

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
Vol III
1.
On the periphery of Karin's meetups
Part II

LEGEND

Mr Secretary/ Mr former Secretary
(of Homeland Security): Michael Chertoff
CIA: the Central Intelligence Agency
The “Russians”, the Russian intelligence
service: the SVR
MSS: the Chinese intelligence service
The “Boss”: Dick Cheney
Judge Higgins: Dame Rosalyn Higgins
The “Machine”: the faulty surveillance Machine

The following covers the progress of the International Court of Justice trial over me from January 1 2009 to February 28 2009. To take stock of the previous episode: in August 2008, following upon the Russo-Georgian war, judge Higgins granted the United States the right to use the ICJ “lower court” “show trial” to sue Russia; and Mr Secretary of Homeland Security and the CIA were making progress in the lawsuit against Russia and destined to win – as “evidences” mounted in their favor that I, David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin, was not just a Chinese, but also a Russian, secret agent – until, on the night of December 28 2008, the Machine suddenly intercepted into the court room my two aunts’ admission that I had an “older brother”. The Russians seized upon this piece of evidence and obstructed the United States’ entire claim. It was now a new year. If the year of 2008 was the “year of the conviction of China”, then the year of 2009 would be the “year of the conviction of Russia”, as you shall see. The road to the conviction of Russia would not however be as smooth as the road to the conviction of China, which means, unfortunately, that I was about to endure an even rougher year. The breakdown of all my social relations would accelerate and I would be increasingly isolated from other human beings. Meanwhile I would begin to understand the mechanism of the operations on me by which evidences were entered into the International Court of Justice to damn Russia.

Buying Eee PC 900 from Best Buy, January 1 2009

Just as I bought my Toshiba Satellite as a birthday gift to myself, so I bought on New Year Day an Eee PC 900 as a New Year gift to myself. I obviously had nobody to celebrate the New Year with. I rode the bus by myself and under heavy depression to the same Best Buy on Venice and Washington to make my purchase.¹ Recall that this was the Linux Eee PC 900 which the Homeland Security agent showed me on October the previous year. Since it was not possible for

¹ Recorded in: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/bestbuy_1_1_09_515PM.WMA (from 22:50 onward).

me to make friends with another human being because of this International Court of Justice trial, I could only invest all my energy in learning about computer curiosities like Linux to continue to build up my “power base” for future’s sake (perhaps). I wouldn’t know, just yet, that this little cheap and worthless netbook would also soon become the focus of the current International Court battle. I spent the rest of January 1 at Westsub trying to set up this tiny computer. I had to spend a lot of time learning about how Synaptic package manager, and the general Linux repository system, worked.² Again, I was studying tutorials online under depression so severe that my body was aching. It was debilitating to be staring into the computer screen all day long and trying to understand how software worked without any human interactions to soothe the brain. I was developing serious computer-fatigue, because sitting in front of my computer had characterized my entire waking hours for more than four months now. My computers had become my prison house.

Karin’s demurrer

Exactly on the 30th day after I had filed my complaint, on January 2, Karin’s response arrived in the mail. It was a demurrer, with hearing date set for February 3. I was completely stupefied and taken by surprise. I thought my complaint was as solid as it could be; yet she made it look like a frivolous lawsuit. Karin had demurred on the ground that I had “failed to state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of actions” because – so she stated – I had failed to demonstrate that my portrait of her was “fine art”, “original”, and “of recognized quality”; neither, according to her, had I demonstrated that she knew my portrait to be “original fine art of recognized quality”. Because of this, she continued, she could not be said to have “knowingly and intentionally destroyed an 'original drawing of recognized value'” (“k-demur-2.jpg”).³ Apparently she was able to make the absurd argument that my drawing was not “original” by misinterpreting – intentionally or otherwise – the meaning of the word “original”. It was not original”, she claimed, because *she* was the one who had suggested that I do portraits of everyone (“k-demur-9.jpg”); because I drew from photographs; and because I did so by superimposing my drawing on photographs (actually I did not). Intentionally or not, Karin failed to recognize that “original art” in California Civil Code Section 987 means simply that it is not a copy, but that’s not my concern here. Karin then claimed that my drawing was not “of recognized quality” because it had never been shown in exhibitions, etc.

By reading her demurrer, however, I finally understood how exactly suit team’s operations worked in which I was forced to participate but which were otherwise kept in secrecy from me. Karin’s demurrer had made it manifestly clear that she had been instructed by her CIA handler to carefully craft her answers to my complaint, not in order to respond to my charges, but so that, when it was intercepted into the International Court as evidence, it might confirm United States’ scenario that I was the Russian secret agent David Chin, with all the disgusting characteristics which Mr Secretary had attributed to me. Thus, her answers to my complaint often didn’t even correspond to my accusations at all, and frequently didn’t even make sense, stuffing into my

² My night is recorded in: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/at_wstsub_1_1_09_950PM.WMA.

³ Karin’s first demurrer is kept in this folder:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment19/kz_demurrer/.

mouth words and accusations which I had never uttered and describing a nonexistent character out of me. Her response was full of confusions and errors of such kind which, when it was examined in the International Court, would somehow confirm the story which Mr Secretary had so far invented about me, Lawrence Chin's twin brother David Chin.

Specifically, the moment of realization came when I saw how Karin made up the story that I had forged my portrait of her by superimposing the drawing paper onto her photograph and tracing it. Examine her words closely and see what I mean ("[k-demur-9.jpg](#)"):

“Nowhere in the complaint does plaintiff allege any facts that give a hint, much less sufficient facts, to establish that the drawing he made is ‘an original drawing’ within the meaning of Civil Code section 987. On the contrary, the facts set forth in the complaint clearly demonstrate that the idea and the creation of the drawing were not original [Karin now quotes from my original complaint]: ‘... under encouragement from the Defendant Ms Zimmer, the Plaintiff began making a series of portraits of the meetup members from the photographs posted on the meetup website and posting them in the file section of the website. The Plaintiff made several portraits of the Defendant Ms Zimmer herself, but the Defendant Ms Zimmer never really liked any of them. In June, however, the Plaintiff made the portrait in question and posted it as usual on the file section of the meetup website...’ [Karin now inserts her own strange and false interpretation of the method by which I made the portrait:] Thus, according to Plaintiff, it was defendant who encouraged Plaintiff to draw likenesses of meetup members, including drawing of the defendant, from photographs posted on the meetup website. It follows that Plaintiff created the drawing of defendant either by using a photograph as a model, *or, at least initially, superimposing his drawing over an enlarged photograph*. In any event, this was hardly an original idea or process of creation.” (Emphasis added.)

This paragraph immediately revealed to me that the mechanism by which the orchestrated rumor about me found its way into the International Court as “evidence” was not “false reporting to law enforcement” but “faulty and censored surveillance” in which I was either censored, voiceless, made to absorb the faults of others, or confused with another person with the same name or in the same location. Think: Karin's purpose in making the false statement that “the facts set forth in the complaint clearly demonstrate...” was obviously to make it look as if I had somehow said something in my original complaint to the effect that I produced my drawing through tracing – even though, in reality, I had simply said “I made the drawing from photographs”. Karin, obviously answering my lawsuit only by carefully following the instruction she had received from her handler, knew that whatever I said – namely, her quotation of my words – would be blacked out in the “evidence” submitted to the International Court, so that the “evidence” would look as if, *according to my own admission*, I had fabricated my drawings through magical and fraudulent means rather than producing them through legitimate artistic skill. Her purpose was of

course not to answer my complaint at all, but to tell the judges of the International Court that I had no artistic talents and therefore could not be the “real Lawrence Chin”.

When you read through the rest of her demurrer, you can understand why she wrote what she wrote only if you keep in mind that she was talking to the judges of the International Court rather than answering my complaint – that she was trying to tell them that I was the anti-social and schizophrenic Sino-Russian secret agent “David Chin”, full of deceit and magical frauds, just as Mr Secretary of Homeland Security had told them. Thus she persistently emphasized “vengeance” and “malicious intention” as my motive: “... defendant invites the Court, on the Court’s own motion, to consider imposing sanctions on plaintiff for filing a frivolous complaint that has no legal basis [but] for spiteful reasons...” (“k-demur-3.jpg”). “This complaint... is inspired by vindictiveness, laced with absurd paranoia, and bereft of legal support...” (“k-demur-4.jpg”). “It is obvious [that] the legislature did not intend to afford protection under Civil Code section 987 to plaintiff as an artist and to his drawing as ‘fine art’ under the trivial and vindictive circumstances disclosed by the complaint...” (ibid.). “... the real purpose of this lawsuit is not really to recover damages for any true legal wrong... but rather to subject the defendant to needless litigation expense, emotional turmoil, and to deprive her of her livelihood by compelling her to concentrate her time and energy on these legal proceedings rather than on her source of support, her job as a freelance translator” (“k-demur-5.jpg”). Note, then, Karin’s accusation that I, out of my mental delusion, falsely accused her of “spying on me for the government” and “reporting me to law enforcement”, and that my intention was to sue her in order that she pay filing fees and court costs whereas I, as indigent, paid nothing and needed to compensate nothing even when I should lose: this is a description of paranoid schizophrenia coupled with Antisocial Personality Disorder which the mythical David Chin, but not I, supposedly suffered from. I was especially incensed by her malice in these statements. She was technically speaking not lying when she denied “spying on me” and “falsely reporting me”, but this was obviously denial in bad faith. As I have already described, she knew that I had noticed that she had been recruited by the government as an operative against me, and saw that I didn’t quite understand what exactly the government was using her to do to me: whereas she knew that she was “acting” in front of some unseen audience, I, like Truman in the Truman Show, didn’t know who she was talking to when she was talking to me, but just noticed that she wasn’t talking to me, and thus assumed wrongly that she was putting up an act so that everyone could report me to law enforcement behind my back, after which the wrong information about me may then enter the International Court as “evidence”. Again, she knew I was not crazy but was quite alert in noticing that everyone was playing pranks on me. But she accused me of paranoid schizophrenia so that she may not only cover up my genius in the county court room but also deceive the ICJ judges into believing that these American peoples were not cheating the International Court system and not merely putting up a show for the United Nations. Furthermore, she must have in fact been compensated by the CIA for responding to my lawsuit: not only was she reimbursed her court cost; she was certainly paid for the time she spent writing her answer to my lawsuit. Even at the time I knew that I could not have possibly wasted a single dime from her. My intention could hardly be to waste her time and money.

It seems that Mr Secretary and the Agency had wanted to make sure that, each time I should file a lawsuit, the other party would answer with a demurrer making my lawsuit look unmeritorious and ridiculous, because, in this way, Mr Secretary's original lie about me as mentally confused and suffering from schizophrenic could be confirmed. Hence, both my aunt and Karin responded to my complaint with a demurrer. In addition, the demurrer would also confirm Mr Secretary's expanded profile of me as an antisocial but stupid Sino-Russian secret agent who could never come up with a good argument or write a grammatically correct sentence despite being fluent in more than a dozen languages, and who could only think of the pettiest and most stupid excuse with which to sue and torment the good people who had cared for him. This – together with the censoring of my words in the "evidence" presented to the International Court – also explains why Karin included in this demurrer (and soon in her second demurrer) a "summary" of my complaint. In the worthless "summary" of my words, she would purposely feign mental deficiency and scramble up my description of events and arguments to make me look malicious and mentally confused at the same time. By reverse-engineering the summary it is then possible to guess what evidences about me had been "gathered" into the International Court. Insofar as the judges at the International Court had no access to my actual words on my complaint, and insofar as they didn't know that Karin was actually an operative writing out her demurrers simply for them to read rather than to answer me, they would be fooled into believing that her "summary" actually correctly described what I wrote in my lawsuit. Karin's vague and inaccurate "summation" of my words, ordinarily reflective of serious mental deficiency, is not as yet so evident in her first demurrer as in her second demurrer, as you will see later.

In this first demurrer the technique which Karin, under instruction from her handler, employed was only to be intentionally vague about what I had actually said: she noted in passing that I claimed that she became frightened of me, all without mentioning my explanation (namely, she was *falsely* warned by the authority); that I claimed that she reported false information about me; and that I admitted that she removed me from her meetup groups because I had "bothered" members in her groups. By passing over the circumstances in which these events took place, she was able to reduce complex situations to simplistic black-and-white scenarios which gave the wrong impression that I was perpetually paranoid about innocent persons, was frighteningly violent, and enjoyed poking at people out of sadism.

Something particularly noteworthy in her summery was her mention of my erroneous claim that I gave her the portrait on June 16 2008. I made a mistake in my complaint: I actually gave her the portrait on June 9. But Mr Secretary was going to seize on this mistake on my part to both explain away the problem my lawsuit posed and reinforce his profile of me as "David Chin". The problem was that the portrait I gave to Karin on June 9 – the judges had already seen it and recognized it as a nice piece of drawing; they were merely misled by Mr Secretary into believing that it was done by someone else. I hadn't figured out as yet that Karin was trying here, in her emphasis on the date of June 16, to impart on the judges the impression that the portrait over which we were disputing was a different portrait than the one I gave her on June 9 – that Karin was trying to confirm here a new story which Mr Secretary had just invented in response to my lawsuit against Karin, namely that I, because of my jealousy over the beautiful June 9 portrait, tried to do one myself, but that I couldn't due to lack of talent, and so made an ugly piece of junk

by cheating my way through – by tracing over photographs. This new story would greatly reinforce the “David Chin legend” as the twin brother of “Lawrence Chin”, for it depicted me as so wanting to match Lawrence Chin my twin brother in talent that I, when I demanded to be as seriously taken as an artist as Lawrence was and yet was dismissed by Karin as a farce, actually sued her for it. What a childish anti-social! Karin's debunking of the legitimacy of my cause of action in Section 987 by comparing my drawing to the quick portrait which a street artist drew of a tourist for ten dollar, and to a junky likeness which a teenage girl drew of her high school boyfriend, also served as “confirmation” that what was going on between me and Karin here was just this new story which Mr Secretary had invented. Now, since there were no intercepts of these episodes (since they had never occurred), Mr Secretary had simply “inferred them” from Karin's words (which he himself had ordered Karin to pronounce); and yet the congruence between his newly made-up story on the one hand and Karin's “testimonies” and the established profile of David Chin on the other would have so impressed the judges of the International Court that they must have been unable to help themselves, once again, but praise Mr Secretary as a genius in human (or criminal) psychology.

In any case, as I have just noted, after I read Karin's demurrer, everything began making sense to me. When I woke up the next day, it at last dawned on me that this was our Vice President's “an eye for an eye”. All the manners in which people were confused, all the profanities and racial slurs people had said to me... I was simply under surveillance all this time; my interactions with others were intercepted into the International Court as evidences; people were describing me incorrectly but in accordance with Mr Secretary's false profile of me because *they* knew that we were all under surveillance and that the judges could only see them but not me while *I knew nothing* but wrongly supposed that everybody was reporting me to law enforcement. Our Vice President was saying to me, “You like to speak to surveillance, huh; you like to purposely put things out to be intercepted, huh; now I'm going to let everyone around you do the same!” After so much worthless “investigation” on foot, in the end it was this lawsuit which I had filed against Karin which had taught me the secret mechanism of the “Truman Show” in which I was trapped.

In reality, of course, although I had finally realized how suit team's operations worked – how evidences were taken into the International Court of Justice – I was wrong about “an eye for an eye”. I couldn't possibly have guessed that the United States was not turning against *me* the techniques *I* had used to (supposedly) harm the United States, but was turning against its enemies the techniques which the MSS director had used to harm the United States, and that “an eye for eye” was not exercised for the sake of some psychological fulfillment but specifically as the proper way to enforce UN Resolution 1373. (It's all a legal matter, that is.)

I was very upset after seeing Karin slandering me in her demurrer. On the afternoon of January 2, my depression reinforced, I rode the Metro to Pasadena Old Town to try out my new Eee PC in a coffeehouse. My following traumatic night is recorded in: “[psdn_oldtown_security_guards_harassm_1_2_09_630PM.WMA](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/psdn_oldtown_security_guards_harassm_1_2_09_630PM.WMA)”.⁴ I strained my brain trying to understand how to download from various Debian repositories my beloved security instrument

4 On my website:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/psdn_oldtown_security_guards_harassm_1_2_09_630PM.WMA.

like Wireshark and NMAP. After a while, I stood outside to smoke cigarettes. I was mumbling like big foot because of my severe depression and body aches, and making monstrous faces to strangers who passed by: “Yah, yah, yah...” (2:53:00). These God-damned Americans, all actors in some compulsory TV show. After I had yelled at people, the security guard came to ask me if I was okay. “Don't harass me, okay?” Then two more came (2:59:00). I kept telling them to go away, and began filming them while they were calling the police on me (3:01:20).⁵ I knew that the suit team had a tremendous interest in getting the police to detain me as many times as possible – so that the ICJ judges and the United Nations could see a never-ending stream of evidences impressing them with just how bad David Chin could be. I began running away while still yelling (3:06:00). Meanwhile the security guards followed me to the bus stop on Colorado Blvd. Soon the police came (3:14:00). The police officers interrogated me, pretending to believe I was drunk. There you go: the Machine had just intercepted another episode where the police were detaining David Chin for drunkenness. He was indeed an alcoholic. More evidence to confirm that Mr Secretary's “David Chin story” was correct was all the more urgent now that the Russians had suddenly obtained a piece of evidence contradicting the entire legend (my phone conversation on December 28). When the bus came, the police officers finally let me go. I shouted at them: “Even though I'm ugly I'm still a human being!” (3:15:00) All these police officers of course knew something about the International Court trial, and therefore about the theater in which I was trapped, but did not show much reaction. They didn't particularly care. Moaning and yelling, I got on the bus, and soon began crying on the bus. Since I couldn't possibly find any other human being to sympathize with me, I filmed myself crying.⁶ When I at last came to Psychobabble, I even filmed myself hopping about as if crippled in order to record my sadness for any possible sympathetic audience I might have in the future. (See the last portion of the video.) After leaving Psychobabble and coming back to downtown, I began crying hysterically, which is all recorded in: “[psychobabble_crying_in_metro_downtown_1_2_09_1030PM.WMA](#)”.

The next day, I was still so depressed that I could only babble. When ordering food in the restaurant, I would simply shout: “Bah bah bah...” I spent some time in the early afternoon in the public library in downtown (“[lib_downtown_1_3_09_240PM.WMA](#)”), and then went to Westwood and, from there, to Pasadena.⁷ You can hear me babbling unintelligibly throughout to store employees and so on, stunning everyone I met. By the time I walked into Zona Rosa, I saw Mireya working there. Mireya still showed no sign of being recruited. I wished I could tell her how I was framed by the government, but I was absolutely speechless. What had happened – China's lawsuit about me as a “terrorist suspect”; US violation of UN Resolution 1373; US need to remake me into another person to avoid the violation; my entrapment in a theater where everyone was acting – how could I possibly explain all this to any ordinary person? There was no possible way that anyone could understand it – or even imagine it was possible. I thus ran out, avoiding Mireya altogether, and cried on the sidewalk nearby. Since I didn't have any friend in this world, I could only film myself in order not to feel too lonely:

5 See the video at: <http://youtu.be/mzPqOezRdNg>.

6 The video can be seen on Youtube: <http://youtu.be/EORnXjSFvpE>.

7 My recording of the afternoon is:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/fr_wstwd_to_psdn_mireya_1_3_09_350PM.WMA.

“[crying_by_zona_1_3_09.wmv](#)”.⁸ After that, however, I came back inside Zona Rosa. When Mireya greeted me, I was only babbling unintelligibly, but she comforted me: “You don’t have to talk...”

By late night I had come back to Westsub in the shopping mall by Overland and Washington. Under enormous depression, boredom, and physical discomfort, I surfed the Internet with my new Eee PC, this time wanting to watch some videos on network security. I began searching for them on Youtube. Those Homeland Security thugs in the control center, under Mr Secretary's order, seized the chance and began manipulating my Internet connection. Suddenly, the search results would return mostly videos of Russian origin which I couldn't tell were in Russian until I clicked on them and started watching them. I quickly took out my camcorder to film the abnormality: “[network_security_videos_1_3_09.wmv](#)”.⁹ I knew vaguely that Machine's surveillance of my Internet activities had just yielded more “evidence” demonstrating that I not only knew Russian but was getting “Russian help”. The Russian team in the International Court had just got hit again.

Discovering Inter-American Commission on Human Rights

During these extremely depressing days of early January, I began researching international human rights laws in the UCLA Research Library. On the night of January 4, I read through the “UN International Conventions on Civil and Political Rights”.¹⁰ I could feel the enormous pain of depression weighing down on me; when you have to do everything by yourself with no one to talk to, after a year everything becomes a drudgery. But I persisted nonetheless. I was disappointed, and my feeling of hopelessness was further aggravated, by the fact that I just wouldn't die no matter how depressed I got. Whether staring into the computer screen or looking at books, I felt nothing but fatigue. I wanted to petition international human rights organizations about my plight, and was researching to see which of the “human rights” Mr Secretary had deprived me of. I identified a few. I was terrified that Mr Secretary and the CIA might know what I was planning to do; using the Internet for research was the quickest way to inform them what my next move was. I therefore tried to find all the information I needed in books and only resorted to the Internet when it became absolutely necessary. Supposedly, Mr Secretary's Homeland Security thugs and the CIA could only know what I was reading if there were hidden cameras on the ceiling of the UCLA libraries – which of course was probably the case. My depression was then aggravated again by the complexity of legal research and complaints. In this wonderful world we call the “twenty-first century”, the governments have made all these treaties to make us believe that victims of government abuse always have somewhere to complain to. Even if this were true, there were just so many laws, so many procedures, and so many organizations: how could I possibly even begin to complain without several months of full time research? Especially since I had to do it all by myself, without the slightest possibility of finding a lawyer to help me? Soon I came downstairs to continue my research on the Internet. I needed to find a human rights organization to write to, and for this I would have to leave behind books

8 The video can be seen at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/O/crying_by_zona_1_3_09.wmv

9 Available at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/attachment11/network_security_videos_1_3_09.wmv.

10 You can see the text at: <http://www.hrweb.org/legal/cpr.html>.

and get online. Was there anything other than United Nations' High Commissioner for Human Rights, which I wanted to avoid because of my previous bad experience with it (late January last year, Geneva)? That's when I discovered the website of the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, the human rights wing of the Organization of the American States. I didn't even know that something like OAS had existed. I was instantly invigorated: the manual instructions for filing individual petitions were actually simple and straightforward. I quickly printed out in XPS format the relevant pages of the website along with the instructional manual, and saved the documents on my flash drives so that I could read them later in my own "privacy" (in secrecy, that is). Hopefully I could minimize Mr Secretary's awareness of my plans by restricting my time on the Internet to only a minute or two.

By January 26 I would embark on writing out a "Letter of Petition" explaining, to the best of my knowledge, what Mr Secretary of Homeland Security and the CIA were doing to me. I would not finish the Letter until late March – after major upheaval had already occurred in the International Court of Justice. The finished product is "The Letter of Petition to Inter-American Commission on Human Rights" which you will see me attach to the lawsuit I would eventually file in US district court against the nominal director of the Russian SVR (<http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/n4b-17/n4b-17.pdf>). Because I was very aware that the government had remade me into a mentally retarded anti-social plagiarizer, and because I had already had experience with Mr Secretary's attempt to discredit me as mentally insane, I was gripped, while writing my Letter, by the fear that the suit team would do something to preempt me, to make the Commission believe that the petition was not only full of lies, but also manufactured by the Russian SVR and given to me for me to pretend to petition as part of a foreign-directed operation – in this way Mr former Secretary and the CIA could then nullify my petitioning process and cover up the suffering I had undergone at their hands. As counter-measure, I would develop a strange, and cumbersome, process of writing which you can see me summarize in the Letter of Petition itself.

In particular, as you can see, I had taken great pain in preserving, in both RTF and PDF formats, copies of this Letter during its various stages of composition, together with the hash-values and "Google time-stamp" for each copy to demonstrate how this letter was being composed through time, and to prove that it was not "plagiarized" or "written by foreign intelligence".¹¹ Furthermore, as I would frequently film myself writing the letter, I would include with the letter those videos in which I was featured writing this letter among doing other things. I wasn't sure if this technique could preempt the US government's attempt to prevent people from knowing that I could write anything at all (by attributing my works to someone else, like the SVR). What I did find out was that, just as in the case of drawing, the best way to prove that you are the author of something is to film yourself writing it.

I have mentioned earlier that my "abuse" was most similar to that suffered by the so-called "targeted individuals", and that, specifically, my entrapment in government-orchestrated Truman Show had been named "street theater" by the preceding generations of targeted individuals. You

¹¹ See my explanation about my discontinuation of Stamp Your Documents service and "Google time stamp" on p. 226 in the Letter of Petition.

can refer to my Letter of Petition to see what violations of human rights (according to the UN Convention) I have specifically identified as having been perpetrated by the US government in my case. But you need to note that, in my case, the abuse was entirely psychological and social rather than physical: what the US government had done to me was basically bullying, conspiratorial pranks, and slandering – something which is a big problem among high school students but which people usually forget when they “grow up”.¹² This is the US government: it has the habit of making you extremely miserable without ever having to touch you. Unfortunately, because of this (that the abuse was played upon my mind), I was, like all other targeted individuals, running into the difficult problem of explaining an enormously complex situation surrounding my abuse to someone who had no knowledge of it. Physical wounds from beating are easy to explain, but not conspiratorial pranks lasting a long period of time. And not just that. I myself had only a rudimentary knowledge of this complex situation. Because “street theater” is basically conspiratorial pranks which are kept secret from the victim, he or she doesn't usually even understand what has exactly happened. This makes the victim's complaint frequently incoherent, and the listener receiving the complaint, unless she or he has personal experience with the kind of victimization in question, has little chance in distinguishing whether the victim is not really crazy. As you shall see, this is exactly what happened with my petitioning. If you compare my Letter of Petition with the first three volumes of this *Secret History*, you can see how, despite my best effort, I had failed, back in early 2009, to give a comprehensive, coherent, and realistic account of my “abuse”.

Recall that I rarely stayed home during these days because I had never bothered to install any Internet service at home. When I began writing this petition, I would have even more reason to stay outside. For my home was under the tightest surveillance possible, and I did not want Mr Secretary or the CIA to know what I was planning to do. I was sure that, if I did my writing at home, every word I typed into my laptop would be picked up by (true) surveillance. By knowing what I was writing, the suit team could then easily create a show in which it looked as if I had simply forged my petition letter or had written it as part of some Russian-directed operation. I thus always did my writing outside: I assumed I could avoid surveillance if I randomly picked a corner inside some building or on the streets and then skipped to a different corner the next day. Eventually I would be reduced to hiding in a randomly chosen underground parking lot to write this letter, thinking that the authority cannot possibly have installed surveillance devices in every corner of the city.

January 5, with my cousin Steve at Alpine Furniture

On January 5 I made my next attempt at recovering the records of my former existence. Remember that I had for a long time left my things at my cousin Steve's house and, since I had realized my identity had been swapped with my brother's, had been communicating with him about getting them back. My cousin Steve told me he had moved a lot of my things to his father's furniture company which he managed (Alpine Furniture). I decided to go there to pick up my things since my cousin would not have the time to deliver them to me. Since Alpine

¹² You all know what “pranks” means; by “conspiratorial pranks” I intend to point out that the “pranks” I suffered were always perpetrated by many people who made sure to coordinated their efforts.

Furniture (its Southern California branch) was located in Santa Fe Spring, I had to endure a long bus ride to get there. I started out in the morning, and have recorded my bus trip in: "[to_steve_1_5_09_1040AM.WMA](#)".

After much wandering around I finally found my cousin's Alpine Furniture. I recorded my time there in: "[w_steve_1_5_09_1223PM.WMA](#)".¹³ Steve showed up and took me inside the company. He was very nice to me and fed me with free sandwiches. But I obviously would not trust him and so turned on my pen camera, which I stuck in my shirt pocket, to film my interaction with him. I really had no idea how much he knew about the business in the International Court about me. When he led me into the warehouse to see my things, however, I realized that an operation had occurred, another purposely mistaken "investigation". Now "my things" refer to my papers (documents, phone records, utility bills, bank statements) and my books, all stuffed in cardboard boxes. Steve must have been instructed by Mr Secretary and the CIA to move my things from his home to his company's warehouse. In the process he must have been instructed to mix with my books his own computer programming textbooks. (He used to be a computer science major at UC Irvine.) Now pay attention to the second video I shot on this day, the video which shows me rummaging through my things looking for documents to prove my past: "[w_steve_1_5_09_1PM.3gp](#)".¹⁴ I was crying and sobbing while I searched. On 3:50 in the video, I discovered the computer programming books among my things. On 5:37 in the video, I held up the computer programming books in question, of which you can get a glimpse. I was going frantic because I began having an inkling about what might be going on. On 18:20 in the video, or 40:30 in the recording, he admitted that the computer programming books were his. "You studied computers?" I asked him, pointing to the computer programming books that were found among my things. "I studied computers. UC Irvine, computer science", he replied. It seems that Mr Secretary had obtained an ICJ Court order permitting him to send agents to my cousin's company warehouse to conduct a clandestine "search" of my things – "Respectful judges, you have heard from the intercepts that our subject's cousin has moved our subject's books and documents to his company warehouse. In view of the fact that the Russians have suddenly brought in this evidence showing the subject's family members recalling his older brother, I shall make an extraordinary request. I request that the Court grant permission for us to search these things in order to obtain more indications as to our subject's true identity. For I'm quite concerned myself; I don't want to falsely accuse the Russians of sending David Chin. I need to know if my theory about David Chin is correct." Hypocrisy, as usual. Mr Secretary was just pretending to show concern; although, so far, the Court had ruled that "evidences had to be intercepted", the judges made an exception in order to clear up the confusion. When the agents came, they found – lo and behold – just a bunch of computer books and "mistakenly" reported back to the Court that those were mine. The judges would be unaware of the fact that Mr Secretary had just cheated them in order to obtain more "evidence" showing that I was indeed David Chin the computer wizard and supposedly the twin brother of Lawrence Chin: "Respectful judges, our search of our subject's possession has yielded many computer programming books. It seems that he is indeed not Lawrence Chin but his twin brother David Chin who is a computer programmer. Again, the subject in the said FBI document, 'Lawrence Chin', is an artist and a

13 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment24/w_steve_1_5_09_1223PM.WMA.

14 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment24/w_steve_1_5_09_1PM.3gp.

philosopher, and not a programming expert. There is something inexplicable about the intercept from December 28.” Well, at least I had the videos and audio recordings from that day to prove that my cousin did explain how *his* computer programming books ended up among my things.

When I arrived home and examined the content of my documents, however, I discovered that certain items were stolen. Since whatever was stolen – by Homeland Security agents, of course, the regular thieves of my possessions – must be important, I was led to another realization, that the cartoon figure which Mr Secretary had constructed out of me came about through fusing into one person (me) the identities of various persons I had either met or known of in my life. Other than my older brother, they were:

First, my former therapist Chaya. Recall my mention of her in “Government’s investigation of a schizophrenic”, recall how she seemed to have a (non-identical) twin sister (Petra) who was an artist, and recall how secretive she was and how she tried to hide away her bizarre family history and Jewish background. I knew facts about her were important because it was precisely the files which the private investigator had sent me in her regard¹⁵ and information which I had myself compiled about her which were stolen from among my possession.

Then, my best friend Wes’ one-time girlfriend “Lavonne”, who, suffering from both Borderline and Antisocial Personality Disorder, was well-known for her perpetual habit of assuming false identities.

The third is a person with whom I had once corresponded when I was in Montreal, a certain “Libb Thims”. I had never met him in person and was only acquainted with him on the Internet. Around 2004 or so, he wrote me an email after finding my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History on my website. He claimed to have developed similar ideas about explaining human behavior through the laws of thermodynamics, obtained multiple degrees in various sciences, set up a website to expound his ideas (www.humanthermodynamics.com), and been looking for people with similar ideas to contribute to his journal (Human Thermodynamics). I contributed an essay and we corresponded regularly to share ideas when I was in Montreal. When he sent me his manuscript for my input, however, his writing was so filled with grammatical errors that he couldn’t possibly have gone through the education which he had claimed for himself. Since then I had always suspected that he was some sort of a fraudster.

I had thus further developed my understanding of how the United States was able to gather all these evidences which had confirmed for the United Nations that I was this bad-to-the-bone pathological liar and fraudster David Chin. When the Machine had intercepted communications from Chaya, Wes, and Libb Thims, because the identities of persons were censored in the intercepts, Mr Secretary was able to convince the ICJ judges that the descriptions of these people found in the communications was about me.

¹⁵ Kale Investigation in Downey.

The next day, January 6, I spent my afternoon first in the Law Library, and then in Pasadena courthouse. I have recorded my activities in the Law Library in: “[law_lib_1_6_09_1PM.3gp](#)”,¹⁶ “[law_lib_1_6_09_1248PM.WMA](#)”,¹⁷ and “[law_lib_1_6_09_213PM.WMA](#)”. I needed to do more research related to making my response to Karin. As you can hear, I was merely babbling with Angel. I then recorded my activities in Pasadena courthouse in: “[psdn_court_1_6_09_342PM.WMA](#)” and “[psdn_court_1_6_09.3gp](#)”.¹⁸ I spent half an hour there troubling the court clerks about a certain technicality which I had noticed on Karin's demurrer. As you can see, because I was babbling like a wild child, all the court clerks were extremely annoyed by me. Many of them had not been briefed about the International Court lawsuit, and did not understand why this guy was acting like this. After wasting my (and others') time in the Pasadena courthouse, I came back to the Law Library to finish my work: “[law_lib_1_6_09_530PM.WMA](#)”. Again, you can hear me babbling annoyingly with the security guards. Keep in mind that this babbling wild child was the creature on which the future of Russia, and the future of the world, depended.

My handwriting and mistakes on Carlos' receipts.

On January 7, when I woke up around noon, I set out for the Law Library. I have recorded my activities in the Law Library in: “[law_lib_pro_servr_1_7_09_105PM.WMA](#)”. While in the library, I was still, out of severe depression, babbling to the librarians as if I had lost the ability for speech. When I was at my table researching how to legally respond to Karin's demurrer, Rene suddenly came around with papers and a pen wanting to communicate with me. She put up the appearance that, because I seemed to have lost the ability for speech and was only babbling, she wanted me to write down on the papers she brought the answers to the questions she wanted to pose to me. It turned out that she just wanted to know why I was sad and in such state of disrepair. Despite enormous depression, I was alert enough to suit team's operation and turned on my pen camera to film Rene's trick: “[law_lib_1_7_09.3gp](#)”.¹⁹ Rene was running an operation for the suit team: As we were all under Machine's surveillance, she first put up a show of concern for me, and then obtained my handwriting on papers. She would pretend to leave the papers here and there at the circulation desk, so that Mr Secretary may then direct his agents to secretly intercept the handwriting into the International Court as “evidence” – the agents would however intercept the wrong papers: another Homeland Security actor would have written something on a piece of paper and given it to Rene on the same day. This would then be “evidence” demonstrating that my handwriting was in fact different from that of Lawrence Chin's and therefore that I couldn't possibly be Lawrence Chin. The United States would have thus obtained another piece of evidence to counter the Russian evidence from December 28. Mr Secretary would emphasize again to the ICJ judges that the December 28 intercept was absolutely mysterious, and pretended to be baffled: it seemed that all other evidences confirmed his theory about David Chin, except this one. Meanwhile, the ICJ judges' heart would be melted by Rene's apparent kindness and concern for my well-being. The Americans were so good and innocent;

16 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/UR2WGrqnJ1w>.

17 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/law_lib_1_6_09_1248PM.WMA.

18 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/qdn0teJjUUI>.

19 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/8Aco9jt50Pw>.

they were so kind to this foreign agent in their midst who wanted to harm them. Again, Rene was playing a prank on me under the disguise of kindness.

After this I rode the bus to Carlos' office. I filmed my meeting with him in: "[process_server_1_7_09.AVI](#)".²⁰ I was supposed to pick up the proof of service for my interrogatories to Karin. Carlos had sent someone to serve Karin in person again – despite my request for mail service! According to the proof of service, he sent a certain "Fredy Escobar" to knock on Karin's door on January 3. Then Carlos tried to convince me that "certain papers cannot be served by mail" (2:20 in the video). When I left his office, I also obtained from him a receipt for his service of my interrogatories and another one for his service of my answer to Karin's restraining order. I then noticed incredible problems on these two papers: his description of Karin was all wrong on both sheets. On the receipt for the service of interrogatories he described Karin as a 60 year-old white female with gray hair standing at 5 feet 6²¹ – whereas Karin was a 43 year-old tall blond measuring 5 feet 10 – and on the other receipt he described Karin as a 58 year-old white female with white hair, standing at 5 feet 4 and weighing 145 pounds.²² I was absolutely baffled: I didn't yet understand how he could have made such mistakes, although, by this time, I sort of understood why he refused to serve my papers by mail: his handler had instructed him to do so so that Karin could complain, while she was under Machine's surveillance, about harassment, namely, that she was constantly bothered by the process server's knocking on her door. In this way, our secretary of Homeland Security could obtain another piece of evidence confirming his profile of me as being monstrously aggressive toward females and fond of using legal process to harass innocent people who had done their best to care for me (the "David Chin legend"). You should now be able to see what Mr Secretary was doing: using an overwhelming amount of circumstantial evidences all pointing to the "David Chin legend" to counter Russians' single piece of damning evidence confirming that I was Lawrence Chin.

I spent the night of January 7 in the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire (recorded in: "[fr_downtown_to_cybercafe_1_7_09_724PM.WMA](#)"). Now that I knew Mr Secretary was claiming that I was my brother "David" (even if I didn't yet know that David and Lawrence were supposed to be twin brothers), I decided to obtain official documentation about my brother as proof that I was not he! This would be a continuation of my project of collecting all proofs possible regarding my past. I planned to then physically find my brother and film him to prove that he was David and I Lawrence. However, I didn't even know where he lived at the moment. I used the computers at the cybercafe to purchase information from US Search and Intelius about my brother. The purchased information was particularly useful in that it contained the history of addresses of both my brother himself and his family members (*which included me*) and thus clearly showed, without confusion, that I was Lawrence Chin and he David Chin. I also got on the website of San Jose Superior Court to look up his divorce file information. I carefully filmed the San Jose online docket in order to obtain proof that I could not possibly have forged this court record. These simple actions would cause the United States tremendous problems, for,

20 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment20/F/process_server_1_7_09.3gp.

21 See it at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment21/receipt_prof_interr.jpg.

22 See it at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment21/receipt_prof_serv_resp.jpg.

because the Russians had obtained a decisive piece of evidence, they had obtained ICJ's permission to monitor my Internet connections (within US territory, that is). Getting US Search to send the search records to my own email account had allowed the Russians to obtain a copy of my search results, which became additional evidence in their favor.

When I woke up on January 8, I immediately set out for Carlos' office. I began fearing that he might have served my papers to the wrong person all along. I just had to ask him about this. My meeting with him on this day is recorded in: "[proc_serv_1_8_09_1140AM.WMA](#)"²³ and: "[proc_serv_1_8_09_1PM.3gp](#)".²⁴ When I asked him about his mistakes on the receipts (3:30 in the video), he claimed he couldn't get a correct description of Karin because she never opened the door completely. He then kept on saying that one can never get the same description of the same person each time. I asked him to recall that, on December 5, he actually produced a correct description of Karin – telling me that she was a 40 something year-old tall blond. When I finally instructed him to look at Karin's portrait which I had included in my complaint (from 6:30 onward), Carlos confirmed that this was the woman he had served. Bizarre! Does the woman in the portrait look 58 or 60 year-old to you?

That's when I realized that Carlos' intentional faulty description of Karin must be the second reason why, following the instruction he had received from his handler, he refused to serve my papers by mail: he would have no chance of making a faulty description of Karin in the case of mail service. I began to understand the deeper purpose in Mr Secretary's insistence on portraying me as a sexually violent misogynist: one or more of the judges of the International Court to whom he made his arguments and presented his evidences were females, whom he had found it very convenient to influence and prejudice with stories about my supposed sexist aggression. Thus, Mr Secretary's purpose in instructing Carlos to portray Karin as much older than she really was was to make the female judges in the ICJ identify themselves with Karin and to prejudice them against me and, through me, the Russian intelligence services for which I supposedly worked. You can thus actually get a picture of at least two of the ICJ lower court judges from Carlos' misrepresentation of Karin's physical description: we are talking about one 60 something year-old white female of medium built with gray hair and another 58 year-old overweight white female of small stature with white hair. It had then become pretty clear to me that the fact that my little lawsuit against Karin had inevitably become "evidence" in this International Court of Justice trial would make the normal exercise of my legal right impossible. While Mr Secretary and the CIA cannot allow Karin's identity and status as their operative to become known to the ICJ judges, they cannot at the same time allow me to win the case – even though it would be a sure-win case under normal circumstances since it was indisputable that she had willfully destroyed a beautiful piece of drawing of some value.

After meeting with Carlos, I rode the Metro to the Pasadena courthouse. This is recorded in: "[psdn_court_1_8_09_120PM.WMA](#)" and: "[psdn_court_1_8_09.3gp](#)".²⁵ I first went upstairs to inquire about how to obtain the transcripts for my restraining order hearing. I wanted it because I

23 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment20/G/proc_serv_1_8_09_1140AM.WMA.

24 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment20/G/proc_serv_1_8_09_1PM.3gp.

25 On Youtube: http://youtu.be/74Q_gOqbeXQ.

wasn't sure if my own audio recording of the hearing could be legally admissible evidence in any court at all. But, because obtaining court hearing transcripts turned out to be a complicated and costly process, I would never follow it through. I then came downstairs to ask the court clerk to stamp every page of my own copy of my complaint against Karin, but she just wouldn't do it. How can you prove that your copy is indeed identical to the one you have filed and that you didn't forge it? You will need a court stamp on every page, not just on the first page. While I needed to worry about proving the authenticity of everything I had in an International Court trial, my request made no sense to the court clerk because this kind of civil lawsuit was such an insignificant matter that it really was very strange to want to take such precaution to authenticate it. The court clerk also refused to let me file the interrogatories. I babbled unintelligibly like a wild child, not knowing I was simply wasting my time: none of this "proving" would matter in the end. Afterward I walked to Zona Rosa: "[zona_rosa_mireya_1_8_09_350PM.WMA](#)". Mireya was working today, and, insofar as I was in the process of collecting all the information about myself, I also thought it important to secretly film all the people I met, since most of them had been recruited by Mr Secretary and the CIA to run my "Truman Show". Even though Mireya had so far shown no sign of ever being recruited by Mr Secretary, I filmed her just in case she would soon be – and indeed she would: "[mireya_1_8_09.wmv](#)".²⁶ Again, you can see in the video that, because of severe depression, I was only babbling, as if I had lost the capacity for human speech. Strangely, at some point, Ala showed up as well: "[zona_rosa_ala_1_8_09.3gp](#)". I was not sure if it was because his handler had called him up and directed him to come to the coffeehouse for my sake. He completely ignored me, and, for my part, I had no interest in him either other than filming him for "evidence". By 7 PM, I set out for Peet's Coffee on California and Lake to check out the Spanish Language Meetup which was taking place tonight. It had been more than six months since I had signed up for this group, but I had never attended a single event. Since I was thirsty for human contact and needed to practice Spanish, I decided to check out this meetup tonight even though I certainly didn't believe I could get anywhere in "making friends" – I was sure that, here too, everyone I met would soon be recruited by Mr Secretary as an actor in my TV show. I not only recorded the meetup: "[span_meetup_1_8_09_708PM.WMA](#)"; but, for extra caution, I also fixed my pen camera onto my shirt to film the whole meeting: "[spanish_meetup_1_8_09.3gp](#)".²⁷ After sitting silently in the group for ten minutes or so, I decided to leave. It didn't seem like anyone had been alerted about me, but it was only a matter of time. Social life was simply no longer possible as long as Mr Secretary of Homeland Security was alive. I was sure that, after this first meeting, everyone would show up the next time as "new actor" in my TV show.

Getting my things at Steve's house, January 9

On January 9 Mr Secretary played another dirty trick to produce more evidences to confirm his "David Chin legend". After I woke up around noon, I walked to the Starbucks on Grand and 11th to use the Internet. The next target in my collection of information about myself was my US citizenship certificate and my student records at University of Quebec at Montreal (UQAM). I remembered that I had given UQAM a copy of my US citizenship certificate when I was

26 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/pGrrHqCesTY>.

27 The video has been uploaded to Youtube: http://youtu.be/wr_OVPmRVTE.

applying for entrance in 2004. From Starbucks, I called up UQAM on Skype. I have recorded my call in: "[uqam_1_9_09_1215PM.WMA](#)".²⁸

UQAM could not furnish me with what I had given them, unfortunately. Then occurred Mr Secretary's trick. This is in my next recording: "[uqam_msg_framing_ling_19_09_1240PM.WMA](#)".²⁹ Now, he had already inserted one of his Homeland Security agents in my storage facility (A-American). It was his old tactic: surrounding me everywhere with his agents. After I finished my call to UQAM, I discovered a message which A-American had left in my voice-mail box saying my rent was due, which was of course very strange since I had placed my unit on automatic payment. It was in fact the Homeland Security "mole" in A-American who had left me this message – with a nefarious intent: it was an operation. The trick was to lure me to call a wrong number. As you can hear, somewhat indistinctly, in the audio recording of the message (11:55), while the phone number for the storage facility was 213-749-3330, he left me the wrong number: 213-749-3230. I fell for the trick and called the wrong number, and, when the person on the other end could not understand what I was talking about, I realized that it was a wrong number and that I might have fallen into a trap. I therefore traced the number online and discovered that the number which the A-American "employee" gave me to call belonged to some lingerie shop. Sure enough, when I found the right number for my storage facility and called them up, I was told that they had made a mistake in asking me for rent due. It was in this way that the Machine had intercepted another piece of "evidence" demonstrating that I did conform to the disgusting cartoonish profile which Mr Secretary had constructed of me, in this case, that the Sino-Russian agent David Chin was also an "insatiable cross-dressing sex-pervert." More circumstantial evidences had been mounted against Russians' single piece of evidence.

I had decided to ignore my cousin Steve's suggestion and to retrieve more of my documents from his house, so that, on the afternoon of January 9, I got on the train for San Juan Capistrano, the station nearest his house. I recorded my trip in: "[train_to_steve_1_9_09_220PM.WMA](#)". I was still not talking well at this time. When I got off the train at San Juan Capistrano I called up a taxi to take me to Steve's address. My next recording is: "[at_steves_train_1_9_09_6PM.WMA](#)". When I arrived at his front door, however, it turned out that he wasn't home – I rang the door bell repeatedly in vain. I tried to call Steve on my cellphone on 8:11, 9:54, and 24:20 in the recording. I then called up Cindy on 25:00. She was in Anaheim at the time with friends, so she said, and quickly hanged up saying it was too windy outside for her baby. I called Steve again on 27:00 and left a message. Then, unbeknownst to me, Steve's roommate was actually home. He opened the door, told me Steve was still at work, and went to call Steve for me. On 32:00, he came back from calling my cousin and told me he would be back in five minutes. Steve came back with his friends in a car on 36:25. I turned on my pen camera to film my interaction with him: "[at_steves_hs_1_9_09_7PM.avi](#)". He led me to his garage on 37:50 to show me where my boxes were kept. I kept crying as I searched through my things. Steve was hurrying me because he said he had to leave with his friends soon. I finally picked out the two boxes containing the documents that I needed and we loaded them up to Steve's van. Thanks to him that he in the end offered to take me to the train station, sparing me the need to call up a taxi. Even when I was in

28 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/uqam_1_9_09_1215PM.WMA.

29 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/uqam_pr_mssg_1_19_09_1234PM.WMA.

his car I was still crying and soaking. I babbled “Too many people harm me”, but he couldn't understand what I was saying. “Why are you sad?” he asked me continually. “People harm me...” “I don't know what you are saying.” I thus spelled out: “H-A-R-M”. “Who harm you?” “Everybody.” On 1:15:00, I muttered, “We grew up together.” “Too sad.... All alone....” “You don't have to be sad,” Steve kept telling me. On 1:18:30 I finally asked him, “Where is my brother?” “In the Bay Area.” “Where does he work?” I got no answer from him, however. On 1:20:39 I muttered again, “My brother studied computers. I studied philosophy.” And then: “I draw very well.” Steve comforted me: “You are a good drawer.” I then complained again: “People don't believe it.” Somehow Steve encouraged me: “You should keep drawing when you are at home.” I wasn't sure whether he was instructed by the suit team to encourage me to produce more evidences showing me trying to imitate the “real Lawrence” or whether he was just encouraging me for politeness' sake. On 1:22:00, after I asked him about his trip to Europe with his father in August last year, Steve clarified that he actually went with his father to Vietnam, Indonesia, Malaysia, and Taiwan. This itinerary might have been confused into another strange story about my (or David Chin's) past in the International Court of Justice, and so it is quite worth noting it. Then he asked me about my apartment: “Why don't you like your apartment?” “I don't like it... I don't like being alone,” I said while crying. “Are you still in that movie club?” He was referring to Karin's meetups. “They kicked me out. They harmed me” (1:24:00).

There was however no train to be seen at the San Juan Capistrano station. A stranger told me the train was late for the 7:25 PM route (1:27:30). How interesting that the train then immediately showed up and I was on it by 1:30:00. Well, this was because Mr Secretary had prepared more operations on the train to produce more evidences. Homeland Security actors soon surrounded me in order to be confused with me in Machine's surveillance. From 1:46:00 onwards, one of the Homeland Security actors started flirting with another, a Hispanic female, looking at her hands and eyes to tell her fortune, etc. At some point I became cognizant that these guys were sent in by Homeland Security to stage something in order to produce evidences showing me doing something, and so I began filming them: “[dhs_actors_1_9_09.wmv](#)”.³⁰ What is that something? I have never figured it out. The actors were talking about Latin, and so the only thing I could be sure of was that Mr Secretary would be telling the ICJ judges tomorrow that David Chin was such a skillful con-man that he was able to impress strangers with his erudition when he could barely understand anything beyond elementary school materials.

The San Jose court houses, January 12

I had brought back, from my cousin's house, all my phone bills, bank statements, checks written – going back to early 1990s when I was still attending CSU Long Beach. I spent the whole night scanning them into my computer. By now I had gathered enough documents to demonstrate that I was Lawrence Chin; naturally, my next step was to find my brother's records. I did nothing special on January 10 and 11: trying to collect more of my former records from the California Graduate Institute (now the Chicago School) – without success, however – and a lot of babbling

³⁰See it on Youtube: <http://youtu.be/pAqScmEqtwY>.

to strangers and moaning and crying in public places.³¹ But I was secretly planning my next move. Since I had looked at my brother's divorce records' index on the San Jose courthouse's website just four nights ago, Mr Secretary and the CIA had already guessed that I would soon come to San Jose to retrieve the actual records. As I have mentioned, using the Internet to plan things was a bad idea, but there was no other way to find the location of my brother's divorce records. Thus, even though I had made no indication that I was about to go to San Jose until the night of January 11, when I got on the Greyhound bus at the Union Station that night, Mr Secretary had already prepared everything.

When I arrived in San Jose on the morning of January 12, I couldn't escape the impression that Mr Secretary had ordered his Homeland Security Department to place the whole city of San Jose under some sort of covert alert. The city was empty of all pedestrians, as you can see from the video diary I have shot of my voyage in San Jose: "[sj_1_12_09.wmv](#)".³² You could say that I was overly paranoid: the city was never very popular and I had never lived there to know how many people usually walked on downtown streets on a regular weekday. However there was a sign: around noon when I was in a cafe restaurant asking the cashier about where all the people had gone, she seemed slightly nervous, and joked that, after the New Year, nobody had any money. If the city had always been so empty, wouldn't she just say so? I then noticed that Homeland Security seemed to have placed their usual surveillance agents (those ugly creatures who wore surveillance earphones) all over the streets, as can be seen on 0:39, 1:10, and 2:40 in the video diary. (Of course I could not be sure that these "earphone people" were really surveillance agents.) Note also the man on 7:37: he looked like another Homeland Security actor, since it was strange that a worthless loser like him would be so interested in photographing worthless objects on the metro station platform. I presumed this was all because my search for my own brother's divorce records had become a national security emergency event. That was true, because the Russians had added another favorable piece of evidence to their single, decisive piece of evidence from December 28. But what had motivated Mr Secretary to take extra-caution about my arrival in San Jose was the general difficulty in which he had now found himself: that the Russians were beginning to have a case, not just in the ICJ, but also in the UN Assembly. Not knowing this, I couldn't have expected that Mr Secretary had set up an important trap for me, which explains why he needed all these surveillance agents around me to make sure I would walk into the trap. He was going to turn my simple trip to retrieve my brother's divorce file into a special "Russian-intelligence mission" in the evidentiary record of the International Court. I didn't know that it's because the Russians were actually watching me when I was buying my brother's information on the Internet that Mr Secretary had found it necessary to discredit my record retrieval from the San Jose courthouse – recall that I was under the impression throughout 2008 that nothing I did on the Internet could ever enter the evidentiary record of the International Court, and that the fact that the content of my blogs only entered the Court as "evidence" in the form of Karin's and her Meetup friends' rumors about it was a clear confirmation for me that my impression was correct. I had no idea that the Machine's interception of my phone calls to my aunts on December 28 had already changed the situation.

31 Check the recordings for January 10 and 11 in the folder /01_09/01-09/.

32 See it on Youtube: <http://youtu.be/8Jedy5zotk>.

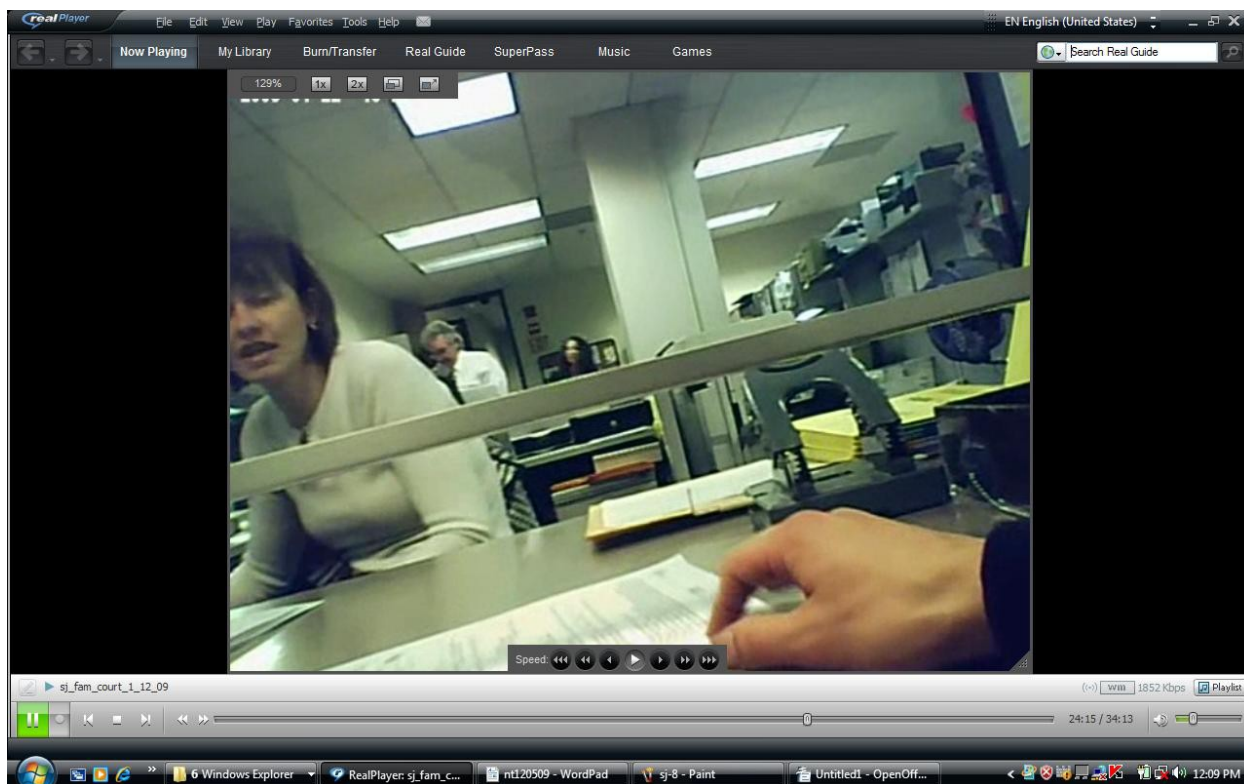
My first destination upon arriving in San Jose was, idiotically, the Superior Court. My fateful journey this morning is recorded in: "[to_supr_court_fam_court_sj_1_12_09_917AM.WMA](#)".³³ After finding nothing in the Superior Court, I was referred to the Family Court. Once I passed through security check, I turned on my pen camera and fixed it on my chest, obtaining the video: "[sj_fam_court_1_12_09.wmv](#)".³⁴ It would be one of the most precious documentaries in my possession. Although my intent was to film the retrieval of my brother's divorce file in order to have proof that I didn't forge it, I was about to catch something far more extraordinary. As you can see, I asked around for the file room, and was directed to Room 104 in the basement (1:01:40 in the audio recording). Soon a woman whose accent clearly indicated her Eastern European origin appeared (4:32 in the video). Unaware of what was being planned, I naively tried to get her attention, telling her that I wanted to see a file. "Do you have the case number?" she asked (1:04:40 in the audio recording). I handed the case number of my brother's divorce file to her and she went to get the file, as if nothing particular were going on. She was an excellent actress.

She came back with the requested file around 7:10 in the video and professionally explained to me how I needed to fold up the pages of which I wanted copies (1:07:00 in the audio recording). I sat down by the side to review the coveted file. The rest was just routine: I went back to Ms "fake court clerk" to show her the pages I had folded and she went to the copy machine in the middle of the file room to make copies for me. While making copies of my brother's divorce file, she was actually chatting happily with the other clerks, demonstrating that even regular court clerks had all actively participated in this episode of the great TV show – unless, of course, the entire courthouse had actually been evacuated and refilled with CIA agents pretending to be court clerks.

When Ms "fake court clerk" was writing up the charges for me, you can see in the video that she was right-handed and wrote in her particular way. Then I remembered that my brother should have a criminal record as well. Other than divorcing him, his ex-wife had once charged him with battery (fairly or not) and he ended up having to do community service for it. Thus, before I left, I also asked Ms "fake court clerk" about where to find my brother's criminal record (24:00).

33 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/to_supr_court_fam_court_sj_1_12_09_917AM.WMA.

34 See the video at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment27/sj_fam_court_1_12_09.wmv.



Asking Ms “fake court clerk” about my brother’s criminal file

After this, I stuck around in downtown San Jose a little before making my next trip to the Hall of Justice to look for my brother’s criminal file. My loitering is recorded in: “[cafe_sj_1_12_09_1125AM.WMA](#)”. When I was in a cafe ordering lunch, I seemed to be under Homeland Security surveillance again. I filmed the old man who seemed to be wearing surveillance sunglasses: “[sj_restau_surveil_1_12_09.3gp](#)”.³⁵ In reality, this surveillance agent could actually be working for the Russian side: I had no way to tell. Thereafter I went inside the Hall of Justice, which I have recorded in: “[hall_of_justice_sj_1_12_09_323PM.WMA](#)”. I of course made sure to film my accomplishments there as well: “[sj_hall_of_justice_1_12_09_330PM.3gp](#)”.³⁶ The court clerk located the file in question (battery charge against my brother), but it was not available for pick-up. He did provide me with the case number (CC115330), and promised to notify me when the file was located and ready for ordering. I left and then loitered around the city having difficulty in finding the Amtrak station. It was significant that, when I was lying on the street in downtown San Jose crying over losing my way, a stranger woman came to me and wanted to help me. “Because we don’t want anything to happen to you, right?” she said ominously. Well, of course, because I had just accomplished great things for the United States. That’s when I realized that something must have happened at the county courthouses – that woman with the Eastern European accent must be it.³⁷ Nobody wanted anything to happen to me

35 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/EbQOHVWkRhE>.

36 It can be seen on Youtube: <http://youtu.be/sSE5stu62Z0>.

because I was so valuable a patsy that, merely with my wandering around society, the United States could dismantle Russia and China and dominate the world.

By evening, I had found my way back to the San Jose Amtrak station, after asking a few pedestrians for direction (“[looking_for_amtrak_sj_1_12_09_530PM.WMA](#)”). Before I got on the Greyhound bus, I looked over the videos I had shot of the strange woman in the Family Court and reflected on what the operation might have been about. I thought that, insofar as Mr Secretary had already proposed in the International Court that I was my older brother (actually, my “twin brother”), the emergence of a real older brother of mine who was a separate person from me and who resembled nothing like his false profile of me would be very problematic for his case. I supposed he had thus to play a trick to taint my file-procuring process so that this file would become inadmissible as evidence in the International Court should it ever have a chance of making it to the public domain in the future. I supposed that Mr Secretary had decided to use the same old trick which the CIA had used on me while I was in Shanghai: inserting in front of me a Russian woman pretending to be a “Russian agent” and, when presenting to the International Court the surveillance showing a Russian woman handing my brother’s divorce file to me, forcibly interpreting it as “evidence” demonstrating that I *thought* the woman was a *real* Russian spy and thus that I was running a conspiracy with the Russian intelligence in obtaining the file in question, which would be ground for suppressing this file as evidence in the International Court. I was quite upset with such interpretation of my actions by force, for of course I would never think that I could run into a “Russian secret agent” in a family courthouse in San Jose – or in the middle of downtown Los Angeles for that matter. I thus made a recording on the night of January 20 saying I knew that the Russian woman was supposed to be a fake Russian agent fooling me into believing that she was a real Russian agent, all so that my brother’s divorce file may be suppressed as evidence, and I hashed it and emailed the hash-value to myself on January 22: “[lib_starbucks_ucla_conf_1_20_09_635PM.WMA](#)” (see 5:57:00) and the “time-stamped hash-value”: “[conf-1-20-09-hash.jpg](#)”. In this way I thought I could guarantee that the recording cannot have been made later than January 22.

The reality was however more complicated than I thought. Mr Secretary was using this Russian woman to accomplish far more than an interpretation of my belief system. The Russian woman pretending to be a family court clerk was indeed a “fake Russian secret agent”. Her sophistication however indicates that, unlike the other fake Russian agents with whom Mr former Secretary populated my environment during all this time, she was not some Russian immigrant recruited randomly from the street, but was a former “real” Russian agent who was probably caught somewhere (either in the US or in Western Europe) and now, for this occasion, pulled out of prison to do this show, the reward being, of course, her freedom and anonymity afterwards – just like “Wuming” and his girlfriend. Now that the Russians were using their two pieces of evidence, not just to win their case in the International Court, but also to convince the UN that there had never existed a “David Chin” whom they had sent around to pretend to be a terrorist suspect, this was how Mr Secretary was going to save the United States’ case – or at least his first step. When the Machine intercepted Ms “fake court clerk’s” interaction with me, it would

37 Try and find this episode somewhere in:
http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/wandering_in_sj_after_court_1_12_09_355PM.WMA.

access world's intelligence services' personnel database that was at its disposal and signal to the International Court, *in a textual report*, that it had found this woman in the database of the Russian intelligence service SVR. It would not however tell the judges who exactly it was, her name and everything – in accordance with the “rules of the Court” which Mr Secretary and the CIA lawyers had hypocritically laid down for the international court system, to protect people's and nations' “privacy”. Mr Secretary would then convince the judges that, despite the obstacles posed by this rule, everyone should be pretty certain that the intercept indicated that I had met with a SVR operative in the San Jose courthouse. The scenario thus emerged that, in order to win this trial, the Russian intelligence had decided to defraud the International Court by inventing out of thin air an older brother of myself and creating the false impression that Lawrence Chin and David Chin were not twin brothers but were younger and older brothers. The Russian intelligence had supposedly forged the divorce file of a nonexistent “David Chin” and infiltrated the San Jose courthouse with an operative of theirs, who was then instructed to insert the forged divorce file into the court system. The Russian intelligence then (somehow clandestinely) “reactivated” me and instructed me to pretend to look for my brother's information on the Internet and to go to the courthouse to retrieve this file. Since everyone was watching me doing this (or reading about it from Machine's printouts), this was how, according to Mr Secretary, the Russians may dupe the ICJ judges and everyone in the UN into the fantasy that David Chin was Lawrence Chin's older brother and that I could not be David Chin but had to be Lawrence Chin. Fortunately, Mr Secretary continued, the judges were assisted by the Machine, which immediately revealed to them that the woman who had handed me the forged file was actually a Russian intelligence operative. Since the Machine didn't reveal the exact identity of the SVR operative – everyone had simply inferred that she was a SVR operative because she was identified in the SVR section of world's intelligence services' personnel database – the judges couldn't have guessed that the woman was actually a *former* SVR operative who had already been caught and who was now under US control: the SVR database which had been submitted to the International Court back in the middle of 2008 contained not just *current* SVR operatives but also *former* SVR operatives. Mr Secretary's trick here was not simply to discredit the information I had gathered about my real brother David Chin, but also to redeem the United States from Russians' charge, back in February last year, that the United States had attempted to frame them by setting me up with the Russo-Hungarian spy “Zudy Pingley Smith”. At last, after he had failed his last attempt at redemption through Karin's meetup in the Hungarian restaurant, Mr Secretary had now persuaded everyone in the UN that, indeed, as everyone could see here, I had had something to do with Russian spies – he might even have persuaded everyone that this “San Jose Family Court Russian spy” was precisely “Zudy” herself. He had also quite exploited this opportunity to slander the Russian SVR: you can see in the video that this “Family Court Russian spy” was instructed by Mr Secretary to wear black high-heel boots – because he wanted to redeem himself also from his ancient mistakes, namely, that, in February last year, in Brussels, I had ignored his “fake sexy Russian secret agents” whom he had instructed to dress all black and wear sexy black high-heel boots. (That the Russians and David Chin were bad, dirty people can be discerned even from their disgusting taste in dress!) Even when I was still at the San Jose Family Court, the Russian team inside the International Court were already stunned by the intercepts which the Machine was in the process of printing out – this would damage their entire argument that I was really Lawrence Chin. This was probably why they immediately sent in a

surveillance agent to watch over me when, after the business in Family Court, I was eating my lunch in a restaurant. The surveillance agent was working for the Russian side, in other words, and his job was to film me clandestinely in order for the Russians to have evidence to show to everyone in the UN that I did look exactly like Lawrence Chin.

“My amended complaint”

When my train arrived in Los Angeles on the morning of January 13, the first thing I did was to visit the Superior Court's Records Division to find my former therapist Chaya's divorce file – now that I was suspecting that she may have been confused with me in the evidentiary record of the International Court, I had better recover all the records I had about her which were missing from among my things. I of course took care to film myself retrieving this file as well, so that I may have proof that I didn't forge *her* divorce file with my magical ability for fraud. When I got home, I worked hard to finish amending my complaint against Karin.

I decided to amend my complaint in order to counter Karin's arguments in her demurrer. Now, when I completed it,³⁸ I would have created more problems for Mr Secretary and the CIA. First of all, I offered an excellent forensic analysis as to how my portrait of Karin cannot have been “forged” through tracing. I also summarized my history as an artist, and then added some family background history. As you can see, I took care to mention my grandfather, my older brother, and Chaya so that, perchance, if it was ever possible for it to enter into the evidentiary record of the International Court, it may be evidence proving who I really was. I finally verified the amended complaint with the assurance “under penalty of perjury” at the end. The excellent forensic analysis, together with the information about myself and the verification at the end, would now force Mr Secretary to find more ways to prevent it from coming into the evidentiary process of the International Court. You shall presently see how he would do this.

On January 15 I filed the amended complaint in the Pasadena courthouse and then met with my process server Carlos to pay him to serve my amended complaint to Karin. I have filmed my business with Carlos on this day in “[process_server_1_15_09.wmv](#)”³⁹ and recorded it in: “[proc_server_1_15_09_236PM.WMA](#)”.⁴⁰ In the process, I got into the same argument with him about Karin's description. Six minutes into the video, you can see Carlos feigning mental deficiency together with another employee and pretending to have difficulty in discerning, from Karin's portrait, that she was in fact only 43 year-old.

It is worth noting in passing that Karin had scheduled her German Language Meetup on the night of January 16. She wanted it at the Wahib restaurant in Anaheim again. I was not going to miss the event. After spending some time in the Pasadena courthouse in the afternoon, I rode the bus to Anaheim. Again, Karin had been instructed by her handler to pretend to not know that I would be hiding in the empty parking lot across the street filming her Meetup friends going inside the restaurant. I just had to see if I could catch some evidences for the intrigues going on behind my

38 See the whole amended complaint at:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment23/amd_complaint_k/.

39 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment20/H/process_server_1_15_09.wmv.

40 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment20/H/proc_server_1_15_09_236PM.WMA.

back for this International Court trial; and so I was doing this even though I knew this would allow Mr Secretary to enter into the ICJ another piece of evidence for my “stalking innocent woman” and “vicious misogynist, antisocial personality”. And I thus filmed Karin and her friends going in and out of the restaurant – but so what? There was nothing to be had. Her answers to my lawsuit were the only clues I would ever obtain as to how the suit team ran the whole “Operation International Court of Justice”. This was thus the last time I would physically stake out Karin's meetups. There were just no benefits in the whole enterprise. When I went home, I edited the videos into a music video, just like before. The CIA would certainly brief Karin about this, and she would be totally disgusted just like before.

Visiting my grandfather, January 17

You have seen how, as I had become increasingly aware of the fact that Mr Secretary had simply swapped my identity with my brother, I began retrieving old family photographs from my grandfather's house. Since I still hadn't grasped the fact that Mr Secretary had argued that my brother and I were twin brothers, I was still mystified by how he could have got around the fact that my brother and I didn't really look alike. Didn't the FBI documents include pictures of me, which could be compared with my pictures on Homeland Security's warning about me? Now, most of the family photographs I had so far gathered were very old, so that those which showed me and my older brother together were all taken when we were children in Taiwan. I didn't have any recent photographs of my brother because I hadn't seen him for several years, but I remembered seeing at my grandfather's place some recent pictures showing him in recent family events which I didn't attend. So I came, on January 17, to my grandfather's place specifically to find these photographs. But Mr Secretary had already preempted my attempt.

I have recorded my visit to my grandfather on January 17 in: “[grandpa_1_17_09_215PM.WMA](#)”.⁴¹ When I arrived, my grandfather was bathing in the swimming pool of his apartment complex. I stumbled, mumbling and groaning while turning on my pen camera, to the swimming pool where my grandfather's new maid – the MSS operative – was overlooking him in the water. I babbled unintelligibly to the “maid” and my grandfather, and we walked back together to his apartment unit. While the “maid” was taking care of my grandfather in the bedroom, I took my grandfather's cordless phone to a corner and began filming the calls record on it (16:00). I felt compelled to continue investigating how Homeland Security operatives were able to instruct every person around me to do acting – so precisely that, when I was blacked out in the show, it looked like I was pretending to be myself on the order of foreign intelligence services. Did my grandfather have a government handler who called him on the phone to instruct him that I was coming over and that he should react to me like this and like that? I would however never find anything on the call record. Soon the maid put me on the dinner table to feed me (30:00). My grandfather began telling me how my aunt Jennifer had spent 5000 dollars on a defense lawyer because of my little lawsuit against her! (36:00) I didn't know what to make of this. As I have noted, since my lawsuit against her looked so ridiculous and frivolous, and since I wasn't suing her for money, it was a mystery why she didn't write a reply herself. I was struck by

41 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment30/grandpa_1_17_09_215PM.WMA.

the hypocrisy of all this since her over-reaction was obviously coached by Homeland Security – in order to allow the Machine to intercept how even my family members were terrified by my antisocial malice – which meant that she should have been reimbursed by the government. Moments later, my grandfather and I were talking about my brother (38:00). The fact that David Chin was my older brother and that *he* was the computer programmer couldn't have become more manifest in this conversation, and, when the Russians obtained access to this recording (in late March), they would immediately seize upon it as counter-evidence to Mr Secretary's "David Chin legend". The more I talked to my grandfather, however, the angrier I got over the injustice I was suffering. "Everyone harms me..." (43:30). I then continued to complain to my grandfather about how the US government had made up all these stories about me, how they had even instructed my family members to harm me, and how they had broadcast alerts everywhere I went, as if I were some sort of a fugitive.



My grandfather's new maid:
The MSS operative by the swimming pool, January 17 2009

I continued: "Now nobody even believes I can write and draw!" (47:00 in the recording) "Those people in the US government are bad-to-the-bone! They themselves made mistakes and now they want me to pay for them! With the result that no one now believes I can draw and write!" Without knowledge of how governments functioned, I was naturally shocked by the lack of conscience displayed by our "US government" – lie however much as needed and delude as many people as possible in order to stay on top of the power structure. My grandfather of course knew what I was talking about; he looked slightly uncomfortable, but kept silent, pretending to not know what I was talking about and abiding by the instruction he had received "from above". The problem was that everyone was stuck in a feudal structure and that our Secretary of

Homeland Security, the utterly selfish and violent feudal lord, was on top: when he demanded that all my family members act out a TV show to confirm the imaginary life he had invented of me, everyone had to obey on pain of... (what?). By now I couldn't help bursting into tears (49:00). I gave up eating, and, claiming I wanted to smoke cigarettes outside, went to my backpack to retrieve my cigarettes. My backpack was facing my grandfather and the maid so that they supposedly couldn't see what I was doing, and I secretly placed my other Olympus recorder inside my backpack. It was turned on – I wanted again to secretly record my grandfather's conversation while I was away to catch him, perchance, talking about me and the trial at the International Court! When I was done with smoking and came back inside, however, I discovered that I didn't fool the maid at all. She had immediately taken the recorder out of my backpack, turned it off, and put it back in there again. Well, she was after all a professional Chinese secret agent!

Then I got to my main purpose in coming here, namely asking my grandfather for more family photographs (1:02:00). I told my grandfather not to get up while I rummaged through his drawers. My grandfather got up any way. I have filmed the following episode in: "[grandpa_1_17_09_p4.3gp](#)". I tossed the whole place but just couldn't find the picture that I saw the last time which featured a recent view of my brother. Just then, my grandfather started putting up a show, pretending to be surprised by the mystery of how the entirety of our family pictures had suddenly disappeared, and shouting continually that "somebody has stolen our family pictures" (1:03:00). He then adroitly falsely accused me of having stolen our family pictures! (1:05:20) I was overwhelmed by feelings of oppression, yelling: "The government has sent agents to steal our family photos!" (1:07:30) My grandfather's house was of course under surveillance for the audience back at the International Court, and he was acting because he had been instructed by his handler to talk about me as a fraudster and a thief in accordance with the profile of "David Chin" which Mr Secretary had invented. The intercept of my grandfather's accusation could also render any of our family pictures inadmissible in the International Court as evidence – stolen properties cannot be admitted into the Court as evidence – should they ever in the future show up in the public domain.

This is ridiculous, I thought. Why would I never attempt to "steal" our family pictures? As if I ever had to! If I wanted my family pictures, all I had to do was ask for them and my grandfather would hand them to me. Obviously, what had happened was that my current collection of information about me had alerted Mr Secretary to the fact that I had realized that he had swapped identities between me and my brother, and that he would thus have to prevent me from finding those family pictures in which my brother was featured – just in case I would do something to result in these pictures being intercepted into the International Court as evidence. Meanwhile, even the maid was exclaiming "Somebody has taken away these pictures..."

Meanwhile, my effort to spy on my grandfather as part of my investigation into how Mr Secretary ran his operations had taken me to the MSS maid's room. I even tried to peek inside her notebook to find out what "handler" she might have called. I have filmed my effort in: "[grandpa_1_17_09_p5.3gp](#)". I found nothing, though. When I then turned on my Toshiba Satellite, my grandfather, upon seeing Marie's picture at the desktop, put up another act and

exclaimed: “Who’s this woman?” (1:49:00) I said without reflection that she was a Quebecker girl I had met while I was in Canada. But the Machine had already intercepted my grandfather’s exclamation – but not my explanation – and this would be evidence in the International Court – thanks to Mr Secretary’s interpretation – indicating that I actually had a Russian secret agent girlfriend. At the same time, my grandfather began searching through my backpack pretending to be surprised by all the electronics, my other Eee PC and my camcorder and so on, which I carried around with me every moment of my waking life. Following the “script” which his handler had given him to play, my grandfather purposely exclaimed surprise – and he was certainly going to rumor among my relatives about seeing strange electronic equipment in my heavy bag – all so that the Machine could intercept more bizarre and suspicious descriptions about me which Mr Secretary could then interpret, for the ICJ judges and everyone in the UN, as indicating that the Russian and Chinese intelligence services had provided me with certain high-tech spy equipment – in which case not only would his “David Chin legend” (the super Sino-Russian spy) further solidify, but suspicion could be cast on the one remaining piece of counter-evidence in Russians’ hands, the intercept from December 28, that it was perhaps forged by software. It wouldn’t matter that what I was carrying with me were simply ordinary consumer electronics which I had bought from Best Buy on credit or from the UCLA student store.

I was absolutely stunned by my grandfather’s ability to do “acting”, given that he was already over 90 years old. As you have seen and will see later, not even my aunts had this kind of talent for theatrics. I supposed it was because he used to be a high-ranking official in the Taiwanese military that he had always possessed certain ability to play politics and put up shows – even though I had never noticed it while growing up under his care. I also supposed it was because Taiwan was heavily sued by the MSS director as well that he had to fulfill, despite his sympathy for me, his obligation in cooperating with Mr Secretary in this secret project of using me as a patsy to convict China and Russia. My grandfather must have been under tremendous pressure from both the Taiwanese President (陳水扁) and Mr Secretary. He couldn’t possibly disregard orders from both sides of the Pacific.

After my grandfather’s acting to frame me, I began crying again (1:54:00), and you can see this in the next video I have shot of my time at my grandfather’s place: “[grandpa_1_17_09_p6.3gp](#)”. I wandered through the house crying about how I wanted my family pictures. The MSS “maid” kept telling me there were no pictures. I sat on the floor continuing to cry. “I can’t live like this any longer... I want to make friends, I want to write and draw! What am I gonna do?” (1:57:00) Then I cried more: “You all harm me! Everybody harms me!” (2:00:00) My grandfather, sitting on his chair, was becoming tearful himself. Worrying about my grandfather’s fragile health, I decided to leave (2:03:30). The MSS “maid” walked me out of the apartment complex. I continued to mumble unintelligibly: “I’m sad... You all harm me...” (2:06:00).

I spent the night at Zona Rosa in Pasadena. I managed to film some of the scenes in Zona Rosa with my new pen camera: “[zona_rosa_1_17_09_p1.3gp](#)”,⁴² “[zona_rosa_1_17_09_p2.3gp](#)”,⁴³ and

42 On Youtube: <http://youtu.be/K1RMWX15Nxxw>.

43 On Youtube: <http://youtu.be/3AiIwvIbY0Y>.

“zona_rosa_1_17_09_p3.3gp”.⁴⁴ Once again, I was trying to preserve records of the “actors” in my TV show, and, tonight, it was “Jeremy”, not Mireya, who was working. Here is a picture of him for you because he would play an important part later in Mr Secretary’s TV show on me (e.g. May 19). Other than this, you can learn from these videos just how deeply depressed I was.



“Jeremy” in Zona Rosa
January 17 2009

Operation 711 and at my grandfather’s, January 18

By the time I came back on bus to downtown Los Angeles it was almost midnight. It had been my habit to go inside the 711 store on 7th Street and Hills to buy snacks before walking home. Now, this time, when I was standing in line for the cashier, the black man standing in front of me tried to use a supposedly fake hundred dollar bill to buy something and was “caught” by the store employee. I immediately suspected that this was an “operation”, that the police being called by the store employee was going to incorrectly attribute the incident to me, so that the Machine may intercept another piece of evidence into the International Court to further convince the ICJ judges that Mr Secretary’s story about me was correct, that I was a fraud, being even in the habit of forging currency. I was of course right about this: the black man was just an actor whom Mr Secretary had sent in and the store employee had already been instructed to go along with the act. Because I could hardly have expected that Mr Secretary would resort to running operations in a convenient store, I didn’t start filming the incident until it was coming to an end, and didn’t catch the actual handing-over of the supposedly fake hundred dollar bill. What I was able to catch on

⁴⁴ On Youtube: <http://youtu.be/qLVS6SWkSqs>.

video is here: “711_hill_7th_1_18_09_2AM.3gp”.⁴⁵ The whole incident was recorded in: “imp_cybercafe_711_1210AM.WMA”.⁴⁶ (The event occurred around 1:25:00 in the recording.) I caught the Homeland Security actor just when he was exiting (“escaping”) while the store employee was calling the police. (He was wearing a dark shirt and blue jeans.) But you can still hear the other “spectators” talking about the incident – I don’t know whether they were actors or real customers.

By the time I woke up on January 18, I decided to go to my grandfather’s house again. Even though I was not able to find my brother’s recent pictures yesterday afternoon, it was probably still worth my while to acquire those pictures in which my father and my stepmother were seen and which I saw lying around in my grandfather’s drawers yesterday. I have recorded my brief visit to my grandfather’s in: “grandpa_1_18_09_240PM.WMA” and have filmed my activities there in: “grandpa_1_18_09_p1.3gp” and “grandpa_1_18_09_p2.3gp”. When I was looking at these remaining, rather insignificant family pictures in my grandfather’s drawers, I kept mumbling (like a wild child): “Other people will not believe these people are my family members... Just as other people will not believe I can draw...” My grandfather, just like yesterday, was terribly saddened as he sat on his chair. When I noticed this, I mumbled, “Don’t get upset... Don’t get upset... I’m leaving...” I thus stumbled out of the apartment complex carrying these two pictures in which at least my stepmother and my father were seen.

By night, I videotaped my incredibly messy apartment room for the third time in order to preserve records of my state of being as of this time: “my_room_1_18_09.wmv”.⁴⁷

Calling UQAM, January 19

On January 19, after I woke up around noon, I made my routine trip to the Starbucks on Grand Avenue and 11th to use the Internet. I still hadn’t given up trying to obtain a copy of my citizenship certificate from UQAM. Although UQAM’s website offered the option of ordering one’s grades and academic records online, I always got an error message when I tried to do so. I’m not sure if this was because Mr Secretary was trying to prevent me from producing more evidences indicating that I was Lawrence Chin. I finally just called up UQAM on Skype, and, to prevent further machine malfunctioning, filmed myself calling: “uqam_1_19_2009.wmv”.⁴⁸ I had begun to develop the strange habit of filming myself calling on Skype, which would be a life-saver later on. As you can see in the video, after spending twenty minutes or so calling UQAM administration several times, I achieved absolutely nothing. Meanwhile, the Machine was intercepting my call. The fact that I was speaking French over the phone call was very bad for the Russians, for it was established in the ICJ and in the international domain that Lawrence Chin, although he had attended UQAM, an entirely French-speaking school, spoke absolutely no French. Again, the Russians had but one piece of evidence in their favor, while everything else was against them.

45 It can be seen at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment33/711_hill_7th_1_18_09_2AM.3gp.

46 It can be accessed at:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment33/imp_cybercafe_711_1210AM.WMA.

47 Uploaded onto Youtube: <http://youtu.be/hYP8PAI50rY>.

48 Uploaded onto Youbue: <http://youtu.be/hK5tHIYriAY>.

After this, I spent the afternoon in Pasadena, and then came back to Vermont/ Hollywood area. This is recorded in: "[suffering_psdn_vermont_1_19_09_437PM.WMA](#)".⁴⁹ Just like the preceding days, for the whole afternoon and night, until I returned home, I would be quite hysterical, never really speaking when ordering things in Famima, restaurant, or coffeehouse, but just babbling "Wah-wah-wah" loudly like a wild child and annoying or stunning every stranger around me. While on the bus I also broke down crying hysterically (1:28:00), causing the bus driver to warn me repeatedly. While walking on the sidewalks in Vermont I also suffered seizure attacks (2:49:00), prompting bystanders to shout at me. Here is thus another recording for you to get some idea about the bizarre histrionics (moaning, panting, screaming, crying, babbling, mumbling) into which I had descended: since I was excommunicated from society, it no longer made sense for me to restrain myself and act "normal". All etiquette had become unnecessary; I could do anything I wanted to give vent to the sadness inside me.

Transition to the new administration, January 20

On January 20, after waking up, I made another attempt at calling UQAM. This time I wanted to obtain my transcripts. Again, I videotaped the Skype call in: "[calling_uqam_1_20_09.wmv](#)".⁵⁰ As you can see, this time the UQAM administrator was quite helpful. She told me to mail her a letter with my current address information, etc., and claimed it would be okay to submit payment with American check (the bank would calculate the amount in Canadian dollar). The strange thing was that, as you can see in the video, there was a suspicious female sitting right outside the window next to me. She might very well be another fake Russian agent whom Mr former Secretary had prepared for me. Although the fact that I spoke French on the phone with UQAM administrator was a favorable piece of evidence for him, the fact that I was connected with UQAM at all was not. Knowing that I would show up at the same Starbucks again today, Mr Secretary thus sent in his fake Russian agent to lie in wait for me. Although I didn't talk to her at all, the Machine's printout of my activities in this Starbucks would be vague enough that it would seem as if I had met with my Russian intelligence contact here and then made the call to UQAM under her instruction. Mr Secretary would then argue in the ICJ that my calling UQAM was a Russian intelligence operation – the Russians were trying to enter into the ICJ a piece of evidence suggesting that I might be Lawrence Chin who had attended UQAM while David Chin had not. Again, one more piece of evidence to corner the Russians with their single, decisive piece of evidence – and to support Mr Secretary's new scenario that the Russians had "re-activated" me.

Afterwards I wandered to the superior court in downtown. I was extremely unhappy with the fact that, for some reason, the court's administration had changed the judge presiding over my still unsolved lawsuit against my aunt. (It had now come under a certain judge "Rico".) I thought this was some sort of a trick. While crying, I wandered through the courthouse asking people how to get the original judge back onto my case. I filmed my unhappy time there:

49 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/suffering_psdn_vermont_1_19_09_437PM.WMA.
50 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/4gHmpArfnc8>.

“[court_1_20_09.wmv](#)”.⁵¹ As you can see in the video, neither the security guard in the beginning nor the court clerk who came to comfort me in the middle seemed to have been alerted about me or recruited into my TV show. This was rather fortunate for me. But I was just wasting my time. On January 27, my aunt's lawyer, someone from Michael Braun's office, would apply for the dismissal of the whole case in an ex-parte hearing with the new judge, who would grant the application.⁵² The official reason was that I had failed to amend my complaint after the demurrer was sustained, but clearly the lawsuit was without merit, as even I had come to realize. My aunt had never made any false report to law enforcement authority about me in any case. So much effort spent for a non-existent cause!

After wasting my time in the courthouse, I rested briefly in the Starbucks on Grand Ave and 6th St. Barack Obama had just been inaugurated as the new, 44th President this morning – with record attendance for any event held in Washington DC, and being one of the most observed events ever by global audience – and I went online to peek at the profiles of his new cabinet members. Would Michael Chertoff continue to command Homeland Security Department's clandestine operations on me? Would the lawsuit against Russia continue unaffected? Would I have to continue to play, without modification, the role of the outcast of American society, the “American scapegoat”? I was a little hopeful at the time – Hillary Clinton, the new Secretary of State, hated Mr Chertoff, one of her mortal enemies. Why would these Democrats continue to play this game? I would soon be disappointed, however. As I have noted in my Letter of Petition (p. 214), I would soon recognize, from the disgusting character of the continual operations on me, that, although this “Janet Napolitano” had nominally taken over the rein of the Department of Homeland Security, the entire Homeland Security's clandestine operational unit would remain obedient to Mr Chertoff – until this International Court trial would cause him to lose his grip on the US government in 2010. I don't know whether this was because Homeland Security's operational division was separate from the Department's main administration (just as the CIA clandestine service was run separately from the headquarter in Langley), or whether it was because Ms Napolitano was merely an administrative front employed to veil the real, behind-the-scene emperor who only gave his orders in secret. What I do know is this. I would discover that the entire operation on me – Operation International Court of Justice – would remain unchanged because, well, Dick Cheney was still the boss of everything. Both Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton were merely his fronts; he had already secretly “chipped” them in their brain without even their knowing about it. The thought-processes of both Clinton and Obama were controlled by a super computer which Cheney had instructed to be set up, and, once his protégé Michael Chertoff should have finished off the Russians – resulting in Putin and his lieutenants being called to the International Court to be “chipped” – he would program the super computer to remotely control all of them to play out the script of nuclear holocaust which he himself would have written. The whole Obama administration which had captured the attention and admiration of the whole world was but a phony staged show – a “puppet show”, if you will.

Nevertheless, because the change of administration – the “peaceful transfer of power”, in the hypocritical language of the Americans – was at least nominal, I would from now on refer to Mr

51 See it at Youtube: <http://youtu.be/pwRib1y7Naw>.

52 See the judgment at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/jy_suit/.

Chertoff as “Mr former Secretary”. In the International Court of Justice, however, he would still be referred to as the “Special Counsel to the CIA”.

In any case, after my Internet research at Starbucks, I rode the bus to my grandfather's place once more. My time there is recorded in: “[grandpa_1_20_09_450PM.WMA](#)”.⁵³ I came to return the family pictures now that I had scanned them into my computer. I thought I could play a smart trick by calling up the Anaheim police to make a report about the theft of my grandfather's family pictures (12:00). In this way, I thought, I could prevent the government from attributing the theft to me. When I came inside my grandfather's apartment (22:00), however, both he and the “maid” vehemently opposed this idea. Of course. This would create additional problems for the United States' case. In order to avoid provoking my grandfather into a heart-attack, I gave up the idea and left. I would not see my grandfather again until late March, when my circumstances would have significantly changed.

At Carlos', January 21 and 22

Now, January 21. Enough time had passed and so I went back to Carlos' place this afternoon to pick up the proof of service for my amended complaint. I have recorded my time there in “[proc_serv_1_21_09_352PM.WMA](#)”⁵⁴ and filmed my activities there in: “[proc_serv_1_21_09.3gp](#)”.⁵⁵ Carlos was, however, not there. Instead, I asked his *new* secretary (a black female) to call him up. When the secretary connected me to Carlos I asked her to put him on speaker. I needed to record the call without taking out my recorder. Carlos told me he was unable to serve the complaint because Karin had been refusing to open the door. Again, it was just the same old TV show. Karin was instructed to pretend to act as if “I had been constantly sending Carlos to harass her”. *All a show: Carlos insisting on personal service to make it look like I insisted on it, and Karin pretending to feel harassed, both working together to deceive the audience at the International Court and United Nations.* But another reason for the show was that Mr former Secretary did not want my amended complaint to enter into evidence at the ICJ at this crucial time: by ICJ rule, lawsuit papers cannot be taken into evidence until the legal process is completed (not just filed, but also served). And so I asked Carlos once again to serve my papers by mail like everyone else did, especially since the deadline was approaching, and this time he said he would do as I said.

The next day, I was at Carlos' office again, and my meeting with him is recorded in: “[proc_serv_1_22_09_1212PM.WMA](#)”.⁵⁶ I came in to insist to him, once again, that I wanted him to serve Karin by mail. Note that, 14 minutes into the recording, Carlos again produced the strangest excuse that if I serve someone by mail, the person would not have to respond! On this day I had Carlos write me a note certifying that it was in fact he who had adamantly insisted on service in person despite my protest.⁵⁷ Because of this, Carlos said he would not do service for me anymore. Perhaps he was tired of having to run strange operations for the government. Or

53 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/grandpa_1_20_09_450PM.WMA.

54 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment20/I/proc_serv_1_21_09_352PM.WMA.

55 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment20/I/proc_serv_1_21_09.3gp.

56 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment20/J/proc_serv_1_22_09_1212PM.WMA.

57 See the note: <http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment22/canas-note.jpg>.

perhaps he was worried about being exposed for acting with Karin behind my back to slander me. I then emphasized again on 32:00 that Karin didn't like to be served in person. "I don't do service by mail", he claimed. On 35:00, Carlos repeated his strange excuse that one did not have to respond if served by mail.

Carlos' forgery of his own proof of service, January 23

My impression was that Mr former Secretary was trying to obstruct my lawsuit by delaying the service of my papers so that Karin's demurrer may stand due to my inability to have the amended complaint served on time. This was in fact not the case, of course. Now, on the afternoon of January 23, I came to Carlos' office again to demand that he furnish me with the proof of service. As usual, I was both recording and filming my interaction with him. Carlos however again refused to do so with the lame excuse that he needed to wait for the return of the signed receipt. Frustrated, I instructed him to simply write up a proof of service stating that he had deposited my papers in the mail and hand that to me, *just as everyone else had done when serving me papers*. No one had ever needed to wait for the return of some signed receipt in order to file the proof of service at the courthouse. Carlos finally agreed, but he instructed me to go away for half an hour and then come back to fetch the proof of service. I ate lunch at a nearby restaurant and then came back. Carlos handed me the proof of service he had supposedly just created. When I left I discovered however that my Olympus recorder had been turned off and that the recording of my two meetings with Carlos was deleted from its hard disk. It was Mr former Secretary who had ordered his Homeland Security thugs to remotely shut off my recorder and delete the recording file, all from the comfort of their Homeland Security control center. I was shocked by the fact that those machines inside the Homeland Security control center had the capacity to remotely turn off any electronic device within their range and delete the digital files therein – this was the first time I experienced this but would not be the last time. I began to panic. This could only mean that Mr former Secretary was instructing Carlos to do terrible things to me, such that he had to erase any evidence that might prove my innocence. Thank God however that Mr former Secretary had neglected to remotely delete the videos of my meeting with Carlos which were inside my pen camera. I would eventually bundle the two surviving 3GP videos into a single Windows Media Video: "[prof_serv_1_23_09.wmv](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment20/K/prof_serv_1_23_09.wmv)".⁵⁸ After some reflection, I concluded that Mr former Secretary was most likely creating a show in which I appeared as if I had forged the proof of service along with Carlos' signature on it. Usually, what Mr former Secretary would do was simply instructing Carlos to falsely rumor over communication channels that I had never met him and picked up a proof of service, so that, when his rumor was intercepted by the Machine into the International Court as "evidence", it would be a mystery to the judges there that I had filed a proof of service at the courthouse, leaving them convinced by Mr former Secretary that I must have mailed the amended complaint myself and then forged a proof of service to file at the courthouse. Once this was established to the satisfaction of the ICJ judges, Mr former Secretary could motion that my amended complaint be excluded as evidence in the International Court on the ground that it had entered the Pasadena courthouse in violation of the rules of civil procedure – under fraudulent circumstances, in fact. The judges of the International Court would thus never actually see my amended complaint. This is the tactic which Mr former Secretary had decided to

58 See it at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment20/K/prof_serv_1_23_09.wmv.

employ after he could no longer order Carlos to delay the service of my amended complaint. I was only relieved by the fact that I had proof that it was Carlos himself who had “forged” his own proof of service, in order to make it look as if *I* had forged it.

With this tactic, Mr former Secretary could also establish that my talent for forgery was almost magical, for I had seemingly forged a proof of service that looked so real – because it was actually real, or at least obtained from the server himself. This could render incredulous any *real* documents that I may offer in the future to whomever proving my identity and my innocence. It would no longer matter how “real” my *real* documents might look, for my ability to forge documents was supposedly absolutely masterful in that I had once produced such a realistic proof of service. Realizing this and fearing for the worst, the next night I wrote on my blog (Kurt's nonsense blog) saying that I still had a backup recording. I was trying to warn Mr former Secretary who should be paying attention to my blog. In fact what I had was not just a backup recording, but the entire video showing Carlos handing me the proof of service. I would from now on carry constantly with me the proof of service which Carlos had forged, inside the pouch which I hanged over my neck, hoping that, one day, perhaps under the arrangement of the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, it may be subjected to chemical analysis to demonstrate that it was in fact Carlos himself who had forged it and not I. I thought like this because I didn't yet have an adequate understanding of the rule of the game which Mr former Secretary and the CIA were playing: they were merely trying to make governments around the world *believe* that it was forged; since the whole story about this trial would never get out of the circle of United Nations, and since I would never have the chance to go inside United Nations to announce my innocence, it was completely inconsequential whether I had any proof at all.

Note also that at the end of my meeting with Carlos on January 23 I specifically asked him if his female employee left “because of me” – wherever I went, females would seem to be instructed to pretend to be scared of me and to disappear from their job, while those who remained would keep this a secret from me. After joking “of course” he, as expected, denied it, not letting me know what false rumors his office personnel had been instructed to murmur about me for the sake of being intercepted into the International Court as “evidence”. Obviously Mr former Secretary had just obtained another piece of evidence to confirm for the judges in the International Court my violent misogynist personality as part of my Antisocial Personality Disorder. You have here the entire documentation – videos and audios – of my interaction with Carlos from the beginning to the end with which to judge if I had ever harassed any females in his office!

Skype call, January 25

Now that the judges in the International Court had ruled that my amended complaint be barred from evidence, Mr former Secretary came back to the intercept of my phone conversation with my aunts on December 28: this was the last remaining piece of evidence onto which the Russians were grabbing as proof that I had no twin brother at all. Mr former Secretary decided to resort to that same old trick which the CIA had instructed Wes to play on me in the previous September. It was Sunday, January 25. On that afternoon, I, following my routine, walked to the Starbucks on

Grand Avenue and 11th Street to use the wireless Internet. Because I was out of cash, I called up my aunt Eva (in the San Francisco bay area) to ask her to deposit into my bank account earlier than usual the money which my grandfather had set aside for me every month. Like always, I was using Skype on my little Eee PC 900 netbook. Just as in the previous occasions, I set up my JVC camcorder in front of my Eee PC to film my call: “[skpye_prob_1_25_09.wmv](#)”.⁵⁹ As you can see in the video, I first called up my step-mother on 4:26 PM, and then my aunt Eva on 4:42 PM. (Both conversations are in Chinese Mandarin.) Toward the end of the second conversation, my aunt Eva suddenly started pressing buttons on the keypad of her phone just as Wes had done. This is on 19:28 in the video. I really don't know how government's instruction could come to her always at the right moment. Was there a Homeland Security agent stationed in her home? Did she suddenly receive a text-message on her cellphone telling her to do this? Or had she been previously instructed by Homeland Security agents who showed up at her door to tell her to do this the next time I should call her? In any case, she pretended to hear nothing and to not know what was going on when I asked her what the strange noise was. “What buttons are you pushing?” I asked. “I'm not pushing buttons,” she replied. Then she denied hearing the beep sound, but finally claimed that the beep sounds resulted from “connection problems” – Wow so she did hear them after all. After I hanged up, I gave an explanation (20:45): “Homeland Security was manipulating my connection so that, in the intercept, it would sound like I was manipulating strange audio software”. Since I immediately knew that I had caught on video an important piece of evidence, I quickly provided a time-stamp to this video by visiting [www.todaysdate.com](#) and then [www.yahoo.com](#) (22:00 in the video). You should also consult my concurrent audio recording of the episode: “[skype_step_mom_aunt_1_25_09_420PM.WMA](#)”.⁶⁰ Here, my aunt's pressing buttons occurs around 21 minutes into the recording.

It was all just like the last time: the Machine had automatically intercepted my call into the International Court as evidence. When the judges heard those beep sounds, Mr former Secretary would argue that this was evidence that I was manipulating some strange audio software while talking to my aunt. He would argue that I was recording my aunt's voice with the software in order to forge audio recordings of my phone conversation with her which had never existed; that, when I had forged it, I would then use the software to broadcast the recording over telecommunication channels in order that the Machine may intercept it into the International Court, duping the judges into believing that I was having a conversation with my aunt when all they were really hearing was a prefabricated audio recording; and that, while I was manipulating the software, I slipped and accidentally pressed buttons resulting in the beep sounds. At the time I didn't know that Mr former Secretary was trying to discredit the intercepts of my conversation with my aunt Winnie and my aunt Eva on December 28; I thought rather that, since this incident happened the day after I claimed on my blog that I had a backup recording of my January 23 dealing with Carlos, he wanted the world to think that I had forged this backup recording with strange computer software. So this was our former Secretary's argument against Russians' last piece of evidence: that my phone conversation on December 28 was forged from my laptop – that the laptop from which I made the calls, the 800 dollar Toshiba Satellite which I bought from Best Buy, was a special Russian-made spy laptop on which was installed some incredible audio-

59 It can be seen at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment28/skype_prob_1_25_09.wmv.

60 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment28/skype_step_mom_aunt_1_25_09_420PM.WMA.

forging software which could produce a fake phone conversation which had never taken place solely for the sake of being intercepted by the Machine. Mr former Secretary would also tell the judges that my grandfather's shock over my electronic equipment days earlier had prefigured his realization today. It was in order to "collect" evidences supporting this bizarre argument that he had instructed my aunt Eva to push buttons on the keypad of her phone.

Mr former Secretary did not seem to be concerned with the fact that I had by now developed the strange habit of filming myself calling people on Skype. But I couldn't be sure of that. Thus, while euphoric over the fact that I had at last caught on tape Mr former Secretary's trick – the video demonstrates indisputably that I wasn't touching my computer at all when the strange noises appeared – I felt an urgent need to protect my data. I was quite lucky this time: My aunt Eva was simply not experienced enough in the business of framing people for imaginary crimes and thus, becoming nervous when I asked her what she was doing, she first said she heard nothing but then attributed the noises to "connection problems". She should have falsely accused me of pressing buttons as Wes had done. Unlike Wes, she was not smart and well-trained but just an ordinary person taught to do this for this one time. Her vacillation would make her, instead of me, the suspicious person in the intercept which the Machine had produced on the spot for judges' examination. Now, after this Skype conversation, I quickly got on the bus to go to UCLA. When I came inside the Biomedical Library, I decided to take a drastic step to protect my video. Remembering the lesson from "Ray the computer guy", I removed the wireless card from my Toshiba Satellite where I stored all my recordings and documentaries – my innocence – so that, when I transferred the video from the camcorder into the laptop (the necessary step before burning it onto DVDs), Mr former Secretary presumably wouldn't know that I had this video or anything else which could prove my innocence. Then, days later, I also uninstalled bluetooth from my Toshiba laptop, and disabled anything with "wireless" written on it, so as to eliminate any possibility of authority's clandestine communication with my laptop. I was naïve enough to think that, by destroying all capacities on my Toshiba Satellite to communicate with the outside world, I could prevent the government from knowing what exactly was in my laptop, although I did suspect there might exist other mechanisms by which they could remotely monitor my laptop.⁶¹ Besides, given the constant (true) surveillance I was under, Mr former Secretary should

61 This was 2009, remember. Many people have gone through similar experiences to mine, and the same naiveté. Laura Poitras, the journalist who worked on Edward Snowden's leak, is an example in the public domain. After allegedly suspicious journalistic activities in Baghdad, she began, in 2007, to be regularly detained at airports. "After being detained repeatedly, Poitras began taking steps to protect her data, asking a traveling companion to carry her laptop, leaving her notebooks overseas with friends or in safe deposit boxes. She would wipe her computers and cellphones clean so that there would be nothing for the authorities to see. Or she encrypted her data, so that law enforcement could not read any files they might get hold of. These security preparations could take a day or more before her travels... After she was contacted by Snowden in 2013, she tightened her security yet another notch. In addition to encrypting any sensitive emails, she began using different computers for editing film, for communicating and for reading sensitive documents (the one for sensitive documents is air-gapped, meaning it has never been connected to the Internet)." (Peter Maass, "How Laura Poitras Helped Snowden Spill His Secrets", *The New York Times*, August 13 2013: <http://www.nytimes.com/2013/08/18/magazine/laura-poitras-snowden.html?pagewanted=all&r=0>.) Thus, you can say that I have "air-gapped" my Toshiba Satellite. It would turn out, however, that both the Department of Homeland Security and the CIA would be able to see the computer screen of my Toshiba Satellite even though it was "air-gapped". For this, later. Very few people are aware of the full capacity of the government to monitor people's electronic devices. Not even Laura Poitras is as experienced with government surveillance as I am.

soon realize that I had videos of both obtaining the proof of service from Carlos and calling my aunt Eva on Skype on my Eee PC. And he could presumably orchestrate another show in which I would be made to look like I had forged these videos too.

I don't know if you can understand the darkness in which I was trapped, first my aunt-in-law, and then my grandfather. Then there were my aunt Jennifer, my big aunt Winnie, my step-mother, and my mother, all pitching in to help the government erase my identity in the international domain. We have all heard of the story of how under communism children were instructed by teachers at school to secretly report their parents' activities at home to the authority. But no one expects that in the United States parents and relatives would be required by the government to frame their own children and nephew into a most disgusting foreign spy in order to help the government advance their geopolitical agenda against nations deemed unfriendly.

Angel's "encouragement", January 26

I woke up on January 26 in a particularly sad mood because of the Skype incident from yesterday. I have recorded my afternoon in: "[law_lib_1_26_09_216PM.WMA](#)".⁶² I came first to Westsub in the Venice/ Overland area to use wireless Internet. I called up the San Jose Hall of Justice to demand that I be mailed the papers I had requested (namely, my brother's criminal records). It was a terribly frustrating experience, as you can hear in the recording or see in the video, because I had to call several times and yet was never given a meaningful answer.⁶³ Feeling increasingly distressed, crying and moaning, I rode the bus to the Law Library to find Angel (from 1:55:00 onward in the recording).⁶⁴ I knelt down before her and begged her to believe that I was innocent (i.e. not a fake-audio producing foreign agent). "If you believe you are innocent... If you know it in your heart, then you don't have to worry about anybody else," she said, passing onto me the CIA's point of view in order to persuade me to not resist the operations devised to frame me into a Russian spy. As you have seen, the CIA had already instructed my mother to comfort me with similar sort of pathetic "wisdom" ("What other people think of you is none of your business..."). Since human beings are by nature social, it is normal to care about what other people think of you – unless you are autistic. But what else could the CIA say to me to persuade me to not resist – like how they had advised me to "believe in Jesus" in 2007. I was first of all surprised: it sounded as if Angel knew I was in the process of being made into my twin brother and all that criminal stuff. Again, at the time I didn't know that the CIA was actually half-honest with their recruits about the purpose of this TV show. But I was then angered. Everyone is in on this patriotic mission, you can feel the mood: "Yes, we are going to make a Russian spy out of this guy in order to get the Russians, just as we have got the Chinese..." But: what about me? Would anyone be content with being the only one who knows who he is and that he isn't the most perverted, fraudulent, and vile criminal foreign agent which the government has portrayed out of him for the entire world? Again, every human being needs other human beings' perception, validation, and recognition in order to survive and live an emotionally healthy life. What the government had been doing was precisely to remove any possibility of other human

62 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment48/law_lib_1_26_09_216PM.WMA.

63 Because I was calling on Skype, I again filmed it in: <http://youtu.be/1x7xqfm7osY>.

64 The interaction is filmed in: "[law-lib-1-26-09.3gp](#)".

beings' perception, validation, and recognition of me, so that, unable to be perceived as who I was, I would in effect gradually deteriorate just as, you must have heard, a prisoner in prolonged solitary confinement will gradually lose the ability of speech and become mentally disoriented. We are again touching upon the nature of the US government's human rights abuse: although they had rarely even touched me in the past two and a half year, their elimination of my intersubjectivity with other human beings through alerts kept secret from me and, eventually, through the orchestration of a "Truman Show" around me, was even less preferable than physical abuse, because – in accordance with the American preference – it destroys the victim's mind and his very sense of identity. I would rather die in a genocide or contract AIDS or cancer than be stuck in this situation, because even in genocide and with diseases one's connection with the rest of humanity is not lost.

Even more than in the previous days, I was, after coming out of the Law Library, crying hysterically on the streets and suffering seizure attacks. Since Carlos would not serve papers for me anymore, I came to the police to ask about how to pay the sheriff to serve court papers. Sheriff in the courthouse, I was told. All hysterical, crying and screaming, I then rode the bus to UCLA. Still concerned with the Skype incident, I wanted to obtain more proofs for the authenticity of my Skype calls. I filmed my Skype call history on the UCLA computer there – one presumably can never claim that this UCLA computer was "Russian-made spy computer" – along with US Search results on my brother and other things.⁶⁵ I then spent the rest of the night in the Starbucks in Westwood Village. I was so overwhelmed by sadness – about being framed for this strange crime of using computer software to forge my conversations with my family members – that I broke down crying. Again, since I was always alone, I filmed myself crying: "[pleading_1_26_09.wmv](#)".⁶⁶

The next day I continued with my project of collecting records about myself. Downtown Mental Health had responded to my request, and, around noon, I was there picking up my records: "[manag_mailing_fax_mh_records_1_27_09_1158AM.WMA](#)". This time I was given the entirety of the progress notes which the social worker and Dr Wexler had compiled about me. I of course made sure to film the whole process, not only my being given the papers but also the papers themselves, in order to have proof that I didn't forge them myself: "[mh_getting_record_1_27_09.3gp](#)".⁶⁷ Afterward I mailed to the San Jose Hall of Justice a written request for my brother's criminal records. I even had to film myself mailing papers in order to have proof: "[mailing_request_sj_1_27_09.3gp](#)".

By now, hiding my second Olympus recorder (sometimes on voice-activated mode) inside the closet in my apartment to check for clandestine activities in my dwelling while I wasn't there had become a regular habit of mine. Today, I did the same especially because, as you can hear in the recording, before I left home, Terese knocked on my door, telling me the section 8 inspector would be coming today and demanding that I stay home to meet him. I immediately had a bad feeling about this, and refused to obey. Terese replied that the section 8 inspector would give me

65 The video was uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/OkPj5iZnOfk>.

66 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/O/pleading_1_26-09.wmv.

67 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/BxDwM4uAAJA>.

a check. Although I was only babbling like a gorilla as usual, my mind was quite clear: she was obviously trying to trick me to stay home. Why would strangers give me money for no reason? I thus ran out of the apartment building ever more determined to avoid the “inspector” – leaving the recorder inside the closet to catch the intrigue – even though Terese was calling on me. When I came home, I would discover what this was all about. See the recording “[manag_1_27_09_menotthere_1208PM.WMA](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/manag_1_27_09_menotthere_1208PM.WMA)”.⁶⁸ On 18:00 in the recording, Terese had come in with a whole group of county officials, not just the section 8 inspector. She showed them the damages in my room. This was very scary for me. I had been making loud banging noises in my room in the middle of the night, especially when I was barricading my door in order to prevent Homeland Security agents or that super Chinese pick-pocket from coming into my room while I slept, but also to prevent police officers from snatching me away in the middle of the night. Now Terese had received the order to work secretly with other county agencies to find legal reasons for locking me up in psychiatric facilities against my will. You can hear in the recording that Terese and the county officials were planning to speak with a county judge about forcibly hospitalizing me on ground of severe disability. She lied to them saying that I had recently created fire in my room in order to find a reason for labeling me as posing an immediate danger to other tenants – even though the incident she referred to occurred in March 2008, almost a year ago, when it was still Albert who was managing the apartment building. (Recall that what had happened was that my cigarette had burned some papers in my ash tray while I was showering, causing the fire alarm to go off.) It was certainly thanks to the orchestration of the suit team that fire alarm had been going off frequently when I wasn't in the apartment: and they had evidently orchestrated this so that Terese could persuade the judges at the local court that I indeed posed danger to others, whence more justification for putting me away. The CIA suddenly resorted to this extraordinary measure obviously because the Russians were holding tenaciously onto the intercept from December 28 as the evidence discounting the whole “David Chin legend”. The CIA was thinking of getting Terese to hospitalize me on some pretext, so that the Machine surveillance of my records at the hospital may be so mistaken as to prove definitively that I was not Lawrence Chin. Furthermore, since the intercept of my January 25 conversation with my aunt wasn't successful, Mr former Secretary had begun contemplating forging a laptop containing the magical audio-forging software he had theorized and then attributing that to me. For this to work, he needed the Machine to intercept me being taken into the hospital. He would then plant the laptop he had forged somewhere in the hospital and request ICJ permission to intercept the laptop into the court room for examination. However, Terese's plan never materialized. She would soon drop the idea of working with county officials to hospitalize me. I suppose the reason was that the CIA had discovered that I had discovered their plan. Although the CIA had missed my hiding my recorder in my closet, they did notice me retrieving it and listening to the recording of Terese's intrigue. After listening to this recording, I began spending even less time at home. On the next two nights (January 28 and 29) I would sleep on the street outside instead of at home – just in order to avoid the possibility that Terese might bring in the police in the middle of the night to snatch me away. Then on the morning of January 28, I called up Terese on Skype in Starbucks (Grand and 11th), just to plead with her not to “have people take

68 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/manag_1_27_09_menotthere_1208PM.WMA.

me away". I avoided accusing her on the basis of my "interception" of her intrigue, but the hint was sufficient.⁶⁹ The CIA thus decided to change plans.

On the afternoon of January 28 I went to the Superior Court in downtown to check out the sheriff station inside courthouse. I was following the police's instruction to me on the 26th; I certainly had no interest in looking for another process server only to see him getting recruited by the suit team. I still had the stay of briefing for my appeal of Karin's restraining order to serve, and I paid the sheriff for this. I then went to confirm that my lawsuit against my aunt had been dismissed. And, guess what, several days later the sheriff would leave me a message saying they would not do mail-service either and would simply mail my papers back to me. I would therefore never be able to complete the service of the basic items needed to get my appeal going. Obviously Mr Secretary and the CIA were bent on obstructing my appeal process because my profile as a violent sexual harasser must be maintained, and a restraining order without context – namely, the context that it was based on the claim that a lawsuit had constituted "credible threat of violence" – was essential for such profile.

Now that the trial in the International Court had reached such critical point, Mr former Secretary even resorted to recruiting tax-drivers to do my TV show. I spent the night of January 29 in UCLA and Westwood Village. After finishing my work that night (such as hiding in an underground parking lot to write my Letter of Petition), I walked to the bus stop. When I passed by a group of taxi drivers standing around, one of them suddenly called out to me to tell me, out of the blue, that "my friend Alexis was not here". (He continued: "The taxi driver... your friend...") When I asked him bedazzled who this imaginary friend of mine "Alexis" was, he just said he made a mistake. Refer to 5:40 in my recording of that night: "[imp_dennis_taxis_alx_1_29_09_918PM.WMA](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/imp_dennis_taxis_alx_1_29_09_918PM.WMA)". The taxi driver had obviously been previously shown my pictures and instructed to talk to me (if ever seeing me) as if he had seen me with a friend with this Russian name, so that, when the Machine intercepted this episode (but omitted my subsequent interrogation of the taxi driver), Mr former Secretary may have another piece of circumstantial evidence in the International Court: "See, the subject seems to have a Russian taxi-driver friend by the name of Alexis. It's probably his Russian intelligence contact. The theory I have inferred from all these intercepts about David Chin is confirmed once again here." Because I was aware of the trick, I was extremely angry with the taxi-driver for helping the government to slander me. After I had interrogated him, I dared point my camcorder right in his face.⁷⁰ I was shocked by this operation: Despite my total isolation – without a single friend left, and unable to speak with my family members due to the danger involved – I was still made to look like I had a bunch of imaginary Russian friends. And this is not the only incident of such sort.

Brief encounter with Enkel, January 30

On the afternoon of January 30, I ran between the court of appeals on 300 S. Spring Street and the county court on Hills and Washington.⁷¹ Distressed and frustrated as always, I went inside the

69 My pleading with Terese was a little more complicated. See the recording:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/calling_terese_etc_1_28_09_9PM.WMA.

70 See the video: "taxi_driver_alx_1_29_09.wmv", uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/1SGvcbEfruc>.

71 Recorded in: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/court_traffic_court_1_30_09_157PM.WMA.

court of appeals to ask about the proper format of motion to stay briefing (to appeal Karin's restraining order, that is). "Bound, blue cover", I was told (1:32:00). It was so complicated. I then went to the county court to set court dates for my pedestrian tickets which I had never paid for. Eliminating these minor warrants of arrest was now important business since I knew that the suit team had plans to hospitalize me: these warrants were perfect pretexts for the police to detain me. I passed the night at ISO in Westwood Village to use the Internet.⁷² After finishing up another depressing night, I wandered around along Gayley Avenue and, just when I walked past Elysee, "Lawrence" suddenly walked out crossing path with me and carrying coffee to his table. He was spending time with Enkel again tonight. I supposed it was Mr former Secretary who had put them there in front of me once more in order to produce more evidences for his ICJ case: it seemed impossible for me to avoid running into this couple. I suddenly remembered that I didn't have the recording to prove that, during the first time we met in April 2008 (the meetup at Paul's place), she had imitated me by contrasting the Western view on the origin of Chinese civilization with the Chinese academic view. I decided to go up to Enkel, with my recorder and pen camera turned on, and ask her to recount what we had discussed at Paul's place so that I could obtain proof, this time, of what she had said back then. This is in 1:20:45 in the recording and the resultant video is: "[enkel_lawrence_1_30_09.wmv](#)".⁷³ Strangely, Enkel now changed her story, telling me how even the Chinese academics had begun agreeing with Western scholars on the multi-ethnic origins of Chinese civilization. Although I didn't get the confirmation I wanted, when I finished talking with her I thought it better to get a clearer view of these two persons from afar, this time with my JVC camcorder, insofar as this "Lawrence" over there was supposed to have taken my place in history! See the video: "[enkel_and_lawrence_1_30_09.wmv](#)".⁷⁴ As you can imagine, back in the International Court, the Machine was printing out evidences showing me stalking my "twin brother" and his "girlfriend" out of jealousy again while they surfed the Internet together. When "Lawrence" noticed I was filming them, Enkel got up and sat on "Lawrence's" lap, pretending to look scared. This was to allow the Machine to print out an intercept describing me scaring my twin brother's girlfriend again. The next morning, Mr former Secretary would present another piece of evidence to the ICJ judges to confirm that the story which he had made up about David's "triangular love-affair" with Lawrence and Enkel was correct and to cast further suspicion on Russians' single remaining evidence, the intercept of my phone conversation from December 28. Things were looking increasingly unfavorable to the Russians: Last night the United States had obtained evidence showing that I had Russian intelligence contacts among the taxi drivers in Los Angeles; tonight there was more evidence showing me stalking my twin brother again.

Operation 711, January 31

To further consolidate his false of profile of me as a vexatious litigator who maliciously used lawsuits to harass good people, Mr former Secretary ran another operation out of the same 711 convenient store just hours later. After my dealing with Enkel and Lawrence, I rode the bus back to downtown, and was buying snack in the same 711 store before walking home. See my

72 See the recording at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/iso_enkel_1_30_09_932PM.WMA.

73 See it on Youtube: <http://youtu.be/u23dQTNjHTU>.

74 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/dBI3qspMKFk>.

recording from that night: “711_framing_vex_litig_1_31_09_12AM.WMA”.⁷⁵ While I was waiting in line in the store, another man who was standing in front of me began complaining to the cashiers about a defective cigar he had just bought, calling up the police to request that several officers be sent while at the same time threatening to file lawsuits against the 711 store. Several police officers showed up as if there were an emergency, and they of course quickly dismissed the man's “complaint”. I watched and filmed the whole event, knowing that either the police report or the surveillance above me was going to be purposely mistaken and confuse the complaining man with me: “711_1_31_09.wmv”.⁷⁶ I then went outside to find the security guard from the Universal Protection Service who was also called in for the incident, and begged him not to confound the complaining man with me, and he admitted: “But we have a description that it was you” even though the man who had made the frivolous call to the police had just walked out right in front of him. I could only take comfort in the fact that I had filmed the whole incident and caught on video the security guard's admission which demonstrated how the mistaken surveillance worked.

Of course the whole incident was staged by Mr former Secretary – the complainer was a Homeland Security actor, and the police officers and security guards had both been previously instructed by Homeland Security to pretend to respond to this complainer and go along with the show. They all knew that the purpose of the show was to vilify me in the International Court of Justice – hence the way the security guard played game with me. The Machine would have produced an intercept which would identify me as the complainer, and Mr former Secretary would enter it as “evidence” confirming the new characteristic of “vexatious litigator” which he had added to the profile of “David Chin”. It would certainly lend more plausibility to his twisted scenario that the lawsuit I had filed against Karin – the real content of which had been excluded from judges' examination in the International Court – was entirely unmeritorious, a product of a mentally confused criminal foreign operative who loved to use lawsuit to harass the good American people around him.

Pranks, mysterious numbers, and confusion in the court of appeals

The next two days would be marked by more “government pranks” – all because Mr former Secretary thought it necessary to “collect” more circumstantial evidences to support his case, which was now expanding into some bizarre Latin American connections. On the night of January 31, I came to Zona Rosa around 8:30 PM, and, since it was Jeremy who was working tonight, I interrogated him: “What have you heard about me this time?” Namely, what has the government lied to you about me this time? What pranks have they instructed you to play on me this time? He shook his head. “Why do you like to lie so much?” I continued. “I do like to lie, but I'm not lying this time,” he lied.⁷⁷ Then, when I had returned to the Metro station in downtown Los Angeles, an ugly Homeland Security agent caught up with me and threw a cigarette at me. I babbled – as I continued to refuse to speak – and ran away in horror, knowing that Mr former Secretary had just collected, through the confusing and confused Machine, a

75 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment32/711_framing_vex_litig_1_31_09_12AM.WMA.

76 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment32/711_1_31_09.wmv.

77 See 2:30:00 in the recording: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/01-09/psdn_1_31_09_6PM.WMA.

piece of evidence seemingly showing me either receiving secret messages from my fellow Russian secret agents or blatantly trafficking marijuana in the Metro station. (The latter was more likely the case, as you shall see.)⁷⁸ Then, strange calls from nowhere began showing up on the call history of my cellphone. Some of these calls I couldn't even trace on US Search or Intelius, such that I felt compelled to film all this.⁷⁹ Since one of the phone numbers were traced to persons with Hispanic names, the mysterious calls were most likely devised to enable the Machine to intercept evidences indicating "my connection, not just with the Russian intelligence, but also with Latin American drug cartels." As I will note later, new developments in Latin America had prompted Mr former secretary to begin exploiting his profile of me as a druggie and drug-trafficker in order to frame certain South American allies of Russia's for this conspiracy to send David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin.

On the morning of February 2, I came back to the appeals court in downtown ready to file the motion to stay briefing in supposedly the right format. The recording of my activities since 9:50 AM that morning until some time past 2 PM is: "[court_and_appellate_950AM.WMA](#)". The suit team had already prepared pranks for me here. When I explained to the court clerk my problem of having nobody to serve my papers, she strangely told me to serve the papers myself, in blatant violation of both court procedures and Karin's restraining order against me. Refer to 5:35 in the video "[appeal_court_2_2_09_ca_10AM.3gp](#)",⁸⁰ where the court clerk specifically told me that the court would waive the normal requirement for process-serving. On 13:00 in the video, you can see me explaining to another court clerk that I could not possibly serve the papers myself, especially because the other party had a restraining order against me which forbade me to mail her anything. Three hours later I came back to the appeal court with the green cover for the "stay of briefing" I needed to file. This is documented in "[appeal_court_2_2_09_1PM.3gp](#)".⁸¹ On 6:30 in the video, you can see me asking the court clerk again about the strange instruction for me to serve the papers myself. I was getting increasingly impatient because I noticed that all the court clerks were purposely giving me wrong and confusing instructions. You can find the court clerk's strange instruction for me to serve the papers myself – that "service of papers is at the court's discretion and she would like to waive the normal requirement for me" – on 13:20 in the audio recording.

On February 3, the day of my demurrer hearing with Karin, I went to the Pasadena courthouse only to discover that the hearing was not taking place: "[psdn_demur_2_3_09_824AM.WMA](#)" and: "[psdn_court_demur_2_3_09_930AM.3gp](#)".⁸² Karin had decided to delay the hearing until March 25 – obviously under instruction from the suit team. Her meetup gang was however all there in the courtroom, and Rolf studied me from time to time with bedazzlement. I suppose it was because he was stunned by the fact that I had retrieved his divorce file from the court's archive and was able to identify his, Karin's, and everyone else's visits to my blog on my log.⁸³

78 This is the incident referred to on p. 144 – 145 and on p. 175 in the Letter of Petition.

79 See the video at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/G/myst_number_2_1_09.wmv.

80 See the video at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment29/appeal_court_2_2_09_ca_10AM.3gp.

81 See the video at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment29/appeal_court_2_2_09_1PM.3gp.

82 It can be seen on Youtube: <http://youtu.be/BoBcTtsiKog>.

83 This was all because I had included a sample page of my visitors' log in the exhibits for my amended complaint: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment23/amd_complaint_k/exhibits/amd_compl_exhibit_h_p1.jpg.

He didn't expect this "schizophrenic" to be so resourceful. I then went upstairs to check on the transcript I had ordered for my restraining order hearing of December 24. An Asian lady working there explained the situation to me (27:00 in the video). After this I went to Carlos' office to pick up the certified mail receipt which Karin had signed. This was my last meeting with him. I filmed my interaction with him in: "[proc_serv_2_3_09_11AM.wmv](#)";⁸⁴ and my meeting with him was recorded in: "[proc_serv_appeal_court_2_3_09_1045AM.WMA](#)" (from 39:45 onward). I then came back to downtown to check on the matter again in the appeals court. It was 1 PM then. See the video: "[appeal_court_2_3_09_1PM.3gp](#)".⁸⁵ On 8:20 you can see me asking why it was that the court clerks wanted *me* to fill out the proof of service. The court clerk replied that it was to make it easier for me! The real reason was of course that the suit team did not want my appeal, or any more court papers from me, to enter the International Court as evidences. Everyone was giving me the wrong instructions because the suit team wanted me to violate normal court procedures and look like I was harassing Karin. (It would look like I was ignoring the restraining order if I mailed her papers without an intermediary.)

That night, in my apartment, moaning and groaning in pain as I had been doing all month, I called up Wes' mother, who was still in Santa Ana.⁸⁶ I told her that I had fallen very ill and that I had no choice but to call her because I had nobody to talk to; that I couldn't endure government's operations anymore because everybody I knew was recruited as an operative against me. The most terrible thing was that, when Wes' mother suggested that I see a doctor, I countered her with the truth: the doctor would also be recruited by the government to harm me. The call was just a futile attempt out of desperation. I shouldn't have called her at all.

February 4, Skype call

I have noted that Mr former Secretary's attempt to use my aunt-in-law to frame me was a failure because of her inexpert response. No matter how many pieces of circumstantial evidence Mr former Secretary was able to produce to confirm the other aspects of the "David Chin legend" he had invented, the Russians were still holding fast onto the intercept of my conversation with my aunts on December 28. When Mr former Secretary presented the intercept of my Skype call of January 25 as "evidence", the Russians must have not only seized on my aunt's comment "It's due to bad connection" as strangely suspicious, they must have also submitted the intercept to a rigorous forensic analysis. Analysis of the intercept would eventually show that the conversation did not originate from a single source but was taking place on two sides, and that the beep sounds came from the side of my aunt! The Russians would present to the ICJ judges their alternative hypothesis as to what had happened: namely that it was Mr former Secretary himself who had instructed my aunt to press buttons on her phone in order to create in the intercept of the conversation the impression that I was manipulating some sort of software on my computer – which was exactly what had happened!

84 It can be seen on Youtube: <http://youtu.be/2Sx3sFru4BQ>.

85 See the video at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment29/appeal_court_2_3_09_1PM.3gp.

86 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/calling_wes_mom_2_3_09_950PM.WMA.

Mr former Secretary was nervous. He was in urgent need of an intercept which would confirm his scenario that I had forged the conversation of December 28 and that no such conversation had in fact occurred. He decided to further disrupt my call the next time I should use Skype on my Eee PC. I had by now thoroughly learned about the danger of making phone calls to actual persons, and I thought I would be immune at last if I only talked to machines or bank operators, that is, if I only made impersonal calls simply to get business done. On the noon of February 4, following my routine, I walked to the Starbucks on Grand Avenue and 11th Street to use the Internet. Because I was still completely out of cash, I had gone to Citi-Financial yesterday (February 3) to attempt to obtain another loan, but was declined. Today I decided to call up my credit card company (Citi-Bank) to ask for an increase of my credit limit. I filmed my Skype call just like I would always do by now: "[sky_imp_2_4_09.wmv](#)".⁸⁷ My recorder was also turned on at the same time: "[calling_citi_wamu_citi_2_4_09_1232PM.WMA](#)".⁸⁸ I made my first call to Citi-Card. I was told to call back 30 minutes later to check if my request for more credit had been approved. I also called my bank Washington Mutual (29:00 and 32:00 in the video). It was already a very frustrating experience. Then, on 1:07:40 in the recording, or 38:00 in the video, I made my second call to Citi-Card. As soon as I was connected, Citi Bank's recording instructed me to dial or speak my account number. I began dialing, and was in the middle of pressing on the number keys when Citi-Bank's recording went awry and repeated: "I'm sorry, but your response was not understood, please –". It was Homeland Security again. Homeland Security personnel had also inserted repeated telephone keypad sounds into my call between the repetitions, but these keypad sounds were so subtle as to be inaudible in the recording and the video. I immediately knew that Mr former Secretary was trying to create in the intercept of my call the impression that I was producing the dialing sounds of my account number with some strange audio software and not actually dialing the number at all. Just like the previous time, I took comfort in the fact that I had filmed my calls. Besides this, I had by now finally succeeded in installing Wireshark on my Eee PC. (I had been having problem doing this because it was the first time I had had to download software from Linux repositories.) I thought that, because the sniffing files which I had saved from each Internet session would have documented every single packet that came in and out of my computer, there could be no denying that I had indeed made the call. I didn't know that this kind of proof was worthless because – how could my Wireshark capture ever be intercepted into the International Court as evidence? And I had to assume that Homeland Security didn't artificially inject packets into my computer when I was using the Internet, and I knew that it was practically impossible to tell because no one had the time to search through tens of thousands of packets from each hour of Internet activities just to look for a few suspicious packets. But I was happy that my video showed how I first started Wireshark before opening Skype to make calls, and how it was capturing the inbound and outbound packets while the call was in progress. It was proof that there was no manipulation of any audio software on my part, and that the repeated keypad dialing was obviously inserted from elsewhere. In reality, Mr former Secretary was not so worried about my video "proof" because there did not seem to be any chance that the Russians – the only people on the planet who would be interested in seeing my documentaries – could ever get their hands on it – until March 27.

87 See it at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment34/skp_imp_2_4_09.wmv.

88 Hear it at:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment34/calling_citi_wamu_citi_2_4_09_1232PM.WMA.

Today Mr former Secretary had supposedly produced an intercept which would support his argument. The intercept of my call to Citi-Bank would sound as if I had simply played a prefabricated audio recording of my calling the bank over the telecommunication channels in order for the Machine to intercept it into the International Court as evidence. The scenario for which Mr former Secretary would argue was thus: Insofar as my (or rather Lawrence's) Washington Mutual bank account numbers and Citi-Bank account number were on the FBI documents in the Chinese hands, I fabricated the recordings of two Skype calls to these accounts and played the fabricated audio over the air in hope of duping the judges in the International Court into the scenario that these calls were real and that I was thus really Lawrence Chin; but then I again slipped while manipulating my software so that I accidentally repeated the same portion of the audio twice. The scenario would be that I could have fooled everyone in the International Court had I not been so clumsy. What can you expect from the schizophrenic and mentally confused Sino-Russian secret agent David Chin! I hardly comprehended these details at the time. I made a third call to Citi-Bank on 1:10:00 in the recording. And, after all that effort, my request was denied (1:15:00).

Leading up to February 13 2009 (“Two-One-Three”)

I spent the whole day of February 6 in UCLA and Westwood.⁸⁹ A little past noon, I discovered that, to build up my profile as a sexually perverted misogynist, Mr former Secretary had, on February 2, instructed World Sex Guide to send me an email wishing me “happy birthday”. I signed up for World Sex Guide in 2005 and had never received anything from them: it was obviously orchestrated. This might not mean anything in the “real world”, but the Machine had just intercepted another piece of evidence showing a bizarre online sex club sending me a notice about something, which was evidence in the International Court for my extraordinary sexual perversion. I filmed the email in: “[gmail_2_6_09.wmv](#)”.⁹⁰ Then, I came on bus to the Rampart Division of LAPD: “[to_rampart_restau_pl_2_6_09_130PM.WMA](#)”. I thought I could mitigate the effect of government's secret accusation against me that I had forged Carlos' proof of service by making a police report about Carlos' forgery of his own proof of service! It was of course a complete waste of time and the police didn't even allow me to make such report. See the video: “[rampart_pl_2_6_09_3PM.3gp](#)”. There was no such crime as someone's forging his own signature! The next day, February 7, I again spent in UCLA.⁹¹ While in the library, I would film myself demonstrating how I usually imported recordings from my recorder to my laptop, in order to preserve proof as to where at least some of these recordings inside my laptop (in this case, those which were recorded with my Sony ICD-P600) came from: they were not forged with any strange audio software.⁹² I then tried to fix my website so that it became invisible to others. I had decided that, since Karin and her gang were the only people who ever visited my website, having

89 See my recordings: “[dt_ucla_2_6_09_955AM.WMA](#)”, “[ucla_burgerking_2_6_09_730PM_\(nothing\).WMA](#)”, and “[to_hm_fr_ucla_2_6_09_1045PM.WMA](#)”, all in the folder: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/

90 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/LbIMrIEwWQI>.

91 See my recordings: “[ucla_2_7_09_338PM_nothing.WMA](#)” and “[wstwd_pee_iso_2_7_09_620PM.WMA](#)”, in the aforementioned folder.

92 See the video at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/D/upload_recording_2_7_09.wmv.

any website to tell my story could only be detrimental to myself (and to Russia of course). I did not want to simply cancel my web hosting account because I still wanted to use it as an online storage space. I had to request another help chat session with IX Web Hosting in order to learn how to make my website invisible without deleting it, and I of course felt compelled to film the whole chat session as “proof” that I wasn’t communicating with foreign agents (“[help_chat_2_7_09.wmv](#)”⁹³). I mention this in order for you to get an idea of how I would have eventually developed this strange neurosis which consisted in having to film and record every little thing I did and said. By night fall, when I was in the Coffee Bean on Le Conte, I would try to film myself writing my Letter of Petition with my regular JVC camcorder because the video from my pen cameras were not clear enough as “proofs”.⁹⁴

During these quiet days when I was busy making more proofs, collecting more records, and writing my Letter of Petition, the Russians again subjected the intercept of my February 4 Skype calls to a rigorous forensic analysis, which showed that the key pad sounds in between the repetitions of Citi-Bank’s recording cannot have come from the same source as my original keypad sounds. The judges were convinced. It was not just that there was still no evidence to disprove the authenticity of the intercept of my December 28 Skype calls; it was also that the Russians were having success in making the United States look like it was committing frauds – and the whole United Nations was watching. Mr former Secretary was terribly cornered because it all looked as if he was actually going to lose the case! (There were also very relevant geopolitical developments going on in Latin America which I will mention momentarily.) It was now around February 6 or 7. When judge Higgins approved the use of the “lower court” against the Russians, everyone was sure that Russia would be convicted within a few months – it was just too easy. No one expected this wild horse “December 28 Skype calls”. Mr former Secretary couldn’t have been angrier with me. On the afternoon of February 8, around 3:50 PM, when I was waiting for bus 33 on Venice Blvd just a block away from my apartment building, a row of limousines came parading in front of me. I immediately took out my camcorder to film them: “[limousines_2_8_09.wmv](#)”.⁹⁵ I knew that it was Mr former Secretary himself who was in one of those limousines – and I would be quite right. This would be a habit in which Mr former Secretary would engage himself again and again. Whenever he was not doing well in his lawsuit against the Russians, he would think that I had intentionally played “tricks” to bring about the obstacle he had encountered – in this case the “trick” to get my aunts to confess over the phone that my brother was my older brother – and would be disgruntled over the fact that I had “beaten” him. He thus wanted to come out of the ICJ court room to peek at his “Great Adversary” in close distance. Since the secret trial was always going on within walking distance from my dwelling, he would usually be able to show up within an hour. Notice the way the drivers of the limousines and Cadillacs were trying to disguise the situation: they wore stupid caps and looked casual, as if this were not an extraordinary occasion involving high-ranking government officials. I shut off my camcorder just before the last limousine passed in front of me – it was a mistake. It turned out that the tinted windows of the last limousine weren’t all that opaque. The man inside – a white man wearing white business shirt and black pants – thought I

93 On Youtube: <http://youtu.be/dA5yhDxdmaU>.

94 You can see this video at: “http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/B/writing_2_7_09.wmv”.

95 See it on Youtube: <http://youtu.be/HcIAHiJFJWI>.

was still filming and got frantic; he quickly ducked for cover to avoid being filmed, which clearly indicated that he was some hotshot from the Department of Homeland Security. Unfortunately I missed this scene. Afterward, I returned to my routine and rode the bus to UCLA. I tried to write more of my Letter of Petition inside the underground parking lot in the middle of UCLA campus. I was quite upset over the fact that the suit team's persistent, fast-paced operations (such as all the interruptions of my Skype calls) had severely hampered my writing this pleading by forcing me to be preoccupied with making and editing more "proofs" and giving me more abuses to complain about.

Mr former Secretary's need for more circumstantial evidences in face of Russians' defense was causing a general transformation of my environment. Pornography, images of violence, incidents interpretable as "secret communication with Russian agents" and "drug-trafficking" were becoming increasingly frequent elements of my environment. Advertisements for books about murders and serial killers started populating the Transit TV on the bus whenever I got on. People started coming next to me to sing songs about killing people and destroying properties in order for Machine's surveillance to confuse that as coming from me. Tonight in particular, outside the Coffee Bean in Westwood Village, a Homeland Security agent masquerading as a pedestrian suddenly came to me wanting to borrow "light", and, when I lent him my lighter, flipped over his hand to show that he was smoking marijuana, so that the Machine could intercept another piece of evidence into the International Court showing me selling Marijuana on street corners. This, as you shall see, Mr former Secretary would interpret as "evidence" for my, and thus Russians', "connection with Latin American drug cartels". Then, when I was about to take the bus to leave Westwood, around 12:30 AM, I noticed a bunch of police officers detaining a biker on the road side. Such common scene normally would not attract anyone's attention, but I was alerted by the hat which the biker was wearing, a hat almost identical to mine. I realized there and then that the biker was most likely a Homeland Security actor and that this was suit team's operation: the Machine's intercept of this episode would be so vague as to mention only "A guy who is wearing a round-rim hat has been detained by the police on suspicion of possession of controlled substance" in order to allow Mr former Secretary to argue that, since I was in the same location and had just been seen trafficking marijuana an hour ago, the person detained was most likely me again (who else was wearing that kind of hat in this area and was in the habit of dealing drug?). I thus immediately took out my camcorder to film the commotion: "[pl_incident_wstwd_2_9_09.wmv](#)".⁹⁶ Because I had an inkling of the purpose of this sort of inconspicuous staged shows, I would never from now on share cigarettes or lighters with strangers. Then, before coming back to downtown, I stopped by the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire. The place was filled with ugly Homeland Security agents pretending to be Internet-surfers. Many of them were charged with the mission of visiting hard-core pornography websites, so that the Machine's monitoring of the Internet activities in my vicinity, after being scrambled up, would show that it was *I* who was visiting these pornographic websites. It was not the first time this had happened, and so I felt compelled to film, this time, the whole situation with my pen camera: "[cybercafe_2_9_09_1AM.3gp](#)".⁹⁷

96 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/MY5XxoJw-Jc>.

97 See the video at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/F/cybercafe_2_9_08_1AM.3gp.

Since all these evidences he had so far produced with the faulty surveillance Machine were merely circumstantial, Mr former Secretary decided, around February 9 and 10, to implement the “radical solution” he had earlier abandoned: to forge a laptop, stuff in it an audio-forging software which could somehow be used to forge a phone conversation in such a way that the noises from the other party would appear exactly as if they came from the other side of the conversation, and then present the forged laptop to the International Court saying it belonged to me. In the meantime Mr former Secretary would also stuff into the laptop documents which he himself would forge proving my connections with the Russian, Chinese, other Asian and Latin American intelligence services and criminal (drug-trafficking) groups. Then, he would stuff in it all sorts of hard-core pornography, etc., just to confirm that the criminal and perverted personality which he had derived about me from Machine's printouts was indeed correct. What he needed was merely a story of how my laptop could have ended up in the International Court as evidence. Since I had by now detected his plan to hospitalize me against my will, he would have to develop another operation to surprise me. Thus the operation on February 11 2009.

On that morning, I was sitting in the Mexican restaurant near my apartment building writing my “Letter of Petition”. To take a break from the process, I sat outside to smoke cigarettes, leaving my laptop unattended inside the restaurant. Now Mr former Secretary sent in an agent – a black man pretending to be a vagrant – to steal my laptop away from me! The goal was to have the Machine produce an intercept showing that my laptop was stolen and then another intercept showing the thief being caught and my laptop sitting inside the police station. He would then make another “extraordinary request” to the ICJ judges for permission to intercept my laptop into the International Court from the police station. By then, however, he would have already slipped his forged laptop into the police station so that his agent could intercept the wrong laptop into the ICJ. In other words, in order to present his forged laptop as evidence in the International Court, Mr former Secretary would first have to create an intercept of the theft of my laptop. What happened that morning I have recorded in: “[fm_tp_gr_2_11_09_1030AM.WMA](#)”.⁹⁸ The black man walked inside the restaurant while I was still enjoying my cigarettes outside and, quickly grabbing my Toshiba Satellite, ran out with it. He didn't escape my notice, however, and I was absolutely shocked. I immediately intercepted him and grabbed my laptop back, and he ran away. This is in 44:07 in the recording. In shock and not thinking clearly, I made the mistake of calling up the police to report the matter – this should be the last time I would make mistakes like that, knowing that the police along with the rest of the population were here to do me harm. The fact that the theft had failed didn't mean that Mr former secretary could no longer present his forged laptop to the International Court; he could still secretly direct the faulty surveillance Machine to make such mistakes as to produce, in the intercept of this episode, the impression that the theft was actually successful. But I had made the situation better for him. Now that I had made a police report about the *attempted* theft, it would matter even less that the theft wasn't successful. The Machine would, on the intercept it would print out of this episode, erroneously describe me as reporting a *successful* theft of my laptop. Mr former Secretary could then restore his original plan: planting the forged laptop in the police station when his “thief” was instructed to pretend to be caught and having it intercepted into the International Court.

98 Hear it at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment38/fm_tp_gr_2_11_09_1030AM.WMA.

What happened when the police officers arrived I have recorded in: “[fm_pl_rep_2_11_09_1130AM.WMA](#)”.⁹⁹ Two officers came, and they would turn out to be quite good actors. The police officers purposely wrote the incident report in pencil in order to make it easy for others to alter it afterward. Furthermore, as you can hear in the recording, the officers purposely insisted on making the report on the street corner outside the restaurant so that the satellite could capture our activities on video. The satellite video showing me making the report would for sure be presented to the International Court as corroborating evidence, but I myself would be blacked out in the video as usual, so that my act of taking my laptop out of my backpack to show the officers that it wasn't stolen wouldn't be seen by the ICJ judges and my other international audience, who would simply go on believing that my laptop was indeed stolen, and therefore Mr former Secretary's lies that the forged laptop which he would have brought into the Court was indeed mine. I would later film the police report which the two officers had produced for me on this day – the report, being a carbon copy, was fading away fast: “[receipts_comput_hd.wmv](#)”. (The video also shows the receipts for the purchase of my two laptops.) Note the words in the police report: “suspect let go”. Then note in the recording that, while making my report, I asked the employees and the police officers about the surveillance camera installed inside the restaurant. Of course the camera was working, but the restaurant employees, having already been briefed by the authority about my situation, obstructed me in every way possible when I asked for the tape. They told me the boss was not there, even though he was standing outside. And when I asked the boss himself, he simply said there was no tape in the recorder for the camera. *Everyone was participating in the show, and everyone knew what the game was about*: they all knew that the most important thing at the moment was to make sure that no evidence of what had actually happened be known to exist to our international audience. The only evidences would be the two recording files inside my Olympus recorder.

All was thus done. An hour or so later, when I was sitting underneath the freeway bridge nearby, a Homeland Security agent, wearing surveillance earphones, walked in front of me. He was running surveillance on me – the unofficial, “true” surveillance which was to be kept secret from the international community but which Mr former Secretary needed to conduct from time to time in order to plan operations on me. Now this agent suddenly couldn't help but smile to me. I knew then that something was wrong – I had fallen into a trap by making a police report about the attempted theft of my laptop. This agent smiled because he knew that Homeland Security – these ragtags on whom everyone had hitherto looked down – was about to beat the Russians! I was extremely surprised by the fact that Mr former Secretary would have shared knowledge of his secret plan with field agents on the lowest level such as this one. When I went home, I suffered further mishap because I accidentally dropped the key to the front entrance of my apartment building into the cracks on the elevator's floor.¹⁰⁰ For the next several days I would be unable to get into my apartment building by myself. That night, however, I still decided to go to Santa Monica. While I was riding the bus going toward Santa Monica, I was surrounded by Homeland Security surveillance agents who wore surveillance earphones and carried surveillance iPods. Again, this was the unofficial, “true” surveillance. I noticed that, when I opened my Toshiba

99 Hear it at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment38/fm_pl_rep_2_11_09_1130AM.WMA.

100 The recording of the afternoon; and the video I shot of myself writing while I waited for Terese: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/B/at_home_terese_key_2_11_09.3gp.

Satellite, these agents were making a serious effort to point their surveillance earphones in the direction of my laptop's screen. Someone in the control center was making a serious study of the content of my desktop. Given all these clues – people's behaviors around me for the whole day – I suddenly figured out Mr former Secretary's plan while walking on Main Street in Santa Monica. I was waiting for the bus at the bus stop at the time, and I quickly went to a corner where I presumed I was outside the range of Mr former Secretary's surveillance, and made a recording of my realization. I then got off the bus on Wilshire Blvd and Santa Monica Promenade, and ran inside the Kinkos in that area. I hashed the recording and used the computer there to email the hash value to myself in order to prove the timing of my realization. The recording is: "[conf_2_11_09_920PM.WMA](#)".¹⁰¹ I was absolutely terrified because I thought naively that, once the judges at the International Court accepted the forged laptop as evidence, the Department of Homeland Security may very well notify and convince the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights that the entire recording set – over a thousand hours – that I may submit to them as evidence for my innocence were forged! Insofar as I already felt an urgent need to present my Letter of Petition to the Commission before the United States won the trial at the International Court of Justice – I was convinced that it would soon – I was again overwhelmed by the impression of being caught in a race which I could never win, because I was merely one person with no help.

I spent the whole night in nervous tension. By next morning, I had decided that I must find a way to inform the Russian government about Mr former Secretary's plan to forge my laptop and bring it to the International Court of Justice as "evidence" against them. Perhaps I could masquerade my warning as a complaint to the Russian consulate – look what their lawsuit was doing to me! The only problem was that I didn't know where the nearest Russian consulate was located. I spent the morning of February 12 in the UCLA Research Library. I got hold of all the phone books for the Los Angeles area and hid under the table to research them in order to avoid tipping off Mr former Secretary about my intention. (Supposedly, the true surveillance on the ceiling of the library couldn't see through tables!) I was surprised that no Russian consulate was listed anywhere. At a loss, I finally had to use the Internet – which meant that I could no longer avoid tipping off Mr former Secretary. That's when I discovered that the nearest Russian consulate was actually in San Francisco. I didn't know that the Russian Federation had only five consulates in the whole of United States and had none in Los Angeles. It seemed that I would have to go up to the Bay Area right away, for Mr former Secretary wouldn't need more than a day or two to finish forging the laptop.

By the afternoon of February 12 I had already come to the Greyhound station in downtown Los Angeles. I tried to disguise my trip by buying a ticket to San Jose. Now Mr former Secretary, watching me in secret in his Homeland Security control center, would think that I was once again planning to find my brother. The bus arrived in San Jose late at night, and I quickly checked into a cheap hotel in the vicinity of the train station where the Greyhound bus had pulled in. In the hotel room I made a further show of calling up one of the phone numbers I had gathered which seemed to belong to my brother. "The fate of Russia is in your hands," I kept thinking to myself. Then, next morning, I walked back to the train station and suddenly bought a train ticket to San

101 See it at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment39/conf_2_11_09_920PM.WMA.

Francisco. By the time I arrived in San Francisco on late morning, I suddenly had an idea. Since the “attempted theft” happened on the morning of February 11, it should take a day or more for the Homeland Security masquerade “thief” to pretend to be caught by the police while the computer specialists in the Department worked on forging my laptop on the basis of the surveillance videos taken of my laptops that night. Mr former Secretary would then have to inform the ICJ judges of “important development” sometime in February 12. This meant that the actual presentation of the forged laptop at the International Court should occur precisely at about mid-day February 13 – just when I was having this thought! (I had now realized that the court trial, instead of in Europe, was actually taking place in California, always near where I was.) I was somewhere around the Montgomery station at the time, and so I immediately came inside a Starbucks nearby, on Market Street. I decided to make a Skype call from my Eee PC before going to the Russian consulate. I have filmed the episode: “[skyp-sf-2-13-09.wmv](#)”.¹⁰²

As you can see in the video, I first called my mother (3:30) and then called my own voice mail box (9:40). I finished my calls by 11:52 AM. I was merely pushing my luck; I could not possibly have expected to hit right on target with my simple calculation. Just as I had calculated, the Homeland Security thief “was caught” on the night of February 11, and the police pretended to impound the laptop which he had stolen (from another Homeland Security actor, this time). The Machine picked up all this, and, the next morning, February 12, when Mr former Secretary walked into the court room, he pretended to shout, while reading the intercepts printed out from the Machine: Major development. It looks like the man who has stolen our subject's laptop has been caught. He motioned to the ICJ judges to grant him permission to send agents to the police station to secretly intercept the laptop into the court house. The judges granted it. Meanwhile, his Homeland Security technology specialists had been forging my laptop throughout the night of February 11: they found a Toshiba Satellite and stuffed into it, along with all the incriminating documents and pornography which I have mentioned, that amazing audio-forging software which could fabricate non-existent conversations and then broadcast them over the Internet and telecommunication channels in order for them to be intercepted. Most importantly, the software was so masterful that it could make the beep sounds it had fabricated appear as if they had come from the other party. When the judges granted Mr former Secretary's request, Homeland Security had already slipped this forged laptop into the police station, so that it was this laptop, and not any other one, which Mr former Secretary's “special agents” would intercept into the International Court. But then, because I had got on the bus going toward San Jose, the International Court had to call recess so that everyone – the judges, the suit team, and the Russian team – could come to northern California together with me. It was simply the rule of the court that the trial should always be held on location where the subject was. When I came to San Francisco on this morning, the International Court had not only set itself up somewhere in the same city, but the Russian diplomatic service had also been alerted about my coming. Everybody was now keeping close watch on me to see what I was going to do – but the court session had to continue. Just as I had calculated, when I came out of the Montgomery station, Mr former Secretary had just finished presenting the laptop he had forged to the judges in the International Court. Look, my theory is correct, Mr former Secretary announced to the judges. The Russians were trying to deceive you all with their forensic analysis. The entire conversation of December

102 It can be seen on Youtube: <http://youtu.be/4VO0vZTcbe8>.

28 was indeed broadcast from this software – it had never really taken place. The beep sounds you heard in the intercepts from January 25 and February 4 in fact originated from this software – which made them sound like they had originated from the other calling party. Apparently, the Russians, when they gave this super laptop to our subject, were quite aware that he suffered from bodily coordination problem and might very well slip. They thus made sure that, when David Chin slipped, the resulting beep sounds could, upon forensic analysis, sound like they came from the other calling party. The Russians were quite stunned and did not know how to answer – of course they all knew that Mr former Secretary had forged the laptop. Just then, however, my Skype call was intercepted by the Homeland Security system to which the Russian consulate protection service – part of the Russian diplomatic service – had access. Meanwhile, the Machine sitting inside the International Court was also stirred into action – everyone's attention was immediately focused on the intercept which the Machine was producing right at the moment. The problem was that Homeland Security's technology specialists had fabricated the audio-forging software in such a way that its beep sounds resembled exactly the beep sounds of the Skype that was installed on my Eee PC. I made the December 28 calls on my Toshiba Satellite while, after January, made all my Skype calls from my Eee PC; but it was my Toshiba Satellite which the Homeland Security agent had attempted to steal. Since Homeland Security had forged the laptop to resemble my Toshiba Satellite, Mr former Secretary would have to argue that I had never switched to a different computer after December to make Skype calls. Just before I made my Skype call on this late morning, Mr former Secretary, as the final act of his presentation, would have entered an admission into the evidentiary record to the effect that he was certain that the forged laptop with its bizarre audio-forging software belonged to me because the beep sounds which this strange software produced were identical to the beep sounds of my real Skype such as were heard in all the previous intercepts of my calls, and that no two pieces of software could have produced beep sounds completely identical in this way. Just then, however, the Machine sitting in the middle of the Court house began moving – I was making Skype calls again! As everyone directed his or her attention to the Machine, it intercepted beep sounds – my pressing on the keypad on my Eee PC – which were exactly identical to the beep sounds which the audio-forging software had just, as part of Mr former Secretary's demonstration, produced on the forged laptop. This interception merely minutes after Mr former Secretary's admission would certainly have caused quite a laughter among the Russian team inside the International Court because – if my laptop with its audio-forging software was there inside the court room, how was it that it was also in my hands in a coffeehouse in downtown San Francisco? As soon as Mr former Secretary had guaranteed that no two pieces of software could have produced such identical sounds, such identical sounds were heard by everyone from two pieces of software in different locations!

After laughter the Russian team seized upon Mr former Secretary's "admission" and argued to the judges that, insofar as no two pieces of software could have produced the identical beep sounds, the laptop which was sitting here inside the court room must be a forgery – and the Russian consulate was now feeding the surveillance video from Starbucks' security cameras into the court room, allowing everyone to see that I was making calls from my Eee PC, not from my Toshiba Satellite. The ICJ judges, unaware that the United States was permitted by judge Higgins to forge evidences at will, had no choice but to declare the United States guilty of forgery and

fraud, so that Mr former Secretary and the CIA had in effect lost the lawsuit which they had, in full confidence, begun less than six months ago. All because of a Skype call which I had made from my 300 dollar Eee PC!

The key to my success was my coming up to San Francisco. If I hadn't come up, Mr former Secretary would have presented his forged laptop on late afternoon, February 12, and, unless I made Skype calls around that time instead, Russia would have lost the case. It was because I had suddenly jumped into the bus to go to San Jose that Mr former Secretary had had to delay the whole process and come with everyone else to San Francisco as well. Furthermore, because the Russian government did not have legal rights to access Starbucks' security cameras, nobody ever knew that I had made all my Skype calls since New Year on my Eee PC, and not from my Toshiba Satellite. But, because I was still on the watch list of world's diplomatic services, when I came to San Francisco, where Russia had a consulate, the Russian diplomatic service had the legal rights to access Starbucks', and the whole city's, security cameras. Only in this way could the whole world know that I was always making Skype calls from my Eee PC, and only then could the Russian government feed live images of my making Skype calls directly into the International Court as evidences. These live images were absolutely necessary in convicting the United States of fraud and forgery. If I was in Los Angeles while making my Skype calls, the intercepts of identical beep sounds would not be backed up with live images of myself and my netbook, in which case the evidence would not be sufficient to convict the United States, although it could probably disrupt the conviction of Russia. Thus, you have to appreciate how lucky I, or Russia, was. I came up to San Francisco with the intention of finding the Russian consulate, not of making Skype calls. I accomplished the key step in this success story entirely by accident.

At the time I wasn't sure if my act had done any good. But massive reaction from Homeland Security following upon my call tipped me off about my success. After I came out of Starbucks, I got on bus 38 going on Geary to go toward the Richmond district. I somehow remembered incorrectly that I had seen the Russian consulate in that district before. I was once more afraid to look up Russian consulate's address online for fear of tipping off Mr former Secretary and his Homeland Security Department. A Homeland Security agent immediately followed me onto the bus – a vulgar-looking thug so typical of the Department of Homeland Security – and I filmed him right in his face. This is in the first scene of the video-diary which I have made of my February 13 trip to San Francisco: "[sf_2_13_09.wmv](#)".¹⁰³ He angrily took off his sunglasses – unbelievable as it might sound, news of the disruption I had just caused to Mr former Secretary's presentation at the International Court had already trickled down to this Homeland Security agent on the field, and he was angry with my defiance, my bad habit of committing treason whenever I felt like. "We were just about to convict Russia by making up evidence about you; how dare you mess it up!" Several surveillance agents wearing surveillance earphones then came up the bus to watch over me, and I filmed one of them too. I got off the bus in the Richmond neighborhood where I used to live (1:10 in the video). I wandered about and just didn't see any Russian consulate at all. I didn't know that I was completely in the wrong place, and luckily so, for I immediately decided that complaining to the Russian consulate was a terribly bad idea – the

103 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/KR8NBW2wScw>.

act would probably be interpreted as “conspiracy” which would end up harming the Russian team inside the International Court. I thus pretended that I was here doing sight-seeing, and walked to the cliff where I could see the Golden Gate Bridge (2:30). As I sat there acting like a tourist enjoying the magnificent sight, an old couple suddenly drove up behind me, parked their car, and came out to pretend to take pictures of the bridge in the distance (3:42). I carefully filmed them and the license plate of their car (2YED574). This was obviously no accident given what had just happened. The old couple was most likely a CIA couple in the vicinity, who were called upon to show up near me so that the Machine could intercept something which the suit team back inside the International Court could interpret as “my meeting with my Russian secret agent contact soon after I had made the Skype calls on instruction”. This was the only defense which was available to the United States at the moment – that David Chin was somehow instructed by his Russian boss to use some special software to make calls and create identical beep sounds just minutes after Mr former Secretary had made his admission – and the suit team made this move even though, since there were no corroborating evidences, it could not reverse the judgment. Better than nothing, because the news was now going around in the United Nations, and there was an urgent need to at least create “reasonable doubt” in bystanders’ mind. After the old couple had left, I stopped my acting as well, walked back to Geary, and came inside Zephyr Coffee. It was now past 2:30 PM. It was an eerie atmosphere inside the coffeehouse: the place looked evacuated and refilled with Homeland Security fake customers, especially the old white man and the old Asian woman sitting on the sofa who simply weren’t the kind of pretty young San Franciscans that frequented this kind of place (5:00). I could be wrong, of course.

I was baffled by my inability to find the Russian consulate, and so I took out my Eee PC to get online. There was no choice but to use the Internet. But I couldn’t connect to the wireless network, and the cashier told me the wireless router in the coffeehouse was not functioning for mysterious reasons. It should have occurred to me that this was an indication that I had just succeeded in disrupting Mr former Secretary’s entire plan beyond my wildest imagination – he had evidently ordered his Homeland Security personnel to remotely shut down the Internet connection of this coffeehouse for fear that I might create another intercept unfavorable to his case. My awareness of his plan to forge my laptop had prompted me to decide to create a full backup image of my Toshiba Satellite’s hard disk as “evidence” for what my computer was really about. I left the coffeehouse, rode the bus to Best Buy, and bought there an external hard drive just for this purpose. It was a red Western Digital “Passport” (which you can see in many of my videos from this period), 250 Gigabyte in capacity. While at Best Buy I finally found a map of the city, on which I was able to identify the location of the Russian consulate. I was surprised to discover that it was in the vicinity of Pacific Heights rather than Richmond: how did I remember it so incorrectly? After this I came back to Zephyr Coffeehouse. Desperate to save their case, Mr former Secretary and the CIA continued to prepare more operations to confirm their “David Chin legend” – if only to create reasonable doubts. I could not have expected that the vulgar white girl who was now working at the counter was a clever Homeland Security actress who had been well trained as to how to “act” in my TV show. She quickly reacted to me as if I were a violent and scary antisocial and hallucinating freak in order for the Machine to pick up more evidences confirming the cartoonish profile which Mr former Secretary had created of me. Refer to my audio recording of my time there: “[imp_sf_cafe_girl_2_13_09_516PM.WMA](#)” (from 17:30

onward).¹⁰⁴ While I was standing outside smoking a cigarette, she came out to ask me for a light and I handed her some matches. She first asked me what my nationality was – the same old question again – hoping to get the Machine to intercept me again admitting that I came from China. As usual, I would not satisfy her. But she would not give up when I merely produced a perfunctory answer “I’m from California”. She asked me if I believed in God, and, when I said I did, she insisted that I must be a Muslim, despite my insistence that I was a Christian. *It’s another classic instance where people’s words simply did not correspond to what I said, as if everyone suddenly suffered from mental deficiency when talking to me.* She was of course instructed to call me “Muslim” because, insofar as my speech was blacked out in the surveillance used as evidence in the International Court, when the judges heard people calling me “Muslim”, they would be fooled into believing that I had been going around pretending and claiming to be a Muslim even though I was clearly no such thing, thus confirming the “David Chin legend” for which Mr former Secretary was arguing – that I was desperate to be mistaken as a “terrorist suspect” (my twin brother Lawrence Chin) because my “mission” was to help China and Russia sue the United States for lying about a terrorist suspect. Then, as you can hear on 37:00 in the recording, when we had all gone inside and I couldn’t find my matches, I went up to the counter to ask this Homeland Security actress if she had forgotten to return my matches. She replied that I had never handed her any matches and that she was never outside with me. Again, the mental deficiency she was instructed to exhibit – pretending to not even remember what had just taken place ten minutes ago – would have given the judges at the International Court the impression of just the opposite of reality, that it was I who had hallucinated about having been outside with her, insofar as I was invisible in the surveillance about me. Since such events had occurred so many times, who would have thought that it was really everyone else who was pretending to be mentally deficient and not remember anything, and not I who was hallucinating and imagining up things which no one else remembered? The judges would thus be fooled like a donkey.¹⁰⁵ Then, two fat women came inside the coffeehouse, sat down next to me, and began talking loudly about “Russia” and so on. Alarmed, I filmed them: “[sf_cafe_2_13_09.3gp](#)”.¹⁰⁶ These two women were probably from the CIA again, although they didn’t look terribly pretty and sophisticated. They were here so that the Machine could mistakenly intercept me again meeting with Russian secret agents after I had accomplished my “mission.” Then, Ms Homeland Security actress came to me to carry out the last portion of her “mission”, to simply act out an aggressive response to me as if I were some sort of freaky monster and throw me out of the premise, even though I was minding my own business and not bothering anyone at all. Refer to 2:10 in my next recording of the day, “[sf_cafe_girl_2_13_09_620PM.WMA](#)”.¹⁰⁷ Since I was blacked out in the surveillance, the judges of course would think that I must have done something to trigger such response from the coffeehouse employee. Now her tricks caused me to blow up and swear at her when I was leaving. As you can hear in the recording, throughout my time in the coffeehouse I was not interacting with anyone at all, and Ms Homeland Security actress approached me and started cursing at me and grabbing my things, all of a sudden for no cause. I was once more

104 At: http://lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment40/imp_sf_cafe_girl_2_13_09_516PM.WMA.

105 On 39:00 in the recording, while I was smoking outside the coffeehouse by myself, I started commenting on the situation to myself.

106 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/Nkz1FMMfzsE>.

107 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment40/sf_cafe_girl_cont_2_13_09_620PM.WMA.

persuaded that the only way I could live a life without being perceived by others as some sort of monster was to leave this country, the domain of my “Truman Show”. I could never be welcomed even if I behaved completely properly.

Now the new “Passport” which I had bought required formatting before use, and I was still in the process of formatting it when I was being thrown out of Zephyr. I continued the process of formatting it on the street corner on Geary Blvd, and then ran from the laundromat to the restaurant trying to find a place where I could perform an image backup of my hard disc and continue writing my Letter of Petition without having to spend any money. Because I came up to the Bay Area as if it were some sort of emergency, I had not planned to pay for anything. Now that I was practically out of cash, I didn't want to spend money on motel rooms only to find myself not having money to eat for the rest of the month. After some tiresome wandering in the Financial District, however, I gave up, and rented a room in a Motel 6 in the Tenderloin area.¹⁰⁸ Curiously, I saw a Holy Bible lying by the bedside in this otherwise empty room. I thought the “Invisible Hand” was trying to pass a “secret message” to me, which was a clue that I had quite succeeded in disrupting Mr former Secretary's operation in the afternoon. Although the latter was in fact the case, I was probably paranoid about the Bible: it was just a regular item in every room of the motel. There was in fact some sort of emergency going on in the domain of international relations: the news about the judgment of the International Court had already circulated throughout the entire United Nations shocking everyone – so the United States was cheating? – and the Russian government was cashing in on this “accident” to the maximum degree possible. Meanwhile, in my motel room, I set up my Toshiba Satellite and began creating a backup image of its hard drive on my new Passport. It was supposed to take several hours, and, as I lay on the bed, I fell asleep. I woke up in the middle of the night, around 3 or 4 AM, absolutely terrified. How did I know that government agents didn't clandestinely come inside my room while I was sleeping to put something in my laptop? Ever since the suit team sent an agent to burglarize my laptop in August last year, I had never left my computer equipment lying about unattended when I slept but had always kept them underneath my pillow. And yet, on this most important night, I left my baby Toshiba and my new external hard drive sitting on the table while I passed out on the bed. I thus packed everything inside my backpack, laid my backpack underneath my pillow, and slept on my things, so that, if government agents should sneak in while I was asleep, they would have to wake me up if they wanted to touch my computers and hard drives. After I woke up in the morning, I was terrified again, because I had placed my bag incorrectly so that the zippers were exposed on the side, such that government agents could have easily reached into my things without moving me at all. This possibility would continue to trouble me throughout the rest of the day and beyond, as you shall see in my videos. Before checking out of the motel, I studied for some time the backup image of my Toshiba's hard drive which I had created in my new Passport. See the first few minutes of my video diary of this day: “[sf_2_14_09.wmv](#)”.¹⁰⁹ After checking out of the motel, I came to another Starbucks on Market Street in the Financial District.¹¹⁰ (This was halfway between Montgomery station and Powell station.) For the next few

108 All this is recorded in: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/sf_night_2_13_09_840PM.WMA.

109 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/tDbkbAvBnn0>.

110 I have recorded my checking out of motel in:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/waking_fr_hotel_2_14_09_934AM.WMA; and then the rest of my day in: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/sf_limo_pltalking_2_14_09_1252PM.WMA.

hours I would be stuck here hashing the newly created backup image – the process would take several hours because of the enormous size of the files. (See 11:00 in the video diary.) I would also be paranoid about the possibility that the suit team might have sent agents to burglarize my Toshiba Satellite, repeatedly checking over the Event Viewer's log for signs of intrusion and filming the serial numbers on my wireless cards and hard drives as proof. My immobility provided the CIA and Mr former Secretary with a string of opportunities to pull new tricks to fix the damage I had done yesterday to their master plan. The CIA pulled their favorite trick by sending in a beautiful operative of theirs to sit in front of me (14:00 in the video), hoping that I would identify her outright as a CIA agent, in which case they could argue that, if I was able to identify a CIA agent by mere sight, then I must have made the Skype calls yesterday with full awareness of the consequences. This was, at this moment, really the only way for the United States to save the trial it had lost. Amidst all the international uproar, the CIA decided to secretly appeal to judge Higgins in her "secret compartment". They complained to her: I was again trying to harm the United States by purposely making calls on my Skype at such time as would cause the United States to lose this lawsuit to the Russians in the "lower court". Although judge Higgins agreed, she was impartial enough as to want to see some evidence for this. Thus the CIA sent in an agent to lure me to identify her – just like their sting operations on me in Shanghai. If I fell for the trap and identified the CIA agent as such, then the CIA could motion to judge Higgins that I must be aware of what I was doing yesterday when I made the Skype calls – that I was purposely helping Russia – and that Russia, being helped by a terrorist suspect, was therefore in violation of UN Resolution 1373. Just as this "show trial" was itself conducted to neutralize my terrorist threat and enforce UN Resolution 1373, so, in this instance as well, judge Higgins should enforce UN Resolution 1373 by ordering Russia to cooperate with the United States in neutralizing the "terrorist harm" which I had just inflicted on the United States with my Skype calls. If I had talked to this CIA woman sitting in front of me, that is to say, the Russian government would suddenly be secretly ordered by judge Higgins to close the International Court and stage a show with the United States to deceive the world: forging evidences showing that it was indeed the SVR itself which had instructed David Chin to use specialized software to create beep sounds identical to those created by his first, stolen laptop, and to do so at just the right time when Mr former Secretary was making his admission; and then letting the United States discover these evidences as if by accident so as to exonerate the United States in the eyes of the world, causing all nations to believe that the United States had never forged evidences to frame Russia and that it was evil Russia which had played dirty tricks to make United States look bad to the world.

Although I hadn't yet understood this terrible dirty trick (using UN Resolution 1373 to force your opponent to harm himself for your sake) I had enough inkling of the situation to know that, if I talked to this beautiful CIA woman, I would have undone the good work I had accomplished yesterday. I therefore did no more than stand outside Starbucks to stare into her face through the windows. She noticed it, and said nothing. That the United States was in big trouble was soon indicated by the appearance of the first limousine in a series which would parade themselves in front of me throughout the rest of the day (14:30 in the video). I then filmed the suspicious black man on wheelchair who was loitering outside (17:00 in the video). Then a suspicious Chinese man came in to sit at the table next to mine, pretending to be engrossed in Chinese newspapers

(18:00 in the video). Note this man well, for he was a Chinese intelligence officer (a MSS officer). Because I didn't talk to the CIA woman, there was no evidence that I was purposely helping Russia yesterday, and so the CIA tried again. Again, if I talked to this Chinese officer and made any gesture to indicate I knew he was not an ordinary person, the CIA would contend to judge Higgins that this was evidence that I could not have possibly not known about the effect of my Skype calls yesterday, such that Russia should be obliged under UN Resolution 1373 to help the United States neutralize my "terrorist harm". But, once again, I was smart enough to know that I should absolutely make no movement. Soon, another white limousine drove past my window (20:00 in the video). It was not just Mr former Secretary, but also his Homeland Security cronies, who wanted to take a peek at me, convinced that I had intentionally and with premeditation ruined their victory. Around 4:40 PM, two women and a man appeared to sit in front of me. They talked loudly about my Eee PC as if it were a rare and amazing piece of instrument. Although they didn't look pretty enough to be CIA agents, they still had that "CIA touch" (sophistication) in their demeanor – look closely at them in the video – and, given the circumstances, they could not be just ordinary people. They must be CIA agents here to produce more evidences suggesting that I was using a specialized spy laptop, with which the United States could cast more "reasonable doubts" on the whole matter in everyone's mind. Then another limousine outside my window on 23:50 in the video. Finally, by 5:30 PM or so, the hashing of the image backup had completed, and I left Starbucks to get cheap dinner in a nearby restaurant. (I was still in the vicinity of Market and Kearny). Suddenly, another white limousine appeared and paused for a moment in front of the restaurant's narrow entrance in order to allow the "important person" inside to study me. The driver also turned toward me to give me a look of utter annoyance. I quickly picked up my camcorder to film all this – see 24:30 in the video – at which point the limousine sped away. I could bet that the "important person" inside this mobile fortress was just Mr former Secretary Michael Chertoff himself. None of the tricks which the CIA had played on me throughout the entire afternoon had worked and casting "reasonable doubts" was not the same as reversing the Court's judgment – the intercept of my Skype calls from yesterday remained standing as evidence for the United States' fraud. Mr former Secretary was absolutely infuriated: I had beaten him after all. I was merely surprised by the fact that even the limousine driver knew about all this, and was annoyed by my continual treasonous attempt to help America's enemies in the International Court of Justice. I was also surprised by the fact that Mr former Secretary had always been in my vicinity. It is then that I realized for sure that the International Court trial had followed me wherever I went – that both the United States team and the Russian team had followed me from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, Vol III
On the Periphery of Karin's Meetups, II
Lawrence C Chin
September 2009 – January 2014; correction, November 2018



The MSS officer whom the CIA sent
to me, 2/14/09



The two women and one man who I suspected
were CIA agents, 2/14/09

After eating, when I was resting and smoking on street corners near Market Street, I counted seven more limousines and black Cadillacs with tinted windows circling around me. I didn't get to film them except in one case, but I noted them down in my aforementioned recording of the day: 6:01:00; 6:05:20; 6:06:20; two more, one without license plate, on 6:08:20; one more, and another empty one, on 6:11:30; another white one and black one on 6:12:00; another black Cadillac with tinted windows on 6:14:00. I then returned to the same Starbucks to check my emails. I was surprised to discover two more junk emails from a certain "Jon-Roger Maranda" updating me on his sailing trip along the coast of South America (6:36:00 in the recording). I had not seen this email earlier – on countless occasions when I checked my emails – and so the date of the email must have been altered to look like it was sent prior to my trip to San Francisco. Although I couldn't remember at the time who this "Jon-Roger Miranda" was – it turned out that this man was a member of the Assumption Orthodox Church whom I had never met but whom, somehow, the suit team had instructed to send me emails to "update" me on his situation – I did understand that the suit team had directed this junk email to be sent to me so that the Machine could confuse it into some secret communication which some Latin American intelligence service or drug lord had established with me. In this case, the alteration of the date of the email was to enable the United States to collect "evidence", not simply demonstrating my supposed connection with the Latin American intelligence service or drug lord in question, but also confirming the scenario that I had received a "signal" before coming up here – in which case it must be the Russians themselves who had instructed their Latin American allies to secretly instruct me to come to the Bay Area to make Skype calls. I was terrified, took a screenshot of Mr Miranda's two emails, and then filmed myself deleting them.¹¹¹ I felt sick to my stomach; not understanding the complexity of the evidentiary process of the ICJ, I actually believed, for a moment, that Mr former Secretary and the CIA had succeeded in using these two emails as evidences to establish my "conspiracy" with the Russians and suppress the intercept of my Skype calls from yesterday as evidences. In reality, without obtaining the most essential evidence that I could identify the secret agents around me by mere sight, the United States could do no more than "cast reasonable doubts" over the matter. Moaning and acting delirious and feeling hopeless, I went to Kinkos to send the hash-values for the backup image file to myself to create a "Google time-stamp" for it, then wandered through the city for a while, and finally came back to the Greyhound bus station in downtown to take the late night bus to return to Los Angeles. When I arrived in the Greyhound station in Los Angeles the next morning, Mr former Secretary and the CIA sent a Hispanic woman actress to ambush me on my way out. She stopped me on my track and wanted to hand me a pair of socks. Knowing that the suit team must be trying the same trick again – to get the Machine to intercept "a Latin American secret agent passing me secret messages" – I flatly refused the offer and ran away in horror. Perhaps Mr former Secretary and the CIA were hoping for more than "reasonable doubts"; perhaps they were hoping that this instance, coupled with the Miranda emails, may be enough "evidence" obliging ICJ lower court judges to rule that it was *possible* that I was directed by the Russians, via their Latin American partners, to make the February 13 Skype calls – and that the Court must thereby refrain from jumping to the judgment that the United States had committed fraud. But they had failed once again: I ran away without producing the evidence needed. Now, I had left for San Francisco in a

111 See the video at: <http://youtu.be/3RYlgeoF204>.

hurry without having yet replaced my apartment building key which had fallen into the elevator's shaft. Therefore, when I came back home, I had to wait outside for someone to come in or out so that I could get into the building. Just then, a bunch of Russian guys showed up at my apartment building's front entrance. Shocked, I ran away from them as fast as I could, fearing that they were actually sent here by Mr former Secretary and the CIA to produce more evidence showing me waiting for, and interacting with, my fellow "Russian secret agents" after I had "accomplished my mission". The intercept which the Machine would have produced would show merely "young men of Russian origin" interacting with a "black spot", and the judges at the International Court would have to accept this as possibly indicating "clandestine activities" because they really couldn't see anything. This was indeed the case, and the CIA was simply trying out more tricks to produce "reasonable doubts" – either to redeem the United States' reputation in United Nations or to stop the ICJ judges from issuing their judgment altogether. Although I ran way, I was still quite worried, for I didn't know what the "black-out range" was: within three feet from me, or five feet, or ten feet? How far did I have to run in order for the judges to see that I had nothing to do with these guys?

Since I could not yet go home, I made use of my time to go around town to take care of business. After trying, in San Francisco, to prove to the world that the laptop which Mr former Secretary had brought in was forged, I still felt compelled to gather more proofs as to what my computer equipment really consisted of, and so I rode the bus to Best Buy – the one on Venice and Overland where I bought both my Toshiba Satellite and my Eee PC – to film myself obtaining new copies of the receipts for my purchase – plus Best Buy's official summary of the entire history of my purchase there. Perhaps one day, I thought, this video and Best Buy paper could be used in the International Court of Justice as evidences for my innocence and the United States' wrong-doing.¹¹² After this I headed toward Westwood and spent the night in the UCLA library. I filmed the serial number of my new Passport in order to preempt future attempts by the government to forge my computer equipment.¹¹³ I then did more research on the library's computer on how to read the Event Viewer in order to detect traces of government's intrusion into my Toshiba Satellite. I was absolutely desperate because I assumed that government agents would certainly have the know-how to change the Event Viewer's log after breaking in, and that I was therefore wasting my time. Only years later would I understand that I was being overly paranoid here. The suit team probably didn't send anybody into my motel room while I slept. The Russians were watching them watching me.

After mid-night I hid myself inside the UCLA Medical Center's parking structure to write my "Letter of Petition". I had by now become sure that I had scored a major victory, and so listened repeatedly to Wir sind Helden's "Keine Angst Mehr" (the song which had accompanied me to Shanghai). It was all quiet and I didn't know how Mr former Secretary and the CIA could have been keeping their eyes on me. If they could, weren't they supposed to send in police officers or security guards to harass me so as to produce more episodes in my TV show featuring me engaging in antisocial behavior? For a while, I filmed myself writing: "[ucla_med_prk_lot](#)

112 The video can be seen on Youtube: <http://youtu.be/LSLc00qjVmw>. My February 15 attempt to document myself proving the authenticity of my electronic equipment is mentioned on p. 241 of my Letter of Petition (Attachment 38).

113 The video uploaded to Youtube: http://youtu.be/8nMbj_jDVUQ.

[writing_2_16_09.3gp](#)".¹¹⁴ When it was around 4 AM, my good time was interrupted – in accordance with my prediction. Two Medical Center security guards suddenly slammed the door open and burst in. I immediately turned on my recorder. They wasted no time in demanding that I leave – it is not that they opened the door and were surprised to find me sitting here, but that they already knew I was here and were specifically sent here to throw me out of the premise. Obviously, the CIA was able to know where I was hiding inside the parking structure – even though there were no cameras anywhere. While the security guards were walking me out, one of them, making faces to let me know how much he found me annoying, sarcastically encouraged me to go to the supermarket across the street “to do drawing”. See 3:25 in the recording:¹¹⁵ “You go across the street to that supermarket and ‘draw’ over there, okay?” Again, I was surprised by how quickly the latest news about the International Court trial over me had reached the entire police force and security industry – perhaps this was to be expected since everyone needed to know how to act in the next episode. The two Medical Center security guards must have already been briefed that I had helped Russia catch the United States committing fraud in the International Court, and so were upset with me. I was once again surprised to learn that no one understood why I took my own suffering and unhappiness so seriously – “Big deal that no one believes you can draw and write or that you couldn’t make any ‘real’ friends who are not government actors in a reality TV show which the government has created out of you”. The security guard was disgusted with me because he had *expected* me to accept being mistaken for David Chin in order to enable the United States to rule over Russia: Americans had the natural right to rule over the planet, and I didn’t respect that right. After all, I had not been “caught drawing” for quite a while because I thought that, if anyone saw me drawing, he or she would be required by the government to rumor that I was forging a drawing through magical means rather than simply drawing, just in order for the surveillance above us to intercept more “evidence” suggesting that I was someone else pretending to be myself.

I came back to my apartment building on early morning of February 16. I rang up Terese and asked her to replace my key. Terese was not pleased to see me at all. “I thought you said you’ve found it,” she said angrily. As was to be expected from a CIA operative, she was particularly angry with me for making those Skype calls. For my part, I was frustrated by the mental confusion she feigned. When did I ever say I had found my keys? She was just saying this in order for the Machine to intercept more evidence confirming that David Chin was either very mentally confused or completely frivolous in that he would change his story from one moment to the next. In any case, Terese demanded 5 dollar from me in money order to replace my keys.

By this time the ICJ judgment had been issued, the entire United Nations was shocked, and Russia was negotiating with the United States about compensation. Many issues of the day would be affected. Therefore, you should review the important developments in the international domain during this period to see which one might have been influenced by this ICJ trial: in January, NATO and Russia began work to patch up the broken relationship between them since the Russo-Georgian war (the NATO-Russia Council remained in suspension, as did many of the

114 At: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/B/ucla_med_prk_lot_writing_2_16_09.3gp.

115 At:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment42/kicked_out_ucla_pklot_draw_2_16_09_440AM.WMA.

cooperation programs between NATO and Russia);¹¹⁶ in January a second major dispute erupted between Russia and Ukraine over Russia's gas-delivery;¹¹⁷ then, there was the new EU initiative, prompted under Czech's EU presidency and the proposal from Sweden and Poland, to further expand "good relations" with former Soviet states;¹¹⁸ in January also, the United States made another response to Russia's nullification of Georgia's invasion by signing "Charta of Strategic Partnership" with Georgia;¹¹⁹ on February 7, the day Mr former Secretary decided that he could do nothing else than forge a laptop as evidence, the annual Munich Security Conference was taking place where Vice President Joe Biden, in a speech to an international audience, mentioned, for the first time, that the United States wanted a "reset" in its relationship with Russia;¹²⁰ finally you might want to watch the Russian representative to NATO Dmitry Rogozin's interview on Russia Today on February 19 2009 to get a quick overview of the controversies of that time¹²¹ – especially the problematic relationship between Russia and NATO on the eve of the 60th anniversary of the founding of the North Atlantic alliance.

The US agenda of a "Reset" with Russia was certainly the most deceptive action ever performed in the history of international relations. While the United States was launching a direct frontal assault on Russia in the International Court of Justice – this taking place in complete secrecy, away from public knowledge – in the public domain it dared put up the appearance that it was seeking a reconciliation with Russia. Try, then, to imagine how insulted the Russian government must have felt: the Americans are trying to shake our hands in front of people while, in a confidential setting, they are trying to frame us for these disgusting crimes which they have invented out of thin air. Nevertheless, the Russian government, under Putin's direction, must play this "double-reality game" with the Americans, for two particular reasons. The first is just the

116 See a summary in Stimme Russlands, January 27 2009, "Wiederherstellung der Beziehungen zwischen Russland und NATO": <http://german.ruvr.ru/2009/01/27/344414/>; and also Ivan Rodionov, "Russland und die NATO: Grenzen der Gemeinsamkeit", on the website of Bundeszentrale für politische Bildung, April 1 2009:

<http://www.bpb.de/apuz/32068/russland-und-die-nato-grenzen-der-gemeinsamkeit?p=all>.

117 See, for example, "Russland stoppt Gaslieferung an Ukraine, *Die Zeit*, January 6 2009

(<http://www.zeit.de/online/2009/02/russland-ukraine-gasstreit-neujahr>). Gazprom cut off gas supplies to Ukraine on New Year, 2009, 10 AM, as soon as the old contract expired. Gazprom could not arrive at an agreement with Ukraine in regard to Ukraine's payment of debt and the details of a new contract, and Ukraine refused to accept the hike of gas price to 250 dollar per 1000 cubic meter. ("Im jüngsten Streit will Gazprom den Preis für die Ukraine von zuletzt etwa 180 Dollar (pro 1000 Kubikmeter) auf 250 Dollar erhöhen. Damit müsste die ehemalige Sowjetrepublik für das russische Gas immer noch nur etwa halb soviel zahlen wie andere europäische Kunden. Trotzdem lehnt die Ukraine die Erhöhung ab. Die Regierung in Kiew will nach Angaben der russischen Agentur Interfax höchstens 201 Dollar pro 1000 Kubikmeter Gas zahlen.") As usual, the United States and EU would take Ukraine's side.

118 See Stefan Meister and Alexander Rahr, "Die EU-Russland-Beziehungen am Scheideweg", DGAP Aktuell, Feb 2009 N. 1: <http://www.eu-russia-forum.net/eu-russia-forum/wp-content/uploads/200902-alexander-rahr-stefan-meister-scheideweg.pdf>.

119 See the introduction to Georgian foreign policy, "Grundzüge der georgischen Außenpolitik", on the website of German Foreign Ministry, October 2013: http://www.auswaertiges-amt.de/DE/Aussenpolitik/Laender/Laenderinfos/Georgien/Aussenpolitik_node.html. Russia and Georgia did not have diplomatic relationship since the war last summer.

120 Vice President Biden's remark: <http://www.whitehouse.gov/the-press-office/remarks-vice-president-biden-45th-munich-conference-security-policy>.

121 On Youtube: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ml2bWxtaU6c&feature=sharecontrol&list=FLLC-JNKaHINvw2exrF0opcA&index=42>.

nature of human interaction. When you see Hillary Clinton stuffing the “reset button” into Sergei Lavrov’s hand, the latter had to be all smiles for politeness’ sake. While much of politics is just being polite in front of an audience, Russian officials must maintain their cool in the United Nations while being made to look so bad over this imaginary David Chin business. Secondly, the Russian government was in terrible need of West’s help at the moment. Putin’s dream of revitalizing Russia from its disintegration had come down to modernizing its economy – the basis of any military and political power, of both hard power and soft power. For this end, Russia desperately needed Western investment and transfer of technology. The Russian government was in a tremendous bind during this period: it must attract the enemy while the enemy was trying to eat them up. It is essential to understand the background:

Bereits während der Präsidentschaft Vladimir Putins hat eine Bestandsaufnahme der Ressourcen russischer Außenpolitik stattgefunden, die unter seinem Nachfolger Dmitrij Medwedew vollendet worden ist. Diese hat zu der Erkenntnis in der russischen Führung geführt, dass Russlands Ressourcen begrenzt sind, dass sowohl die militärischen als auch die ökonomischen Mittel abnehmen. Deshalb forderte Medwedew in seinem Internetartikel „Russland vorwärts“ eine Diversifizierung der russischen Wirtschaft, weg von Öl und Gas, und eine Modernisierung auf der Basis von technologischen Innovationen. Um wirklich eine Wende in der russischen Wirtschaftspolitik einzuleiten, bedarf es ausländischer Investitionen und Technologietransfers aus den EU-Staaten und anderen entwickelten Ländern. Die Einsicht, eine ökonomische Modernisierung Russlands nur mit westlicher Hilfe erreichen zu können, verstärkte die kooperativere Rhetorik der russischen Führung insbesondere seit 2009. Die globale Finanzkrise Ende 2008/ Anfang 2009 hat Russlands politischer und ökonomischer Elite die Abhängigkeit der eigenen Wirtschaft von der Weltwirtschaft und dem Ölpreis deutlich vor Augen geführt. Infolgedessen erhöhte sich die Bereitschaft, mit den USA in sicherheitspolitischen Fragen zu kooperieren und mit Hilfe der EU-Staaten die wirtschaftliche Modernisierung voranzutreiben. Um ausländische Investitionen und Technologien nach Russland zu ziehen, wurden die USA und insbesondere die EU in verschiedenen außenpolitischen Reden und Papieren der russischen Führung nicht als Rivalen sondern als Partner dargestellt. Beispiele für diese kooperative Rhetorik zeigen sich in einer Rede von Präsident Medwedew vor russischen Botschaftern und Vertretern internationaler Organisationen im Juli 2010 und in Putins Vorschlag einer Wirtschaftsgemeinschaft zwischen Lissabon und Wladiwostok während eines Wirtschaftstreffens in Berlin Ende 2010.¹²²

The “Reset” agenda was also causing a lot of confusion in domestic policy. Most people in the US government, even most of the Republicans, did not know that Obama administration’s policies were mostly dictated, behind the scene, by Dick Cheney himself, who, as noted, had

122 Stefan Meister, “Sicherheitspolitischer Neustart zwischen Russland und der EU? Das Weimarer Dreieck, Russland und die östliche Nachbarschaft der EU”, Genshagener Papiere Nr. 7, July 2011, Stiftung Genshagen: <http://www.stiftung-genshagen.de/>.

“chips” inside the brain of Obama and many of his cabinet members. Cheney was directing Obama to take what looked like a softer approach to Russia (like “Reset” and discussion about a new START and a nuclear-free world) even though the Obama administration was continuing the neocon strategy of provoking Russia as much as possible by encroaching upon its territories in piecemeal while covering up the process with lofty language, as if it were Russia’s fault. (Hence Biden also declared in his Munich speech that the United States would not tolerate Russia’s “imperialist behavior” in maintaining a “sphere of influence”, meaning, in fact, “Russia must lose its traditional satellites one by one, or its “buffer zone” little by little, to the Western alliance.) Thus, when the Republicans began criticizing Obama’s “Reset” and “arm-control” agenda as giving way to Russia’s muscle-flexing in exchange for peace,¹²³ everybody was deceived into a picture that depicted the opposite of reality. The Republicans had made it all look as if Russia was aggressively encroaching upon the United States when the reality was the opposite, as if the Obama administration was losing territories to Russia in face of Russia’s imperialist aggression when, again, it was Obama’s United States which was assaulting Russia aggressively in a clandestine war directed by Cheney from behind the scene. Yet the Russian government must play cool in the face of a United States which was inverting reality, making Russia look like an aggressor when it was really the victim of US aggression, all because it needed its economic partnership with Europe and the United States. Putin was finding himself in a bind because his Russia was in the same old position in which it found itself during the time of Peter the Great and Lenin: it had lagged far behind the West in technological development.

Note that Hillary Clinton, as US Secretary of State, traveled to China around February 21 to meet with the Chinese president Hu Jintao. The next day she gave an interview with the famous Chinese journalist Yan Lan in the US embassy in Beijing.¹²⁴ In the interview she again spoke of the new US approach, “Smart Power”, as if the United States intended to play softball to solve the world’s problems, in contrast to the previous administration’s hardball approach. Hypocrisy. What, however, was more noteworthy was her very meeting with the Chinese president at this time. I don’t have insiders to confirm this, but I suspect that Clinton’s travel had everything to do with the US loss of the ICJ trial since February 13. The United States had to work out certain issues with China, now that China was being framed this time and yet was obliged to help the United States under UN Resolution 1373 since the last time. I cannot say anything more on this. The most noteworthy event – definitely the direct consequence of my Skype calls – was however Ecuador’s expulsion, on February 18, of Mark Sullivan on the charge that he tried to hand-pick

123 See, for example, “Der reset button zwischen Konfrontation und Kooperation: Barack Obamas Russlandpolitik im Spannungsfeld nationaler Kontroversen und transatlantischer Zusammenarbeit”, Irina Hennig reporting for Friedrich Ebert Stiftung, Washington DC Office, April 8 2010 (<http://library.fes.de/pdf-files/bueros/usa/07148.pdf>), in which the typical rightwing criticism of Obama’s Russia policy from the Heritage Foundation is cited: “Not A Good Start: The Future of Arms Control”, October 29 2009 (<http://www.heritage.org/research/factsheets/not%20a%20good%20start%20the%20future%20of%20arms%20control>). Hennig’s conclusion is absolutely deceptive: “Während die amerikanische Seite es als Neustart begreift und dementsprechende Erwartungen an Moskau verbindet, sieht Russland die ‘Reset-Strategie’ bislang als notwendige Revision der Bush-Politik.” Nothing of the sort. The Russian government saw “Reset” exactly as what it was: to assault Russia, or provoke Russia with guerrilla warfare, while covering up “Operation Barbarosa III” with pretty rhetoric about desiring for a softer, diplomatic approach and wanting to repair relationship.

124 杨澜访谈, or Yan Lan One On One, February 22 2009. On Youtube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VLZjXP4cMYo&list=FLLc-JNKaHINvw2exrF0opcA&index=112>.

the lead-officer of a police unit – an unacceptable act of meddling in Ecuador's internal affairs – and that he did so as a CIA undercover officer inside the State Department who had been wrecking havoc in Ecuador's internal affairs for a long time already.¹²⁵ This happened merely 11 days after Ecuador's expulsion of Armando Astorga, an attaché with the Department of Homeland Security working in the US embassy.¹²⁶ Again, February 7 was a "key date", the day before Mr former Secretary's "visit" to me in his limousine. The most controverted subject between US and Russia during this period must have concerned Russia's new allies in South America: Ecuador, Venezuela, Bolivia, and, more and more, Brazil. (Argentina was increasingly going "leftward" as well.) The United States had been using "war on drug-trafficking" as the cover under which to destabilize the leftist regimes in these new Russian allies and, around New Year or so, the dispute with the United States – precisely on this ground – must have climaxed in Ecuador and Venezuela. Perhaps, in order to overturn the United States' "David Chin legend", Russia had also had to poke holes in the "Raul Reyes' laptops" story which, you recall, it had helped to construct, or at least tolerated, as part of its obligation to help the United States neutralize the terrorist harm which the MSS director had inflicted on the United States. It is to confront Russia's challenge in this domain, evidently, that Mr former Secretary had decided to also frame me for connections with Latin American drug-trafficking operations. And yet, SVR's forensic analysis of the intercepts from December 28, January 25, and February 4 had completely undermined the whole "David Chin legend", and therefore the United States' counter-claim against Ecuador and Venezuela. To express dissatisfaction with the United States' manufacturing

125 See for example, the short notice on AFIO Weekly Intelligence Notes, February 24 2009, on the website of AFIO (Association of Former Intelligence Officers: <http://www.afio.com/sections/wins/2009/2009-07.htm>): "Ecuador says expelled US official was a CIA operative". Mark Sullivan was certainly one of the most experienced veterans in the CIA's main function: destabilization of foreign regimes unfriendly to the United States. Kintto Lucas, writing for Emilio Corbière's AGENPRESS, has summarized Sullivan's exploits conveniently for us in "La CIA en Ecuador: Tras los pasos del agente-diplomático Mark Sullivan" (3/18/2009): married to a Colombian woman, he held close relationship with the Colombian military and intelligence service, and was involved in the operation to kill Raul Reyes and forge his laptops. He started his clandestine career in the 1980s working undercover in the US embassy in Bucharest, and then in Rwanda, Ethiopia, Eritrea, and Congo, where he aided the right-wing rebel Jonas Savimbi in the toppling of the left-wing government. In 1991 he was stationed in Haiti to help bring about the coup d'état against Jean-Bertrand Aristide. From 2004 to 2006, he was in Chile; and then in Cuba. He was then transferred to Ecuador just when Correa was elected. Lucas' short piece may be cited in full: "La revelación de que el supuesto diplomático estadounidense Mark Sullivan, además de controlar la Unidad de Investigaciones Especiales de la Policía (UIES), era director de la estación de la CIA... en Ecuador, volvió a poner en el debate público el papel que ésta cumple en América Latina. Si hacemos un recorrido por la actividades de Sullivan en los últimos veinticinco años, en diversos países del mundo, podremos ver que no se trata de un funcionario de segunda categoría dentro de la CIA. Fue destacado a Quito porque la [CIA] considera a Ecuador como un país importante dentro de la actual realidad geopolítica del área andina y de América del Sur. Ante la expulsión de Sullivan, el Departamento de Estado prefirió mantener una actitud mesurada porque de producirse un conflicto diplomático podría salir a luz el historial del funcionario como agente encubierto. En los registros biográficos del Departamento de Estado no existe referencia ni se menciona la trayectoria de Mark Sullivan, quien está casado con la ciudadana colombiana Clara Inés Sullivan Bustamante. Según algunas fuentes diplomáticas y de inteligencia, en los días previos y posteriores al ataque de las fuerzas armadas colombianas al campamento de Raúl Reyes en Angostura, Sullivan mantuvo una relación muy estrecha con la inteligencia policial y militar colombiana. Incluso algunas fuentes indican que Sullivan junto a su colega Michael Steere, Jefe de la Estación de la CIA en Venezuela, dirigieron la operación en la que se confeccionaron los miles de documentos aparecidos en el famoso ordenador de Raúl Reyes, dados a conocer durante y después del bombardeo al campamento de Raúl Reyes."

126 C.f. Elise Labott, "US protests expulsions of diplomats from Ecuador", CNN, February 18 2009: <http://edition.cnn.com/2009/WORLD/americas/02/18/us.ecuador.diplomats/>.

of the “David Chin drug-trafficking legend”, Ecuador’s Rafael Correa expelled Armando Astorga (February 7). If the “David Chin legend” fell apart, the “Raul Reyes legend”, with which the United States was able to tighten its grip on South America, might crumble as well. Now Mr former Secretary had become so nervous over this possibility – which was why he needed to see me, for what he thought was my intentional tricks on my aunts on December 28 – that he decided to forge my laptop. The consideration of these pressing issues of the day should allow you to surmise with reasonable certainty as to what, besides the strange audio software, Mr former Secretary had ordered his Homeland Security specialists to stuff into the forged laptop of February 12: documents proving David Chin’s connections with both the SVR and FARC; David Chin’s and FARC’s connection with drug-trafficking kings of South America; Russia’s and its South American allies’ evil plans to destabilize Colombia; David Chin’s further connections with China, such as the Chinese military intelligence; Putin’s personal role in “Operation David Chin”. Besides these, documents which proved that Russia was trying to steer all the above-mentioned “issues of the day” in their favor with a fraudulent conviction of the United States in this ICJ trial. The “specialists” who had forged these documents may have even included China’s MSS officers, who were obliged by UN Resolution 1373 to help the United States “neutralize” their director’s terrorist harm (to help the United States frame Russia, that is).¹²⁷

When the United States was caught doing this on February 13, however, part of the compensation which the CIA had been obliged to render to the Russians might just be the revelation of its operatives in Ecuador, allowing president Correa to expel the legendary “destabilization master” Mark Sullivan as well (February 18). The CIA and Mr former Secretary had now found themselves in a terrible bind. They could, in fact, nullify the International Court’s conviction by simply revealing to the judges and the United Nations that judge Higgins had secretly authorized them, a year ago, to forge evidences as the proper way to neutralize the terrorist harm which the United States had suffered – the “fraud” was in reality enforcement of UN Resolution 1373. Before forging my laptop on February 12, both of them might have even consulted with judge Higgins in secret to obtain her special authorization. But they refused to pull out this wild card unless there was absolutely no other way out: for, this could only save them at the cost of letting the entire United Nations know that the whole story about China’s sponsoring of nuclear terrorism and MSS director’s recruitment of Lawrence Chin’s twin brother

127 An incident which happened precisely on February 13 between China and Russia might be quite instructive in regard to the strange relationship between the two countries, supposedly allies against the United States, during this time: “On February 13, 2009, a Russian navy ship opened fire on an unarmed Chinese cargo ship near the far eastern Russian city of Vladivostok, sinking it and killing eight crew members. More than 500 rounds were fired to stop the ship, which the Russians claimed was trying to escape to avoid inspection. The Russian authorities defended the shooting and blamed the tragic outcome entirely on the captain of the Chinese ship. The Chinese foreign ministry’s reaction to the Russian shooting was rather lukewarm, with China complaining to Russia through diplomatic channels, saying it was ‘shocked at and seriously concerned’ about the killings but lacking any rhetoric of protest. The typical nationalistic reaction following such incidents was mostly absent from the Internet postings.” Howard Jia, “China Confronts U.S. Naval Surveillance Ship in South China Sea – Testing Obama?”, China Scope, May 17 2009 (<http://chinascope.org/main/content/view/1522/148/>). I would suppose that, while Russia was extremely unhappy with China around this time because China kept, per its obligation under UN Resolution 1373, helping the United States frame Russia for imaginary crimes, both countries knew that China really had no other choice. This ICJ case had effectively deprived Russia of China’s partnership. Hence China’s “lukewarm” reaction to Russia’s expression of unhappiness.

was made up. The Russian government was quite cognizant of the United States' dilemma, and part of their demand (part of the "compensation") must be that the United States agree to never again harass them with this "David Chin legend" and "lower court show trial". While the United States tried to put off the negotiation as long as it could – and agreed to Russia's demands when it couldn't put it off any longer – the CIA and Mr former Secretary began envisaging a way out of their conviction. They couldn't prove to judge Higgins that I had conspired with the Russians in this particular episode, and they couldn't reveal to the world the real justifications for this "show trial". They must find a way to defeat the Russians entirely within the mechanism of the "lower court" (or show trial).

The United States' ex-parte session with the International Court of Justice

From this day onward, the CIA began trying a new technique to manufacture evidences – a technique which would eventually morph into my biggest nightmare: directing agents and residents to text-message on cellphones near me. Suddenly, everywhere I went, someone would walk close to me, stand still, and start text-messaging. It took me no time to realize that the goal was for the Machine to confuse the text-message as coming from me. What had happened was evidently this. As the CIA planners and Mr former Secretary were looking for new ways to save their case, they noticed that I had some time ago text-messaged my step-mother. Later when I called my step-mother she claimed she had received something on her cellphone but didn't understand what it was. After this I never text-messaged again: I had no one to communicate with anyway. But this one and only text-message I had ever sent out in my whole life was intercepted by the Machine. It didn't constitute any sort of evidence then, but the CIA saw a certain usefulness in it now. They argued to the judges that this single intercept of my text-message indicated that I had a persistent habit of text-messaging and that it might be precisely through text-messages that I had communicated with my Russian boss – since the suit team could not create any other evidence for Russians' secret instruction for me to make my Skype calls. The CIA would "configure" the Machine to look for only text-messages coming from or to me; but they would motion to the judges that the Court permit the Machine to automatically black out the numbers from which the intercepted text-message originated and the numbers to which it was destined – on the same old ground that international laws required the protection of the privacy of the people who were under surveillance. When the judges were deceived by this hypocrisy, the ground was laid for Mr former Secretary and the CIA to play more tricks to frame me and the Russians, for the intercept which the Machine would produce could indicate only an approximate location from which the text-message originated and an approximate location to which it was destined. They would then only need to direct the people around me to text-message something that *looked like* clandestine communication with foreign powers: they would interpret the Machine's intercept of the ambiguous text-message as "evidence" for David Chin's secret communication with the Russians: "Respectful judges, it seems that a lot of text-messaging has originated from our subject's vicinity. These text-messages all look like secret communication between spies – in metaphors and riddles. You cannot overlook the coincidence: who else in our subject's vicinity is suspected of being a spy? It must have come from our subject, and it must be destined for the Russian intelligence. This must be how he has been getting directions from the Russians about how and when to initiate an operation – operation such as to produce the right

beep sounds from a different laptop so that it would look to you as if we had forged his laptop.” Because of the way in which the “lower court” was set up, these ad-hoc ICJ judges, especially chosen for their naïveté, could not notice the obvious cracks in the TV show staged by the suit team: If I was so aware of the trial going on about me in the International Court of Justice and if, as a foreign agent, I was *really* carrying out assignments given me by evil foreign powers, why would I maintain all these obvious contacts with foreign agents knowing that I was under careful watch from satellites and that all my communications were being intercepted by a Machine especially installed inside the Court house? If the foreign powers in question were directing me to call in or to do this and that so as to influence the court proceedings, why would they communicate to me electronically knowing that the Machine was waiting to catch us talking? I have especially raised this issue in my Letter of Petition. Again, if the Russians had ever pointed this out, Mr former Secretary would simply evoke David Chin's supposed “mental retardation”: that he only carried out orders robotically, without really understanding the purpose of the mission, and therefore didn't really understand how there was a lawsuit about him in this “International Court of Justice”; and that the Russians had no choice but to communicate with him electronically because there was no other way to get through to this mentally retarded secret agent.

Then, the next day (the 17th), while I was waiting for the bus to go to my storage unit, the suit team sent in two agents to come in front of me. One of them borrowed the cellphone of another and made a call. Thus had the Machine intercepted another mysterious call seemingly made from my phone and whose mysterious content looked like espionage communication. As I had begun to understand the tactic, I immediately ran a distance away from these actors, hoping that I had jumped out of the range of my “approximate location”. My time at the storage facility is recorded in “[storage_dt_straps_2_17_09_214PM.WMA](#)”. After storage, I went to UCLA. When I was buying food in the cafeteria, another Homeland Security agent (ugly and vulgar as usual) came to stand next to me to text-message. I quickly realized that this was not normal and that I was being “intercepted” communicating with Russian intelligence. I then spent some time hiding inside UCLA's underground parking structure to write my Letter of Petition. When I exited the campus parking structure and was walking through Westwood Village, the suit team sent a Russian guy to surreptitiously cross path with me – without my noticing it to avoid him – and to murmur something in Russian to my ear. I was absolutely startled, knowing that, when the surveillance above us picked up this episode, Mr former Secretary was going to interpret it as “Russian agent secretly conveying a message to me”. Even though my recorder was turned on just as always, it was inside my shirt pocket and couldn't catch the murmuring: “[cfbean_wstwd_rus_murmur_30_2_17_09_1140PM.WMA](#)”.¹²⁸ (The murmuring should have occurred around 30:00 in the recording.)

Apparently, this was the tactic which the CIA and Mr former Secretary had developed to save their trial. After they had consulted with judge Higgins, the latter replaced the original lower court judges with new judges and authorized the United States to have an ex-parte consultation

128 Hear it at:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment41/cfbean_wstwd_rus_murmur_30_2_17_09_1140PM.WMA

with them. Judge Higgins sanctioned all this, again, in the name of enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 – since the “terrorist harm” which the United States had suffered (the obstruction of US global agenda) had not yet been “neutralized”. The CIA and Mr former Secretary presented the new judges with these “evidences” for my possibly communicating with, and getting directions from, the Russian intelligence in extremely subtle manners which had hitherto escaped surveillance: ambiguous text-messages and murmuring by the ear. (Some sort of in camera examination of special evidences, in other words.) The CIA played the usual tricks of blaming their own evil onto the Russians: “The Machine has hitherto failed to catch the text-messages between our subject and the Russian intelligence because the Russians have been exploiting the privacy rule which prohibits us from displaying originating numbers and destination numbers on intercepts, and have chosen to direct David Chin by text-messages precisely in view of this.” The Agency then evoked a special statute by which the International Court shall permit a special operation to catch the guilty party without informing them, as if in a sting operation.¹²⁹ The new judges (or president Hisashi Owada) permitted the procedure by which the Russians shall persist in the illusion that the Court had declared them victorious, without ever informing them that it had secretly permitted the Americans to catch them committing frauds behind their back. The CIA informed the new judges: “According to these ‘signs’, the Russians are still directing David Chin to carry out operations to pretend to be his twin brother; let’s just wait. You, respectful judges, will see the Machine printing out evidences showing you how the Russians are sending David Chin around to pretend to be a terrorist suspect.” The new ICJ judges were thus deceived into agreeing to secret court proceedings, and, while the Americans pretended to concede to the Russian demand to never again pursue this case over David Chin, never informed the Russians that they were secretly continuing the case with

129 Wouldn't this whole process be unfair to the Russians? We have already seen that, apparently, the International Court of Justice functions in many respects analogous to the domestic justice system, especially the common law system of the Anglo-Americans. Consider the explanation of “ex-parte” at The Free Dictionary's Free Legal Dictionary (<http://legal-dictionary.thefreedictionary.com/ex+parte>): “Under the Fifth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, ‘No person shall ... be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without DUE PROCESS of law.’ A bedrock feature of due process is fair notice to parties who may be affected by legal proceedings. An ex-parte judicial proceeding, conducted without notice to, and outside the presence of, affected parties, would appear to violate the Constitution. However, adequate notice of judicial proceedings to concerned parties may at times work irreparable harm to one or more of those parties. In such a case, the threatened party or parties may receive an ex-parte court hearing to request temporary judicial relief without notice to, and outside the presence of, other persons affected by the hearing. Ex-parte judicial proceedings are usually reserved for urgent matters where requiring notice would subject one party to irreparable harm. For example, a person suffering abuse at the hands of a spouse or significant other may seek ex-parte a Temporary Restraining Order from a court, directing the alleged abuser to stay away from him or her. Ex-parte judicial proceedings are also used to stop irreparable injury to property. For example, if two neighbors, Reggie and Veronica, disagree over whose property a tree stands on, and Reggie wants to cut down the tree whereas Veronica wants to save it, Veronica can seek an ex-parte hearing before a judge. At the hearing, she will ask the judge for a temporary Restraining Order preventing Reggie from felling the tree. She will have to show the judge that she had no reasonable opportunity to provide Reggie with formal notice of the hearing, and that she might win the case. The court will then balance the potential hardships to Reggie and Veronica, in considering whether to grant Veronica's request.” The CIA must have argued to the ICJ judges in the same vein, namely, that, since the Russians were cheating, letting them know that the United States was bringing up the matter to the judges' attention would cause them to hide their mistakes, that Russians would therefore never be caught, and that irreparable harm would therefore have been caused to the United States. Ex-parte proceeding was thus necessary, and was especially sanctioned by the ICJ president “at the lower court level”, who, beginning just a few days ago, was Hisashi Owada.

the Americans. Nobody else in the United Nations was informed about this either – which meant that the United States had to temporarily swallow the world's perception that America had committed fraud and concede to Russia's new demands in South America.

The CIA's plan was that, since the Machine could easily make something out of nothing, they would let me go about in my business for a while hoping that Machine's surveillance could make out of it both David Chin's antisocial and disgusting characteristics and some "Russian intelligence operation" – operation for me to pretend to be myself and a terrorist suspect, of course. If not the latter, then at least the former. Specifically, the CIA officers had noticed that I was writing something as if I wanted to appeal to a certain institution about my plight. The Machine could probably turn this into a "Russian intelligence operation". As the CIA submitted to the new ICJ judges, in camera, more and more evidences showing me conforming to the profile of David Chin, receiving instructions from the Russians in undetectable ways, and carrying out Russian order for me to pretend to be Lawrence Chin, they would then suddenly orchestrate an accident causing me to be "intercepted" with my computer equipment in which indisputable evidences would be found proving that the laptop which the United States had presented to the Court on February 13 was genuinely mine and that the Russians had indeed instructed me to duplicate my Skype beep sounds on a second, identical laptop in order to create the appearance that the United States had committed fraud. I will explain the details of this operation momentarily. Meanwhile, within a week, I would see more indications that my February 13 Skype calls had disrupted Mr former Secretary's trial so spectacularly that he had not yet succeeded in reversing the damage. Something had now changed; the widespread hostility which the suit team had orchestrated among the population and public personnel toward me had ceased. People suddenly became extremely courteous to me. It was natural for me to assume that, because of the February 13 debacle, the Russian government was now looking into the surveillance system over me, so that all the people around me – shopkeepers and strangers – were suddenly instructed to act normal around me in order to not expose to outsiders how they had been victimizing me. Meanwhile, I continued to avoid interaction with anyone.

I saw the most definitive sign for my February 13 success on the night of February 18. Like every other night of this quiet week, I spent the night in UCLA library. When I had finished my work and returned to downtown Los Angeles, I stopped by the gas station on Olympic Blvd and Grand Avenue to buy snacks. Then I noticed a black Cadillac with tinted windows slowly pulling in and stopping so that the unseen figure inside may have a chance to study me. It was Mr former Secretary, of course. This was the same gas station where he and Boss Cheney came to see me in a limousine on the night of February 11, 2008. I realized then that it must be because the Russians had jumped on him for his blatant forging of evidences that I was enjoying a break from his operations: he always liked to have a personal view on his most supreme, and never failing, arch enemy. My act had made him into a universal laughing stock, the ultimate idiot, in front of the ICJ judges and all these important people in the international domain. His feeling couldn't have been more hurt when he attempted to commit fraud and deceive people only to be caught in the end. He truly believed that I had calculated everything just in order to embarrass him and expose him: going up to San Francisco and making Skype calls just at the right time all according to premeditated calculation, which, as you have seen, was simply not the case. He was

angry: just when he thought he had at last achieved victory over me – once the Russians were beaten, there would no longer remain any of the embarrassments I had caused him in 2006 and 2007, as all his failures would have been transformed into his advantages. And yet he “lost” to me, and so terribly. He wanted to study me close-up, his greatest adversary whom he just couldn't beat. I was myself thoroughly impressed by his courage to lie and commit frauds – all because I didn't yet understand that the United States was specially permitted by judge Higgins to commit frauds. I wouldn't dare forge such a big piece of evidence even in a county courthouse, let alone in an international court of law. And yet, after a year of lying and cheating and presenting false evidences in the International Court of Justice, this Michael Chertoff proceeded to forge a laptop as “evidence”. Even though I had achieved a spectacular victory, I was under no illusion that all was over – I knew that Mr former Secretary and the CIA would always succeed eventually in suppressing the intercept of my Skype calls as evidence by magically producing evidences to show that I had conspired with the Russian intelligence. Besides this, because of the forgery of February 13, I had developed a paranoid fear for the scenario that my future savior – like the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights – might not believe my recordings and videos were real. You can see me enumerating in details these unnecessary and unrealistic fears in my Letter of Petition – unnecessary and unrealistic because, outside the International Court of Justice, none of these recordings and videos held any value for anyone.

Today I suspect that Mr former Secretary's showing up might have something to do with Russian government's insistence on looking into Machine's surveillance over me. I began to notice massive surveillance on me in these days whenever I went. The next day, February 19, my environment had become so suspect – if I rode the bus, every single person on the bus would be wearing earphones – that I would make a video diary for this day just to document the possible surveillance. See: [surveillance_2_19_09.wmv](#).¹³⁰ Look at the video carefully: while some of the “earphone people” were just ordinary bus riders, a few whom you are seeing must be surveillance agents. Note especially the man who clandestinely took a picture of me when I was walking on the street in Silverlake (4:00). At the time I assumed these were Homeland Security agents – Mr former Secretary, as you have seen, always had a habit of increasing “true surveillance” on me when I did something to disrupt his case. But today I can say for sure that many of these surveillance agents were actually working for the Russian side, and that the man who took a picture of me was specifically collecting evidence for the Russians that I in fact looked no differently from Lawrence Chin. Those Hispanic “earphone people” were in fact surveillance agents from the Latin American nations which were affected by the February 13 forgery.

The idea of my own lawsuit

If you wonder what I was doing in the UCLA library in these days, I'll tell you: I was trying to read as much as possible about international laws and so on. What have victims done in the past when they had claims against a state? One night, I read about this “Alien Tort Claim” in a book on Google Books. Apparently, foreign citizens had been allowed to come to the United States to

130 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/uDgxBq3D1sY>.

file lawsuits against foreign “totalitarian” governments – as if the United States were the beacon of justice and the last hope for victims of government oppression. I suddenly realized that, besides petitioning international human rights organizations, I could also file lawsuits against foreign governments (like the Russian government) in a federal district court in the United States – by invoking the “Alien Tort Claim”. I began developing this idea in my mind as a “backup plan”. Why would I want to sue the Russian government? Well, instead of allowing the United States to “collect” faulty evidences from me without my having any say, I could voice “my side of the story” directly to the Russians in a lawsuit. I knew that I was not supposed to help Russia; but, by suing Russia – was I not making myself into a plaintiff of abuse rather than a traitor eager to sell off the United States to evil foreign powers? For this “backup plan” to work, of course, I would also need to study how lawsuits were usually filed in US district courts. I studied one particular lawsuit, Internet Archive's lawsuit against the director of FBI, the Attorney General, and Mr Cummings of the FBI, filed December 14 2007. (The Archive was represented by ACLU, ACLU Foundation, ACLU Northern California, ACLU Foundation of Northern California, and the Electronic Frontier Foundation.)¹³¹ I had downloaded the complaint from the Internet around December last year, and I thought I could use it as a template for formatting my own federal civil complaint if I should ever choose to go this route. I would eventually learn from reading it the need to make subdivisions (“jurisdiction and venue”, “intradistrict assignment”, etc.) and number paragraphs in a federal lawsuit.

Paranoia about my storage unit and “protest”

The suit team's operations on me continued, but became much subtler, since February 16. On the early morning of February 21, when I came downstairs around 4:50 AM, I noticed a disgusting novel, Rutledge Etheridge's *Agent of Destruction*, lying on the counter. Normally you would never give another thought to finding some book lying around, but I was sensitive enough to notice that this was suit team's operation. I thus filmed it immediately: “[strange_book_2_21_09.wmv](#)”.¹³² Believing in the Machine, the ICJ judges would suppose that it was David Chin who had left his book lying around – which thus confirmed that Mr former Secretary's profile of David Chin as “shallow” and “fluffy” and a morbid lover of “secret agent stuff” was indeed correct. This is part of CIA's ex-parte session with the ICJ judges, part of the in camera examination of evidences where the United States could demonstrate that, whenever people examined me, I just seemed to fit the profile which Mr former Secretary had created of me, that the United States' case against Russia was genuine, that, therefore, the Russians must have done something on February 13 to frame the United States for framing Russia, and that, thus, this ex-parte procedure to catch the Russians cheating was justified. Of course, the CIA now tried to be subtler in producing evidences out of me – like this one – in order to not arouse my suspicion –

131 The lawyers for the plaintiffs were: Melissa Goodman, Jameel Jaffer, Danielle Tully, and Ann Brick, all from ACLU; and Cindy Cohn, Kurt Opsahl, and Marcia Hofmann, from the Electronic Frontier Foundation.

132 See it on Youtube: http://youtu.be/uq_A0bVYeuM. The book is reviewed on Amazon thusly: “Rutledge Etheridge delivers an action-packed novel of future warfare and subterfuge. As the Silver and Gold Fleets recover from their historic battle, a spy from the planets continues her mission. To keep the worlds from being plundered by the Fleets, she must thwart any alliance between them – and plunge them into a state of chaos that will destroy them completely...” The sort of science-fiction garbage which a shallow, “fluffy”, creature like David Chin would certainly love.

since it was precisely, they thought, my understanding of the evidentiary process which had enabled me to disrupt their work on February 13.

A few things which the CIA did during this quiet time, however, had seriously scared me. They began, for example, to orchestrate constant sounding of fire alarm wherever I went. Fire alarm went off for a prolonged period in my apartment building on February 18 when I was away – I knew about it because I had, again, hidden one of my Olympus recorders inside my closet. When I went to my storage unit on February 20, the fire alarm also sounded continuously throughout the whole facility, scaring me to death. At the time I was photographing the notebook I was using in the past year – the one on which I had made all these portraits of Karin and other people. See the video: "[backupdvds_ntbks_suitcase_2_21_09.wmv](#)". You can hear the sudden sounding of fire alarm on the end of this video.¹³³ The next day, February 21, when I was again at the storage facility, the manager – who had of course already been recruited by the suit team to do "acting" – simply told me that they were upgrading the alarm system. Of course he was lying. I was convinced that the sudden abundance of fire alarm drills was no coincidence, and thought that this meant that Mr former Secretary wanted to do something to me. But what? To make it look as if I posed grave danger to others so as to justify locking me up permanently in psychiatric facilities against my will? Ever since I recorded Terese's lies about my being a "fire hazard", I knew that both Mr former Secretary and the Agency would like to create a "fire hazard" out of me, especially because I had been smoking so excessively in response to the severe depression I was suffering from due to prolonged isolation. When I left the storage facility on February 21, however, I suddenly thought of a different possibility. I suddenly remembered how, several days earlier when I was at the storage facility (February 17, that is), the employees feigned faulty memory and recalled me having a different storage unit. Perhaps, I thought, Mr former Secretary and the CIA were still bent on forging electronic equipment in order to frame me for forging recordings of conversations and secretly connecting with foreign intelligence and thus to get out of their current predicament, and they could do this by creating a fire alarm incident at the storage facility and instructing the facility personnel to wrongly attribute the fire to me, thus producing a pretext under which to search a wrong storage unit as if it were mine, and ending up finding suspicious Russian-made audio forging equipment which had been planted there beforehand. The Machine's interception of this "episode" could then be used in the International Court as "evidence" that the Russians had instructed me to make my February 13 Skype calls. As usual, I immediately made a Google time-stamped recording of my realization: "[storage_confirm_unit_2_21_09_212PM.WMA](#)", in which I also included identification information about my storage unit.¹³⁴ You need not take this seriously, however, because, unlike the last time, my guess was probably wrong-headed. While the CIA was indeed looking for chances to manufacture evidences to show that the United States had not forged any laptop on February 13 and that it was the Russians who had cheated by instructing me to make calls on that day, their plan was to "find the evidences" by causing me to be hospitalized. In other words, my original fear for psychiatric lock-up was more on the target. Once enough preliminary evidences

133 The file is misnamed. It should be "2_20_09...". It is uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/opKBKacV6fY>. You can also hear the episode of the fire alarm on 1:44:00 and 2:12:00 in my recording of that afternoon: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/storage_alarm_2_20_09_122PM.WMA.

134 The video I have made of the content of my storage unit is: [my_storage_2_21_09.wmv](#), which I have uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/TaQTHvLuZa8>.

had been gathered – evidences to secretly demonstrate to the new ICJ judges that, whenever anyone looked into the matter, the United States' case just seemed to be correct – the Agency would look for opportunities to order the police to detain me on 5150. The detention had to be legal – for they had promised judge Higgins to not abuse me illegally – and so the police would have to do so with more or less valid reasons. It was just that the reason would have nothing to do with fire-hazard. When the Machine printed out a description of my detention, however, the description would be sufficiently confused as to convince the judges that I was detained for causing fires and endangering the lives of others: what do you expect from this mentally retarded David Chin! It was indeed to prepare me for hospitalization that the CIA had begun to orchestrate the sounding of fire-alarms around me. In the mental hospital, my computer equipment would be put into storage in accordance with hospital rules. The CIA would move in at that time and plant a forged laptop in which a Russian duplicate of the Skype software which Mr former Secretary had brought into the Court, and many other audio-forging wizards and duplicates of spy documents linking me to FARC, etc., would be found proving indisputably that it was the Russians who were cheating on February 13, not the Americans. When the CIA should request judges' permission to clandestinely intercept "my laptop" from the hospital into the International Court, the agent would, again, purposely make mistake and intercept the forged laptop. Thus, around February 16 or 17, my fate had already been sealed – I would be hospitalized – because too much was at stake and the CIA had no other ways to get out of their predicament. My only fortune was that the hospitalization would not be permanent but would last not much longer than a week, just like how it was normally done, because the CIA had to not (at least not blatantly) break any laws. Thus, it would really not matter what I did in response to all these fire alarms. What I had chosen to do could then only be considered stupid. I might as well do nothing. I should have just worked on my Letter of Petition and ignored the whole matter. But, instead, I decided that I needed to go up to San Francisco *again* to make a complaint to the Russian authority and request a temporary halt to the lawsuit on "humanitarian grounds" – that I couldn't withstand all the operations while trying to petition, that I needed to petition *before* the lawsuit should end in the United States' favor.

It was now Saturday night. When I was at the Union Station getting ready for my trip, I got ever angrier as I saw everyone pretending not to know me, and I felt enormous disgust with the American people around me who never ceased putting up a show in front of me. I thus spat on a woman, a complete stranger, who happened to walk past me. The woman reported it to the station police and the police officer soon caught up with me. Under such circumstances, I apologized to the woman.¹³⁵ Now it would later become clear that the Machine had picked up the incident by intercepting police communication and that the United States was able to present to the International Court another piece of evidence confirming that I (David Chin) was viciously malicious (Antisocial Personality Disorder).

As you can hear in the recording, I was extremely upset and impatient that night – I just couldn't get the US government off my back! – and was cursing and babbling while getting myself to the Greyhound station. By 11 PM that night I was on a Greyhound bus going toward San Francisco.

135 This is on 51:00 in my recording of that night:
http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/train_greyhd_pl_detain_2_21_09_728PM.WMA.

By Sunday morning, February 22, I was in San Francisco. I bought some card boards at an art store on Market Street and then headed out to the Russian consulate on bus. This time I had carefully looked up its location on the map; nevertheless I got off the bus somewhere around Union and Broderick, and had to exhaust myself walking up many hills before I was able to find the consulate. I went to a street corner one block away from the consulate and began making a little protest sign with the card boards I had just bought. The neighborhood was utterly quiet and devoid of human presence, and yet within minutes a silver van with tinted windows showed up on the street corner. The van paused in the distance to keep watch on me for a minute or two, and then drove off. I knew instantly that it was the Russian diplomatic service's security team which had come to check on me to see what I was doing. I was surprised that the Russian government could know so quickly that I had come to San Francisco and was loitering near their consulate. I still don't know how this had happened. Since the Russians were under the illusion that the International Court case had been closed, they shouldn't be able to access the Machine sitting in there to get constant updates about my "approximate locations". The Russian government was somehow keeping close watch on me – a US citizen in US territory. I should have known for sure then – because this was the only possible explanation – that many of the surveillance agents I had noticed in the past few days were indeed working for the Russian side. This was my very first time in coming under Russian surveillance, and I was very shocked by how security-minded the Russians were and how little noise they made while keeping watch on me. I was beginning to learn that the Russians were an entirely different kind of beast than the Chinese.

In any case, I wrote on the card board how "Homeland Security had let me know that Russia was suing the United States again" by running all these operations on me to produce fake evidences out of me and how I wanted to plead that all nations temporarily halt the lawsuit on humanitarian grounds. After I made my sign, I went back and sat across the street from the Russian consulate for an hour or so displaying my sign, even though it was a Sunday. I wasn't going to wait until Monday, and I wasn't disappointed because I could see that there were people inside the building since some of the windows were open. All the windows were tinted silver so that outsiders could not see what was going on inside. Again, I was struck by how mysterious and deep the Russians appeared, in complete contrast with the easy-going manner which characterized the Chinese consulate: no one in the consulate made a sound, as if I weren't even here, and yet I would soon become sure that the Russians were watching me very closely and reading my sign. The "protest" was not easy because it had been raining intermittently that day, and I was absolutely scared because coming face to face with the Russians could risk becoming evidence for my "conspiracy" with them – causing them to die. After sitting there for a while, I was getting bored, and took my Toshiba Satellite out of my bag to continue writing my Letter of Petition. I also began filming myself for record: see 1:06 in the video diary I have made of my second San Francisco trip: sf_2_22_09.wmv.¹³⁶ I was sort of aware that I was supplying more evidences to the Russians proving that my laptop had never been stolen, and was feeling ambiguous about what I was doing. While I desperately wanted to show my laptop to them, if it looked like I was doing it on purpose, it might be evidence for "conspiracy", which could harm them severely. But

136 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/pfvWN02C6UI>. My "protest trip" itself is recorded in: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/to_protst_rus_consult_2_22_09_130PM.WMA.

I felt compelled to make use of every spare minute in order to write out my Letter of Petition as fast as possible.

I soon began to think that all this was a very bad idea, when two young guys drove up their car to me and parked. These guys, laughing and cheering, took several pictures of me using their cellphone and then drove off. I assumed at the time that they were Homeland Security operatives whom the US authority had sent in to conduct surveillance on me. I was terribly worried: the United States might be gathering evidences suggesting that I was trying to harm the United States by showing myself and my laptop to the Russians. Perhaps they were laughing because this was clear evidence for “conspiracy”. I thus decided to leave. The next morning, when I was working inside a bakery near Powell Station, security guards appeared to keep watch on me and communicated on walkie-talkie about me. I assumed that Mr former Secretary and the rest of the US government were simply playing the same tricks again: since Mr former Secretary cannot let the world know that this ICJ lawsuit over me was in fact widely known among the population and the public personnel in Los Angeles and San Francisco, he needed to pretend that “a schizophrenic, already known by authorities for harboring delusions about being the target of government investigation and the subject of international lawsuits and kept under watch for this reason, had, acting out his delusions, appeared before a foreign consulate to protest, and thus proceeded to broadcast alerts throughout the city, order security guards everywhere to keep watch on me, and send out agents to follow me. What I couldn't have comprehended at the time was the possibility that the two guys in the car were actually Russian agents. Even though everyone was still disputing in the International Court whether I was a “terrorist suspect”, the Russian government had always the right to regard me as “a delusional individual with the nasty habit of harassing diplomatic services around the world” in accordance with the very information which Mr former Secretary had once ordered his Homeland Security Department to communicate to the foreign ministry of every nation around the world. There was thus enough reason for the Russian consulate to request permission from the United States to conduct surveillance on me, even aside from the scandal which had been circulating in the international domain following upon the United States' conviction for forging my laptop. The way in which the Russian diplomatic service obtained protection within the territory of the United States was very particular (in comparison with the diplomatic services of other nations). They had contracted with the Department of Homeland Security, the US federal agencies responsible for protection of foreign diplomats, and the US corporations which supplied domestic surveillance services (the makers of “surveillance iPods”, etc.) to use the Homeland Security control centers, but they would typically opt to use their own agents (Russians recruited in Russia and sent to San Francisco to work for consulate's protection) whom they would direct from the control centers they had either rented from the Department of Homeland Security or operated in coordination with the Department or US federal agencies. When the consulate saw me “protesting”, the Russian intelligence decided that this was an excellent opportunity to gather more evidences about me (about my laptop and about how I looked and so on), and instructed the San Francisco consulate to send in two of their protective agents to take live photographs of me. The pictures were more proofs – which the Russian government could show around in United Nations – that I didn't look any different from the “terrorist suspect Lawrence Chin”. The reason why the two Russian agents were laughing and cheering, then, was that they had been well briefed about the

United States' fiasco on February 13. "This is the guy who just happened to make a Skype call from his laptop at the very moment when the United States entered into Court the admission that there couldn't be a second laptop outside the Court which could make identical Skype noises. What an idiot!" The "Great Joke" had even reached these "foot soldiers" of the lowest rank because of its supreme comical nature.

After "protest", on the night of February 22, because I was running seriously out of money, I passed the night in the Greyhound station in downtown along with other homeless people of the city.¹³⁷ I was determined not to rent any motel room this time, and I tried to make use of my time by continuing writing my Letter of Petition. I have just mentioned that, on the next day, February 23, I spent the morning in a bakery store in the Tenderloin area and was being guarded by a security guard. I filmed this security guard standing outside the shop to keep watch on me.¹³⁸ What was I doing in the bakery shop that was so suspicious? As I continued to fear that the suit team was planning to forge a storage unit to attribute to me, I was preparing a letter to the registrar of the International Court of Justice, Mr Philippe Couvreur, asking for the same "temporary halt of the ICJ trial on humanitarian grounds" in order to allow me time to petition. I was rather confused in this letter because, although I had realized that the ICJ trial was going on very near me, I still could not understand whether it was part of the main procedure in the Hague or whether the UN had set up a special tribunal just to deal with my case, in the same way in which the UN had set up the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia just to deal with the "war crimes" there.¹³⁹ (I would understand only months later that what had happened was that judge Higgins had ordered the ICJ to establish an ad-hoc court specially designed to suit my circumstances.) The ICJ registrar Mr Couvreur had caught my attention for a while because he was Belgian and a graduate of the Université Catholique de Louvain (law, 1971-1974), the same school which I had attended (1997 – 1998).¹⁴⁰ Faxing unsolicited handwritten letter to a UN judicial officer's office certainly looked like the senseless act of a deranged individual – which was the legal reason for the authority's keeping surveillance on me – and it would appear strange to Mr Couvreur himself because, although he must have been involved in my case in November 2007, by February 2008, when judge Higgins had established a special ICJ division to work on my case, there must be an ad-hoc registrar along with the ad-hoc judges, so that Mr Couvreur was long ago relieved of duty in my regard and would have no influence over my case anymore. Although he would not think me "delusional", he would not quite understand what I was talking about. When I finished writing the letter, I went to Kinkos to fax it to his office in the Hague. I naturally filmed the entire process of faxing the letter – just in case the suit team would have the Machine intercept me faxing spy materials to Moscow!¹⁴¹ When I came out of Kinkos, however, a Homeland Security agent ambushed me and took a picture of me. I got my camcorder out in time to film him walking away: see 2:10 in the previously mentioned video diary for February 22. At the time I just thought, again, that the authority was dealing with me in the same way here – that a delusional individual was acting out his delusions and faxing

137 My turbulent night at Greyhound station is recorded in:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/gryhnd_st_sf_pl_permit_prtst_2_22_09_717PM.WMA.

138 See the video: "guard_watching_me_sf_2_23_09.3gp", uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/uoQRwk6UtBs>.

139 See the ICTY website: <http://www.icty.org/sections/AbouttheICTY>.

140 See his short biography on the website of the ICJ: <http://www.icj-cij.org/court/?p1=1&p2=2&p3=1&judge=118>.

141 See the video on Youtube: http://youtu.be/foeJZA_qsZk.

nonsense to an important UN official, and that he must therefore be kept under watch. Just like in the previous days, I was still unaware of the possibility that all this might be related to the storm which was currently sweeping the UN General Assembly as Russia confronted nations around the world with evidences that the United States had been victimizing Russia with my case because, now that the International Court had issued a judgment condemning the United States, the Russians' and their Latin American allies' surveillance over me clearly showed that I was just Lawrence Chin himself and not Lawrence Chin's supposed twin brother. Under such circumstances, even though the United States had to temporarily admit defeat in the ICJ, it could still rebuff Russia's charges by providing more images of me showing me looking slightly different from Lawrence Chin. This Homeland Security surveillance agent who just took a picture of me, therefore, was sent to me either on the request of the Russian consulate protection service to gather evidence for Russia's case or under the suit team's instruction to gather evidence to support the United States' contention in the United Nations. A few hours later, while I was eating in a Chinese restaurant on Kearny (near Montgomery station), a Chinese waitress handed me a fortune cookie which contained the fateful suggestion: "More art in your life at this time would help you feel better." (See 2:50 in the video diary.) For sure, you will think me paranoid and insane for trying to discover government's operations in a fortune cookie, and yet, I knew then as well as I do now, that this was in fact the case. What had happened was that the CIA had indeed thought that my act of showing off my laptop to the Russians yesterday could be interpreted as a deliberate act to help Russia, and that they therefore told the new ICJ judges in camera that it seemed that the Russians had instructed me to pretend to protest in front of their consulate and to show off a fake, duplicate laptop as if by accident in order that Russia may have more evidences with which to convince the world that the United States had committed fraud on February 13. The ICJ judges could be convinced if evidences of "secret instruction" had indeed come to light. The CIA really believed that I had purposely shown off my laptop to the Russians, and predicted that I might at any time begin drawing while under Russian surveillance so that Russia may have more evidences with which to convince the world that I was really Lawrence Chin. The CIA therefore instructed the Chinese MSS to activate their agents in San Francisco and place one of them in this Chinese restaurant which I was seen frequenting. As soon as I was seen walking in today, the Chinese agent pretending to be the waitress came to deliver to me a "secret instruction" in the guise of a fortune cookie: "Do some drawing". The CIA would have instructed the MSS to purposely screw up during the operation in order to allow the United States to "clandestinely" catch them placing agents and passing me messages. The MSS had to do this to help the United States and frame Russia not just because they were under Americans' secret command but also because they were obliged by UN Resolution 1373 to help the United States neutralize the terrorist harm which I was still inflicting on the United States. If I ever did draw in front of the Russian consulate, the CIA could then offer the surveillance showing the Chinese communicating with me to the ICJ judges in camera and argue that another reason why the Russians had never been caught secretly instructing me was that they were using the Chinese as intermediary – and this time the Agency had finally caught the Russians. The CIA could then save their lost case. Yet, as you can see in the video, I was already so uncomfortable with nations' possible perception that I was purposely showing off my laptop to the Russians under the disguise of a protest that, not only had I stopped going to the Russian consulate and decided to appeal directly to the ICJ registrar in the Hague, but would also never do anything to show off

my characteristics as Lawrence Chin: insofar as I thought the secret message actually came from Mr former Secretary and the CIA, I would never do what the message had instructed me to do and would always do what the message had instructed me *not* to do.

When I returned to the Greyhound station (around 6 PM or so), I was suddenly asked by the station employee at the counter (a black girl) if I was ready to return to Los Angeles tonight. I immediately realized that both the Agency and Mr former Secretary were desperate for me to leave San Francisco right away. Why? Obviously, if I left San Francisco right after sitting outside the Russian consulate for one hour, it would look ever more like I was here solely to show off my laptop to the Russian diplomatic service. I was nervous. What I had just done out of the simple desire to not waste my time, writing my Letter of Petition while sitting idly in front of the Russian consulate – which would have allowed the Russians to obtain more evidences to confirm that the laptop which Mr former Secretary had presented in International Court on February 13 was a forgery – not only might not help the Russians, but was definitely going to hurt them. Leaving San Francisco immediately would allow the CIA to argue to the ICJ judges that it all indeed looked like I was here “on a mission”, “on instruction” – why would anyone come all the way to San Francisco just to sit outside the Russian consulate for one hour? Extremely suspicious. I thus decided to stay on in San Francisco for a few more days, just in order to dilute everybody's suspicion. This was a very smart move indeed. To save money, however, I would have to continue to sleep in the Greyhound station where it was customary for the homeless people of the city to pass the night and avoid San Francisco's famous cold weather. Now, on the next morning, when I, still in the station and feeling the urgent need to complete my Letter of Petition, was utilizing my time writing it on my laptop, I noticed another surveillance agent (wearing surveillance earphones) keeping close watch on me from a distance. I quickly filmed him (see 3:34 in the aforementioned video). At the time I thought him to be Homeland Security, and didn't consider the possibility that he might actually be watching me on Russians' instruction.

I would thus be under continual surveillance during my next two days in San Francisco. Meanwhile, I continued to be paranoid that the suit team might forge my computer equipment. For example, on February 23, before going about with my business in the city, I decided to deposit my bag at Greyhound's counter. When I returned to the station, I filmed myself getting my things back from Greyhound personnel in order to have proof as to what exactly I had deposited.¹⁴² Now, on Tuesday, February 24, I decided to further diversify my activities in order to dilute the suspicion that I only came here to show off my laptop to the Russians. I went to take a personal look at the Federal Building in which the Federal Court for the Northern District of California was located. This, I thought, was where I would file my lawsuit against the Russian government if I ever chose to take this route. Mr former Secretary and the Agency had no idea as yet about this backup plan of mine. When I was then surfing the Internet in a coffeehouse, I also noticed the news item about Ecuador's expulsion of Mark Sullivan. Hmm... I began to have an inkling about the consequences of my February 13 Skype calls.

142 See the video on my Youtube channel: <http://youtu.be/o9EBxaTlnk4>.

Wednesday, February 25. I was by now just passing time in order to prolong my stay in the city. Around 11 AM, I came inside the pretty Golden Gate University to use the electrical outlet to charge my laptop while working on my Letter of Petition. I happened to be filming myself writing again: [sf_gld_gate_uni_2_25_09_ca_11AM.3gp](#).¹⁴³ Soon a Homeland Security agent came in to sit on the chair next to me. He had earphones hanging over his chest and his laptop was probably a surveillance device. Then, while walking on Market Street, I noticed another Homeland Security surveillance agent watching over me and I quickly filmed him (4:35 in the aforementioned video diary). Then, by late afternoon, I was in the Starbucks across the street from Greyhound station working hard on my Letter of Petition. Around 6 PM or so, the fire alarm suddenly sounded, causing massive evacuation of the whole building. I filmed the whole incident in order to have proof that it wasn't I who had triggered the fire alarm. (See 5:00 in the video diary.) Even in San Francisco, the CIA continued to manufacture evidences to confirm the profile of David Chin as a fire hazard.

Because more and more disgusting homeless people were harassing me in the Greyhound station (many of them were Homeland Security actors secretly producing evidences for the ex-parte trial in the ICJ), and also because the weather was getting extremely cold in San Francisco, I gave up my attempt to save money on the night of February 25 and decided to permit myself to check into a cheap hostel to pass the night. I asked for a single room in order to avoid Homeland Security actors and suit team's operations. It was still in the Tenderloin area and I checked out of the hostel by 11 AM on February 26.¹⁴⁴ There would be noteworthy operations today. I did not venture far away and, around 1 PM, was staying in a coffeehouse in the same area to write my Letter of Petition. The CIA sent in an agent (a pretty blonde, as usual) to meet, and sit, with a Homeland Security actor at a table next to mine. They began talking loudly about a friend who was suffering mental illness. Aware of the faulty surveillance over me, I was instantly startled and filmed their meeting: [sf_cafe_2_26_09_130PM.3gp](#).¹⁴⁵ What was going on was that the Machine would get confused and intercept me meeting with a friend to discuss my hallucination problems and schizophrenia. During their ex-parte session with the ICJ judges, the CIA lawyers would show them the intercept and convince them further that the "David Chin legend" which United States had "discovered" by carefully tracking my activities (through surveillance in which I could never be seen, of course) just seemed to be correct whenever one chose to observe me. (In this case, the discovery that it was David Chin who suffered from schizophrenia, not Lawrence Chin.) Something was indeed very strange about the February 13 Skype calls. The set of preliminary evidences was almost complete before definitive evidences would be finally "discovered" upon my hospitalization. Then, moments later, two young Russian guys wearing surveillance earphones appeared inside the coffeehouse.¹⁴⁶ They were sent here by the Russian diplomatic service to conduct surveillance on me. The Russians wanted to collect as much evidences from me as possible while I was still in San Francisco where the legal ground for keeping watch on me was solid and indisputable. Since the surveillance devices these two agents

143 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/nbyB7i3kYsM>.

144 My morning of February 26 is recorded in:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/chck_out_hstl_cafe_2_26_09_1030AM.WMA.

145 The video has been uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/hhMSHw9dFxc>. The audio recording of the same operation is: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/sf_cafe_mental_friend_2_26_09_1220PM.WMA.

146 I have filmed them: <http://youtu.be/iccTf9ENyyw>.

were wearing transmitted images of me back to the Homeland Security control center all in real time, it was indisputable that I didn't look in any way different from Lawrence Chin. The Russians could then continue to prove in the UN General Assembly that Americans had been victimizing them. Then, by night fall, I decided that I had spent enough time in San Francisco. That night I got on the Greyhound bus to return to Los Angeles.¹⁴⁷ I arrived in Los Angeles in early morning, February 27. The most horrifying thing then happened: I lost a USB flash drive on the bus. It was the most horrifying occurrence not just because I had lost my backup data, but especially because this would provide the suit team with an opportunity to plant evidence in it or swap it with what they had themselves manufactured in order to frame me for forging recordings of conversations and having connections with Russian intelligence and Latin American drug cartels. When I discovered the loss, I was instantly distraught and went into seizure.

When I returned home, the first thing I found in my mail box was Karin's second demurrer to my amended complaint.¹⁴⁸ She had completed the demurrer just two days ago, on February 25. Her second demurrer was quite a shock to me – I will analyze it presently. I went immediately to the Pasadena courthouse to check on certain technicalities which I thought I had discovered in the demurrer. Futile effort.¹⁴⁹ It is interesting that, before I got on the Metro going toward Pasadena, I noticed another Homeland Security actor purposely text-messaging near me¹⁵⁰, and that, when I came back from Pasadena and was at the Union Station, I would be able to film another surveillance agent: [surveillance_agent_union_st_2_27_09_1PM.3gp](#).¹⁵¹ (I don't know which side he was working for, though.) From now on I would develop the habit of filming anyone text-messaging or playing with his or her cellphone near me: everyone was suspect. It was obvious that these Homeland Security actors were text-messaging things of such cryptic nature that, back inside the International Court, the CIA could interpret the intercepts as indicating that the Russians were sending messages to David Chin, in the form of metaphors, congratulating him on the completion of another "mission" in San Francisco, etc. Thus, on 1 PM, I filmed another guy text-messaging near me while I was waiting for the bus in Union Station (1:10 in the video diary just named).

Karin's second demurrer

Karin's second demurrer was even more obviously crafted for the purpose of being examined as "evidence" at the International Court rather than for the purpose of answering my lawsuit. Please take careful notice of the fact that, just as in her first demurrer, she had somehow found it important to include in Exhibit C a (I quote from her) "detailed summary of [my] first Amended Complaint, which [she] hopes the Court may find useful" (Memorandum of Points and Authority, p. 6, line 18). This summary was of course neither detailed nor useful, as it was so

147 My February 26 afternoon is recorded in:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/sf_cafe_nbeach_gryhnd_2_26_09_217PM.WMA.

148 See it at: http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment47/k_demur_2nd/.

149 I have naturally filmed my doings inside the courthouse: <http://youtu.be/rBXpwJLkK5Q>. The morning is recorded in:

http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/txt_mssg_near_me_psdn_court_2_27_09_926AM.WMA.

150 The first scene in the video diary: <http://youtu.be/XNjmOR1QPY8>.

151 Uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/tX87-SwcO24>.

filled with confusions and errors that it betrayed such an astounding degree of mental deficiency as could never have occurred with someone who had graduated with a master degree in languages (Karin, that is). My dear audience, you can surely notice the bizarre mental confusion I'm referring to here if you place the pleading paper in my amended complaint side by side with Karin's "summary". It was as if she were talking about another person, summarizing another lawsuit: the same "twilight zone" again. The purpose was immediately clear: now that the United States had obtained an ex-parte continuation of the trial with the ICJ judges, and insofar as Mr former Secretary had already succeeded in getting my amended complaint against Karin barred from the evidentiary record of the International Court, the CIA had instructed her to include in her demurrer a "summary" of my words so that the judges of the International Court may *infer* the content of my original pleading paper on the basis of Karin's "summary". Since these unintelligent judges had no idea that Karin was an operative charged with the task of putting up a show to deceive them – with the mission of interacting with me *as if I were* the person in the cartoonish profile which Mr former Secretary had invented of me – they would think that, given her education (a master degree) and her good character, she should certainly have described me correctly – the "real me". All she had to do then was to feign faulty perception and memory and describe me falsely but in exact accordance with the invented cartoonish profile of me (the "David Chin legend") in order to fool her international audience into believing that I was indeed not myself but the mentally confused and antisocial twin brother of myself who feigned artistic and writing talent in order to pretend to be the "talented Lawrence Chin" as part of some "Sino-Russian intelligence operation" to get United States sued in the International Court. I immediately set myself to analyze Karin's "summary" and incorporate into the Letter of Petition I was writing an analysis of the tactics which Karin had been instructed to use to "summarize" my amended complaint – to summarize it so inaccurately that the picture that could be inferred from it about me would conform precisely to the "David Chin scenario" for which the United States had been arguing in the International Court of Justice. (In the following analysis all emphases are mine.)

Intentional omission: Page 1, last paragraph: "Mr Chin describes his position in his family, which is that he has 'always been looked down upon by his family members'". Karin purposely omitted my explanation (on page 8, line 2 of my amended complaint) that I had been looked down upon by my family *because I was the only one who pursued art and philosophy instead of engineering, computer science, and business*. Although my statement could have served as confirmation that I was in fact Lawrence Chin the artist and philosopher, Karin's omission of my explanation made my admission of my status as the black sheep in my family sound like a confirmation of the "David Chin legend" invented by Mr former Secretary – that, although I (David Chin) was in every way identical to Lawrence Chin, I was somehow inferior to my twin brother in every accomplishment in life, resulting in my being extremely jealous of him and constantly wanting to pretend to be him.

Intentionally confusing one event with another: On page 3 Karin wrote: "To counteract the alleged rumor, Mr Chin filmed himself doing several portraits and posted the videos on his website, even though that was a difficult process which required him spending at least one night at Kinkos 'under the gaze of the surveillance cameras on the ceiling of the store.'" What I

actually wrote, of course, was (page 13 line 3): “Here the Plaintiff wishes to further explain that *he spent approximately 10 hours producing the portrait in question. The Plaintiff did this by spending at least one night overnight in Kinkos in Westwood (Westwood Blvd), under the gaze of the surveillance cameras on the ceiling of the store.*” Namely, it was my drawing of the “portrait in question” that was done under the surveillance cameras in Kinkos, not the act of “posting the videos onto my website”. Evidently, Karin purposely made this “mistake” in order to point to a non-existent surveillance tape in which I would be made to look like I was forging the videos of my drawing a portrait, and which Mr former Secretary would then pretend to discover and present, in camera, to the ICJ judges as “evidence” that I was a fraudster feigning artistic talent. The tape, of course, was actually irrelevant material featuring someone else, but this could become “evidence” about me because the main figure in it – who United States would claim was me – would be blacked out.

Intentional false statement: Page 2, first full paragraph: “Mr. Chin states that the defendant became scared of him and assumes that this was related to his prior stalking of his therapist, of which government informants would have made the defendant aware”. What I actually wrote was, on page 9 line 2 - 10: “Soon afterwards [soon after I handed to Karin a letter asking for legal advice] the Defendant [Karin] received a warning from somewhere about the Plaintiff *via the intermediary of another meetup member [Rolf, that is]*, which caused the Defendant [Karin] to be frightened of the Plaintiff. As the Defendant [Karin] has always maintained silence as to what exactly happened at that time, the Plaintiff *has no idea where the warning came from* (whether it was from the therapeutic or from law enforcement authority), although the Plaintiff can ascertain it was partly about Plaintiff’s one-time personal conflict with a former therapist in 2003 and partly about Plaintiff’s supposed ‘delusion’ about being investigated by some government agency.” I had simply never said “government informants made the defendant become aware of my prior ‘stalking’ of a therapist”. True though, both Rolf and Karin were already government (namely, Homeland Security) informants in September 2007, but I didn’t mention this in my amended complaint. Her goal seemed to be, first of all, to discredit me before the judges at the International Court if and when I should ever make the statement that all the people around me were actually actors and actresses instructed by the government to act out a “Truman Show” to deceive them; secondly to establish me for the ICJ judges as a paranoid schizophrenic who kept suspecting private citizens to be “government informants”, thus confirming Mr former Secretary’s profile of, and warning about, me as suffering from schizophrenia; and thirdly to paint me as a hyper-masculine sex-criminal who was in the habit of stalking and harassing innocent females, which would not only confirm Mr former Secretary’s profile of me as suffering from Antisocial Personality Disorder, but also offend those judges in the International Court who were females.

One incident made to look like a frequent occurrence via intentional vagueness: Page 5, third full paragraph: “[The Plaintiff] then describes how sadness affected his behavior, how he smoked a lot around others and stammered when talking to others...” Karin’s summary makes it sound like I *frequently* smoked a lot around others and stammered. What I in fact wrote was, on page 15, line 17, *how I smoked a lot around others on September 3 2008 only, and stammered on this day of September 3 and on the other day of September 5, and no more.* I have never on any other

occasions “smoked a lot around others” and “stammered” to no end. Her goal seemed to be to reinforce the false profile which Mr former Secretary had constructed of me, a wild and vicious antisocial and a fire-hazard: “Look how bad the Russian and Chinese intelligence are”, Mr former Secretary would conclude to the judges, “the secret agent they sent to our country is not only destructive to those around him who want only to care about him, but also a fire-hazard to others with his excessive smoking.” Well, the incessant fire-alarms...

Twisting my words and intentionally omitting the crucial context to make me look like I possessed no artistic talent but somehow childishly and ridiculously clung to the status of being an artist in order to pretend to be an artist: page 1, fourth full paragraph: “[The Plaintiff]... claims [the portrait in question] is an original drawing because he drew it without tracing but using the photograph as model, with a grid.” Again, Karin purposely omits the fact that I was refuting her invented claim that I made the drawing through tracing, by showing that *the grid laid out for scientific measurement* cannot indicate tracing. The purpose of her statement was to continue to reinforce the impression for those not familiar with the case – namely, for those for whom all my words had to be blacked out, especially the judges at the International Court – that I did not know how to draw but had to, if not trace my drawing from photographs, at least use fraudulent means such as using a grid. Karin quite successfully directed the ICJ judges’ attention away from my real, stated, intention to measure scientifically the proportion of human facial features, which would make me look too sophisticated. I can of course in fact draw from live models, beautifully and without resorting to scientific measurement – but solely by looking. Again, I hadn’t figured out as yet that Karin was trying to impart on the ICJ judges the impression that the portrait over which we were disputing was a different portrait than the one I gave her on June 9, which the judges had already seen and recognized as a magnificent piece of drawing, but which they thought was done by someone else. Karin then continued: “Mr Chin claims that it took him more time to do the drawing than a street artist spends on a mediocre drawing or a teenage girl who would draw her boyfriend.” This statement makes me look like some childish freak who can barely draw better than a street artist or an untalented teenage girl, and is most insulting. What I in fact wrote was (page 13, line 5 - 8): “The details of the ‘portrait in question’ as can be seen from Exhibit A clearly reference, by any reasonable person, long hours needed for its making, *and yet the Defendant [Karin], in her general demurrer, compares the portrait in question to some mediocre portrait done by a street artist in ten minutes, and to some sketching which a teenage girl did of her boyfriend...*” All in all, the ICJ judges would have acquired the impression that I was obsessively suing Karin over a piece of worthless doodles which belonged in the trash can solely because I enjoyed harassing people.

Karin made more intentional false statements within her Memorandum of Points and Authority itself. For example: “The Amended Complaint suggests various reasons why plaintiff was asked to leave [her meetup groups]. For example, she had received a warning from defendant’s [sic: she was evidently trying to say ‘Plaintiff’]... therapist, whom plaintiff had hired a private detective *to follow*, causing defendant to become *frightened*” (p. 4. line 18 -21). What I actually wrote was, again: “Soon afterwards the Defendant [Karin] received a warning from somewhere about the Plaintiff via the intermediary of another meetup member [Rolf], which caused the Defendant [Karin] to be frightened of the Plaintiff. As the Defendant [Karin] has always

maintained silence as to what exactly happened at that time, the Plaintiff has no idea where the warning came from (whether it was from the therapeutic or from law enforcement authority), although the Plaintiff can ascertain it was partly about Plaintiff's one-time personal conflict with a former therapist in 2003 and partly about Plaintiff's supposed 'delusion' about being investigated by some government agency. (The Plaintiff believes that what scared the Defendant was Plaintiff's conflict with the therapist: the therapist, originally from the Netherlands, at the time was working at the California Graduate Institute where the Plaintiff was a client. After a small impropriety in therapy the therapist wished to bail herself out, and *at the same time the Plaintiff hired a private investigator to investigate her and did some investigation on his own*, discovering her strange family background where she seemed to have a twin sister, seemed to often shorten her name to assume her brother's identity, and seemed to have converted to Judaism after her divorce when it seemed that she had discovered her hidden family history of having been persecuted in concentration camps during the Second World War... In any case, at the time (October 2007) the Plaintiff still harbored good feeling toward the Defendant Ms Zimmer, and so voluntarily withdrew from the Defendant Ms Zimmer's groups *despite her [courteous] entreat for the Plaintiff to stay.*" The private investigator – not a private "detective" – had never followed the therapist – why would he? He surely didn't want to lose his license. He simply made some phone calls and looked up some information from his computer database. Secondly, Karin was so warned in September 2007, *14 months before she told me to leave her group.* I certainly would not be so mentally deficient as to suggest that this warning about my therapist was the reason why she asked me to leave her groups. If I told Karin I had seen an orange sedan with three Hispanic men inside, when she repeated the story to others it would be "I had told her two Hispanic men had kicked over my bicycle". It had become a dangerous affair to communicate anything to her – except that when she distorted and misrepresented my narrative this was not a function of her *real* mental deficiency but came about when she feigned mental confusion. The goal here seemed again to be to confirm the false profile which Mr former Secretary had invented of me as the vicious antisocial who was in the habit of sending someone else to violate a woman's space – just as I had supposedly sent the process server to harass Karin – which, again, would further anger the female judges in the International Court, prejudicing them against me, and thus against the Russians as well. Now recall the reasons why I had decided to delve into the story about my former therapist Chaya. I found it suspicious that Karin had chosen to mention neither the place where I was seeing the therapist nor her strange family background. Perhaps Chaya's life story had indeed been intercepted into the International Court as "evidence" and, after it was redacted so much to protect her "privacy", had become so vague as to be confused with mine.

What is most noteworthy about Karin's "summary" is her inclusion (page 1, last sentence) of my request that I be given several hours in the courtroom to do drawing in order to demonstrate my artistic talent of which Karin had attempted to rob me. This fit in with the suit team's instruction in the fortune cookie. It was another indication that the CIA had made an argument in the International Court that my attempt to demonstrate my artistic talent was an assignment which the Russian intelligence had given me because they wanted evidences to show around in the United Nations indicating that I was Lawrence Chin – when, in fact, I was David Chin and had learned some strange trick by which I could fool people into believing that I could draw. When I

began to comprehend this in the coming weeks – that, if I drew, I would terribly ruin Russia's international standing – I would never draw again.

Karin of course would also have to turn my accusation of her as a government operative into an insane person's paranoia. "Spies to watch over me and report me", etc. It's again a subtle twist. She of course would not say what I actually wrote: "The Plaintiff has been under some sort of watch by the authorities for many years now, and the Plaintiff believes that, along with the warning, the authority has attempted to enlist [Karin] as an informant against the Plaintiff during last October [2007], frequently instructing her to run sting conversation with [Rolf] in front of the Plaintiff as part of an investigation." That this had happened cannot be disputed. But as long as she was vague about it ("spies to watch over me") the judges at the International Court would have no idea that my "paranoia" actually described reality. To continue: "The Plaintiff believes that, by January this year [2008], the Defendant Ms Zimmer's involvement with the authority has deepened, in concert with several other core members of her meetup groups." Absolutely true. She, and her Meetup friends, had become CIA assets. "Her assignment seems to be to either report to some law enforcement authority about Plaintiff's ordinary conduct and habits [this apparently had never happened: I was wrong], to take pictures of the Plaintiff to pass to law enforcement authority [apparently what she did was to intentionally pass around the photographs in communication channels in order for the Machine to intercept them], or to intentionally *rumor about the Plaintiff in pre-determined contexts for the authority to intercept it*, all in order to help build up a [particular] profile of the Plaintiff at the authorities." In fact, the purpose was to build up David Chin's profile at the International Court of Justice. This she would never mention; she would only twist my words into descriptions of insane paranoia because Mr former Secretary and the CIA wanted the ICJ judges to think that it was my paranoid schizophrenia which was causing me to perceive the people around me as having been recruited by the government – only so that the judges could see that, whenever one bothered to check on the suspect (me), one found that the United States' scenario about "David Chin" was indeed correct. Every mistake and confusion in Karin's second demurrer was carefully planned to achieve this end. This otherwise confused and confusing piece of garbage was in fact a most ingenious piece of slander. The "me" that emerges from it is someone who is confused, stupid, vicious, in possession of extraordinary computer skill, trying desperately to pretend to be an artist (because he was on a mission, given him by foreign powers, to pretend to be his twin brother who was an artist) – and definitely not someone who could write anything deep and grammatically correct or draw anything realistically. It was a piece of masterfully crafted "fake evidence" that would support Mr former Secretary's cartoonish "David Chin legend" in the International Court of Justice. The advantage in reading Karin's "summary" and her description of me was that it was a window through which I could at once glimpse into the evidentiary battle that was secretly going on inside the International Court of Justice. On the other hand, there was a mystery remaining in Karin's pleading, such as her mention in her "summary" that I was scared of her meetup movies, which seemed to indicate that Mr former Secretary's earlier argument that "my movie preferences hinted at my love of fraud and violence" may have been challenged. I have never been sure of what was going on here. At the same time, it was most frustrating for me to read through Karin's demurrer, for it indicated so clearly that the world would only get to know me through intermediaries who were completely inaccurate and incompetent, and that the "real me" had

already been erased from humanity's collective consciousness altogether insofar as Karin, filtering my being, had managed to manufacture a "different me" by intentionally mis-describing me – a "different me" which had exceeded, in terms of the sheer disgust it would arouse in people, even the most infamous devils in history who had committed crimes against humanity.

The end of February and my plan to go east

I spent the night of February 27 in Westsub (Venice and Overland) to use the wireless Internet there. As usual, I hid myself in an outside corner to stay away from the crowd. But several people looking like college students soon came near me to talk about sensitive topics in international politics. It was the suit team which had sent them; it was an operation, the purpose being for the Machine to mistakenly attribute their conversation to me. I noticed this because, as soon as I moved away, they moved away too. (The black-out range must have followed me, so that, if they had stayed in the same place, the intercept print-out would indicate that I wasn't part of the conversation which they were holding, and hence they must move away as well to enable the ICJ judges to assume that I was part of them and that now everyone had simply departed.)¹⁵² I had by now found it absolutely essential to keep my recorder turned on at all time when I was outside my home in order to record the conversation which other people were holding near me as well, not simply any conversation I was part of myself, for at any time other people's conversation could be attributed to me in the official record. In fact, it's best to stay away from people as much as possible: finding deserted corners in underground parking lots and things like that. The most awful thing about all this is that, even though I was so isolated that I had not had a conversation with anyone for over half a year and had become physically ill due to such social isolation, according to faulty surveillance (according to US official story, that is) I was happily chatting with strangers about all sorts of sensitive topics every single day while suddenly getting angry and destroying properties due to my antisocial temperament. The suit team had designed tonight's operation clearly in order to discredit the "cry for help" which I had faxed to ICJ registrar Mr Couvreur on February 23: "Look, our subject says he is very sick due to our operations and wishes we temporarily halt the trial 'for humanitarian reasons'; and yet he is seen here happily chatting away with strangers about politics. Want to frame us? What a fraud!" I was simply surprised by the fact that the little letter I wished to address to Mr Couvreur had actually gone somewhere: not only might he have read it, but it had actually ended up inside the International Court as "evidence" – without Russians' knowing, of course.

Now refer to my recordings for February 28, the last day of the month, inside the folder for this period: "[txt_mssg_storage_2_28_09_1237PM.WMA](#)", and "[mssg_bbc card_2_28_09_612PM.WMA](#)". It was a particularly quiet day, and I did no more than going to the storage facility, and then going to Westwood to use the Internet and calling my bank to ask for more money for my credit card. As you can hear in the recordings, I had been going to my storage facility almost everyday because I was in the process of moving all my things to my storage unit, in preparation for... *something*. It was senseless to keep anything of value inside my apartment anyway, where Homeland Security agents might steal it or Terese might remove it upon my

¹⁵² This is recorded in:
http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/01_09/02-09/westsub_ppl_tilking_plites_attrb_me_2_27_09_730PM.WMA.

hospitalization. I continued to utilize every single spare minute writing my Letter of Petition. I was getting impatient: I needed to appeal to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights as soon as possible. And now that my Letter of Petition was somewhat near completion, I began contemplating going to Washington DC to deliver it personally to the Commission. I have explained my reasons for such bizarre move in several places in the Letter of Petition itself, for example, on p. 126:

“It’s usually easy for the Department to so alert whatever institution I want to petition because I am usually very furtive and distrust telephone and mail communication – too many times when I call up by phone whatever institution the Department would simply replace the other party with their own agents pretending to be that institution’s personnel, blocking me from complaining about them in the name of protecting the institution from me. As they control the entire postal system, I don’t trust that my mail would arrive without being examined or tampered with or even replaced or blocked. Hence I prefer to deliver my petition in person. But then I run the risk that the Department may clandestinely evacuate the institution I am petitioning under the pretext of my posing great danger to it and replace the personnel there with their agents to receive me so as to ‘ward off the danger’ for the institution while in reality that’s their trick of preventing me from complaining about them or telling outsiders about what terrible things they have done to me, for – do you think then that the Department’s agents would pass along the petition untampered to you Madam and Sirs? Seeking your help would be especially a problem, because your honorable institution is located in such a ‘sensitive area’, and it would certainly be problematic for someone like me – on government’s watch-list as dangerously delusional for harboring delusions about governmental agencies, processes, and officials, or simply as a criminal foreign spy – to go near a place like that. And yet I simply cannot trust the postal system to not ‘make mistakes’ while delivering my petition to you. I don’t know what to do.”

It would be a terrible mistake on my part to distrust the postal system, for, as soon as the CIA noticed me getting ready to take some trip, they thought this an excellent opportunity to frame Russia and hospitalize me. This would save the United States’ case at once. They appealed to Boss Cheney to grant them exclusive operational command in the coming days so that Mr former Secretary would not be able to intervene and screw things up. Given the importance of the enterprise, Boss Cheney granted it, even though this might hurt the self-esteem of his protégé. And, so, get ready for the next act, the conviction of Russia in the International Court of Justice.

In Conclusion

On February 6, just at the crucial juncture at which Mr former Secretary decided to forge my laptop as his last desperate move, Dame Higgins formally retired as the President of the International Court of Justice. The date was strangely coincidental, but it was the supposed date of the expiration of her presidency in any case. The retirement was “nominal” in a partial sense

because, since the trial over me was still ongoing – since the enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 in my case had not yet been completed – she would remain the master of the International Court of Justice system, at least until my case was finished and done with: until, that is, the United States had accomplished its “global agenda”. The retirement from the rest of the administrative duties of the ICJ, however, came at a right time because Cheney, in order to fulfill his own vision, had permitted her to contribute her own inputs to America’s “global agenda to save human civilization from impending collapse”. This must have made her quite excited, and she needed to be relieved of her other duties in order to devote full time to my case and to revising the “global agenda” which Cheney had deposited in her secret chamber (and which, again, was probably very similar to the original Bilderberg Majority’s version). She was excited because she had always been envisaging an ideal world, a “just world”, and now Cheney had given her a chance to express herself. Since the fate of human civilization rested on sustainable exploitation of earth’s natural resources, especially its hydrocarbon energy reserves, judge Higgins felt herself to be quite suitable for the task, given her extensive experience in the past with this subject matter (petroleum). For her, the world was unjust, and this injustice had always offended her, without her being able to do anything about it, lacking real power to influence governments despite her reputation. (We’ll talk about this later.) Now she had to thank Dick Cheney for secretly giving her the “real power”. She thus worked hard at revising “Cheney’s plan”. Although I have no insider to provide me with information as to what her “revision” consisted in, it is really not hard for anyone to guess what she wanted. She was not only working on the problem of sustainable supply of energy to power human industrial civilization, but also on the difficult task of fair and equitable distribution of earth’s natural resources among all nations so that it would no longer be the case that, while countries in the north (the “developed world”) were getting richer and richer, countries in the south (the “developing world”) were getting poorer and poorer despite all the politically correct speeches in the UN about helping poor nations and dismantling the perennial division between North and South. Unlike most of the officials inside the United Nations, judge Higgins really cared about the fortune of people in Africa or Bangladesh, not just talking about it to make herself look good. She might have even gathered around her a team of scholars to work on her “ideal world”, which she expected to be realized once the United States shall have won the lawsuit against Russia in the “lower court”. This was why she wanted the United States to win. She didn’t know that she was just wasting her time – and that Dick Cheney liked it when she was wasting her time – and getting excited all for nothing. She didn’t know that Cheney was duping her. The problem was that she didn’t know what the chips would actually do which were supposed to be implanted into the brain of officials convicted in my case. She didn’t know that these were brain chips to allow the Americans to remotely control the officials in question. She didn’t know that, once Putin himself was implicated in this “David Chin case” and called to the Chamber of Enforcement of Judgment, Cheney would plant nanochips into his brain to remotely control his thought-processes with a super computer. Cheney’s plan was to continue to provoke Russia with guerrilla tactics (robbing Russia of its remaining allies one after another) so that the super-computer could steer Putin’s thought-processes to the point that he would go insane and order the launching of nuclear first-strike against the United States. At such moment, the entire “program”, the “global agenda” which the United States had deposited in judge Higgins’ secret chamber and which she was permitted to revise into her “just world”, before it even had a chance to be implemented, would

be derailed by a series of nuclear explosions which the Russian government would have impulsively, and selfishly, unleashed upon the world and which would wipe out 90 percent of human population. (Selfishly, because it looked as if Putin were not willing to sacrifice Russia's self-identity for the good of the world.) Not knowing that it was Cheney who was remotely controlling Putin to over-react, judge Higgins would believe that it was all Russia's fault, that it was this God-damned Putin who had ruined her chance to implement her "just world". Meanwhile, Cheney would present to the remaining government elites of the world who had survived the nuclear holocaust his "solution" as to how to revive human civilization from ruins and create a new world. A different version of "sustainable civilization" now that judge Higgins' version was ruined by the Russians. It would be radically different from "Higgins' world". It would be a super high-tech civilization where every human being is chipped in the brain to allow a super computer to remotely control every smallest movement of human society. The exact details of this "Cheney's utopia" would not probably even be made known to judge Higgins and the remaining government elites. Cheney would have monopoly over the secrets of the "utopia" after humanity's destruction. The point is that Cheney had actually devised his "utopia" in advance, as the "real version" of the United States' "global agenda". The version of the "global agenda" which he had deposited in judge Higgins' secret chamber was a "fake version", the purpose of which was, as decoy, to dupe her into authorizing the "lower court" and cooperating with Cheney in his plan to secretly "chip" the Russian elites. In other words, the purpose of the "fake version" was to lead the persons who couldn't possibly swallow the "real version" onto the path to that "real version" without their knowing. Again, taking them to "paradise" by surprise – because, otherwise, they would never want to go there. Dick Cheney believed in "American exceptionalism", and couldn't give less damn about the poor peoples in Africa or Bangladesh or Yemen. In his mind, Americans and Americans' allies – that small portion of the North – had come to rule the planet as if by divine right, and it is judge Higgins who, the typical leftwing, couldn't understand this and therefore must be duped. And it was legal to dupe her with the "fake version" as a way to realize Cheney's "real version" because she herself had authorized it on the ground of enforcement of UN Resolution 1373. (Again, it is because Cheney, as neocon, believed firmly in "disaster capitalism" that he had no qualms about wiping America clean with nuclear bombs in order to create a new America: that's how you "improve" on things.) Cheney in fact took great pleasure in seeing judge Higgins persisting in her pathetic delusion and wasting her time revising his "global agenda" – when her "revision" was never meant to be realized – while the CIA, seeing all this, didn't quite care. The CIA clandestine service officers were used to watching people wasting their time working on unrealistic projects on the basis of the very false information which they had manufactured through their agents in the media. When the "lower court show trial" had gone wrong on February 13, judge Higgins must have been quite nervous, thinking that her dream of a "just world" was being obstructed.

Meanwhile, unaware of any of these complicated politics which had made it that, not just my fate, but the fate of the entire humanity, was at stake in the events I have described above, I was, for my part, simply groping my way in the dark, trying to figure out how the whole mechanism worked by poking at Karin here and there and disrupting the process, whenever I could, by running between Los Angeles and San Francisco, making Skype calls, or sitting in front of Russian consulate. Just like "K" in Kafka's *Der Prozess* – except that I had refused to become a

passive victim of the whole process – who was, even in the last moment when he was about to be executed for crimes which had never been revealed to him, hoping that this or that mysterious movement might have turned things around in that secret trial whose process had never been revealed to him either:

Wie ein Licht aufzuckt, so fuhren die Fensterflügel eines Fensters dort auseinander, ein Mensch, schwach und dünn in der Ferne und Höhe, beugte sich mit einem Ruck weit vor und streckte die Arme noch weiter aus. Wer war es? Ein Freund? Ein guter Mensch? Einer, der teilnahm? Einer, der helfen wollte? War es ein einzelner? Waren es alle? War noch Hilfe? Gab es Einwände, die man vergessen hatte? Gewiss gab es solche. Der Logik ist zwar unerschütterlich, aber einem Menschen, der leben will, widersteht sie nicht. Wo war der Richter, den er nie gesehen hatte? Wo war das hohe Gericht, bis zu dem er nie gekommen war? Er hob die Hände und spreizte alle Finger.

With a flicker as of a light going up, the casements of a window there suddenly flew open; a human figure, faint and insubstantial at that distance and that height, leaned abruptly far forward and stretched both arms still farther. Who was it? A friend? A good man? Someone who sympathized? Someone who wanted to help? Was it one person only? Or was it mankind? Was help at hand? Were there arguments in his favor that had been overlooked? Of course there must be. Logic is doubtless unshakable, but it cannot withstand a man who wants to go on living. Where was the judge whom he had never seen? Where was the high court, to which he had never penetrated? He raised his hands and spread out his fingers.¹⁵³

These last lines about K in the famous novel describe perfectly, as well, my day on February 13 2009, as I groped in the dark trying to influence the proceedings in a courthouse to which I had never been and the judges whom I could never see.

While I may have expressed the idea that going up to San Francisco to “protest” in front of the Russian consulate (February 22 2009) was a bad idea, it was the instance which had set me on the path of understanding that the Russians were entirely different creatures than the Chinese. They were much tougher, completely shameless when it came to defending themselves, and, more importantly, far more experienced than the Chinese in dealing with Americans in general and the CIA and the neocons in particular. Because I didn't want to provide the suit team with opportunities to collect from me “evidences” showing me conforming to the disgusting profile of foreign agent David Chin, I had, throughout this period, purposely refrained from reading and learning anything about the Russian government on which I would have to rely for my fate. This was particularly bad, for one of course should understand not just what one's enemy consists in, but also what one's “partner” is like. While the MSS began their experience with the CIA only in the past two decades or so, the Russians had been dealing with the CIA throughout the entire Cold War period. Absent any knowledge on my part of the long, past history between the CIA and their Russian counterparts, this whole International Court of Justice process was rather

153 Willa and Edwin Muir's translation, revised by E. M. Butler.

mysterious to me. Only two years later, when much of the dust in this battle had settled, did I begin seriously absorbing the materials existing in the public domain on both sides in this conflict. While most of the information on the CIA in the public domain is misinformation, enough remains to allow you to get some notion of what this Agency is really about, and while most of the publications in the West on the Russian intelligence system (whether KGB or SVR) are slanderous, enough truth remains in them to permit you to construct a general background knowledge against which the actions of the Russian government in my experience could become intelligible.¹⁵⁴ Unfortunately, I was not able to exploit these materials at this crucial time and must fight the remaining battle with an empty mind. When any victories or advantages accrued to me in the coming months of 2009, much of them were due to pure luck. I would have spared myself a lot of troubles in 2009 and thereafter if I didn't have to be so ignorant.

154 Much of what I have learned about the CIA is contained in the Preface to Vol. IV, "The Cheney Plan, the CIA's war with the neoconservatives, and the crimes against Russia". The few specialized works on the Russian intelligence system which have crossed my path to shed light on the Russian actions in this narrative include: Christopher Andrew's classic, *The Sword and the Shield: The Mitrokhin Archive and the Secret History of the KGB* (Basic Books, 1999), which, although a classic example of "active measure", i.e. disinformation to discredit the past and present Russian intelligence service as both evil and ineffectual, is nevertheless the most comprehensive history on the market; Genrikh Borovik's *The Philby Files: The Secret Life of Master Spy Kim Philby* (translated by Antonina W. Bouis, edited and with an introduction by Phillip Knightley, Little, Brown and Co., 1994), a relatively balanced account of the life of the "spy of the century" Kim Philby, the British SIS officer who spied for the USSR throughout World War II and after and then defected to the USSR in the 1960s; Victor Cherkashin's *Spy Handler: The True Story of the Man Who Recruited Robert Hanssen and Aldrich Ames* (Basic Books, 2005), which is probably the most fair, accurate, and balanced presentation of the KGB and the SVR on the market; and Aleksei Myagkov's *Inside the KGB* (Arlington House Publishers, New York, 1976), which, being a KGB defector's memoir, is highly critical of the Soviet system (as both evil and ineffectual).