory as to why the US military is using on ordinary people its outdated V2K and other mind-control technologies which it no longer employs on the battlefield is that they want to create decoys and covers. When something is leaked to the public, like MK-ULTRA, it soon becomes part of the "counter-culture". People who are interested in this kind of things soon begin to repeat it like mantras. The phenomenon is then fixed, crystallized, in people's mind: its codification in the counter-culture. This has the effect of preventing people from becoming receptive to new technologies of the same sort, the latest advancements in mind-control technologies. *The creation of prejudices*. When I go to my

145 See his classic study, *The Threat* (1999).

targeted individuals' meeting, everyone talks about V2K and MK-ULTRA, but no one is going to understand or pay attention to the latest nanochip system invented to read people's thoughts and remotely control them like robots. The US military is quite aware of how "counter-culture" in the Western world works, how it actually stifles people's ability to comprehend new things, and this is why they continue to perpetrate, on ordinary citizens, the older, outdated mind-control technologies like V2K and components of MK-ULTRA. When the military planners implanted Mirae with V2K, they must have also made the decision that her "conditioners" should stage the transmission of voices to her head in such a way as to lead her to theorize about a hierarchical structure of monkeys and managers and the demarcation of Los Angeles into districts. "Make sure to provide her with a fantastic scenario", that must have been part of the order – in just the way in which the Smart Woman had done to me in order to prevent France's objection from becoming a conspiracy against Russia. In other words, the purpose of the operation is to artificially create crazy-looking people to send into the "counter-culture" – in much the same way in which the CIA, in the 1960s, had purposely sent out agents to propagate the myth of UFOs visiting the earth and create a "counter-culture" of UFO enthusiasts as cover for government abduction of its citizens for secret experimentation and creation of clandestine agents without their knowledge. Since the "counter-culture" people look crazy, people outside the "counter-culture" would just dismiss the victims and enthusiasts as insane and never believe anything they say. The US military's mind-control technology can then be hidden in secrecy; those inside the counter-cultures (like those who like to talk about the New World Order and the Illuminati, or those targeted individuals) have some vague, outdated, knowledge of it, while those outside the counter-culture cannot even believe that it exists. The very notions of "government secret weapons" and "bizarre human rights abuse" become codified as "imaginary constructs of deviant people on the margin of society and culture".

In many cases of these "targeted individuals", in other words, the US military's goal is simply to fuel the counter-culture with decoy stories while at the same time making the counter-culture people look crazy to the mainstream people. The decoy stories stifle the mind of the counter-culture people. The erroneous notions about government operations subsisting in both the mainstream culture and in the counter-culture will thus ensure that the latest government technology and operations remain in secrecy. Again, remind yourself of the tactic which the CIA has used in the 1960s: abducting people for mind-control experiments, but making them believe that they were abducted by aliens; then sending out operatives to set up alien abduction victims support groups and encouraging the victims to participate in these support groups. You will then have created a "counter-culture" who believe in inaccurate versions of what is going on while at the same time making the counter-culture people look crazy to the mainstream population. The US government's *intentional nourishment of a crazy counter-culture* is another tactic in the operational domain in which are located as well the aforementioned operation of encouraging the psychiatric establishment to codify the victims' experiences of clandestine operations and mind-control torture as symptoms of mental illness and strategy to lie consistently about what it is doing and what governments around the world are doing so that the common people are not just deceived about individual events but are misled to develop an entire false world-view (about everything political and governmental) which corresponds to no reality.¹⁴⁶ Contrary to the counter-culture

146 I have described this in the Preface to "Karin's Meetups" in terms of the US government's specific attempt to create a

participants' conception of the government as trying to suppress them and eliminate them, the government is actually promoting them and guiding their evolution without their knowing so. "Operation Counter-Culture". This is very much like what Daniel Estulin has claimed in his *El Instituto Tavistock*, that the elites who rule us have purposely fostered our craze for New Age spirituality without our knowing – for very particular strategic purposes.¹⁴⁷

To summarize, the factors which are responsible for human rights abuse victims' inability to become credible witnesses to their victimization and seek redress in Western "democracies" thus include: the natural deficiency of the victims (their stupidity and uneducation) in face of Western governments' more sophisticated forms of victimization; Western societies' institutionalization of these forms of victimization as "mental illness" devoid of reality; Western agencies' intentional modeling of victimization to resemble symptoms of mental illness; frequent decoying of victims onto false beliefs about their victimization; and the creation of a counter-culture to guide the evolution of decoys further on the "wrong path" and invalidate the very notion of "victimhood" in Western cultures. Before you dismiss as fantasies the "torture" I have described and will describe in my case in my "Secret History", think through the analysis I have just given. The Western "democracies" have learned to not fuck with people's body so much, but with their mind – the mind of both the victims and the onlookers.¹⁴⁸

two-tier reality, an esoteric reality to which only it itself has access and an exoteric reality which is delusion for the masses. This is also what Edward Snowden speaks of in his June 6 2013 interview when he says: "We are involved in misleading the public, all publics, in order to create a certain kind of 'mindset' in the global consciousness..." The "mindset" is the false world-view, the delusional universe in which the US government has forced the entire humanity to dwell as if it were real.

147 See the Introduction: <http://www.danielestulin.com/wp-content/uploads/Pizca-El-INSTITUTO-TAVISTOCK-Daniel-Estulin.pdf>. In regard to the US government's nourishment of counter-culture UFO enthusiasm, see also the investigative work of the British journalist Mark Pilkington, *Mirage Men* (2010). In an interview with Alex Kingsbury, "The truth behind UFO sightings and the US Air Force" (US News and World Report, September 16 2010: <http://www.usnews.com/opinion/articles/2010/09/16/the-truth-behind-ufo-sightings-and-the-us-air-force>), Pilkington summarizes: "These ideas [about UFOs] do generate themselves to some extent, but there is evidence that they were specifically shaped in some instances. I don't think this is some long-running grand conspiracy, I just think that the UFO story has been deployed and used at times when it was convenient. Just about everything that is popularly believed about UFOs has been exploited, shaped, and, at times, generated by people working for the U.S. Air Force and the intelligence community. The idea that UFOs crashed on U.S. soil, that the U.S. government was harboring and hiding UFO technology, that it was denying its citizens the right to know that aliens have come here and visited – all these things have been deliberately seeded into the culture... UFO stories are used as a cover story for the flight-testing of experimental and clandestine aircraft..." Then he notes: "UFO lore has transcended to what has become a religious matter for many of those involved. We talk to a man called Bill Moore, who in the 1980s was one of the most respected people in the UFO community. He was co-opted by Air Force intelligence to act as a mole passing information to the Air Force about what people were researching and to pass disinformation back into the UFO community. When he came clean about all this at a UFO convention in 1989, people ran out crying into the hallways. But what happened to the larger UFO lore? Nothing."

148 Today, when I reexamine this analysis 10 years after I first wrote it, I still can't help but find it brilliant. I have changed virtually nothing, and today I want to merely point out that, within the past 12 years or so, it's entirely Homeland Security which fits the description of the evil of the US military and intelligence officials herein described in victimizing the chosen ones and then preventing the victims from being recognized, heard, and believed by their fellow human beings. (Homeland Security has been targeting me like crazy and then preventing anyone, even the targeted individuals, from believing that I'm being targeted.) In my case, Homeland Security has entirely inherited the sins of all the other bureaucrats in the US national security Establishment.

5.
The “Windaria” metaphor

As we close this episode, you have thus seen that, just as I have put an entire nation Russia on the most invincible throne of world-domination, the next character who comes in, the “Monkey Pyramid”, can somehow become the reason for which Russia was going to fall from the throne and rot away. The Monkey Pyramid – Angelina Le Beau Visage – is truly the modern version of Chen Yuanyuan. It is because she was due to become the “Queen of Mexico” that she became a pawn between the Invisible Hand and the White Mexican Monkey – in the same way in which Chen Yuanyuan was a pawn between General Wu and General Li. I, for my part, had become General Wu for the second time – and during this second time I was even more General Wu than during the first time: whereas when I put Russia on the throne in February there was no girl involved at all, this time, by May, it was precisely because I liked this girl that Russia was about to fall under French domination. My liking this girl was equivalent to General Wu’s opening of the Mountain and Sea Gate, allowing the French to come into the Russian Federation and take over its central nervous system: it was because I liked the Monkey Pyramid that her father could find the opportunity to come into the Invisible Hand’s stead and change the setting of the mind-reading computer. The Monkey himself was thus like Izu in “Windaria”, the mole who opens the flood gate. On the other hand, he is to me as Judas is to Jesus: the one who delivers the savior into his enemy’s hands. Perhaps the Russian people would have more right to curse this “Angelina” than the Chinese people in cursing Chen Yuanyuan: it’s not just because she has attracted some gullible guy with her devilish charm that an entire nation would have to fall into foreign hands, but also because she is stupid. The “Pyramid” has thus an utterly important position in the history of Russia which is equal to mine – though the exact opposite.

Part of the moral of this story is that our “Pyramid” (Angelina LE BEAU VISAGE) is the deadliest poison humanity has ever seen. Just because I have met her briefly in the three months recounted here, I would have to, in the next nine months, be provoked daily to unspeakable rage, be often attacked by homeless people, be manipulated to cut myself approximately 100 times, and my computer and recorders would have to malfunction regularly – all so that I would eventually kill people and get arrested. Just because this psychotic woman's father had touched the mind-reading computer for two weeks thanks to her initial request, in the next ten years I would have to be systematically tortured to construct for myself an entire life history that is consistent with the forgeries of my thoughts during these two weeks. An entire life has to be recreated to fit two weeks’ worth of impossibly grotesque thought-patterns! Just because DGHTRCOM has met this “Angelina”, his entire political career would almost be wrecked, and his entire family would almost get “chipped” in the brain and become the French’s remotely controlled robots. All these in addition to the stupid fact that Russia, in the next ten years or so, would have to consistently and strenuously deny the most obvious and speak the most blatant lies about me just in order to survive. All these are in the coming narratives.

“France and Russia were battling for world-domination in the control center, and everybody was walking around like nothing was going on. Why doesn't anyone care?”

Don't you care?"

Recalling this episode to my best friend Wes,
July 2012

While Russia and France were fighting for world-domination in the control center throughout the rest of 2010, in my surrounding everyone had completely gone back to his or her normal life. Back in 2008 and 2009, at least everyone in my surrounding was aware of the International Court trial. Now that everyone was being remotely controlled to produce evidences without his or her knowing, no one was informed of the progress of the trial anymore. As I have noted, many people's memory of it had in fact been erased through the nanochip implants inside their brain. I have come away from this experience with an extremely negative view of the common people. While the entire future of international relations was being decided inside the control center underneath downtown Los Angeles, everyone ran around as if their worthless college studies, insignificant jobs, petty concerns with money, relationships, Obama's unimportant domestic policies, unreal astrology, non-existent God or Buddha were the truly important things in the world. The police officers who still remembered the International Court trial were mean to me as usual as if all the evil things they had been instructed by Homeland Security to do to me and the Russians in the past had never happened. No one felt bad about their past deeds, and no one was concerned with the future, because no one was thinking. Everyone just followed orders, and went whichever way the wind blew. Just like the Pyramid: it was a matter of indifference whether it would be France, Russia, or the United States which would rule the world. I want to point out to you how similar every ordinary person is to Hannah Arendt's diagnosis of Adolf Eichmann in her *Eichmann in Jerusalem*. When Eichmann was brought to trial in Jerusalem, he was absolutely stunned that the Jewish people wanted to prosecute him and was convinced, just like our Monkey, that injustice was being inflicted upon him – for all he ever did was follow orders and the laws which the Führer had laid down. He had no evil intentions; why was he being prosecuted? Arendt has thus diagnosed that Eichmann had done great evil not because he was an evil person, but because he had "failed to think". Great evil could happen as long as a system was set up to perpetrate it, because most human beings would not use their brain to think about it. The "Monkey Pyramid" would certainly be stunned if anyone blames her for what has happened rather than sympathizing with her as a victim. For, just like Adolf Eichmann, this "Angelina" is not a thinking person. Although most ordinary people in America are not as selfish and self-centered as "Angelina" and her Mexican family are, they are not able to think about things any more than she, or Eichmann, can. And everyone will be stunned if he or she is being blamed for any evil he or she has committed when he or she is not being evil but simply "fails to think." As I have noted, the most important lesson of my story is that stupid people – who are unable to use their brain to think – are extremely dangerous and must not be allowed "to do what they want". Because ordinary human beings are very stupid, are not aware that they are stupid, and do not think that being stupid is bad, they have no notion of moral responsibility, will do great evils without thinking, and always live in the opposite of reality, disregarding as unimportant what is most important (like the future of international relations) and taking as most important what is most unimportant (like their jobs, relationships, spirituality, astrology, etc.). I regard it as most urgent for the future of humanity to impress the truth upon these common people – even if just the truth that they don't know the truth, that

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, IV
The psychology of the ying and the yang: II – Newly Revised Version
Lawrence C. Chin
Dec. 2022 – Mar. 2023.


they are stupid, that their concerns are petty, and that their stupidity is extremely dangerous. Of course one may retort that it is but an assumption that it is of more value to be concerned with the shape of the power structure under which humanity will live than to be concerned with the literature of D. H. Lawrence or astrology. I will answer the objection first with the same criterion of “self-actualization”. In other words, I regard the life of the human being who understands that the earth he or she lives on is a sphere which revolves around the sun as inherently more “actualized” than the life of the human being who believes that the earth on which he or she lives is a flat disc over which little fire balls circle about. The life of those ordinary residents of Los Angeles who were unaware that a court battle to decide the future fate of humanity was being waged underneath the streets they walked on – and the life of those police officers who *were* aware of it but who didn’t care about it any longer – was a life less actualized, and less worth living, than the life of someone who was aware of it and who cared deeply about it. I will then point out that those human beings who are aware of what is going on in the world are less likely to let great evils happen which will destroy everybody.

APPENDIX 2:


Merritt Ruhlen’s email to me

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, IV
The psychology of the ying and the yang: II – Newly Revised Version
Lawrence C. Chin
Dec. 2022 – Mar. 2023.

http://207.82.250.251/cgi-bin/getmsg?dis...msg=MSG902094280.4&start=205847&len=4998



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In-Box

Date: Sun, 2 Aug 1998 14:44:12 -0700 (PDT)
To: "lawrence chin" <chinlaw@hotmail.com>
From: Anca Ruhlen <ancar@leland.Stanford.EDU> [Save Address](#) [Block Sender](#)
Subject: Re: EnquiryForMRuhlen

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Dear Lawrence,

I know Swigger's name quite well, and I may have even corresponded with him at one time, but his views really represent the traditional beliefs of virtually all linguists, American, European, Japanese, etc. What you say about China is quite correct. There is just an inbred aversion to even considering the question.

The geneticist, Andre Langaney, is a good friend and was responsible for getting my book published (with quite a bit of publicity as well). Geneticists everywhere are much more on our side than linguists.

The Chinese forms MEN 'mind' could be related to this root, which is very widespread. However, the semantic variability that forms like THINK/MIND inevitably take makes some connections less than certain. Also M and N are the two most stable consonants and among the most common as well.

The root i 'go' is very widespread around the world, and certainly within Amerind there are abundant examples.

Most of what you say in your scenario is generally in agreement with my views, but I have a few differences. (By the way, I discussed some of these questions in an article I wrote for La Recherche (Paris), which appeared last February, if you have access to this magazine). I now see 50,000 BP, rather than 100,000 BP, as the starting point in time for current human diveristy. Anatomically-modern people do appear 100,000 years ago in Africa, and then spread into the Middle East, but I don't think it was these people who began the scenario of modern humans. The reason is that these people did not BEHAVE like us. They behaved, and made the same tools, as the Neanderthals. It is only in the range 40,000-50,000 BP that modern human behavior appears, with a proliferation of new artifacts, in various styles that change rapidly in both time and space, art, more complex burials, the use of bone and ivory for tools and not just stones, etc.) This sudden change in the archaeological record, which we can see quite clearly and which has been emphasized by numerous scholars, was in my view due to the development of the first fully-modern human language at about this time. What earlier languages (of Neanderthals and pre-behaviorally modern Anatomically-modern humans) may have been like we shall probably never know, nor what exactly led to this sudden appearance of modern language (whatever that means exactly). So for me the scenario only starts about 50,000 years ago and there is really little archaeological evidence (if any) in either New Guinea or Australia before this date. The latest genetic evidence in the Cavalli-Sforza lab indicates that the Austric family is closer to the other Asian families than to Indo-Pacific or Australian, and my intuition is that the linguistic evidence indicates the same thing. Personally I suspect that Austric is closest to Dene-Caucasian, but this is just a hunch supported by a few things I've seen.

1 of 2

8/5/98 7:41 PM

APPENDIX 3:
Outline of the course of events

04.13 (T): the Monkey was back to directing my environment and remotely controlled the dentist to be “liberal” with me.

04.14 (W): early morning, the Invisible Hand and so on obtained a judgment requiring the Pyramid to read my story (to start off the mini-trial). DGHTRCOM required the Invisible Hand to install a jury of 10 females. I met Nikki for the first time.

04.15 (TH): morning, I met with Brian in OPCC. I missed my appointment with Nikki.

04.16 (F): morning, the refutation of M. Ruhlen’s point of view: the Invisible Hand’s evidence. Night: BOL and DGHTRCOM decided that this ICJ trial should precisely be told to the public via my story.

04:17 (ST): morning, the black guy: “Think for yourself.” Night, I deleted the recording of the recording of the Pyramid while in Zona Rosa.

04.18 (S): I went to see the movie “Katyn” in Long Beach and then ran into “Derek” and his girlfriend (the SVR’s “fake Americans”?) who again persuaded me to give up the Pyramid.

04.19 (M): I saw a doctor at OPCC. Sex in Tijuana. The Monkey destroyed my discs to tell me “It’s going to be temporary.”

04.20 (T): I ran into Julie in downtown.

04.21 (W): I met with Nikki for the second time. The Falung Gong paintings in the UCLA gallery. **Wes then gave me hints about the mini-trial. France had decided to object.**

04.22 (TH): the Daughter People tried to further establish my conspiracy with the Monkey by commanding him to signal “bu” to me. My expressed desire to kxxx him.

04.23 (F): the Invisible Hand was commanded to give me more hints about the mini-trial in order to make this into part of the conspiracy against Daughterland. My reading of Elena Garro and explanation of Hegle’s Encyclopedia.

04.24 (ST): the Old Man appeared for the first time. The Monkey began using the Old Man to justify himself to the Pyramid. Early evening, I fetched the Monkey’s messages for me in Little Tokyo.

04.25 (S): early morning, I met the Old Man and the UCLA Vagrant Woman. “Soviet Union.” Night, in Borders: an Iranian pyramid.

04.26 (M): early morning, with the Old Man and the UCLA Vagrant Woman. Amanda walked in wearing fake wrinkles (“Daughter Things”). (The Daughter People again established themselves as “CIA fake” and the CIA as my conspirators.) More rambling about wanting to kxxx the Monkey and the searches for “Beau Visage” on people search websites. I passed the night inside the UCLA library.

04.27 (T): my increasing understanding of the Monkey’s competition with “DGHTR”. Noon, more murmuring about wanting to kxxx the Monkey. The flower “Chaya”. Early evening, the Daughter People allowed the Invisible Hand to send the Monkey onto the bus to commit conspiracy with me. I passed the night in the Chicago School.

04.28 (W): early morning, in the Chicago School: “You don’t belong here!” Afternoon, I began to comprehend that the Pyramid’s family was related to some Mexican Big Boy. Late afternoon, I challenged the Monkey to come fight me in person in a duel. I began taking account of the junk calls to my phone.

04.29 (TH): early morning, with the Old Man and the UCLA Vagrant Woman, who were not interested in speaking to me this morning – **the French had entered their objection in the ICJ.** The junk calls as indicative of the jury’s decision. More searches for “Beau Visage” on the Internet.

04:30 (F): early morning, the “Achilles’ Heel” metaphor. I saw the Old Man and the UCLA Vagrant

Woman but ran away from them. More insults to the Monkey outside the UCLA library. “Fuera de aqui!” Richard: “If you don’t call me I was going to give it to somebody else.”

05.01 (ST): early morning, with the Old Man. He showed me how to invest (“smooth out the lines”). I videotaped the two men while in UCLA. Night, I got on the bus to go to San Francisco, believing erroneously that I could thereby disrupt the Monkey’s plan.

05.02 (S): in the SF Public Library, the Invisible Hand sent in an old lady to demonstrate in the mini-trial that I wouldn’t disrespect the Pyramid’s mother. A black man wanted to buy cigarettes from me with a bunch of diamonds. I passed the night in Berkeley.

05.03 (M): early morning, I developed the paranoid fear that the Monkey had hijacked the command over the world. I argued about the imaginary forgery of my check in Chase. Investigative calls to the Beau Visage numbers. Night, on the bus to return to Los Angeles: more realization about the Monkey’s conflict with “DGHTR” and the whole “PLANMEX”.

05.04 (T): I returned to Los Angeles. *Tristessa* – the Daughter People established my conspiracy with the Pyramid. **With Mona**: I explained to her why I didn’t like to be played around and manipulated by people I couldn’t see. Three jurors changed their votes.

05.05 (W): with the Old Man and the Vagrant Woman: I asked the Pyramid to choose DGHTR’s replacement – the Invisible Hand’s test.

05.06 (TH): DARPA technicians examined the mind-reading computer. The man I wrongly thought was DGHTR was put in front of me. **With Mona**: I told her I didn’t appreciate anyone speaking through her, and she seemed particularly depressed today. The metaphor of “Robert Browning”.

05.07 (F): my parade of French and Japanese videos in the UCLA library. The tender-looking pyramid. I ran into Mr Fitter in Borders who provided the metaphor from the Invisible Hand: “One has to make mistakes in order to obtain the right pieces.”

05.08 (ST): I came to Borders on 4 PM expecting to run into the Pyramid, thus enabling the Smart Woman to obtain a reading. **My important conversation with Wes**: “People have manipulated her, told her lies about you...” And the Daughter People finally made me realize that the Monkey had forged intercepts of my thoughts to show to the Pyramid.

05.09 (S): by reviewing my recordings, I began to comprehend a little what might have happened inside the control center. Night, in Borders: **my conversation with Wes**. Wes suggested that I “run toward the machine guns”.

05.10 (M): **with Mona**. I had to explain to Mona how the “Higher Power” might talk through her and Mona, convinced that I was schizophrenic – the Daughter People’s evidence – tried to make sure I was safe to her. I lost my USB flash drive in the cybercafe.

05.11 (T): DGHTRCOM’s team continued to signal to me that the French had objected.

05.12 (W): at Ackerman, DGHTRCOM’s team ordered the security officer to confuse me with someone else and throw me out.

05.13 (TH): either DGHTRCOM’s team or the Smart Woman sent in Ala to meet me in Zona Rosa. After I had produced so much evidence in favor of the Smart Woman, by late night DGHTRCOM’s team responded by remotely shutting off my recorder to prompt me to get angry with the security guards.

05.14 (F): DGHTRCOM’s team encouraged me to sue the Pyramid, and I walked into the Law Library for a brief moment.

05.15 (ST): I was preoccupied with the impossibility of figuring out who’s directing my environment: “... a secret that is not entirely well-kept is better than the chance of losing the Highest Command without anyone ever having the capacity to even notice it, let alone recover it.”

05.16 (S): in the morning, DGHTRCOM’s team remotely turned off my recorder in order to provoke me, but I didn’t get too upset. I then figured out that the Pyramid believed I wanted to rape her and kxxx her. I was delirious.

05.17 (M): **my conversation with Wes.** Wes hinted to me again that the Pyramid thought me dirty and smelling bad and would get freaked out when I wanted to figure her out.

05.18 (T): in the morning, DGHTRCOM’s team remotely disrupted my disc-burning in order to provoke me to kick a woman’s car and get interrogated by the police. **I then had another conversation with Wes:** I did nothing but yell at him and Wes hinted to me that I had to figure things out by myself.

05.19 (W): in the morning, DGHTRCOM’s team sent in a Mexican guy to fight me (after hearing my derogatory statements about xxxxxxxx yesterday) hoping to obtain evidence that I was violent and dangerous. They then used faulty surveillance to produce evidence that I was reading children’s book. I lost another flash drive in the cybercafe but this time I was allowed to recover it.

05.20 (TH): the Smart Woman sent in a Mommy CIA to produce new evidence to cancel out the old evidence of my conspiracy with Best Mommy. By night, I accidentally deleted all my recordings of the day and went into a seizure, causing the emergency technicians to show up.

05.21 (F): **Wes sent me a mysterious email** suggesting that I try not to know: DGHTRCOM’s team’s attempt to establish my not knowing as part of my conspiracy with the CIA and the DGSE. Late night, while in the cybercafe: another guy threatened to beat me up, and another Korean man, drunk, threw things – DGHTRCOM’s team’s temporary evidence.

05.22 (ST): in the afternoon, in the library, DGHTRCOM’s team sent in my double to read in order to cancel out the Smart Woman’s evidence of my reading Habermas.

05.23 (S): in the morning, I was harassed by two purple shirts: DGHTRCOM’s team’s temporary evidence. In the afternoon, I bought a new recorder. Night, in Ackerman: DGHTRCOM’s team set a trap for me by sending in someone to look at pornography in order to lure me to videotape him, thereby obtaining evidence in the ICJ that my videos couldn’t be used as evidence.

05.24 (M): the Guatemalan guy with “La Tolerancia”. DGHTRCOM’s team continued to encourage me to file a lawsuit against the Pyramid. (Chinese characters.) Sudden appearance of many Daughterlanders in my environment. Late night, in the cybercafe: I asked the Monkey for a pyramid and somebody tried to sell crystals to me.

05.25 (T): while DGHTRCOM’s team had today obtained evidence of my paranoia over nothing (the fire truck in the morning) and **then instructed Wes** to tell me about “Omar” (preparing me in order to drive me to more paranoia), the Smart Woman had obtained my confessions two times (e.g. **my second conversation with Wes**) that I was trying to help Daughterland back in January and earlier.

05.26 (W): in the morning, the Smart Woman sent in the man I thought was DGHTR to further consolidate my wrong belief. DGHTRCOM’s team first sent in a man to provoke me to a fight and then, in the afternoon, instructed someone to make a false report in order to cause the police to throw me out of the library. **My session with Mona:** I asked her to explain her doctoral thesis and she was absolutely hostile toward me. **The Smart Woman succeeded in suspending Daughterland’s Macrospherian status and using my confessions from yesterday to convict, in a preliminary**

fashion, the Daughter People of conspiracy with me.

05.27 (TH): DGHTRCOM’s team sent in the man I thought was DGHTR to pass me a secret message: “Things fall apart.” The Smart Woman commanded DGHTRCOM’s team to command the CIA to fake the DGSE once again. I canceled my therapy with **Mona** permanently. DGHTRCOM’s team continued to command Homeland Security to send agents in to look at pornography in the library. Late night, in Novel Cafe: I tried to explain my whole trial to two strangers, who then asked me for the Monkey’s last name.

05.28 (F): in the morning, DGHTRCOM’s team instructed the UCLA Vagrant Woman to encourage me to go find the Pyramid at the Law Library, and I approached the man I thought was DGHTR and concluded that he was not DGHTR. In the afternoon, both the Smart Woman and DGHTRCOM’s team sent in this census guy to pass secret messages onto me: while DGHTRCOM’s team hinted to me that I had missed the mark, the Smart Woman provided me with false metaphors to confirm my false beliefs about the Monkey’s hijack of the command of the world. Late night, the Smart Woman ordered the Daughter People to order the Invisible Hand to send in Isha to meet me so that the March 4 episode can become part of my conspiracy with Daughterland.

05.29 (ST): in the morning, in Novel Cafe: DGHTRCOM’s team succeeded in getting me provoked with baby noises so that I would get into conflict with two guys – with Daughterland’s Macrospherian status temporarily preserved in this way. Then they remotely disrupted my disc-burning again in order to further provoke me.

05.30 (S): no operation – while I provided more testimonies to the Smart Woman that, during the first run, I had conspired with Daughterland against Mr former Secretary.

05.31 (M): in the morning the Smart Woman established that my playing Best Mommy’s video on January 9 was part of my conspiracy with Daughterland. I spoke about how I should have applied my *Formule* to the Double Smile.

06.01 (T): around 6 PM, **my conversation with Wes**. DGHTRCOM’s team instructed the Invisible Hand to instruct Wes to hint to me that, if I should go to Daughterland, the French might take over the country. But I failed to understand the hint. I then got the Daughter People into serious trouble by expressing my expectation that they would send in a “Daughter Pyramid” to guide me to Daughterland.

06.02 (W): early in the morning, DGHTRCOM’s team remotely destroyed another one of my new DVDs. Yet I believed the Daughter People were just testing me. Night, **my conversation with Wes**. The Smart Woman instructed the Wes to lead me astray by explaining that the Daughter People’s manner was devious and feminine and that they needed to “cover themselves both ways”, and then by confirming my false belief that it’s because of the Monkey’s obstruction that the Daughter People weren’t inviting me to their country.