

# Preface

I am writing this document to append and reflect on some relevant details that are pertinent to the unfinished, or at least thus far inconclusive, investigation that GA Tech VOICE advocate Amanda Planchard put me in contact with Investigator Crabtree at the GTPD to report this year. Namely, there was a nearly six-month long online paper trail for an inappropriate Google Hangouts (and Gmail email) chat history at that time that an individual with using a pseudonym contacted me to initiate in late 2019. I still believe, as I pointed out in an email to Detective Crabtree and Amanda several months ago which COVID-19 obligations prevented him from following up with me on in adequate detail over email, that there are unmistakable undertones to the Hangouts chat in question that invoke hateful language and imply violent imagery (violence) towards me by the anti-Semites on the other side of this chat. This suggests that the severity of all this discourse being tied to a “hate crime” directed at me should bump up the relevance of this case in the investigator’s timely queue.

I am going to cover my reflections and new points clarifying context here by elaborating on some previously undiscussed events which include the following topics:

- The famous hacker who uses the alias Lucky225 has a real-world identity of Jason Zych (henceforth, “JZ”, in a short abbreviation of terms), a former lecturer in the Computer Science department featured at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign around the time when I was a freshmen CS major there from 2004-2005. JZ is now rumored to be located with roots in a Chicago, IL suburb as his permanent place of residence. We will elaborate and make some additional clear-cut ties of his alleged electronic online hacker-world identity to the hateful Hangouts chat instantiation that occurred this and last years (over 2019-2020).
- Cover, interpret, and otherwise provide a non-traditional educationally motivated history lesson to validate my claims that the mostly anti-social electronic correspondence is a result of an abnormal belief system behind a hate mongering person that picked me, in particular, off of a long list of prospective victims for them to target primarily electronic illicit online attacks. It also has an insidiously violent underlying subtext that anyone in their right mind would be remiss to leave undocumented. *(Therefore, y’all should be very concerned for my safety over these events moving forward.)*
- Connect my unpredictably timed, casual personal encounters with the infamous hacker (notably, convicted federal felon, and expert co-author and social engineering student alongside Lucky225), one Mr. Kevin Mitnick. This topic is expounded upon since my reports involving such an internationally celebrity man’s name taken out of context might otherwise lead someone to the conclusion that my claims here are too grandiose for all due worthy attention (as in reminiscent of delusions of grandeur, by a colloquial understanding of what that can be misconstrued to mean), but only when (i.e., if and only if) taken out of context. Thus, in effect, we clarify meaning at some intentionally verbose length below for the good of our ongoing discussion. *(My wording is carefully chosen and deliberate in what follows; Please refer to Merriam-Webster if required to understand precisely what it is I do mean. Please also do not hesitate to read through all of this material twice given its length to ensure a best possible understanding at the time when we examine it in our conversation revisiting things later.)*

Notice that past police reports filed with the GTPD should clarify and document my allegations against what JZ has done to me in past years, none of which I feel were adequately nor respectfully investigated due to personally insulting perceptions of the prior investigative team. They, I perceive, conclusively dismissed any merit to my allegations and asserted that I must have been somehow been substantially skewed in mindset, possessing negligible (e.g., NULL-valued) capacity for meaningful life experience (all while still being highly functioning and by most measurable standards a mentally very intelligent and capable individual), and hence by extension of the argument incapable of the accurate factual recollection of past events within my personal history – thus invalidating everything malicious that could have ever been thrown at a rape victim like me. All of this easily and permissibly dismissed in previous attempts to report (and stop these events) by reason of my documented mental health

related disability. Quite to the contrary, I contend, my past remarks and the supporting documentation of the circumstances under which these things happened I offered actually constitute factually accurate recollections of the criminal activity towards me perpetrated by others (e.g., by this man and his close cohorts) that I have long suffered as an unwitting victim and survivor.

Observe that my history of having Aspergers disorder, a form of highly functioning Autistic impairment giving me predilection towards awkward social interactions, rather than the overprepared, underexamined text-based bullet points to discuss I had printed for the attending detectives pre-meeting, would have probably been more poignant in clouding their reasoning then over that than the overbearing insanity-type theme that only a non-clinically-trained, psychiatrically miseducated layperson would have been able to attribute those sort of connotations. That they then choose to adapt the conclusion of the dismissible nature to the state of my mental head case based on implications stemming from this faulty hypothetical assumption is honestly beyond me. I have continued to suffer online attacks, stalking and at least two documented physical break ins to my locked on-campus apartment this year since the chat correspondence abruptly ended. These unexplained events include the recent laptop hardware theft I reported to GTPD the week before Thanksgiving (in November 2020).

Also, there are a few of features to the Hangouts chat transcript that might go otherwise unnoticed that are listed below. I am making explicit reference to their presence because these items corroborate my interpretations on the alleged hate speech and violent imagery highlighted in the next sections:

- There is a reference I distinctly recall in the deleted text transcriptions where the attacker on the other end of this chat makes comments to me about others from my high school aged days getting buried in unmarked graves. My response to this memorable feature in the chat correspondence was that for all they must surely have been through, any such persons should be located, dug up, and transported to marked gravesites in a national cemetery where we always adorn the coffins of our respected deceased war heroes honorably with an American flag. (*Memorable red flag numbered N+1 on my working checklist from that point in time.*)
- At one point, the attacker on the other side of the chat asks for my mathematical expertise on whether I can find an example of an “evil” generating function, defined as a series-based formal construction by which we can enumerate all integer and rational valued sequences. My response was to instinctively suggest to this individual in a way I knew they wouldn’t appreciate a definitive “No [as in, there is not]” paraphrased through the following idea: As we find in Yiddish, mathematics does not contain a native grammar by which we can express that sort of inherent vulgarity. Contrarily, as a natural language and encoding for expressions, Yiddish features no vulgar type vocabulary primitives like we find (in analog) with the so-called four and six-letter word varieties at the disposal of most English speakers. In fact, to replicate the notion that you wish someone to “goto: hell [FOAD, a--hole]” we have to translate that intent to approximately “go stick your head underground like a carrot and keep it there” in Yiddish (n.b.). This brief conversation blurb happened as a precursor to my conclusive realization (upon them posting the massively suggestive “Crown of thorns” image) that this nasty individual needs to get (the hell) away from me online (and stay there for good).
- The personal image of the attacker I requested he share with me is available within the chat logs I submitted to the GTPD detective earlier this year. The image name recovered suggests that he is using a Windows Professional based operating system. I have reproduced it below to pinpoint its relevance yet again:



## ***A carefully explained interpretation of the hateful subtext to the Google Hangouts chat***

We need to elaborate on some context about the pseudonym “[Alex] Ionut”, the display name of the man who attacked me in the Hangouts chat ruse. The name “Ionut” is apparently Hebrew in origin, as a Romanian boys name that is contemporary in that dialect to the more common name “John”. A verse in the Bible from the book of John is quoted as follows:

*For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life. (John 3:16)*

This seems to have an ominous connection to the “vampire” reference I am citing below. Another cursory search for meaning in the book of John is emphasized on Wikipedia where they quote its final verse as “*that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life in his name.*” Perhaps a more well read and studied Biblical scholar can attribute missing context to my references.

We next need to define what a reference to the term “vampire killer” represents in documented writings about the beliefs found in the Nazi occult. The following is a direct quotation from Wikipedia that explains context better than I can in my own words:

*In documentaries portraying the Third Reich, Hitler is cast as a master magician; these documentaries typically include scenes in which Hitler is speaking at huge mass meetings. [...] Cuts mix Hitler screaming with regiments marching under the sign of*

*the swastika. Instead of providing a translation of his verbal crescendos, the sequence is overlaid with a speaker talking about something different. All this combines to demonize Hitler as an evil wizard spellbinding an unwitting German people to become his zombified servants until they are liberated from the spell by the Allied victory after which, suddenly, there were no German Nazis left among the populace. How convenient it would be if this image were correct. National socialism could be defeated with garlic. Watchdog groups could be replaced with a few vampire killers, and resources being directed into anti-racist community programs could be directed at something else. [...] The truth, however, is that millions of ordinary German workers, farmers and businessmen supported the national socialist program. [...] They were people who probably considered themselves good citizens, which is far more frightening than had they merely been demons.*

I am going to parse out what a deeper analysis and a more literate minded reading of the “crown of thorns” reference I noticed in the filename (of the image below) that my attacker in the Hangouts chat had uploaded. This image was something they had changed their avatar to in low resolution at some point mid the multiple month chat time period. Around that time, I felt so sick and disoriented that I was not really aware of the conversation that this person was continually harassing me with, but I recall noticing that the avatar change looked mean, almost as though it had teeth. It looks to me by visual inspection nasty, evil, and projects a menacing overtone when you look at it up in closer detail. One concluding mistake this criminally minded individual thug made was to “buy into”, or fall for (so to speak) an intentional social engineering ruse whereby I decided to straight-up, no bones about it, point blank piss them off and see what flowed out of their reaction (JZ, for example, has a notorious temper in his lecture hall, I reasoned then to see if I could bait him into snapping at me). This allowed me to be able to view the name of the image they uploaded in expressing their fuck-you-bitch type response back at me. Big sloppy mistake on display for you all at the GTPD today!

Most regular members of the Christian faith will recognize that Jesus wore a crown made of thorns at the time he slowly died by crucifixion at the hands of the Roman soldiers that set out to murder him. A closer read of historical accounts explains this allegorical reference in a slightly different tone that is, I think, more relevant here. Namely, the Roman soldiers that massacred this historical man, Jesus Christ, a prophet in literature from Judaism, spit on the so-called “king of the Jews” as they mocked him and offered symbolic relics to desecrate everything about the image of and actions within his life stood for. Therefore, I contend the use of that term in the hateful image the Hangouts chat attacker showed me really manifests a violent set of images forecasting what they wanted to do to me over time. I ask the following question then be pondered aloud: *Was my life ever in danger by some real world crazy psycho lunatic’s plot to cleanse the earth of all living Jews in his warped vision for this planet, and this his chat-based little manifesto diary for him to masturbate to later, after the deed was done?*

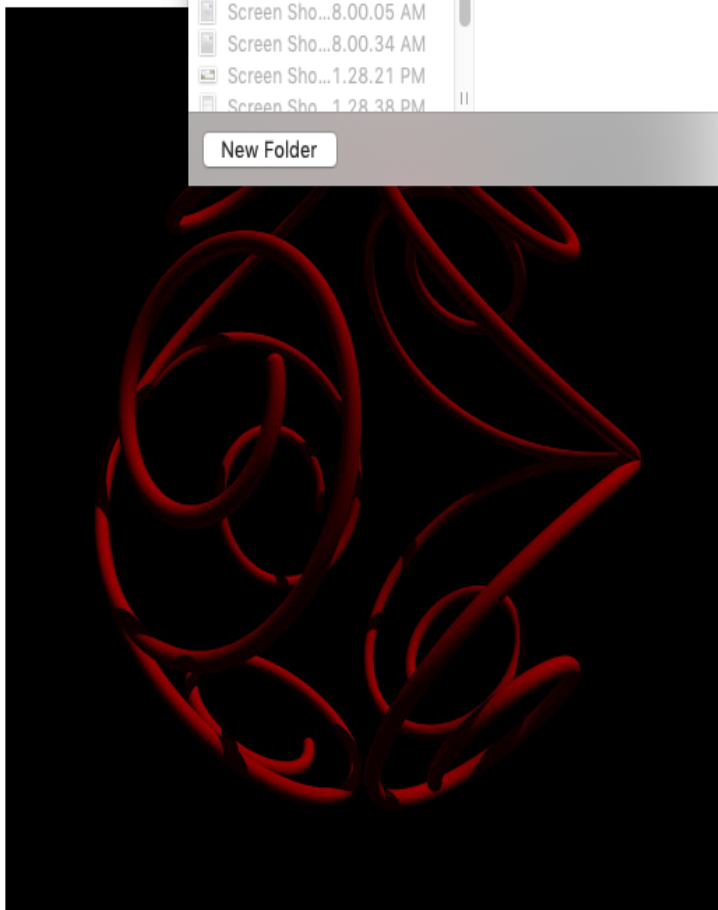
I want to also explain clearly a convention of mine that distinguishes the way I have used certain terms and phrases with filthy hateful subtext which I am, in general and certainly out of this context, not comfortable using loosely as though it is a native colloquialism that came from my choice of vulgar expression. Notice my intentional quotation of terms like “vampire killer” and “nazi killer” as though they were string literals in a programming language. When strings are quoted the character sequences have a different interpretation and way in which we are allowed to attribute meaning to them than if the same string literal were to be used outside of the quotation. There is substantial offensive filth of mind being communicated here, clearly, and that is an unavoidable recollection on my part given these extraordinary circumstances, but I will never be able to appreciate nor endorse anything that these terms stand for!

My use of the quoted string literal interpretation of “nazi killer” is a reference to what I understand to represent in the occult of certain organized hate groups to symbolize the destruction of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany. This is not a death threat, perse, but an angry reference to something feared in his apparent cultural upbringing that sent the little coward scurrying off that Hangouts chat in a jiffy, and back towards the shelter offered him by the woodwork from whence he came. In so much as the historically recorded consensus reflects that the fascist dictator Hitler decided to burrow himself into an end-of-war guarded underground bunker where that coward committed suicide rather than remain alive to face repercussions for all of the death, murder and destruction he was

responsible for across eastern and western Europe during the Holocaust, the use of “nazi killer” can also be suggestive of something else too. That is, not only being the one who willfully fights these people back to win the war, but also despite them not being directly responsible for pulling the trigger, the one ultimately responsible for putting the fatal bullet in Hitler’s screwed up, deranged, sociopathically malformed head circa 1945. At any rate, it marks the point in that Hangouts chat line where the attacker finally gets (as in, the hell) away from me and so that the violent coward on the other end online never chooses to contact me that way ever again (at least to my knowledge).

There is a subtle point of reference to be noted that connects a certain type of behavior by online hackers of this particular type of hateful minded viewpoint and motivation. It is unclear until we parse it ourselves too many times to ignore the clear connotation it represents – call it an instinctive function of the pattern matching algorithm I have stored in the native hardware my big brain comes pre-installed with. In particular, a few too many ruses with this luring precondition have been directed at me over email where an attacker requests entry to a personal space of mine online, e.g., needs to be invited in before they harm me just as classical horror film mythology requires a vampire monster (like the Count Dracula) to get invited in before it is permitted to kill you (or murder you) by draining its victim’s blood. If this does not express something to you all reading this a feeling so hair raising and disgusting that you want to find this “motherfucker” and bring them to justice just a little more than any other perp on your watch list right now, then god help you (me) as our (my) only recourse for my expectation that the law be enforced on my behalf to protect me from violent thugs (little boys, not men) like this! Moreover, GA Tech campus OIT staff have positively confirmed that one chain of such emails I received where this transparent (to me, at this point) ruse is invoked has been classified as a phishing scheme. This indicates a continued, prolonged pattern of online stalking tied to that Hangouts chat I was thankfully initially put in touch with Detective Crabtree to report for a follow-up investigation.

***Some higher resolution snapshots of relevant subtext found in the Hangouts chat***



I was asked to submit art work for BRIDGES math-art in Finland  
this is what I made last minute, all in sage math with segments of the curve I have been studying and ray traced with tachyon  
(also included in sagemath)

Export As: crown\_of\_thorns.jpg

Tags:



Desktop

Search

- Screen Sho...9.49.59 PM
- Screen Sho...9.54.23 PM
- Screen Sho...8.00.05 AM
- Screen Sho...8.00.34 AM
- Screen Sho...1.28.21 PM
- Screen Sho...1.28.38 PM

New Folder

Cancel

Save

Some good news that finally made me laugh out loud last week. Just don't ask for clarifications. Really not in the mood to go into that. Just celebrate with me that there are now Gnome GEyes e ladies"...

[https://gitlab.gnome.org/GNOME/gnome-applets/-/merge\\_requests/2#note\\_736427](https://gitlab.gnome.org/GNOME/gnome-applets/-/merge_requests/2#note_736427)



so feminine  
love it

Right. Green eyed girl is wh



I think this apocalypse is giving me the time finally to seduce my highschool crush over facebook messenger after 15 years  
that and read numerical analysis algorithms

Alex • Mar 25, 9:16 PM

Do you kn



central limit theorem?  
I've never done any practical probability...

Alex • Mar 26, 1:22 PM

Can I share a secret t

Can you send me a picture of your high school I'd, or old college / grad school buzzcard? Nothing like a driver's  
Good luck with the ladies.



can I tell you something very scary that I trust?  
and you don't repeat it



my best friend who passed away was big in the pgp encrypted phone business and would resell a lot of phone unlock codes en masse mainly to china  
I still keep in touch with some of his buddies and saw one today  
so my buddy was conected with sony so any sony phone that got unlocked in china  
well the code went through his hands for some \$  
anyway this guy tells me and I trust it that his contacts in China have access to all kinds of cell phone statistics in China  
follow me so far?  
he told me 2 million sims went dead  
i.e. no phone activity anymore  
that is probably a better estimate for the number of dead  
in china

Hmm. Nowadays  
I used to have a  
Also fun with si  
Aim sniff never  
I'm a grey hat. B



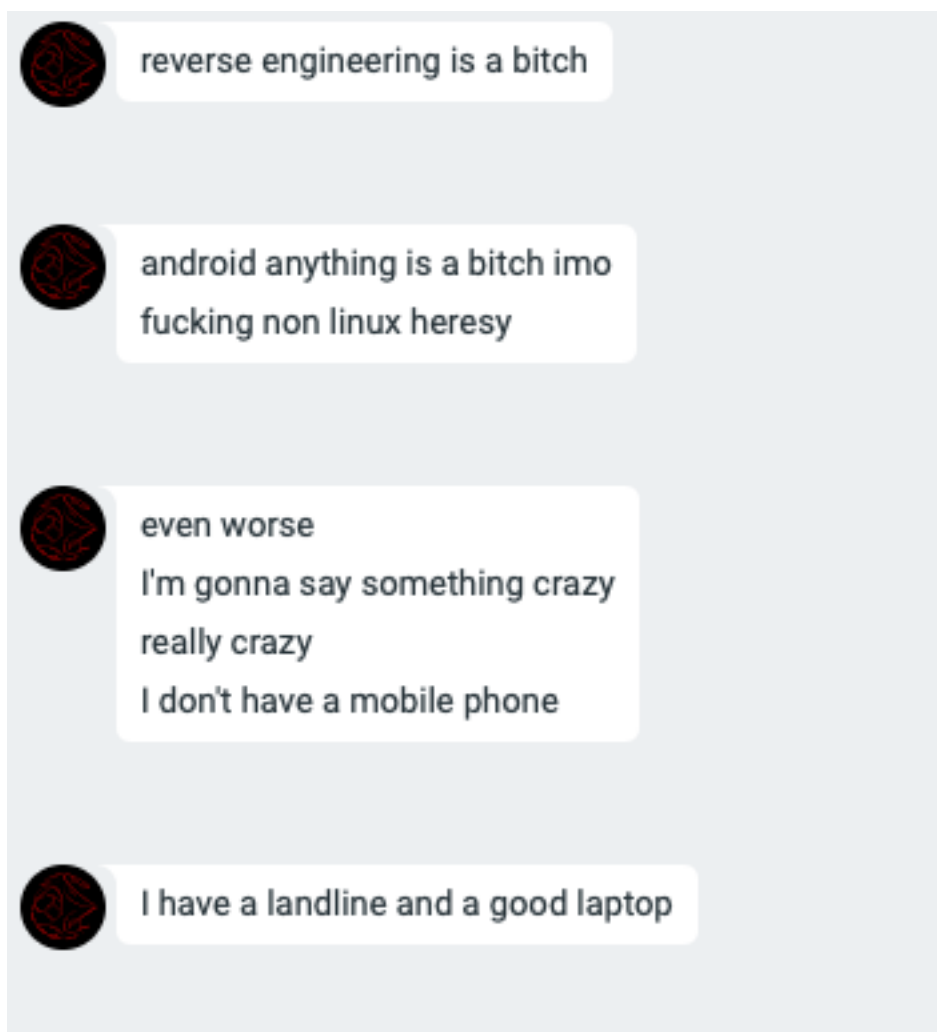
i know the law changed around the time my friend died  
and it was a wave country by country



2 years and I believe things were extra slow to change in China  
but anyway these people are still doing some kind of business with encrypted phones  
i trust that they are in the know  
anyway, I could be getting trolled  
but I doubt it

Alex • Mar 26, 7:08 PM





### ***My online relationship with Lucky225 and perception of its intended significance (also, on the 2600 Magazine editorial board connection)***

In late November of 2014 I was illicitly drugged, and obviously would have been forced to ingest without my consent, some unforgettably memory impairing substance shortly before a late afternoon doctor's appointment at Hall Health on the campus of the University of Washington in Seattle. I have vague indeterminate memories as having a transparent gel substance transdermally applied to my sleeveless arm with the mandatory blood pressure cuff administered by the male intake technician, whom I can still by the way identify from his appearance at that time. After the first wet substance was applied to the skin on my arm he rubbed a much larger quantity of purplish-pink (?) gel on my arm as I sat there literally paralyzed and stupefied, completely clueless and unable to help myself out of that bad situation. After an argumentative 30-minute or so daze where the actual physician abruptly just left his scheduled diagnostic meeting with me, a man I recognized as being JZ (or Lucky225, by his hacker alias) in the same form I will always remember him in from so many years ago due to a one-time mild "crush" on this man while taking his introductory CS classes, but this time showing significantly more advanced signs of aging, entered the secluded room. He then commandeered a print copy of my medical records describing my recent order substance abuse of alcohol and my recounting to the ARNP that had arranged for me to be brought in that day on the totality of my sexual experience record as he took the original medical doctor's seat. I remember that the man was a laughing, stumbling as though drunk, and quickly had a small sized toothpick for an erection in his khaki pants and black sweater up top on display as he proceeded to question me – I began to yell loudly at him shortly thereafter, though I do not recall a specific causal reason as to why. I also recall his eye color as being bright blue, with an

appearance of recently applied Visine brand eye drops, a feature that I recall registering in my head in a fleeting moment of clarity was so abnormally tinted that he must surely have been wearing a pair of colored contact lenses.

I remember distinctly only a few other fleeting moments of our blur of a multi-hour time in that small office space together, a large period of which was spent with me sitting dazed (and mostly confused on a date rape drug) after he had told me to shut up and quit yelling at him, and during which he typed in a decisive summary of the details from my diagnostic visit for the medical practitioner on the presumably locked HIPPA-secured computer system left behind by that reckless doctor, one Thomas Lampe, MD. At my next visit to the general internist at Hall Health, where I had a gynecological exam eventually performed by the same ARNP that had demanded it obligatorily necessary for me to obtain the impromptu, last minute appointment for the initial consultation with Lampe later the same week, another kind, more concerned nurse wanted to make sure that I had a printed copy of the medical record summary surrounding my shock following that disorienting long appointment the afternoon of the night I was brutally raped in my apartment building in Seattle. From this, and having witnessed JZ himself in the flesh typing and tacking away at the in-office doctor's office computer system for so long, the conclusion that JZ is the author of that subtly spiteful filthy bastardization of all my personal history became apparent to me for at least two more reasons:

1. The document describes psychiatric treatment that would have predated the medical records that I had signed a release to have faxed for my appointment with the new physician that day.
2. A comparison, given my documented high-scoring talent on the verbal sections of every standardized test I have ever had to take, led me to pick up on an undeniable difference between the writing style and literacy (qualitative competency) with the written English language of the first report that I contend JZ wrote, and the follow up handful of short office visit summary documents that the actual MD Lampe wrote. The former has a smooth flow to their prose that is (despite my will to insult the vile SOB that did that to me) even eloquent in a writing style at certain points and that only a master student and known programming languages type guru of sorts (speak of the devil) would have been able to string together in that way. Lampe, on the other hand, is barely able to disguise his distaste for my normal demeanor and tendency to question things with faulty, illogical premises as utter "bullshit" using a writing style that is pitifully unacceptable for such a highly educated native English speaker. More to the point, he (Lampe) is barely able to construct complete sentences, often using comma spliced poor language constructions and grammatical usages and misspellings that suggests he is virtually unable to communicate, nay translate from mind to paper or keyboard, a written expression of his thought processes as a practicing learned medical doctor.

After having me phonetically spell out, and then slowly letter-by-letter for entry into the computerized system, for his edification a non-generic prescription drug name that he lacked familiarity with, and my having to explain to him the difference between the pharmaceutical company representative advertising lingo that he recognized and the generic (as in derived from organic chemistry type) names for certain medications I was regularly prescribed, he printed out for me and signed in front of me several hard-copy prescriptions for me to fill at the in-house pharmacy downstairs before I left. When that man, that is JZ, finally ended up dismissing me from his office with instructions to pick up a card for my next visit with the secretary "out front" while raising his hand with a convincing index finger pointing gesture on display, I walked back to my nearby campus office space in the Math building just down the street to respond to a stressful looming email circumstance originated in Calculus II TA land that honestly felt contrived and unreasonable for me to have been questioned on in that way in the first place. I ended up on a longer journey home alone on foot shortly after that last email was sent out on my new iPad.

I began to drink alcohol for the first time that day in the confines of my locked apartment when I returned home, completely unaware at that point of what had really just happened to me, nor prepared for what was about to come. After that point, nearly eight hours passed where I "blacked out" (something that has never happened to me while drinking prior to, nor since, that time) and atypically remember nothing up to the point when I became

sentient again audibly crying while on a cellular-network-initiated phone call to my mother in Florida – with the exception of a couple of spaced out phone calls to family members with loud old school phone-company style tones of distortion audible to me in the background on the receiving end of things on my cellular phone (the hackers were there with me that night at my apartment, for sure). There were unmistakable signs of vaginal penetration and a non-characteristic discharge when I woke up to indicate that I had been assaulted via some non-consensual sexual intercourse experiences that night.

In the following few weeks, I met the famed computer hacker Kevin Mitnick out of the blue as he roleplayed the part of our UW Mathematics department sysadmin in what I think must surely have been a social engineering ruse which he exploited as an opportunity to meet me. It begs the question, in philosophical terms, of why Kevin would have ever come into my life as a graduate student outside of Zych's annoyingly termed study of the "computer sciences" (and, in general, without my having any relevant computer security related experience to contribute to our conversation)? Well, in hindsight, his friendship and peer collaborations with fellow (at that time) 2600 Magazine editor called on this time by his alphanumeric alias, Lucky225. JZ's appearance in the medical doctor's office the afternoon of the same night I had been raped that way clearly explains the phenomenon at hand well to me.

Since I had the first in-person encounter with Mr. Mitnick, I have seen him around where I lived and Florida and can recount having talked with him in person on a couple of distinct occasions. Mr. Mitnick, on those few instances, while possessing an exceedingly immense talent and special touch for approaching me with insulting conversational annoyances, whereby he would have chosen to present his "vile" disposition in that way and displayed by an intentional ruse a predisposition to just plain pissing me off, never made me feel physically or emotionally uncomfortable while I was in close physical proximity to his commandingly large body frame. The "affect" of me wanting to punch him hard and break the god-damn glasses (pardon) on his face is, on the other hand, a different and really contextually somewhat irrelevant, matter that underlies a manifestation of the ticks to my temperament invoked upon the impact of meeting him, that troll tailed devil, Mr. Kevin Mitnick, in the flesh.



Then, as it happens, there seem to be two disjoint binary classes of bins into which we can partition and attribute cultural meaning to the intent behind the staff of individuals that collaborate to publish the free-speech-only technical articles which we find in the 2600 “Hacker Quarterly” Magazine, a routine target of the conservative minded establishment folk for their perception that it reflects an unacceptable countercultural component in our world today, simply it would seem, a conclusion drawn based only on the merits to its heralding and its deconstruction of computer security information with an atypically free-as-in-freedom – or as in for (we) the people -- type presentation to its subject matter. In short, we surmise that one (and exactly one) of the following criteria is met:

- **[1]** Is clearly inferred from the context of the last section. This would mean that the conservatist critics of *2600 Magazine* are by extension in fact necessarily right, e.g., correct in their viewpoints.
- **[2]** The longstanding tenure of Lucky225, and its adjacency in the list of its formative editorial board found on the back cover of each issue to Mitnick by legal name, was possibly terminated on grounds of its founder, head honcho, and the big “boss man” on top of this ‘zine found Lucky’s alleged anti-Semitism and capacity to assault women so unacceptably vile that the later personality (e.g., Lucky225) was recently kissed goodbye and given the axe, so to speak, by Emmanuel, unclearly suggestive towards either side of the case though that may be. (*See below.*)

At this point, I need to explain the last two characterizations I have arrived at by a process of logical deduction. The second distinct criteria classifies an optimistically more brief intuition, so I will give its relevant back story first. Then we need to explain the more recent (starting this year) online personal connection of myself to Lucky225, a man I have long come to know as being the real-life JZ using an alias that is derived from his stubbornly proud ties to a particular sophomore level CS class that he taught for nearly a decade (over a decade ago, mind you) while on the faculty there to teach at my Alma Mater in Urbana, IL, UIUC.

After all that has been happening around me since the Fall quarter dated sentence I had in Seattle, WA while a Ph.D. student in Mathematics at UW, I have grown increasingly more and more angry over time about the way these events have transpired. At one point over the past few years (sitting at my laptop on campus at GA Tech) I made some comments in the form of posts on the large QA based forum, Quora Digest, about Kevin Mitnick and his post federal felony level incarceration from the mid 1990’s to 2000’s. In those posts, I suggested that Mr. Mitnick is still up to no good (so to speak, as if, WTF gives Kevin?) and engaged in illegal perpetration of the same type of social engineering schemes that landed him in so much hot water with the federal government in this country before when he was indicted in the 1990’s. When I later (dated a few months ago, if memory serves me correctly) checked those past postings, I became aware of some 2600 Magazine editorial personalities asking, it seems to me, WTF back unto me? One man, a “William [Emmanuel] Goldstein” was the champion of the “Free Kevin” movement and helped to produce a documentary about how they protested his unfair sentence (and subsequent term of imprisonment) for the white-collar federal crimes he had actually been shown to be guilty of committing beyond reasonable legal doubt.

I wrote to him at a public 2600 online webmaster email address at one point longer before I noticed the Quora connection to suggest to him (faux humorously) that he is “a large *Jewish* American penis”. This is my conventionally inappropriate form of a friendly way (post Hangouts chat) in which I allude to the perception that there is a tendency among Jewish men to having substantively much larger male genitalia than their conventional pale-skinned counterparts. The double meaning, a double entendre really, would have been clearly inferred by context (as the man is similarly bright and presumably also highly literate). If all of this is accurate, Goldstein is a Jewish man that would clearly have to take offense to any form of anti-Semitic hate speech directed at anyone else in the Jewish community. This explains my reasoning for the classification into prospective bin indexed at the label of two above.

In March of 2020, amidst all of the confusion and the worst, most intense activity from the Google Hangouts chat, the 2600 editorial presence Lucky225 became a friend of mine on the social media site, Facebook. Lucky225, a famous hacker in his own right and former contributor to the NYC-based “Off the Hook” radio production for so many years, is a hard to get as a networked connection on Facebook. He is also friends with a large, but still selective and exclusive group, of profiles on Facebook that includes at least one easy-to-spot upcoming NASCAR star from Hendrick motorsports. The short-lasting friendship of mine with him this year would have been too star strikingly hard to turn down and not let sit idle immediately at that point (we are no longer friends, after my action to make that so, not too long ago). I also was busy and not quite sure what that gesture meant at the time – basically, it speaks to a temporary lack of better judgement on my part for which I have no good rational explanation to give in my defense. A certificate that documents our friendship on social media is illustrated below based on screenshots I took and later compiled with my Android platform based mobile telephone:



Alex Ionut Feb 28  
to me ▾



Hi Maxie!

Can you please add me on hangouts? I sent you an invitation.

-Alex

[Show quoted text](#)

## Lucky225

You're friends on Facebook

Former Author at 2600 Magazine

Went to Chino High School

Lives in North Washington, Colorado

JAN 30 AT 9:47 PM

I am contacting you today to share a hacker mens footwear design (e.g., shoes) that I think you might like almost as much, but still slightly less than I do:



## Lucky225

Friends since March 2020



Message Lucky225



Unfollow Lucky225

Stop seeing posts but stay friends.



Block Lucky225

Lucky225 won't be able to see you or contact you on Facebook.



Unfriend Lucky225

Remove Lucky225 as a friend.



*Jason Zych*

10:47



🔍 Jason Zych



Jason Zych

Solution Architect at AIM Specialty Health

AIM Specialty Health

Greater Chicago Area • 58 connections

CONNECT

MESSAGE



## Experience



**Solution Architect**

AIM Specialty Health

Nov 2016 - Present • 3 yrs 6 mos



**Senior Developer**

Geneca

Aug 2006 - Nov 2016 • 10 yrs 4 mos



**Lecturer**

Department of Computer Science, University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign

May 1998 - May 2006 • 8 yrs 1 mo

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It is completely clear to me that JZ is the real Lucky225 at this point. Some supporting evidence for this that the detectives at GTPD can understand is found in the initial (very brief) conversation that I had initiated with him using his profile on Facebook Messenger. He confirms there that the reference (link easily obtained by search online) to his posting history as the user Lucky225 on a Credit Card Boards forum is in fact correctly attributed to the real him. In those posts on the CCB forum, Lucky225 a.k.a. JZ, makes some annoyingly cocky and characteristic showman-like allusions to his affinity for not just “phone phreaking” (typical) but also his expertise with the use of certain credit card type readers out in the wild. He also makes allusion to a local campus bookstore where we all (that is, we the students, back in those days) would have been directed to purchase print and bound copies of his multi-part lecture notes series to accompany my incoming CS125 requirement at the University of Illinois.

Additionally, his alias (at one purported stage name of Jared Morgan) forms yet a second level of abstraction tied to the Lucky225 alias on Facebook makes a humorous (to me, in some unavoidable ways) proposition about the fact that his wife pictured online, who looks very strikingly like the extremely attractive one-time female pornography star and visual artiste, as it were, one Tracy Lorde, has a legal name of “Tracy Morgan”. This name happens to also be the legal (stage) name of a well-known black comedian, former SNL cast member, and star of a distinguished NBC series on network television. My opinion on this debatable matter of coincidence is something that he (JZ) plausibly could have thought would pass muster when fed to the hordes of smart masses with that same unforgettable mark of his propensity towards anti-clever pseudo-intellectualisms that are really actually very superbly, hyper annoying – at least to those in the know that would still recognize him from the loudly voiced theatrical persona he so exuberantly had to routinely fake for us all those years ago in class at UIUC.

Another relevant point of reference here is that Lucky225 has historically maintained a disturbingly (to me) prolific record of posting revealing pornographic video content online, a judgement on my part which explains what a total obsessive fan of hers, Tracy that is, he must surely have been when she was younger – hence the choice of tribute expressed by using her with that visual imagery on the frontmost page of his public facing Facebook profile. On the other hand, we think that this factoid presented on the profile is an intentionally misleading falsehood made in stark contrast to his confirmed admission on the CC Boards forum that he had taken his wife’s (last) name when he finally decided to get married in the state of Arkansas some many years ago. There also is a very well trafficked Twitter presence for a man also named Jason Zych (though not correspondingly indexed well on Google for some strange reason) that would be explained quite well if this invite-only outlet for him to Tweet was really a perverted closed-source type vehicle for him to proliferate and distribute illicit pornography online.

My perception is now, upon more detailed analysis, more events that have come to pass and new thoughtful reflection over time, is that Lucky225 knew about, and is hence connected to, the events from the Google Hangouts chat I fell victim of from 2019-2020. A more insidious interpretation speaks to the nastiness of the human being that started it all happened in haste when the attacker in the chat realized that things were going sourly south, and quickly: That man created an alibi to cast doubt and provide him with a still transparent excuse of plausible deniability in the event he, JZ, should ever be questioned upon (my predictable eventual) allegation of his wrongdoing within the venue of that more private hacked Hangouts application forum on my Android phone. This concludes my explanation of the classification into prospective bin found at index number one in the list above.