

Why the Spooks usually don't bother to email me

by Miles Mathis

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A guy claiming to be Randy Altman (son of Robert, I guess) emailed me today under the title WELLAWARE, telling me DullesBoldPest (Ed Chiarini) was about to sue me. He added that any response I had could be used in court. I told him to get lost and he sent me the same email again. So I decided to have some fun with him. Although his followup email came through while I was sitting there—so I knew he was on the other end of the line—he couldn't come up with any response. I sent him 23 emails in a span of about ten minutes. Here is what I said:

As Al Franken said to Bill O'Reilly, please please please sue me, you asshole. I can use the publicity. Chiarini is a guaranteed loser. Or, just a loser.

By the way, are you AWARE I know this is all a bluff?

Has Ed written that expose yet, or he is just drinking himself to death? Apparently the latter.

You guys can be a lot of fun in short bursts. Thanks for writing.

Oh, and say hi to the other committee losers in sub-basement 12 at Langley for me!

Do you guys want to try again? Keep sending me the hilarious fake emails, but please try to be more clever.

Are you AWARE that you keep losing to me on every issue? Are you AWARE that everyone knows your numbers are fake?

Are you AWARE that you are wasting your life in this deadend job working for the government? Are you AWARE that lying is bad for your soul?

Are you AWARE that you could be doing meaningful work?

Are you AWARE that I am no longer even looking for your emails, just amusing myself with my own end of this, which is much more interesting than anything you could ever say?

Did Ed already give up and go back to the bottle, assigning this to his house boy? Are you really Kato Kaelin?

You aren't keeping up Kato.

I know, Kato, try sending me the same message again and again, since you can't think of more than one thing an hour.

It's kind of like blitz Chess, Kato, and you are missing the timer.

I hope you are saving all these so you can use them in court. It will be great fun for everyone in the room hearing the judge read them.

The score is 9 to 0, Kato. I hope your attorney is quicker than you are.

Don't worry, I have archived these if you haven't.

I think this is called a skunk in pingpong. Did you drop your paddle Kato?

I know, committee writing is so slow, Kato. But you guys better get it together.

Time for a reassignment, team. Maybe if you started emailing Dakota Fanning or something. Maybe you can beat her. Then again, probably not.

You may think you are wasting my time and therefore earning your paycheck. After all, that was the assignment, wasn't it? Scare me and waste my time? But I have so much downtime, it doesn't matter. When you work as fast as I do, you have nothing but time. If I want to waste a few minutes demoralizing you people and laughing out loud, why not? It is good for me. Builds me up even more. All I was doing was eating grapes anyway. I can do that and this at the same time.

Hey Altman, I thought you Jewish guys were supposed to be smart. You are getting lapped by a blond Gentile. Must hurt, eh?

OK, I finished my grapes, I will look for that summons in the mail.

Finally, about three hours later, I got this email from "Randy Altman":

You are a really lonely person. I am sorry for You. I am just a messenger. Ed is really pissed, You would not dare talk to him the way you are with me. I can tell you are afraid of Ed.... All of this will be posted on his site. As his legal team I am telling you to stop this libel...

And my reply was:

Wow, that's really weak. You sort of got swamped, didn't you Randy? Don't worry, I am going to publish this exchange on my own site. And since you emailed me first, there isn't thing one you can do about it. I want everyone to see what girly goons you are.

I do this every once in a while, when I need to blow off some steam. A couple of years ago some guy sent me an email calling me childish names. I teed off on him like this and he finally wrote back begging me to stop emailing him. He said I was bullying him! Hah-hah. As you saw, Randy did pretty much the same thing. He is such a pussy he thinks losing at a polemics is the same as getting libeled. "Randy" really does write like a little girl, so maybe I was talking to someone's daughter here. "He" says I wouldn't dare to talk to Ed this way, but I just did, didn't I? If he wants me to say it in person he can come to my house and we can tape it. There is nothing libelous above. It says I think Chiarini or whoever is writing this crap is an incompetent fake, and I am allowed to think that and say it. I am not legally required to respect Ed Chiarini or anyone else. Besides, do you think any real attorney would send me an email like that? Whoever is writing this doesn't even know the legal definition of copyright or defamation. I feel like I am toying with a highschool debating team, and I may well be. Maybe Langley is now farming out this work to Alexandria Prep School or something.

More recently, some bozo with a fake name wrote me telling me he knew some people who had died in Las Vegas. I told him to tell it to someone who would believe it. So he started unloading the Langley playbook on me—all the stuff we saw at POM about me having a fratboy education and being the product of participation trophies, that sort of nonsense. According to real academics, I am a paranoid delusional, blahblah. I laughed and said, "if you were really connected to these families of murdered people, you wouldn't be arguing this way. Real family members of real dead don't have time or inclination to fully research me at the NSA and start quoting from the playbook. So you have just

outed yourself, bud.” He kept writing, totally unaware of who he was talking to, just pulling up trash talk from the script, so I finally said, “Look 'Lee', why don't you run along and play with your little friends. I feel guilty jousting with a person who doesn't even know how to carry a lance. I could teach you how to fight, but you honestly don't seem like a promising student”.

So why do some keep trying? They have to know this won't work. They have to know there is no chance I am going to believe anything they say. Well, they are following orders. Their bosses have told them to engage me, and so they give it a shot. They are probably laughing at my replies as much as you and I are, until the boss walks in the room—at which point they have to pretend to take this all seriously.

I mean, just imagine them putting me on the stand in a real trial. That is the absolute last thing they want. They don't want me anywhere near a real courtroom. Besides, the thing at POM just blew up in their faces a few months ago. They thought they were going to scare me or silence me, but all they did is multiply my hits and donations and supporters by 2 or 3. A lawsuit would do the same thing, plus allow me to countersue for harassment and win a lot of money. So even if Chiarini had a case (of course he has nothing), they wouldn't sue. Their assignment is to harass me and maybe get me to sue, but it isn't to sue me.

Another thing about the Las Vegas bozo. I asked him if he understood why he was a guaranteed loser in this? It is because nothing he says about me is true, and he knows that and I know that, so his punches never land. But since everything I say is true, *all* my punches are guaranteed to land hard. That is what these propaganda people don't seem to realize. Lies only work when surrounded by other lies, and when told to other liars. But if even one truth walks through the door, all the lies immediately collapse. One honest person can defeat any number of liars, in court or out of it.

Addendum: I just saw Chiarini's blurb on his own site, though I don't think it qualifies as an expose. It exposes nothing, of course, and is just a chance for him to call me a thief and falsely claim I have a perm. I now see what this is about. Like RatWiki and POM, Ed has been assigned to engage me, to try and get **me** to sue him. Nothing I have said or done is actionable, but his claim that I am a thief is actually actionable. I could sue him if I wanted to, since there are legal grounds for such things. But of course I have no intention of suing him, since he is such small fry. No one with a brain is reading his blurbs or exposes, and if they are they are only reading for the laugh. I wish more real people were reading his things, since it would help my numbers more if they were. They would all come over here and realize I am the real thing while Chiarini is just a Langley chump, flopping around in the government bowels and dungeons. But since that is already case, this little fracas doesn't do me much good, beyond amusing me for an hour. It did do that, so I should thank Ed and his flunkies for the entertainment. I had a sick kitten yesterday and was a bit down. But today the kitten got well and Ed and Randy wrote me, making me feel much better. My friends at the market asked why I was in such a good mood today, and I couldn't really tell them. Hard to explain to people that you have been unintentionally empowered by the spooks today.