

## **The Secret History of the International Court of Justice**

### **Vol. III**

#### **1.**

#### **On the periphery of Karin's meetups Part I**

The following recounts the early phase of the lawsuit which the United States has launched against the Russian Federation over me in the International Court of Justice in the autumn of 2008. The account covers the period from September 7 to December 31, 2008. The terminology of dramatis personae follows the convention laid down in the previous chapters: the "suit team", the CIA, Mr Secretary of Homeland Security, the "Machine" ("faulty surveillance Machine"), etc.

#### **My civil lawsuit against my aunt and the discovery of the Law Library**

During the first half of September 2008, I would be preoccupied with writing out a civil lawsuit against my aunt Jennifer. I have mentioned my motivation in the previous chapter ("The impossible wish to be known"): to force her to retract the false report I believed she had made to the Secret Service about me. I would in the process discover a new resource, the Los Angeles county law library, and, from there, new actors were about to appear in the Truman Show in which I had been trapped. Throughout the month of September, I would spend the afternoon of almost every weekday inside the law library filling out my complaint form or doing research on cases and laws – I had a lot to learn, for I had never filed a lawsuit before. On Monday, September 8, a sweetest girl in her early 30s named "Angel" graciously helped me through many parts of the legal maze that the task constituted for me the first-timer. She did not have a slim figure, had a troubled past, a single mother of two children, but seemed to be a very caring girl. The supervisor of the circulation desk was an attractive white girl with brown hair named "Angelica". She claimed to be of Mexican descent and, as I would later find out, was 28 year-old at this time. This "Angelica" would play an extremely important role in this International Court of Justice trial later on, but for now, in the next year and a half, she would remain an unimportant figure in this story. When I first set foot in the law library on September 8, no one there seemed to know anything about me; no one seemed to have been briefed about me and instructed as to how to do "acting" in front of me while under surveillance. There was a reason for this.

The entire month of September, after Karin had kicked me out of her groups, would remain uncannily quiet. There would be virtually no operations to speak of. After Mr Secretary and the Agency had opened up their case against Russia in the International Court of Justice (the lower court) by September 6 or so, they must have run into some sort of complications, and got bogged down in some bureaucratic quagmire. Nothing in fact would happen until next month. I suppose it had something to do with the evidence for "Zudy Pingley Smith" back in February. As I have noted, the Russian government must have *some* idea about judge Higgins' secret sanction in reaction to the Russo-Georgian war. Faced with such harassment, the Russian government must

have exploited some loopholes and immediately pulled out the February incident – which had remained in force as evidence indicating United States' attempt to frame Russia – to blockade United States' further advance through the International Court system. The tactic would succeed until the next month, so that, as you shall see, when the operation resumed, it would be about, first of all, my “Hungarian connection” all over again.

For the mostly peaceful month of September, then, I shall focus my narrative on my mood and my conditions while noting down some noteworthy ordinary events – noteworthy not simply because they illustrate my current conditions, but also because the suit team would later on exploit some of them for operational purposes once the operation had resumed. You should keep in mind the vast number of negative characteristics which Mr Secretary of Homeland Security had attributed to me (or to “David Chin”) in the evidentiary record of the International Court of Justice and which I have enumerated at the end of the previous chapter (“The impossible wish to be known”). I shall refer to this imaginary character – the supreme villain unprecedented in human history – as the “David Chin legend”.

As I have noted, I came to the paranoid fear about my aunt Jennifer's, and my friend Jennifer Wright's, false report about me to Secret Service because Homeland Security agent had clandestinely deleted my “counter-evidence” from my laptop. The first step I thought I should take to clear my “wrongful conviction” was therefore to report it to law enforcement. If my aunt could falsely report me to law enforcement, why can't I report the truth? I took this first, obvious step on September 7, before I began writing out my lawsuit. That afternoon, I walked into the LAPD station on Maple and 6<sup>th</sup> in downtown Los Angeles, which is recorded in: “[street\\_to\\_police\\_station\\_2008\\_09\\_07\\_3\\_26\\_pm.MP3](#)” (from 38:00 onward). I told the police officer: “My aunt makes false reports about me... She reported me as making threats, but I didn't... She has special channels for reporting... She could be petitioning directly to the county court...” (from 41:00 to 47:00). Finally: “She wants me institutionalized on 5150...” I was at this time still operating under the incorrect assumption that the suit team's objective was to institutionalize me. But, of course, the police officer receiving me at the front desk just wouldn't let me file a report against my aunt, saying it was because I didn't know where my aunt had filed *her* reports. “You don't know if she did that...” he said. I denied: “No, she would, she told me she would lie in order to hospitalize me...” (1:00:00). And so on. And so I didn't get anywhere, and left upset. The police officer was in fact correct, of course, but the fact was that he probably knew why I was incorrect, i.e. that I had mistaken “acting for surveillance” for “false reporting” – and he would not bother to correct me, like everyone else. He was glad to leave me stranded in my mental confusion, for, then, he could accuse me of “suffering paranoid delusion”: one stone two birds.

As noted, it was on September 8 that I first met this “Angel”. My afternoon on September 8 is recorded in: “[from\\_court\\_to\\_law\\_lib\\_2008\\_09\\_08\\_1154AM\\_to\\_340\\_PM.MP3](#)”. Since alerting the police about my aunt's false reporting got nowhere, I decided that I really should file the lawsuit I had in mind. Around noon, I was walking around the Civic Center looking for a public defender. Recall that I had done the same thing back in March. I soon decided that this was not the correct avenue, and so went to the superior court to ask around how exactly to file a lawsuit. I was advised to purchase a “pleading form” (16:00), but, beyond this, nobody was allowed to give

me “legal advice”. While obtaining the “pleading form”, I asked one of the court clerks, “What did they tell you about me?” suspecting that people here might have already been alerted about me. “They didn’t tell me anything about you...” She might be telling the truth – it would be later that many people here would be alerted and recruited by the suit team. But I didn’t believe her, accusing her of lying (20:00). I walked around asking many pretty women sitting around if they were lawyers – just hoping someone could possibly give me a hand in filing my lawsuit – and then, around 49:00, you can hear me walking inside the Law Library for the first time and encountering “Angel”. I explained to her: I want to find a book showing me how to file civil complaints. Now you can hear Angel graciously helping me with identifying the correct forms to use for my lawsuit and finding the book I could use to teach myself how to file papers. Then you can hear me crying to her like a baby: “It’s so hard, I don’t know how to do it...” (1:07:30). Angel then taught me how to make copies with a copy card (1:09:00). At last, I whined to her: “I’m scared...” “Don’t be scared...” she comforted me with her motherly demeanor (1:33:00). It should be noted that she told me, for now, her name was “Christina” – it was only later that she would identify herself as “Angel”. I came back to the library on 1:57:00 to ask her under which claim I should file my complaint against my aunt: “... Not personal injury, but... maybe abuse of process?” Angel then took me to find all sorts of law books in the library which could help me understand “abuse of process”. At last, I whined to her, after some reading: “It’s not abuse of process... It’s false reporting...” Now, I ask you to keep this concept “abuse of process” in mind: it’s very important, and I will use it to comment on this whole International Court trial later on. Now, again, I ran into the problem of not having any evidence – I had simply guessed that my aunt had done this and that – when Angel asked me: “How do you know your aunt has made a false report?” I lied: “Somebody told me...” (2:20:00). I explained further: “She said I have made threats when I didn’t... She wants to institutionalize me... She has filed her report with some judge or law enforcement...” Angel continued: “You need to see the paper works [of false reporting]...” I explained: “They [i.e. the authority] will not let me see them...” Angel suggested that I go to the self-help center on the fourth floor of the superior court (2:26:00). Then she graciously explained to me the meaning of various legal terms (2:27:00). How did she know which books to find and what these technical terms mean? Angel explained that she had been working here for two years and so knew all the books, and that she had once studied to become a paralegal. Angel’s intimate knowledge of court procedures and familiarity with law books would surprise me even more later on, in complete contrast to her supervisor, the aforementioned “Angelica”, who had no knowledge of any of this. When I wanted to make more copies and didn’t know how to add money to my new copy card, I cried to another librarian, who then helped me (2:45:00). When I was leaving, Angel also graciously provided me with referrals to various legal aid and pro-bono organizations.

And so, until the beginning of next year, Angel would be practically the only person I would connect with in some way on a human level. I would stay away from Wes – the one and only friend in my entire life – for the time being for fear that he might harm me, or harm Russia through me. After my debacle with him on September 4, I would write him one last email on September 15 explaining how I had concluded that he would harm me by falsely reporting me, and would never contact him again until March next year. I had become so depressed as a consequence of the complete breakdown of my social life – the government’s recruitment of every single person in my life – that I would frequently burst into tears for the smallest reasons,

and generally act like a retarded person. You have already heard me so acting vis-à-vis Angel and other law library personnel. I would be, generally, extremely cynical in my remarks. This demeanor on my part would coordinate well with Angel, for, as you have heard, she had a very motherly personality. She was, as said, a single mother, had plenty of experience with raising children, and was used to taking care of sick people – as I would later find out. Perpetually worried that everybody I met might have been alerted about me by Homeland Security, I should consider myself quite lucky in that she, and other law library personnel, would for a while not be recruited by the suit team, nor alerted about me. This was, again, probably because the suit team was for the moment focusing their attention on getting through the bureaucratic debacle and was thus currently not in a position to run operations on me.

I would gradually become familiar with the other personnel of the law library as well, all of whom would later on play some part in this International Court of Justice trial. (Especially after Russia's victory in February 2010.) There was Rene, a Cantonese girl who was attending college part time and worked here part time; there was the security guard "Pink", a fashionable black woman, a single mother, and who held another job somewhere else. There were other librarians, like the "Red Glasses Lady", whose name I couldn't remember.

The only other person I would have some connection with during this period would be Mireya, the nice girl working in Zona Rosa. Cashiers, librarians, security guards, and then some other cashiers in pharmacies or coffeehouses and restaurants: that's all the human contacts I would have for the entire next year! And my connection with Angel would remain entirely within the law library. The same with every other cashier, etc.

For September 9, I was in the law library and superior court during the entire afternoon, which is recorded in: "[from\\_court\\_to\\_lib\\_2008\\_09\\_09\\_12\\_to\\_4PM.MP3](#)". I came inside the Law Library on 53:00. Unfortunately, "Christina" (Angel) was not here today. After looking around for references, I went inside the superior court and asked everybody about the proper forms to use for the civil lawsuit I had in mind (2:32:00), then about the self-help center (2:39:00), and finally about "intentional tort". By this time, since I couldn't find any laws covering "false reporting to law enforcement", I had decided to make my claim under this most general category of "intentional tort". I obtained more phone numbers to call – and none would amount to anything: I would have to write out my lawsuit all by myself. When I left the court house, you can hear me moan about my fate: "There will never be a day when the government will not run operations on me..." (2:48:00). Quite right, considering that this International Court case would continue non-stop into the next six years! You can then hear me crying after turning on my laptop (2:55:00) – and crying so sadly (2:57:00; until 3:16:00). I called up one of the numbers I was given to ask a lawyer to help me file a civil case under intentional tort (3:23:00). Of course this amounted to nothing. I then rode the bus to Westwood to pass the night there. Just as in the previous months, since I had never bothered to install Internet services at home, I would have to pass the entire day outside, in coffeehouses or libraries, just to use the Internet. At the Borders Bookstore in Westwood, I would purchase NOLO's *Represent Yourself in Court: How to prepare and try a winning case* by Paul Bergman and Sara Berman-Barett (the 6<sup>th</sup>, or 2008, edition). This sort of impersonal, inanimate objects would be the only help I could ever secure in my upcoming struggle against the US government.

By this time, I had pretty much thought out my strategy with this lawsuit. As you will soon read in my amended complaint, I had decided to keep my complaint to the minimum. Since I didn't have any evidence whatsoever, but was only convinced that false reporting had indeed occurred, I would do no more than list all the reasons why it would be impossible for me to want to make any threats whatever, e.g. that I was aware that I was being reported by everyone I met to law enforcement. This should be logical enough. I had also decided not to use the recordings of my conversation with my aunt on August 23 as evidences to prove my innocence. This was not just because I still wasn't sure about the legality of recording phone conversations, but also because of some other reasons, which I would explain on my blog post of September 14. Furthermore, even though I had some inkling that the content of the false report had something to do with threatening to assassinate the President, I decided not to mention this given its sensitive nature. Next, absent any evidences, I tried to buttress myself with "round-offs", saying "so and so hinted to me this and that" even though this had never occurred – otherwise I would not be able to get anywhere. In our current world, you don't want to say: "I know this to be the case because operations and other 'signs' could only be explained if, behind the scene, the officials are instructing people to make false reports, all so that they can settle their scores with the Chinese and the Russians in the International Court of Justice." This – what I call "hermeneutics" – is basically inference, or scientific thinking, like inferring the structure of the atom on the basis of the pattern in which a substance reflects light (e.g. Niels Bohr with the spectra lines). Because most people, being uneducated, are not capable of inferential thinking, they will not accept the conclusions of inferences to be valid, or even possible; to convince them that the government is running operations on me, I would have to say: I witness government's planning with my own eyes, or, somebody has leaked the truth to me. What is unfortunate is, however, that inference could be quite wrong, e.g. it is "faulty surveillance" instead of "false reporting", because the same "sign" could be the result of different unseen mechanisms behind the scene. Finally, because I felt terribly uncomfortable about suing my own family member who had tried to take care of me in the past – and yet I felt I must do something about their attempt to harm me under government's instruction – I decided not to ask for monetary damages, but only for the modest court injunction for her to retract her statement from the Secret Service. I was in a terrible bind. I was wrongly convinced that the suit team's purpose was to eventually hospitalize me – when in fact this was not the case at all: they were only interested in obtaining evidences to convict Russia and deceive governments around the world – and, yet, because I had no evidences, I had also to "round off" my claim with the made-up story that my aunt had threatened me before saying she would do anything to get me institutionalized. This was related to the greatest difficulty with which I was faced: I simply couldn't tell the truth, namely, that my family members and everyone else were doing this to me because the government needed to settle its case with foreign powers in the International Court of Justice. Even though this was simply the truth, mere mention of it would cause me to look crazy and completely discredit myself. I had to "round off" my story with the bullshit scenario that my family members were running a conspiratorial scheme with everyone I knew to hospitalize me because they were simply convinced that I was crazy and they believed a life in the hospital was for my own good.

The first recording of my time at the Law Library on September 10 is: "[at law lib 2008\\_09\\_10\\_1123AM\\_to\\_12PM.MP3](#)". You can hear me asking Angel for help on 6:00, and then another

librarian in which court I should file my lawsuit on 15:00. Now since I was convinced that, on August 23, my friend Jennifer W had made a false report together with my aunt, my intention was to not only file the lawsuit against my aunt, but against my friend Jennifer as well. Coincidentally, both of them lived in Palos Verdes. But if I wanted to sue them, then I should file a lawsuit in *their* district, not in *my* district, downtown Los Angeles. When the librarian confirmed so, I began crying out of frustration (24:00). Palos Verdes was in the suburb; it would require enormous effort to get there on bus. My second recording of my time at the Law Library on this afternoon is: "[at law lib 2008\\_09\\_10\\_12to4PM.MP3](#)". You can immediately hear me crying so sadly on the street – this is indicative of my mood from that time. Somebody then came to me. "Nobody will help me..." I cried (2:30). Well, nobody would, given government's persistent intervention in my life. You can then hear me asking another librarian whether I could leave Jennifer W's address blank. This was the problem: I didn't actually know where she lived. Not having been helped, I continued to cry. You can then hear me explaining to Angel what my case was about: that my aunt, according to my hypothesis, was making false reports about me to the Mental Health Liaison Service of the Secret Service. Again, because I had no evidences whatsoever, I presented my "hypothesis" as if it were a description of events I had personally witnessed. I of course mentioned nothing about the International Court trial over China and Russia – the inexplicable source of all my pains – but simply explained vaguely that my relatives wanted to put me in the hospital, as if this were their way to do me good in a perverted way. I told Angel further that I had no friends. "Groups," she suggested. "No," I was quite emphatic, "they will harm me..." (22:00). Although I had misunderstood the mechanisms of the suit team's operations, I would soon prove to be quite correct here: everyone I would ever meet would be recruited, and so – what was the point? I thus began crying to Angel. She comforted me in her motherly way: "Well, you are doing something about it, you are not letting it happen..." (27:00). After I went inside the superior court house, I came back into the law library to use the computers (56:00), and you can hear Angel helping me format my pleading paper – I had begun composing my lawsuit (1:10:00). Then Angel was helping me use the copy machine (2:22:00). You can then hear me begging her not to report me to law enforcement. Now, today was my second time meeting Angel, and she already had a change of attitude. I began to suspect that she had already been alerted about me by the suit team. I might have been somewhat paranoid here, however, for it would seem that she was in fact recruited by the suit team only much later. Soon Angel was teaching me how to make exhibits (30:00). She then watched over me as I typed my information onto the pleading paper. She then helped me print my papers and devise a cover sheet for my complaint. By the time I left the Law Library – and said goodbye to Angel – I would have the preliminary version of my lawsuit ready.

My afternoon at the Law Library on September 11 is recorded in: "[at court and law lib 2008\\_09\\_11\\_1to4PM.MP3](#)". When I walked into the library and was greeting Angel, I told her: "I'm doing just terrible..." (9:00): this had become my most usual line. I simply didn't feel like lying: why should I somehow say I was doing great in order to cover up the fact that I was absolutely miserable? Are torture victims from concentration camps or CIA's secret prisons supposed to claim they are doing just fine? Now I would be looking for a typewriter today. You can then hear me leaving the library momentarily and getting frustrated over not understanding why my computer malfunctioned (1:07:00). You can then hear me crying very sadly from 1:12:30 onward. Even when I came back into the Law Library, I was still sobbing (1:24:00). You

can then hear me crying loudly to the librarian because I didn't know how to use the copy machines: I had lost money inside (1:26:00). Because of my frequent tantrum of this kind as a result of my severe depression over the complete breakdown of my social relations due to government's agenda, everybody in the library assumed I was developmentally retarded. It would be hard to imagine what they would then think when the suit team sent agents to inform them that this guy was a national security threat in that he had tried to help China and Russia harm the United States in the most damaging way possible. You can finally hear Angel helping me finish up the last portion of my pleading paper and get a typewriter and so on. Another librarian then helped me print out my complaint (2:14:00). Then Angel helped me a little bit more with using the right forms.

In the next recording of my time in the Law Library on this day: "[at law lib etc 2008\\_09\\_11\\_416PM.MP3](#)", you can hear me making more calls to attorney services on Skype (11:00), and then asking Angel more questions (40:00). And then more questions later (1:07:00). You can also hear the Red Glasses Lady helping me find references in law books. She would also play some role in the later episodes of this International Court trial.

My first recording of my time in the law library on September 12 is: "[2008\\_9\\_12\\_11AM\\_calling\\_advocacy\\_and\\_at law lib and court.MP3](#)". I came to the Starbucks one block away from the Law Library and used the wireless Internet there to call up "Advocacy" on Skype. Although my complaint was about done, I was still unsure of its legal value, and wanted to try one last time to get help from pro-bono organizations. For fear of false reporting, I posed as "Ken" this time – once again providing Mr Secretary with more evidence to confirm his cartoonish "David Chin legend" (25:30) – even though he must be busy with something else than with "collecting" his evidences at the moment. I asked for help with my lawsuit, and explained my problem to the Advocacy operator: many people in my life conspired to make false reports about me to law enforcement in order to hospitalize me (30:00). I didn't get anywhere for, soon, I became afraid that even Advocacy might soon be instructed by the authority to falsely report me to the police. Having destroyed my own effort to seek help, I hanged up, and came inside the law library. I even told Angel directly: "You're gonna report me later..." Of course she denied it (1:23:00). My paranoia was now going beyond people's possible false reporting of me. I asked Angel: "How do I know if somebody is not going to change the papers I will have turned in at the courthouse?" (1:25:00) I had just thought of the possibility that Mr Secretary might send agents to the superior court to alter the documents I filed there as a way to frame me. Certainly this was possible and you can imagine it happening all the time – people planting evidences, like drugs, in your drawers to frame you – but Mr Secretary and the Agency were not actually going to do this kind of things: all because they needed to abide by the rules which judge Higgins had laid down. I was paranoid principally because I wasn't aware that the government was sanctioned under international laws to frame me.<sup>1</sup> Just like yesterday, I was generally acting

---

<sup>1</sup> To speak in fairness: the US government's habit is less to frame people blatantly through direct planting of evidences and more to frame people through false interpretation of evidences. The experience which Susan Lindauer has narrated in her *Extreme Prejudice* (2010) – how she was framed for spying for Libya through Justice Department's twisting around her actual response in the sting operation on her – is typical of the US approach to prosecuting innocent people. Only a backward government like Mexico's is still in the habit of blatantly framing people through direct planting of evidences. Refer to the example of Florence Cassez, a French girl detained and

retarded, so that librarians had to help me use the coin machine and copy machine (1:35:00). Then you can hear Angel helping me put together the pages of my lawsuit – my final step. I then went inside the superior court house asking the information officer where to get the various remaining forms and where to submit them. And, finally, where to file the fee waiver form. I would use my status as a welfare recipient to avoid filing fees.

Finally, I got in front of the court clerk and troubled her with this annoying question of whether I could file the complaint here even though both defendants lived in Palos Verdes (2:42:00). Just before I could file my complaint at long last, I got terribly upset over the fact that I had not actually filled out the forms correctly: I had entered the addresses in the wrong place and so on. Despite this – and despite the fact that I had never obtained Jennifer W's address – I filed my lawsuit anyway, and received the case number of 08K22866. I felt I needed to make my grievances as fast as I could. After this, I came back inside the Law Library, and you can hear Angel graciously showing interest in my affairs by asking me: "Did they give you a court date?" and so on. I couldn't have done it without her. Nevertheless, I would remain troubled by the questions of whether I should have filed the complaint in defendants' district and whether it was okay to not know the address of one of the defendants.

The next recording registers the remainder of my time in the law library today: "[at law lib 2008\\_09\\_12\\_344PM.MP3](#)". Besides these two questions, I also had to figure out how to serve the summons and the complaint to the defendants. You can hear me telling Angel about this: I had absolutely nobody to serve papers for me and had to find a professional (42:00). (The law permits you to find anyone to serve court papers for you, as long as the person is over 18 years of age.) This means that I had to spend more money for this, even given my continually depleted saving. (I was now at the point of living from welfare check to welfare check.) You can hear me expressing my dilemma to myself: "Can't find people to help me, for they will be recruited by the government to sabotage my case..." (46:00). When Angel misunderstood my situation as "harassment" by defendants, I had to make it clear to her: "They are not bothering me, they are reporting me... And all lawyers are alerted about me, so that I can't trust them..." (51:00). You have to understand the peculiarity of my problem: if I simply ignored everybody's intrigue behind my back, it is as if nothing whatsoever had ever happened, for the objective of the whole game was to defame me without my noticing it – to destroy any true or good conception of me in other people's mind – but not to harm me physically in any way at all. This is the very peculiar essence of the American evil on which I will focus your attention repeatedly, the American avoidance of inflicting physical harm but obsession with fucking with your mind or other people's mind about you. You must also try to imagine the helplessness I felt, in that, just as in Geneva in January, there was no possibility that I could ever find any ally to be on my side in any slightest way whatsoever. Every single person I met would be my enemy.

There is something to note about tonight, which is recorded in: "[friday\\_night\\_in\\_westwood \(sara\)\\_2008\\_09\\_12\\_8PM.MP3](#)". I came to ISO, a coffeehouse restaurant, in Westwood Village. I began chatting with the cashier, Irina, who was recently hired (27:00). She had black hair and

---

imprisoned in Mexico in late 2008 for the absurd crimes of conspiring with Mexican kidnapping gang Los Zodiacos. For an account, e.g. Catherine Nay, *L'impétueux : Torments, tourmentes, crises et tempêtes*, Ch. 8.



was special in the sense that she was an ethnic minority from Russia (probably ethnic Tartar). Although it alarmed me that she was from Russia – I began to wonder if the suit team had planted her in this coffee shop for me to run into – I was so lonely that talking to cashiers in coffeehouses I frequented (just as in the case of Mireya) was my only option. Now Irina soon introduced me to another guy who just came from Russia, “Sergev”. It was her friend, who worked in ISO as well. Sergev was only 20 year-old, and had been in the US for just one month, carrying a guitar all the time. Again, although I was quite alarmed – I was terrified that I might harm Russia by talking to a stranger from that country – I chatted with him out of desperation. They didn't show any sign of being part of suit team's operation, however – not just yet. Again, September was rather a quiet month, probably thanks to the complication which the United States had encountered in the international domain. But you can hear me asking myself on 38:30: “Where to find friends anyway? People are dangerous...” After a while, you can hear me chatting with Irina again, and asking her: “How come your friend speaks English so well?” (1:25:00). I also told her I was learning Spanish. You can then hear me saying to myself outside ISO: “My voice will be heard!” (1:29:30) And so my lawsuit would be my first step in this direction. Note that, soon, when I moved to Elysée across the street, I dared, out of loneliness, speak French to another girl whom I had been seeing chatting online all the time. I went up to her: “Are you Moroccan?” “How do you know?” she was surprised. We then began speaking in French. Her name was “Sara” (1:39:00). Afterward I sighed: “I wish I had friends...” (2:15:00). I mention this not only to indicate to you just how incredibly lonesome I was, but also because I didn't know as yet that I wasn't supposed to know French! I hadn't yet figured out that the documents about me which my FBI “Big Sister” had circulated to Russia, China, and Brazil had portrayed me as being unable to speak French. Although the ICJ case over me was stuck in limbo at the moment, the suit team might very well have intercepted my conversation with Sara – together with my posing as “Ken” today – and made use of it to push through the deadlock with Russia.

September 13 was a Saturday, and, having filed my complaint, I skipped the Law Library in the afternoon and came to Pasadena to pass my time. I was at Zona Rosa, and this is recorded in: “[sat\\_night\\_in\\_pasadena\\_\(zona\\_rosa\\_etc\)\\_2008\\_09\\_13\\_from\\_7PM.MP3](#)”. Sadly, Mireya was not working tonight. You can hear me muttering to myself in the saddest mood: “I can't live in this environment” (2:01:00) – the environment of the Truman Show, that is. “I can't even talk to a lawyer... Everybody will try to sabotage me...” Then the girl who was the cashier tonight came to me: “That's a lot of things you carry...” She was referring to my heavy backpack filled with electronic equipment. I replied: “I have to carry a lot of survival equipment...” (2:15:30). Then, I couldn't help but ask her: Are you gonna report me to law enforcement? Then I continued to whine to myself: “This is such a horrible country, I've got to get out of here...” (2:19:00). “I wish I had friends...” (3:02:30). Finally: “I just want to have a conversation, a conversation will make me feel so good...” (3:13:00). Merely having somebody to talk to had become the most pleasurable experience for me in the world because of my prolonged isolation and deprivation. But I sighed: “I can't talk to people because they will falsely report me...” (3:20:00). I then got on Metro to go home: another depressing night.

I have already recounted, at the end of “Karin's Meetups” (“The impossible wish to be known”), what was so traumatic about September 14: Father John's attempt to frame me for pedophilia at

the Assumption Church. Disappointed, saddened, and feeling hopeless, I spent the rest of September 14 in coffeehouses writing my blogs and so on. Here you see that I referred to Angel for the first time on my blog post of September 14. You see that I began assuming that she was already recruited, and – in accordance with my false belief at the time – that she was falsely reporting me behind my back like everyone else, which meant that she must have been alerted about me with the same Homeland Security mental health alert from 2007. In reality, when her CIA handlers indeed came to her, they would simply explain to her that there was this International Court of Justice trial, that China had used me and cheated and had perpetrated the 911 attacks, and that the president of the International Court had authorized that the United States, too, could cheat – but to get Russia this time, China's partner in crime – in order to right the wrongs which the United States had suffered. To “cheat”, that is, to do acting so that I might appear as if I were my own twin brother in the eyes of my international audience. This was basically the same thing which Karin and her friends were told.

I started out September 15 with even less enthusiasm for life: having given up on Orthodox church, I had nothing else going on in my life but this lawsuit, the superior court, and the Law Library. My afternoon of September 15 is recorded in: “[at\\_court\\_and\\_law\\_lib\\_2008\\_09\\_15\\_1140AMto330PM.MP3](#)”. I came inside the court house to ask how I could amend my original complaint (44:30): which form to use and so on (54:00). I wanted to amend my original complaint because it no longer seemed possible to me to find out Jennifer W's address. Without her address, I couldn't even serve the complaint to her. You can then hear me asking another court clerk what would happen if I had filed my complaint in the wrong court (58:00) and when the papers I had filed would show up on the computer index. I needed to know this because I wanted to prevent any possible attempt by the suit team to clandestinely alter the papers I had filed in court. Now I also found out that the papers I had filed must be served within 15 days. Eventually, I decided to abide by what I had read in my NOLO book: because my lawsuit didn't involve personal injury, I *could* file it in Los Angeles county even though the defendants lived in Palos Verdes. I didn't yet know that, in the end, I was wasting my time over nothing: because my claim was so insignificant, the judge, even under normal circumstances, would not care whether I had followed the proper procedures. Meanwhile, nobody in the entire court house could confirm this because nobody was allowed to provide legal advice. I came inside the Law Library crying to Angel: “Nobody will answer my questions...” (1:47:00). Then, when I explained to Angel again my problem with my aunt's false reporting, she asked me straightforwardly: “Do you take medication?” I was losing my credibility to Angel; although this was expected given my behavior, this might indicate that Homeland Security's mental health alert about me had at last reached her by this time – even though she had not yet been recruited. Then, Angel suddenly asked me: “Where do you live?” I was terribly alarmed: “Why? Are you going to report me?” Pausing, Angel then asked me to get help from pro-bono organizations. Can't, I explained again, they will falsely report me (1:57:00). She however continued to suggest that I seek help from professional lawyers. “No. They will sabotage me, law enforcement will tell them I'm troublesome...” And I told her about my bad experience with Mr Kim: “He was sabotaging me, the legal advices he gave me were all wrong...” (2:14:00). “I can't engage myself in my normal routines because of law enforcement intervention...” Angel suggested again that I go to groups. But I explained again: law enforcement! The problem was the preconception which the law enforcement/ Homeland Security alert had instilled in people's mind about me, I explained: It

takes time for people to find out you are a good person and so on. But when people see me, they will say: Oh, don't talk to him, the police have said he's like this and that... I wish people could learn that, although I'm not so good, I'm not that terrible either, but this is simply impossible... (2:31:00). I then continually begged Angel to believe that I was not a bad person (2:37:00). After I left the Law Library, I decided to try calling up another service on Skype, but didn't succeed (2:53:30). This time, I was trying out "Mental Health America of Los Angeles" (MHALA), an advocacy organization devoted to advocating the integration of mentally disabled people into society.<sup>2</sup> I had just discovered this organization when I decided that regular pro-bono law foundations were not good choices for me. I thought this organization may be of help in regard to the "conspiracy" among the people around me to institutionalize me through false reports about the dangers I supposedly posed to others and myself. At the time I needed to reach this woman named "Pam" who directed the advocacy programs here.

On the afternoon of September 18, I accidentally ran into my old doctor Deborah W on the street. This is recorded in: "[in\\_west\\_LA\\_running\\_into\\_D\\_Wiss\\_etc\\_2008\\_09\\_18\\_430to730PM.MP3](#)". "I'm glad to see you," I told her immediately, but then: "but I'm afraid you are gonna make false reports to law enforcement about me... Everybody will be notified that I'm dangerous..." "Are you dangerous?" she asked. "I'm not... Are you trying to frame me?" Then I explained: "I have not said any of the things which people have reported me as saying, why would I, when I know I'm being reported?" This, as you have seen, was the argument I was using in my lawsuit against my aunt. I then began crying: "I'm so lonely..." Deborah denied, of course, that she would ever make false reports about me. Presumably she did know what was going on – that I was worrying about nothing because I had mistaken people's acting while under surveillance for people's informing on me during a law enforcement investigation – but she of course would not tell me the truth to spare me the suffering: she didn't have to feel my pain. I continued to cry: "I don't have any support... They will make false reports about me..." Deborah asked: "You don't think law enforcement knows it's not you?" I replied: "They are coordinating the process... I'm so unbelievably lonely, so much pain..." and I cried even louder (6:30). Deborah then said emphatically: "Nobody has ever contacted me... This is not how this society works... This is an open society, not a totalitarian society..." (8:00). This American way – hitting you in the face and then claiming that they did not hit you in the face but that they were just saying Hello – was itself torturous, for it made you feel like you were stuck in the twilight zone. It was just unprecedented in human history that a government would trap a person in a Truman Show and instruct every person he ever met to do "acting" in front of him – acting in a way that was so obvious in the sense that the actors were supposed to point to the West and say it's East – and then instruct all the actors to pretend that the acting was "real". It was not totalitarianism only in the sense that the oppression and the assault were not directed against your body, but only against your mind and your sense of reality. It was "totalitarianism" targeting your mind. I thus got very upset: "I just want to have friends, but everybody is alerted... The system is just so air-tight, everybody believes government's lies about me..." (10:30). I continued to cry, and moaned: "The only way to avoid all that is to be all alone, but I don't want to be alone... It's like: you are so hungry but all the food around is poisonous..." (17:00). Recall that I have used this analogy to illustrate my situation many times already. While complaining to her that the

---

<sup>2</sup> See their website: <http://www.mhala.org>.

“German Lady” had said all these terrible things about me when reporting me to law enforcement, I began showing Deborah my blog. She asked me: “This is your blog? You wrote it?” “Who else would?” Finally Deborah pretended to comfort me with the nonsense: “There are places where you are protected...” I was shocked: “No, there is no such place...” (24:00). This was the extent of our conversation today. After I parted company with Deborah, I was moaning in pain (49:00) and hopping about on the street as if I were developmentally retarded (52:00). I was, of course, just expressing the sadness and despair that was inside me. When I came inside a shop, the cashier asked me: “How are you?” I of course replied: “As bad as it can get...” I would then continue to moan and cry out of sadness while on the bus. From 1:24:00 onward, and on 1:35:00 especially, you can hear me crying so sadly and very loudly.

I would be severely depressed the next day as well. On September 19, I woke up earlier than usual, around 9 AM, and my morning is recorded in: “[with\\_mhala\\_&\\_at\\_law\\_lib\\_2008\\_09\\_19\\_948AMto1250PM.MP3](#)”. You can immediately hear me crying and moaning and groaning and talking as if I were mentally retarded while walking the street, on the bus, and buying cigarettes (until 5:00). I continued to moan and groan like a crazy person (13:00). While crying, I shouted at passersby: “You can harm me if you want to, harm me!” (26:00) Then: “Alert, alert! I want to escape from the alerts!” (31:00) In the past few days, I had fixed my lawsuit against my aunt – revising it somewhat and, most importantly, eliminating Jennifer W as my aunt’s co-defendant – and, before I should file this amended complaint, I decided to try one more time to secure legal help by getting through the Mental Health America of Los Angeles. I called up this “Pam” again on skype while in the Starbucks near the Law Library (33:00) and was told repeatedly to call back later. I called up Pam again on 1:20:00, continuing to pose as “Ken”. This time I was able to reach Pam, and I said to her, feeling tremendous guilt: “I can’t offer anything, but I need help... Are we covered by confidentiality?” She claimed she needed to understand my situation first. “Who are you suing?” she asked. I replied: “Someone I know. I didn’t ask for monetary damages, just retraction of statements... I don’t have much expectation... But at least if I make an attempt, then...” She pointed out that I would actually discredit myself if I didn’t ask for money. I then explained to her my other problem, that law enforcement had alerted so many institutions about me, thereby caused widespread discrimination against me, and made it impossible for me to associate with people (1:25:30). When Pam asked me personal questions, I would get paranoid again: “Are you going to report me?” In the end, she didn’t quite believe my story about the alert, but suspected that I was only speaking out my delusional fantasies. I shouted: “I don’t have any place in this society... I’m wrongfully labeled by law enforcement as someone for whom everybody needs to watch out... I can only stay home... I’m ostracized... I want to meet with an attorney face to face...” She suggested Patient’s Rights Office. I began crying, “I really don’t know what to do...” She continued: “Maybe this is part of your illness...” Since she didn’t believe me, she simply suggested that I stay in therapy, and warned me that judges would get angry with my nonsensical lawsuit and tell me not to come to court unless with representation. Finally, she refused to even provide me with referrals, saying they didn’t deal with issues of law enforcement coordinating with mental health organizations. I shouted: “I don’t understand this: if I were a criminal, I can get representation, but since I’m a mental nuthead, I can’t get representation... Why is it that worse people have more rights?” She explained: criminals will be put in jails, but mental patients are free; unless they are being put on conservatorship, then they will get representation. In the end, since I couldn’t get the help I

desired, I simply thanked her profusely for the time she had spent on me and emphasized how I didn't have anything to offer her in return. And then I began crying again (1:46:30). I then called up Jill again, twice (2:51:00 and 2:54:00), reaching only her voice mail. But I didn't leave any message. (I will discuss my business with Jill momentarily.) Before going inside the courthouse, I continued to moan: "I need to do everything by myself..."

And so I resign myself to the fate of having to file this lawsuit all by myself, without help from anyone. And on this afternoon, at the superior court, I filed the first amended complaint against my aunt, which you can see at:

[http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/pleading\\_papers/PleadingPaper\\_amended\\_YOH.pdf](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/pleading_papers/PleadingPaper_amended_YOH.pdf).

### **Recovery International**

Besides the unfortunate fact that I would have to stop going to the Orthodox church, my BPD meetup group was not working out either. People were still signing up, but – one look at them and I could tell some of them were Homeland Security agents. They were going to show up and speak gibberish to me so that surveillance could confuse them with me enabling the United States to present further evidences in the International Court of Justice showing me to be indeed David Chin. Within a month or two I would step down as its organizer and the meetup was soon closed. I tried out some other meetups, like the Life Drawing Meetup and the World History meetup (9/8 and 9/10).<sup>3</sup> It was boring. The Life Drawing Meetup took place in some artist's home in Hollywood; everyone simply gathered around the model and drew. I did that, but of course there was nobody to socialize with. The World History meetup was run by a lively, enthusiastic white girl, who had the educational level of a graduate student. There were several other old timers too. We were in the midst of reading a book on the Ottoman empire, but the discussion hardly turned on the topic of the book. In any case, just as usual, nobody showed any interest in me. When the organizer was gone, the other guy who was left alone with me was actually avoiding conversing with me. It's not clear whether it was because he was alerted about me or whether it was simply because he found me uninteresting. Both were possible. My assessment was that nobody here had yet been alerted about me or recruited by the suit team as an actor or actress. Seeing that I wasn't really wanted – all the meetups beside Karin's seemed to be devoid of human energy in any case – I didn't bother to go there again. Had I stayed there long, however, everyone would surely be recruited.

Now that I had no meetups to go to and had no human contacts at all, I looked around and discovered the support group meetings of Recovery International.<sup>4</sup> I would give this a try. Recovery had meetings throughout the week at different places of the city. This was excellent in the sense that one can actually go to Recovery meeting several times in a week. I went to its first meeting on a Saturday, September 21, in the afternoon. It was held inside the Kaiser Permanente

---

<sup>3</sup> Recorded in: "los\_feliz\_life\_drawing\_mu\_etc\_2008\_09\_08\_616PM.MP3" and "worldhistory\_mu\_etc\_2008\_09\_10\_730PM.MP3".

<sup>4</sup> See its website: <https://www.lowselphelpsystems.org/meetings/>.

on Vermont and Sunset.<sup>5</sup> I went to more of its meetings on September 22;<sup>6</sup> September 23;<sup>7</sup> September 26;<sup>8</sup> September 29;<sup>9</sup> and October 3<sup>10</sup> – quite frequently, as you can see. On Friday night of each week, it was held at the Center of Inquiry on Hollywood Blvd; on Sunday afternoon, usually in Kaiser Permanente; and, then, for the rest of the week, it was usually taking place in somebody's house. For fear of the same thing – that everyone would be recruited to make false reports about me to law enforcement – I used a fake first name and never gave out my last name or any contact information. I was still worried that my name and contact information might have already been circulating in the mental health community. I didn't want to be identified and reported. The great thing about this support group was that you didn't need to call anyone or be called upon; all you do was show up. You can then be completely anonymous. Recovery functioned very much like Alcoholics Anonymous. When the meeting started, we would each take turn to read a passage from Abraham Low's *Mental Health Through Will Training* (3<sup>rd</sup> Edition). After this we would take turn to share some personal issues we were each struggling with. I desperately wanted to talk to somebody about my bungled feelings for Karin and the injustice I had suffered in her hands, but the people I met here were all complete strangers. I stayed completely quiet for the first three meetings, which was therefore rather unsatisfying for me. I didn't begin to say something until the meeting on the 26<sup>th</sup>, and, even then, I only managed to share something insignificant. It was simply impossible to talk about my problems with Karin because I couldn't get into the context: being a "target of government's clandestine operations" and so on. It was only on October 3 that I would finally share with others something about Karin for the first time.

Even though I was using an unassuming alias – unassuming because it sounded like a garbled up version of the English transliteration of a Chinese name: a technique I would use very frequently – I was still quite worried during these meetings. I wrongly assumed that, if group members were ever recruited to report me to law enforcement, the latter would tell them, "Well, you know, this name he told you guys isn't his real name. This guy is also a master pretender of someone else; as for his true identity, we are still investigating." Again, not having a correct knowledge of how the suit team was running its operations, I was completely paranoid about nothing. I regretted that, although I had never before had the habit of using alias, now, in order to avoid an imaginary law enforcement intervention and find true human contacts, I really had to hide my true name, ending up acquiring one of the antisocial characteristics which Mr Secretary had falsely attributed to me in the international domain: it's almost like a self-fulfilling prophecy. Sad. In reality, there would be no signs that the suit team had come into the midst of Recovery at all, until the meeting on October 6. Even so, those meetings at Recovery were ultimately unsatisfying to me because of my inability to share my experience. What I really needed was "government clandestine operations' targets support group" – but such thing does not exist!<sup>11</sup>

---

<sup>5</sup> Recorded in: "[recovery\\_meeting\\_vermont-sunset\\_etc\\_2008\\_09\\_21\\_4-7PM.MP3](#)".

<sup>6</sup> In somebody's house in West Los Angeles. Recorded in: "[recovery\\_colorado-stanford\\_etc\\_2008\\_09\\_22\\_640-855PM.MP3](#)".

<sup>7</sup> In somebody's house in Venice Beach. Recorded in: "[recovery\\_8831\\_venice\\_2008\\_09\\_23\\_628PM.MP3](#)".

<sup>8</sup> In Center of Inquiry in Hollywood. Recorded in: "[hollywd\\_friday\\_recov\\_etc\\_2008\\_09\\_26\\_5PM.MP3](#)".

<sup>9</sup> Recorded in: "[recovery\\_monday\\_2008\\_09\\_29\\_555PM.MP3](#)".

<sup>10</sup> Recorded in: "[recovery\\_friday\\_centra\\_for\\_inquir\\_2008\\_10\\_03\\_555PM.MP3](#)"; see below.

<sup>11</sup> Something similar does exist, i.e. "targeted individuals" support groups. C.f., earlier, and later.

The suit team had left my Recovery meetings undisturbed throughout the month of September, again, probably because they were still working out their issue with Russia in the international domain. Keep in mind the international context in which the ICJ trial over me between the United States and Russia occurred. The conflict between East and West, between the United States and its Western alliance on the one hand and Russia on the other, had now reached a nadir. As the conviction of China had now deprived Russia of China's alliance, Russia was becoming increasingly isolated in the international domain. Meanwhile, you have read that Russia had lost Vietnam's support as well. India, Brazil, and South Africa were not reliable partners as yet. The only allies Russia was left with were those few populist leftwing regimes in Latin America: Venezuela, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Nicaragua. (The situation with Honduras was quite problematic by now.) This is why Russia had had to fight so hard to obstruct the United States' pursuit of this International Court trial. Meanwhile, Putin, under such desperate conditions, tried to consolidate his Latin American alliance. You saw this in the news. On September 10, Russia sent two TU-160 strategic bombers to participate in its military maneuvers with Venezuela – a highly provocative military exercise in US' backyard.<sup>12</sup> The exercise, scheduled for mid-November, would also include four Russian naval ships and 1000 Russian military personnel to work with Venezuelan frigates, patrol boats, submarines, and aircrafts. This – you might find it amazing – all had in the end to do with my case.

### **“Carlos”, paranoia, and Jill**

As mentioned above and in my blog posts, I had developed the paranoid fear that Mr Secretary might send agents to the superior court to alter the documents I had already filed. Now that I had filed my amended complaint, I would go to the court house two or three times a week to look at my own file, just to make sure that the papers had not been swapped! On the afternoon of September 22, the first Monday after I had filed my amended complaint, I was at the court house checking out how my case might show up on the case summary index on the computer. Refer the recoding: “[at\\_court\\_&\\_law\\_lib\\_2008\\_09\\_22\\_1153AM-245PM.MP3](#)”. I immediately called up the court clerk when I noticed that my case was listed under “personal injury”, even though I had specifically filed my case under “intentional tort without personal injury”. Although the court clerk advised me that the index did not list cases according to mathematical precision – this was true, of course – I couldn't escape the suspicion that the suit team had begun playing tricks with my case. Maybe, when my little lawsuit had reached the International Court as evidence, it would show this David Chin maliciously suing his own aunt for injuring him when no such thing had ever occurred.

That night, after my second Recovery meeting, I came to Westwood to pass the night at ISO. I have recorded my time there in: “[at\\_iso\\_westwood\\_sergev\\_2008\\_09\\_22\\_921PM.MP3](#)”. You can hear me chatting with Irina and Sergev again. They still hadn't yet shown any sign of being part of suit team's operation. Again, September was rather a quiet month, probably thanks to the complication which the United States had encountered.

---

<sup>12</sup> C.f. *Guardian*, September 10, 2008, “Russia sends warplanes on Venezuela training mission”, at: <http://www.theguardian.com/world/2008/sep/10/russia.venezuela>.

The next day, September 23, I was at the court house again to check on my newly filed amended complaint. This is recorded in: “[at\\_court\\_tues\\_2008\\_09\\_23\\_12pm.MP3](#)”. This time I wanted to look at the actual file to see if my amended complaint might have been physically altered, only to discover that it had not yet been archived (5:00). When I checked on the summary index on the computer, I got paranoid over another abnormality in the file information, and quickly went to interrogate the court clerk about it (10:00).

The twilight zone in which I was trapped would soon manifest itself conspicuously with the process server. After calling around, I found this process server by the name of “Carlos”, a sophisticated-looking Hispanic man in his 40s. His office was very near downtown Los Angeles. I would meet him for the first time on September 24. It is sort of lucky for me because, having met him only after my recording habit had gone full-blown, I would document every second of my interaction with him from the beginning to the end.

My early afternoon of September 24 is recorded in: “[at\\_law\\_lib\\_at\\_court\\_with\\_process\\_server\\_2008\\_09\\_24\\_11AM.MP3](#)”. I was in the Law Library briefly, chatting with the Chinese girl “Rene” whom I have earlier mentioned (25:00). I was then inside the superior court interrogating the court clerks why my amended complaint still hadn't been archived (41:00). I became very suspicious over the delay. Perhaps the suit team had sent in an agent to retain it as a way to play frauds. I then came to Carlos' office on 2:12:00. You can hear me, during this first meeting with him, asking him to serve to my aunt the summons, the original complaint, and the amended complaint. Carlos would have these papers served on September 27.

My afternoon of September 25 is recorded in: “[left\\_message\\_JWeiss\\_at\\_law\\_lib\\_2008\\_09\\_25\\_157PM.MP3](#)”. Before I came to the Law Library, I stopped by the Starbucks nearby to use the wireless Internet. You can hear me calling up Jill Weiss on Skype (3:00). I will presently explain my continuing business with Jill and the Alcott Center; note for now simply that I did leave her a message this afternoon, reminding her that I had sent her an email two days ago and asking her to reply me. You can then hear me getting help from Angel in the Law Library (1:16:00; 1:19:00; 1:27:00; and 2:08:00). You can also hear the Red Glasses Lady instructing me how to properly cite references (1:35:00).

Interestingly, when I was passing the night of September 25 in Pasadena, I would run into Peter (Cheng). This is recorded in: “[in\\_pasadena\\_running\\_into\\_peter\\_2008\\_09\\_25\\_709PM.MP3](#)” (18:00). He said he'd just got off work and was looking very uncomfortable when he saw me. Certainly, while Karin was instructed to ostracize me from her groups, she actually hated me anyway and this was what she would want to do even without government's instruction. All the terrible rumors and slanders which she had, per her handler's instruction, broadcast about me to everyone – she actually did mean them. This was why, after hearing them, Peter was quite uncomfortable about seeing me.

On September 26, before making my daily trips to the Law Library and the superior court, I was at the same Starbucks nearby using the wireless Internet. My time there and afterwards is recorded in: “[at\\_law\\_lib\\_and\\_court\\_2008\\_09\\_26\\_1142AM.MP3](#)”. You can hear me calling the



Library of Congress Copyright Office on Skype on 43:00. Even though I was no longer going over there to check on the copyright of my works, I still wanted to check on it over the phone. I would eventually, after several calls, be informed that, if I ever wanted to look at the works I had copyrighted, I would have to pay 100 dollars. This, then, was the end of the story: I didn't even have the money to check on my copyrights. I then came inside the Law Library on 1:36:00, and you can hear me chatting briefly with Angel. Today I would be researching for precedents for prosecution of false reports to law enforcement. I still hadn't figured out that I was simply wasting my time. I then came to the court house on 1:48:00. Again, to waste my time by checking to make sure that my papers had not been swapped.

### **On the periphery of Karin's meetups**

As for Karin, I wrote her a short note on September 18. And then, since she never replied, I wrote her again on September 19:

Yesterday I wrote you through the meetup website "I have helped myself a lot lately and am ready to rejoin the group", did you get the request? I'm doing okay now.

I did so because I still counted on her words: that she was only banishing me temporarily. I didn't know that Karin in fact didn't mean what she said. On September 28, I would see Karin for the first time since September 5. Karin had scheduled a meetup on this day to see the one o'clock show of "Towel Head" at Laemmle's Playhouse 7. Before the movie, however, she had a brunch meeting at a nearby restaurant "Europane". At this time, she had not yet made her Meetup website private, and so I could see the advertisement even though I was no longer a member of her Any Language and Culture Meetup. Since it had been three weeks that I had not bothered Karin, I decided to try it out this time. On the day before I wrote her:

I will come to the Europane tomorrow morning to see if I can squeeze into a spot. If not, it's okay. But, just to make this clear, I'm not going to watch the movie Towelhead. I just read what the movie is about, and it seems like another movie that's too scary for me. And in any case, I've become very cinemaphobic lately, but I'll cherish the chance to see you guys. I'll wait for you guys outside the theater when the movie is about over to say hi and see if anything else will go on after the movie.

I would not join her to see the movie because, of course, insofar as the movie event was planned before she had kicked me out of her groups, it was probably "loaded" so that, if I should see it, Mr Secretary would have collected more evidences to secretly convict me as "David Chin".<sup>13</sup>

---

<sup>13</sup> I don't know how; presumably because the movie was about a 13 year-old girl's sexual awakening, and because it had rape scenes in it, seeing it would mean that I must be a pedophile and sex-pervert and so on. See the description of this movie at Wikipedia (retrieved June 3 2014): "Set in 1990 amidst the Kuwait War of 1990-91, Towelhead tells the coming-of-age story of a 13-year-old Lebanese American girl named Jasira (Summer Bishil). She first lives with her mother in Syracuse, New York, but when her mother's live-in boyfriend helps Jasira shave her pubic hair, her mother sends Jasira to live with her old-fashioned and domineering Lebanese father Rifat (Peter Macdissi) in

Again, Karin never replied me. The fact was that, unless there was an operation requiring her to frame me for something, she would never bother to be in contact with me. And, as you recall, the suit team was trapped in “complications” at the moment. Despite the fact that I had heard nothing from her, I decided to show up at Karin's meetup anyway. However, I overslept on September 28, and didn't wake up until noon: I couldn't possibly make it to the brunch at Europane. I took off for Pasadena anyway, hoping to find Karin outside the theater after the movie was over. The movie would end around 3 PM, and, standing outside Playhouse 7, I turned on my recorder: “[saw\\_karin\\_at\\_playhouse\\_7\\_pasad \(towelhead\)\\_2008\\_09\\_28\\_315PM.mp3](#)”. I was nervous since I didn't quite get a “Yes” from Karin, and wondered if she and her Meetup friends might react negatively to my showing up. Within ten minutes, Karin's friends came out – Cecilia and Sarah, among others. You can hear me asking them about the movie and the breakfast on 10:00; everyone replied me graciously. I was relieved. Sarah was especially friendly with me. I then met up with Karin on 11:30. She asked me whether I had gone to the Spanish language meetup (14:30). (See below.) “I don't think my Spanish is good enough...” I replied. She was encouraging me to attend the Spanish language meetup group because, as you shall understand later, the suit team had begun contemplating using me to thwart Russia's increasingly aggressive attempts to forge alliances in Latin America – recall what Russia was currently doing in Venezuela. This would become a major issue later on. I then told Karin again that the movie would be too scary for me. This was all the interaction I had achieved with Karin this afternoon. Afterwards, sad and depressed, I walked into Zona Rosa. Mireya was working this afternoon, and I talked to her (25:00). Note that she had ten roommates. I told her about my blind roommate from 2006. Again, I was surprised that Mireya had shown no sign of being ever recruited or alerted by the suit team. Keep in mind that this kind of shallow interaction with cashiers in coffeehouses and so on were all the human interaction I was so to speak “allowed” by the government. It was utterly unsatisfying, because what I desired the most in the world was to talk about the theme that had dominated my entire mind, i.e. my obsession with Karin and government's project to slander me, erase my identity, and use me to harm Russia and China.

As I have mentioned, I was at the Recovery meeting on the night of September 29. This is recorded in: “[recovery\\_monday\\_2008\\_09\\_29\\_555PM.ISO.MP3](#)”. Before going to the meeting, however, I spent the afternoon in Westwood. I was at ISO, and Irina was working that day. I greeted her. I then ran into Emily, the librarian at the Biomedical Library. I shall describe my brief conversation with her since it was indicative of my mood at the time. When she greeted me, my reply was: “I have to lie, and so I'm doing good” (36:00). I continued: “I'm not visible... Nobody notices me; people have been told lies about me, and so nobody will associate with me...”

---

suburban Houston, Texas. Jasira is alienated from her father: he is strict, does not allow her to use tampons, and prefers spending time with his new girlfriend, Thena; yet she experiences a sexual awakening there, sparked in part by the adult magazines she finds when baby-sitting the next-door neighbor boy Zack Vuoso (Chase Ellison), son of Travis Vuoso (Aaron Eckhart). While Jasira is home alone one night, Mr. Vuoso comes over to retrieve one of his magazines, but instead rapes Jasira. She befriends a classmate, Thomas Bradley (Eugene Jones), eventually becomes sexually active with him. Mr. Vuoso becomes jealous of Jasira's relationship with Thomas and, pretending he has to go to Iraq the next morning, he has sex with Jasira. When Rifat finds one of Mr. Vuoso's adult magazines at his house, he beats Jasira, and she seeks refuge at the home of Melina (Toni Collette) and her husband, Gil, neighbors that were aware of Mr. Vuoso's inappropriate behavior from the beginning. Eventually, Jasira reveals that she was raped by Mr. Vuoso, and he is arrested.”

except for a few persons here and there, and you are one of those few persons. My best friend used to be like that, but not anymore..." I then expressed my regret over Wes' departure from my life: "It takes a long time for someone to know me and to know I'm worthwhile, so once you lose your best friend of over 11 years, it's very hard to get a new one..." (40:00). I then parted company with Emily. This kind of short exchange with librarians or coffeehouse cashiers – lasting no more than a minute – would be all the socialization I would ever get until the end of the year – or until 2010, for that matter. As I walked the street, I murmured to myself: "I hate lies. I'd rather be murdered than be lied about by other people..." (44:00). I was then on the bus going toward tonight's Recovery meeting, which begins 1:18:00 in the recording.

On September 30 I met with Carlos for the second time. The meeting is recorded in: "[with\\_carlos\\_canas\\_09\\_30\\_110AM.MP3](#)". Nothing special; you can hear me discussing with him the proofs of service for the papers that had been served (1:00:00). You can then hear me going into the public library in downtown to pay for overdue fines for my Spanish and Swahili language lesson books.

### **"Sherry"**

To conclude: in September I had begun entering the deepest depression I had ever experienced in my life. It would be far worse than the depressive episode in July. The most significant development would however be my desperate attempt to connect with people of severe disability on the Internet given the reality that the government simply would not allow me to have normal relationships with normal people. The blog post I wrote on September 30 gives a description of this as well as summing up my deteriorating condition by the end of this month.

"Lately this has been my wish: to meet an older disabled woman, understanding and intelligent, who needs perhaps a 24-hour nurse just to function due to mobility challenge or chronic pain, and to take care of her. Then I'd just spend the rest of my life nurturing her, caring her, running errands for her, while having good, deep conversation with her everyday. Someone to caress, to hug, in whose lap to nestle at times. Someone of course not helping the authority by reporting me to law enforcement and framing me into that criminal cartoon figure. [*I should have said: Someone who would not be recruited to put up a nonsensical act in front of me just in order to produce the intercepts that would serve as 'evidence' in the International Court confirming Mr Secretary's false profile of me.*] A life like that, a peaceful life, would be a fulfilling life for me.

"I suffer from debilitating fatigue everyday. That's what happens when you have to be paranoid about every little detail of daily happenings in order to prevent being harmed by others. Too many things to do in a day as a result even when I'm unemployed, and I'm completely stressed out. I need to write out my story so as to document the origin of my current predicament and suffering; to keep this blog so as to keep record of the daily harms others are inflicting on me; to always worry that DHS clandestine agents would secretly change the papers I have filed at court and thus to constantly go to the court house to check that they haven't been altered; to back up every email communication by print and digitally; to film my computer screens so as to keep records of my Internet activities that

can't be recorded in other ways; to record every word I utter; to constantly process my recordings and films; to always find ways to prove that I wrote what I wrote – e.g. getting certificates from stampyourdocuments.com – and to back up all the writings and certificates; to seek out the hidden meaning of what others say to me when they say merely simple things, like asking for my nationality or my name, in order to assess whether they are trying to lure out of my mouth things that they can report to law enforcement so as to screw me; to block my door, lock up all tapes, writings, CDs in suitcases, and sleep on my backpack every night to prevent government agents from entering my apartment while I sleep to get into my backpack and mess with my things and alter my records; to always carry my laptop, camcorder, and all the 'necessities for survival' with me for fear that they might be tampered by government or law enforcement agents if they were left at home; and countless daily worries that I don't have the energy to describe here. To lose some books I've checked out from the library during a support group meeting on Monday this week, for example, has caused a stir in me because that might result in law enforcement's coming to this as-yet untainted support group and alerting everyone there about me (I don't feel like explaining how). So, as I roam through the social networking sites and read the profiles of these women with chronic pain and constant physical problems, I really can relate to them. A woman, Sherry, whom I wish to care for once wrote to me:

"I have lost all my friends with my disability. One by one. The reason is that sick people are a drag and I just don't exactly live in their world anymore. My days are normally an effort to survive until bed time with as little pain and nausea as possible or hang on to that thread praying for relief. It is difficult to cope with all this at times. I am not the only one I know who has ended up moneyless, friendless and under suspicion by some family members as a fraud or mooch.'

"This really describes my days also, except that my daily and chronic pain is caused by the government and law enforcement. I'm also going moneyless. Buying all the electronic equipment and doing all the other stuff needed to defend myself against harm has bankrupted me. What I wrote to Sherry tonight also reflects my inner being at the moment:

"I just feel very lonely even though I'm surrounded by people everyday when I step onto the streets, because I feel that they are unreachable. I feel envy when I see people talking and laughing with one another, or just doing ordinary things, because it seems that I can never have these because of my disability and some of the troubles I have. I wish I were born normal like others or have normal circumstances like others. I often feel that people are like stars in the sky: you can see so many of them whenever you step out of the door at night, but you can never touch them; they are just so many light years distant from you, and you are stranded in a desolate place all by yourself. That's why I wish I had no desire to go into the stars, and why I always think it'd be the greatest gift in life if you can find someone who will allow you to care for him or her. These are the depressing feelings that run through me each day. Again, I'm being honest with you and let you know about my weakness.'"

This “Sherry” I found at one of those dating websites for disabled people: dating4disabled.com. I first wrote to her on September 8. Surprisingly, she responded immediately, and we would be corresponding several times until the end of the month. (See the Appendix, where I include the texts of our correspondences.) She was a few years older than I was, and lived in another state. My main reason for looking into women of disability was that, given their condition – like the fact that this Sherry was in bed all day long suffering severe physical pain – it would be very hard for the government to recruit them to run clandestine operations on me. Even so, when Sherry began responding to me, I was nevertheless always paranoid over the possibility that the suit team might have already come to her home and warned her about me – the disgusting fraudster who tried to sell off the US to China and Russia – and that, when she said something to me, it might only be because some Homeland Security agent had instructed her to say it, so that I would again only be responding to people’s “acting” rather than to their true self. There would however never be any definitive sign that this “Sherry” had ever been recruited.

I would be corresponding with Sherry all throughout September, until, on October 4, my paranoia got the better of me. I wrote on my blog that day (“Another avenue closed”):

So law enforcement is tracking my Internet activities after all. For reason I shall not explain right now, it seems that law enforcement has warned that woman I mentioned I had been communicating with over the Internet (“Sherry”) about me. This time they don’t really have to tell her all the lies that they have been telling many people here about me, they just have to show her my writings, such as here, which is what they seem to have done, and that’d automatically ward her off. She’ll never write me again. The avenue of disabled people’s social networking site is closed.

When I feel pain, I have to scream. Thus I write about my pain. The pain is caused by law enforcement’s keeping me away from having safe, genuine interaction with people. But my scream about the pain from being kept away from people will paradoxically keep me further away from people. I feel more physical pain today from the utter hopelessness of my situation.

In reality, the suit team had probably never gone to Sherry. I had simply read too much intention into her words. What had really ticked me off was some other incident, that, around this time – when the suit team resumed operations on me – a female on the same disabled people dating website suddenly sent me a message saying she was from Russia and wanted to befriend me. She did sound very much like the suit team’s actress here to frame Russia by framing me. Thus, I immediately abandoned this website as well as leaving Sherry alone. She would write me again on October 13 to say she hadn’t forgotten me (after not hearing from me for almost two weeks). But I would never reply her, remaining utterly suspicious of her – to the point that I would eventually feel compelled to film my correspondences with her as “evidences”.<sup>14</sup>

---

<sup>14</sup> At Youtube: <http://youtu.be/5dEhvRBSAfc>.

## “Terese”

Another development in the month of September was the replacement of the original manager of my apartment building, Albert, by “Terese”, a pretty and sophisticated black woman. It didn't require much brain work to figure out that she was a CIA clandestine operative. The Agency had decided to replace Albert with its own operative evidently because they had some notion that this Russian beast would be harder to kill than the Chinese. You have seen that, so far, Mr Secretary and the CIA had not done anything to disrupt my life – simply letting me rot in my solitude – probably because of the “complications”. Mr Secretary and the Agency had already got their first taste of the tremendous resistance which Russia was about to put up against their assault. In October, however, things would change – things would get worse for me. The Russians would begin to resist effectively, and the suit team would begin disrupting my life even more gravely than they had already done.

## October, 2008

As I have noted, it is only during the meeting on the night of October 3 that I first shared my problems in this “Recovery”. Refer to the recording of that night: “[recovery\\_friday\\_centre\\_for\\_inquir\\_2008\\_10\\_03\\_555PM.MP3](#)”. Before I went to the meeting, I was in Starbucks. Suddenly, a stranger came to talk to me, wanting to say Hi. I was alarmed, asking him: “Where do you know me from?” “... downtown...,” he replied. I said: “I don't know who you are...” (1:25:00). It's not clear whether this man was simply a curious stranger or whether he was instructed by the suit team to put up an act. If the latter, then this supposedly prefigured what was to come: the recommencement of suit team's operation. I was then at the Recovery meeting by 1:34:00. After reading passages from our “Bible” and introducing ourselves, we began sharing. Now I finally mustered the courage to utter something about myself for the first time: that I had been suffering severe depression for two years (2:01:00). Discussion then followed. When it was my turn to offer opinions or insights, I at first wanted to skip my turn, but then decided to contribute (2:41:00). And so I began saying something about what's most on my mind: a woman I admired did malicious things to me, and then was completely cavalier about it. The moderator, in accordance with Recovery's procedures, asked for “feelings”. I felt stifled, oppressed, I said (2:43:00). It's all because I couldn't talk back to her... which then made me kick over trash cans on the sidewalks, etc. After the meeting, I had a chance to talk briefly to a married woman (3:11:00). When she asked me, “Are you Chinese or Korean?” I was terrified and refused to answer (3:15:00). I thought it was the same old game from the suit team whereby everyone was supposed to misremember me as coming from China. But today I simply can't be sure if there was any foul play here. What was interesting was that, after the meeting was over and I came inside the Fat Burger nearby, I ran into someone who had just attended the meeting. I began chatting with him, mostly about ordinary things, like my time working in movie theaters in Westwood Village, where I was able to run into many movie stars (3:40:00). Note that I then talked to him about my Borderline Personality Disorder, how the sufferer always had to find something outside him- or herself (3:57:30). Therapist was no use for BPD sufferer, for she was not part of the patient's life, and so couldn't fix his problems. “That ‘person’ has to be part of your life... Unless the therapy lasts a very long time...” The conversation was “normal” – and so unfulfilling – and there was no hint that this guy – who seemed to be gay – had been recruited by

the suit team. Within two days, however, the suit team would resume operating on me. It would begin, first of all, on the Internet.

### **Enigmail mailinglist, October 5**

I have mentioned that the only productive thing I had done while wasting my time obsessing over Karin was learning about computers. By autumn, I was still an intermediate user of computers. I had by then given up learning C++, although happy that I had learned how to hash files. (This I have explained in details in “Letter of Petition to IACHR”.) I had also been learning to use Enigmail, a popular open-source encryption plug-in for the email client Thunderbird. I thought this was something important and useful given my circumstances. Since there was no possible way for me to get anywhere in American society, I had, as mentioned, throughout 2008, begun envisaging escaping to Latin America or Africa. I was still studying Spanish almost daily. Then, while living in these desolate regions in the world, once I was free from government's theater, I would have to know how to avoid Homeland Security surveillance and take control of my own computer. I therefore thought that nothing could be more useful for my future than learning how to encrypt my communication. I would be quite wrong about this, as I have repeatedly emphasized – as if some encryption program you grab off the Internet can help you escape NSA's all-sucking vortex. (Sorry: Philip Zimmermann,<sup>15</sup> Bruce Schneier,<sup>16</sup> and all the other gurus like them are wrong.) In any case, in order to become proficient in Enigmail, I had been participating in the online mailing list for Enigmail and getting advices from other users.

Ever since the beginning, a certain Kara had been writing me very long and detailed explanations to answer each of the questions I had posted to the mailing list about using Enigmail. I should have suspected that people who were overly helpful or excessively nice to me were in fact doing so to cover up their harmful intention. It would soon turn out that this Kara was an operative from Mr Secretary's suit team. (The suit team, seeing that she was writing to me, had recruited her.) In late September I posted a question about how to add a new UID to my key, and on September 26 Kara wrote me a private email – encrypted – to provide me with a detailed explanation. But she embedded some very insulting language in the example she was using for her explanation. Here is the excerpt of *what she wrote*:

“In making the above decision, keep in mind that once you (or someone else) upload your subpara ‘a’ key above to a public keyserver, you are stuck with it forever since currently there is no way to remove your key from the public keyserver. You can revoke the key, you can revoke the two differently named user IDs, etc., but despite your uploading a key with those revocations, those changes are only ‘added’ to your key as originally posted. Nothing once posted can be removed.

“As an extreme example, if someone signs your key with a key that includes the comment ‘Lawrence hates the Pope, Jews, and blacks’ and then uploads your key to a

---

<sup>15</sup> Know him at: <https://www.philzimmermann.com/EN/background/index.html>.

<sup>16</sup> And him at: <https://www.schneier.com>.

public keyserver, that signatures will remain on your key essentially forever no matter how distasteful or maddening such a comment is.”

This is another classic example of the same old technique, others being instructed to use around me extremely offensive language that was destined to be attributed to me in the faulty surveillance which Mr Secretary would present to the International Court to confirm the false profile he had manufactured of me. When the Machine had intercepted the communication – it would not matter that it had been encrypted – the intercept it would produce for the judges to examine would be so vague as to be something to the effect that “the subject was engaged in a conversation in which it is mentioned that he hates the Pope, Jews, and blacks”, making it appear as if I really did hate these three categories of people. Through orchestrated confusion and vagueness the falsehood was thus reinforced in the mind of the judges at the International Court that I was indeed a white supremacist, in precise conformity to the lies which Mr Secretary first ordered his Department to broadcast to the Chinese authority about me. The incident was instructive in the sense that it indicated either that the suit team must have first overcome the bureaucratic hurdles which Russia had put up in the International Court around September 25, or that the suit team, on September 25, had decided that they needed a piece of evidence to show to the world that I did conform to Mr Secretary's original claims about me (in the alert which he had broadcast to world's diplomatic community) in order to be able to overcome the said bureaucratic hurdle.

The latter was the more likely possibility when you consider that, by September 12, I had produced two more pieces of evidences to confirm Mr Secretary's “David Chin legend” – my French speaking with Sara and my posing as “Ken” when seeking legal help – and that, by September 24, I had produced the additional evidence that I was intending on harassing my own family member with a frivolous lawsuit falsely claiming that she had done me “personal injury”. This was indeed “David Chin”: in the habit of using alias, antisocial in the sense of perpetrating malice even on his own family member who had cared for him, and racist against Jews, blacks, and Catholics – and French-speaking, which was the definitive evidence that this guy cannot be Lawrence Chin. The ICJ judges would have ruled that enough suspicions indeed existed for the United States to recommence the trial, despite the suspicion surrounding the “Zudy Pingley Smith” episode.

Although I didn't know all this at the time, I was of course paranoid enough to believe that Kara's “explanation” was more false reporting in order for the United States to have evidences against Russia in the International Court of Justice. As I knew it wouldn't do any good to simply write to Kara on the next day asking her to spare me such offensive language – I did this anyway – I forwarded both emails that she wrote me to the entire GNUPG mailing list in order to prove to law enforcement authority – who I assumed erroneously was monitoring all this – that it was *she* who had said the “racist thing”, not I. Everyone at the mailing list immediately denounced me for violating Kara's confidence, and they followed in with many messages. It immediately became evident that their messages were specifically designed to frame me again in the same way. I was again caught in the strange situation where everybody suddenly changed and started either referencing my current circumstances and worries which strangers couldn't have known about or talking about very sensitive things. Every message on this mailing list was instructed by



the planners in Mr Secretary's suit team. They had recruited everyone – or the dozen or so most frequent users – to run the TV show on me on the Internet. Thus, after I forwarded Kara's encrypted message to me "Adding a user ID to your key", a certain Faramir posted a message saying, "Also you didn't post her signature – so she can claim you forged the message". He was obviously instructed to include this statement in his long message, so that faulty surveillance, after scrambling the intercept, could create the impression that another witness testimony had surfaced suggesting the falsehood, already substantiated by the September 4 evidence showing me to be capable of forging audio recording of others' conversation with me with strange software, that I had indeed the habit of forging other people's communication to me – for this time I seemed to have also forged Kara's emails to me!

After this a Robert threw in the fatal messages. He first twisted the concern I expressed about how words which others had said might be attributed to me into a "concern about law enforcement seeing what I wrote", a concern which I in fact didn't have – I wished law enforcement would read every word I wrote so as to discover that I had never said anything bad – in order to make me appear – to the judges of the International Court who would only be permitted to read, in Machine's intercepts of this episode, others' responses to my words but not my words themselves which would be censored – as if I had things to hide from law enforcement. He then embedded in his second message words like "gun", "bang", and ".the president". It got me nervous because it looked like a message designed to get authority's attention, and he had clearly done so under instruction. And, sure enough, after this conversation, the mailing-list was shut down for two days: the Secret Service was probably checking over it. My guess is that the Secret Service had come upon this mailing list pretending to be concerned about those keywords. Although they would then conclude that no threat was actually made by anyone, the intercepts which the Machine would have produced for the judges in the International Court of both Robert's nonsense and the Secret Service's commotions would be so confused as to show that I was again making threats about assassinating the President. The judges, and my international audience in the UN, would then be thoroughly disgusted by this mentally confused and bad-to-the-bone Sino-Russian agent who, as if not bad enough, harbored such unwarranted hatred toward Great America's most humane leader. Again, our Secretary of Homeland Security needed such anti-American malice on my part because, as he had failed to obtain the complete set of evidence the last time when I decided not to fly to Washington DC to check on the copyright of my "Scientific Enlightenment", he needed to prove to his audience that he was right about me in order to save his credibility – if only with some half-way evidences, those (confused and vague) intercepts in which I was caught making more verbal threats, even though there were no actions to substantiate the threats. Again, I didn't quite understand the nature of Mr Secretary's operations at the time; I thought he was really instructing the Secret Service to compile a profile of me. I didn't know that the profile showing me wanting to assassinate the President existed only in the alternate reality of the International Court of Justice and the UN Security Council. I felt so powerless. It was simply impossible to avoid being framed, simply impossible to escape being labeled in the official record as a sick and criminal threat to political figures, for I could only control what *I* said and not what *others* said. Other people simply followed me around uttering bizarre nonsense so that I couldn't even escape them. I really didn't know what to do and where to flee to.

Naturally pain swelled up inside me as I thought about how disgusting a personage I'd been made to appear in the eyes of humanity thanks to such vicious technique as this. Pain from feeling locked in because I had no ways to explain myself. No one would ever testify on my behalf, for everyone who knew me had already been recruited as an asset to make false testimony against me.

Now I understood it was a terrible idea to write encrypted or signed emails. I should have known that encryption would help me hide nothing because, given the US government's need to know everything about everyone, if encryption was legal it only meant that NSA's and Homeland Security's surveillance system had long ago cracked open any encryption that had ever existed. (At the time I was naïve enough to believe that Homeland Security could only do this through the backdoors they had installed on my old Gateway laptop and the constant surveillance they had over me: in this way they would have known what passphrases I had created for my private keys.) Let me make this point again in another context. At least the hackers, from experience in dealing with the FBI, know that encryption only protects the content of your communication when you are *not* under surveillance – the FBI would not be able to decode encrypted messages *after the fact*. The hackers do know that, once you have come under surveillance, encryption hides nothing at all: the authority – and they had in mind only the FBI, not the more sophisticated NSA – could simply access your computer screen in real time through the backdoor that has already existed inside your operating system.

After this incident I would give up on Enigmail or any encryption system. I would never write another encrypted email again. It would only make my situation worse. I had realized that writing and receiving encrypted emails had actually provided the suit team with a perfect avenue to instruct people to make false reports about me to law enforcement: it may not even be possible for Kara to show to law enforcement the emails she had written me, and law enforcement would not be able to check my emails from the server for my email accounts even if they wanted to because they were encrypted. (I was of course worrying over imaginary scenarios since this was *not* how suit team's operations actually worked.) I could only try to demonstrate my innocence by filming my Enigmail inbox, thereby proving that I had never written anything bad or incriminating. In the end I made three separate videos: “[encrypted\\_emails\\_from\\_kara\\_final.wmv](#)”, which documents specifically the encrypted emails I had received from “Kara”; “[encrypted\\_emails\\_rest\\_part\\_1.wmv](#)”, which documents the first half of all my other encrypted emails; and “[encrypted\\_emails\\_rest\\_part\\_2.wmv](#)”, which documents the rest of my encrypted emails.

This operation should have confirmed for you, once again, that, when the suit team resumed its case against Russia, Russia must have gone to the UN to argue vehemently – using the past evidence regarding Zudy Pingley Smith – that the case was too full of doubts because evidences existed that I was nothing like how the United States had portrayed me. Although Russia was required under UN Resolution 1373 to say nothing about how it was earlier forced to cooperate with China and the US to confirm the US lies – so that everybody in the UN cannot help but be convinced that the Americans were not lying – it was, somehow, able to find loopholes in international laws and procedures which, as long as certain contrary evidences existed, had prevented the US from resuming its case against Russia even given China's admission. Perhaps

new votes in the UN were required, and Russia's allies certainly wouldn't go along with it – even though they were not allowed to see any evidences indicating that Russia had been framed. In addition to the previously mentioned evidences of my French-speaking, my antisocial malice, and so on, the United States must provide more instances demonstrating that this “David Chin legend” was a correct description of my character in order to obtain majority votes and resume its case against Russia in the ICJ.

### **Sunday Recovery, October 5**

Another blow was coming my way on October 5. This is expected since the United States was trying hard to resume its case against Russia. Thus, although the suit team had so far left my Recovery meetings alone, everything would change tonight. On this day's meeting, all the members would finally have been warned about me and recruited as operatives to run operations on me. I would of course wrongly assume that what they were doing was falsely reporting me to law enforcement.

Today the Recovery meeting was to take place in a private room inside the Kaiser Permanente hospital on Sunset and Vermont. This time, when it came time for people to share their problems and for others to comment, I volunteered too, and it's only the second time that I did so since I joined this group. I wanted to talk about the enormous distress and pain I was going through. There was already the incident at the Enigmail mailing list just hours ago, but my greatest pain was of course my frustration with Karin's meetups, how I wanted to be part of her group while she and everyone else were only interested in framing me into a criminal for the authority (in reality, for my international audience in the ICJ and the UN). I didn't want to be too specific about my problems for fear that I might be “identified” and thus enable others to falsely report on me as if it were not orchestrated, and so I combined my two traumatic incidents (the Enigmail mailing list episode and Karin's operation) into one. And I left out the part about law enforcement because I didn't want to scare anyone and cause people to reject me as a fugitive. I recounted how a group of people that I was really fond of worked together to do malicious things to me by saying bad things in front of me and then rumoring that I had said them. (A complete mis-presentation of the matter, of course.) And how, when I pulled out the email that one of them had written me to prove to others that it's really the other person who had said the bad thing and not I, everyone else then blamed me for violating the person's confidence because the email was meant only for me. My problem was then that I would look bad if I didn't defend myself and still look bad if I did. But now the Recovery meeting leader intentionally cut me off before I finished talking about this and started accusing me of being “mentally confused”, “Is it I or someone else who had said some bad things”, preventing me from verbalizing my pain in the process and thereby making me feel worse. I tried to hold in my frustration, replied that I hadn't finished describing the problem, and resumed my description. But the leader then started stuffing words into my mouth by repeatedly asking me to describe the physical and mental symptoms of anger, confusion, and racing thought that he said I experienced even though I was emphatic that I didn't experience anger nor confusion nor racing thought. I immediately developed the impression that he was trying to frame me into a confused and angry antisocial who was incoherent in describing his problem and who thus had no credibility even though I thought I had described my dilemma quite well (“You are damned if you do and damned if you don't”) – all in order to make me fit

law enforcement's profile of me. I sighed and became sure that, afterwards, he would rumor about me as just such a confused and angry antisocial and report me to law enforcement as such, completely oblivious of what I had actually said. In reality, the leader of the group had been recruited, and he was ignoring my presentation and simply portraying me as mentally confused and unreasonably angry in order for the Machine to intercept another incident where I appeared to conform to Mr Secretary's profile of David Chin. I continued to talk about my problem: "... always tried to get approval from others... tried to prove to others, and yet look bad... don't know how to convince myself that I don't need others' approval... A lot of physical pain yesterday..." Then, during the feedback session, another guy in the group, when describing how I presented the email as evidence, said "This is exhibit A", seemingly referring to my lawsuit in which I included my emails and blog posts as "exhibits". After the meeting was over, the group's leader (who just happened to be named "Lawrence") asked me if I ever was in a situation where I had the desire to make friends but when I actually made friends it all became "explosive". He seemed to be clandestinely making reference to Karin's meetup group. It was obvious that this "Lawrence" was purposely mis-portraying me as a remorseless antisocial who cared only about aggressively satisfying his own wants through others without regard for their feeling, while in reality my description of myself was actually an account of a Borderline Personality who, deeply traumatized by low self-esteem and finding ultimate meaning only in idealizing and sacrificing for the "one" person, kept forming strong attachment to that idealized person who however didn't really care if I existed at all. What the suit team did was simply twisting a Borderline Personality Disorder into an Antisocial Personality Disorder using some superficial overlap between the symptoms of these two personality disorders. (Kind of like mistaking a bat for a bird.) Group leader "Lawrence" was saying all this because his "mission" was for the Machine to intercept people's (wrong, distorted) description of me which would give the ICJ judges the false impression that everyone in Karin's meetups was trying hard to accept me as a friend but that, due to my mental confusion, uncontrollable anger, and excessive demands on others, I behaved so badly toward everyone – paying back their kindness with cruelty – that the group finally had to reject me – even though the reality was that I simply never incited any interest from anybody there, that during every meeting people would chat with one another completely oblivious of my existence, and that they had no qualm about destroying me by framing me into the worst possible kind of criminal in the eyes of my international audience: I was just not important enough to excite people's conscience, in addition to the fact that everyone somehow believed the Chinese had carried out 911 attacks and so on to harm America. Then a third guy from the group asked me if I did sketches because he saw me with a sketch book with drawings and writings in it. Obviously, he was instructed by the authority to say this, and so I assumed: The whole group would afterwards falsely report to law enforcement either directly or via a therapeutic authority saying a confused and angry and dangerous-looking schizophrenic had shown up in the group, and the guy saying "exhibit A" would then say *I* mentioned something about "using email as exhibit A", and the group leader "Lawrence" would say this guy said he was accepted in a group where he then turned explosive, and the third guy would say he also liked to do sketches, so that when law enforcement received the false reports, they would look at all this identification information and easily conclude: "It's the same characteristics; it's the same schizophrenic who was in Ms Zimmer's group and who filed a lawsuit against his aunt; he has now turned up in this 'Recovery' support group network", and instruct the entire support group to continue to furnish them with reports about me. The whole thing would then look "natural" – as if a bunch of

concerned citizens reported a problematic individual per their own effort – rather than orchestrated, i.e. that the authority had picked up through their surveillance on me my going to the new support group and decided to use it as a new avenue to frame me into the criminal cartoon figure in law enforcement's profile of me. In contrast to this erroneous conception of mine, what had really happened was that people were only talking to surveillance so that evidences may be entered into the International Court of Justice to prove that the United States' "David Chin" legend was an accurate scenario, and that the guy in the group mentioned my sketchbook only because he wanted to enter into the ICJ evidence confirming that David Chin was always walking around trying to convince people that he was an artist (that he was his twin brother Lawrence).

I knew then that this last avenue of human contact was also closed. I walked to Starbucks feeling increasingly depressed and hopeless. My time there is recorded in: "[talking\\_to\\_deborah\\_W\\_crying\\_vermont\\_prospect\\_2008\\_10\\_05\\_7PM.mp3](#)". Out of profound sadness, I began crying (21:30). Gasping for human contact, I called up Deborah on 34:00 while crying continually: I don't know where to go and what to do... I started going to a new group... It was okay... But suddenly law enforcement has alerted everyone, and now nobody wants me there anymore, no way to get away from law enforcement... All the mental health community has also been alerted by law enforcement... Again, I was simply not understanding how government's operation worked, and was hardly describing my situation correctly to Deborah. Knowing so, of course, she said nothing to correct me, and simply denied it all with the same bullshit about how the government was required by law to respect citizens' privacy. I shouted: "Confidentiality is a joke... The mental health workers would be the first to supply information about me to law enforcement... There is no way to meet people, law enforcement will be there first... Nowhere to go..." Then I vaguely described to Deborah what had just happened in Recovery, claiming that the people there would make false reports to law enforcement. I defied Deborah: I'm not confused... Why do you say that? Reports have gotten so bad, I have almost ended up in jail... You will not report me to law enforcement, will you? Law enforcement requires everyone to report me... I'm considered by law enforcement to be too dangerous... Where do I go to make friends... Anywhere, anywhere I can make friends... Friends who will not be law enforcement informants... And everyone's report is not even true... Law enforcement tells them what to report, and they will report it, and I'll then be put away... I feel pain... The pain is so bad that I couldn't walk... Then I begged Deborah – who used to be my second favorite person in the world until Homeland Security took her away from me: "Why can we just have our time like before... How come you liked me before but not anymore? (49:20) How can I get away from law enforcement, I can't stand it anymore, the pain has gotten so bad... I don't know what to do about the pain..." But Deborah, per authority's instruction, suggested Alcott again, only in order to get me into trouble, as you shall soon see. Certainly, you have already seen that Deborah had been encouraging me to return to Alcott since August 11, and that, in between, she had been telling me that I could always go to Alcott if I wasn't duplicating services elsewhere. This was why I had been writing to Jill and calling her, as I shall explain further below. I explained: "I had an intake there already... I think they rejected me because they couldn't get any order from law enforcement about what to report about me... They want to erase my identity and get me locked up..." This was of course only half-true: the government had no intention of locking me up, but only of erasing my identity in the international domain. I continued: "This is too painful, I don't

want to be this cartoon figure in law enforcement's profile... I'm not good enough, but I am far better than that cartoon figure... and I don't want to get locked up for things I never did and said..." Then Deborah denied she would ever harm me under government's instruction, which was of course all lies. I refuted her: I don't believe you... If law enforcement wants you to inform on your own child, you will do that... I'm not important enough for people to say no... So you want me to go to Alcott tomorrow? They will report me to law enforcement, and I'll be in deeper trouble... The profile is getting worse each month, and they will alert people, and people will hate me even more... Okay, I'll go to Alcott tomorrow... I love you... Thereupon I hanged up (59:00). While I feared (wrongly) that Deborah would soon make false reports about me to law enforcement, I missed the fact that I was about to fall into a trap she had set for me.

### **Kicked out by Jill**

You should understand how the suit team had planned this operation. On September 23, I wrote to Jill telling her that Dr W (Deborah) had instructed me to come to Alcott as long as I wasn't duplicating services elsewhere, and that I believed seeing a psychiatrist at downtown mental health would not constitute duplication of services (since Alcott was about psychotherapy). Jill never replied me – and, as you have seen, I even called her to leave a message with her on September 25 – until September 30, when she suddenly wrote me back saying that, due to confidentiality, she could only talk about my coming back to her agency over the phone. Then, two days later, on October 2, I wrote to Jill around 4 PM:

"You have me scared when you said you couldn't reply me because of confidentiality issue. I've been struggling with the fear that people might make false reports about me to law enforcement saying I said bad things which I in fact didn't say or saying I was incoherent when I in fact was coherent. My fear about being falsely reported by others to law enforcement has gotten so bad that I'm afraid to talk to people on the phone but only comfortable with discussing through emails because then black ink on white is proof that I didn't say anything bad. It seems that everyone in public institutions and mental health community that I run into would be required to report my activities to law enforcement, and I'm afraid that, because I've filed some papers at the court lately to deal with this problem, law enforcement has sent out fresh warning about me to those in the mental health community. I don't know how the mechanism works and how many intermediate institutions the warning goes through, or what the warning consists of; I just know that the warning is not about good things, and is most likely not even saying something true about me. So I assume that you at Alcott have received more warnings about me.

"I want to write to you about why I want to come to Alcott before we talk on the phone about it because if I tell you beforehand what I want to talk about in clear writing, you would know that I'm neither going to say something bad nor speak incoherently.

“My fear about law enforcement investigation and widespread warning about me has caused me so much distress that it is the main reason why I’m seeking therapy. But I have more to say about it.

“From the way people treat me I have learned something about my worth. Some of the people around me have been making serious false reports to law enforcement that would cause me to get locked up for a long time for things I’m completely innocent of, and yet they are so cavalier about it. And when I get upset about it, they will get upset too, wondering why I get so upset about the fact that they are harming me like this. Since they would never do what they did to me to others, I can only assume that it’s because they consider me less worthy a person. But although people assume that I’m not worthy enough to feel pain and complain about it when others harm me out of the blue, I still feel pain and have to do something about it. I still have to search for ways to make life bearable and meaningful and fulfilling even though other people do not think I deserve it, simply because it causes me too much pain if I don’t try to.

“When I told someone once about how much I wish I had friends, she said I could have friends, I could join groups for disabled people and could go on field trips with them and so on. I wish I could have a life like that. That’s why I wish to come to Alcott. Alcott seems like a homely environment for disabled people with groups and so on and I wish I had followed through last year and become part of it. But at the same time I feel scared. I feel very scared about joining any mental health community because I’m afraid that law enforcement has already sent out terrible alerts about me throughout the community warning the professionals that I’m such and such bad and sick person which I in fact am not, and requiring them to make reports about me. And false reports even when I behave well so that there would normally be nothing to report. With all these warnings and reports no one even among the disabled people community would want to have anything to do with me. But I’m so incredibly lonely, and I realize that as long as I want to get into contact with people and live a barely fulfilling life, being alerted about and being reported is a necessary fate I will have to endure. I know if I ask you if you would report me to law enforcement, you’d always say no, and I’d never believe you. I don’t believe anyone, because I know everyone would lie to me seeing how undeserving I am. I’d never talk about any so-called delusional stuff because I know I don’t have any confidentiality and the therapist would report it to law enforcement, who would then share it with a massive number of people, as if my therapy were some sort of TV show. But I like Jill and the environment of Alcott. So I decide to ask you, Jill, if I can come to Alcott and have a life here. Maybe even someone as unworthy as I am and as ostracized from society by law enforcement as I have been can be accepted somewhere?

“These are the things I want to say to you before speaking to you on the phone or in person. This is what’s on my mind and I want to let you know first in clear print. Please Jill I hope you don’t mind. This (in print) is the only way I can feel

safe enough that people wouldn't misunderstand or twist into something else what I want to say.”

Jill, however, would never reply to this message. Why? Because it was an operation. The complications which the suit team had encountered in reopening the case against Russia must have been resolved by September 30, so that, although Jill originally had no interest in talking to me, she was suddenly instructed to reply me – because the process had now resumed of producing fake evidences for my antisocial and misogynist character. There was of course no “confidentiality” issue involved in talking about appointments over emails; Jill wanted me to call her simply because she could then make a case of harassment out of my call. The problem was that I didn't call her between October 2 and October 5. Deborah was made aware of this fact by her handler; and so, when I called her on the night of October 5, she tried to persuade me to step into the Alcott Center. And so, on the morning of the next day, October 6, I followed her direction and came to the Alcott Center. I have recorded what happened in: “[told\\_to\\_leave\\_by\\_jill\\_at\\_alcott\\_crying\\_2008\\_10\\_06\\_1054AM.mp3](#)”. I walked into the Alcott Center on 2:00 in the recording. Now when Jill came out, she immediately told me to leave. When I told her that it was Dr W who had instructed me to come here, this had no effect on her (10:00). I left immediately, and soon began crying so sadly (12:00). I would soon collapse onto the street, vomiting and feeling severe sickness (32:00). That's how bad my depression had become by this time.

What is even more bizarre is the fact that Jill herself would continue to trick me. Soon afterwards she would leave a message in my voice mail box instructing me to contact my ex-social worker Deborah G at Edelman. Recall that I had already closed my case there after May and, when I tried to reopen it in August, the ugly intake lady tried to put up the appearance that I was attempting to harass Deborah G, all in order for the Machine to intercept another instance of my malice toward females into the International Court of Justice. But, this time, as I had sort of understood that Jill was instructed by the suit team to send me around in order for me to get into trouble, I never followed up on her instruction. I never made the call. The suit team's trick was evidently to persuade me to call Deborah G so that she could again complain about my “harassment” – with the result that, when the Machine had intercepted Deborah's complaint but had omitted both Deborah W's exhortation and Jill's message, Mr Secretary would have another piece of “evidence” to present to the ICJ judges showing me going around harassing various female mental health workers *out of my own volition*.

The story didn't end here. I simply found it strange that Deborah (W) would trick me like this. Then, some time later, I would discover some hint indicating that suit team's operation in this one instance had even continued after October 6. I would read from the progress notes in my file at the downtown mental health center that, on October 16, Jill had actually called up Ana (my social worker there) to complain about me. (I'll discuss how I became a client at the downtown mental health center momentarily.) Not just about my showing up on October 6, but also about my email to her on October 2. Anna entered on the progress notes (which I would later obtain) the following entry for October 16:

I received a message via voice mail from Jill Weiss, Alcott Ctr, Intake Coordinator, Therapist (310) 785-2121... She reports clt had received services



from them when he was a clt at Edelman Mental Health. Ms Weiss reports that they are unable to accept him for various reasons. Per Ms Weiss, clt has been sending her long emails and coming to her agency as he became attached to her. Ms Weiss informs me that clt is having difficulty understanding why he cannot return for services at Alcott Ctr despite the fact that she and her manager have made efforts to explain it. She has requested that I contact her.

If you reconsider my email to Jill on October 2, you would see that I wrote such a long email (only one, not many, email) because I wanted to explain to her that I was aware of everyone's false reports to law enforcement and to express my intention to her in clear print, all so that, if I should indeed call her, she might hesitate about making such false reports (given my obvious counter-evidence). In the entire email I had made only one sentimental statement: "I like Jill and the environment of Alcott". There was simply no issue of "becoming attached to her". Jill had completely distorted my words and actions because she was instructed by the suit team to do so – all so that her communication and Ana's progress notes could be intercepted into the International Court as evidences. Note that *this* was the sort of material on the basis of which the judges at the International Court (the lower court, that is) and whichever UN officials were to form judgments about me – the kind of person the US government wanted the world to believe I was – without knowledge of what had really happened in the invisible background: namely, that I was told – *tricked* – to appear before Jill, and *not* that I had become attached to her.

### **Karin's meetup: "Religulous" on October 8 2008**

First, some comment on my situation during this time. The traumatic events at Enigmail mailinglist and Recovery had definitively taught me that there was absolutely no chance for me to get acquainted with people in society without government authority coming into the picture to ruin it. From Monday, October 6, onward, I would stay in the coffeehouse or the library all by myself, never again attempting to find human contact either online or in a support group. I knew I could never make friends, and must resign to wandering the streets in solitude everyday. I would forever have to look on people as if looking at the stars in the sky at night, as I have described before. I would never go to any support group, in addition to stepping down as the organizer of my BPD meetup and dropping the idea of meeting a disabled woman on the Internet. On the Meetup website, I was still a member of one more group, "Spanish in Pasadena". This was originally Karin's group, but she had by now given it up and conferred upon a certain "Thomas" the task of organizing its meetings. This was the "Spanish group" to which Karin had referred in my short conversation with her on September 28. But I would never attend any meeting from this group.

It is also from October 6 (Monday) onward that I started suffering seizure again, collapsing suddenly and twitching and convulsing and moaning on the streets. On Tuesday morning I started taking Wellbutrin again, and, surprisingly, I wouldn't have to experience any seizure for the whole week until Sunday (October 12) when I suffered seizures all over again.

I woke up everyday without anything pleasurable to look forward to but experiencing only extreme fatigue in the face of mounting work that I didn't want to do but would force myself to

do as “security measures”. As noted, I’d have to film myself opening my Enigmail box and decrypting every encrypted emails I had written and received, process the film on my computer with Windows Movie Maker, and then upload it to my website via FTP: a very time-consuming process which debilitated me for three days. I’d still have to print out the emails, scan them, upload them... and create webpages with film and images proving that I had never said anything bad in my encrypted emails. And I’d still have tons of other things to do on the computer: writing to document my pain, making screenshots of webpages and downloading new software for that purpose, downloading hundreds of stamps from stampyourdocuments.com to prove the timing and authorship of my writings... By this time, in order to ease the pain resulting from my exclusion from Karin’s meetups, I had begun writing the first drafts of “Karin’s Meetups” while continuing to finish the narrative of my times in China and Europe – and I would type everything directly into my laptop, not attempting to hide my knowledge anymore from the suit team by writing out my story on papers. Then I’d have to go to the library and cybercafe to check how my films appeared on different computers... all in order to defend myself against what I thought to be false rumors and false reporting. (I was hoping, vainly, that law enforcement might be forced to see my proofs.) And so many old files to check and process... I spent the entire day, every single day, staring into the computer screen using or learning to use all sorts of boring software. I could no longer bear looking at computer screens. Headache, headache, headache. I became increasingly unable to bear the sight of computers!

This is indeed what my typical day was like by now. Besides the fatigue and the seizure, there was the pain. As I’ve described, the pain I felt inside was becoming increasingly physical. Physical pain usually resulted when I thought about people’s false reports about me to law enforcement, Karin’s malice toward me, law enforcement’s warning to people about me, the prison of deception which made me feel so locked in (everyone’s keeping secrets from me and trying to deceive me), government’s defamation of me all around the world to make me into the most detested person in human history, or how so lucky ordinary people were that they could have conversation with each other and enjoy each other’s company and, even when they were by themselves and working on their own writings, not have to worry that the government might take their works away from them in order to silence them. (Again, only half of these worries in fact corresponded to reality.) I felt physical pain from feeling envy as I, the prisoner, looked onto other people who were free. I had had to cease interacting with people as the only way to avoid false reports, but this loneliness too was causing me so much physical pain that I would collapse and twitch and convulse from time to time. The only thing I could enjoy was smoking and sleeping. I smoked at least 40 cigarettes a day, I had become a chain-smoker, and I chewed on cigarette butts to give myself a little more pleasure. I ate only fast food, most frequently out of 7/11, didn’t bother to take shower anymore, wore the same stinking clothes everyday, didn’t have the energy to do laundry either, rarely brushed my teeth (and they broke off one by one), and barely had to open my mouth each day to speak. I had to record every conversation I ever had with people, no matter how insignificant and brief, I had to get ready to film every suspicious thing, and I had to burn my recordings and writings onto CDs (later, DVDs) because only by burning them onto optical media can I guarantee that the government could not alter the content of my files – even if they could always destroy them. But then I had to carry all my computer and electronic equipment and CDs with me in my heavy backpack at all times, because I couldn’t afford to leave them at home for fear that they might be burglarized by Homeland

Security agents, and this caused me so much hardship and fatigue as I walked around the streets running after buses and looking for a coffeehouse with wireless Internet. I had become an electronic equipment freak. I coughed constantly from excessive smoking. All the physical discomfort I experienced everyday was made worse by my weak bladder which required me to urinate every 15 minutes. Desolation, only a ton of work on the computer, and perpetual envy toward other people. I was suffering from chronic physical pain. Pain, pain, pain! Overworked and stressed out. I was very sick now, both physically and mentally, and I was getting sicker everyday. I was for sure one of the most miserable and unhappiest persons in the world. The entire society had become my “Guantanamo Bay prison”. The only difference between me and those innocent Muslims who were wasting their life away in US secret prisons only to advertise their oppressors as “victims of terrorism” was that my secret prison was much larger and contained coffeehouses, restaurants, and libraries. But otherwise the American people around me behaved exactly like the prison guards in Guantanamo Bay or other secret prisons. I had completely broken down after two years of being a target of clandestine operations.

You have seen that, from September 19 onward, I began entreating Karin to let me re-enter her meetup groups. You must wonder – and Karin probably did too – why I wanted to do this knowing her groups were but traps for me? It was all because I couldn't withstand the feeling that she had abandoned me and brushed me aside without a care in the world after she had finished destroying me through her false reports about me to law enforcement. (Even though things didn't quite happen in this way, it was still sort of the same thing. She had used me to destroy the Chinese intelligence service and get the MSS director prosecuted; job done, she couldn't wait to rid her life of me.) It was thus my need to get even with her which had prompted me to voluntarily jump into her traps knowing that these were traps.

You have just seen that I saw Karin on September 28 for the first time since she kicked me out of her groups. Now Karin's next meetup event for her Any Language and Culture group was due to take place on October 1 at Colorado One in Old Town Pasadena – to see a movie again – and I wrote her on September 30 entreating her to let me join her group's socialization and rejoin her meetup group.<sup>17</sup> Now, strangely, she would reply me merely 5 minutes later, on 5:43 PM, declining to let me join tomorrow's meetup event where she would see a “normal” movie, but inviting me to attend the meetup after that, to see the movie “Happy Go Lucky”: “Maybe you just want to try the next one – the Happy-Go-Lucky movie? That one looks very uplifting and not scary at all”. Wow, no replies, mean attitude, and then suddenly polite invitation – she couldn't get more obvious about the fact that something was very wrong with the movie “Happy Go Lucky”. I of course would never see the movie, since my goal was to annoy her rather than help her out. What the trap was about can be easily inferred from film reviews. One reads that

---

<sup>17</sup> My missive to her, full of sarcasm, goes like this: “Hi Karin, tomorrow I'll come before the movie to say hi and so on but will not see the movie. I still have deep phobia toward movies, and, although this one doesn't look horrifying from its description, since I don't know any Italian, sitting through it trying to follow the subtitle probably won't be too enjoyable for me. Besides, sometimes the movies you chose for the group have hidden surprises of scary scenes, like ‘Picasso and Braque went to the movie’ we saw last time, where suddenly there was a shooting scene out of nowhere that kept me scared all night long. So... But I'd love to see you guys again, and so will find you guys before the movie... at Colorado One, right? I really would like to sign up for the group again, so I can get the email alerts and see the location of the meetup, please?”

the main character, Pauline “Poppy” Cross, a free-minded, high-spirited, and kind-hearted woman, is taking driving lessons from a gloomy, intolerant and cynical driving instructor, Scott. Scott is emotionally repressed, has anger problems, and becomes extremely agitated by Poppy’s casual attitude towards driving. This Scott believes in conspiracy theories, and is racist and misogynistic, which make it hard for him to get along with others. Scott later becomes jealous of Poppy’s new boyfriend, and physically attacks her during their last driving lesson. Clearly, Mr Secretary of Homeland Security wanted me to see this movie so that he could obtain this piece of “evidence”: “Again, you see that our subject likes to see movies which reflect his life. He wants to see this movie because the driving instructor in the film is just like him, racist, misogynist, and violent toward women. This is another circumstantial evidence indicating that we have reconstructed a correct profile of our Sino-Russian secret agent ‘David Chin’.” Considering that the United States, with Kara’s encrypted email to me four days ago, had just established that enough evidences existed to confirm that its “David Chin” legend was correct – by October 1, evidences had shown me speaking French, harming my own family member as an antisocial was wont to do, being racist, and perpetually using alias – the movie “Happy-Go-Lucky” was obviously supposed to complement the “evidences” that would be “gathered” at the Enigma mailing list and Recovery meeting on October 5, demonstrating more precisely that I was the bad-to-the-bone, schizophrenic, and misogynist Sino-Russian secret agent “David Chin”.

Furthermore, Karin adamantly refused to let me sign up for the groups again. She explained it was because she didn’t want me to use the message board. Obviously, she didn’t want me to post those messages telling others how she was running operations on me for the government. She wanted to make sure that she can fuck with me behind my back however she liked while I shall have no chance to respond and speak about myself at all – no chance to even voice my knowledge about what she was doing to me. She wanted to make sure that I remain the “dummy”, that laughing stock, to others. I wanted others to hear my voice, if not my response to the “false rumors” (there were none in the sense in which I conceived them, but plenty in regard to what happened to me in China), at least my knowledge about what she was doing to me – partly because I wanted to reduce the pain I felt from being that “dummy” to everyone, that laughing stock, and partly because I wanted others to know that I was in pain – your pain is made all the worse when you are deprived of the chance to communicate it, and it will be alleviated at least slightly when you *have* such a chance. The gratification of these simple needs of mine and even the slightest reduction of my pain were not something which Karin would be willing to grant.

Now Karin’s next meetup after “Happy Go Lucky” was on October 8. A typical movie event, where everyone would see “Religulous”. Eventually Karin gave me the permission to come to this meetup event and the one to take place at the Hungarian restaurant on October 11. The meetup event on October 8 was usual enough: everyone was to meet at La Fiesta Grande first before walking to Laemmle Playhouse 7 to see the movie. After everyone had seen the movie, the gathering would continue at Zona Rosa nearby. When I came to La Fiesta Grande, there were, besides Karin, Virginia, Kim, and Sarah. As usual I simply sat there like a piece of wood without their giving me any chance to participate in their conversation, but I did not get frustrated with this anymore because I knew now definitively that they would never accept me into their life and would never want to know anything about me (the real “me” aside from the

government's slander of me). I felt dead, the world for me having already collapsed. It's eternal solitude amidst crowds. And, although by now Karin's disgust with me had shot through the roof, I could at last keep showing up in front of her without feeling guilty as I would before. A good thing about not idealizing her anymore was the freedom to annoy her without feeling guilty.

Soon everyone was talking about movies incessantly. I hated all the movies they liked – those strange movies they saw at Laemmle which they chose just in order to frame me in the International Court of Justice. You have seen me addressing myself as a “cinemaphobe” when I wrote to Karin. Suddenly, Karin began talking about the “worst movie she had ever seen”, supposedly a movie which others once took her to see but which she would never have wanted to see by herself. This was a film which began with four men raping a woman in front of her husband. I was instantly alarmed: I immediately thought that she and others would afterwards rumor behind my back saying I had talked about this movie with enthusiasm so that law enforcement could enter into their false profile of me the falsehood that I manifested love for violence and hatred toward females again by talking about this sick movie in front of four women when no other guys were present. In reality, of course, Mr Secretary had simply instructed Karin to talk about this movie because he wanted more evidences to be entered into the International Court confirming the sexual aggression innate in me with which he could offend the judges there while further confirming his “David Chin legend “in the international domain – the Machine would have scrambled the intercept to such an extent as to show that I was happily telling my all-female company about this sick movie and scaring them to death. Then Sarah began talking about how she wanted to learn Hungarian... I thought that Karin would now falsely report me as knowing Hungarian – even though I had not yet figured out why Mr Secretary had wanted me to be mistaken for “Hungarian-speaking”. Well, what does it matter now, I thought. The false profile about me had already solidified. In reality, of course, Mr Secretary had just obtained another (scrambled) intercept in which I was caught admitting I spoke Hungarian fluently. This piece of evidence would be prelude to the evidences he was planning to create on October 11 – this is the reason why, as you shall soon see, he had instructed Karin to “permit” me to come to the meetup event that was to take place that night at the Hungarian restaurant. You shall by now be able to guess: while evidences were accumulating demonstrating that I was indeed David Chin in just the way in which the United States had described me, it was still of paramount importance that the single greatest obstacle which had blocked the way toward a conviction of Russia – the evidence regarding “Zudy Pingley Smith” – be eliminated as soon as possible.

Fearing that, by watching this movie, I might provide the United States with more damning evidences confirming my bad-to-the-bone, antisocial, and misogynist character, I declined to see “Religulous” after the gathering was over at La Fiesta Grande, just walking around the blocks and then waiting for Karin and everyone else at Zona Rosa. It has never been clear to me how the content of “Religulous” could confirm the “David Chin legend” in any way. But if Karin had allowed me to come to this meetup, the movie must be able to perform this function in some way

or other.<sup>18</sup> Now I have recorded the rest of the night in: "[meetup\\_after\\_religulous\\_at\\_zona\\_rosa\\_2008\\_10\\_08\\_850PM.mp3](#)". While waiting at Zona Rosa, I would cry intermittently because of the misery and chronic physical pain caused by this "law enforcement business" (or what I thought it was) and my social isolation. When Karin and everyone else showed up at Zona Rosa after the movie (45:00), everyone would be quite engaged in a discussion about religion. Again, I was not allowed to participate very much, save a rhetorical comment I made to Karin at one point (56:00), "You said you believe in God but you just don't read the Bible." "One has nothing to do with the other," Karin replied. "Oh, I want to tell my priest about that," I said while laughing sarcastically.

Karin did not just forbid me to tell my pain to others; she didn't even want me to tell my pain to her herself. She didn't want me to tell her I knew she was helping the government to frame me in the International Court of Justice. She expected me to be content with being the "dummy" I had spoken of. She would get upset when I wanted to get out of the status of a "dummy". When the gathering was over at Zona Rosa, I asked Karin if I could walk her to her car. She got angry and yelled "I don't want to talk", assuming I was going to discuss "my problem" with her again even though I wasn't planning to. Thank God that I didn't care about upsetting her anymore: my newly found freedom to annoy her without feeling guilty. Karin wanted me to simply stay in the group and listen to others' meaningless chatter about religions or movies or whatever and be unaware of how, as a US government patsy, I was being slandered beyond recognition in the International Court in order to enable the US government to obtain a never-ending series of concessions from, first the Chinese, and now the Russians. Karin was determined to maintain me in a prison of deception in which I felt like I couldn't breathe and see the light, having lost touch with the intersubjectivity and the world in which others lived because everyone refused to let me enter into it. She couldn't care less if I was actually experiencing physical pain from everyone's

---

<sup>18</sup> Now you can of course gather some idea about this by reading the entry in Wikipedia on this documentary of Bill Maher's: "A range of views on various world religions is explored as Bill Maher travels to numerous religious destinations including Jerusalem, the Vatican, and Salt Lake City, interviewing believers from a variety of backgrounds and groups. These include a former member of Jews for Jesus, Christians, Muslims, former Mormons, and Hasidic Jews. Maher travels to Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park, London, where he 'preaches' Scientology beliefs. Maher also takes a tour around Creation Museum and the Holy Land Experience... In the movie, during a debate with a Christian, Maher repeats a version of Christ myth theory derived from Gerald Massey's 1907 thesis that the myth of the Egyptian deity Horus was the source of the story of Jesus. Specifically, he claims that Egyptian Book of the Dead says that Horus was born to a virgin, baptized by 'Anup the Baptizer' who was later beheaded. He was tempted in the desert, cast out demons, walked on water, had twelve disciples, and was crucified and resurrected after three days. Following the publication of Tom Harpur's *The Pagan Christ* in 2004, Christian theologian W. Ward Gasque composed an e-mail to twenty Egyptologists whom he considered leaders of the field, including Professor Emeritus of Egyptology at the University of Liverpool Kenneth Kitchen, and Professor of Egyptology at the University of Toronto Ron Leprohan. The e-mail detailed the comparisons originated by Massey, combined with other speculations derived from Alvin Boyd Kuhn by Maher's source, Christ Myth theorist Tom Harpur. Ten out of twenty responded. Those who responded unanimously dismissed the proposed etymologies for 'Jesus' and 'Christ', and one unspecified Egyptologist referred to Kuhn's comparison as 'fringe nonsense.' However, Professor emeritus of Egyptology at the University of Basel Erik Hornung has also made the parallels between Christianity and ancient Egypt, and Professor emeritus of theology at the University of Copenhagen Thomas L. Thompson concludes that accounts of Jesus were mythical in nature and based on earlier literature from Egypt among other countries." Maybe something about David Chin's anti-Semitism, love for pretending to be Muslim, and weird fascination with the strange and the cultish can be made out of this atheistic debunking film.

keeping secrets about me from me. All this had motivated me to continue going to her meetups without however cooperating with the operations at all. Thus shall be the case on October 11.

Now, out of desperation I would open up a new case at the downtown County Mental Health on October 9. I have already mentioned this: the social worker managing my case there would be this middle-age woman by the name of "Ana Nudelman". I would soon begin meeting with a new psychiatrist, a certain "Dr Wexler", who would be running operations on me for the government from now on.

### **The Hungarian Language Meetup, October 11**

The Hungarian restaurant at which Karin was to hold her October 11 meetup was Duna Csarda, located on 5820 Melrose Avenue. Many members from the Hungarian Language Meetup were supposed to show up – which was the point of the operation. I would understand only so much later that this operation was supposed to bring together the one and only Hungarian Language Meetup I had participated in – the one which took place on November 17 2007 – and the incident about "Zudy Pingley Smith". Recall my mention earlier ("Frankfurt and Brussels") that this "Zudy Pingley Smith" was supposedly a Hungarian woman recruited by the Russian intelligence service (SVR) to spy within the European Union institutions in Brussels. It was because I had inadvertently attended the Hungarian Language Meetup on November 17 2007 that, when Mr Secretary wanted to set me up with an associate of the Russian intelligence service as a way to frame Russia, he chose this "Zudy". Now allow me, for a moment, to refresh your memory about this incident. When I was going to Brussels in February 2008, Mr Secretary, looking over the list of Russian spies in the EU capital which the European counter-intelligence organs had compiled, noticed the Hungarian woman "Zudy" who was spying for Russia. The Russian team didn't know that "Zudy" had already been exposed; and, when I called up "Zudy's" number, Mr Secretary must have at the same time brought to the attention of the judges of the ICJ "lower court" the fact that I had attended a Hungarian Language Meetup in the previous November. He would have argued that the Hungarian Language Meetup was where I had met up with my Russian intelligence contact. This would be evidence that I was in fact not the terrorist suspect Lawrence Chin but the Sino-Russian "super-spy" David Chin, and that the current scandal was a Sino-Russian conspiracy against the United States. Since nations around the world had access to the evidences of ICJ "lower court", they would be convinced and so would not believe that 911 attacks were orchestrated by the United States itself (by our Boss, that is). Judge Higgins had authorized the United States to frame Russia like this because, you recall, the United States was allowed, under UN Resolution 1373, to forge evidences to protect itself insofar as the MSS director had forged evidences to frame the United States. But when the Russians brought the intercept of my conversation with Wes (in which I admitted that this "Zudy" was actually a British woman) to the ICJ "lower court", it cleared up nations' suspicion of Russia's role in sending a fake Lawrence Chin to harm the United States. Russia must have vehemently claimed to the world that the United States had tried to frame them, and, yet, because people who knew the truth – that judge Higgins had sanctioned the United States to forge evidences under enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 – were not allowed to reveal it under judge Higgins' prohibition – again, under enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 – everyone was then very confused as to how it was that, if Russia was indeed being framed as was indicated by the

intercept of my conversation with Wes, the International Court of Justice had never convicted the United States of perjury and fraud. Then Russia withdrew from the lawsuit in March 2008, so that, while China was convicted of a grave fraud (sending David Chin) in the eyes of the world, the issue had never been resolved of whether I really did have any Russian intelligence connection through “Zudy”. Now that the United States was claiming to the world again that I was indeed the Russian secret agent David Chin, Mr Secretary must first of all resolve this issue in order to “clear up” the confusion in the mind of everyone in governments around the world. Keep in mind that this was the nature of the “obstacle” which the United States was currently encountering: one the one hand, the United States seems to have tried to frame Russia by setting up Lawrence Chin the terrorist suspect with a Russian spy “Zudy”; on the other hand, the United States seemed to be telling the truth insofar as the ICJ had never convicted the United States of the crime of forging evidences to frame Russia and evidences had been accumulating since September 3 indicating that this “Lawrence Chin” really did have all the characteristics of “David Chin”. Mr Secretary’s, and CIA’s, task was thus to explain away this contradiction in their favor. That is, they had to create evidences showing that I did have contacts elsewhere with a Hungarian woman who had spied for Russia and that I was somehow committing frauds when I was calling Wes from Brussels back in February. Now Mr Secretary had failed to lure me to write to the email address which Jennifer W had provided to me (August 23); he had succeeded on September 3 in producing an intercept showing me admitting that I spoke both Hungarian and Russian. He had just, three days ago, obtained another intercept showing me admitting once more that I spoke Hungarian. During this meetup, I was expected to socialize with those strangers from the Hungarian Language Meetup one of whom the Machine would identify as “Zudy” or her associate. The intercept can then be presented to the International Court as “evidence” proving that Mr Secretary had never attempted to frame Russia when I was in Brussels, that the United States had been honest all the way, and that I was really a Russian secret agent.

Since I had already suspected foul play, when I arrived around 7:30 PM, earlier than Karin, I waited outside the restaurant for her instead of mingling with the Hungarian group who were already enjoying their time inside the restaurant. Minutes later, Karin showed up together with Gabi and Cecilia, and only then did I walk inside. Karin’s “mission” was of course to make sure that I sit among those strangers from the Hungarian Language Meetup rather than with her. Thus, when I arrived, even though her group was congregated in one corner of the long table, she adamantly refused to let me sit among her friends and insisted that I go sit on the other end of the table where the eastern European strangers were gathering. I hesitantly obeyed her command. However, when I saw a beautiful Hungarian woman showing up wanting to sit next to me – since when did beautiful women want to have anything to do with me, the ugliest duck they had ever seen in their life? – I became alarmed. I instantly realized that all this had something to do with Mr Secretary’s continual attempt to make something “Hungarian” out of me and that a piece of evidence was about to be produced showing me fraternizing with my “Hungarian spy friend”. I lost interest instantly and just left. I was not about to hand out freebies to the United States without getting something back.

The rest of the night was about as bad as it could get. I got on the bus on Vine and couldn’t help but break down crying. The harsh truth that Karin would only allow me to appear in her midst



when the government had some use of me to harm Russia and China was just too traumatic. I was completely devoid of value to her. My terrible night is recorded in: "[sat\\_night\\_crying\\_after\\_leaving\\_hungarisan\\_rest\\_\(karinMU\)\\_2008\\_10\\_11\\_817PM.MP3](#)". You can hear me uttering, while crying: "I wish I didn't have to be 'me'" (5:00).

The second recording from my "most awful night" is: "[stranded\\_in\\_foxhill\\_mall\\_busstop\\_2008\\_10\\_11\\_1137PM.MP3](#)". To go home, I had to ride the bus all the way to Venice Blvd and take bus 33 from there. But I somehow rode past my destination, and got stranded in Fox Hill mall, in Culver City. I called up a taxi service, and the operator told me the taxi was being sent to me. It however never showed up. That's when I turned on my recorder and called the company again saying to the operator: "I've called, but..." Mysteriously, the operator got confused and I hanged up in frustration. I then called 411 to ask for the number of another taxi company, Yellow Cab this time (2:00). There was no operator, however, but only an automatic recording. I soon got very angry because the 411's automated voice recognition system couldn't distinguish what I was saying, and I was yelling to the computer system. When the 411 computer disconnected my call due to malfunctioning, I broke down crying again – as if my night weren't bad enough (4:20). Fortunately for me, a stranger came to help me. I explained to him that I needed to get to Venice Blvd, but that there weren't any yellow cabs around. He helped me by giving me the phone number of another taxi company (6:30). I was absolutely bedazzled by the fact that there were actually people around in this society who had not yet been recruited or alerted by the suit team and who would therefore not know who I was and would want to help me with anything. When I called up the taxi company, however, I got frustrated again and began crying anew, for the operator wanted an address, not just the cross streets, and I didn't know what Fox Hill Mall's address was. Luckily, I noticed that an address was printed on the public payphone in front of me. Taxi was sent, and, soon, I arrived at Venice Blvd and saved myself – although, of course, I was a bit poorer just when I was running out of money. I sighed: "Everyday is just law enforcement investigation..." And then: "Can't get into the control panel of my website, it's probably because law enforcement has locked it..." I was referring to what happened this afternoon. "What will law enforcement find? They will find... I don't know if it's illegal or not, but it doesn't look good... have to delete it..." Law enforcement didn't lock up my website account at all; I was wrong, suffering the typical symptoms of a "targeted individual" (see below). And then: "They can live in the light, but I must live in the dark, I'm not allowed to know what is happening to me..." Again, *this*, my role as the "dummy" (Truman) constituted, together with my social isolation, the source of all my miseries during this period.

The next day, October 12, I wrote an email to Karin in which I entreated: "I just hope that you guys won't be rumoring about me afterwards saying that I was there having a good time when in reality I left before the dinner began when I saw that there wasn't space for me, or that I left angry when in reality I slipped out quietly feeling sad without others noticing it." I was worried that, because Mr Secretary had failed to obtain the "evidence" he had wanted, he might simply instruct Karin and her group members to make up stories about my being there so that he may obtain the "evidence" anyway when the Machine should intercept Karin and her group members' false rumors. This, however, did not happen.

### **"Secret communication with foreign agents"**

October 14 was another instructive day. In the afternoon, I was at the downtown superior court checking over the papers I had filed in my lawsuits to make sure that they had not been altered by the suit team (specifically, to make sure that my amended complaint had been entered into file). My time there is recorded in: "[at\\_court\\_answered\\_nudelmans\\_call\\_2008\\_10\\_14\\_149pm.mp3](#)". Around 32:00, my new social worker, Ana Nudelman, called me. At issue was the fact that the operator at the front desk at downtown Mental Health told me I couldn't leave a message for Dr Wexler. Ever since I had opened a new case at this clinic, I had been very concerned that my new doctor would also make false reports about me to law enforcement, and so had only been asking him to order refill on my medication over the phone. Ana was quite puzzled by this, and so I explained my concern to her. She said she was going to talk to Dr Wexler, but I was alarmed and asked her if she was going to report something false about me to him: "Everybody reports me to law enforcement, and often falsely... Hence it's dangerous for me to be in contact with people..." Finally I instructed Ana: "Okay, ask him to call me, but don't say anything else about me, don't speak falsehood to him, I don't want any false report, I don't know what you are going to report about me... My only defense is to get a note from him saying I didn't say anything bad..." (43:00). Ana then wanted to suggest a group meeting for me. I was alarmed, suspected that it was the suit team which had instructed her to suggest another trap for me, and so declined her offer. It's not clear to me whether Ana had been recruited at this point; it's not clear whether she had ever been, although Dr Wexler would soon be recruited. This incident simply gives you an idea about the extent of my paranoia at this time.

After I was done with my business in downtown, I rode the bus to Westwood. I walked into the Biomedical Library to use computers. This is recorded in "[ucla\\_med\\_lib\\_saw\\_emily\\_at\\_6pm\\_lawrence\\_chin\\_2008\\_10\\_14\\_452PM.mp3](#)". Now I ran into Emily again (1:08:00). I communicated to her my jealousy of her: "You are so lucky, at least law enforcement is not going after you." Well, she *was* lucky, but not because law enforcement was not going after her, but because the government was not using her as a patsy to harm Russia and China.

After this, I went to the Borders Bookstore on Westwood Blvd, and stayed at the patio section to work on my computer. My recorder was not turned on at the time. Suddenly, Sergev appeared and handed me a cigarette. Shocked, I immediately turned on my recorder: "[IMP\\_saw\\_sergev\\_at\\_borders\\_westwood\\_ran\\_to\\_iso\\_2008\\_10\\_14\\_840PM.mp3](#)". I quickly threw his cigarette away and ran out of Borders, very upset and very scared. "More framing, oh my God," I shouted (16:00). I verbalized my understanding about how this was evidence-production on 28:00. When I came to ISO, I saw Irina working at the counter. I told her straightforwardly that I would no longer appreciate Sergev's presence wherever I was, and asked her to relay the message to him. She was surprised and probably thought that Sergev and I had gotten into an argument.

My horror was of course due to the fact that I had understood by then that the judges of the ICJ had already been thoroughly convinced that spies did communicate by hiding "secret messages" in ordinary, inconsequential speech which would depend only on the intuition of the communicating parties for its deciphering, and that they would thus be persuaded to accept Sergev's action as my "secret communication" with a Russian spy (insofar as the Machine would show Sergev to be a SVR agent in the confusing and confused intercepts it would print out of

this episode in real time). This lowering of the evidentiary standard was just so convenient, because it would then be simply impossible for me to avoid being mistaken for a foreign spy as long as I walked around in public places where there were other people around – where there was thus the constant danger that the suit team might send strangers to me to pass me fliers or cigarettes or to murmur something to my ear without my solicitation. Now the suit team must have instructed Sergev to pull this trick on me because I had escaped Karin's trap on October 11. Once the United States had once more failed to establish my connections with the Russians through our supposed Hungarian link ("Zudy"), the Russians must have been arguing with the United States again in the UN and in the ICJ. He's not our agent! To temporarily stifle Russians' protests, Mr Secretary had thus *forcibly* produced this piece of evidence seemingly showing me secretly communicating with a Russian spy. The intercept might be too vague in that nothing definitive can be made out from it, but at least it was sufficient to leave everyone in the UN suspecting that the United States might be right – given the previous conviction of China – and that the Russians were lying.

### **Karin's meetup on October 16: "Ghost Town" at the Academy**

I continued to keep track of Karin's meetups on the Meetup website. Now Karin had scheduled her next Any Language and Culture Meetup for the night of October 16. Everyone was going to see the movie "Ghost Town" at the Academy Cinema at 6:45 PM, after which everyone would gather at a Mexican restaurant ("Amigo's") across the street. Still unable to swallow the fact that I was abandoned after being used, and that I could only attend her meetups when Mr Secretary and the Agency wanted her to use me to frame China and Russia, I wrote her a short email in the early afternoon of October 16 saying I might join them after the movie. I was at the time sitting outside the Starbucks on Grand Avenue and 6<sup>th</sup> Street in downtown Los Angeles. Minutes later I would discover Karin's reply: "Please don't come, Lawrence. I am not saying this to be mean or to hurt you in any way, but there is just no point..." I was absolutely enraged by the unreality of Karin's reasons and so on: she accused me of behaving badly at the Hungarian dinner meetup and in previous meetups, but how could I have behaved badly when I never said a word during all her meetups and wasn't even present at the previous meetup? I didn't know that Karin was talking to the atmosphere, not to me: she just wanted the Machine to intercept her comment into the International Court as evidence confirming once again David Chin's antisocial behavior (perpetually making disturbances in public places) rather than Lawrence Chin's melancholic longing for Karin. She was not describing me, but "David". But I thought simply that it was my refusal to carry through the "evidentiary process" four days earlier which had done the job. Karin had now decided to kick me out of her group definitively. If I wasn't going to cooperate, why keep me around her? I was totally devastated, as if the life boat I was holding onto was taken away and I was now merely floating in the desolate ocean without anything to grab onto. Meaningless existence. In the end, I was never allowed to attend a meetup with her *not* for operational purpose. I had no meaning for other people besides being used as a patsy. Suddenly, the sharp pain from abandonment. I couldn't accept this, and decided to defy Karin. I rode the bus to Pasadena anyway. I arrived in town around 5:30 PM and waited in the Kinkos on Colorado and Lake until it was about time for Karin and everyone else to come out of the movie theater. I waited in the dark corner across the street from Academy Cinema and saw Karin and others just coming out and walking into the Mexican restaurant. What should I do? I wanted to

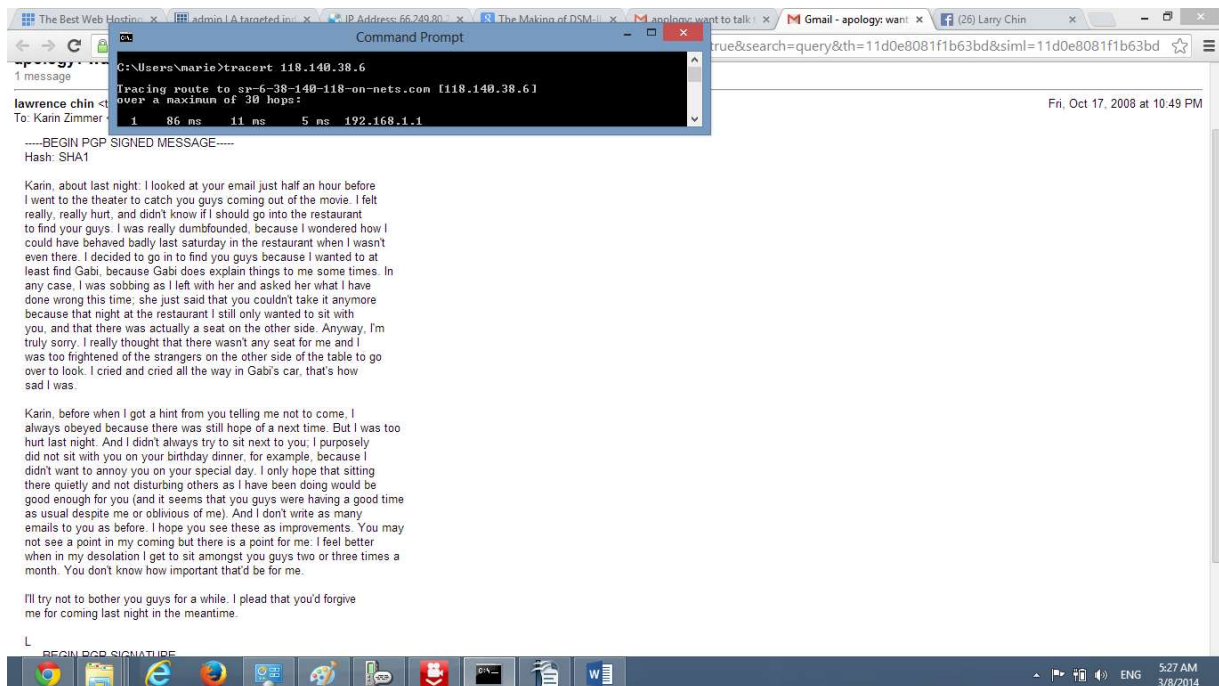
talk to someone, and I knew that Gabi was there. But following them inside might gravely offend Karin, who would not appreciate my ignoring the way she wanted things. As I circled around the block thinking whether to go in to find them – this is all recorded in my recording of that night: “redo\_karins\_meeting\_mexican\_rest\_1100\_colorado\_2008\_10\_16\_821PM.mp3” – a helicopter appeared and circled above me, as if to keep watch on me (from 20:00 or so onwards in the recording). The helicopter was pointing its flash light on something a block or two away from me. I thought it was Mr Secretary commanding law enforcement to protect their informants from me, and consequently got very nervous. I asked a stranger standing outside the restaurant what the helicopter might be looking for (23:00). “Perhaps it is looking for me,” I said. What was in fact going on was just that the CIA and Mr Secretary, seeing that I was “stalking” Karin’s group, informed Karin about it and instructed her to pretend to not have noticed me, for this was an excellent opportunity to “collect” another piece of evidence confirming David Chin’s misogynist aggression against innocent women who had been kind to him. They then instructed law enforcement to pretend to look for someone else in the neighborhood, so that, when the Machine picked up the episode, it could scramble it into something which seemed to indicate that David Chin was in the neighborhood stalking Karin looking for opportunities to insult her and hurt her, out of anger over her expulsion of him for his antisocial behavior. (The meaning of my “stalking” was thus changed.) Finally I gathered up the courage to go inside the restaurant, holding fast to the impression that Karin didn’t quite indicate in her email that she never wanted me to show up again – she said perfunctorily: “maybe in the future, but not now” – while wondering whether this might be my last chance to talk to anyone there. When I came in front of Karin, she seemed displeased, but, surprisingly, just said, “Since you are already here, just grab a seat then.” I was truly surprised by Karin’s good temper. I didn’t know that she was only playing another trick. I sat there quietly without uttering a word while Karin, Sarah, Mei, Penelope, Kim, Andrew, Carlos, and Gabi were enjoying their good time. The only time when I slightly participated in the conversation was when Gabi, with a mischievous smile, asked me how I was doing (30:00). “Just awful. What do you think?” I replied. She laughed and turned away. And then I asked Gabi how the last meetup at the Hungarian restaurant went (36:00). That’s all. Meanwhile, although Karin didn’t take any pictures of me because she knew I had an issue with this, Andrew and Gabi took over the task and flashed the camera in my face over and over again. I continued to assume erroneously that these pictures were destined for law enforcement’s biometric profile of my face, unaware as yet that they were in fact going to be intercepted, air-brushed, and taken into the International Court as evidence proving that I didn’t look like myself – and yet everyone here knew this. Kim and Sarah left early. When Gabi was leaving, I asked her to drive me to the metro station. She agreed. We went leaving Karin and the rest of the crowd behind (1:17:00).

As soon as we were outside the restaurant, I whined to Gabi, “I don’t know why she wrote me that email... How could I have behaved badly... I wasn’t even there on Saturday...” (1:17:30). “You left...” “But there was no seat.” Gabi would not speak of the true reason why I left (my fear that I might be framed for connection with some Russo-Hungarian spy) even though she knew it, and I would not speak of it either (telling the truth would merely prompt others to call me “crazy”). We both just continued to pretend. Then Gabi pretended to reproach me for tonight: “If she doesn’t want to see you, she doesn’t want to see you. That’s it.” I explained that I didn’t want to sit with those Hungarian strangers or whoever they were. “I’m scared of strangers.” Since it

was because I didn't carry out the "mission" last time that Karin had rejected me, I kept trying to explain myself for *that* night. But Gabi simply pretended that I was being rejected for "normal reasons", because she needed the Machine to intercept more evidence indicating that nobody knew that David Chin was a spy and was carrying out clandestine missions through Karin's meetups: "You cannot come when people tell you not to." To explain myself: "There is no 'next time', I can tell" (1:20:20): meaning, if I didn't defy Karin's wishes, I would never see her again. I continued: "I don't even say anything. I just sit there. And yet that is not good enough for her. What then is good enough for her?" Gabi couldn't have cared less. She had no interest in me. She just cared about carrying out her "mission" and saying the "right things" to surveillance. There was simply no point in defending myself; everybody knew I had never behaved badly, but everybody was required to always talk about me as if I had behaved badly in order to deceive our international audience (making them believe that David Chin was thrown out for antisocial behavior). Always looking for a chance to confess "my side of the story", I suddenly grabbed onto Gabi and shouted to her: "Have you ever wondered if all the stuff you were told about me weren't true?" (1:21:30) I continued: "They need to protect their own interests..." And yet these words made no impression on Gabi at all. Somehow the "official story" which the authority had fed to everybody – that the MSS director perpetrated 911 attacks; that he used me to fraudulently sue the US for violation of UN Resolution 1373 – was so solid that nobody could entertain even the possibility that it might be a made-up story. Or was it because I was too ugly for people to seriously entertain anything I said? Or was it because the "official story" had included a provision convincing people that I didn't know the truth, just in case I wasn't ugly enough for people to ignore "my side of the story"?

When we got inside Gabi's car (1:23:00), I was crying and sobbing all the way. Because I hadn't showered for a whole month, Gabi had to roll down her window to avoid my foul smell. What I didn't narrate in the email I wrote to Karin the next day (below) was my asking Gabi: "Wouldn't it hurt you if the person you like is reporting you to law enforcement?" after I told her I knew what Karin really didn't like was my complaining to her about her falsely reporting me to law enforcement. Really, I simply couldn't stand the fact that Karin was a CIA asset pretending to be a law enforcement informant against me taking my pictures for them and making false reports about me, and then the fact that I was not even allowed to verbalize my pain but was expected to pretend to be a dummy not knowing any of this was taking place. I thought it was obvious that Karin really couldn't stand my not keeping all this a secret but constantly finding chances to verbalize it. This was in fact true; the problem was that the scenario I had conceived about Karin's actions behind my back was not exactly correct. Instead of correcting my erroneous scenarios, however, Karin simply wanted me to not notice anything at all and was annoyed by the fact that I had noticed something. The reality was that, because Karin found me totally unattractive, she thought of me as something disposable with no value whatsoever, and therefore didn't think that there was any need to attend to my natural human desire to be "on the inside" like everyone else (to participate in intersubjectivity). Gabi seemed to be slightly sympathetic toward me, telling me that my scenario was not true, although of course she couldn't have cared less about my feelings because she could not feel them – meanwhile I had to constantly do things to lessen my pain (such as showing up tonight against Karin's wish) because I couldn't help but feel my feelings: I only wished I wouldn't have to. I wished Karin could feel my feelings just temporarily so that she'd know what was like being the target of her bogus law enforcement

investigation and government-sponsored “pranks” which turned everyone you came into contact with into an informant or actor against you and locked you in a prison of deception with no breaks. I wished she could understand the pain of being the most warned about and lied about and lied to person in human history. Gabi in the end advised me to write an email to apologize to Karin and to remember not to mention anything about law enforcement, and, as you can see below, I did precisely what she had advised. Gabi was of course simply setting up another trap for me. She wanted me to write another annoying email so that the Machine could intercept more evidences confirming my conformity to the imaginary profile of David Chin – my continual mention that Karin played pranks on me on authority’s behalf was not conforming to the scenario that David Chin hid from everyone he met the fact that he was a secret agent working for Russia and China.



The email I wrote to Karin on October 17 2008 to apologize

When Gabi dropped me off at the Memorial Park Metro station, I grabbed onto her arm crying that I might not see her again (1:34:30). She frowned; she was merely disturbed by my foul smell. After I exited her car, I didn't, out of sadness, go home immediately. I stayed quietly inside the Starbucks in Old Town for an hour or so before I got on the Metro. Interestingly, a black girl came over to comfort me. She even padded me on my back, making me feel very comforted. Apparently, there were still strangers around who hadn't yet been recruited by the suit team.

Karin of course never responded to the email which I wrote to her the next day, October 17. The more I explained my feelings and apologized to her, the more I disgusted her with my “unmanliness”. Unless it was necessary for the Machine to intercept a response from her as evidence, she would not want to do anything other than ignore me.

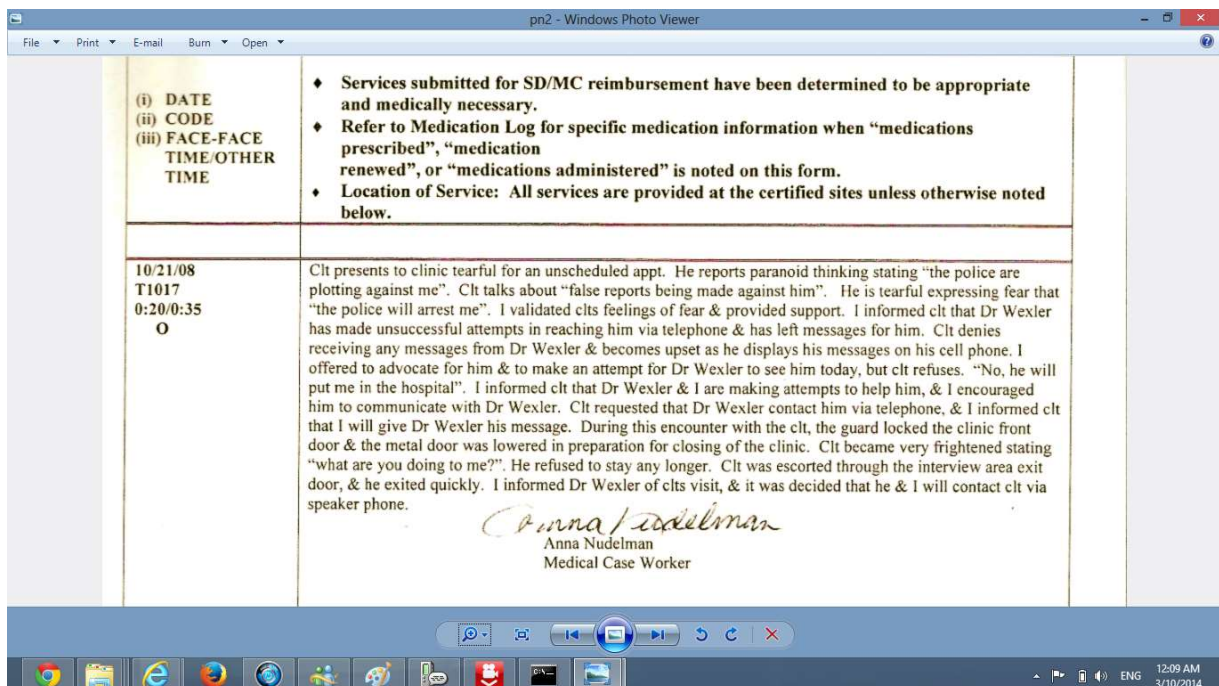
The conversation I had with Angel in the Law Library on the afternoon of October 20 is another illustration of my mood at the time. This is recorded in: "[monday\\_at\\_law\\_lib\\_2008\\_10\\_20\\_139PM.mp3](#)". After I did my routine check on my files in the superior court, I came to the Law Library. I first complained to the security guard "Pink" (50:00). Before I checked out a computer station from Angel at the circulation desk, I told her, "So many bad things have happened to me..." I then asked her to tutor me on the computer while I worked on my pleading paper (56:00). Angel finally said to me: "You are great, you did everything by yourself." Her praises only frustrated me, for it portrayed me as happier than I really was and so denied the pain I was going through. I whined: "I'm so unfortunate, I can't go to support groups, I'm not good enough to make new friends..." But Angel continued to encourage me: "Other disabled people can't do half of what you do..." (2:23:00). I kept complaining: "Law enforcement is so bad, they frame me..." Again, I *was* framed, but not in the manner which I had imagined. Angel said: "But you write your journal, right?" To which I replied: "That's all I can do... I write down all the bad things which have happened to me... I don't have friends..." (2:28:00).

On the afternoon of October 21 the physical pain I had been experiencing reached a climax. After waking up around noon, I ate brunch at the Mexican grill near my home: "[at\\_mexican\\_grill\\_hill\\_venice\\_2008\\_10\\_21\\_127PM.MP3](#)". You can hear me jokingly asking Regina to take me to Mexico (4:00). Well, I was sort of serious, because I was planning to escape to Mexico, and it would just be better if someone could take me there instead of my running there all by myself. I was then telling her: "Unhappy, no tengo amigos..." (17:00). Then, again: "Remember to take me to Mexico, any time..." (31:30) I then rode the bus to downtown. There, I ran into someone from "Mission", the homeless shelter agency in this neighborhood. Talking to strangers was safe, for the government would have difficulty in recruiting homeless people to run operations on me. I thus told him: "What a miserable life is mine... Law enforcement is framing me into a criminal... I can't have any friends, can't talk to anyone..." (53:00). I cried: "What am I going to do?"

Then, suddenly, my heart was beating super fast – it would be like this all afternoon – giving me heartache and causing me to collapse onto the street. Perhaps it was because I had been smoking 50 cigarettes per day in the past two months since the onset of my severe depression, or perhaps it was because my psychological pain was being transformed into physical pain, that psychological pain resulting from thinking that Karin had most likely told everyone else in her meetup who had not yet been recruited by the suit team: "That Lawrence suffers from schizophrenia and is very dangerous. Don't worry, we have been reporting him to the Secret Service [or whatever law enforcement entity] for some time now and he is being watched and he has no idea that he is being watched. So we are safe." In other words, the thought that she was maintaining me in the eyes of others as that "dummy" – which was why she would never let me talk about my pain – so that I would look like an ordinary sick-minded criminal uttering incoherent worries and making criminal threats completely insensitive to environmental clues (i.e. that others were reporting him). The psychosomatic pain couldn't have been stranger: the belief I held about Karin's operations was not even correct – and, besides, there were no such persons in her Meetups who had not yet been recruited – and yet it could cause me such severe physical pain.

Weighed down by heartache plus debilitating worries that my emails might be forged, I rested in the Starbucks in downtown for a while – it was 2:30 PM – and, then, continually moaning in pain, actually came to the downtown mental health asking to speak with Ana – only because I wanted someone to see me in pain. Ana was however not there today, and so another social worker received me. I was crying out of shape like a retard while telling her about my worries that people were reporting me to law enforcement. This is recorded in: [“heartache\\_talked\\_to\\_nudelman\\_2hr\\_2008\\_10\\_21\\_238PM.MP3”](#) (from 1:51:00 onward). I was really sick. She claimed Dr Wexler had called me numerous times, but I pulled out my phone to demonstrate to her that no messages existed in my voice mail. She just said I had erased them, which I had never done. She hurt me again. I immediately assumed that she had heard from law enforcement the falsehood that I had an expertise in forging things electronic – which was completely unrealistic: only government officials inside the UN could possibly believe that an ordinary person like me could possess such magical power. Nobody in *our* world could have believed that I could forge recordings of conversations and so on with software. When the security guards were murmuring behind my back, I also assumed it was because they had already been alerted long ago about my being a particularly troublesome and dangerous schizophrenic. Perhaps they were calling the PET team at the moment. Fearing that I might be hospitalized on 5150, I continually rejected the social worker's offer to send me to Dr Wexler right away. Instead, I simply left.

It would be interesting to compare my description of the event with Ana's in the progress notes she had kept concerning me:



For the rest of the day I would be struggling with my painful racing heart beat and would be unable to do much of the mounting work I had assigned myself to do. My last recording of the



day is quite instructive: "[crying\\_on\\_venice\\_overland\\_2008\\_10\\_21\\_937PM.mp3](#)". I was at Venice and Overland, and you can hear me simply crying continually in this recording.

### **My blog: the typical symptoms of a “targeted individual”**

Before we continue I want to make a comment about the style and content of my blog from this period. I have mentioned in the previous chapter that my experience in this government-sponsored Truman Show is best described as that of a “targeted individual”. In the above you can also see that I was showing the typical symptoms of a “targeted individual”, specifically extreme paranoid ideation due, not to any real cognitive dysfunction, but to inadequate understanding of something which it was not my business to understand. The blog which I have written during this period, the latter half of 2008, will indeed appear to you like the diary of a paranoid and delusional mind. This is precisely how the “targeted individual” phenomenon works. It is human nature to attempt to develop theories to explain one’s experience, rather than simply make a list of its superficial details. When you are either uneducated or inexperienced with the subject matters in the experience in question, however, the theories you develop will look stupid and unrealistic. To persons who don’t know what is going on, you will look delusional. My problem at the time was not only that I didn’t understand clearly enough what the suit team was doing – I just knew that there was some lawsuit in the International Court of Justice and that the target was now Russia instead of China – but also that I didn’t understand how law enforcement worked. I had simply never had enough experience with law enforcement: I had never committed crimes, never been arrested, never gone through criminal prosecution, etc. I thus didn’t know that it is simply unrealistic for a large number of people to constantly report to law enforcement those minute details about a person’s bad character, like his racist slurs, his inappropriate glance at woman’s underwear, etc. Law enforcement did not have time for this kind of minor character flaws; the FBI might have some interest in such little things in cases involving suspects posing threats to national security. It requires both experience *and* education to escape looking delusional while describing conspiratorial, secret, pranks. This is a very important point: even though I was educated, I nevertheless ended up developing unrealistic theories because I had never learned, or read, about how law enforcement and intelligence agencies worked, in classrooms or in books. Certain things in our society are simply not taught in schools; you have to develop the experience with them all by yourself.

This is what I want you to understand before directing you to study my blog posts from this period which I have attached to the end of this volume. Many of the posts I wrote at that time indeed sound so crazy that you cannot imagine that they were written by the same person who has written “A Thermodynamic Interpretation of History” and “Scientific Enlightenment”, or, for that matter, even this “Secret History of the ICJ”. And yet such is the nature of “targeted individual phenomenon”: Western governments have this way of fucking with people while making them confused, mystified, and look crazy at the same time, and certain type of persons, like me, are prone to exhibiting paranoid ideation because of their strong desire to know things that are hidden from them and to imagine all possibilities – namely, it’s precisely because they are more intelligent that they often look crazy when they inquire into a domain for which they have had no experience and from which they are barred. Thus my blog post from October 21, “Possible ingenious framing of me into a criminal through forged signed emails”, can serve as an

excellent illustrating example. There I became paranoid over the possibility that Homeland Security agents could have stolen my Enigmail's private key and easily fabricated with it encrypted emails containing whatever incriminating evidences they would need to frame me. "It'd be framing of the ultimate sort, for normally you can't fabricate encrypted emails." This paranoid fear was one of the reasons why I had decided to not touch email encryption ever again. Certainly, the government could have done this if they had wanted to, but they never did. Such blatant forgery, as noted elsewhere, was not US government's usual practice, and, besides, the operations on me, without my knowing at the time, had to follow strict rules laid down by judge Higgins herself.

The same can be said about my website from that time, lawrencechin2008.com. I had throughout the latter half of 2008 changed the appearance of this website of mine many times. Its look by December 15 is archived here: <http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/2008docs/website2008.pdf>. It certainly looks like the product of some paranoid, delusional mind. And yet the author was not really ("clinically") delusional. It's the nature of the subject matter, and his desire to cover all possible ways in which his enemy could strike him, which have made his utterance so paranoid and crazy on appearance.

It should also be noted that, within the next three months, I would continually change the title of my blog. Recall that I had originally titled it "Kurt's Nonsense Blog" in order to hide my identity and avoid false reporting of me to law enforcement. Later, when I realized that I was helping Mr Secretary confirm his lies about me by using alias, I changed the title to "Lawrence's Otherwise Nonsense Blog". Nobody would know who "Lawrence" was anyway. As my depression worsened, as the suit team intensified their operations on me by recruiting even strangers in public institutions to do acting in front of me, and as I began comprehending the full extent of the "David Chin legend" – what I would be known for in humanity's collective consciousness – I would change the title of my blog one more time to "The most unfortunate person in the world". The title was certainly right on the mark, given that, without doubt, I was the most ostracized person in American society, and the most slandered person in the history of humankind – and I didn't yet know that I would have six more years of even more horrendous slander awaiting me ahead.

### **With Dr Wexler, October 22 2008**

It was now the end of October and the suit team intensified their effort in justifying their "David Chin legend" to the world. French-speaking, misogynist, antisocial, paranoid schizophrenic – the next thing they needed to establish about me was my propensity for frauds and constant hallucination. I fell into traps again because I was so lonely and desperate that I temporarily forgot the painful fact that, as long as I resided in this country, I'd never find a single person whom I could trust not to harm me. As I have said, when you are in so much pain, you will reach out to people knowing that they are all poisonous, just in order to attain some temporary relief. But the poison with which you have stained yourself will soon cause you more pain. Although I had persistently requested for my new psychiatrist, Dr Wexler, to fill my prescription over the phone, I eventually gave in to Ana's insistence and agreed to meet with him face to face. I met

him at Downtown Mental Health for the first time on October 22. I have recorded our meeting in: [“with\\_wexler\\_2008\\_10\\_22\\_324PM.mp3”](#).

Now, before I arrived in downtown Mental Health, I first went inside the police station across the street. I told the officer at the front desk that I wanted to speak with a detective (!). “Why?” “People have been reporting me as causing problems, etc.” The officer wanted my information instead, and then claimed there was no “investigation” on me at the moment (20:00). I replied: “It’s a secret investigation...” He was stunned while laughing at me at the same time: “Secret?” I explained that my concern was that the reports were all false. When he told me that, after he took down my information, the detective would call me, I further noted that he’d never reveal the investigation to me: “They will wait until the reports accumulate, so that they can then arrest me by surprise... If I stop doing whatever because I have noticed I have been reported about, then they can’t get me... For their purpose is to ‘get me’, right?” The officer continued to persuade me to not worry about this. I then told him about my impression that police helicopters seemed to be following me. This was the extent of the conversation, and I of course never got to speak with any detective about “false reporting”. Again, you must see this from the officer’s perspective: he knew what was going on, that there was a “TV show” around me, and he could see that I was mistaking the acting in the TV show for “false reporting”. He probably even knew that the government had instructed helicopters to fly here and there, wherever I was, in order to create the semblance in Machine’s surveillance that the police were looking for me, which would serve to convince my international audience but which was complete garbage (“coincidence”) in *our* world. Finally, he could certainly see that I was getting suspicious. It was the kind of thing you experience in high school – pranks – except that I was 39 year-old and that it was the whole society which was playing the pranks on me. “Be Bop High School”, as the Japanese pop star Nakayama Miho used to sing.

I then walked into downtown Mental Health and was sitting with Dr Wexler from 52:00 onward in the recording. You really should listen to the conversation for yourself, for here this expert psychiatrist was behaving so bizarrely that, had you not known that he was putting up an act in order for the Machine to confuse him with me, you would be absolutely bedazzled by the whole episode. On the surface, he seemed to be a superb doctor. You can hear me expressing excessive worries about the possibility that he would falsely report me to law enforcement, and naming the Secret Service as the agency to which he, and everyone else, would be reporting. He really did try to comfort me, and, for this end, told me a true story about a guy in Santa Maria who was indeed investigated by the Secret Service for continually writing weird emails to President Clinton (from 1:33:00 onward). Listen to this interesting story yourself, how the Secret Service came to this guy’s doctor to determine whether he was a threat to the President, and how they were terribly respectful of his medical confidentiality. Dr Wexler thought he could persuade me to believe that the government would have to go through me before recruiting him as an actor in my TV show, but I knew better: the Secret Service showed such respect because that was in the Clinton era and this guy was more a nuisance than a real national security threat! I would continue to doubt Dr Wexler whenever he denied his “government connection” until he replied: “You don’t trust me... But that’s part of your illness...” (1:48:20). Fuck you very much!

The several things of note in this conversation are: (1) I was talking to this new doctor specifically in regard to the chronic pain and seizure I had been experiencing due to my prolonged isolation and inability to have genuine human contact – due to, that is, my prolonged entrapment in the “twilight zone” (Truman Show). Dr Wexler would prescribe me a cocktail of medication, which would, in the beginning, seem to temporarily kill off some of the pain, but no matter: I would still have to struggle with the feeling that life was absolutely meaningless. And also my envy toward people in general because they didn't have to live in a prison as I did. (2) At one point Dr Wexler pretended to have seen a fly that wasn't there and then claimed he wasn't hallucinating. Clearly, he had been previously instructed by his handler from the suit team to put up this act in order for the Machine to confuse that as coming from me. (3) Dr Wexler prescribed, among the “cocktail”, a heavy dose of Zyprexa. It seems that he was instructed by his handler to prescribe Zyprexa because this medication was known for having the terrible side effect of increasing the patient's sex-drive. The suit team was probably hoping that I might go around wildly excited and end up in sex places and get caught, so as to reinforce the legend that David Chin was also a sex-pervert.

Finally, at the end of the session, worrying that he might falsely rumor about me or falsely report me as hallucinating and making threats, I asked Dr Wexler to write a note certifying that I had neither hallucinated nor made threats during the session. Amazingly, he did write one such note for me (2:47:30). (I have attached the note at the end of the volume.)<sup>19</sup> But then he suddenly accused me out of the blue, “You are not going to forge my signature, are you?” even though I had never done anything like that in my whole life (2:49:00). The suit team's objective here was of course for the Machine to intercept more people's suspicion of me as a fraudster into the International Court as “evidence” to confirm their “David Chin legend”: “Your honor, our subject is indeed a habitual fraudster. As you can hear, even his doctor was worried that he might forge his signature. This is more evidence that our subject is not really Lawrence but Lawrence's twin brother pretending to be Lawrence under Chinese and Russian instruction...”

The suit team did not however have to wait long for Zeprexa to take effect in order to be able to “collect” more evidences about my wild sexual misbehavior. I spent the night of October 22 in the Starbucks at Venice and Overland, which is recorded in: “[starbucks\\_venice\\_washington\\_2008\\_10\\_22\\_932PM.MP3](#)”. After long hours of work, I stumbled upon an escort's website on my laptop and began studying the pictures for pleasure. I occasionally did this kind of things, perhaps less than once a week. Although I tried to hide my computer screen, the suit team had already planted a Homeland Security agent around me pretending to be an ordinary customer – the suit team did this wherever I was – and his “mission” was nothing other than finding every possible opportunity to complain about me in accordance with the “David Chin legend”. And so he furtively came around me to peek at my computer screen and then merrily made a complaint to the manager. The manager came to me to inform me that somebody had complained that I was doing inappropriate things, although he of course wouldn't specify what exactly it was (1:41:00). It wasn't hard for me to figure out that it was that Homeland Security agent who had complained saying I was looking at “pornographic material” – even though looking at escorts' websites was hardly anything inappropriate on public networks. The manager threw me out and the Homeland

---

<sup>19</sup> At: [http://lawrencechin2011.com/2008docs/dr\\_wexler\\_note.pdf](http://lawrencechin2011.com/2008docs/dr_wexler_note.pdf).

Security agent greeted me outside with the happiest smile. The whole episode was of course intercepted into the International Court to confirm for the ICJ (female) judges and our international audience that this David Chin under Russian and Chinese employment was indeed a sex-pervert and perpetual public nuisance.

Ever since this episode I would never see Dr Wexler again, nor any other doctors for any physical or mental pain, knowing that getting the medical system to repair me was simply too dangerous insofar as nobody was actually interested in treating me at all: all the doctors would simply have been instructed by Mr Secretary and the Agency to harm me under the disguise of treating me. This is of course typically "American".

### **Collecting my own records and my trip to San Yistro**

After my appointment with Dr Wexler on Wednesday, October 22, I would go through tremendously deep depression, lasting until Sunday, October 26. As noted, although the cocktail of medication which Dr Wexler had prescribed had alleviated some of the intense physical pain I had been experiencing, I nevertheless fell into deep depression when I had to confront the absolute meaninglessness of my life. As I have recounted on my blog (see the posting from October 27, 2008): "When I wake up each day, I don't even know where to go. In the entire past week I spent hours each day in agony trying to decide which coffeehouse to go to in order to use the wireless to get on the Internet. I spent several hours each day riding the bus from one corner of the city to another. Pathetic. Going online and writing my stories [about the China trip and Karin's meetups] are all I have got. Nothing pleasurable to look forward to. Still feeling the pain from exclusion from Karin's group. Nobody I can interact with. I feel so extremely lonely. Other people are what I forever desire but will never attain. Envy toward people in general because [I repeat] they don't have to live in a prison as I do. They don't have to be the perpetual target of government operations and law enforcement investigations and the perennial subject of mental health alerts broadcast to various segments of the population." Of course, my conception wasn't exactly correct; but *something like that* was true. "I hate computers. I'm so sick of sitting in front of the computer screen, because this is the only thing I can do. I feel so sad. And yet the pain and sadness are not deep enough to cause me to convulse and cry out loud. Perhaps it's worse this way. For, before when the sadness and pain were so deep as to cause me these physical expressions, at least I got to release and declare to the external environment how sad and painful I felt inside. Now, absent the physical expressions of sadness through crying and convulsion, no one knows how sad I feel inside. I still feel sad: the saddest thing in the world is to be born at all. I wish I had never been born and were not stuck with being myself. I feel so unfortunate that I was born *me*."

Under such depressing condition, and now that I had decided to abandon all attempts to cure loneliness through the mental health system, I began contemplating my plan of resistance. First of all, although I didn't yet know that the suit team was claiming I was my (non-existent) twin brother David, I did know that they had claimed that I was not Lawrence Chin.<sup>20</sup> My plan would

---

<sup>20</sup> The extent of my understanding at the time of the United States' official position in regard to my case you can gauge by considering the first chapter I had just finished writing for "Karin's Meetups" around that time, September

consist of two components. I must firstly collect all proofs which existed in society about my true identity. Namely, all records from society's various institutions which pertained to me. Thus, on the afternoon of October 24, I came to Edelman where I had been a long-time patient to request copies of all my psychiatric records that were in their possession. This is recorded in: "[asking\\_for\\_record\\_at\\_edelman\\_2008\\_10\\_24\\_224PM.mp3](#)". Today I would merely obtain the forms with which to request my records.

But, on Sunday, I would try something extraordinary, which was the second component of my plan of "resistance": physical escape. As you have seen, as soon as I had returned from China and Europe, I had begun studying Swahili and Spanish, with the understanding that the only possible places where I might escape US government's operations were those run-down regions with no modern infrastructures. I had since then given up on Swahili, and had concentrated all my efforts on Spanish, since the easiest way to escape this International Court trial was running to the jungles in Central and South America passing through Mexico. All this time I had not made any plan about escaping because I was obsessed with Karin; now that her meetups were closed to me, it was indeed time to think about escaping. This would at least save Russia, although China was already a dead horse. You have seen me asking Regina to take me to Mexico. But, seriously, I had to do it myself. I had been thinking for several days about going down to the US-Mexico border to study the terrain and contemplate my plan, and, on the afternoon of October 26, had decided to carry out my intention. In order to surprise Mr Secretary, I bought an Amtrak ticket to San Juan Capistrano, to produce the false impression that I wanted to find my cousin Steve. (He lived down in Mission Viejo, you recall.) Only when the train had approached Irvine did I ask the conductor to extend my ticket to San Diego. My time on my Amtrak train ride is recorded in: "[on\\_train\\_to\\_san\\_diego\\_2008\\_10\\_26\\_258PM.mp3](#)" and "[on\\_train\\_san\\_diego\\_suspicious\\_passengers\\_etc\\_2008\\_10\\_26\\_347PM.mp3](#)". Even while on the train, I continued to suspect suit team's operations. For example, I noticed one passenger was working on some sort of pleading paper, as if he were instructed by the authority to imitate me, and therefore tried to stay away from him (1:20:00). Then, when I was inside the restroom, somebody suddenly opened the door on me to see me butt-naked. I immediately began to theorize the "operation": "He's gonna make false complaints about me to the conductor, saying I intentionally showed him my butt..." (1:25:00). Meanwhile, another guy was sitting next to the restroom all this time and, wearing earphones and carrying an iPod, thus looked like a Homeland Security surveillance agent (1:33:00). I was probably wrong about the "operation to complain about my butt-nakedness", but the surveillance agent was most likely real, since my trip going past San Juan Capistrano was unexpected by the suit team. However, I combined the Homeland Security surveillance with the restroom incident to produce a complete, but wrong, theory about the "op": "That's how Homeland Security control center could send an agent to open the door of the restroom, just to see me butt-naked. It was coordinated through this surveillance agent. Then the actor would falsely complain about me." When I arrived in San Diego, I immediately got on the tram to go toward the border.

---

and October 2008: <http://lawrencechin2011.com/2008docs/karinsmeetup1.pdf>. This chapter I would never include in the final version of "Karin's Meetups" which you have just read, because, the understanding is really incomplete and inaccurate.

My last recording of the night is: “[going\\_to\\_san\\_yistro\\_2008\\_10\\_26\\_553PM.mp3](#)” and “[san\\_yistro\\_2008\\_10\\_26\\_733PM.mp3](#)”. When I was on the tram going toward San Yistro, more Homeland Security surveillance agents showed up to watch over me. They were, as usual, identified by the surveillance earphones and iPods which they wore and carried. Evidently, no matter how much precaution I took in hiding myself while moving about, it was fantasy to think that I could escape government's surveillance in any dense urban environment. Seeing me ever approaching the US-Mexico border, Mr Secretary and the Agency must have suddenly become very concerned. What if I suddenly crossed the border into Mexico? They would have to fundamentally alter their entire course of action against Russia. Just imagine that! No warning, nothing. Although I could have, right at that moment, spared Russia a lot of troubles, I was not about to “cross the Rubicon” as yet. I merely wanted to take a look, to contemplate on this possibility. I had been to Tijuana before, and was aware how dangerous this region of the world was. I certainly didn't expect to survive in Mexico just like that, not bringing anything with me, not having any money, not speaking fluent Spanish, and not having had any experience with crimes. But I must have tremendously scared Mr Secretary, for, at the border, I actually walked the bridge and arrived within inches of Mexico. But I never made the move, and just turned back. I even examined the feasibility of illegal crossing into Mexico through the hills around so as to not leave traces! By late night, I had turned back and returned to Los Angeles. Mr Secretary and the CIA must have felt totally relieved.

### **Mr Braun's demurrer**

There is not much to report for October 27, but on October 28, I would discover in my mail box my aunt's lawyer's first answer to my lawsuit against her, a demurrer. I was stunned by the fact that my aunt would even want to find a lawyer – a certain Mr Braun in this case – to defend herself at all, in view of the fact that I wasn't suing her for money but was simply asking her to retract her statement. Why didn't she write a reply herself? I assumed that what had happened was that she was instructed by the suit team to overreact in order to enable the Machine to intercept an episode showing my international audience how even my family members were terrified of my paranoid schizophrenia and antisocial malice. That is, since my aunt didn't actually make any false reports to the Secret Service, she could, with righteousness, act out a scene shouting I was totally paranoid and delusional in falsely accusing her like this – even though she knew full well the truth, that, again, I had mistaken her “acting for surveillance” for “false reporting, i.e. that I had simply misunderstood the situation rather than suffering paranoid delusion – and pretending to be frightened, all the while aware that the ICJ judges were watching her. When I examined the content of her lawyer's demurrer, I was further enraged by how he constantly made false statements about what I actually wrote in my amended pleading paper, with the express purpose of painting me falsely into a confused mind who made threats and then forgot he had made them and whose bad behavior annoyed all the good people around – he obviously had in mind not just my aunt but also Karin's group – so that, finally, no one wanted him around anymore.<sup>21</sup> He had painted a picture in which this very lawsuit was an example of

---

<sup>21</sup> See the demurrer which I keep at: [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/aunts\\_demurrer/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/aunts_demurrer/). For example: “*Although difficult to ascertain from reading Plaintiff's complaint, it appears that Plaintiff is alleging a claim for defamation based on slander.*” As if I were mentally confused. Then: “In these accompanying papers, Plaintiff accuses doctors,

the bad behavior of someone suffering from both paranoid schizophrenia and antisocial personality disorder. It was immediately obvious that, insofar as this was precisely the picture which Mr Secretary had been trying to manufacture out of me to his international audience, this “Mr Braun” was *not* really responding to my lawsuit but was only “talking to surveillance” – submitting evidences to the International Court of Justice. I got so angry and wrote on my blog (October 29): “As long as I reside in this country, people will always talk about me as this ‘confused bad person’ so that no one in the world will ever know who I really am. This is the prison I live in. People are talking about an non-existent, imaginary person, and law enforcement is investigating this non-existent, imaginary person, but they all link this non-existent, imaginary person to my face. This causes me pain. Pain.”

Although this was certainly the case, even under normal circumstances – without government’s meddling, that is – if I filed a lawsuit like the one I had filed I would probably get the same sort of response from my opponent’s lawyer: because this was the first time I filed any lawsuit, I didn’t quite understand that this was simply how American society worked: say whatever you want, make every possible misrepresentation of reality, to get what you want, and such is “your rights”. Not understanding this, I would, in the next few nights, compose a response to this demurrer, in which I would dismantle Mr Braun’s false statements one by one – I was under the illusion that the American courthouse was a philosophy classroom where people actually used reason! I shall not summarize my analysis of Mr Braun’s rubbish here; I shall simply refer you to the “Opposition to Demurrer” which I have attached at the end of this volume.<sup>22</sup> Nevertheless, one has to admit that it *is* sort of worthless to conduct any sort of analysis and reasoning over such a small civil lawsuit about a non-existent matter anyway. What was surprising to me was however the fact that Mr Braun was so careless in his response as to overlook the fact that Jennifer W was no longer “co-defendant” with my aunt – something over which I would later pick bones with him.

I spent the afternoon of October 29 again first in the Law Library and then in the Superior Court, which is all recorded in: “[at law lib and court 2008\\_10\\_29\\_252PM.mp3](#)”. I needed to figure out how to oppose the demurrer, and was asking everyone around about it. Then, by night, I was in Westwood again, passing the night in ISO. This is recorded in: “[at ISO westwood running into sergev 2008\\_10\\_29\\_747PM.mp3](#)”. Amazingly, I saw Sergev again. To leave behind evidences, I decided to film him this time. I furtively filmed him doing his things inside the coffeehouse through the window, and then, when he came out, asked him to pose for me. Thank God that he agreed to it. He seemed surprised: ever since I told Irina I didn’t want this guy around anymore, he had probably been quite disgruntled, not expecting the few persons he met in the US to reject him like this. The video is: “[sergev.wmv](#)”.<sup>23</sup>

---

friends, lawyers, and several other people of the exact act he accuses moving Defendant...” He was basically implying that I suffered from paranoid schizophrenia. Next: “Plaintiff avers that Defendant told the Secret Service that he made a threat to harm himself, but that he does not remember making such a threat...” Again, as if I were mentally confused and had gone around making threats and then failed to remember it afterwards. Go back to my amended paper to see what I actually wrote there.

<sup>22</sup> At: [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/pleading\\_papers/opposition\\_to\\_demurrer.pdf](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/pleading_papers/opposition_to_demurrer.pdf).

<sup>23</sup> The video is uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/nlrGGGCpoOs>.



Shortly afterwards, I began writing the blog post “An imaginary non-existent confused bad person” complaining about Mr Braun’s demurrer to my lawsuit and Karin’s similar reconstruction of my “bad behavior” – as I have stated there, the strategy which the suit team had instructed everyone around me to employ was to reconstruct “embarrassing behavior” as “wildly excited bad behavior”. It was the same tactic of looking for superficial overlaps between Borderline Personality Disorder and Antisocial Personality Disorder. When finished, I began, for no particular reasons, checking other people’s blogs on Blog Spot. Immediately, there was problem. I would have to immediately recount the matter on my blog in order to discourage the suit team from making use of the episode (certainly, they wouldn’t want to confirm my suspicion, right?):

“I was stupid, stupid. Guess what happened. I got framed again. I was looking at this very blog of mine after I finished posting the last new post below, and I clicked on the ‘next blog’ button you see above to see what other blogs there were, and first the journal blog of an ‘almost-college’ female popped onto my screen. After I saw what it was, I quickly clicked on the ‘next blog’ button again, and I got directed to a Chinese blog devoted to Japanese animation. Hmm. Something was wrong. You know, Homeland Security personnel can take over the Google system easily from their control centers and this is just what has happened, it seems. Monitoring my Internet connection from there, they took over the Google system when I clicked on ‘next blog’, and directed me, not to the blog to which the Google system would have randomly directed me, but to the blog which they had selected for me, the blog I shouldn’t look at if I didn’t want trouble. They want to frame me into that most disgusting entity in the world [a pedophile, that is], and I’m sure these two clicking of mine have been recorded in Google’s logs (I was clicking while signed on), and Google’s personnel will report this to law enforcement tomorrow or something like that. Law enforcement has of course already notified Google that they are watching my blog and so Google personnel must be keeping an eye on every one of my clicks when I sign on to my Blog Spot.”

It was, as you can see below my blog post, 10:33 PM. There would of course be no Google’s reporting to law enforcement – even if I had never blogged this at all. The suit team had simply caused the Machine to intercept “David Chin” coveting some teenage girl on the Internet and then obsessing over Japanese animation, all in accordance with his pedophilia and childish personality (he was just like “Michael Jackson”). Just more evidences in the International Court of Justice to confirm the United States’ “David Chin legend”.

October 30 was another scary day. I spent the afternoon again in the Law Library. I was surprised to discover today that this supervisor of the circulation desk, “Angelica”, spoke Spanish and to hear her explain to me that her parents came from Mexico (even though she looked nothing like a Mexican; see 9:30 in the recording). This is an insignificant detail at the moment, but I mention it here because she would become such a decisive figure in the later portions of this Secret History. Then, on 1:22:20 in the recording, the “scary event” occurred. I had checked out a computer station and was for a moment doing something else leaving my

station unattended. When I came back to my station, I discovered that a stranger, a professional-looking white male, was using it to surf the Internet. Alarmed, I immediately took out my camcorder to film him as evidence: “[man\\_who\\_used\\_my\\_comput\\_at\\_law\\_lib\\_2208\\_10\\_30.wmv](#)”. I was almost sure that it was the suit team which had sent him here to use my computer station in order for his computer activities to be confused with mine in Machine's surveillance on me. I don't know what he did; it must be something which would look like spy activities: the US had just collected more evidences that this “David Chin” was indeed a Russian agent here pretending to be his twin brother. Perhaps what he did would complement my online exploits from last night. (As you can see, I recounted the whole episode also in my blog post from October 30.) My only way to defend myself was to come to the circulation desk and demand to be given some sort of “proof” that I wasn't the one who had used the computer station. Supervisor “Angelica” came over and I started explaining the matter to her (1:42:20). Insofar as Angel had been recruited by the suit team, Angelica should know something about my situation: that the United States had to make this guy look like he was his twin brother pretending to be himself so that the injustice which China and Russia had inflicted on the United States could be rectified. But as I explained to Angelica – incoherently, of course – that the government was trying to frame me into a criminal, she really didn't look like she understood what I was talking about. She thought I would be arrested. I had to emphasize: “They won't put me on trial... They will just put it down on my profile...” (1:50:15). Again, I was under the false impression that the government was orchestrating a fake law enforcement investigation as a way to enter evidences into the International Court of Justice. I was basically saying: I only wished the government would be kind enough to actually arrest me, for then at least I could find out during trial what crimes exactly I had committed, according to official records! How much I envied those whistleblowers who were actually arrested by the government so that, at least, they didn't have to live in a black hole like I was! I then started crying to Angelica and continued to explain my situation to her: “This is how I get into troubles.” I was assuming that Angelica had been alerted by law enforcement about my supposed criminal nature and was seeing this as an opportunity to explain to her how this could have come about – recall that my greatest regret was that I had never had the opportunity to explain my side of the story to Karin. “This is how unfortunate I am...” (1:58:35). “I'm probably doomed...” (2:04:00). After my persistent entreat Angelica finally wrote out a little note for me specifying that she had verified that I was *not* the person who had used the computer station during the time I had noted to her, and I would keep this note in my pouch as one of my “proofs of innocence” until February 2010: another story would come of it then. Again, I'm recounting this episode because, without my knowing, this “supervisor Angelica” would play such an important role later on in the US lawsuit against Russia.

October 31 was Halloween, and I would again spend the afternoon in the Law Library. My time there is recorded in: “[at\\_law\\_lib\\_friday\\_halloween\\_2008\\_10\\_31\\_119PM.MP3](#)”. I was here because I needed to use Microsoft Word to format pleading papers. (Recall that I was now composing my opposition to Mr Braun's demurrer.) As usual, I talked to Angel at the circulation desk about my work (46:00). Later I also asked Angelica how to save my documents on my flash drive (2:21:00). Because it was Halloween, many employees were wearing costumes. As for this supervisor Angelica, she walked around in a long, Disney skirt. It's the only time she ever wore skirt – because it was Halloween. At one point she even passed by my station to greet me with a

smile, which was unusual. Again, I mention this insignificant event only because of her importance for this story later on.

After I finished all this business in downtown, I rode the bus to Pasadena. My time there is recorded in: "[friday\\_night\\_zona\\_rosa\\_talked\\_to\\_a\\_woman\\_mary\\_2008\\_10\\_31\\_638PM.MP3](#)". I was inside Zona Rosa by 39:00. Feeling depressed, I reflected on Deborah Green, wondering if she had falsely reported me (1:48:30). She didn't, of course, but was just acting. Around 2:02:00, I walked inside a store, and there was no one there. Getting suspicious, I asked the cashier, who was the only person there, and she replied: "You are here." I said: "I don't count, I'm not a person..." I was being really honest about my sentiment: this Truman Show in which I was required to play the most detestable and disgusting person in the history of humankind had really made me into a "non-person" – with no one ever really wanting to be my friend. I came back to Zona Rosa and told Mireya: "I'm extremely sad, my entire life is gone..." (2:14:00). Then: "Writing helps me. It compensates me, my exclusion from all my groups." I was referring to my writing about "Karin's meetups". Then: "Are you pretending to be yourself? People ignore me, I'm pretending to be an invisible man..." (2:31:00). Although these sad words of mine on the Halloween night did not cause any changes in international relations, I relate them here in order to give you an idea about the state of my mind and the depth of my depression around this time.

#### **Euro Friends Meetup, November 4 2008**

On November 3 Karin sent out a bulk email of which I figured among the recipients. Karin announced in the email that "Euro Friends Meetup" would gather in the restaurant "Ole" in Studio City on November 4 to watch the election result. At the time I thought nothing of it; since Karin herself was not going, I paid no attention to the event.

My first recording from November 4 – election day – was: "[voting\\_leaving\\_messag\\_fr\\_greg\\_at\\_process\\_server\\_2008\\_11\\_04\\_113PM.MP3](#)". As you know, this was the time of the hottest presidential election in the United States, the contest between John McCain and Barack Obama. As I would note in a later volume, the election was probably orchestrated by the Bilderberg Majority specifically in response to the series of neocon debacles in the past eight years which had tremendously eroded America's reputation, but also in response to the ICJ trial over me. Now, on this election day, I did go to vote in the voting booth near my home. I cast my ballots only for local contests and skipped the presidential section. I didn't want to give the suit team the wrong impression that someone like me, the outcast of the nation, would actually dare to exert his rightful influence. After that, I mailed my request for records to Greg and left a message on his voice mail asking him to call me back to tell me the best time to come pick up my records. Now, as part of my project to collect proofs of my identity, I was of course going to pick up my records from Greg as well. As you can see from my blog post of October 30, I first emailed him, but he refused to talk to me over email on account, again, of "patient confidentiality" – something we all had to pretend did exist in order to deceive ourselves about the nature of this nation we lived in. I then went to Carlos' office to pick up the proof of service for the service of the case management papers. I asked his wife if I still needed to attend this "case management" session when the defendant had already filed a demurrer. She had no idea.

My next recording is: “[at\\_court\\_at\\_law\\_lib\\_calling\\_braun\\_2008\\_11\\_04\\_257PM.MP3](#)”. I then came to the superior court house to file the proof of service for the case management notice. I also called Mr Braun's office two times to ask him about this “case management” thing and his demurrer. I couldn't reach him. I then asked people in the court house about whether there was still need to attend a “case management” session when the defendant had already filed a demurrer. Still, I got no answer. In the end, I came to the Law Library to research for an answer on the computer there.

When the library was closing, I decided to go to Ole on the spur of the moment. I had not gone to any meetup-related event for three weeks. I was so isolated, so lonely, and so desperate for human contacts that I would try to get into the crowd even though I was not stupid enough to believe that I could actually find someone who had not been alerted with Mr Secretary's lies or recruited by the suit team to talk disgusting garbage to me (in order that, somehow, it became *me* who had said it in the evidentiary record of the ICJ).

I have recorded that night's meetup in: “[going\\_to\\_ole\\_ventural\\_blvd\\_euro\\_meetup\\_2008\\_11\\_04\\_737PM.mp3](#)”. I got on the bus going toward Studio City and arrived in the neighborhood early. After passing time working on my laptop in a nearby coffeehouse, I came inside Ole (2:14:30). I saw Carlos and a gay guy by the name of Alexis de Bram sitting there chatting. I had seen Alexis a long time ago in the French meetup and I knew he was a good friend of Karin's. Desperate for human contacts, I began chatting with Carlos and Alexis, just about ordinary things (“I have never known Ventura was a fun place”, etc.). Alexis, however, began aggressively making fun of me, using charged language. Although I had never met him since my China trip almost a year ago, he had clearly been briefed (“lied to”) by the authority about my treasonous acts – how I tried to defect to China because I wanted to be 007 or Jason Bourne, and how China's intelligence chief, to whom I tried to defect, was so bad that he carried out 911 attacks and yet blamed it on Dick Cheney and so on – and thus hated me and looked down on me at the same time – I was a laughingstock to everyone thanks to Mr Secretary's slander which had portrayed me in such ridiculous light. I responded (2:42:00): “Nothing is objective...The only thing that is objective in this world is the word coming out of my mouth... I'm the only person around who tells the truth... I'm the loner, I'm the only one who does that.” I was basically complaining: everybody was lying to me – just putting up an act to trap me in a TV show the purpose of which was to make me look bad to my audience in the International Court of Justice and the UN, although I mistook the mechanism to be “false reporting” – and everybody was told by the government lies about me. I was really the only one who ever spoke the truth. Tired of Alexis, I turned to Carlos who seemed gentler and more sympathetic (2:44:00). “Have you gone to any meetup lately?” I asked him. We chatted about some random things (“My favorite actress, Kristine Scott Thomas”, etc.). But Alexis just had to cut in to make fun of me again – I didn't know that the suit team had actually charged him with a certain “mission” tonight. I asked him, “Why are you doing that?” (2:45:50) He laughed. I then turned to Carlos again, who sat there looking sort of guilty, and asked him if he was going to so and so meetup in a restaurant. Then, at one point, because it was simply abnormal to be so aggressively picking on someone in a meetup, I asked Alexis: “What have you heard about me lately?” (2:48:30) “Worst or best?” he laughed. When he wanted me to explain why Karin had kicked me out of her groups, I replied: whenever I went to her meetup, I just sat there silently like a piece of wood without the chance to

say anything. “Everybody just forgets about me... That’s fine, but lately it has become very bad because of the rumoring... Everybody picks on me...” Alexis laughed maliciously. I explained further that I was upset with Karin because she had spread around so much lies about me among her meetup members and regularly reported me (falsely, that is) to law enforcement, but that she was upset with my getting upset with her about it. She was sort of saying to me, Why are you so upset? Well, the answer is obvious: Because everybody lies about me and reports me to law enforcement... (2:55:20). I added: I think I have good reasons to be upset, but she doesn’t think so... I explained how Karin was being strangely unfair – that she somehow believed she could do harm to another person while the other person should not have the right to get upset about it – and commented that she acted like some sort of “matriarch”, that she always wanted things her way, fair or unfair, that this used to constitute part of her charm, but that, today, it so angered me. “Does that turn you on?” Alexis asked while laughing out loud (2:56:30). He was having such a good time making fun of me.

I felt increasingly hurt, but still tried to maintain a normal conversation with him. When we began talking about the election, I mentioned that it was “cool” that we could finally have a president who was African American. Alexis asked me, “Do you consider him a ‘mulatto’?” (3:00:00) I didn’t know what the word meant, and so he explained it, and I just replied that didn’t matter to me. By now it was kind of obvious: seeing me going to Euros Friends Meetup, the suit team called up Alexis and instructed him to find chances to refer to our president-elect with that ugly term so that the faulty surveillance above us could confuse him with me, enabling the United States to “collect” another piece of evidence confirming Mr Secretary’s lies about me (that David Chin was a white supremacist Sino-Russian secret agent). Alexis had obviously been enjoying this sadistic game whereby he could attribute his own evil deeds to me. He was motivated because, like everyone else, he had no idea that the US government had lied to him about me, about the Chinese intelligence service, and about what I did in China.

Since I didn’t know what exactly he had been told by the suit team – the false version of 911 attacks and so on – I simply assumed that, being a good friend of Karin, he had heard and believed all the vicious false rumors which Karin under suit team’s instruction had spread around about me (hallucination, not having done my drawings, her scrambled version of my essay “Anatomy of delusional fear”, and whatever lies her handler had told everyone about my China trip). But I was nonetheless correct that it was the slander about me which had motivated his sadism toward me. As I reflected on my meeting with Alexis in my blog post of November 9 2008, “The origin of malice, ‘snitching’”:

And although it was Karin who did me wrong, Alexis of course stood on Karin’s side. It’s not about right and wrong, but about what benefit you can get for yourself. Although he didn’t know me at all – we have never really talked before – that base human instinct of sadism was active in him when he saw me, that desire to trash others as a way to make oneself feel superior, to degrade others as a way to increase one’s own self-esteem. Like other people, he must have laughed his heart out, feeling so good about being himself rather than someone like me, when he heard Karin lie about me and believed the lies. He must have found it so comical that, in addition to having all the laughable negative qualities like foul smell, ugliness, nagging voice, unsociability, hallucination and

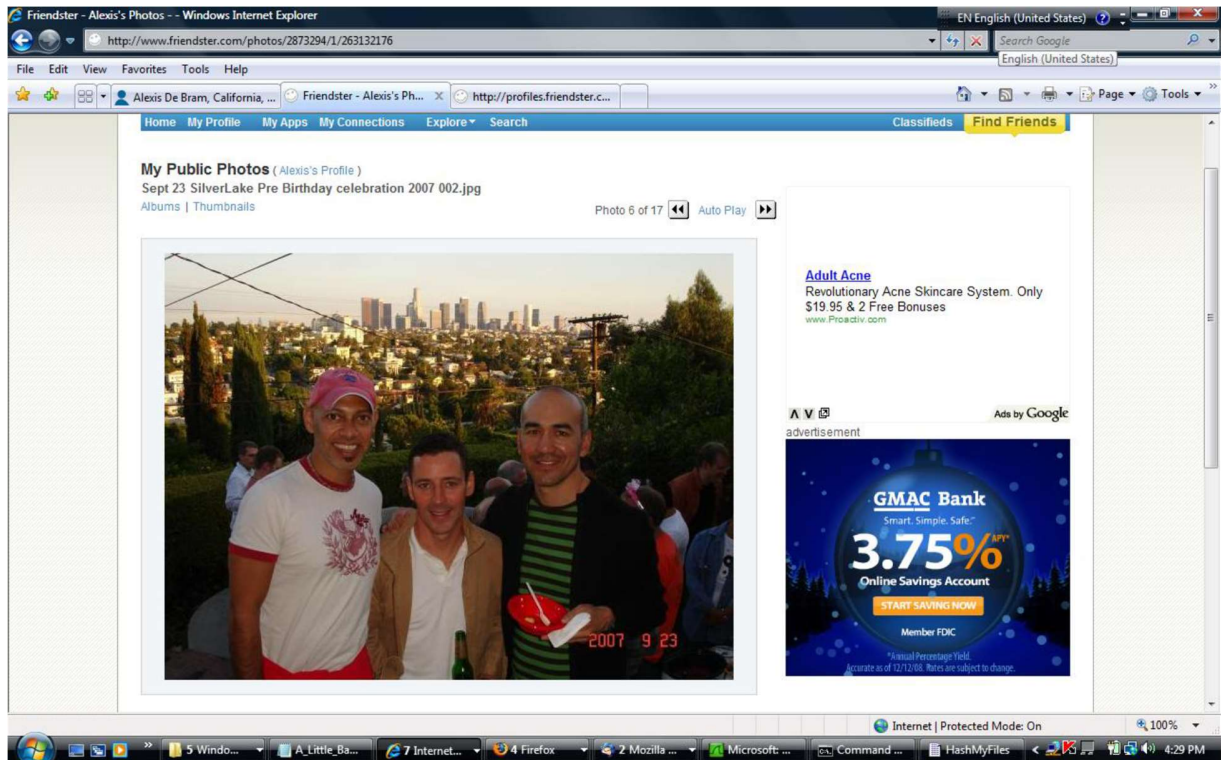
schizophrenic delusion, I also have law enforcement (even the Secret Service) on my tail, who have recruited everyone to snitch on me for anti-government remarks and threats against public officials which I have never made but which I have been falsely reported as making, and for a whole host of other criminal activities such as identity theft, intellectual property violations, sexual perversion, propensity for violence and so on, for all of which again I was only framed thanks to everyone's false reports. [*Wrong theory!*] I have told him that I am one of the most rumored persons around: although I never said anything during any of Karin's meetups, once I was gone everyone would rumor vicious false things about me and what bad things law enforcement had just "found out" about me. Everyone then made a pact to keep all this a secret from me. [*Something like this was true. I didn't know that everybody was acting when everyone was rumoring about me: only in order for the Machine to intercept it into the International Court as evidence.*] When I showed up, everyone made an effort to "hush-hush": "Shuuh... He's here! Act normal, smile, be courteous, and don't let him know." [*Well, true. Everyone: "That's the jerk who wants to be 007 and defects to that Chinese thug who has perpetrated 911 attacks on us. Ha ha ha!"*] Alexis must have again felt so good about being himself by being part of the pact where everyone keeps secrets from me and deceives me. Your sense of belonging to a group is magnified when you are part of a pact that has a common external enemy. Again, the base human desire to increase one's own self-esteem by degrading another person.

At the end of that night Alexis gave me a hug when we parted. He was of course simply doing that as part of the pact, as part of the scheme, pretending to be nice to me and to welcome me as if he did like me when I was around while hating me deep inside and spreading vicious false rumors about me (usually by attributing to me the bad language he himself had used) when I was gone. Or the hug could be a trick: he could falsely rumor afterward that I had touched him inappropriately. Again, he must have felt so good in being able to deceive me like this. Another base human instinct: gaining superiority over another person by deceiving him and fooling him like a donkey.

In short, malice of the worst kind on the part of Alexis. That's all I'm ever gonna get in this country. I, of course, after becoming the most deceived person and the greatest victim of pranks by the largest number of people in human history, will never participate in any pact of such sort to harm and fool another person. I will never believe anything the government says about anyone. I will have the level of integrity which Wes has. But I will never have the chance to practice it.

Funny, because Alexis joined Karin's Any Language and Culture group four days after this. Maybe it has something to do with his making fun of me, such as "joining the pact officially." [*Indeed, it was the suit team which had instructed him to join Karin's meetup in order to do acting to degrade me while under Machine's surveillance...*]

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, Vol III  
On the Periphery of Karin's Meetups, Part I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Oct. 2009 – Jul. 2014. Correction: Oct. 2018, Sept. 2020



Alexis (left) and Carlos (right) as seen on Alexis' Friendster page

I should note that, when I complained to Alexis that Karin had been making false reports about me to law enforcement, Carlos, frowning, remarked to me repeatedly, “How do you know that?” I had then taken that as confirmation that I had guessed everything correctly, that Karin and her clique had indeed been reporting me to law enforcement authorities – until I realized, two months later, that no one had been reporting me at all. I believe Carlos was simply astonished by the fact that I had noticed that Karin’s group had been in secret contact with government handlers (but only in order to feign reaction to me in front of surveillance) – rather than by the accuracy of my guesses. (“Hmm... He has noticed that we are together pulling pranks on him behind his back, even though he doesn’t quite understand what the pranks are... He doesn’t know that we are all acting; he thinks we are reporting him to the police... How has he noticed it?”) Finally, when Alexis hugged me before we parted, he was full of mischievous smiles. It was not necessarily the case that he was happy that the United States had “collected” another piece of evidence confirming my inappropriate homosexual behavior. He was probably just happy that he had pulled off on me the previously mentioned pranks: that he had just created evidence, for my international audience, that I was a racist and had slandered the president-elect himself. I went home sad, and impressed by the hatred which Alexis harbored toward me – thanks to the lies which Mr Secretary had told him about me – and by the baseness of these “little Western imperialists”. Hence I wrote what I wrote on my blog. My assessment of Alexis' malice was quite correct.

**Coffee Gallery, November 6 2008**

After spending another lonely night by myself in Westsub (Venice and Overland) on November 5, there was more action on November 6. Now I hadn't contacted Karin since the last time I wrote her. I had for a while noticed Karin's message on the Meetup website telling everyone about a concert at the Coffee Gallery in Altadena on the night of November 6. I was determined to go and annoy her. While she expected to easily dump me away once she had finished using me to destroy the Chinese intelligence service, I had decided that her job shouldn't be that easy.

I had also decided that I needed to "investigate" how exactly Karin could have carried out CIA's and Homeland Security's operations on me. While my surrounding looked all normal, and while when she and her gang appeared in front of me they all looked normal, somehow, when they disappeared from my view and went home, they were meeting with their CIA handlers – something so extraordinary! My reality was simply not real. How could I penetrate into "her reality", which was definitively superior to mine? Again, Truman's reality is simply not reality; the *real* reality is that in which the actors and actresses and the audience dwell: reading the scripts, conferring with the director and support crew, and listening to the presentation before the show began. Since Karin often looked at her phone before suddenly changing her course of actions to do something else (like taking pictures of me), I knew that her handler must have sent her instructions via text-messages. I woke up noon, November 6, saying to myself, "I need to steal her phone..." I supposed that some of these text-messages might still exist in her cellphone (such as on her SIM card). I however regretted my slip of the tongue. The suit team's "true surveillance" in my room might very well have picked up my murmuring to myself.

Now Greg had called me back to tell me that today was a good day for me to pick up my files at his office. 4 PM, he said. I thus first rode the bus to Westwood to go to his office. My meeting with him is recorded in: "[phone\\_messages\\_picking\\_up\\_files\\_from\\_greg\\_2008\\_11\\_06\\_210PM.mp3](#)". See 1:47:30 for my meeting with Greg. When he came to me, he asked me to sign the release of information and told me that the "confidentiality of our relationship" was no longer guaranteed. Gee, as if we had really had any confidentiality at all! This was the kind of hypocrisy which so angered me: Greg's comportment toward me was all instructed by his CIA or Homeland Security handler. What kind of therapy was that? What kind of confidentiality was that? Endless acting! When Greg handed me my files – the progress notes he had compiled for our therapy sessions since August 2007 – he said to me with a mischievous smile, "Enjoy your reading." I was increasingly angered, and, before stepping out of his office, said to him something to the effect that, even when Obama became the new president, nothing would change for me, meaning that I would still remain the most detested person in American society, a non-entity trapped in a Truman Show. Greg simply continued his mischievous smile, as if he enjoyed seeing me stuck in my misery. He also hated me for my treason, I could feel it. The same thing I had experienced two days ago from Alexis at the Euros Friends Meetup: it was all because Greg had been told something, lies, about my trip to China, and, as usual, nobody was interested in getting my side of the story in order to see whether the government was telling the truth or lying.<sup>24</sup>

---

<sup>24</sup> Recall that I have included the first page of Greg's progress notes in "Government's investigation of a schizophrenic".



I spent some time in UCLA Biomedical Library – greeting Emily again – and then returned to downtown to get on bus 485 to go up to Altadena to attend Karin's concert event at Coffee Gallery. My night is recorded in: "[going\\_to\\_coffee\\_gal\\_to\\_see\\_karin\\_2008\\_11\\_06\\_724PM.mp3](#)". When I walked in (1:29:00) I saw that Karin was accompanied by Marianne and Marianne's friend "Jessie". Karin did not say anything, and did not seem to be surprised by my uninvited showing. However, I would only be able to converse with Marianne and her friend "Jessie" tonight. Homeland Security and the CIA must have of course already known, from their true surveillance on me, that I was going to show up at this event uninvited and must have therefore already notified Karin about it, even though I didn't signal to her in any way that I was coming. This was why Karin wasn't surprised. Moreover, it is for this reason that I highly suspect that the "friend" whom Marianne had brought with her to this event was a planned operation: this "Jessie" might have very well been devised to be confused with me in Machine's surveillance on me. Lo and behold, "Jessie" introduced himself as having come from Montreal! (1:35:00) I then chatted slightly with Marianne, talking about the music for tonight and showing her my new shoes. Then, suddenly, Karin went to the restroom, leaving her purse on the floor by my feet, and Marianne and Jessie were temporarily gone too. This was very surprising; I wondered if Karin was doing this on purpose because the suit team had heard me murmuring to myself about stealing her phone and so instructed her to "give me a chance" – the purpose being, of course, for the Machine to pick up another piece of evidence confirming Mr Secretary's profile of me (this time, that I was a "thief"). I was immobilized, scared, and, in the end, didn't touch her purse. When the concert was over, I talked to "Jessie" briefly in French about Montreal (2:51:00). This must be it! The suit team had collected a piece of evidence to the effect that, while Lawrence Chin was in Montreal in 2005 and never learned to speak French, David Chin was here pretending to be Lawrence Chin and lying to people that he was in Montreal too and describing the city in ways in which Lawrence Chin could never have done – in French! Mission accomplished, Karin and Marianne immediately departed, leaving me alone in Coffee Gallery. Unaware that I was duped, I stayed in the Gallery working on my laptop a little more, realizing that stealing Karin's cellphone might not be a workable idea. I had simply never done this kind of thing before, and didn't have the courage for it.

More strange things happened ("pranks") when I got on the bus to go home. Somebody got on the bus and asked me, when my recorder was not turned on, if I could look into my computer to check for him the price for a certain children-related fair in Pasadena tomorrow. I gave the obvious answer that I didn't have Internet on my laptop while riding the bus. For sure, more evidence for the United States that I was indeed a pedophile. (Machine's interception of our short chat would have been so muddled that it would sound as if I had said to someone something about stalking children tomorrow.)

Even though Karin seemed completely friendly, my misunderstanding about how the operations worked got me quite paranoid about what may be hidden behind the veil of her normalcy, as I would speculate on my blog post of November 9: "New false rumors might have started about me since Super Tuesday, and Karin was just trying to act normal toward me so as not to raise my suspicion that more harm had been inflicted on me (e.g. false reports about me to law enforcement) behind my back. Her law enforcement-Secret Service contact [which she in fact did not have; she only had handlers from the CIA and Homeland Security] may also have

advised her to not 'escalate' me but to act normal when I showed up, in view of the fact that I was a dangerous criminal. She must be feeling good about herself too in being able to tame me with her deception: that scenario of which womankind are frequently proud: a woman using her intelligence to deceive and ward off a sick male monster who was otherwise a threat to her, 'mind over muscle'. Given her love of dominance and control through deception, Karin would especially like this kind of scenario." Again, the typical symptoms of a "targeted individual": because I didn't accurately understand the operation, I theorized wrongly, and was making myself look increasingly delusional on my blog, which the suit team would soon instruct Karin and her Meetup friends to exploit for the sake of entering more favorable evidences into the International Court of Justice.

I started off November 7 by going to eat at the Mexican grill near my home, as usual. My time there is recorded in: "[downtown\\_called\\_mbrown\\_2008\\_11\\_07\\_155PM.MP3](#)". While there, I called up Mr Braun about the case management review. His secretary Angela answered my call; I thought I should decide on an appointment before November 12. But nothing would ever come out of my effort over this "case management" business. It didn't quite matter; nothing would ever result from my lawsuit against my aunt anyway, and I would never get to meet Mr Braun.

By late afternoon, I was on my way to see my grandfather. It had been a long time since I had seen him last. My recording of the afternoon is: "[at\\_grandpas\\_2008\\_11\\_07\\_359PM.MP3](#)". I didn't suddenly come up with the idea of visiting him for the sake of "family time". I had a particular purpose in mind. Since I wasn't able to steal Karin's phone last night, I decided to target my own grandfather instead – since he was clearly receiving instructions from the suit team in my regard. I felt a little uncomfortable about spying on the only person in my family who cared about me, but I was so desperate for a peek into the "inside world" that I would do almost anything. Besides, it's just spying, nothing more. Almost 4 PM, I arrived in my grandfather's neighborhood, and I first called him up on my cellphone, but it was somebody else who answered the call. It was his new maid. I told her I was coming (8:00). When my grandpa met me (19:00), he told me that "Liu" (the old maid) had returned to China. My grandfather was now being attended to by a new maid, who was also from China, but from the northeast provinces this time. I didn't yet know what this was about. The new maid was a MSS operative. Apparently, the Agency had decided that, now that China was thoroughly convicted and that Russia was being targeted, it was time to replace the old maid, who was not a professional secret agent, with a new one who *was*, in order to facilitate the operation to produce fake evidences to frame Russia. Under enforcement of UN Resolution 1373, the MSS, and China, were now entirely on the side of the United States, required to forge any evidences, utter any falsehood, to convince nations around the world that I was also a Russian secret agent pretending to be my twin brother Lawrence. Now I explained to my grandpa about my lawsuit against my aunt Jennifer, that it was not about money, but a small thing, merely to protect myself. I explained that I didn't expect her to find a lawyer for such small business. I then begin looking for our family pictures among my grandfather's things (26:00). This was also part of my "resistance": just as I had begun collecting all documents about me as "proof" that I was Lawrence Chin, I also wanted my family pictures to prove my identity. From now on I would look for old family pictures each time I came to my grandfather's place. I then explained my current predicament to my grandpa: "I can't be in contact with people, they will falsely report me..." (36:00). I asked

him about the Chinese Military Academy's Alumni, and about my cousin Cindy's new baby (47:00). When I was leaving, my grandpa gave me 100 dollars (59:00). Although he was helping the government to frame me, he was still extra nice to me – probably precisely because he was helping the government to frame me. I then clandestinely placed one of my old Sony recorders among his things, just outside his door, in the hope of catching him rumoring about me to law enforcement, maybe even receiving instructions from suit team's handler. I then spent an hour in the Starbucks across the street (1:03:00 onward), and then came back to my grandpa's apartment to clandestinely retrieve the recorder. You can hear me uttering, on 1:57:00, my wrong theory, that my grandpa had initiated more false rumors about me to my aunt. He had probably said weird things about me or about somebody else in order for the Machine to intercept it and confuse it so that he would appear to be talking about me. Again, not in the way I thought. When I later checked what I had clandestinely recorded of my grandpa's movement at his place – the recording is: [“at\\_grandpa\\_\(me\\_not\\_there\)\\_2008\\_11\\_07\\_436PM.MP3”](#) – there was absolutely nothing significant at all. He had said nothing about me to anyone during the hour I was not there. Well – yeah, of course. It would be extremely coincidental if, within merely one hour, I could somehow catch something – even if the suit team didn't notice it and alert him about it. My “investigation” had so far gone nowhere.

After the business with my grandfather, I rode the bus back to downtown, and recorded my time while I was wandering like a zombie near the Pershing Square: [“downtown\\_LA\\_talking\\_to\\_man\\_fr\\_mission\\_2008\\_11\\_07\\_655PM.MP3”](#). You can hear me telling one of those homeless people hanging out at the Square: “No friends, don't know what to do on Friday night... I'll probably just do writing” (2:00). I then asked him what he did everyday, and told him how so lonely I was (7:00). He was another man staying at the “Mission”, and I asked him about this place. Then I got on the bus to go to Westwood.

My time in Westwood is recorded in: [“sunset\\_hollywood\\_vine\\_borders\\_club\\_2008\\_11\\_07\\_802PM.MP3”](#). I would be staying at the Borders Bookstore to work on my computer. What is noteworthy is that, when I came into the bookstore, the alarm by the entrance went off, as if I were stealing merchandise (36:00). The suit team had probably remotely programmed the bookstore's alarm system from their Homeland Security control center to do this, all in order to get the Machine to intercept a piece of evidence seemingly indicating that I was caught stealing again. Thus was another element of the “David Chin legend” confirmed: he was a habitual thief. This was very important because, as you have seen, the suit team had last night failed to lure me to rummage through Karin's purse at Coffee Gallery. They would instead get their evidence tonight. This “remote control of alarm system” would become a very typical operation later on. After I left Borders, I went to the bar nearby to do writing.

### **“Stalking” Karin**

On the afternoon of November 8, I went to Pasadena to find this “computer guy Ray”. He was a Chinese guy who had opened a small computer repair shop on Colorado Blvd, a few steps away from Zona Rosa. My time with him is recorded in: [“going\\_to\\_pasadena\\_with\\_comput\\_guy\\_430PM\\_2008\\_11\\_08\\_253PM.mp3”](#) (from 1:14:00 onwards). I had particular purposes in mind. First of all, as I have noted, I had begun burning my recording files and writings onto DVDs in

order to preserve them permanently against suit team's possible attempts to alter the content of my files. This would become one of my most important habits later on, and one of the points of contention in this ICJ lawsuit between the United States and Russia. Then, during one of those nights, when I was using Windows Media Player to play one of those MP3 recording files of my conversations, I noticed that its file signature had changed as a result. I didn't know that Windows Media Player could have corrupted the files it worked on. This caused me tremendous consternation, since the whole point of preserving my files on DVDs was to preserve their content unaltered and prove their authenticity. I desperately needed somebody who was a computer expert to guide me through these difficulties. Secondly, I had been contemplating on acquiring a new laptop, in view of the fact that I was having increasing troubles with processing videos from my camcorder on this cheap Gateway of mine; that its hard drive was filled up; and that it just seemed unreliable in general. Since I had by now become aware that, in February, when I returned my Gateway to Best Buy, Mr Secretary had probably used that opportunity to forge my story "My experience...", and since I was compelled to carry all my data with me in order to prevent the suit team from altering their content, once I should have replaced my Gateway, I would need to extract its hard drive and carry it with me at all times. By now I had come to understand how important it was to have the skill to take computers apart – and the decisive role which computer matters would play in the subsequent course of this ICJ trial, and thus in the future geopolitical shape of our world, can hardly be underestimated. I thus (1) asked Ray about getting an external hard drive enclosure, then (2) talked to him about the problems I had experienced while ripping the CD – especially the problem that Windows Media Player would change the signature of my audio files after I had used it to play them (until 1:24:00) – and (3) inquired him as to how much he would charge me for teaching me how to extract hard drives from laptops. 50 plus 30, he replied, if I wanted him to pull out my Gateway's hard drive in front of me. I noted down his price, and went away.

After I had accomplished my purpose with Ray, I had more plans. Since I didn't accomplish anything with Karin two days ago, I decided to try again. I rode the bus to Altadena Drive and planned to stalk Karin at her home. Again, I knew how impossible it was to stalk a government operative – since I was under surveillance, it would just be very strange if Karin's handler wouldn't tell her that I was sneaking around outside her home – and so took extraordinary care to escape suit team's surveillance. I would bring an extra set of clothing and, when arriving near her home, would hide myself somewhere (such as in a parking structure) where presumably the suit team would be unable to see me from satellite imaging (I presumed that the government had not actually installed hidden cameras in every corner of the city) and where I could quickly change clothing before getting on the bus to go toward Karin's address. My purpose was modest tonight: I hid myself in the bushes across the street from her apartment building trying to catch her coming in or going out of her apartment unit – perhaps, I thought, I could catch her CIA handler going into her room. I had my camcorder ready and thought I might be able to catch her on tapes. Instead, nothing happened. I got very bored and had to turn on my laptop to do more work while waiting for her to come out of her room. I had of course never really escaped suit team's surveillance at all, and they certainly would have informed Karin that I was outside. After catching nothing and coming to the bus stop on Colorado Blvd absolutely disappointed, I would, so it seems, have more bad luck waiting for me. Two cars drove past me, and both drivers purposely slowed down to take a good look at me. They then sped away. I was alarmed; I

thought the suit team had sent them here in order to report my stalking to law enforcement. But this was not how the operation was run. When the CIA saw me stalking Karin from their “true surveillance”, they had simply decided to make use of the opportunity to produce more evidences to confirm their “David Chin” legend (this time the misogynist who persistently violated the woman’s space and would not take her “No” for an answer) in the International Court.

On the next day, November 9 – of course another depressing and lonely day – I called up my cousin Steve (recorded in “[sunday\\_calling\\_steve\\_2008\\_11\\_09\\_116PM.MP3](#)”, 7:00). I was planning on a trip to his house in San Juan Capistrano. This is my next step in my collection of “proofs” about myself: most of my things (hence my old documents about myself such as phone bills and school records) were still boxed up in Steve’s place, and I wanted to collect them. However, I wouldn’t have a chance to do so until January next year.

On November 10, I was back at the Law Library trying to finish writing my opposition to Mr Braun’s demurrer. My time there is recorded in: “[at law lib\\_2008\\_11\\_10\\_319PM.MP3](#)”. As soon as I came inside the library the security guard “Pink” greeted me. I replied, “Doing awful as usual.” There is of course no way for me to convey to you how terrible the depression was under which I operated everyday: there was absolutely nobody around I could possibly associate with, and my only relationship with other human beings consisted in sneaking around trying to find out how exactly they were able to stay in contact with government agents in order to conspire to put up a show for our international audience. It was like being trapped in a desert with nothing around. Today, both Angelica and Angel weren’t working, and I had to get the “Red Glasses Lady” to help me look for the documents I needed to compose my opposition to Mr Braun’s demurrer.

### **Toshiba Satellite, U405D-S2874: November 11 2008**

November 11 would be an important day. I spent the early afternoon at the Law Library (recorded in: “[at law lib\\_2008\\_11\\_11\\_101PM.MP3](#)”). There I called up Carlos wanting to drop off papers for him to serve – I had at last finished my Opposition to Demurrer yesterday – but I couldn’t because today was some sort of holiday. You can then hear me greeting Pink (6:00) and then Angelica (37:00). I then went to the UCLA Biomedical Library to use the computers there, which is recorded in: “[ucla\\_med\\_lib\\_emily\\_then\\_upset\\_2008\\_11\\_11\\_318PM.MP3](#)”. I talked to Emily briefly, but then became distressed at my computer station. I had to ask Emily to help me while crying over the matter (from 1:08:00 until 1:13:00). Then, while I was shopping at the Rite Aid in Westwood Village, I chatted with the cashier Rose. I mention this because she was surprisingly friendly to me, and did not seem to have been alerted in any way about me by the suit team. Again, this sort of superficial contact with strangers was all the human interaction I could possibly have given my situation. This is recorded in: “[riteaid\\_westwood\\_rose\\_2008\\_11\\_11\\_511PM.MP3](#)”.

By night I would end up in the Best Buy on Venice and Overland. There I would purchase a Toshiba Satellite which would many months later become one of the two points of contention in this International Court debate. I considered it my birthday gift to myself, and I felt compelled to

buy it because, as I have mentioned, I was experiencing increasing problems with the Windows Movie Maker on my Gateway laptop. Note that this was the same Best Buy at which I bought my first Gateway.<sup>25</sup> I chose this Toshiba Satellite U405 because my most pressing concern was the computer's compatibility with my JVC camcorder. "The smallest, lightest, and yet with a firewire capability" ("Express card"): that's what prompted me to decide on the Toshiba Satellite U405. On 50:00 in the recording, you can hear me making my decision with the Best Buy employee. However, when I was trying to import new videos with this new Toshiba in the Westsub next door, the computer suddenly had problem. I thus went back to Best Buy just before closing. This is recorded in: "[went\\_back\\_to\\_bestbuy\\_mvker\\_of\\_new\\_comput\\_not\\_working\\_2008\\_11\\_11\\_843PM.mp3](#)".

My first recording from November 12 is: "[from\\_mex\\_restau\\_to\\_process\\_server\\_\(demurrer\)\\_2008\\_11\\_12\\_1258PM.MP3](#)". First thing first: my Opposition to Demurrer. I called up Carlos and rode the bus to his office, arriving on 1:15:00 in the recording. I gave him the papers, and asked for copies to be made of them. I then left for Pasadena. Having got my new laptop, I was going to the computer guy "Ray". My time with him is recorded in: "[at\\_comput\\_guys\\_pasadena\\_2008\\_11\\_12\\_415PM.MP3](#)". You can hear me asking him as soon as I walked inside: "Have you heard something bad about me?" I was just wondering if the suit team had come to him already. He of course denied it. I then got to my business, asking him to extract the hard drive from my Gateway and then put it back inside again. I then asked him to put it inside the external enclosure which I had fished out among his merchandise (13:00). I carefully watched him doing everything, and then paid him the 50 dollars he had asked for. He told me that my Gateway's hard drive was IDE, not SATA. I then asked him to do it all over again – making sure I would be able to repeat his feat by myself later on. *Knowing how to extract the hard drive from your own computer is the most important thing you'll need to know when the government is going after you.* Then, Ray suddenly asked me, "Do you live around here?" I was alarmed: "Why are you interrogating me?" (40:00) I thought he might be looking for identification information with which he could then make false reports about me later on (he had to pretend he didn't know me even after law enforcement had secretly contacted him). This was of course not true; but it's possible that he had been recruited by the suit team and was trying to generate identification information in order for the Machine to pick up. In any case, for the lesson, I paid him an additional 35 dollars, thus 85 in total (46:00). Ray was then acting even more suspiciously by refusing to tell me his name (50:00). I looked at all the gadgets in his store, hoping to find something which might help me spy on Karin. But of course there was nothing of such sort anywhere.

The next day, November 13, I filed my Opposition papers at the superior court. When I checked into the file folder for my lawsuit, I was surprised to discover new papers inside. I couldn't figure out what all this was about. Then I rode the bus to Venice Beach. I began frequenting this new coffeehouse by Venice and Centinela, "Coffee Connection". Inside was a public computer with a DVD drive which all customers could use. I needed this computer to test the files which I had burned onto my backup DVDs. This is important: for I had no idea whether the suit team could remotely control my DVD burning process. What if they had controlled the burning

---

<sup>25</sup> The purchase is recorded in: "[buy\\_new\\_comput\\_at\\_bestbuy\\_venice\\_overland\\_2008\\_11\\_11\\_706PM.mp3](#)".

process to result in discs which could only be read on my computer but not on others'? Certainly, I planned to take these DVDs with me when it came time for me to escape, and I would need a guarantee that I could use these discs on public computers in South America, for instance.

When I woke up around noon on November 14, I first went to the Mexican grill near my home to eat brunch. My time there is recorded in: "[at\\_mex\\_restau\\_calling\\_braun\\_&\\_toshiba\\_support\\_2008\\_11\\_14\\_242PM.MP3](#)". While there, I called up Mr Braun, asking for our case management review schedule. It was again Angela who answered the call (14:00). She however told me that the deadline had already passed, that it was November 12. What? It was not important anymore in any case; we were already in the demurrer phase. I then called up the Toshiba support (38:00) to ask if there was any GPS device and bluetooth inside my newly bought Toshiba Satellite. Now this *was* important. Since I was planning to escape to Mexico (and beyond), I had to make sure that the suit team would not be able to track me through my laptop. It was of course because I was ignorant of how government's surveillance worked that I thought thusly. You'll see what I mean later on.

Afterwards I rode the Metro to Pasadena. I had checked Karin's meetup website to discover that she had a meetup tonight, to see another movie in Laemmle's Playhouse 7. I wanted to do something about it. I stayed in the Kinkos on Colorado and Lake to work on my laptop, hesitating whether I should clandestinely check up on Karin and her friends. What happened then was just another extremely miserable night, as you can hear in my recording of the night: "[going\\_home\\_from\\_padn\\_met\\_police\\_on\\_train\\_at\\_end\\_of\\_session\\_2008\\_11\\_14\\_1009PM.mp3](#)". I was moaning and mumbling out of depression when I came back to the Metro station – as I always did during this extraordinarily depressing period. After a while, I walked inside a coffeehouse (49:00), and then came back to take the Metro home. What happened then I have described on my blog post from November 22:

On Friday (Nov 14) I went to Pasadena as I so often do nowadays to do the things I do everyday, namely, work on my laptop (write my story and learn about computer stuff). I stayed at the Kinkos on Colorado that night. Now, according to the meetup website, Karin's group was supposed to be watching a movie in Laemmle just two blocks away. I didn't actually go over there to check on them when they were supposedly there, but it seemed that the close proximity was enough to get law enforcement's attention. When I got onto the Metro Gold Line in Memorial Park to go home, I entered the last cart of the train. Two Metro Police officers came in and hid themselves in the driver section of the cart from where they could watch over me through the tinted window. When we all got off at the end of the line, I asked them if they were there to "escort me". The officer lied and said they were "driving the train" – backward on the last cart of the train! (You then have to wonder what the "real driver" was doing in the first cart of the train.) The fact that he felt the need to lie meant that they were indeed there to watch over me. [*This is in 1:30:00 in the recording.*] The next night when I came back on the Gold Line again one of the same officers was there again to greet me. He stared at me with a mean face for a minute or so as if he was looking at the

lowest life form on earth (not that I disagree with that, even though this lowest life on earth is doing God's work!).

By "God's work", of course, I meant the holy task of resisting the evil which Karin and her backers represented (American world-domination). I was most likely wrong about the suit team's sending in police officers to keep watch over me because I was close to Karin. What had most likely happened was that the officers were simply in the Metro train for some other reason, and, because they had already been briefed about me – the guy who had attempted to sell off Great America to the Chinese and the Russians – hated me and so lied to me.

### **Olympus WS-210S and more "stalking"**

On the next day, November 15, I had developed a greater ambition. "Truman" was now very angry. He knew that every single person in his life was putting up a show to make him look bad to some unseen audience, and everyone was deceiving him, not letting him in on the "secret". He was now even more determined to investigate the matter. How do these people know the "script" of the show? Since stealing Karin's phone was not an option, "Truman" had decided that he could only find out the truth people were hiding from him by stalking them and intercepting their rumors about him through clandestine means. In the afternoon, I first came to the UCLA bookstore to look at the electronics on sale there.<sup>26</sup> I wanted to buy a more sophisticated recorder than the poor Sony ICD series I had been using in order to spy on Karin. I chose Olympus WS-210S. This was significant in that *this* was the recorder from which many recordings of my activities would originate which, in the coming year, would be the evidences that would save Russia in the International Court of Justice. I then passed some time in ISO, greeting Irina, testing my new recorder, and doing my work.<sup>27</sup> After that, I set out for Pasadena. I came near Karin's home again, this time wanting to see if I could monitor her conversations. She lived on the second floor, and I could see that she was home: there was light emanating from her windows even though all curtains were drawn. I went around the building, and came to the dark alley behind it, trying to see if it was possible to hide my new recorder somewhere near her windows in order to intercept the rumors which I supposed she would make about me – and per chance the instructions her CIA handler would transmit to her. But the fact that she lived on the second floor made the whole thing impossible. I came away with absolutely nothing. Meanwhile, Karin must have been alerted by her handler about what I was doing. At the time I wasn't sure if the suit team was monitoring my activities around Karin's home. I wrote on my blog (November 22):

This is especially the case, it seems, in Pasadena. A week ago I was at a certain place in this city which I usually don't frequent, and among the cars that passed me by there were two which slowed down so that the drivers and passengers could take a good look at me. They were most likely going to report it to law enforcement afterwards. [*I was speaking of my stalking Karin on November 8.*] There are other incidents of such sort. It looks "natural", but, I tell you, I think the "sighting" and "reporting" were just an orchestrated show. This is how it works.

---

<sup>26</sup> Recorded in: "[at\\_UCLA\\_buying\\_recorder\\_2008\\_11\\_15\\_212PM.MP3](#)".

<sup>27</sup> Recorded in: "[at\\_ISO\\_westwood\\_say\\_hi\\_to\\_erina\\_2008\\_11\\_15\\_350PM.MP3](#)".



Homeland Security (or the Hidden Authority in general) has been remotely monitoring where I go everyday, such as through the satellite. (I always take the battery out of my cellphone so that they couldn't track me through it, and even my SIM card, although it's possible that they have installed a GPS tracker in my old laptop when I turned it in to Best Buy for repair in February, which with its own battery could be transmitting signal about where I am even when I take the battery out of the laptop, insofar as I carry my laptop wherever I go. This is just a possibility I have recently thought of.) When I am in places of suspect (whatever that means) they would then send in people to pretend to "spot me" and to report it to law enforcement, saying something like, "The guy that we saw on TV, we saw him in such and such places". (Remember that alerts about me with my pictures have been broadcast to the entire population of Pasadena for a long time already, and the alert must have told people, "If you see him, report what you see him doing to this number." And of course the alerts contained the most important instruction of keeping all this a secret from me.) It wouldn't matter that the street was pitch-dark at night and I couldn't possibly be identified under normal circumstances. Since they were merely instructed to pretend to accidentally spot me and to report me, they wouldn't have to tell the truth that they couldn't really see me clearly. All this, in case there should be any future prosecution of me: the intelligence agency's monitoring of me has to remain in secret and they will never use this monitoring as evidence for any possible prosecution of me, so they will have to orchestrate a show where "concerned citizens" accidentally spotted me and reported me" and so on. Now, with this show, not only does law enforcement have all this report that I have been spotted here and there and so on, residents in Pasadena seem also to get regular alerts about me from the Pasadena Police, that I have been seen here and there doing this and that.

When law enforcement uses helicopter to conduct surveillance on me, they would instruct the helicopter to circle around in some distance from me to pretend to look for something else than me.

These speculations about the operations on me were of course totally wrong, and are the typical symptoms of a "targeted individuals" which I have laid bare earlier: the victim's inability to understand correctly the secret intrigues behind his back – because they are kept secret from him – so that when he attempts to penetrate into them he risks making himself look delusional and paranoid.

November 16 was my birthday, but of course it was just another lonely and miserable day for me. I spent the night in Westsub, on Venice and Overland, working on my laptop as usual (my new Toshiba). My birthday night has been recorded in: "[at\\_westsub\\_venice\\_overland\\_talking\\_to\\_linux\\_guy\\_2008\\_11\\_16\\_711PM.MP3](#)". Something noteworthy would happen tonight. A Homeland Security agent (very vulgar-looking as usual) sat down next to me and pretended to be installing Linux Operating System on a newly bought Eee PC 900. He was trying to catch my attention, and he did. Since I still couldn't get over the association between computer-hacking and Linux, I attentively watched him installing and asked him many questions (from 28:00

onward). “Do you know programming?” “Wow you are the coolest guy I have met this week...” (1:25:00). The reality was that Mr Secretary had sent him to me in order for the Machine to confuse him with me, so that the United States could obtain another piece of evidence against the Russians, namely, that I was David Chin the computer programmer rather than Lawrence Chin the artist and terrorist suspect. But the effect of this episode on me was that I now wanted to acquire one of those cheap Eee PC 900s myself in order to learn about Linux. It would happen on New Year, as you shall see.

The next day, November 17, I went to meet with Ray the “computer guy” again. My meeting with him is recorded in: “[at\\_hdt\\_comput\\_guy\\_psdn\\_2008\\_11\\_17\\_326PM.MP3](#)”. Beside the hard drives, I felt that I needed to learn how to extract wireless cards from my laptop since wireless cards were potential means by which the government may track me. I thus paid Ray to open up my two laptops and show me where the wireless cards were. When he found the wireless card on my Toshiba, I asked him to show me its MAC address (26:00). Again, I felt compelled to learn about the ways by which the government may identify me and track me through electronic communication devices. Thus, I needed to understand whether MAC (Media Access Control) address was associated with the wireless card so that it may be removed, leaving my computer remotely unidentifiable. Strangely, Ray said he had no clues. How can a computer expert not know where to find the MAC address? I then asked him to show me the Ethernet adapter, Tunnel adapter, etc. Everything, for, in this age, when you are on the run, the most important thing is to understand your computer inside and out. But Ray professed to know nothing at all. I then filmed him extracting the wireless card out of my old Gateway and inserting it back into it.<sup>28</sup> I then tested the wireless Internet connection on my Gateway in order to make sure that, when the wireless card was extracted and then re-inserted, the computer could still connect to wireless Internet. Finally I asked him to show me RAM, the modem, the CPU... and asked him about the difference between IDE and SATA. At some point, I talked to him again about the problem with Windows Media Player, how it could change the file signature of my recording files, and about my mistaken impression that the corruption happened because “somebody” (i.e. the government) was remotely controlling it (again, the typical symptom of a “targeted individual”).

### **A-American storage**

I was by now becoming increasingly concerned with the possibility that the suit team might send Homeland Security agents to further burglarize my things, notwithstanding the defense mechanism I had developed. I finally decided that I should get a storage unit and move all my things in there, leaving in my room only the most inessentials. I began looking for a storage facility that was nearby, found this “A-American” on Grand and Jefferson, within walking distance from my home, and, on November 18, went there, opened an account, and rented a locker size unit. But I remained paranoid: as I could use a padlock to lock my locker, I wondered: did the government require all lock manufacturers to make sure all locks that were made could be opened by a master key which the government alone possessed? Given the US government’s priority in being able to know everything about everyone, and to control everyone’s every move, this was indeed something which they would do, even though there was

---

<sup>28</sup> The video has been uploaded to Youtube: <http://youtu.be/4b7dk8xTDTw?list=UULc-JNKaHINvw2exrF0opcA>.

absolutely no evidence for it. Thus, after opening up an account at A-American, I rode the bus to Office Max on Venice Blvd and, while shopping for padlocks for my new locker, asked one of the employees if the manufacturers of these locks had “master keys” to open every lock they had ever made. This is recorded in: “[at\\_office\\_max\\_venice\\_blvd\\_2008\\_11\\_18\\_610PM.MP3](#)”. It was interesting that, soon, the alarm in the store sounded (11:00). Perhaps the faulty surveillance Machine had just intercepted me stealing something from the store again. In any case, I would never find out if there was indeed such “master key conspiracy”.<sup>29</sup>

The next day afternoon, I came back to A-American. I had by this time been using a black case with combination lock. This was what I put in yesterday as “starter” for my new locker unit. It contained my DV tapes and the first series of my backup DVDs. My time at A-American today is recorded in: “[at\\_a-american\\_downtown\\_buying\\_suitcase\\_2008\\_11\\_19\\_251PM.MP3](#)”. As you can hear, I had at first been unable to find my new locker unit because Christina, the manager who opened my account yesterday, had confused me – maybe she did it on purpose under suit team’s instruction. When I found my unit, I opened up my “black box” just for a check. And I was paranoid enough to believe that the content looked different – things inside seemed to have been moved. I thus believed that Homeland Security agents had indeed come, opened up my locker unit, and checked my “black box”. I was very upset, while, in reality, nobody had come and touched my things. I was just suffering the typical symptoms of a “targeted individual”: perpetual paranoia over every little abnormality as having been intentionally caused by somebody because my entire manner of perceiving reality had changed – sort of like the way in which the atheist’s way of perceiving the natural world where every phenomenon is caused into being by mechanistic processes without any intentionality could be transformed into the theistic one in which every movement in the external reality is intentionally caused by an agent who can’t be seen. (You will read more about this later on in this story about the secret ICJ trial.) I left the storage facility complaining about overworking again – because I constantly had to worry about government’s operation on me and so had to carry everything with me everyday (44:00). “I just wanna be *me*, not somebody else” (48:00). I then rode the bus to downtown to shop for a suit case (1:29:30). I had decided, after much paranoia over government’s “master key conspiracy”, that it was better to use combination locks to keep my things secure: then, as long as the suit team didn’t see me setting the combination code, they wouldn’t be able to open my box without breaking it: there was no “master key” for combination locks, presumably.

When I was coming back to the storage facility on the bus, I was howling again like an animal (2:06:00). I even shouted like crazy, about how awful the four-and-an-half year long government operation and law enforcement investigation was and how unbearable it was to find government agents replacing my things (2:14:00). After I came back inside the storage facility (2:17:00), I was still making noises like an animal while putting my new suit case into my locker unit (2:20:00). I even had a hard time breathing – again, psychosomatic sickness (2:31:30). I then

---

<sup>29</sup> I have for a long time also wondered if there was such a thing as “envelope conspiracy”. Since the Bush administration had this obsession with indiscriminately knowing everything about everyone, you should expect the government to have also installed some system to conduct mass surveillance on people’s paper mails. There were no news on this, until Glenn Greenwald has revealed on Democracy Now (May 13, 2014) that one of Edward Snowden’s leaks concerns NSA’s habit of actually intercepting mail orders of routers and so on in order to implant surveillance devices in the products.

cried out of pain (2:32:00). Within minutes, the other manager of A-American came to check on me, having heard me moaning and groaning. After I fixed my things and reviewed some recordings, I would be moaning like an injured animal again (2:52:30). After I left, I would continue to complain to my recorder about suit team's operations and then about overworking (I was working 15 hours a day).

My psychosomatic illness is instructive in the sense that you will certainly argue – knowing all the details about my case – that I was here suffering for nothing since I was simply being paranoid over nothing most of the time. While the Machine was working almost daily to produce faulty evidences out of me, government agents burglarized my things only sporadically, but my entire way of experiencing the world had by now been transformed, after suffering two years of clandestine operations, such that every moment of my life had become torture: you'd never know when, and from where, the enemy is going to strike, so that you must be on your guard every moment. The cause of this transformation of "perspective" or *nomos* – in Peter Berger's words – is, as you should have been able to understand by now, firstly the inference that, since Mr Secretary had sent agents to burglarize my things a few times, he *could* do it all the times; and secondly the desire to stay on top of government's intrigue behind my back. (If you don't care how the government is defaming you to others behind your back, then presumably you will live happily just as before, since the US government doesn't have the habit of hurting you physically, or even letting you know that they are fucking with you at this moment.) You must however understand that the transformation of the manner of perceiving the *same* reality to result in a wholesale change of comportment toward a reality which has itself not, or barely, changed at all is a common phenomenon which has recurred throughout human history. When you read about Michel Foucault's deconstruction of the way in which the progress of Western science is in fact guided by a change of perspective on the same reality rather than by the acquisition of more knowledge about it (*Les mots et les choses*), he is just talking about the same thing. Our Boss Cheney has used just this technique to create an entire bureaucracy, both in the US and in the world throughout, geared toward fighting terrorists, as if we were suddenly besieged by terrorists from all sides and had entered the new age of terrorism, even though the number of "terrorists" in the world had not increased at all since the 1970s – really: 911 attacks were his own orchestration. Before, nation-states had simply accepted the fact that radicals fighting for a free Palestine would hijack passenger planes once in a while. Try to read about major nation-states' intelligence agencies' dealing with terrorism before the 911 era. I first came to explicit awareness of this problem while reading Douglas Porch's *The French Secret Services: From the Dreyfus Affair to the Gulf War* (1995). The history of the French intelligence community since World War II is filled with instances where the French government tried to negotiate with the "terrorists" – give them something they wanted, like money or the release of so-and-so "terrorists" – in order to remove troubles. Of course the history also contains many instances where the French would send combat troops to exterminate the "terrorists", but the general attitude back then was that "terrorists" were nuisances that were part of life rather than an absolutely intolerable evil such as is the case in the current "Age of Terrorism". What Boss Cheney had done was simply to transform the way in which governments around the world experienced the same annoying phenomenon of "terrorism", and to decrease everyone's tolerance for it, so that, now, if some radicals hijacked a passenger plane, it was a world-historical event demanding the full attention and the greatest efforts of all nations around the

world which must work together to eliminate the “threat” with absolute force, rather than simply dissipating it through sweet talks and negotiations. This is very American: even to simply *reinterpret* people’s good actions as “bad” – then you can make people believe that the world is becoming an increasingly dangerous place when it is in fact becoming increasingly safer.<sup>30</sup>

Let me return to my narrative of myself. I spent the night of November 19 in ISO, Westwood, which is recorded in: “[at\\_ISO\\_fusion\\_asked\\_ucla\\_student\\_ab\\_free\\_ipods\\_2008\\_11\\_19\\_754PM.MP3](#)”. You can hear me telling Irina that I was doing awful on 16:00, and then asking an UCLA student about her iPod on 1:43:30. Did the authority pass out a lot of free iPods to everybody? How Mr Secretary, in early 2007, was able to get all the residents around me to carry iPods and hop around with broken arms and broken legs in order to make me believe erroneously that they were surveillance agents and look crazy as a consequence – this had never become clear to me; but, now, it was merely an item of curiosity, for something far more important was at stake at this moment, i.e. Russia’s fate. It should be noted that, when I was checking my emails, I noticed an email which my mother had sent me around 10 AM this morning. She said she had found an article “Lessons in Life” which she wanted to share with me, and which contained 50 something aphorisms.<sup>31</sup> But of course it was her CIA handler who had asked her to send this garbage to me. Apparently, seeing through their constant surveillance on me that I had been resisting and investigating the operations, the Agency decided to dissuade me from my actions. Recall how many times the Agency had tried this on me before: In summer 2007 they wanted me to “believe in Jesus” and forget about Mr Secretary’s campaign of slander against me. They instructed my aunt Jennifer to exhort me (sometime in August 2008) “not to worry about what other people think of me.” They instructed Gabi to similarly exhort me at about the same time: “You shouldn’t worry about what other people think of you...” Now my mother was the latest example. See the most notable piece of “wisdom” (#29): “What other people think of you is none

---

<sup>30</sup> An analogy may be drawn between the current “Age of Terrorism” and the “Holy Alliance” in the aftermath of Napoleon’s defeat: “En 1815, sur les conseils de la baronne de Krüdener... [Alexandre I] conçut le projet d’une Sainte-Alliance, destinée à soumettre la politique des grandes puissances européennes aux principes du christianisme éternel. Par l’acte enregistrant la Sainte-Alliance, les monarques prenaient l’engagement de subordonner leurs actions politiques ‘aux sublimes vérités contenues dans la Loi immortelle du Dieu Sauveur’... La Sainte-Alliance devint, à l’insu même du Tsar, une coalition prête à étouffer toute manifestation de la volonté populaire en Europe. En vérité, le libéralisme était le premier ennemi, le seul ennemi de la Sainte-Alliance. La morale et la religion passaient au service exclusif de l’absolutisme : toute insurrection, fût-elle dirigée par les Grecs chrétiens contre leurs oppresseurs turcs, était considérée comme une révolte intolérable des sujets contre les souverains.” (Henri Troyat, *Pouchkine*, p. 156.) In the same way, Cheney was able to decrease the tolerance of nations around the world for terrorists – for, in the aftermath of 9/11, there had come into being, essentially, a “Holy Alliance” against terrorism, of which the kernel was precisely UN Resolution 1373 – by appealing to every government’s inherent desire to neutralize its oppositions. When Cheney proposed Resolution 1373, the Turks agreed because the political opposition to the Turkish government, the Kurds, could suddenly become *reinterpreted* as “terrorists” – whereas, before, they were understood, more correctly, as “guerrilla fighters” – the Chinese agreed because *their* political oppositions, like the Uighurs, could suddenly become *reinterpreted* as “terrorists” – whereas, before, they were understood, more correctly, as “separatist fighters”... etc., etc. The “Age of Terrorism” was nothing other than a Holy Alliance of all nations around the world to help each other crush the discontents wherever they were found. When all nations had an interest in the “reinterpretation”, Cheney could easily steer world’s media to recast all guerilla fighters and separatists as something new, as something very evil, as “terrorists” – in essence a new category of thought and language. A “paradigm shift” (in the sense of Thomas Kuhn) had occurred after 9/11, which was, of course, one of Cheney’s goals in the orchestration of false-flag terrorism.

<sup>31</sup> See it at: [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment6/wisdom\\_from\\_mom\\_a.pdf](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment6/wisdom_from_mom_a.pdf).

of your business.” The CIA was hoping for the ideal condition that I’d continue as before to simply go along with the flow unaware that the faulty surveillance around me had been attributing to me all the faults of others and all sorts of fabricated criminal characteristics – they wanted me to accept being something like a Christ figure who absorbed all the sin of others, save that I would never get recognition for it, for the sake of Mr Secretary’s redemption at the International Court of Justice and the realization of the United States’ global agenda. I don’t know about you, but this kind of “aphorism” could only have enraged me even more. If what people think of you is not your business, why do we have such civil offenses as “slander” and “libel”? Every normal human being – everyone who is not autistic – devotes his or her entire life to shaping his or her image in the mind of other people. Worrying about what other people think of you *is* in fact the primary meaning of your life – if you are a normal human being at all. The educated people inside the CIA’s clandestine service were of course well aware of this; they were only throwing out “fake wisdom” in order to facilitate their victimization of me. In fact, their very trade consisted principally in slandering people and making people look bad, or look worse than they really were (slandering Putin, slandering the Chinese, slandering Kaddafi, etc.). If you have ever met them and realized just how educated they are – the “Campus” – you would really wonder where their education had gone when they planned their operations.

November 20 was another busy day for me, with my investigation and collection of evidences. My first recording of the day is: “[at\\_downtown\\_LA\\_2008\\_11\\_20\\_1218PM.MP3](#)”. You can immediately hear me wondering why my computer seemed capable of being remotely controlled by Homeland Security (2:00). This is another thing about “being targeted” (“targeted individual”) which you should know about: the suit team was, throughout 2008, *not* remotely controlling the movements on my laptops, although they could, and would do so quite frequently in 2009, when they began running into difficulties with the Russians. I was again being paranoid over nothing, but this paranoia was quite justified. After this I called up downtown Mental Health to ask the people there why I had never heard back from them about the records I had requested. (If I had requested records from Edelman and Greg, I would naturally have done the same with the downtown agency.) I was told to leave a message for “Monica” (28:00). I then came to Westwood to also request records from CGI (later, the Chicago School). This is recorded in: “[at\\_cgi\\_at\\_iso\\_fusion\\_11-20-08\\_328PM.MP3](#)”. I was however told that my old doctor, Deborah W, was not here today.

I would spend the entire night of November 20 preparing for my next round of “investigation”. I was beginning to go crazy on this. Now Karin was going to hold her next meetup on November 21, in a Middle-Eastern restaurant in Pasadena, the “Lebanese Kitchen”. Unlike the last time, I had decided, this time, to clandestinely monitor her meetup to see if it was possible to discover any clues as to how suit team’s instructions came to her gang. Again, I was well aware that stalking government operatives while under government’s surveillance would probably yield no results – try to think about why – but you will never know until you try it. One must, however, become familiar with the landscape first. Thus, tonight, I decided to check out the Lebanese Kitchen and the environment around it, in preparation for tomorrow’s “stalking”. However, when I arrived at the restaurant some time past 8 PM, it was just closing. Nevertheless I discovered that there was an empty parking lot across the street where I could hide myself undetected (under normal circumstances, that is). Again, I would try to avoid suit team’s

surveillance by taking every precaution possible, changing clothes and taking unusual routes, etc. Although I didn't quite know it at the time, eventually I would realize that I had never succeeded in avoiding suit team's (true) surveillance. However that may be the case, the parking lot across the street from Lebanese Kitchen was useful in the sense that, as long as it was not possible for people to pretend to notice me by accident, it was as good as actually hiding there undetected, since the suit team would have to pretend that I was not under their surveillance at all. Then, 9 PM, I walked down Pasadena and dined in the restaurant "Caravana" – where Karin had held our meetups in May, if you recall. However, something was up when I was at the parking lot area across the street from Caravana. As I have described it on my blog (November 22):

It seems that law enforcement and/or Homeland Security authority is very concerned whenever I show up in Pasadena. Walking on the street in this city last night, I noticed two cars following me and parking themselves near me with the drivers staying inside to watch over me. One Asian girl (5FBJ092, a red Ford SUV), another a Hispanic guy (5HBK613, a red two-seat sports car), who text-messaged on his cellphone when I passed by his car (a very typical Homeland Security surveillance technique). When I stopped and took note of his license plate, he immediately drove away. I am indeed under 24/7 surveillance right now as I have been in the past four years. But now as a criminal, it seems.

The Authority wants to protect their snitches. But, more importantly, they want to catch me doing something criminal – they are dying to catch me doing something criminal so that they can have a reason to lock me up without actually having to frame me for crimes I would never commit.

This is actually not the authority's intention, of course. Most likely, the Hispanic male was just a Homeland Security operative whom the suit team had sent in to conduct surveillance on me. Both Mr Secretary and the Agency knew quite well that I was stalking Karin, and they wanted me to do it so that more evidences may be entered into the International Court demonstrating that I, or David Chin, was indeed a sick and violent misogynist who showed no concern for women's boundaries and privacy. When the ICJ judges and everyone in the UN saw this, they would be more convinced that the Russian and Chinese intelligence services were filled with antisocial, politically incorrect, and bad-to-the-bone misogynists and racists.

In any case, after all this, I strolled down to Zona Rosa to pass the rest of my night there. This is recorded in: "[from\\_lake\\_blvd\\_to\\_zona\\_rosa\\_2008\\_11\\_20\\_1016PM.MP3](#)". What happened there is instructive, and so I shall take the time to mention it here. "Jeremy" was working tonight – a young white guy of whom you will see more later on – and I began telling him that the police and so on were following me. I was referring to what had just happened. Why, Jeremy asked. I replied in annoyance – since I assumed that he had already been recruited or alerted about me by the suit team: "Ask around, everyone knows why!" (3:00) I was so upset that I began moaning (19:30). Note that I then said to myself: "I want my picture back..." (23:00). This is important because this thought would usher in major conflict between me and Karin. I was then terribly annoyed when the coffee house was closing and I still couldn't finish my computer works. "There is just not enough time in a day!" I groaned to myself. At long last, I had a little pleasant

chat with Mireya, who turned out to be working tonight as well after all. You can then hear me moaning again like crazy, out of total sadness, after I had left Zona Rosa (52:00). I even moaned to a complete stranger (1:08:00).

### **Karin's meetup, Lebanese Kitchen, November 21**

And so, the next day, after waking up and lunching at the Mexican grill, I came to Pasadena. When it was almost 5 PM, I set out for Karin's apartment and was hiding in the bushes again waiting for her to come out of her room to go to her meetup. She did, and I saw her driving out right in front of me. She was pretending not to have noticed me, even though her handler must have already texted her to tell her that I was hiding just outside. (Remember that the suit team wanted all this in order to defame me and the Russians in the international domain.) With all this effort I had learned absolutely nothing, of course. I then got on the bus to go toward the Lebanese Kitchen as well and, upon arriving, hid myself in the parking lot area across the street. It was total darkness all around and pedestrians rarely strolled past. I stood in the distance and filmed the entire meetup through the restaurant's windows.<sup>32</sup> There were no clues to be discovered, however, about how the suit team's operation was run. Merely filming people dining and leaving was useless "investigation". Worse, I was in fact falling into the suit team's trap by participating in their staging of a show in which the Russian secret agent David Chin was violating women's privacy in America – to make Russia look bad. At some point, Karin was tipped off by her handler that I was filming her meetup from outside – perhaps she had gotten a text-message from him informing her to such effect – and she got up and left the dining table, looking extremely uncomfortable. Although she was doing exactly what the government had wanted her to do – being stalked – it nevertheless made her uncomfortable. Her handler must have instructed her to remain calm and pretend not to notice anything, for she soon came back as if nothing had happened.

When I came home, I would edit the video I had obtained tonight on Windows Movie Maker and make it into a music video: lacking any value, it could at least be entertaining!

On the afternoon of November 22, I came to Ray's again. This is recorded in: "[at\\_hdtinc\\_11\\_22\\_08\\_306PM.MP3](#)". I wanted him to solve the mystery of why, when I connected my Gateway hard drive as an external device to my new Toshiba Satellite, the Toshiba would keep on scanning it until the end of time and never access it. The mystery was eventually solved, and, notwithstanding my paranoia, the suit team didn't actually access my computer equipment remotely. Now another Asian woman was also in the store at the time, and I was puzzled by the fact that both of them didn't seem to have been alerted or recruited by the suit team. When the woman asked me if I was Chinese, however, I was alarmed, and asked them if they had seen me on some alert system somewhere. They joked that they had seen me on a FBI alert, and I was sufficiently paranoid as to not know what to make of the joke. Afterwards I came to Zona Rosa, and it was Jeremy working at the counter tonight. What he did to me – along with the new treatment I had begun receiving at the Mexican grill near my home – is recounted in my blog post of November 22:

---

<sup>32</sup> The video is: "[lebanese\\_kitchen\\_11\\_21\\_08.wmv](#)".



Today I went to the computer shop in Pasadena again to get solutions to some problem I was experiencing. It's my fourth time there. The guy who works there has for sure reported to law enforcement about what I was doing with my computer after each time I was there. Now this time another customer, a housewife (maybe of Filipino origin), happened to be there. She asked me tons of questions about what my ethnicity was, what I was doing for living, and what I studied in college, etc. She of course lives in Pasadena, as she confirmed so. Why would any stranger talk to me? It's easy to guess that she had seen me on TV (or on whatever medium has broadcast the alerts about me) and was following the instruction to get information about me in order to report me afterwards to the authority. When I came to Zona Rosa an hour later, the employee there walked up to me out of the blue and told me he felt awful today because people were "selfish", with a funny smile seeming to mock me. "What have you heard about me this time?" I asked him. Nothing. He said he wouldn't be interested in hearing bad rumors about me. What a stupid lie. Now, again, why would anyone want to talk to me? Because he was instructed to do so, obviously. He might even falsely report me afterwards – per instruction from the Authority – saying I called people "selfish" when he was the one who said it. It seems that what I was doing in Pasadena last night has all been captured by law enforcement and "reported" to them (as in a "show"), and law enforcement has accordingly just broadcast fresh alerts about me today to the population. The alerts, furthermore, must have been packaged in such a way as to make me look ridiculous to the extreme. People couldn't find it more comical: whatever this guy does the next day the entire population would know about it by broadcast, and everyone would keep it a secret from him. This guy is such a dummy! He has no clue that his life is a TV show, living in a Truman Show. Nobody tells him! He thought he has privacy! This is why so many people lately are making fun of me when seeing me, strangers and all. Even the guys working at the Mexican restaurant near my apartment where I go everyday for lunch and coffee have started making fun of me (and asking me what my nationality is) ever since, one day, I accidentally left there an election booklet which the county had sent to me and which had my name and address on it. They must have reported it to law enforcement after "accidentally" finding out my name: this little criminal is spotted again in this restaurant eating lunch everyday, thanks to our concerned citizens! I am a secret laughingstock for the entire population – such has never happened before in the history of humankind, indicating the degree to which Homeland Security's chief is capable of vengeance. No real criminals, rapists or murderers or bank robbers, have ever been victim of such vast-scale, community-based surveillance and snooping and reporting. My special treatment.

You must have been able to guess what happened: the Asian woman at Ray's shop was sent in by the suit team with specifically the mission of confirming my "Chinese national origin"; my buddies at the Mexican grill had been at last recruited as well to perform the same task. The suit team, in these days, needed more evidences to confirm their "David Chin legend", that David

was born in China instead of in Taiwan. Jeremy had also been recruited, and his first “mission” was to produce evidence showing me complaining about people’s selfishness, so that Mr Secretary could shake his head in the International Court of Justice: “This David Chin, the most selfish brat we have ever seen, is somehow blaming his own flaw onto others” – which shows you how often, when he was describing me to his international audience, he was just describing himself. He had projected all his own flaws onto me, including the very flaw of projecting one’s own flaws onto others! (You of course should, by now, be able to identify the error in my understanding of the mechanism of the evidentiary process which I have described in the above excerpt from my blog posting as the “typical symptom of a targeted individual”.)

### **Meetup movie event “A Christmas Tale”, November 23 2009**

Now I saw on Karin’s Meetup website that she had scheduled her next meetup for her Any Language and Culture group for November 23, just one day after the dinner event at Lebanese Kitchen. Her bunch was going to see a French movie called “A Christmas Tale” at the same old Laemmle Playhouse 7. I had developed a plan of catching her there and asking her to return the portrait that I had made of her in June. I wanted the “evidence” back – the evidence proving that I, and not someone else, had done the drawing. This was part of my project of collecting evidences to prove my identity. Now, since it was already two and a half month away from my last presence in Karin’s groups, I shall no longer consider whether Karin had chosen her movies in order to confirm government’s “David Chin legend” and how.

That day, I was on 485 bus going toward Pasadena by 3 PM. I had arrived at Playhouse 7 by 4 PM, and I first stayed inside a tiny coffeehouse among the restaurants across the street from the theater. All this is recorded in: “[on\\_485\\_bus\\_toward\\_psdn\\_2008\\_11\\_23\\_3PM.WMA](#)” and “[at\\_coffeepace\\_across\\_plyhse\\_7\\_2008\\_11\\_23\\_409PM.WMA](#)”. By 6:40 PM, when Karin had shown up with her friends, I hid in a dark corner across the street from Playhouse 7 and filmed her gathering: “[k\\_mu\\_11\\_23\\_08.wmv](#)”. After everyone had gone in, I circled around the theater looking for Karin’s car – I couldn’t find it because she came in Marianne’s car tonight – and then went inside the theater too. I sat in the very back of the theater and quickly identified Karin and her bunch in the middle section of the theater by her large bulgy hair. I went in and out of the movie theater, quite anxious. What happened then is recorded in: “[xmas\\_tale\\_mu\\_11\\_23\\_08\\_920PM.WMA](#)”. When the movie was almost over, I went back to my seat in the back of the theater and watched people exiting. Karin and her friends walked past me without paying attention to me. Only Cecilia noticed me and greeted me (23:28). Karin meanwhile didn’t even bother to look at me – even though she must have known I was here, if only because her handler had texted her about it. By 25:30 I was standing among Jacqueline, Carlos, and the rest of the gang trying to be annoying even though no one said a word about my sudden appearance. Karin was in the restroom at this time. I now turned on my new WS-210S recorder also, and produced the next recording for the night: “[fr\\_playhouse\\_7\\_to\\_zona\\_rosa\\_11\\_23\\_08\\_944PM.WMA](#)”. As you can hear, everyone was talking about the movie which had just ended. By 27:25 Karin had come out of the restroom with Marianne and I quickly caught up with her from behind to ask her: “Karin, can you give the portrait back to me?” Karin was clearly uncomfortable with even talking about the portrait. As I continued to pester her, she became so angry that she squatted down and yelled at me, “Lawrence, I’m not gonna make an appointment with you to give you

your drawing back!” Standing next to Karin, Marianne was equally infuriated with me. Meanwhile, I found it very strange that Karin had found my behavior incomprehensible: Why is this guy bothering us? Does he not have any morals? Meanwhile, I was wondering: Would they not try to pester someone who had done to them what they had done to me? But this was simply not how Karin and her bunch looked at the matter, and their attitude in this regard provoked me even more that I would pester them with even greater persistence. Karin was so angered that she ran across Colorado Blvd and disappeared into the darkness, with Marianne running behind her. Actually satisfied that I had pestered her, I came back to stand around uninvited among the rest of the crowd: Carlos, Alexis, Cecilia, and Jacqueline (29:00). This might annoy them too, but that was precisely my purpose. Nonetheless, everyone was so busy chatting that no one seemed to have noticed me. The “invisible man” in the crowd. Soon the crowd dispersed. Nobody seemed to have even noticed that Karin and Marianne had already run away without saying Goodbye.

I settled down outside Zona Rosa for a while, and then went to the Kinkos on Colorado and Lake to go online. That's when I discovered that Karin had already sent me an angry note saying she had destroyed the portrait as a way to destroy “any reason for me to show up at her gathering”. As you can see in the copy of the email provided in the lawsuit which I would later file against her, she wrote the note on 10:13 PM, merely 20 minutes after she had argued with me.<sup>33</sup> Apparently Karin had written the email immediately after she had arrived home with Marianne. While in the car, she had probably received a text-message from her handler instructing her to do so. I was truly infuriated: she was obviously lying. She was obviously trying to destroy the evidence – she, or rather the Agency, did not want me to find out how exactly it was that the creation of that portrait had been attributed to someone else in the evidentiary record of the International Court of Justice. I was truly upset about being shut off from the truth like this and suspected immediately – and quite rightly – that the CIA might have instructed her to use this opportunity to destroy the “evidence”. Meanwhile, her anger over my “having ruined her chance to relax” only infuriated me even more. There was something very strange about these people. If all of Karin's friends did to her what she and her friends did to me – conspiratorial pranks, or “bullying” the like of which is frequent in high schools – she would have killed them all. She had caused me so much suffering, and yet in the end thought it unjustified that I should have ruined one night in her life. Oh, I forgot. I was still the “subhuman” in “Feefee and Valerie”, such that, when others harmed me, it was not considered “injustice”, but when I poked at other people with my finger, it was absolutely intolerable. (Of course, Karin's bunch's double standard for me was not just the result of my ugliness or “subhumanness”, but also of their strange conception that China had carried out 911 attacks and the like to dethrone Western powers.) When I returned to downtown Los Angeles, I suddenly thought that I might still be able to salvage the “evidence”. I went inside the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire and wrote an email to Karin explaining to her I still needed the portrait in question and asking her to send the pieces to me. The pieces could still prove that it was I who did this drawing, not someone else.

---

<sup>33</sup> See the email exchange between me and Karin on this night at:  
<http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/2008docs/Gmail112408.pdf>.

The next day, November 24, I came, after waking up, to downtown mental health and, miraculously, was given the notes I had requested.<sup>34</sup> The notes however didn't include the "enlightening insider notes" (the progress notes about me) I was seeking, and, when I complained about this to Ms Nudelman, she told me to come back the end of next week to get the additional notes (41:00). Then, I came to the Law Library to use the Internet. That's when I discovered another email which Karin had written me. She used even harsher words this time:

"One more if that helps to make the point absolutely clear: I received numerous mails from people who said that if you ever show up again and I don't call the police about it, \*\*\*they will call the police\*\*\* because they are extremely uncomfortable with the entire situation.  
-> DONT COME AGAIN!"

It was rather strange because, as you can hear from the recording from last night, nobody made any sound or gesture about my sudden appearance. When I stood around in the crowd trying to be annoying, nobody even noticed it. I had to conclude that everyone was simply instructed by Mr Secretary and the Agency to feign massive negative reaction so that, when their communication was intercepted into the International Court, it could convince the judges that I had caused a great disturbance the previous night (even though I had not). It would be further evidences to confirm the profile of David Chin as a destructive antisocial personality perpetually causing disturbances in people's life.

I would encounter more pranks that afternoon. I came to the Starbucks on Pico and Robertson, and, when I walked in, the cashier suddenly asked me: "Are you here to meet someone?" "No," I was completely stupefied. The cashier explained that some customer had just called in, saying to tell a man wearing black hat whom he was meeting that he would be late. "It's a trick," I immediately concluded.<sup>35</sup> Obviously, the Starbucks cashier had been previously instructed by his Homeland Security handler to say such nonsense to me because the United States needed another piece of evidence showing me meeting with my Russian or Chinese intelligence contact. The Machine would have intercepted the Starbucks cashier's act while blotting out my stupefaction so that, when the judges in the ICJ heard the intercept, it would indeed sound as if I was coming to this Starbucks for some clandestine purpose. When I left the coffeehouse, I was quite angry about this. By night I was at Best Buy again ("at\_bestbuy\_11\_24\_08\_828PM.WMA", from 26:00 onwards). Because of last night's episode, I felt the need to try harder at intercepting Karin's gang's rumors about me. For this purpose, I would need two recorders. My two Sony ICD-P620s having been filled up, I decided to purchase another Olympus WS-210S. But Best Buy had nothing superior to Sonys, and so I went away empty-handed. I would the next day go back to UCLA bookstore to buy another Olympus WS-210S. These two recorders would stay with me for the next whole year like my two little best friends, accompanying me through all the incredible hardship to come and remembering it for both me and the Russians.

### **Karin's meetups on November 26: "The Boy in the Striped Pajama"**

---

<sup>34</sup> This is recorded in: "at\_downtown\_mh\_getting\_record\_11\_24\_08\_1212PM.WMA"

<sup>35</sup> This is in 12:30 in the recording: "at\_starbucks\_pico\_robertson\_11\_24\_08\_546PM\_(man\_in\_black\_hat).WMA". When I exited the Starbucks, I spoke of this trick (1:05:30).

By this time, Karin had made her meetup groups “private” on the Meetup website. She was of course only pretending to do this in order to enable the Machine to intercept another episode where David Chin had so frightened innocent women that they began to hide from him. Karin was in fact quite aware – told so by her handler – that I had inserted fake profiles in each of her meetup groups so that I could still get information about where her next meetups were going to take place. Now, Karin had scheduled her next Any Language and Culture Meetup for November 26. Her group was supposed to gather in Fiesta Grande for Happy Hour Margaritas and then go see “The Boy in the Striped Pajama” at Laemmle Playhouse 7.

I have recorded my early afternoon on November 26 in: “[calls\\_grandpa\\_etc\\_at\\_court\\_filing\\_11\\_26\\_08\\_12PM.WMA](#)”. It was raining today and, before I left my room around noon, I took care to hide one of my old recorders in the closet of my room as a precautionary measure – in case Terese, who I now knew was something like a CIA agent, or a Homeland Security agent might come in while I wasn't here. Then, you can first hear me, on 6:30, murmuring something like “I'll fight the devil until my last breath” – just to give you an idea about my stance toward Karin and suit team's operation – and then, on 28:00, calling a certain Ricardo about a Fedex package on my Toshiba's Skype. This was something interesting. To spy on Karin, I had decided also to purchase an external microphone online. My thinking was that, if the line was long enough, I could attach it to my Olympus recorder. Then, I could simply hide the microphone in Karin's vicinity rather than the recorder itself. However, I became quite paranoid over the possibility that Homeland Security might intercept the package and plant tiny devices inside the merchandise before allowing Fedex to deliver it to me. This fear was actually not completely absurd since, as you have just seen, the NSA does do this kind of thing regularly. To avoid this danger, I asked Ricardo if I could come to Sony in person to pick up the package (30:00). To get the address, however, I was instructed to call Fedex itself, but I would soon get frustrated and would not in the end be able to obtain the address (35:00). I called up Ricardo again, but, finally, it would turn out that I could not do this the way I wanted. I would eventually, on December 10, receive the Sony microphone in a Fedex package, and it would turn out that I would never have a chance to use it anyway. You can then hear me calling my grandpa on 50:00. I asked him about the family situation with Thanksgiving (my uncle Chad would come down to southern California) and I presented my excuse for wanting to come to his place, i.e. to return the family pictures. I then went to the superior court to file the new proof of service and the Case Management form. There, I met up with a security guard, a black woman, who was very nice to me. This was surprising to me because she had apparently never been alerted by Homeland Security about me (1:48:00). She would be another one of those security guards or cashiers from whom I could obtain my small share of human interaction, and you will later see her in one of my many videos. I also called up Edelman, to see what had happened with my request for my medical records: it was still pending. I then headed toward Pasadena to work on Karin's group. Although Karin had just warned me two days ago, I obviously was not going to pay attention to anything she said!

Now, Karin's group would begin their happy hour at Fiesta Grande around 6 PM. I came to the restaurant around 5 PM and hid my new Olympus recorder in an inconspicuous corner in the bar section. Now the restaurant's interior consisted of three different areas, one was the bar section

and the two other areas were for dining, and I assumed Karin would settle in the bar section because this was where she used to hold her happy hour meeting. I tried to be inconspicuous and, although nobody inside the restaurant had noticed my action, I'm sure today that the Agency had in fact caught me doing this from the hidden cameras which they must have installed in the ceiling somewhere ("true surveillance") and that they would have texted Karin immediately to warn her not to use the bar section. The recording from this episode is: "[bus\\_to\\_psdn\\_at\\_grnd\\_fiesta\\_11\\_26\\_08\\_4PM.WMA](#)". I then waited outside the restaurant by the back entrance, but never quite saw Karin going in. Meanwhile, just like many times before, a police helicopter was circling above me continually, making me extremely nervous, as if the entire Pasadena were under alert. I should have known that the suit team had simply instructed the police to pretend to circle the sky for unrelated reasons so that my attempt to stalk Karin could be "accidentally" intercepted into the International Court as evidence. By 6:45 PM, I began staking out the front entrance of the Laemmle theater from inside the Sushi restaurant across the street, and began filming Karin when she showed up.<sup>36</sup> Strangely, Karin and Sarah were the only two persons to show up. They talked and talked, obviously about my recent actions – they were however only acting: they were putting up a show in order for the Machine to intercept their chatter into the International Court as evidence. I only wished I could know what they were rumoring about me so that I could have an opportunity to peek into the secret universe of the International Court trial. I realized then that I should have hidden my recorder by the theater's entrance instead. And so, when Karin and Sarah had gone inside the theater, I quickly went back to Fiesta Grande to retrieve my recorder.<sup>37</sup> I then came back to Playhouse 7 to hide it underneath the newspaper stand by the entrance of the theater. I then lay in wait across the street from Playhouse 7, with my camcorder in hand ready to film Karin. By 9 PM, Karin and Sarah had come out. Karin pretended to not know that I was hiding in the dark corners nearby, and I followed her clandestinely. It was still raining, which made the whole project of stalking her extremely difficult. In the end, I only managed to film Karin getting into her car and driving away: "[k\\_going\\_home\\_11\\_25\\_08.wmv](#)". (You can see in the video that I was hiding behind the railings in the parking structure of the apartment building complex across the street.) The "investigation", again, yielded no substantial information at all about the suit team's operation. After that I went to retrieve my first recorder from underneath the newspaper stand in front of the Laemmle theater.<sup>38</sup>

When I came home to review the recordings, I again found that I had caught absolutely nothing in both Fiesta Grande and by the entrance of Playhouse 7. When I retrieved my recorder from my closet, I did notice something: "[hm\\_11\\_26\\_08\\_12-430PM.WMA](#)". Note that the recorder was set on voice-activated mode. I mention this because the recording had taught me that the fire alarm on my ceiling was broken, and would continue to make beep sounds – something which would soon assume importance.

---

<sup>36</sup> The video is: "[boy\\_in\\_stripped\\_pajama\\_11\\_25\\_08.wmv](#)". Note in the video that, at the time, I wasn't yet sure whether Sarah was a CIA operative.

<sup>37</sup> The recording from tonight is: "[at\\_psdn\\_to\\_hollywood\\_11\\_26\\_08\\_547PM.WMA](#)". I came inside the restaurant again on 1:21:00, and left on 1:51:00.

<sup>38</sup> The recording is: "[plyhs\\_7\\_11\\_25\\_08\\_903PM\\_\(k\\_17\\_min\).WMA](#)".

On November 27, Thanksgiving, I would again be busy with “investigation”. In the afternoon, I took the bus to my grandpa’s place. My time there is recorded in: “[to\\_grandpa\\_11\\_27\\_08\\_3PM.WMA](#)”. Immediately you can hear me calling him to tell him that I wanted to come over to pick up the notebook I had left in his place the last time I was there. I did so and ate free food there. The MSS maid was of course also there. I was however also surveying my grandpa’s apartment to see if I could hide a recorder somewhere here. But no. I thus left and headed toward my next destination, Altadena. I had recently noted down Michelle’s new address there – she had moved there in April, if you recall – and decided to check it out today. As I came near, however, I was surprised to discover Karin’s car parked nearby. Apparently she was meeting with Michelle at her home tonight. Absolutely baffled, I hid among the trees nearby to observe what was up. After a while, Karin came out of Michelle’s home pretending she had never noticed me, although I am sure that, even while I was on the bus, the CIA had already notified her (by text-messaging or calling) that I was on my way to Michelle’s home. Perhaps it was because of this that they instructed Karin to go to Michelle’s home – in order for me to produce another piece of evidence showing me stalking Karin! After Karin was gone, I furtively closed in on Michelle’s window to take a peek inside. Again, this was completely useless. My thinking was that, if I just grabbed onto every chance available to spy on Karin’s group, I might per chance find something. But there was really nothing to find in this manner – I saw her looking at her computer screen, but so what? – *because she would have already been notified that I was outside spying on her*. I had done no more than consolidate the profile of David Chin as a malicious misogynist persistently violating women’s space in the International Court of Justice. It is, again, for this reason that the CIA had instructed Karin and her friends to pretend to not notice me whenever I was hiding somewhere in their vicinity.

### **Karin's meetup on November 28: “Slumdog Millionaire”**

Now Karin had scheduled another meetup for her Any Language and Culture group for November 28. Everyone was supposed to see “Slumdog Millionaire” at Laemmle Playhouse 7. On 6 PM, I hid myself in the Sushi restaurant across the street from Playhouse 7. I dined there, and from 6:30 PM onward, when people in Karin’s group began showing up, I filmed the meetup from inside the restaurant: “[slumdog\\_11\\_28\\_08.wmv](#)”. Those who showed up included: Margaret, Carlos, Karin, and, surprisingly, Elissa. Elissa had not shown up since December 2007, before I went to China. Again, although filming Karin clandestinely from afar was very satisfying – to spy on her after she had spied on me – it had achieved absolutely nothing. I had learned nothing about the suit team’s operation. Afterwards, I began circling the neighborhood looking for her car. This was very exhausting, since the neighborhood of Playhouse 7 was quite large and Karin could have parked anywhere. After almost an hour of searching on foot, I was able to locate her car: she had parked her car on the street about 300 yards away from the theater. When the movie was about finished, I hid my second Olympus recorder somewhere on the grass in the vicinity of her car, and then hid myself in the distance with my camcorder ready. When Karin appeared together with Carlos, I filmed her going into her car to drive Carlos home.<sup>39</sup> Once they drove off, I retrieved my recorder to review whether I had caught Karin’s rumors about me. Once again, I had caught nothing. The recorder had merely caught the last lines of

---

<sup>39</sup> The video is: “[carlos\\_with\\_k\\_11\\_28\\_08.wmv](#)”.

their conversation about somebody else. And, for sure, Karin's handler would soon notify her that I had been stalking her again and filming her and trying to record her.

I passed the night of November 29 in Zona Rosa and, when I saw Jeremy working at the counter, I couldn't help but interrogate him: "What have you heard about me lately?" Meaning, what had the government lied to you about me lately? "Nothing. What have you heard about me?" His sarcasm only angered me even more. I insisted: "I'm the one who is wanted by law enforcement. Not you!"<sup>40</sup> I had truly had enough of all this secrecy around me, and yet I couldn't do anything about it. Again, my anger was building up.

On the afternoon of the next day, I came to the public library in downtown Los Angeles. I have recorded this afternoon in: "[at\\_pub\\_lib\\_downtown\\_11\\_30\\_08\\_3PM.WMA](#)". Before I reached the library, I saw a man taking pictures of the buildings and the streets (2:30). This reminded me of early 2007, when, suddenly, in Westwood Village, everybody was hopping about with broken legs and taking pictures of grass, trees, and buildings. Such things had never happened before, and, around this time, I still hadn't quite understood that it was simply somebody in the Agency who had taught our Secretary of Homeland Security – who had lost face together with those contractors who sold surveillance iPods and earphones to the government, when some ugly guy living on disability checks could detect them – how to instruct residents to set up decoys to deceive me and make me look crazy – since I thought they were surveillance agents when they were not. I thus assumed that this man here, in downtown, was also doing surveillance, and filmed him. In reality, he could very well be scouting out scenes for movies or TV shows, something very common in Los Angeles. This sort of "conditioned paranoia" was, again, a common symptom among the "targeted individuals". When I came inside the library (5:00), I saw again a vulgar white man (white trash trailer park material) wearing earphones moving about around me. Since that's what Homeland Security agents typically looked like, I took out my camcorder and filmed him as well (44:00). The librarian, a pretty white female, however warned me not to film inside the library (47:00): "This library is a 911 terrorist site... You need permission to film inside the library..." She was very serious, and very mean. I left the library within an hour (1:36:00) and wondered if anybody was reporting me to law enforcement (1:41:00). "I'm a fugitive..." I sighed. I didn't know that the librarian was actually working for the suit team: she was either a CIA agent planted in the library just because I was frequently here – she would be charged with the mission of complaining about me, whenever possible, in accordance with the "David Chin legend" – or was recruited by the suit team – and charged with the same mission. Although there was indeed some sort of prohibition about filming inside the library – it was rarely enforced – this librarian was purposely over-reacting in order to enable the Machine to intercept an episode where I seemed to be pretending to be a terrorist suspect by filming a "911 terrorist site". This was just another confirmation of the "David Chin legend" – that he always tried to act suspicious in order to make himself look like a terrorist and thus acquire the infamy of his twin brother.

---

<sup>40</sup> This is in 1:26:00 in the recording: "[fr\\_zeli\\_to\\_zona\\_rosa\\_11\\_29\\_08\\_630PM.WMA](#)".



I passed the night of November 30 in Pasadena again, first staying in Zeli and then in another coffee house in the Old Town. This is recorded in: "[at\\_zeli\\_at\\_oldtown\\_\(robbery\)\\_11\\_30\\_08\\_838PM.WMA](#)".

Before we go into the next important episode, I want to mention something interesting which happened in the Mexican grill near my home on the noon of December 2. It is recorded in: "[mex\\_restau\\_olive\\_venice\\_\(computer\)\\_12\\_02\\_08\\_ca\\_1245PM.WMA](#)".<sup>41</sup> I was having my lunch as usual, but two minutes into the recording, you can hear one of the trio who ran the restaurant saying to me out of the blue: "I've heard you are a genius at the computer". I had by this time become so annoyed by such strange and baseless description of me out of the blue that I simply left feeling extremely upset. I have by this point included many recordings of my times in this restaurant, from July until now. Never has there been a sign in these recordings that "I was doing something genius at my computer". I was only *using* my computer. This is the definitive sign that the suit team, now in a critical period in their case against the Russians, had at last come even to this little restaurant to instruct the trio here to artificially rumor about me as a different person, the "computer genius" and not the "artist and writer", in order for the Machine to intercept more "evidence" demonstrating that I was in fact not Lawrence but my twin brother David the computer programmer.

### **Preparing my civil lawsuit against Karin (08C02951)**

Because these "stalking" attempts were completely ineffective in yielding information about Karin's pranks on me, I was very disgruntled and couldn't calm down. I began to think about other ways to pester Karin, and I had an idea. Almost 20 years ago when I first put in my drawings for consignment at a gallery in Costa Mesa, I had heard about the provisions prohibiting the destruction of art works even after their transfer or sale. Perhaps I could sue Karin, I thought. Thus, immediately, on the afternoon of November 29 (it was Saturday), I set out for the Law Library to research the laws on the library's computers. I found the provision on West Law within 30 minutes, i.e. California Civil Code 987 ("Preservation of Works of Art"), and then quickly set up the pleading paper format on the computer. With the format saved on my flash drive, I spent one hour that night, three more hours on Sunday, and then another two hours on Monday noon to finish up the pleading paper on my laptop. I then spent another two hours on the computer in the Law Library on Monday afternoon to fill up the forms on [www.courtinfo.ca.gov](http://www.courtinfo.ca.gov). Finally, I spent two more hours that Monday night in UCLA Biomedical Library to redo the forms correctly and make the necessary copies. I was ready to sue Karin for destroying my drawing. Pestering Karin would certainly be very psychologically healing to me.

On noon, December 2, I filed the lawsuit at Pasadena courthouse.<sup>42</sup> Since the complaint against Karin is included here, I will not summarize its content, except to note that I had, here, again, accused her of making false reports to law enforcement about me, just as I had so accused my

---

<sup>41</sup> This recording is included in my Letter of Petition:

[http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment9/at\\_mex\\_restau\\_olive\\_venice\\_\(computer\)\\_12\\_03\\_08\\_ca\\_12\\_54PM.WMA](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment9/at_mex_restau_olive_venice_(computer)_12_03_08_ca_12_54PM.WMA).

<sup>42</sup> You can see the complaint at:

[http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment19/original\\_complaint\\_08c02951/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment19/original_complaint_08c02951/).

aunt. This was very bad, for, just as is the case with my aunt, although Karin could certainly see that I was mistaking her “acting” for “reporting to law enforcement” – more on this later – she now had another opportunity to rumor about me as a “paranoid schizophrenic”. Right afterwards, I arrived in Carlos’ office to ask him to serve my complaint to Karin. My time there has been recorded in: “[at\\_process\\_server\\_12\\_2\\_08\\_ca\\_2PM.WMA](#)”. I knew it was a bad idea to depend on Carlos to serve papers in a different lawsuit, as I would write on my blog on December 5:

“Unfortunately, I had to ask the same old server CC to serve my papers to Karin. It’s just too hard to find a server willing to help me. It’s not a good idea to have more than an ephemeral association with people. That gives Homeland Security’s clandestine team a chance to recruit them as snitches to make false reports about me in an effort to frame me. Both Homeland Security and the Agency would take this lawsuit against Karin even more seriously, because they must have high regard for Karin as an operative insofar as her operation against me (‘reinventing Lawrence’) has been so successful. They may even permanently recruit her and be preparing future assignments for her.”

It was of course ridiculous to think that the CIA would give much damn about somebody’s small claim lawsuit against their asset, but my fear about Carlos’ recruitment would soon be substantiated, as well as my suspicion that both the Department and the Agency would want to do something to destroy my lawsuit against Karin their top-level asset – but this, only for the purpose of reinforcing their case at the International Court of Justice, not for the purpose of protecting Karin, of course.

In any case, I found it very suspicious that, when I arrived in Carlos’ office this afternoon, he was just about to leave and told me that the only woman present there would take care of my business. Now, usually Jessica and another girl would be working there, but this time there was only this one woman. Since she signed her name BC (with the same last name as Carlos) on the proof of service, I assumed (correctly) she was Carlos’ wife. (She was a very attractive woman, by the way.) So this “BC” prepared the proof of service for me, and took in my complaint against Karin. Then I left. But afterwards I thought that it would be in keeping with Homeland Security’s tactic to instruct Carlos to leave his wife alone in the office with me and then instruct her to make a false report about me to the law enforcement officers who would come afterwards to investigate my new lawsuit, a very damaging false report saying I had sexually harassed her or something like that, in accordance with law enforcement’s false profile of me as a sex maniac. Now I would predict on my blog post on 7:58 PM on December 5:

“Although the lawsuit I brought against Karin asks merely 500 Dollar or so in total, Karin's personality – ‘I am the queen, and I can screw whoever I want, but nobody had better come look for pay-back with me’ – is such that she is not going to simply admit her obvious wrong-doing and pay the money to get rid of the nuisance quickly. In addition to Homeland Security’s effort, she herself is going to fight, because she never admits defeat; she wants everything her way, she wants to dominate, to always be the winner, whether she’s in the right or in the wrong. But the case is black and white: she admitted destroying my drawing, and

the law prohibits that. How is she going to get around the lawsuit, then? The only way I can think of is to argue that I had filed my lawsuit against her only intending to harass her, and to counter-sue me for 'abuse of process' or something like that. This would be in keeping with Homeland Security's possible effort to make me look as pernicious as possible to the court in order to obstruct my search for justice. I predict, then, that Karin is going to find ways to use my prior uninvited showings in her meetup as 'evidence' for an 'intention to harass'. She will get her law enforcement support in doing this."

Now, it would turn out that Karin would in fact do, or be instructed to do, exactly something like what I had predicted here – arguing that my lawsuit was "abuse of process" intended to harass her only and using as "evidence" my uninvited showing at her meetups; save that she was not trying to make me look bad to the county court, but to our international audience. I want you here to pay close attention to this legal category of "abuse of process": it's something very relevant to this whole International Court trial and, on the face of it, it would seem that I was indeed abusing the court process – except that, legally speaking, I wasn't. We will talk about this at the end of this chapter. Secondly, Carlos' wife had of course made no false report about my sexual impropriety to law enforcement; it must have been the case that the suit team had merely instructed her to talk about some incident of sexual harassment by somebody else with Carlos so that, when the Machine should intercept her chatter with Carlos, it may appear to the ICJ judges and our international audience that she was talking about me – it was in order to make it look like she was talking about me that the suit team had instructed Carlos to leave me alone with his wife: it is *as if* she were talking about my actions during my time alone with her when in fact she was talking about somebody else who was with her at another time.

After meeting with Carlos' wife, I still had more work to do. Karin had scheduled a meetup for the next night (December 3). Her Any Language and Culture Meetup was supposed to meet at a Chinese Muslim restaurant "China Islamic" (清真马家馆)<sup>43</sup>. Certainly, when Karin had planned this meetup a long time ago, she did so under the direction of her CIA handler in order to produce more evidence for my pretending to be a terrorist suspect. Presumably, Karin's and her meetup friends' rumor had already been intercepted into the International Court to give the judges the impression that it was I who had recommended the restaurant – which impression would have been used by Mr Secretary as indication that I had been educating myself about, and had been building connections with, the Islamic cultures in China, as part of my preparation for my MSS assignment to defraud the International Court of Justice. Now that I got kicked out of Karin's groups, half of the meaning of the operation would have of course vaporized. But Karin would continue the meetup anyway. Now, obviously, I wouldn't miss the chance to "investigate" Karin on this occasion. After I left Carlos' office, I rode the bus to "China Islamic" to check out the interior layout of this restaurant while pretending to order food. I was trying to see if it was possible to hide my recorder somewhere in this restaurant. I

---

<sup>43</sup> Located at 7727 Garvey Ave, Rosemead, CA 91770.

couldn't have suspected that the restaurant employees here were all MSS operatives. After checking out the interior layout of the restaurant, I surveyed the surrounding area as well, and discovered that there was a cybercafé in the neighborhood – something which would come handy during the “investigation”.

### **Operation “Destroy Lawrence's blog”**

According to the proof of service (see “[proof\\_of\\_service\\_karin\\_1.pdf](#)”), Karin was served my complaint against her on December 3 7:45 AM in the morning. Carlos would soon tell me that Karin was particularly angry. For sure, she would have already been briefed by her handler that it was coming, and that this couldn't possibly result in her harm. Nevertheless, she was genuinely annoyed by my vengeance, given all my preceding actions. She was not merely “acting”.

And, so, I was still vainly hoping that something might turn up at Karin's meetups to give me some indication about how the suit team ran its operation. I have recorded my evening on December 3 in: “[near\\_china\\_islamic\\_restau\\_12\\_3\\_08\\_6PM.WMA](#)”. I came to the restaurant on 6 PM, more than an hour before the meetup was to take place, came inside, and hid my second Olympus recorder underneath a stack of papers near the receptionist counter. I then went outside to hide myself in the bushes across the street, getting ready to film Karin's bunch coming in. Although I was wearing different clothing and so on trying to evade the suit team's surveillance, it was, again, simply naïve to believe that I could succeed. And I never saw Karin nor Sarah showing up. Apparently Karin had skipped tonight's meetup event and was staying home, with Sarah by her side, visiting her Meetup webpage at least one time around 8 PM. After I waited in vain for my “star of the night” – seeing only Allen, Thuy, and “John from Glendale” coming to dine, all the insignificant figures<sup>44</sup> – I went to the nearby cybercafe to check up on the event on Meetup's website to see if she might have changed her RSVP. That was around 7:50 PM. No, there was no additional note from her since the last time I checked it. Karin's change of plan was sudden. My checking due to impatience was not a good idea, for I had had to log onto the Meetup website with my fake profile to look at the webpage of Karin's meetup event, and, consequently, my fake profile “chngecll”, for the next hour or so, would remain conspicuously on the very top of the members' webpage such that Karin may “pretend to notice and be suspicious about this ‘chngecll’”. She didn't do anything of the sort, however, but – guess what – the next day when I checked “chngecll's” Gmail account on the Downtown public library's computer, I would discover a notice which Karin had sent specifically to my fake meetup profile:

“PLEASE DON'T TAKE THIS PERSONALLY – I AM BEING STALKED BY A MEMBER WHOM I HAD TO REMOVE FROM THE GROUP AND WHO SOMEHOW SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO GET INFORMATION THAT ONLY GROUP MEMBERS CAN HAVE – SO I AM REMOVING ALL PEOPLE WHO HAVE SIGNED UP AND WHOM I HAVE NEVER MET SINCE THIS WHOLE PROBLEM STARTED. I AM GOING TO INVOLVE THE POLICE TOMORROW AND I HOPE I WILL GET THIS SORTED OUT ASAP.”

---

<sup>44</sup> The video I have shot of Karin's meetup tonight is: “[ci-restau\\_12\\_3\\_08.wmv](#)”.

So Karin, Sarah, and Karin's CIA handler must have been together discussing a strategy on the night of December 3. Karin was truly upset about "being stalked" and was asking her handler what to do. The CIA of course wanted to make sure that their operatives against me felt comfortable. The police should be contacted. But, for operational purpose, Karin must not show any sign that she knew I was "stalking her" only because the CIA and Homeland Security were having me under surveillance for this "Operation International Court of Justice" and had informed her about my every move – for the ICJ judges must not see any indication that we were only staging a TV show here – and consequently cannot just tell the police the truth. She had to pretend to "accidentally" discover evidences for my stalking behavior on her own if she wanted to report me to the police – and yet I had left behind no evidences so far. The CIA decided to instruct Karin to file a police report on my stalking behavior on some other grounds and to simultaneously instruct the police to accept the "other grounds" and permit Karin to file a temporary restraining order against me (TRO). Always with the purpose of producing evidences for the International Court to reinforce David Chin's profile and damn Russia, the CIA would carefully prepare Karin's "other grounds" so that, when Karin's claims were intercepted into the International Court as evidences, they might reinforce the United States' case against Russia. To make her feel comfortable, the CIA permitted Karin to eliminate my fake profile in her meetup group in order to do away with my last access to her meetup event schedule. But she must do so while pretending she couldn't figure out which profile on her meetup group was the fake profile in question, and so she put up this show of "eliminating all members who had signed up but never shown up".

Because my blog had so far been barred from entering the International Court as evidence – for the ICJ judges must not see my confessions about my knowledge of the on-going ICJ trial over me: nobody was supposed to know that I had known since a long time ago that China had lost and that I was being used to harm Russia at the moment – the CIA thought that this was a perfect opportunity for my blog to enter into evidence there and yet only to reinforce the United States' case rather than Russia's case. Mr Secretary and the CIA might have felt an urgent need for this because the Russians had been wanting to introduce my website into the Court as evidence: I had, around this time, begun noticing strange activities on my website originating from Russia. The CIA could make their plan happen if only people's rumors about the content of my blog – which would completely misrepresent what I actually wrote to give the impression that I did fit the imaginary profile of David Chin – were intercepted into the International Court as evidences, rather than my blog itself. The Agency now had the perfect opportunity in that Karin and her friends could use my stalking her – which was seen by the judges in the ICJ – as the trigger for their looking into my blog, in which case, when everybody's rumors about it were intercepted into the ICJ as evidences, the event would blend naturally into the stalking so that the judges, and my international audience, would never notice that all this was in fact a staged show.

Karin and her friends were therefore briefed by their handlers as to how to act out the next episode. Then Karin would pretend to call up Ala, telling him that she was concerned, scared, because I was "stalking her" and harassing her with lawsuits, and instructing him to "investigate" me by searching for my website. Now Karin's bunch's investigative visits to my website started on December 4, the day after she was served my complaint against her. They would continually pretend to visit my website for the next month or so. They would often start from 6 AM in the

morning and continue until 9 PM at night, and, judging by their simultaneous hour-long visits of the same page, must have been instructed to coordinate their efforts in their “research” through telephone or email – they were following the instructions they had received while rumoring in communication channels about what I wrote so that their “summary” – distortion – of what I wrote may be intercepted and be presented to the International Court as “evidence”. Since what they said on the phone for the purpose of being intercepted was planned by the suit team, it required no brain work to know that what they said must somehow reinforce the United States’ “David Chin legend” and portray me as stupid, sexually perverted, misogynist, and antisocial, rather than describing what I actually wrote in my blog and in my manuscripts which I hosted on my website. What I wrote daily on my website and on my blog was just descriptions – sometimes correct, sometimes incorrect – of government’s endless operations on me using ever person I knew to generate “evidences” for the International Court of Justice: my attempt to complain about my suffering. At the same time, both my blog and my manuscripts on my website seem to have been “fixed” in search engines, because I had never received a single visit that was “real”. All visits were either from my family members or Karin’s meetup friends or a few strangers who were obviously instructed to visit my website and blog so as to falsely rumor about them afterwards in order for surveillance to intercept the rumor. Even the visits to my website and blog, that is, were part of the TV show. All visits were orchestrated, where the visitors were instructed to look up my writings and then say on the phone or in email that I wrote this and that (which would confirm the suit team’s “David Chin legend”) even though I in fact wrote some other things (which would *not* confirm that I was this grotesque “David Chin”). I was in effect shut off from speaking about my suffering on the Internet, because even those who were instructed to visit my websites obviously never even bothered to read anything I wrote but simply pretended to have read it and then spelled out what they were instructed by their handler to say they saw me writing. The result was that the United States had obtained more evidences to confirm its invented scenarios about me, China, and Russia at the International Court of Justice.

Now I would not discover the visits until the night of December 8, when I did my routine check on the visitors’ log for my blogs. (Since no one visited my blogs, I obviously wouldn’t bother to check it every day.)<sup>45</sup> Once I noticed that the suit team was making an operation out of my blogs, however, I would then be checking the logs every single day. I would then try to guess who among Karin’s friends it was that was looking at this blog post and why, and reconstruct a scenario as to how they were, instructed by their handlers, coordinating their efforts to make false representations of the content of my blogs. Since nobody else ever visited my blogs and website, it was not hard to guess which IP address and Operating System belonged to which person among Karin’s friends. If nobody ever visits your website, and, one day, you see a visit coming from Pasadena – a few hundred yards away from you among all the places on the whole planet – you will certainly know that it is someone you know, and that it is your friend Karin since she is the only person you know who lives in Pasadena. Furthermore, since I already understood the suit team’s agenda, it wasn’t actually hard to guess what Karin and her friends

---

<sup>45</sup> At the time, although both my Feefee Blog and Kurt’s Nonsense Blog were located at Google’s Blog Spot, I had installed on each of them a counter from 4 Stats (<http://www.4stats.de/>) and used my account at 4 Stats to record visits. This German website statistics service was excellent. For its history, see the founder’s recent blog post: <http://www.4stats.de/blog/10-jahre-4stats.html>. To complement this service, I also used “Extreme Tracking”: <http://extremetracking.com/>, which was very convenient as well.

were saying about me when they were looking at this or that particular blog post of mine. Since their efforts continued for over a month, the whole reconstruction of their efforts would be too massive to include in this chapter. I shall therefore present to you, as a sample, the reconstruction of Karin's group's activities on my blog on the day of December 4 – it was their busiest day anyway – and skip over the rest of their operations on my website.<sup>46</sup> From the next day (December 5) onward, Karin's group would also occasionally stray onto my writings website (lawrencechin2008.com and writings.lawrencechin2008.com) to conduct their forage.<sup>47</sup>

Zeitpunkt	Browser	Betriebssystem	Bildschirm-Auflösung	Referring Website
07.12.08 23:18	Windows Vista / Internet Explorer 7.0	Windows Vista	1280x800	kurtsnonsenseblog.blogspot.com
07.12.08 02:29	Windows XP / Internet Explorer 7.0	Windows XP	1024x768	kurtsnonsenseblog.blogspot.com
06.12.08 21:39	Windows XP / Firefox 3.0	Windows XP	1680x1050	kurtsnonsenseblog.blogspot.com
06.12.08 02:01	Windows Vista / Internet Explorer 7.0	Windows Vista	1280x800	kurtsnonsenseblog.blogspot.com
06.12.08 02:01	Windows XP / Firefox 3.0	Windows XP	1680x1050	kurtsnonsenseblog.blogspot.com
05.12.08 15:29	Windows XP / Firefox 3.0	Windows XP	1680x1050	kurtsnonsenseblog.blogspot.com
05.12.08 07:09	Windows Vista / Internet Explorer 7.0	Windows Vista	1280x800	www.google.com
05.12.08 02:55	Macintosh / Firefox 2.0	Macintosh	1680x1050	kurtsnonsenseblog.blogspot.com

A sample of the 4 Stats log entries from that time

So, on the morning of December 4, around 8 AM, Ala arrived in his office in Jet Propulsion Laboratory and, sitting down in front of his personal computer there, started the research which Karin had instructed him to perform – the whole gang had already been briefed by their handlers as to how to stage this. His personal computer at JPL was aptly named ala-xp.jpl.nasa.gov (pc04261142726.jpl.nasa.gov) with a fixed IP address of 128.149.33.111. It had Windows XP and Firefox 3.0 installed on it. Its screen resolution was 1280 x 1024 (32 bit). This is the sort of identification information, gathered from the visitors' log, which I would use to identify his later visits. On this day he was apparently not working at all but would spend the whole day performing this more important task which Karin – or rather the authority – had conferred upon

<sup>46</sup> You can see some samples of the logs I have compiled of Karin's group's "investigative visits" to my website and blogs at: <http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/2008visitors/>. The log for her group's visits from December 9 to 13, for example, is like this: [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/2008visitors/lawrencechin2008\\_visitors.pdf](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/2008visitors/lawrencechin2008_visitors.pdf). I would also compile an information sheet containing all information I can find about them – from IP addresses through phone numbers and license plate numbers to addresses – which I shall not include here.

<sup>47</sup> A sample of the log I have compiled of their visits to my writing website can be seen here: [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/2008visitors/writings\\_visitors.pdf](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/2008visitors/writings_visitors.pdf).

him. On 8:25 AM, he went straight to my old Geocities site ([www.geocities.com/eyestoobig/acad.html](http://www.geocities.com/eyestoobig/acad.html)) – evidently per instruction he had received from his handler, not just from Karin – and followed the link there to arrive at my blog (“Kurt’s non-sense blog”, now renamed “Lawrence’s non-sense blog”). After a little reading, he started using the search box of the blog to search for specific terms, most likely names: the names of the people in Karin’s meetup. The first recorded search was on 8:52 AM. Then 9:06 AM and 9:12 AM. By 9:14 AM, Rolf was contacted about the existence of the blog at his home. By Ala? Or Perhaps Ala had pretended to call up Karin, and Karin then pretended to call up Rolf (but Karin herself had not come to the blog yet): “Lawrence has this blog! He writes about you!” – even though everybody had already known from the suit team about my blogging about Karin and her groups since a long time ago. Rolf visited my blog directly – from one of the two computers he owned, a PC (probably a laptop) with Windows Vista and 32 bit screen. His visits would always be conspicuous because he loved using Opera (9.62 at this time), that rare entity which only he ever used. His hostname and IP address would however fluctuate wildly. At this moment he was: 71.130.124.71 and 71-130-124-71.dsl.irvnca.pacbell.net. (He, like Karin, used Pacific Bell, which was part of SBC Global, which was part of Yahoo.) All the while Ala continued his search on my blog: 9:15 AM, 9:21 AM, 9:24 AM, 9:36 AM, 9:40 AM, 9:54 AM, 10:00 AM, 10:04 AM, 10:07 AM, 10:11 AM, 10:18 AM, and 10:21 AM. He did at least 16 searches within two hours.

Again, the way that this new, strange episode of my “Truman Show” worked is like this. The Agency and Mr Secretary directed the core members of Karin’s meetup to pretend to have “accidentally discovered my blog”, and, pretending to be shocked by its supposedly delusional and slandering character – even though they knew full well that the events described in the blog posts, i.e. the sort of pranks which they were playing behind my back to harm Russia, were all true or very much true, except mistakes like “false reporting to law enforcement” – to then pretend to rumor among themselves in communication channels in ways in which their handlers had instructed them to do so that their rumors can be picked up by surveillance and presented as “evidence” to the International Court of Justice. The acting would be real enough that the ICJ judges and my international audience in the UN would not suspect that these descriptions of David Chin’s words were purposely staged to be inaccurate.

And so the show continued. On 10:34 AM, “person B”, in accordance with the predetermined “script”, was sent a link to my blog in his or her Yahoo account (us.mc545.mail.yahoo.com was the email server containing his or her account), and this person got on my blog too. I couldn’t figure out who this “person B” was. This person’s ISP was Charter (71-80-183-xx.dhcp.azus.ca.charter.com) and he or she was a PC user, Windows XP with Internet Explorer 7.0, 32 bit screen with a resolution of 1024 x 768. Phone calls and emails must have continued between Ala, Rolf, “person B”, and Karin to discuss the sick content of my blog, and Karin finally got onto my website herself on 10:40 AM. Karin would have a fixed IP address of 71.137.255.219 for the next five days (adsl-71-137-255-219.dsl.irvnca.pacbell.net). She had two computers, one, probably a Dell laptop, with Windows Vista, Firefox 3.0, and screen resolution of 1280 x 800, and another, probably a Dell desktop, with Windows XP and screen resolution of 1680 x 1050. This time she was using her desktop, it seemed. Meanwhile, Ala continued his searches: 10:40 AM, 10:41 AM, 10:41 AM, and 10:41 AM: four more searches within minutes. By 11:30 AM, Michelle was contacted at her home about the blog – “Lawrence has this crazy



blog where he talks about us – you have got to take a look”: so the rumor, designed to be intercepted, spread – and she came onto my blog as well. Michelle also had two computers, one desktop and one laptop, both Macintosh. This time she was using her desktop (24 bit screen, Firefox 3.0, screen resolution 1680 x 1050). Her ISP was also Pacific Bell, and her hostname was adsl.xx-xx-xx-xx.dsl.lsan03.pacbell.net. On 11:33 AM “person C” was contacted about my blog and got onto it too. This person was the most mysterious of all, using Charter (the hostname was always xx-xx-xx-xx.static.mtpk.ca.charter.com) and seeming to have Microsoft Infopath installed on his or her computer, which was a PC, Windows XP, Internet Explorer 7.0, screen resolution 1024 x 768, 32 bit. On 11:36 AM, another visit came from JPL, but it was not from Ala's personal work station, so either Ala had changed place in JPL or it was really Peter Cheng (...jpl.nasa.gov, 137.79.61.xx, Windows XP, Firefox 3.0, 1920 x 1200, 32 bit), who, if you recall, also worked at JPL.

On 11:42 AM “person D” was also sent a link to my blog in his or her Hotmail account (b1102w.blu102.mail.live.com). This person's IP address belonged to a company called “Cloudworks”, a company in Thousand Oaks that offered cloud-computing service, so he or she either worked at Cloudworks and was checking my blog from work or was surfing the Internet via Cloudworks' service. This person was a PC user, Windows 2003, Internet Explorer 7.0, screen resolution 800 x 544, 24 bit. On 11:50 AM, “person E” was sent through email a link to my blog (Yahoo mail: us.mc511.mail.yahoo.com), and came onto it. This person seemed to be visiting my blog from home, using Pacific Bell service (adsl-69-234-110-xx.dsl.irvnca.pacbell.net). His or her computer information was: Windows XP, Firefox 2.0, screen resolution of 1280 x 768, 32 bit. Could it be Gabi? I would learn much later from Karin's response to my “interrogatories” that Gabi's email address is “[mujeral@yahoo.com](mailto:mujeral@yahoo.com)”, and we have a Yahoo account here. But then half of Karin's friends used Yahoo mail. But consider: it's Thursday, and Gabi taught at Cal State Fullerton and Pasadena City College on Wednesday, and so it was her day off. Finals at Fullerton wouldn't commence until December 15. If she was visiting my blog, she would therefore be doing so from her home. 4 Stats listed this person's physical location to be Northridge while Gabi lived in Glendale, but the information which IP address finder websites provide about the physical location of an IP address is rarely completely accurate and always only an approximation. The next person to be sent a link to my blog through email seemed to be Alexis (Hotmail: by132w.bay132.mail.live.com). It was 12:15 PM. Alexis also had two computers, it seems, one PC and another MacBook Pro 15. It's not clear to me whether he was visiting my blog from home or from work, and the computer he was using this time was the PC, Windows XP, Internet Explorer 7, screen resolution 1440 x 900, 32 bit, and his ISP was Verizon (gideon.maf.org). Earlier, on that fateful night of November 23, Alexis had told me that he worked in a jewelry department store in downtown Los Angeles, which means that it was a 9 to 5 job – so that he must be visiting my blog from work, if it *was* he. My guess that it was indeed he was reinforced by this person's IP address, 63.110.10.x, which, according to WHOIS registration, belonged to Verizon Business. Then – believe it or not – Karin's ex-husband, David Zimmer, all the way in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, was contacted about my blog and came onto it as well. This occurred on 1:24 PM. Perhaps, in accordance with his eccentric, creative, and individualist personality – as indicated by his association with the “Natural Law Party” in the 1990s and his recent endorsement of Ron Paul – he used a MAC (Safari, 1680 x 1050 screen resolution). It's not clear to me whether he was visiting my blog from home or from

work (he supposedly worked at a certain MVP Communications). His hostname, 97-87-118-xx.dhcp.stls.mo.charter.com, indicated however that he was visiting my blog from home. Since these “investigative” visits to my blog were a mere orchestrated TV show, scripted and enacted for our secret audience in the International Court and the UN, David’s visits could only mean, surprisingly, that the suit team had even recruited Karin’s ex-husband as an actor in my “Truman Show”. Then “person F”, on 12:40 PM, was sent a link to my blog through email (Yahoo account: us.mc656.mail.yahoo.com) and promptly came onto it. This person also used Pacific Bell (adsl-69-231-67-xx.dsl.irvnca.pacbell.net) and was a PC user (Windows XP, Firefox 3.0, screen resolution 1024x768, 32 bit). Then, on 1:23 PM, a “person G”, far away in the east coast in Delaware, was contacted about my blog and came onto it. Karin apparently had a friend on the other side of the country. Who could it be?

On 1:35 PM “person A” was sent a link to my blog in his or her email account (Yahoo account: us.mg1.mail.yahoo.com) and came onto it. This person was both a PC user and a MAC user, but this time he or she was on a PC: Windows XP, Internet Explorer 6, screen resolution 1024 x 768, 32 bit. This person’s ISP was Fireline Network Solutions, with the IP address 208.77.235.xxx. He or she would also visit my other “Feefee blog” today.

On 2:13 PM “Person I” was contacted about my blog and came onto it. This person was using a Macintosh with Firefox 3.0 and her ISP was PacBell just like Karin. Her IP address for today was 69.104.175.xx. She came onto the archive section for October. She would stay on my blog for a long time today. She must have produced a vast amount of rumors on the phone and in emails about my blog postings – completely distorting everything I had written on my blog for the month of October but in accordance with the “David Chin legend” which she had been given to know, repeat, and enact, talking about me as a delusional, perverted, bad-to-the-bone, antisocial pathological liar, a misogynist who enjoyed sexual violence against women, and a paranoid schizophrenic who believed all the good people around him wanted to harm him. Meanwhile Rolf continued his research, visiting to my blog on 2:46 PM. His IP address remained 71.130.124.71, indicating that he had been on the Internet continuously since 9 AM, without ever logging off. At this point another tragedy occurred. Rolf had followed the links on my blog to arrive at my writings website ([www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com](http://www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com)) on 2:50 PM. What he would look at on my writings page, however, was not something new, but merely the revised version of “Anatomy of a delusional fear”, which I had already attempted to post on Karin’s Meetup webpage. Then “Person I” visited the front page of my blog again and did a search with the Blogger search box on 2:56 PM. She continued on 3:17 PM, and got onto the archive for July on 3:18 PM. She was probably coordinating her effort with Rolf and someone else on Karin’s team.

For the next hour or so there were no activities on my blog. Karin, Rolf, “Person I”, etc., were probably communicating over the phone about my blog, generating false descriptions of what I wrote in order for the Machine to intercept them into the International Court. Then Rolf was sent a link in his Yahoo account to a particular section on my blog and promptly came onto it on 4:59 PM; he was evidently looking for something specific which had been mentioned and discussed in the preceding conversation. His Yahoo account (“[alpspitzkind@yahoo.com](mailto:alpspitzkind@yahoo.com)”) had consistently been linked to the server us.mc342.mail.yahoo.com. This time his IP address had shifted to

69.231.47.243, indicating that he had logged off the Internet during the intervening period during which everyone was enacting the scripted conversation about my blog content. He then came back to my writings page, [www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com](http://www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com), by following the link on my blog's archive for September, and, while on the archive for August, he followed the links and came to /convers1.html on my writings website. Now, on this webpage, I had once hosted the recording of my conversation with Ala on August 9 outside Zona Rosa. Thank God I had long ago deleted the webpage, so that Rolf merely got a "HTTP 404 error". But since he was directed there under the suit team's direction, he must have produced damaging rumors for our international audience anyway. Then "Person A", with the same IP address 208.77.235.42 and following the link sent to him or her in his or her Yahoo account (us.mg1.mail.yahoo.com), came onto my blog again on 5:43 PM, but this time from his or her Macintosh (with Firefox 2.0). This computer had a screen resolution of 1680 x 1050, 32 bit. Twelve minutes later he or she would also follow the link on my blog to come to my writings website, [www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com](http://www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com). He or she would look at the file "karin's\_meetup\_revised3.pdf" (where I first expounded my realization that the government had claimed I was someone else than myself). Needless to say, this person would have falsely represented what I wrote there while communicating with others in order to give the ICJ judges the false impression that I was admitting on this document that I was only pretending to be myself (while Karin's group would pretend to be shocked: "Why does he say he is pretending to be himself?" in order to appear to our international audience as if they were the innocent victims of my deception). Then a "person J" followed the link sent to him or her in his or her Hotmail account (co103w.co1103.mail.live.com) and, on 7:21 PM, came onto my blog for the first time. This person, with an IP address of 72.251.76.xxx, joined in on the gossiping so late, most likely because he or she had been working and only now had got off work. His or her computer's characteristics were: Windows XP/ Firefox 3.0 1024 x 768/ 32 bit. Then, on 8:39 PM, a "person K" followed the link sent to him or her in his or her Yahoo account (us.mc1800.mail.yahoo.com) and arrived at my blog for the first time. His or her computer's characteristics (Macintosh, Safari, 24 bit, screen resolution 1440 x 900) were the same as Alexis' but this person was probably not Alexis because he or she used Pacific Bell whereas Alexis used Verizon. He or she arrived at the front page of my blog again on 8:42 PM, and did two searches with the Blogger search box on 8:44 PM, and another search on 8:46 PM, probably searching for his or her own name.

On 9:08 PM the most mysterious visitor, "person L", visited my blog for the first time. This visitor (\*.static.mtpk.ca.charter.com (75.142.49.\*), Windows XP, Internet Explorer 7.0, screen resolution 1024 x 768 32) would be seen repeatedly on my logs and was somehow linked to "Infopath".

The last visit of the day came, it seems, from Alexis, on 9:50 PM. From his Windows XP computer, he visited my blog's archive for October. To conclude, the visitors of the day had included: Ala, Rolf, Person B (us.mc.mail.yahoo.com with service at Charter), Karin, Michelle, Person C (with service at Charter), possibly Peter, Person D (bl102w.blu102.mail.live.com; Cloud Works), Person E (us.mc511.mail.yahoo.com), Alexis (by132w.bay132.mail.live.com), Karin's ex-husband David Zimmer, Person F (us.mc656.mail.yahoo.com), Person G from Delaware (using Comcast), Person A (us.mg1.mail.yahoo.com; Fireline Network), Person I

(Gabi?), Person J (co103w.col103.mail.live.com), and Person K (us.mc1800.mail.yahoo.com): a total of 17 people. My blog had never seen so many visits before, especially in a single day.

I would carefully note down the characteristics (signatures) of each visitor on my Word Pad in this way, in order to identify them in the future:

**Person A** (id: us.mg1.mail.yahoo.com): Guess: This person works regular hours, Mon – Fri, 9 – 5. His or her work place uses Fireline Network Solutions. At work this person uses either an old desktop PC with Windows XP, IE 6, 1024x768 or an old MAC with Firefox 2.0, 1680x1050. This person's own computer is a MacBook, 1280 x 800, 24 bit. He or she uses MindSpring.

1. (a) 64: **Fireline, WinXP, IE 6, 1024x768 32 bit** (12-4 1:35 PM Thurs), (b) 44 (12-5 Fri 1:26 PM)
2. (a) 12-12 3: DSL MindSpring (Fri, 11:32 PM); (b) 12-10 2: pasadca.wayport; **MAC 1280 x 800 24 bit** (Wed 1:28 PM);
3. 12-4 56: **Fireline, MAC Firefox 2.0, 1680 x 1050, 32 bit** (Thurs, 5:43 PM);

**Person C:**

1. 12-12 4: Charter, WinXP IE 7, 1024x768 32 bit

**Person O:**

(1) (a) 12-8 21 (Mon 4:42 PM): netblock-208-127-125-xxx.dslextreme.com; **WinXP, Firefox 3.0, 1024x768 32 bit**; (b) 12-6 32: (Sat 5:03 PM) (c) 12-10 (Wed 5:08 AM!);

Gabi's email address is [mujeral@yahoo.com](mailto:mujeral@yahoo.com). Those unidentified who use Yahoo Mail are:

1. Mysterious person A: us.mg1.mail.yahoo.com
2. Mysterious person F: us.mc656.mail.yahoo.com
3. Mysterious person E: us.mc511.mail.yahoo.com
4. Mysterious person B: us.mc545.mail.yahoo.com
5. Mysterious person T: us.mc818.mail.yahoo.com
6. Mysterious person P: us.mc1101.mail.yahoo.com

**Mysterious person K:** us.mc1800.mail.yahoo.com

Etc. On the night of December 8, when I discovered all these visits, I would write on my blog:

Karin's good fortune is that she has a lot of friends, a lot of helpers. Her misfortune is that she has low tolerance. She's easily annoyed and angered. She is taking this little 500 dollar lawsuit against her quite seriously. Her anger in being served must have shot through the roof, given her personality, as noted: her desire

to always be the winner and on top. Since December 4, the day after she got served the papers, she and a ton of people from her meetups have been ferociously searching through this blog, and a little bit through my recent documents and writings website. Visits all day for four days continually, whereas ordinarily there might just be a stray visit once a week. The effort she has spent on this is stunning, given her (easily surmised) annoyance... that she has had to read my own words for once. But it is Ala who has put in the greatest effort in searching through my blog. After distancing himself from Karin for many months, Ala came to her help with such an effort. What are they attempting to find? That's simple: they are looking for evidence within my own words that I am a nuthead. It's certain that Karin will deny everything I have said in my pleading paper – her and other meetup members' contact with law enforcement or whatever government agencies regarding me, and the rumoring and slandering behind my back – except, I imagine, the fact that she has destroyed my artwork. This, even though she knows something like what I have described has happened.

She will most likely present the older portions of this blog – those from July, June, and before – in her response, since the posts from that time sound the craziest. It's Ala who has done most of the research through these portions, it seems. By themselves, out of context, without the background information, of course, they do sound like crazy rambling. Karin will then argue, "Look at these journal entries. This guy is completely nuts. The slandering and reporting that he alleges – cannot be true." Denial. But how does any of that change the fact that she has destroyed my artwork, which, really, is the only fact that matters in the end?

Perhaps she'll counter-sue me for slandering instead (for accusing her of slandering me and informing on me). Or perhaps she's only going to furnish these to the judge and law enforcement (again! Or perhaps pretending she has never been in contact with them and this is the first time) separately from this lawsuit *as ground for issuing me a restraining order*. Or an order for me to take my writings off the Internet. Or, the worst, an order to involuntarily commit me (but wouldn't that be a bit of a stretch?). We'll see.

In any case, their visits cannot be good news. As noted, the "queen" does not allow another person to seek payback (justice) from her after she has screwed him up. The revenge coming toward me will be harsh. And, without doubt, It's the "helpers behind the scene" who have directed Ala to go to my blog from my old website.

### **Meeting with Carlos on December 5**

With the interception of Karin's rumors about my blog into the International Court as evidences, the CIA today, December 5, would instruct Karin to file a temporary restraining order against me with the sheriff – exactly as I would predict on December 8 (when I hadn't been yet served with

the TRO and so didn't know that Karin had already filed it on December 5). Meanwhile, in the afternoon, I went to Carlos' office to pick up the proof of service from him. I have recorded my meeting with him in: "[to\\_process\\_server\\_ticket\\_to\\_downtown\\_mh\\_12\\_5\\_08\\_12PM.WMA](#)" (from 43:00 to 1:10:00). There is one thing I particularly want to note in this conversation. When I, fearing that Carlos might have served the papers to the wrong person, asked him to describe Karin, he gave a correct description of her (1:02:40). This initial correct description is very important because Carlos would be instructed later on to feign mental deficiency and inability to describe Karin's age and appearance.

Note also that my business dealing with Carlos was recorded while I simply left my recorder turned on all the time as I got on the bus, went to his place, went back to Downtown afterwards, got a ticket from the police for jaywalking, and went inside the Downtown Mental Health Center to request copies of the rest of my records. Now, this time, I would be given some notes about me. But the notes I had obtained didn't include the progress notes I was looking for, and I would be, within the coming days, trying to obtain the rest of my records. Leaving the recorder turned on all the time might, I thought, be a good way to prove the authenticity of the recordings of my conversations: you simply cannot use software to forge those street noises which are intermixed with my conversations with other people.

By night, I went to Pasadena. Spectacularly, just as I came to Zeli's around 6 PM to write my blog, I saw Ala sitting inside. What happened then is recorded in: "[at\\_zeli\\_etc\\_saw\\_ala\\_mariah\\_12\\_5\\_08\\_6PM.WMA](#)". According to my knowledge, he was supposed to be in Antarctica – recall that I wouldn't check my log and discover that he had already visited my blog and website from JPL until December 8 – and, as I was thinking whether to avoid him, he saw me. So I went up to him to ask why he was here, and he said he had just returned from the frozen continent. For some reason, he couldn't speak well, as if recovering from a flu, and had got a new laptop. I asked him what he had heard about me lately, and he said "Everything you have been up to". I supposed he was actually telling me he knew I was stalking Karin. So I asked him, "So have you heard I have filed a lawsuit against Karin?" He replied, "That too." For once, he was not keeping rumors about me a secret from me. But why? I would write on my blog about my skepticism: "It's a bad sign. It's a tactic. Who knows what he would rumor about me afterwards to law enforcement. Well, all I can do is stand by God's side and do His Works, even if the entire planet would get on the Devil's side and be against me." Finally Ala said to me, "Are you happy?" About the lawsuit, that is. It was quite clear that Ala had considered my "revenge" against Karin an act of extraordinary injustice, which indicated to me just how far other people's morals diverged from mine: when the entire population ganged up on me, deceived me, played hypocrites, and played me like a dummy, all in order to make me look bad to the entire world, there's nothing unjust in that; but if I dared fight back, even if just by poking at the "Queen", it's quite bizarre and unjust. I'm a subhuman, so that, when others hurt me, morals do not apply; but if I fight back, it's an affront for a subhuman to assault normal humans, even if for self-defense.

After Ala was gone, I stayed in Zeli's to film myself writing an email to Yan (2:43:00).<sup>48</sup> For my investigation, Yan was certainly the most important person, since I knew she was a Chinese

---

<sup>48</sup> The video is uploaded onto Youtube: <http://youtu.be/a1CXN-jdyVo>.

agent whom the suit team had sent into Karin's group to help hurt her own nation. I had by now discovered she had also joined a Yoga meetup as well, and was looking for chances to contact her. I decided to use this dispute between me and Karin over my drawing as an excuse to get in touch with her. Perhaps, by talking to her about nothing, I might actually find some clues. And so I wrote her, through the Meetup website, to ask her whether she had heard anything about Karin's gang's rumor about my drawing. I would never get a reply from her, though. Then, when I was walking past Playhouse 7 while complaining to myself about government's operations on me (3:03:30), I ran into Mireya (3:19:00). True to her nature, she wanted to hug me, even though I hadn't taken shower since September (!). I recoiled and told her I smelled bad. But Mireya was very nice to me nonetheless, as if she were the patron saint of the subhuman race. What a heaven cry from Karin, I thought – and from everybody else for that matter. Because this was so unbelievable, I soon began to wonder if Mireya was only acting and would also make false reports to law enforcement about me (3:30:00). It would turn out that she was in fact being genuine, and had not yet been recruited by the suit team at all. Note that, minutes later in the recording, I theorized correctly that I was about to see a TRO from Karin. I then rode the Metro to the cybercafé in Koreatown to check up on Karin's messages in my fake email accounts. The rest of the night is recorded in: "[to\\_cybercafe\\_12\\_5\\_08\\_10PM.WMA](#)". Now, because Karin had made all her meetup groups "private" so that non-members, such as me, can't see her meetup events' details, I was effectively barred from knowing which meetup events she shall schedule for her Any Language and Culture meetup – because, remember, she had eliminated my fake profile there while pretending to eliminate all non-showing members. However, I had already recorded all the meetups which she had planned for this group until the New Year. Furthermore, I was still able to access her German language meetup since she still had to pretend that she had never been informed by her handler that I had also infiltrated her German language group with a fake profile. Meanwhile, the judges in the International Court would simply see that this poor innocent woman had only successfully banned her psychopathic and misogynist stalker from one of her groups unaware that this sicko was still cyberstalking her in her other group.

### **Pen camera, MP-9**

I began to contemplate more drastic measures to "investigate" Karin's operations on me. I wanted to be able to intercept her communications in more effective manner than hiding recorders in places she would frequent. I decided to visit a spy shop to acquire better spying equipment. I had by now identified "Spybase" located in Torrance, and, on December 6, rode the bus there to do my shopping. I have recorded my trip there in: "[going\\_to\\_spysh\\_torrance\\_12\\_6\\_08\\_130PM.WMA](#)"; and "[going\\_hm\\_fr\\_spysh\\_torrance\\_12\\_6\\_08\\_330PM.WMA](#)". I purchased two things from this spy shop: a wireless remote transmitter, YOGA SWM-2T,<sup>49</sup> with which I thought I would be able to intercept Karin's conversation in real time; and a pen camera, a version of MP-9. When the wireless remote transmitter was connected to a recorder, it could transmit the recording to me in another location in real time. On one of those nights, I tested it in my apartment building, leaving the transmitter and the recorder inside my room while I stayed in the hallway, and it did work: I was able to hear the TV broadcast inside my room. It was of course a bad idea to test it in my own apartment building, because the CIA would be able to

---

<sup>49</sup> FCCID: L3XSWM-2TA, made in Taiwan.

watch me doing all this through the Homeland Security surveillance installed in the room above mine: “Look, this guy wants to intercept the conversation of our operatives with that cheap toy he bought from a spy shop. What a cartoon version of 007.” My thought was that, if I could intercept Karin’s conversation in real time, I could leave my devices somewhere in her apartment building and thereby be able to discover, and monitor, her secret meetings with her handler – What a fantasy! Private citizens wanting to monitor government’s covert operations! It would turn out that the wireless remote transmitter was completely useless.<sup>50</sup> I would never have a chance to deploy it. The pen camera, which I purchased without having a particular purpose in mind, would however turn out to be of utmost importance. I would eventually film so many of suit team’s operations with it, and the videos would make a tremendous difference to world’s affairs when the Russians were able to acquire them and show them around, not only in the International Court of Justice, but also among the diplomats in the UN. Like so many other instances in this Secret History, it was something which I had done or acquired on the side, something that was not my main focus, a “tag-along”, which would make the decisive difference in bettering my situation.

---

<sup>50</sup> A long time ago, around 2003 or so, I purchased, from Amazon, a certain “Shifty Bugman’s” *The Basement Bugger’s Bible: The Professional’s Guide To Creating, Building, and Planting Custom Bugs and Wiretaps*. This “Shifty Bugman” was some sort of freelance wiretap expert in the 1970s and 80s whom shady patrons of the underworld and government agencies would hire to do for them the dirty work of spying on and wiretapping their opponents or foreign nations’ embassies, etc. That was a time before the advancement in electronic communication – the Internet, the digital telecommunication technology – has completely centralized our communication networks. In that time, when communication was decentralized and often analog, a professional “bugman” like Shifty Bugman would have to become an expert in electronics and learn to build his own bugging devices, rather than purchasing ready-made devices from manufacturers. When he accepts an assignment for spying on a particular person in a particular office building, for example, he would examine the building’s design (obtained from city’s archive, for instance) to determine the best place inside wherein to hide his bug, and then build a bugging device custom-made just for this occasion. Meanwhile, he would design decoys to place elsewhere in the office building in case the target has the habit of bug-sweeping. To spy on Karin, I would need the skill of this Shifty Bugman; but one look at the book and you will learn that this is almost impossible. You have to be a graduate student in electrical engineering just to understand the book – in which he gives you detailed instructions on how to build specific bugs designed for specific circumstances. Even if I had the skills of this Shifty Bugman, I still could never escape the CIA’s notice when spying on Karin. Time has simply changed. Because the advancement in electronic communication, there is simply no possible way to escape the intelligence agency’s notice when you want to spy on its operatives. Government doesn’t use “bugs” anymore; the NSA and the CIA spy on people by tapping into the communication infrastructure rather than by placing bugs near people’s places – all because our communication systems have been centralized. Consequently, experts like Shifty Bugman have become obsolete, like record-players – along with his knowledge. Nobody in the NSA or the CIA even understands anything about electronics or electrical engineering. The point is that individual persons are no longer able to fight the government in any way whatever because the environment in which we operate has grown into such an immense, centralized system in which we are mere cogs; consequently, we no longer need to know anything or have any skills since such knowledge and skills are useless for our survival anyway. It’s useless to know anything about electronics unless you want to be an engineer employed by some company which is charged with the task, precisely, of further developing and centralizing the “system”.

I’m here asking you to distinguish between two kinds of government surveillance: (1) the NSA’s, the CIA’s, or Homeland Security’s spying by tapping directly into the very infrastructure of our communication system, made possible by the centralization of our communication networks; and (2) the police’s spying on suspects by working outside the infrastructure of our communication systems, such as with devices like Stingrays. I’m pointing out that private citizens can only spy on each other by working outside the infrastructure like the police do. On Stingrays, see this broadcast on Democracy Now, June 26 2014:  
[http://www.democracynow.org/2014/6/26/as\\_supreme\\_court\\_says\\_police\\_need](http://www.democracynow.org/2014/6/26/as_supreme_court_says_police_need).



## Karin's meetup, December 8

Nothing particular to report about December 7. In the afternoon I went to downtown public library to pay my overdue fines and renew my items (again, Spanish language materials to prepare myself for eventual escape), and then rode the bus to Pasadena. While eating at a Chinese restaurant, I again troubled three strangers asking them if they had “seen me” from somewhere. Because I couldn't really know the extent of the suit team's recruitment for my TV show, I had to suspect any person who even bothered to look at me of having been alerted or recruited by the suit team. After passing time in Zeli's, I then came back to Starbucks in Westwood to work on my laptop (writing and researching, as usual). That is, just my typical routine. Now the next day, December 8, would be a big day. Karin's next meetup for her Any Language and Culture Group was scheduled to take place on this night – to see a movie at Laemmle Playhouse 7. So on the night of December 8, at Playhouse 7, was to occur the last meetup of Karin's Any Language and Culture group which I would know about. I headed toward Pasadena on 2:50 PM: “[to\\_psdn\\_12\\_8\\_08\\_250PM.WMA](#)”. I hid a recorder beneath the newspaper stand like before. The recording that would result is: “[near\\_plyhs\\_7\\_12\\_8\\_08\\_430PM-1213AM.WMA](#)”. I had also seen on the Meetup website that Karin's German Language Meetup would soon, on December 11, take place in a café restaurant called “Appetit”, which was on Lake Blvd, just nearby. Thus, I immediately went to Appetit to survey the interior of the place, making sure to film it as well. I was somewhat frustrated because I couldn't find any place herein to hide my recorder in. I wouldn't be able to spy on Karin's meetup here, that is. At a loss, I took the 485 bus going north on Lake Blvd. While on the bus, I had the impression that Homeland Security had again sent in a surveillance agent to sit next to me because I dared stalk their top-level operative (Karin). I made sure to film him: “[surveillance\\_agent\\_on\\_485\\_bus\\_12\\_8\\_08\\_ca\\_6PM.3gp](#)”. I had another purpose here. I stopped by Michelle's new address and discovered that she was actually sitting in her room staring into her computer. Apparently she didn't go to the meetup tonight. I was absolutely baffled. Since the suit team was closely watching me “stalking” their operatives – to protect them while at the same time allowing me to do my thing in order to obtain more bad evidences about David Chin for their scenario at International Court of Justice – they should know that I was coming near Michelle's. Did they call her up on her cellphone to warn her? She certainly did look like she was not aware of my coming. Perhaps she was just acting in order for the Machine to intercept more of my stalking innocent women. After this I went down to Coffee Gallery to pass my time and stayed there until the place was closed on 11 PM. My whole night is recorded in: “[at\\_psdn\\_fr\\_plyhs\\_7\\_to\\_coffee\\_gal\\_330PM.WMA](#)” (the file name should have been “[at\\_psdn\\_fr\\_plyhs\\_7\\_to\\_coffee\\_gal\\_12\\_8\\_08\\_330PM.WMA](#)”). Most of the time I was, unfortunately, reading up on computer-hacking. (More on this later.) When I came back to Playhouse 7 a little past midnight, I was able to retrieve the WS-210S recorder I had hidden there. No one had touched it. I thought I was lucky; I didn't know that the suit team wouldn't touch it because *they liked what I was doing*: spying on “innocent women”. Since it was already too late to catch the 485 bus to go home, I settled down at the Kinkos by Colorado and Lake and began reviewing the recording from tonight. This time, I caught something. Karin and her bunch did happen to have a short chat about me outside Playhouse 7 tonight after they were done with their movie. It started on 5:00:00 in

“[near\\_plyhs\\_7\\_12\\_8\\_09\\_430PM-1213AM.WMA](#)” – an accidental piece of treasure, and the only one ever.

Although I had finally caught Karin rumoring with her meetup friends about my lawsuit against her, there was so much noise in the recording that it was virtually impossible to make out what Karin was saying about me. As you can hear, too many other people were talking loudly in the foreground. I would soon afterward download the popular open-source software “Audacity”, believing it was the magical instrument which would allow me to gain access to the secret world of intrigues behind my back. But it was not an easy matter to use it.<sup>51</sup> I went onto the forum for the Audacity software and posted questions as to how to amplify the voice of one person amidst the loud talking of many other people.<sup>52</sup> I thought my problem could be solved simply by amplifying Karin's voice in this recording. But the sober reply I got from others – presumably not orchestrated or instructed by the suit team, but real answer – is that no software can isolate one person's voice among many and amplify it. It was logical, since I missed the fact that Karin's voice and other people's were all recorded together by the recorder, so that the recording was therefore a digital record of all the voices combined together into a single voice rather than an aggregate of different voices. I was making a very bad, not to mention vain, move because, soon, the suit team would grab onto my mistake and put forward in the International Court the bizarre argument that I had used Audacity to forge the thousands of hours of audio recording documenting, by now, almost my entire waking life and thus demonstrating my innocence at every step. And so, all this cost without benefits. Now, the suit team's argument would be truly mysterious to me since, if there really wasn't a way to do such simple thing as minimizing the talking in the foreground while amplifying the conversation in the background – how could you possibly manufacture out of thin air an entire conversation so realistic as to include so much noise that you can barely hear people talking? I would use Audacity throughout the month of December to amplify three other recordings after this interception of Karin's rumors about me, never with any success.

In any case, after I had repeatedly reviewed Karin's portion in this recording over several nights in my apartment, the most I could make out was: (1) She talked about having another person (Rolf, it seems) look over my blog, as if discovering what I had written about her for the first time, and called it “sick”. It was clear that she had been instructed to purposely misrepresent the Borderline idealization described therein as devaluation from someone with antisocial personality disorder, although she did say the blog posts reflected “low self-esteem” on my part. (2) She claimed to have been shocked by my little civil lawsuit against her, saying she had had to “call everybody” all day long – she was clearly instructed to over-react in order for surveillance

---

<sup>51</sup> It was no use to read Markus Priemer's “Audacity Kompakt” either, the standard operation manual around that time. I downloaded a copy, and have preserved it:

[http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/readings/Audacity\\_kompakt\\_Leseprobe.pdf](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/readings/Audacity_kompakt_Leseprobe.pdf).

<sup>52</sup> My question goes: “Hello, I have a rather technical question. Let's say there is a soft voice talking in the background in a WAV file, but you can barely hear it because the loud voice talking in the foreground is too loud. Is there a way with audacity to amplify the soft voice in the background and suppress the loud voice in the foreground? Is there voice recognition capacity with audacity? Thanks a lot. Any help appreciated.” I would later include my discussion with others about the use of Audacity in my Letter of Petition to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights (attachment 35).

to pick up her acting, since I was merely suing her for a few hundred dollars and, under normal circumstances, this kind of small claim matter could hardly have caused anybody distress. (3) Then she also expressed doubts – in order for Machine's surveillance to pick up her skepticism – about whether I had really written my lawsuit and pleading paper myself. All of this, in order to create in Machine's intercept of her conversation the false impression that I, otherwise mentally confused and unable to do anything of substance or write a grammatically correct sentence, was getting secret direction and help from somewhere, namely, from the Russian intelligence service. What I'm saying here is that Karin was instructed by her CIA handler to distort the matter in this way in order for the Machine to intercept more evidences confirming the United States' "David Chin legend" and suggesting that David Chin was indeed on a mission directed by the SVR. What had surprised me is of course the fact that those planners in the Agency's clandestine service must have noticed that I had hidden a recorder underneath the newspaper stand in front of Laemle's entrance, and that they somehow did not mind letting me get a glimpse into the false rumors which they had instructed Karin and her friends to utter about me. They must have communicated my acts to Karin before she had even arrived at the theater, and certainly before she was about to exit the theater. Again, I wasn't quite aware of the fact that they actually liked what I was doing. The Agency actually wanted the Machine to intercept me intercepting Karin's rumors because my acts would further convince the judges in the ICJ that this David Chin was a bad-to-the-bone misogynist who would never stop violating women's privacy.

On December 9, soon after I woke up, I rode the bus to Coffee Connection to check my new DVDs on the public computer there. After that, I rode the bus to Edelman to continue working on my request for records. This is recorded in: "[at\\_edelman\\_\(record\)\\_12\\_9\\_08\\_330PM.WMA](#)". I came to the receptionist and told her about the problem with my request: Diane had said she was going to call me, but nobody had called me so far (3:00). I was told to wait, and there was some fuss (15:00), until I finally got to talk to someone in the medical records. I told him about Diane's promise (20:00). Sometime later he came back to tell me he would talk to Diane tomorrow (28:00), and then instruct me to come back tomorrow. I would however not come again until December 15. The fact that the request for records here had been so difficult made me suspect it was all orchestrated. There might be some truth in this; seeing me gathering all these proofs, the suit team, it was likely, might have really instructed the personnel at Edelman to ignore my request. After asking the guy from medical records department to tell Diane to call me, I left, and rode the bus to Westwood Village. I would spend some time in ISO, and Irina was working today.

My next recording from December 9 is: "[to\\_cnci\\_wstwd\\_cnci\\_normandie\\_12\\_9\\_08\\_530PM.WMA](#)". Because I had further need for a public computer – I don't remember why – I then rode the bus to Koreatown to work inside the cybercafé. After an hour, I rode the bus back to Westwood Village, arriving there on 2:45:00. Then an operation happened. When I walked past a cigar store, a stranger suddenly shouted to me: "Who's your buddy?" Stunned and mystified, I replied: "I have no buddy...", and pursued him on this. The stranger finally admitted that he had mistaken me for somebody else (2:48:00). He was obviously instructed by the authority to play this prank on me; I therefore asked him: "What else have you heard about me?" He denied everything, and I asked him for his name. "My name is Thomas. What's yours?" "Thomas too". Although I knew this was a prank, I didn't know what the prank was about. The

suit team had instructed the stranger, upon seeing me, to speak the nonsense that he had seen me with somebody, even though I had always been alone and couldn't possibly be seen in somebody else's company. When the Machine had intercepted the stranger's nonsense, however, Mr Secretary would argue that this was circumstantial evidence that I was seen meeting with my Russian intelligence contact. I'll comment on this later: Russians' resistance must have been tremendous by this time in the International Court, so that the suit team would increasingly resort to orchestrating this sort of bullshit to produce evidence showing me to be indeed a Russian secret agent as well. It was only when the same government prank happened again on January 29 the next year that I would understand what it was about. Meanwhile, my sarcasm ("My name is Thomas too") would end up becoming a bonus for Mr Secretary: another instance where I was caught using alias. After this "twilight zone" episode, I walked back inside ISO to return to my computer work, chatting briefly with Irina (3:05:00). She told me her parents were coming to the States for Christmas.

My afternoon of December 10 is recorded in: "[to\\_cconnect\\_12\\_10\\_08\\_1PM.WMA](#)". After I lunched at the Mexican grill near my home, I rode the bus to Venice Beach, wanting to use the public computer inside Coffee Connection to check my newly burned DVDs. But I saw Isha, a Japanese wanderer I used to know back in 1999. I would talk about him somewhat in a later volume. I didn't want to get close to him because I was worried that he might have been recruited by the suit team (2:06:00). Instead, I quickly left the coffeehouse. Everybody I had ever known was now suspect, a possible danger to me.

By night fall, I had come to Pasadena Old Town on bus. The night is recorded in: "[to\\_psdn\\_jones\\_cafe\\_etc\\_530PM.WMA](#)". I would spend the whole night in front of my computer, as usual. The difference is that, ever since I had discovered Karin's group's daily "investigative" visits to my blog, I would spend hours and hours each night recording their visits and then tracing them using Trace Route to obtain their ISP names and servers' names. I would then use NMAP to port-scan these servers. After so much worthless investigation, it just seemed that hacking into their email accounts would be the most efficient way to crack open government's operations on me – and yet computer hacking demanded such high skills that it was not really possible for me to learn to do this within a short period of time even if I devoted myself to it full time. As you have seen, I had been intermittently hoping to be able to hack into Karin's communication since August – in order to intercept her pranks on me – but had always soon given up the conception because it was just too hard. Endless tracing of Karin's friends' IP addresses had allowed me to get a glimpse into how Yahoo mails, SBC Global Mails, or Hotmails worked: that, to get inside Karin's email accounts, for instance, one had to hack into SBC Global's server (which was located in Irvine); although you can probably read her emails if you hack into her own desktop, that's only because she also used Microsoft Outlook to download all her emails to her own computer. I didn't know whether it was easier to hack into personal computers or company computers; presumably both were impossible for me anyway. I had at the time paid close attention to Anonymous' September hack into Sarah Palin's personal Yahoo mail account,<sup>53</sup> and read that they had used an online proxy website to hide the origin of their hacks. I had even begun using that very online proxy as well. Eventually, I would discover the Hackers'

---

<sup>53</sup> The famous hack is documented on Wikileaks: [http://wikileaks.org/wiki/VP\\_contender\\_Sarah\\_Palin\\_hacked](http://wikileaks.org/wiki/VP_contender_Sarah_Palin_hacked).

Baby, Metasploit, and would download the latest version and install it on my own Toshiba Satellite on December 18.<sup>54</sup>

None of these attempts would ever amount to anything: I had never attempted to hack Karin and her cronies. There was simply no possible way for me to become like Anonymous. What I did accomplish was to provide the suit team with ample opportunities to have the Machine intercept my attempts at learning computer hacking and distort them into actual hacking attempts so that, when the ICJ judges examined the intercepts of these activities of mine, they could be truly convinced that I was indeed David Chin the computer programming expert. In other words, everything I did was completely counter-productive. I had only made my situation worse.

### **Karin's restraining order against me**

As mentioned, on the morning of December 5, Karin filed a restraining order against me, first with the sheriff, and then at the Pasadena courthouse. On early morning of December 11, two sheriff officers came knocking on my door to serve me the order, which I have recorded in: "[being\\_served\\_order\\_by\\_sheriff\\_12\\_11\\_08\\_740AM.WMA](#)". Although I had predicted this would happen in my blog post of December 8, I still felt stupefied because it was the first time in my life to get something like this. As noted, the CIA had instructed Karin to file this TRO, not just for her own protection, but also for it to be intercepted into the International Court as evidence to strengthen the United States' case. For this reason, she would have to distort facts in order to make her descriptions of me conform to the false profile of David Chin. See the entire restraining order in the folder "[rest\\_order](#)" and examine her words carefully.<sup>55</sup>

The most important part of her TRO was the first statement in her summary at the very end: "This person is seriously mentally ill... he believes that the FBI, CIA, DHS, and whatever other law enforcement agencies are after him..." Notice that Karin was making this statement in complete bad faith. She knew that I had noticed that everybody had been recruited by the CIA and Homeland Security to run certain operations on me for the International Court trial, but saw that, because I couldn't quite understand how exactly the operation worked – because everyone was hiding it from me – I could only make vague descriptions naming the CIA and Homeland Security and incorrectly identify "false reporting" as the mechanism. By further simplifying my vague and incorrect descriptions into "CIA going after me", she could truly present me as a typical case of paranoid schizophrenia. Thus, when the TRO was intercepted into the International Court as evidence, Mr Secretary would use Karin's feigned statement to confirm that the Sino-Russian secret agent David Chin was indeed suffering from schizophrenia.

Although it was very strange that Karin would specify that my lawsuit against her amounted to "harassment" and that there was thus a "credible threat of violence" against her – one cannot consider lawsuit against oneself as any form of "harassment", at least not until the judge rules so during trial – if you keep in mind that Karin was really conducting an operation on me for the

---

<sup>54</sup> The latest version at the time was Framework 3.2. When I installed it, I recorded the whole process with SnagIt: <http://youtu.be/b8RE1N3WAdA>.

<sup>55</sup> You can see the order at: [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment19/restraining\\_order/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment19/restraining_order/).

government, the use of lawsuit as ground for harassment can be quite intelligible. Seeing me filing my complaint against Karin, Mr Secretary and the Agency had decided to add “using frivolous lawsuits to harass the good people around him who care for him” to the growing body of the disgusting characteristics of David Chin. A profile of David Chin as being obsessed with the court of law might also strengthen people's impression that he had indeed wanted to participate in a Sino-Russian intelligence operation to falsely convict the United States of violation of UN Resolution 1373 at the International Court of Justice. This also explains her statement in the summary that my lawsuit against her was “frivolous”. So she wrote: “I can prove to you right here that it is frivolous – he is suing me for the destruction of a picture that he gave to me as a birthday gift, and he admits giving it to me in the first sentence of the complaint”. Did she just miss the whole point of my little lawsuit? The “picture” as she calls it is a work of art that I had made, and California Civil Code Section 987 prohibits the destruction of art works even when they have been sold or transferred out of the artist's possession. The lawsuit is, at first glance, completely legitimate. Obviously, Karin was instructed to make such claim in order to reinforce the image of David Chin as using frivolous lawsuits to harass innocent people. Later, you will see another reason in her claim: to give the impression that David Chin had actually drawn another ridiculous, laughable, portrait of Karin himself and given this *second* portrait to Karin, and that it was over this *second* portrait that he was suing Karin.

Throughout her TRO Karin made sure to keep her statements vague and incorrect enough in order to produce the impression that I was a different kind of person than myself, a person in accordance with the false profile that had been constructed of me. Note first of all that she described me as weighing 150 pounds! I quote from her: “... when his behavior made everybody uncomfortable and sickened me...” This is the twilight zone that I had been compelled to live in: as you have seen in Volume Two (“Karin's Meetups”), within her groups I had always been universally ignored, as if non-existent, without any bad behavior on my part that made people uncomfortable. In fact, I rarely had the chance to say anything, and I had stated this in my original complaint against her also. Then she described under (d) (“rest-5.jpg”): “His behavior and his following me upset me so much that I ran away from him. I ended up running into traffic and almost got hit by a car.” Well, no such thing had happened. On (12) she continued (“rest\_6.jpg”): “I am afraid that the next time he chases after me I will get hurt running away from him...” While exaggerating harms suffered in order to advance one's case is a typical strategy in American legal system – almost considered as one's “right” – here Karin had clearly been instructed by her handler to purposely mis-describe me in this way in order that, when her restraining order was intercepted into the International Court as “evidence”, it may confirm Mr former Secretary's “David Chin legend”, the mentally confused antisocial criminal foreign agent who exhibited clear symptoms of conduct disorder. As long as the judges in the International Court couldn't hear anything from me because I was invisible in all the surveillance intercepts about me, and as long as they had no idea that Karin and the other people around me were actually agents and government assets taught to act out a show, they would never comprehend that Karin was actually describing non-existing events and a non-existent person here.

This applies to other false claims she had made in her TRO. Thus her claim that I filed the lawsuit against her in order to “get her attention” or “be close to her” or “hurt her”, when, obviously I was trying to get “payback” while attempting to investigate her fraud against me.

This was not simply the common American habit of exaggerating one's suffering to the maximum degree in the judicial system; there was an operational purpose here: namely, to confirm the image of David Chin as an aggressive misogynist who was constantly violating a woman's space.

At the time I still hadn't yet figured out how it was that faulty evidences about me were gathered into the International Court (through faulty surveillance). I was simply incensed by the fact that Karin had made up all these slandering lies about me because she couldn't mention the real reasons why she filed the restraining order – namely, my surveillance of her meetups for the purpose of finding out what false rumors she had circulated about me, and how exactly she received orders from the government to run operations against me, etc.: concerns of no minor significance since her work on me was for the purpose of first convicting the Chinese intelligence MSS and now the Russian intelligence SVR in the International Court of Justice. She couldn't mention it because she only learned about it from her handler, and, as noted, could not divulge her status as a government operative and government's round-the-clock (true) surveillance on me. In the same way, on page 2 ("[rest\\_2.jpg](#)"), she also specified that I stay from her car without explaining why in the following pages. She couldn't mention that it was her handler who had told her that I had been pouring urine on her car while going around the Laemmle theater in the previous occasions. I also suspected that she didn't want to mention "stalking" as the reason for which she wanted me restrained because the FBI document which the Big Sister had passed to both the Chinese and the Russians had specifically mentioned my affair with Chaya (her attempt to prosecute me for "stalking" her in 2003). Karin was therefore instructed by her handler to not mention me as "stalking her" in any manner, lest there might be the slightest evidence in the International Court indicating that I was indeed the "terrorist suspect" Lawrence Chin mentioned in the FBI documents.

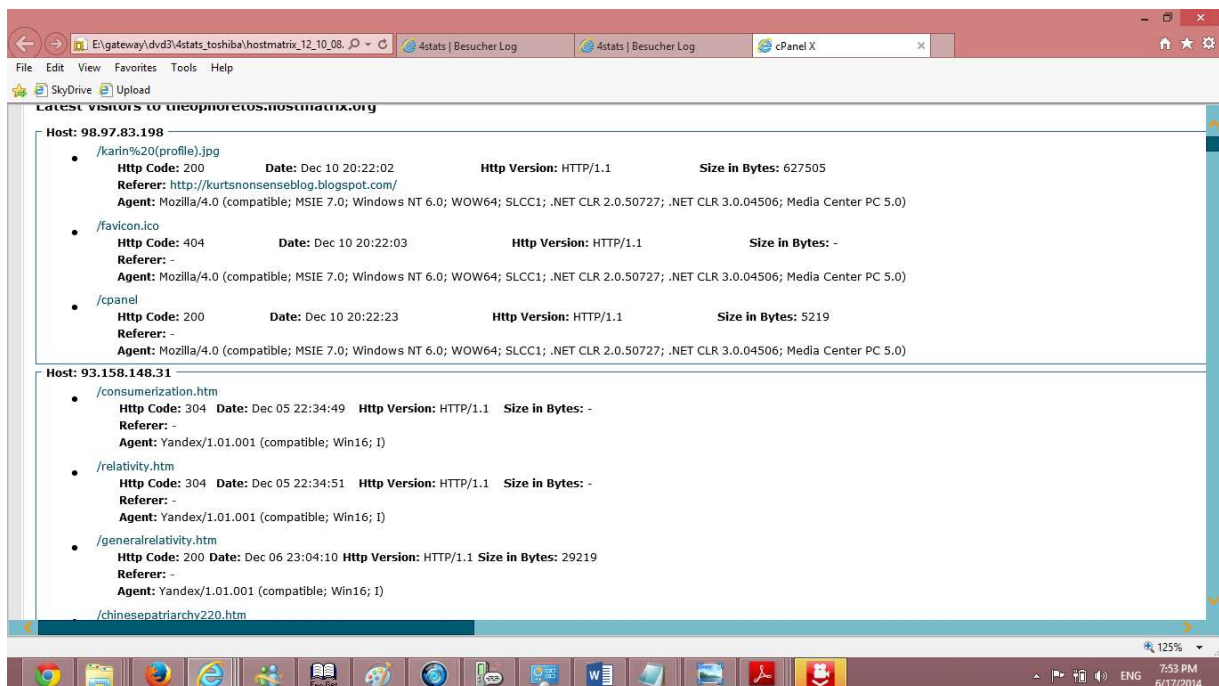
Similarly, it was not through my fake profiles in her Meetup that I discovered the concert event in Coffee Gallery; I saw it on the message board of her group's page which was still public at the time. For operational purposes, she could not mention that she knew about my fake profiles because her handler had told her so, and so she had to find another reason to explain her knowledge of it.

In addition, Karin – per instruction from her handler – added the "identification information" that I stayed in the coffeehouse all day and had only a sleeping bag in my apartment. I had never told her that I spent my entire day, day after day, at coffeehouses – never did she have any interest in knowing (and so never did she ask me) what I did during my free time, and the hundred hours of audio recording of our meetup events which I have included in Volume Two should have attested to this. She was instructed to make such statements about my habit so that the US government's data-mining may turn up other intercepts in which another person was, truthfully or falsely, naturally or in an orchestrated show, complained about by coffeehouse employees and by my apartment building manager and tenants and which Mr Secretary may then present to the International Court as "evidences".

In the afternoon of December 11, I went to the Pasadena courthouse, which is recorded in: "[back\\_fro\\_psdn\\_to\\_downtown\\_mh\\_12\\_11\\_08\\_133PM.WMA](#)". Karin's TRO had so enraged me

that I needed to look at it personally, especially since she had mentioned she had “enclosed hundreds of pages of my blog” – and yet there were no blog posts of mine attached to the order. At the courthouse, however, I was not yet allowed to look at the restraining order which Karin had filed – the GS files would stay in the basement until tomorrow morning – but I did get to look at my own lawsuit so as to verify that no parts had been removed, tampered with, or exchanged. I had begun using my new MP-9 and filmed my interaction with Ana: this might not be significant today, but I was “collecting evidences” back then. After the visit to Mental Health, I went inside the Law Library to research how to respond to a restraining order. Nothing much, but in keeping with my current endeavor to take account of every person who had helped Mr Secretary run operations on me, I filmed my way around the library when I entered the facility: “at law lib 12 11 08 3PM.3gp”. Again, this would be “evidence”. I want to point out to you that this video contains scenes of the supervisor of the circulation department, “Angelica”, who would be so important for this ICJ trial later on.

By night fall, when I was checking over the visitors’ logs of my websites, I noticed that Karin’s “research team” had even gone to my domain at Hostmatrix, and looked at my portrait of her which was the point of contention in my civil lawsuit. The “research team” had found (or pretended to find) the portrait on my Hostmatrix website by following the link I had posted on my blog. What did it all mean? A peek into her meetup website would yield a surprise too: Karin had taken down her pictures in her profile page. My immediate impression was that Karin was embarrassed, upset, that she didn’t want (or pretended to not want) others to see me associated with her and her group in anyway. Because I thought in my paranoia that she might countersue me for this, I quickly deleted the links on my blog to her portraits and the several screen shots of the meetup website as well.



The visitors’ log on my Hostmatrix website indicating Karin’s



gang's "investigative visits"

I was increasingly angry. The few souls who had stumbled upon my blog posts talking about her in the past several months – I could count them with one hand, really – had never followed the link to look at her portrait. I completely missed what must have been the real purpose of Karin's team's latest "research": to have the Machine intercept their rumors which could create the impression that the portrait that was the point of contention in my civil lawsuit was actually another portrait than the one I gave to Karin on June 9. While Mr Secretary and the Agency had already forged evidence showing that the portrait I gave to Karin on June 9 was the work of someone else which I falsely claimed as my own work, they must have this time instructed Karin to rumor over communication channels something which, when intercepted into the International Court, could serve as "evidence" demonstrating that the one Karin had destroyed was a different portrait which I had made myself and which, because of my lack of artistic talent, looked more like a childish joke than "fine art" – but which I was determined to produce motivated by my deep-seated desire to imitate my "twin brother Lawrence Chin the artist".

The next day would be quite a traumatic day. I have recorded the morning in "[at\\_court\\_downtown\\_mh\\_12\\_12\\_08\\_8AM.WMA](#)". Note that the demurrer hearing with Mr Braun had taken place yesterday morning. I didn't go because my new business with Karin had caused me to completely lose interest in my claim against my aunt – and because I had come to an awareness that the government's goal was *not* to institutionalize me on the basis of false reports. Nothing had happened day after day. It was now more important to fight Karin. Nevertheless, I came to the superior court in downtown to check on the matter. I first came to Department 73, which was the department dealing with restraining order matters. I asked the court clerks about the TRO against me. Then, in the court room for my case against my aunt, I discovered that the demurrer from my aunt had been sustained by our presiding judge. The court clerk told me that I had 20 days to amend my complaint if I wished to fight on. Some time later, I would come back to the court room and would be told that the demurrer was sustained all because the "plaintiff" (me) did not ask for damages. (It looks like our lady from Mental Health America was right all along.) After I came out of the court room, I called up the section 8 housing on Skype (1:41:00). I had lately also received a letter from the Housing Authority telling me that I was disqualified from section 8 because I had failed to receive the inspector the last time. I had been so busy with my "investigation" that I had not been paying attention to this kind of things, and now I had to take care of the mater. But I couldn't get through this first time. After I went home briefly and came to Starbucks again, I called up the Housing Authority for a second time (2:23:00). I asked about the letter in question. This had so upset me that, when I came inside downtown Mental Health, I was practically yelling to the receptionist at the counter. I was so frustrated that I would cry continually (2:44:00). I waited for Dr Wexler in vain. Instead, a social worker came out to talk to me (2:58:00), telling me Dr Wexler was not going to see me now. I explained: Ana Noodelman had told me to talk to Dr Wexler if I wanted my medical records and progress notes; I was here last Friday, and Dr Wexler told me to come today. The social worker however denied the whole thing. Then I called up the Housing Authority again (3:06:00) and, luckily, I was able to get a chance for a third inspection (until 3:15:00). My life was thus saved! But, while still at downtown Mental Health, I started crying again (3:20:00). The social worker came back (3:42:00) to tell me again that Dr Wexler could not see me, but then related that the doctor

wanted to ask me why I didn't come anymore since our last appointment almost two months ago. I lied that I was seeking treatment elsewhere – I certainly couldn't tell the truth, that Dr Wexler would be instructed by the government to produce bad evidences out of me to harm Russia. Then, after he asked me if I did take my Zyprexa, he told me that I'd not be given my records, according to the instructions from both Dr Wexler and Ana. Needless today, I walked out extremely sad and upset.

I then went to the Pasadena court house to check on Karin's TRO against me. My time there is recorded in: "[at\\_psdn\\_court\\_12\\_12\\_08\\_1PM.WMA](#)". Recall that I wanted to see the TRO in the court house because Karin had mentioned she had printed out many pages from my blog and yet had attached none to the TRO served on me. But, when the court clerk passed onto me the folder, it turned out that there were none inside as well and that she had never submitted my blogs as evidences. I was perplexed at the time; but I know now that the suit team had probably changed their mind and instructed her to not include my blogs in the TRO because the TRO would have to be intercepted into the International Court as evidence: certainly, after the ICJ judges had just heard so much (false) rumors about what I wrote on my blog, the United States cannot afford to let them see my *actual* blog postings.

The next day, the suit team would orchestrate more strange happening in the storage facility in order to produce evidences for their "David Chin legend". My afternoon of December 13 is recorded in: "[to\\_storage\\_12\\_13\\_08\\_1230PM.WMA](#)". After eating fast food nearby, I came inside A-American looking up my unit on 51:00. (I had apparently forgotten my unit number.) The manager however pretended to be unable to find my locker number. Just as I became increasingly frustrated, the elevator was then not working (55:00). Upset, I took the matter into my own hand and looked into the manager's computer myself. I pointed out to him: "My name is right there!" And yet he saw only the name of a certain "Carol Lawrence" (1:01:00). After a big fuss, it turned out that this "Carol Lawrence" had rented two units at this storage facility, but that she had somehow linked me to her by mistake (1:03:00). It then turned out that Christina had put someone else's name on my account papers and then had me sign them. This is the most incredible mistake! Then, after I checked out my storage unit and returned the key to the office, this new manager told me that Christina was no longer working there. How convenient! You should certainly suspect that Christina had been instructed by the suit team to put someone else's name on my account papers, the purpose being, again, to enable the Machine to intercept me using alias again.

The suit team did not seem to have produced any evidences out of me on December 14. Something noteworthy which I had done this afternoon was that, because I had not received any reply from Yan, I had decided to seek her out in person. After some research online I had discovered that the "match-making" agency which she ran was located right in the middle of Old Town Pasadena. Presumably, it was the Agency which had set her up there. I came to the building and walked to the front door of her office. I didn't know if the Agency had alerted her that I was coming. They should have. Through the half-opaque window on the front door I could see her silhouette inside, but I didn't knock on the door, and just walked away. I don't know how she felt about the fact that I was looking for her: the "terrorist suspect" whom she had sold out. She was after all the reason why I was not enjoying a paradise in China at the moment. Perhaps

she was waiting for me; perhaps she was told by the Agency to falsely complain about my harassing her in order for the Machine to pick up more evidence about my misogynist nature. But – I skipped over her, and never returned again.

Now my night for December 14 is recorded in: "[at\\_wstwd\\_12\\_14\\_08\\_6PM.WMA](#)". It was a typical night, spent in Starbucks in Westwood looking into the computer screen: tracking Karin's operations on me online and trying to learn computer hacking. In the end you can hear me greeting Rose, the cashier at Rite Aid. She was, again, another cashier who constituted my sole possible human interaction during this time.

My first recording for December 15 is: "[edelman CGI biomed lib\\_12\\_15\\_08\\_250PM.WMA](#)". Since Edelman had not yet responded to my request for records, I decided to go there again today. When I arrived, I lashed out on the receptionist: Diane said she was going to call me back, but she never did. I demanded to have my records. Someone else then came to me, telling me that Diane had sent me a letter. I never got any letter, I replied (29:00). I thus had to fill out another form for request for records. When I came out I saw Deborah G with two other workers; she had her hair redone beautifully. This is the last time I'd ever see her in my whole life. I then rode the bus into Westwood Village. I came inside CGI, or Chicago School later on, asking the receptionist how to request all my records here (1:07:00). I then made two more calls on Skype to Patients' Rights office, complaining about downtown Mental Health's refusal to release my records in entirety (1:39:00). I was told that Mental Health should at least provide me with a summary if they considered the full release of records damaging to me. After this, I went to use the computers inside the Biomedical Library, and finally stayed in ISO to work on my computer (while chatting briefly with Irina). By the end of the night I was totally exhausted: I worked overtime each day, and spent an excessive amount of time in front of the computer screen. What is so bad about tonight is that, after 11 PM, I moved into Elysée across the street from ISO. When it was closing and I had to urinate, I did so at the psychic reader next door. Elysée's owner came out, shouted at me, and forbade me to ever show up around again. This episode was not acted; someone in such dire circumstance as I was simply can't muster any energy to observe ordinary rules of etiquette – besides, everybody around me was my prison guard and my deadliest enemy, so that it made little sense to pay attention to my appearance and behavior. I thus had "naturally" provided the suit team with another piece of evidence confirming the United States' "David Chin legend" – that he was sloppy, rowdy, and without manners and refinements, in accordance with his antisocial and anti-intellectual personality

I spent the afternoon of December 16 in the Starbucks on Grand and 11<sup>th</sup>. Even after all these months, I was still worried about suit team's attribution of my story "My experience..." to the "fake Lawrence". I hence sent, for the first time, "My experience...", along with some of my other writings, electronically to Library of Congress' Copyright Office for copyrighting. I would stay in the coffeehouse for several more hours, looking up more information about Karin's friends in order to understand my enemies. I had by now already collected a lot of information about Karin and her gang from online sources.

On December 17, after waking up and lunch, I rode the bus to Westwood. My first recording of this afternoon is: "[fr\\_iso\\_to\\_ucla\\_lib\\_12\\_17\\_08\\_350PM.WMA](#)". I arrived in CGI again, wanting

to request the release of my records. This time, I was able to see Deborah W, my old doctor, at the counter (3:00). I told her that I was targeted by a whole group of people, and then asked her about obtaining my records here (4:00). She professed to have no records for me. Strange! What's even more amazing is that, when I mentioned to Deborah how I was depressed because my lawsuit against Karin had backfired (Karin's restraining order against me), she started talking to me as if I had many "helps" directing me to do things, despite her obvious knowledge that I was so completely isolated that I was by myself every moment of my life. Who can I possibly find to help me? Mr Secretary had obviously instructed Deborah to talk like this, for he would use the interception of this short conversation as evidence to argue in the International Court – with Karin's rumor from December 8 as backup: "You honor, from what people around him have said about him, it seems that our subject has been getting direction and help from his foreign intelligence contacts in his activities which he otherwise couldn't perform due to his mental confusion and retardation." It was thus more circumstantial evidence suggesting I was running operations for the Russian intelligence service. Finally, Deborah warned me not to bother Christine, the receptionist. It was the same old "twilight zone" again, since I had never talked to this "Christine" (7:00) – you can certainly confirm this if you have the time to listen to my round-the-clock recording of my waking life in its entirety. This time, after being bewildered by Deborah's false accusation, I confessed to my recorder, correctly, about how this operation all worked: people would make intentional false rumors in order to be intercepted by authority (9:00). This correct understanding would however remain dormant in my head for a while, before I realized, early next year, that there had never been false reporting about me to law enforcement at all. I then ate in ISO and went inside the Biomedical Library to use the computers.

My entire night is then recorded in: "[at\\_wstwd\\_12\\_17\\_08\\_630PM.WMA](#)". Not much. I dined in Denny's, then went inside Starbucks to work on my laptop. At one point, you can hear me getting angry, "Fuck you man, fuck this shit..." (2:43:00). You can then hear me watching a video on postgrep database (4:12:00). That's my daily lesson on computer hacking. I then went inside the Kinkos on Westwood Blvd to continue working after Starbucks had closed, which is recorded in: "[at\\_kinkos\\_12\\_17\\_08\\_1145PM.WMA](#)".

### **With Carlos, December 18**

On December 18, I was, by 3 PM, at the Pasadena courthouse filing the response to Karin's restraining order. I will not summarize my arguments against Karin here; you can see my response for yourself at: [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment19/rest\\_afte\\_hearing/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/petition/attachment19/rest_afte_hearing/). I made sure to film the process of filing with my new MP-9, in order to leave behind proof as to what I had really filed: "[at\\_psdn\\_court\\_12\\_18\\_08\\_3PM.3gp](#)". This kind of videos might seem very boring to you, but they would later turn out to be life-savers for Russia, because the Machine was always showing me doing something else than what I was really doing, and these videos and recordings were proofs that the Machine was inaccurate. I then rode the Metro and bus to Carlos' office to pay him to serve my answer to Karin. I have recorded my meeting with Carlos in: "[at\\_process\\_server\\_12\\_18\\_08.3gp](#)" and "[IMP\\_to\\_process\\_server\\_12\\_18\\_08\\_350PM.WMA](#)". From this point on, the CIA, assisting Mr Secretary, would instruct Carlos to take his pranks on me to the next

level. As you can see in the video from 3:30 onward, I started for the first time entreating him to serve Karin by mail because, first of all, I feared that she might again consider service of papers in person “harassment”, and, secondly, because the instruction sheet for answering restraining order mentioned only service by mail. Although I would gladly harass Karin, I had by this time thoroughly understood the situation: *the government wanted me to stalk and harass Karin* because this would confirm their slander of me in the international domain. Thus, harassing Karin would bring too much benefit to the United States insofar as it would harm Russia and demonize me in the International Court of Justice. But Carlos insisted that the instruction sheet was not correct (!) and that he only served people in person. Take note of his nonsensical – “twilight zone” – explanation as to why the instruction sheet had stated that the defendant should serve his answer to the restraining order by mail (20:50 in the recording): that the instruction sheet was trying to say that one should serve a copy of the answer by mail after completion of a personal service! “How should I serve this person? By mail or in person?” I persisted in asking (21:15). “In person”, Carlos was adamant, “they will not serve it by mail” (21:18). The meeting ends about 30 minutes into the recording. Carlos had obviously been instructed by his handler to play this serious trick on me, namely, when he himself insisted on doing personal service in contradiction to my wishes, the Machine’s intercepts would somehow show me instructing him to do personal service, in violation of the rules of service, only in order to find further opportunities to harass my poor woman victim.

Carlos didn’t succeed in fooling me, however, and, by evening, when I had returned to downtown, I would leave two messages on his office’s answering machine pleading him to serve Karin by mail – just to be safe. This is recorded in: “[leaving\\_message\\_to\\_carlos\\_12\\_18\\_08\\_530PM.WMA](#)”. I would then ride the bus to Westwood to spend the night there. This is recorded in: “[at\\_iso\\_bestbuy\\_starbuck\\_12\\_18\\_08\\_til\\_1120PM.WMA](#)”. I was first at ISO, using the Internet to track Karin’s gang’s visits to my blog and website, and studying further to see if it was possible to “hack their system”. Afterward, I walked to Best Buy to study the MacBooks on sale there, just to verify a single visit I had discovered tonight on my visitors’ log (41:00). This is how I investigated the visits: tracking visitors, or identifying them, through their IP addresses and OS information required knowledge about the computers which carried the identification information. I then walked to Starbucks to finish my work there.

The next day, after waking up, when I was eating brunch at the Mexican grill, I called up Carlos again. This is recorded in: “[with\\_manager\\_terese\\_12\\_19\\_08\\_12PM.WMA](#)” (16:00). Carlos was not there, and it was his wife who answered my call. She assured me, after my incessant entreat, that Carlos would serve my answer to Karin by certified mail. You think that this would squash the danger definitively. But, no, as you shall soon see, for the sake of US national security (or US geopolitical plans, since the United States was the aggressor), Carlos would intentionally ignore my plea. When I came home, I had a chat with Terese (1:03:30) to reschedule my Section 8 inspection. My third inspection was to take place today, but I pretended to want to change the time – you will see why. Now Terese had to check my room again and took pictures of all the ashes and burn marks on the carpet. I have not mentioned this: every night past midnight, when I was in the room by myself smoking, I would put off the cigarette butts directly on the carpet, using no ashtrays. Leaving my room messy and dirty actually helped me cope with depression because it externalized the pain I felt inside me. But Terese’s action was extremely disconcerting

to me. Ostensibly, she was preparing me for the section 8 inspection; but, covertly, she was carrying out an operation. She would somehow cause those pictures to be intercepted into the International Court as evidences. Mr Secretary would use my destruction of my room as further evidence for my Antisocial Personality Disorder and “conduct disorder”. You can thus see again CIA’s tactic – since they presumably knew I was doing this out of depression, rather than out of sadistic pleasure in wanton destruction: to interpret me as “antisocial” by looking for some superficial congruence between Borderline Personality Disorder and Antisocial Personality Disorder.

Now the reason why I wanted to change my inspection date was to get an opportunity to spy on suit team’s operation. Before I left my apartment room on 1 PM, I clandestinely hid one of my new recorders inside my closet. I thought the CIA couldn’t see me doing this from the surveillance installed in the room above mine, because I would only retrieve the recorder from my pocket when I was entirely inside the closet. Then I left, knowing that Terese and the Housing Authority inspector might come in later. When I came back late at night and checked the recorder I had hidden (“[hm\\_manager\\_insp\\_12\\_19\\_08\\_1PM\\_\(me\\_not\\_there\).WMA](#)”). I would discover that Terese had indeed come into my room when I wasn’t there to take more pictures of my room and then come in again together with the inspector on 17:00. They didn’t say anything significant, however; I failed to think of the possibility that, if the surveillance above my room was able to record my actions through the concrete ceiling above me, it presumably was able to record my actions inside my closet as well.

Now my afternoon outside on December 19 is recorded in: “[at\\_court\\_law\\_lib\\_12\\_19\\_08\\_245PM.WMA](#)”. I came to the Pasadena courthouse. I first checked on my lawsuit against Karin to make sure there wasn’t any foul play, and discovered that there were many other cases in court’s records having the same case number as mine. I became very suspicious, and asked the court clerks about it. The answer was that different court houses had assigned different cases to the same case number. This might be normal, but it was an excellent opportunity for the suit team to confuse other people’s civil cases with mine in the evidentiary record of the International Court. I then went upstairs to inspect the court room where my TRO hearing would take place. I asked the clerks various questions regarding how the hearing worked, how long it would last, etc. (31:00). I then rode the Metro to downtown superior court, arriving there on 1:38:00. I had begun noticing that my descriptions of my aunt’s actions in my lawsuit against her were incorrect, and could only serve to discredit myself. I felt the need to explain myself while dropping the case altogether. I asked the court clerk about it, and she answered that I need only file a request of dismissal. But I wanted to have a chance to explain my reasons to the judge. The clerk explained that explaining my reasons to the judge was not allowed, because it constituted ex-parte communication. I had decided then to simply forget about this whole thing and concentrate my time and effort on Karin. I then did more work and research inside the Law Library, making sure also to obtain the names of other librarians, like Richard, in order to collect evidences on government’s pranks against me. Just before I was leaving around 5 PM, however, an operation occurred. I have filmed it in: “[at\\_law\\_lib\\_12\\_19\\_08\\_5PM.3gp](#)”. I was standing in line waiting to be helped by supervisor Angelica, and it turns out that Mr Secretary had instructed her to put up a show so that he could obtain another piece of evidence against Russia. The black man standing in front of me was a Homeland Security actor, and he was instructed to pretend to look for his

lost USB flash drive at the circulation counter. Angelica pretended to find it for him. Presumably the Machine's surveillance of this episode would be sufficiently confused and vague that Mr Secretary could argue in the International Court tomorrow that it was I who had lost, and was searching for, the USB flash drive. The content of the USB flash drive must have earlier been intercepted into the International Court as evidence (such as when Angelica or Angel was testing it on the library's computer), and must have consisted in "bad stuff" like pornography or something which looked like Russian spy documents – in accordance with whatever was the United States' particular agenda against Russia at the time. Unsuspecting as yet, I rode the bus to Westwood, and again spent my night at ISO, checking up on Karin's gang's visits to my blog and learning about computer hacking, etc. Around that night, I would, becoming increasingly concerned over Karin's gang's visits, change my blog's URL and then republish it. The content was unaltered from the original. I configured Blog Spot's setting in order for my blog to be excluded from all search engines, although I continued to enable its listing on Blog Spot proper. This was to prevent Karin and her research team from reading any more of my blog posts. Although they could easily obtain the new URL of my blog from their handlers, they would have to pretend that they could no longer find it, not even when they searched for my name on Google or any other search engines, since they could not give out any hint while under surveillance that they were in fact being instructed by the government to put up an act.

More bad evidences would come out of me the next day. On the late afternoon of December 20, I came to ISO in Westwood carrying both my old Gateway and my new Toshiba Satellite. I have recorded my time there in: "[at\\_iso\\_argument\\_hack\\_12\\_20\\_08\\_5PM.WMA](#)". Since my study of computer hacking last night, I wanted to use the wireless network here to practice in real time. When I arrived and saw Irina working at the counter, I asked her, "What have you heard about me lately?" Again, my usual practice: desperately wanting to know how the government could have instructed every single person I met to put up an act. She of course said nothing; it was not clear if she had even been alerted about me. I sighed to her: "I'm the most unfortunate person in the world..." (2:00). I then set up both of my laptops at the table and had them run Wireshark in order to study the traffic of packets that could be going on between the two laptops. This, I gathered, was something I needed to learn before I could deploy Metasploit. I noticed however that there were packets coming from a third computer to one of my laptops. Puzzled, I looked around to see whose computer it was that was sending packets to me. The place was nearly empty, so that it wasn't hard to find out who it was. An Asian guy. I was stupid enough to ask him if he was pinging me (1:36:00). He got so upset that he came to my laptops to accuse me of trying to hack into his computer (1:39:00). How ridiculous, I said, since it was his computer that had sent packets to mine. He interrogated me as to what this "Wireshark" was and kept pointing to the field box "decryption mode" and warning me not to do anything "illegal". He even warned me that the network in the area was being monitored by the campus police (1:42:00). How bizarre, and I just ignored him. I didn't yet know what "decryption mode" did on Wireshark, and the business got me so upset that I left the place. I thought he was one of the university students around who had seen alerts about me and who was going to falsely report me to law enforcement in accordance with the instructions found in the alert. Something like that was the case. This Asian guy was just another student who had been previously instructed by Homeland Security to find opportunities to talk to me and to accuse me as if I were the mythical David Chin (misogynist, antisocial, delusional, and computer-hacking, etc.) and today he jumped on the

chance to make me into “David Chin the malicious hacker” so that, as he knew, the Machine could intercept another piece of evidence confirming Mr Secretary’s false profile of me in the International Court of Justice. This, of course, I knew quite well even at the time. Since I was trying my very best to learn computer hacking, I only wished Mr Secretary’s lies about me were true.

### **Strangers at the Waterfront, December 21**

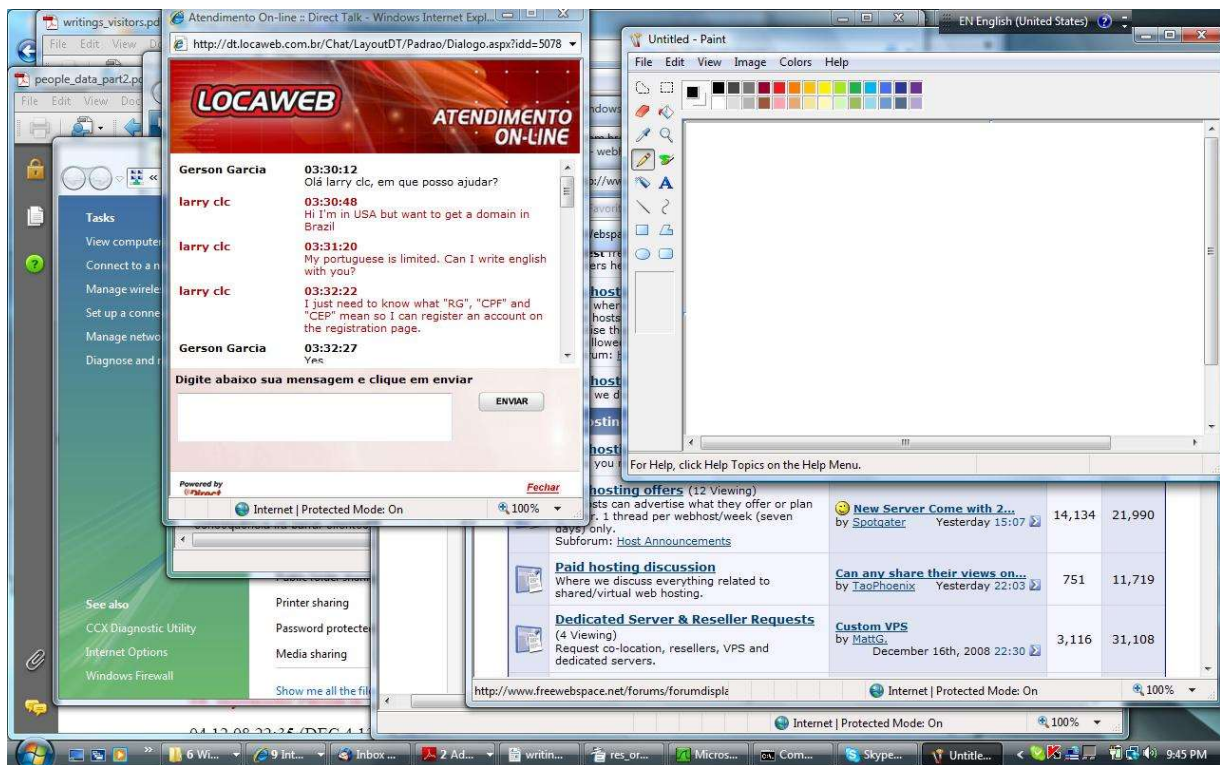
December 21 was a busy day. It was a Sunday, and this morning, to better my mood, I rode the bus to Venice Beach Boardwalk, arriving at the Water Front Cafe. As I sat there by myself on a table in the patio eating my sandwich, a group of young guys and girls came to sit next to me. One of the guys started talking to me, and what followed seemed to reveal something more about the suit team’s operations on me. I have recorded this strange encounter in: [“waterfront\\_12\\_21\\_08\\_155PM.WMA”](#) (from 31:00 onward). Not having anyone to talk to, I fell into the trap and started conversing with them. “Where are you from?” the stranger asked. “LA.” I was very cautious about giving out any information about myself, quite aware that everyone was pretending to cull from me identification information (not to report to law enforcement, of course, but for the Machine to pick up). He bought me a beer, and claimed to have “known me” already. “Where?” I was alarmed. “Internet.” He claimed to have seen me on either Myspace or Facebook. I was in shock. I had no Facebook account, and hadn’t touched my Myspace accounts since 2006. I was worried. Perhaps the suit team had really created a fake Facebook account with criminal and disgusting content and attributed it to me. When I shouted, “What?” the stranger purposely mistook it for my name, “Wei” – and he insisted on using it several times. It was now quite obvious that he was an actor previously instructed by the suit team: he was making sure that the Machine would pick up another instance where I was using alias, this time “Wei”, like “Ren”, etc. I asked him: “And so you saw me on Myspace or Facebook, even though I have no accounts there?” The strangers and his friends began laughing and ridiculing me. He then asked me what my profession was. “Work”, that was my answer and no more, and I asked him the same question in return. He claimed to have founded some sort of web platform for distributing media. “What do you do?” he persisted. “The same thing.” By this time I had become so alarmed by his obvious pranks – rightly suspecting this to be suit team’s operation – that I felt compelled to film the situation: [“with\\_strangers\\_waterfront\\_12\\_21\\_08\\_2PM.3gp”](#). I was just so curious about the story the suit team had made up about me: “So what do my Myspace and Facebook accounts look like?” They laughed. He persisted in asking me for my name in order to find my Facebook page. I truly believed that he was revealing to me that the suit team had created a fake Facebook account for me, and thus persisted in asking him to show it to me. I didn’t even know how to use Facebook, I explained to him. And he kept joking about having made my Facebook profile for me. It was quite obvious that the Machine would have so muddled up our conversation as to print out a transcript which would show me telling strangers about my Facebook and Myspace accounts. It was not that the suit team had created fake Facebook pages for me, but that, with this transcript to indicate (falsely) that I had a Facebook account, the suit team could direct the Machine to mistake someone else’s (disgusting) Facebook for mine. The stranger then emphasized that, although he and everybody else had seen me on pictures, I had never seen them. Of course. Then he asked me again: “Where do you live?” “Around...” He persisted in asking me for my name even though he agreed he already knew it (40:00). “Are you



a writer?" "I do write... I'm also an eater, because I do eat..." I replied vaguely. "Who did you vote for? Bush or Cheney?" "I didn't vote for anyone..." Then the girl who was with him asked me: "Do you come here often?" "Why?" (45:30) "What do you do?" the guy asked me again. "The same thing as you do... and I invent dogs!" They laughed. "Where do you live?" "Here. Where do you live?" "San Francisco." I asked for the name of my Myspace account again, "I'd like to see it too" (48:00). He promised to search for me on Myspace: "inventor of dogs" (51:20). As if he had really found it: "You are 36 year-old; you are from Manchester, Ohio, right?" (52:46) "Let me see that," I shouted, wanting to see his iPhone myself. "Is there any way to search the pictures?" I asked. "What about Facebook? Where am I on Facebook?" I kept asking him (53:35 or so). "Your email address is '[maddog@gmail.com](mailto:maddog@gmail.com)', right?" he continued (53:45 or so). "Well if you send information there I would probably not get it," I had to remind him. "Well the last time you logged in was on the 21<sup>st</sup>, yesterday..." he continued (53:58). "Really?" I said. "Your quote is, 'Ejection is nice, but I'd rather be blown.'" (54:06) I insisted on seeing his phone, but he just wouldn't let me see it. "You invented dogs, as you said," he joked (54:25). "Well, you said you are gonna find me on Facebook," I insisted, wanting desperately to see his iPhone (54:28). "You have to find it and show it to me; or else you are not a man of your words", I continued (54:40). I actually believed he was really looking at the fake Myspace page which the suit team had created for me. In reality, he was simply joking, the goal being for the Machine to intercept his description so that it could convince the judges in the International Court – who didn't know that all this was bullshit made up on the spur of the moment – that David Chin's Myspace account had really been located: and afterwards the Homeland Security thugs would really create a Facebook and Myspace account in accordance with the bullshit of this afternoon just so that they may be intercepted into the International Court to prove to everyone that the made-up stories about David Chin were accurate. In the end the stranger claimed his name was "Matt", and still wanted to know mine (56:00 or so). "Matt also," I replied. Then he asked me: "What do you get for Christmas? Or are you Jewish?" There you go again. "Matt" had purposely said this so that the Machine could scramble his joke into an admission on my part that I was "Jewish", which would be evidence for Mr Secretary's claim that David Chin had this love/ hate relationship with things Jewish. The stranger and his crowd said they were going to Las Vegas before departing (1:01:50).

Although I knew that I had been had, I didn't know what it was about – not just yet. After this, I passed my time at the same old Novel Café, working on my laptop. Then, by night, with heavy depression weighing on me, I came to Westsub at Venice and Overland, and continued to glue myself to my computer screen to study computer matters and hacking. Just then, this "Mike" from Karin's German Language Meetup suddenly showed up – the strangest thing. I was so alarmed that I filmed the incident. Mike had incidentally noticed me, but didn't say anything: "[saw\\_mike\\_12\\_21\\_2008.wmv](#)". It was not hard to guess that it was the suit team which had instructed Mike – he lived far away – to show up in front of me tonight, simply because the United States needed another piece of evidence showing me to be in fact this Mike, the "Paganist" (to use Gabi's euphemism), which meant the "Aryan, anti-Semite white supremacist". Then, by the end of the night, a bum suddenly came to harass me, with the express purpose of snatching my computer away from me. He didn't succeed. This is recorded in 4:14:00 in the recording of the night: "[westsub\\_12\\_21\\_08\\_745PM\\_saw\\_mike.WMA](#)". The suit team had sent this bum to me to steal my computer probably because they wanted a computer to be intercepted

into the International Court of Justice in which would be found important evidences linking me to the Russian intelligence service. It would not matter whether the bum had actually succeeded in his “mission”; the Machine could always convince the ICJ judges that my computer was stolen when it was not. Obviously, the Russians were putting up great resistance in the ICJ so that Mr Secretary needed more evidence to complement the evidence for David Chin's “flash drive” from two days ago. I'm not sure if he had succeeded with this episode, but, as you shall see, he would soon pull this same trick in a far more serious context.



My chat with Locaweb staff, the night of December 21

## Law enforcement harassment and Carlos' prank, December 22

On December 22, after waking up, I came to the Starbucks on Grand and 11<sup>th</sup> to use the Internet. My time there is recorded in: “[at\\_starbucks\\_police\\_12\\_22\\_08\\_112PM.WMA](#)”. Because of Karin's gang's operations on my website, I began contemplating moving it to a foreign country. After much thinking, I thought of Brazil. I looked up various Brazilian webhosting options. Around 9:30 PM last night, for example, I was considering buying a domain on Locaweb. I was hesitant because I had an inkling that Brazil was affected by my flight to China on December 2007. This late morning, December 22, however, I had decided to purchase a new domain in Brazil: I simply had to take the risk, and could only hope I wouldn't drag Brazil down the waters with me. And so I got on chat session with Locaweb's service staff. I obviously would have to record such an important chat session in case the United States wanted to frame me. Unfortunately, I decided to use Snagit to capture my chat session in real time in a nice video. After discussion, however, it turned out that I couldn't purchase any domain because I would

need a Brazilian identification document for the transaction. When the chat session terminated and I tried to save the video file on Snagit, however, the whole software suddenly crashed, and the entire video simply disappeared. I instantly went into hysteria, because it was obvious that it was the suit team which had remotely crashed my software in order to destroy the “evidence”. Obviously, the United States was going to present faulty evidences in the International Court seemingly suggesting that I was communicating with Brazilian spies on the Internet, and thus blackmail Brazil in regard to something just as it had blackmailed Vietnam in September. I knew this, even though, at the time, I wasn't familiar with BRIC and the fact that Brazil was increasingly moving to the Russian camp. I couldn't help but burst into tears (1:16:00). The Starbuck employee quickly came to me: “You have a problem, sir?” Severely distressed, I went outside to give vent to my hysteria, crying and wailing continuously. By 1:30:50, I finished crying and walked into Starbucks again. I continued to sob a little here and there. Then, on 1:36:00, I came out of Starbucks and went to the parking lot across the street, where I cried hysterically. I then went into another episode of seizure, after which, pain relieved, I felt much better. But the suit team was not going to leave me in peace; Mr Secretary and the CIA had discovered an excellent opportunity to gather more evidences about David Chin, so that, within two minutes, two police officers showed up and, in a terribly unsympathetic tone, began interrogating me. “I suffered pain,” I told them. The police officer however made up the story that the employees in Starbucks reported that I threw stuff inside the place (1:38:50 or so). Offended by the injustice which the police officers were perpetrating against me – they must know that this was all a lie – I suggested angrily that we check the surveillance camera video, but the officer didn't care. He continued to interrogate me about my problems. “I suffer pain... My pain is not your business...” But the officer persisted; he had his instruction from Homeland Security, that he needed to act out another episode in which David Chin was being detained by law enforcement once more for creating disturbances in public places – out of his malicious antisocial personality, not out of sadness and despair. He demanded: “Why are you rolling on the ground? What kind of pain?” Angered, I was practically shouting: “Physical pain... What kind of crimes did I commit?” “Disturbances inside the store,” so replied the officer, obviously in order for the Machine to intercept his words. Hearing siren, I knew I was in trouble, and got very nervous. Two ambulances pulled in. Not wanting to be taken to the hospital – the suit team could very well want this in order to manufacture out of the incident some medical records proving me to be someone else than myself – I shouted, “Just write me a ticket!” But no, the officers had their scripts to act out; it was national security and no amount of persuasion from me could change that. The interrogating officer asserted to the emergency technicians that I was being “violent”... I almost fainted. I simply couldn't resist the role I was required to play. The technicians asked me for my name. I refused to give it, for I knew – even though I didn't yet know how – my confessions would end up in the International Court as evidences confirming some imaginary, and disgusting, criminal characteristics on my part. Apparently, the suit team's purpose was only to have the Machine intercept certain identification information from this episode so that the preceding troubles could be indisputably blamed on David Chin. Thus the technicians demanded: “Answer a few questions and we'll let you go.” I still refused, however. They would then take me away, they stated. Thus I gave in, and stated my name was “Larry Chin”. “Age?” “38.” “DOB?” “11-6-69.” I was pretending to be making mistakes with my date of birth (“6” instead of “16”) for fear that I might be arrested because warrants had been issued for my arrest for unpaid pedestrian tickets. “Diabetic?” “No.” “Do you know where you are?”

What is the date today?" I answered it all, and, luckily, they let me go (1:46:30). I walked away, but was deeply upset over the fact that more false reporting about me would have gone inside the International Court of Justice to damn Russia, the sole remaining resistance to the monstrous Uncle Sam. I came home (2:13:00), thanked the cleaning lady whom Terese had instructed to clean my room, picked up the hidden recorder, and went out again. While on the bus I broke down into tears repeatedly (2:38:30).

Only now was I able to continue to pursue my business for the day and ride the bus to Carlos' office to pick up the proof of service for my answer to Karin's TRO. My meeting with him is recorded in: "[process\\_server\\_12\\_22\\_08\\_354PM.WMA](#)". As you can hear, upon walking in I immediately asked Carlos what he had been told about me. Nothing, he replied. Of course. Why would he tell Truman anything? I was just getting very upset with the painful episode which had just taken place. I was then shocked to learn that Carlos had once again served my papers to Karin in person despite his wife's promise that she would be served by mail like everyone else. Carlos gave me the ridiculous reason that the judge might not accept papers served by mail! Even when I pointed out to him that the instruction sheets clearly stated that the defendant shall serve his answer by mail, he still found all sorts of lamest reasons to justify his action: This is the way to do it! That instruction is for the plaintiff! (Wow, something else this time than "mail service only after completion of a personal service"! Trust me, I have been in this business many years! You must hear the recording yourself. Carlos was clearly playing some serious pranks on me. I knew what it was about, of course, and complained that Karin would again complain about my harassing her with process servers and that she might file another restraining order against me. Carlos continued to play dumb. Note that I was hesitant about identifying the real perpetrators of this TV show, the CIA and Mr Secretary of Homeland Security, and just asserted to Carlos that Karin had "law enforcement connections". Karin of course would not file any more restraining orders against me. Her instruction was simply to continue to "act angry" and "complain about incessant harassment" – "Why can't this guy just mail me the papers? He is purposely trying to annoy me with this process server!" – both when Carlos' server knocked on her door and when she talked to her Meetup friends, fully conscious of the fact that the Machine was intercepting her complaints and angry outbursts into the International Court of Justice as evidences confirming the malicious and misogynist character of the Sino-Russian secret agent David Chin. How can I, when I left Carlos' office, not be infuriated and saddened by the tremendous injustice of this situation? Namely, that the government instructed Carlos to harass Karin, and Karin to pretend to feel harassed, all in order to make me look bad. Never in legal history had the defendant's process server conspired with the plaintiff to sabotage the defendant's case.

My troubling afternoon continued in the next recording: "[police\\_harassment\\_12\\_22\\_08\\_440PM.WMA](#)". After Carlos, I came back to downtown, thinking of doing more research in the Law Library. When I was transferring bus on Pershing Square, I burst into tears again over the injustice in my situation: hopelessly trapped in a society where every single person was my enemy and conspired to sabotage me. You can hear me crying so sadly. And, once again, I attracted the attention of a police officer, who came to me and interrogated me without sympathy: "Are you alright?" (4:30) "Do not harass me," I shouted with annoyance. "Go harass some other homeless guy." I squatted down by the bus stop thinking of taking the bus to the Law

Library. But the suit team, seeing me crying from their true surveillance, ordered the police to take actions in order to “collect” more evidences for their case. A bunch of police officers thus came back on 8:50 and began tackling me down and dragging me away. I was shocked since I hadn't really done anything. When the police officers were handcuffing me, I was completely frantic, also because they were leaving my backpack on the ground. All the recordings and documents which proved my existence as Lawrence Chin were inside that backpack! And the officers began searching my bag. “No! No! No!” I kept shouting. “Stop! Stop! What is the crime I've committed? You don't have the right to do this!” The officers said they were merely detaining me. “Write me a ticket!” I shouted. “We *are* going to write you a ticket. Why? Because of your attitude,” the officers replied (10:45). They then claimed they had received a report saying somebody had thrown up on the square, and believed that it was I. I was furious. The officers were obviously making up the whole story in order for the Machine to intercept more “evidence” indicating that I was again drunk and causing disturbances in public places. I shouted: “Why are you pretending not to know me?” The officers checked my ID, and then said I was being detained for being “resistant”. They claimed that lying or squatting on the sidewalk constituted a “violation”. This was incredible injustice, for all the other homeless vagrants were lounging about in the park and on the street and never had any problems; it was all because the United States needed more evidences showing me to be a disruptive person to present to the International Court of Justice that lounging on the sidewalk suddenly became “violation”. I couldn't help but sob continually (16:30). “You are over-reacting, it's just a ticket...” The officer yelled at me. That might be true, but I was upset because I knew that the United States had just “gathered” another piece of evidence with which to weaken the “last man standing” (Russia). I had to suffer constant harassment and be presented in such a bad light only to benefit my enemy (the United States). It was just like slavery, where the slaves suffered only to benefit their victimizers: that is why I was so sad. I shouted: “Why am I always being singled out... There are so many other homeless people around, and you don't bother them...” Well, obviously, it was because the US government needed evidences showing *me*, not any other homeless person, to be a bad person. When the officers interrogated me – with a nasty attitude – as to where I was going and I replied “Law Library”, they put up their act and pretended to be confused and to not know what this “Law Library” was. Why would police officers not know about the Los Angeles county Law Library? What a stupid act! Then, when they checked my records back at the base, they discovered that there was a TRO filed against me. “Why?” they asked me – as if they didn't know. “Because I filed a lawsuit...” I explained the “injustice” Karin had inflicted on me. But the police officer was adamant: “No, it is because she is in fear for her safety...” He was obviously saying this in order for the Machine to intercept more evidences showing me to be a violent misogynist. Although I didn't know how the evidentiary mechanism worked, I still understood the purpose, and thus burst into tears, crying so sadly and yelling, “Why don't you go after some real criminal? Why do you always go after me? All I did is file a lawsuit... Don't you have any conscience...” (24:30). I was really speaking from the heart now. I couldn't understand why nobody saw anything wrong with the fact that the entire society was putting up some ugly shows to dupe and pick on one single guy – as if the whole society had been reduced to high school. I forgot about the obvious fact that nobody cared because nobody could feel my pain. (Namely, human beings' nervous systems were not interconnected.) Then I shouted with anger: “You are obviously just pretending to not know me...” Now this had got inside the police officer. He replied: “I've never met you in my life...” I shouted back: “You are lying...” But then I suddenly

got it: I had actually just hit on his “conscience”: “But you have seen my pictures...” The officer repeated his statement: “I’ve never met you...” (28:30). I was actually a little satisfied – a hint was at last dropped on Truman because the police officer did have a tiny piece of “conscience” left inside him. You see, he had never met me in person, but Homeland Security had gone around the entire LAPD showing every officer my pictures and explaining to everyone that the President of the International Court of Justice had authorized the Americans to do acting in front of him in order to make him look bad to the international audiences in the UN as a way to neutralize his “terrorist harm”. The officer knew what I was talking about, and he didn’t actually want to lie, and so he avoided my question by answering “I have never met you”, which was, strictly speaking, not a lie, and he was only willing to repeat the same answer when I persisted. When he had me sign the citation he had written me, I was crying even harder (34:00). And I was crying hysterically afterwards when I was walking to the Law Library. I researched more laws on the computer there and then rode the bus to Westwood to make purchase of a USB charger which I needed for my new pen camera. I was so distressed that I was struck down by physical pain again while walking on the sidewalk. I had not yet thought of the fact that the Machine might confuse my signature on the ticket with someone else’s so that the United States might have more evidence to convince the world that I was not Lawrence Chin.

My night is recorded in: “[wstwd\\_12\\_22\\_08\\_8PM.WMA](#)”. I would be feeling extremely distressed throughout the night because of the traumas I had suffered today. You can hear me breathing heavily while walking on 12:00. Then I broke down crying again on the grass on 16:00. You can hear me murmuring out of hopelessness on 19:30: “Everyday it’s just suffering, isolation...” Then I broke down crying again on 27:00. I rode the bus home and, before I came back inside my apartment, I sighed: “Nobody wants to hear a single word from me...” (1:28:30). All this time, since their first recruitment as Homeland Security and law enforcement informants in September 2007 and until today when they worked for both the CIA and Homeland Security to run all these pranks on me for government’s case in the International Court of Justice, Karin and her Meetup friends had never bothered to ask me for my side of the story. Their handlers had fed them with all kinds of fantastic lies about what I did in China, etc.; but no one had heard a single word from me. The same with all the police officers, Assumption church members, public personnel, Carlos, and all the strangers who had ever played pranks on me on the street. I truly found it bizarre that no one ever wondered if the government was speaking the truth about me. When the government made up stories about Jose Padilla, there were still leftwing activists and lawyers who wanted to hear something from the man himself. Could the story about “dirty bomb” be real?<sup>56</sup> When the government made up stories about Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, there were still conspiracy theorists who doubted these stories. Was he not really just an American agent?<sup>57</sup> But not when it came to me. I guessed it was because I was too ugly. In fact, years later, when Karin and her friends would discover that the story about China’s role in 911 attacks was a lie, it would not make any difference to them. They are not bothered by the fact that the government is lying to them to manipulate them to hate the Chinese and Russians – because the

---

<sup>56</sup> Although Jose Padilla suffered the worst possible torture of the mind resulting in its destruction, there were still experts who cared for him, like Dr Angela Hegarty, forensic psychiatrist from Columbia University, who visited this “American outcast”: [http://www.democracynow.org/2007/8/16/exclusive\\_an\\_inside\\_look\\_at\\_how](http://www.democracynow.org/2007/8/16/exclusive_an_inside_look_at_how).

<sup>57</sup> And KSM was an Operation Gladios Plan B operative, recruited by the CIA to conduct guerrilla war against the Russians in the Caucasus. More on this later.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, Vol III  
 On the Periphery of Karin's Meetups, Part I  
 Lawrence C. Chin  
 Oct. 2009 – Jul. 2014. Correction: Oct. 2018, Sept. 2020

Chinese and Russians are not worthy enough for them. This is simply how most people are like, you must keep this in mind.

General Services Police  
 CITY OF LOS ANGELES  
**NOTICE TO APPEAR** MISDEMEANOR NONTRAFFIC  
 04700

Date of Violation: 12/22/08 Time: 5:05 PM Day of Week: S M T W T F S Arrest DR No. Evidence DR No.

Name (First, Middle, Last): INFENCE CHANG LUNG CHIN

Address: 4219 PASCAL PL  
 City: PALOS VERDES State: CA Zip Code: 90274

Driver Lic. No.: A1428963 State: CA Class: 37 Birth Date: 11/16/69

Sex: M Hair: BLA Eyes: BRN Height: 509 Weight: 120 Race: Other Description:

Code: Ordinance: Description: Misdemeanor or Infraction (Circle)

4118(A) LANC - LONG SLEEPING OR SLEEPING ON PUBLIC SIDEWALK (M) I

REJECT  
 P 9CA00385  
 JAN 21 2009

Location of Violation(s): 530 S. OLIVE ST. City and County of Los Angeles

Comments (including RD number):

Violations not committed in my presence, declared on information and belief. I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the State of California the foregoing is true and correct.

Arresting or Citing Officer: REAL DIV: TE CI PT X1184 Serial No. Dates Off: to

Date: Name of Arresting Officer, if different from Citing Officer: Serial No. Dates Off: to

WITHOUT ADMITTING GUILT, I PROMISE TO APPEAR AT THE TIME AND PLACE INDICATED BELOW.  
 X Signature: [Signature]

WHEN: ON THIS DATE: 01/12/09 TIME: 8:30 AM PM

WHAT TO DO: FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE REVERSE.

WHERE:

- Metropolitan, 1945 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, 90007, (213) 744-4022
- Central Arraignment Court, 429 Bauchet Street, Los Angeles, 90012, (213) 974-8075
- South, 415 West Ocean Boulevard, Long Beach, 90802, (562) 491-6226
- West Los Angeles, 1633 Purdue Avenue, West Los Angeles, 90025, (310) 312-6547
- Van Nuys, 14400 Erwin Street Mall, Van Nuys, 91401, (818) 374-2903
- North Valley, 900 Third Street, San Fernando, 91340, (818) 898-2407
- West Valley, 9425 Penfield Avenue, Chatsworth, 91311, (818) 576-8555
- Hollywood, 5925 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, 90028, (323) 856-5747
- Airport, 11701 South La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, 90045, (310) 727-6020

TO BE NOTIFIED  COURT CLERK

DEFENDANT COPY  
 SEE REVERSE  
 TR-120  
 GS/OPS 40-05.02.2 (R 1/06)

NOTICE TO APPEAR FORM APPROVED BY THE  
 JUDICIAL COUNCIL OF CALIFORNIA  
 9-20-05 (Pen. Code, § 853.9)

The ticket which the police officers wrote me on December 22, 2008

Housing Authority inspection, December 23.

The afternoon of December 23 would be very frustrating. I desperately needed to go to the Pasadena courthouse to file additional papers which I had decided would be useful to my fight with Karin's TRO, and yet I had rescheduled my section 8 inspection for today. I now regretted my decision. You can hear me calling the Housing Authority repeatedly from 1 PM onward but never getting through the automated recording: "[calling\\_housing\\_auth\\_12\\_23\\_08\\_115PM.WMA](#)". I waited and waited in my room – terribly upset that I was not able to make it to the courthouse today – until, around 4:30 PM, the inspector finally came. This is recorded in: "[hosing\\_inspection\\_12\\_23\\_08\\_430PM.WMA](#)". Terese was with her, and she claimed she was late because I was the last one on her list. I expressed how upset I was because I needed to file papers at the courthouse in anticipation of my TRO hearing tomorrow. Terese continued to make an issue about my putting out cigarettes on the carpet. She would report it to the management, she insisted. This was clearly suit team's ploy: the Agency wanted more episodes of my sloppiness, danger to myself, and inability to take care of myself to be intercepted into the International Court for my international audience. I nervously protested: "You can't do that, for they'll call the police to take me away on 5150..." This was of course not quite yet the Agency's intention; they were more focused on the show they wanted to present to my audience in the ICJ and UN Security Council. And thus Terese was correct when she denied such possibility – until the Agency would eventually change its mind because of complication. In the end, the inspector agreed to write me a note to take to the judge tomorrow, and you can hear her comforting me when I told her how lonely I was and how "cigarettes were my only friends": "Cigarettes are not your best friend... You have to be your own best friend..." I began crying (12:00). The Housing Authority inspector might not be a "hypocrite" here – for she probably didn't have any idea about the International Court trial – but Terese, who was agreeing with her, definitely was a supreme hypocrite – since she knew full well why I was so lonely: it's her own agency's work. And thus I passed the inspection and got to keep my Section 8 title.

My night on December 23 is recorded in: "[wstwd\\_downtown\\_sec\\_guards\\_12\\_23\\_08\\_7PM.WMA](#)". I passed the night in Westwood, using the Internet in Starbucks and buying more flash drives in Best Buy. I had by this time established my backup policy: the ultimate backups for my documentaries ("evidences") were my DVDs, but I would at the same time preserve third copies in flash drives. Thus my evidences were spread out on my hard drives, flash drives, and DVDs. Something interesting happened when I came back to downtown and was buying hot dogs in 711 before walking home. I saw a security guard (the "purple shirts" on bicycles whom you see patrolling the downtown financial center) writing on his log, and went up to him to ask him, "What are you writing about?" He was logging, he explained. I became very sarcastic while pursuing him: "What are you writing about me?" I assumed he had already been alerted by the government about me, and had received instructions to always report "bad things" about me. I was somewhat correct, of course, and he responded – playing along with me: "I write that you are 5/8 and weigh 165 pounds..." I commented sarcastically: "Yes, that's very suspicious, buying hot dog... Very suspicious," meaning how he had to report me as a criminal to make me look bad in the International Court of Justice. What's really interesting is the fact that he also had to report me as weighing a lot heavier than I really did, just like Karin had done, in order to make me look physically dangerous to my international audience. Nobody in United Nations was supposed to



know that I in fact weighed barely 125 pounds and couldn't possibly hurt women even if I wanted to: I just wasn't strong enough to overpower women physically.

### **The restraining order hearing, December 24**

Just as I had predicted on my blog post of December 23 ("I will very likely lose the hearing tomorrow unfairly"), I would lose the hearing today. There was just no way that the CIA and Mr Secretary would allow me to triumph over their favorite clandestine operative. What was at stake, more importantly, was the profile of David Chin in the International Court of Justice.

I don't know whether it was by their design or by accident, my hearing for the restraining order was set on December 24 2008, a day guaranteed for confusion at the courthouse because it was Christmas Eve. In order to arrive in court on time – 8:30 AM in the morning – I had to not sleep, pass the night, and then ride the metro to Pasadena to get ready for the hearing. Karin was already there, accompanied by Gabi, Marianne, and Rolf, who was on a wheel chair. (I don't know if he was just pretending.) While we all sat on the bench waiting for our hearing, Karin and her meetup friends began carrying out the operations with which the suit team had charged them: speaking nonsense about me in order for the Machine to intercept it into the International Court as more evidences confirming the disgusting characteristics of David Chin. They talked loudly about how I was hacking people's computers – even though, after downloading many hacking and network security tutorial videos from Youtube and installing Metasploit, I still had no clue as to how to hack anything at all. They wouldn't of course know, under normal circumstances, about the fact that I was trying to learn hacking; they only learned about it from their handlers. I got angrier and angrier: I only wished I really knew how to hack! They then referred to the two fake profiles I had inserted in Karin's meetup groups to catch their false rumors about me. Although faking profiles was such a common occurrence in social networking websites, the suit team had evidently instructed Karin's bunch to make a big deal out of it so that they could intercept more favorable evidences into the International Court because it really was the only instance where I actually did something which David Chin was said to be in the habit of doing, i.e. always trying to pretend to be someone else because of some sick pleasure in impersonation and deception. Karin and Gabi also began talking about how, given my sickness and criminality, a mere civil restraining order might not restrain me. Again, none of what they said corresponded to any reality – it was merely my "twilight zone" where everyone was suffering either from mental deficiency or perception problem and saw someone else out of me – but would be very convincing evidence in the International Court attesting to the authenticity of the false profile which the ICJ judges and governments around the world had been given to believe about me.

Because Karin had crafted her restraining order for the purpose of being examined at the International Court rather than for the purpose of actually responding to me, she had to cite, to answer the question of how I had harassed her, the reason that I had sent a process server to serve her a frivolous lawsuit. The suit team had wanted her to write this in order to produce for the judges at the International Court the impression that David Chin had an obsession with unmeritorious and fraudulent lawsuits, which was circumstantial evidence for his motivation for participating in a Sino-Russian intelligence operation to fraudulently convict the United States through the International Court of Justice. But this reason rendered Karin's restraining order

invalid because the law specifically excluded “lawsuit” as a form of “harassment”. The judge assigned to our hearing would see this, and so something had to be done about it. Karin and her friends, evidently under their handlers’ instruction, requested a mediator during the hearing. Around 9:45 AM – after we had been waiting for an hour in the court room – the “mediator” showed up and called me into his office. As soon as he mentioned, however, that the discussion during the mediation was to be held confidential, I refused to participate in it because I would never engage myself in any conversation that was confidential and therefore could not be legally recorded. I was perpetually under faulty surveillance for Christ’s sake! An hour later, the court clerk suddenly came to me to tell me that an “order” had come to change the judge in our case because the original judge assigned to our hearing was suddenly busy with another jury trial. It required no brain work on my part to understand that the CIA had orchestrated something inside the court system in order to change the judge because they needed someone else whom they could easily instruct to grant Karin’s TRO no matter what. A “CIA agent judge”, in other words. I insisted to the court clerk that I wanted the original judge who had actually read my answer to the restraining order and refused to accept a new judge who hadn’t read anything about our case, but it was all in vain. Our new judge would be a female, who would evidently be biased against me, the stereotypical “aggressive misogynist who wouldn’t take No for an answer and who kept on impulsively and obsessively violating innocent women’s space”. After all this fuss, our hearing finally took place around 2 PM.<sup>58</sup> As could be expected, she adroitly avoided Karin’s stated reason for her TRO against me, that I filed a lawsuit against her, and directed our attention to the three uninvited showings I had made to Karin’s meetups (10/16/2008; 11/6/2008; and 11/23/2008). She let Karin speak about the “pain and suffering” which I had caused her by showing up uninvited (2:34:00 in the recording) and Karin skillfully acted as if she had suffered tremendously and managed to feign bursting into tears, as if the innocent and weak woman had at last broken down under the aggressive onslaught of a misogynist monster. I was bedazzled because – well, Karin was actually taller, and weighed more, than I. The stereotypes or caricatures that we were playing just didn’t seem to accord with our real appearance. Just as in a pre-scripted show, our judge found me having severely harassed Karin and ruled that the court should grant Karin’s request for a permanent restraining order against me. Because I had never been entangled with the criminal justice system before, I thought this was all a very big deal, and got into a fit after everyone had left, while the sheriff in the courthouse kept insisting to me that this didn’t make me into a “criminal” and was not a major thing to be upset over. He was right, but I didn’t understand it. I thought it was major injustice inflicted upon me by the government, while the real significance of the whole affair was that the United States had obtained more evidences in the International Court of Justice demonstrating that this Sino-Russian secret agent David Chin was indeed a violent sexist aggressor who never ceased violating women’s boundaries – the politically incorrect creature who for sure would offend everybody in the International Court system and the United Nations Assembly and make Russia and China look really bad.

---

<sup>58</sup> Refer to my recording of the early afternoon that day: “[hearing\\_karin\\_2nd\\_12\\_24\\_08\\_12PM.WMA](#)”. It was on 1:35:00 or so that I was told that a new judge had been selected for our hearing, a certain judge “Reed”. The hearing begins on 2:22:00 in the recording.

Enormously upset over the injustice I had suffered, I went straight home after the hearing and took a long nap. When I woke up, I called up my cousin Cindy and then my grandfather. My calls are recorded in: "[calling\\_cindy\\_12\\_24\\_08\\_445PM.WMA](#)". I told my grandpa that I had lost my TRO hearing. I then told Cindy that I was having the worst day of my life, but I didn't really want to talk about it. She wasn't really the person I could tell my problems to. Cindy's mother was visiting, and her friends were there as well. I began crying to her, however, about having such a bad day. I then jumped on the bus to go to my grandpa's place in east Los Angeles. The rest of my night is recorded in: "[at\\_grandpa\\_12\\_24\\_08\\_613PM.WMA](#)". As you can hear in the recording, when I came near my grandfather's home and asked him if I could come over and he agreed, I specifically noted: You won't harm me, would you? "No, what does that mean? Who has harmed you?" "Everyone," I replied. My grandfather of course accused me of mental obscurity and paranoia. I came inside his home on 33:00. I was in tears, crying: "Sad", and then explained: "Everybody harms me, no friends, always alone, and yet people victimize me..." So far correct. Then I was of course quite mistaken: "Aunt Jennifer falsely reported me to the police..." And then: "All I do is draw and write, and now nobody believes it..." My grandpa asked: "Why don't you dress nicer?" "I don't have friends, why do I have to dress nice?" (42:00) It's certainly futile for Truman to dress nice and please people; everybody had already decided what to do with him since the government had already decided on the "script" for Truman's life. What can he possibly do to change that "script", when national security is involved? Truman can only feel insulted by his grandfather's attempt to convince him to waste his time doing what is futile, as if his life, and so his time, did not matter, just so that everyone can pretend nothing is going on. I continued to complain to my grandfather, first about Karin's false reporting of me to the police, and then about everybody's false reporting of me to the police... "As if I were a fugitive... Everybody falsely reports me for racism, misogyny..." (46:30). Then: "Everybody keeps secret from me, every police officer knows me, but pretends not to know me..." (48:30). Note that, on 1:00:00, I purposely asked my grandfather about my brother; I was attempting to collect evidences about my brother being David Chin and my being Lawrence Chin. This is extremely significant, and I will explain it momentarily. Then my grandpa criticized my mother for having never cared for us since birth (1:07:00). He was telling the matter truthfully, though I suspect that these true details actually did fit into the overall story which Mr Secretary had made up about my life, so that the Machine had just intercepted more evidences confirming the United States' "David Chin legend". Then my grandfather played dumb again, in accordance with his "mission": "How do people harm you?" "The government instructs people to harm me..." (1:14:00). My grandfather advised me to simply spend my time drawing and watching movies and so on (1:20:00). In other words, he wanted me to simply pass time and ignore government's agenda about me. The government had already decided to sacrifice my social life, my human needs, and my human potential (what I have described as "participation in intersubjectivity") in order to advance its geopolitical agenda; it is futile to expect the government to budge for your sake when you are just one single person – especially since you have in some vague fashion committed treason. My grandfather knew that I might as well forget about my life. Finally he gave me some money and sent me home (1:50:00).

Angered by the injustice of my situation, I certainly wasn't going to allow a restraining order to stop me from investigating government's pranks which everyone had carried out behind my back. The next day was Christmas, which meant that Karin had prepared her usual Christmas

Orphan Meetup. Her group was to see another movie in Playhouse 7 around 3 PM. Again, I rode the Metro to Pasadena's Memorial Park station, hid myself in the interior of a building to change my dress and disguise my appearance, and took all sorts of detours in order to furtively come to the Laemmle theater hoping to have avoided the suit team's surveillance. Wishful thinking of course. I was at the theater two hours before the show even started. I hid my second Olympus recorder underneath the newspaper stand again, and then went home. By night, I came back to the theater to retrieve the recorder. I was again surprised that the CIA never did anything to obstruct my investigation, such as instructing someone to remove the recorder.<sup>59</sup> Sometimes I wondered if my effort in hiding and detouring might have really escaped the CIA's surveillance, and if they might have never noticed that I was hiding my recorder in Karin's place of meeting. I didn't know – again – how much that was wishful thinking. The CIA and Mr Secretary were – again – purposely allowing me to stalk Karin in order for the Machine to intercept more evidences confirming David Chin's malicious misogynist nature: he never stopped victimizing innocent, weak females – even after a restraining order had been issued against him. Meanwhile, my whole effort had amounted to naught again, for, when I checked the recording, there was no sign that Karin and her friends had ever even shown up. Perhaps the suit team had instructed Karin and her friends to put up a show: since yesterday's restraining order hearing, they should pretend to be very afraid of me today, and should pretend to be afraid to come to the theater in case I should stalk her. Their acting was then intercepted into the ICJ to convince the judges, who, when they also saw me continuing to plant my recorder near theater's entrance, could develop ever more virulent bad impression of me.

Now, to calm the feeling of injustice, I began thinking about appealing the permanent restraining order against me. Also, from now on, because all my attempts at investigation had amounted to nothing, I began envisaging legal means to probe into Karin's operations on me. In a different NOLO book which I had discovered in the law library, *Win Your lawsuit* by a certain judge Roderic Duncan, I read about "discovery": "formal investigation that parties conduct before trial in order to obtain information from each other about the case to prepare for settlement or trial." Now there were two means of "discovery": depositions and interrogatories. In the former, one may use a Notice of Deposition or a Subpoena Duces Tecum re Deposition to order a deponent to bring documents to a deposition; or one might send the opponent a request for Production of Documents (FRCP 34, and similar state rules). When I went to the Pasadena courthouse on December 26, I would inquire how to do this thing called "deposition".

This is recorded in: "[at\\_court\\_and\\_lib\\_12\\_26\\_08\\_222PM.WMA](#)". I arrived in the Pasadena courthouse and asked the clerk on 11:50 whether there was a procedure for appealing the restraining order. The clerk didn't know the answer to my question. I then asked her about whether I could conduct "discovery" before receiving an answer from Karin. The clerk was still unhelpful, repeating her duty to not give out legal advice (14:30 or so). By 20:00 I had ordered the file of the restraining order from the clerk. On 22:50 I asked her about how to conduct a deposition. She was no help in this regard also. On 46:00 I actually went up to the court room to ask how to hire a court reporter to run a deposition. I then gave the clerk my case number (08C02951) in order for her to tell me who the judge would be for my civil lawsuit against

---

<sup>59</sup> The recording is: "[nxt\\_plyhs\\_7\\_12\\_25\\_08\\_120PM.WMA](#)".

Karin. Around 56:00 or so I actually found the reporter in the courthouse to ask her how much it might cost to have a deposition done. She replied that she'd do only unlimited cases and not mine which was limited, that a page by court reporter cost approximately 3 dollars and 50 cents, and that no fee waiver was available for this enterprise – which meant it would be a rather expensive endeavor for me. I then left the courthouse.

My afternoon of December 26 is recorded in: "[fr\\_psdn\\_to\\_vermont\\_12\\_26\\_08\\_520PM.WMA](#)". On 49:00, you can hear me comparing myself to a legless disabled man: "We are both disabled. But he is luckier", i.e. he was not a social outcast determined by the government. I was a subhuman, a social outcast, and it's the government which had made me so. I would then spend the night in the Starbucks in Vermont and Prospect working on my computer.

### **Karin's team's visits to my videos website**

Now that Karin's team had to pretend they couldn't find my blog, Rolf and Alexis (it seems) were, after Christmas, instructed by their handlers to Google "Lawrence Chin and Karin" and find my videos website instead ([videos.lawrencechin2011.com](#)). They would continually look at the videos I had shot of myself drawing Karin's portrait in June. At the time I didn't know why they were instructed to do this. My speculation on the purpose of this operation which you can read on my blog posts for December 30 and 31 2008 ("A possible dirtiest trick in the world by Karin", "Rendered non-existent because of my small claim suit") was rather erroneous.

In reality, what the suit team had instructed Karin and her friends to do was to watch those videos showing me drawing and then to rumor over communication channels: "Something strange! The person in the video looks slightly different from Lawrence!" They would be instructed to pretend not to know why, but only to express doubt. Meanwhile, when their rumors were intercepted into the International Court as evidence, Mr Secretary could argue that this was another piece of evidence confirming that I was not Lawrence Chin: that the most plausible explanation was that I, David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin, had put on my website the videos which *Lawrence* had shot of himself drawing portraits in order to deceive people into believing that I was Lawrence and a great artist.

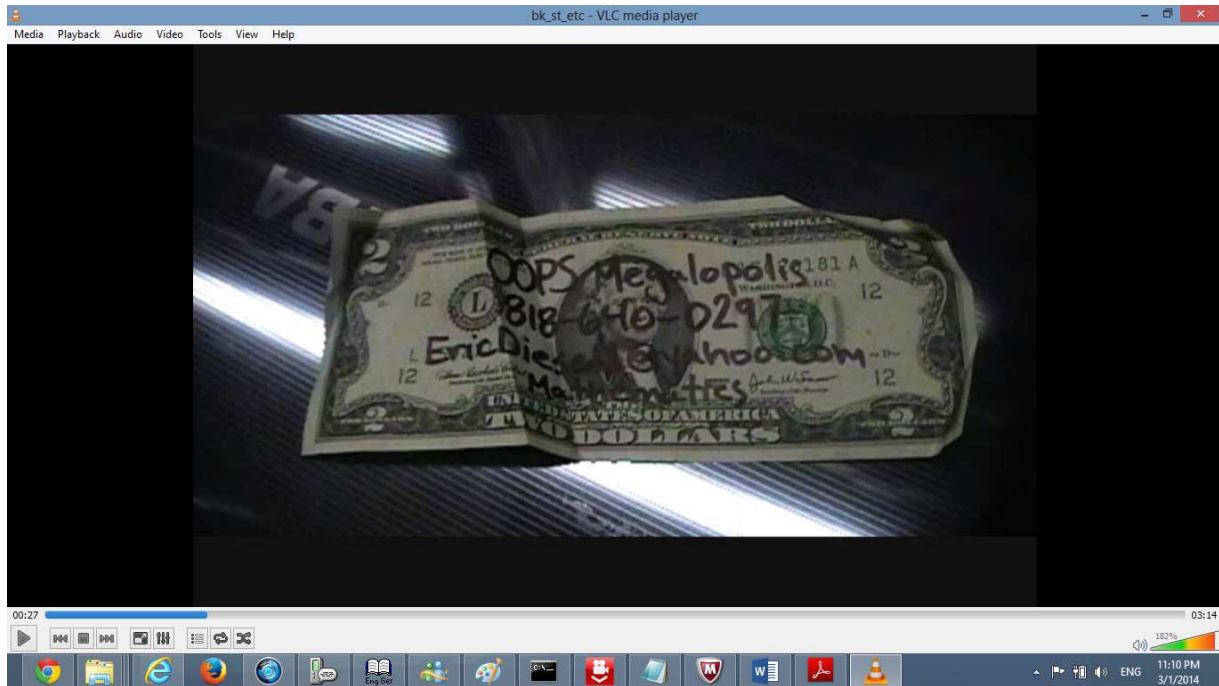
Let us now talk about the night of December 27. My recording of this night is: "[meetup\\_socal\\_to\\_psychobabble\\_talk\\_w\\_mathm\\_12\\_27\\_08\\_650PM.WMA](#)". Still desperately seeking human contacts, I decided to attend the Socal Movie Meetup tonight. I had signed up for this group a long time ago for no particular reason, just because, after I lost Karin's meetups, I had no more opportunities for human interactions. And yet, knowing the danger in meeting people, I had never attended any of its meetings. But, interestingly, the group was to meet at Laemmle Playhouse 7 tonight for a movie. Just because Karin's group met here all the time, and because I had not gone inside there since November 23, I decided to come, risking producing more damaging evidences. Besides, even just meeting with strangers seemed to alleviate pain, even though there was no expectation that these people could ever be my friends. In any case, I was at the theater on 8:00 and found the meetup gathering on 17:30. Soon I noticed that there was a Homeland Security actor in the group. Oh no, the same old thing! This guy was going to rumor bad things about me – although not in order to make false reports to law enforcement, but in

order for the Machine to intercept more evidences to confirm David Chin's malicious personality. I promptly took out my pen camera to film the people in this gathering, since the presence of a Homeland Security actor was a sure sign that everyone here had already been instructed by the suit team as to how to comport themselves toward me – everyone had been recruited: "[social\\_meetup\\_12\\_27\\_08\\_7PM.3gp](#)". I then left the theater totally disappointed on 1:23:30 – there was just no point in interacting with people when the government had already decided on the outcome – and a bad outcome at that. I rode the bus to Psychobabble coffeehouse in Hollywood. I was about to get into a strange encounter. A gentle-looking black man also using a Toshiba Satellite – one very similar to mine save that his was much bigger – caught my attention. He introduced himself as a doctoral student in physics from Boston. You may want to take note of this conversation, which starts from 2:43:00 onward in the recording. He noted that his specialty was in geometry and topology, that he had studied at Boston University, and that he was here for vacation. I was so desperate for human interaction that I happily jumped into the conversation with this educated man – the kind I longed for – even knowing the danger involved: getting slandered in the international domain and causing harm to Russia. Speaking of "danger", it actually came in from a different direction. This vulgar man walked in, a Homeland Security agent such as I would only afterwards suspect (2:50:00). He showed us his own Wikipedia page, "Tautology". Mr "Tautology" then gave me a two-dollar bill on which were written his phone number and email address.<sup>60</sup> (See also the screenshot below.) He asked me to send him an email, which was also displayed on his Wikipedia page. He then made a presentation on "logical entropy" (2:59:00). Listen to this for yourself; it does sound like a "real theory". This was quite important, for, immediately afterwards, he admitted that he had made up the whole thing. I didn't know at the time that this was the "danger" I was afraid of: Mr "Tautology" had just been confused with me in surveillance and the United States had "gathered" more evidence to show around in the UN demonstrating that I, this bad-to-the-bone David Chin, was also a fraudster and a charlatan: so good at lying and cheating that he, although possessing no talents, no intellect, and no education, could feign education by simply making up bullshits on the spot and convincing people that he was educated. When Mr "Tautology" had left, I was left alone with the physicist to continue our stimulating conversation. I was quite excited, actually laughing at times, completely out of my cocoon for a moment. The conversation itself might interest you. The Boston physicist was explaining the problem he was working on in 3:03:00 in the recording. We then discussed the theories explaining the origin of the universe, my view that Stephen Hawking's theory was wrong, and then my theory about the experiential basis for the human endeavor to explain our "origin", i.e. the mystery of how things could have come out of nothing (3:25:00). Then it was his view ("Because it's existence itself..."); then string theories; then the problem with the professionalization of physics... (3:37:00); and finally my theory about how religions could have evolved out of the primordial human intuition into thermodynamics (3:53:00). When the night was over, I really didn't suspect anything. But months later I would realize that I had fallen into another operation, that Mr "Tautology" was a Homeland Security prankster; I even suspected the Bostonian physicist to be an agent from the Agency. But I have never been sure about this. I would see him again later on in Psychobabble.

---

<sup>60</sup> Knowing that this had become "evidence" in the International Court of Justice, I would later film it. See 0:30 in the video: "[bk\\_st\\_etc\\_til\\_1\\_24\\_09.wmv](#)".

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, Vol III  
On the Periphery of Karin's Meetups, Part I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Oct. 2009 – Jul. 2014. Correction: Oct. 2018, Sept. 2020



The two dollar bill which Mr “Tautology” had given me on December 27 2008

### Skype calls to my aunts on December 28: the “turning point”

Now it is time to explain my sudden interest in gathering evidence about my brother from my grandfather on Christmas Eve. While I was busy about with my little civil lawsuit and the restraining order, I had been wondering why it was so important for Mr Secretary to instruct the people around me to falsely rumor about me as a computer wizard. I had started contemplating on this especially since December 2, when even the trio at the Mexican grill began participating in false rumors about me. Why did the judges in the International Court need to be persuaded that I was magnificent with computers when I was merely trying desperately to learn all their secrets? I knew that Mr Secretary had argued to his international audience that I wasn't myself Lawrence Chin in order to get out of his lies. But it had now dawned on me that what he might have done was simply swapping my identity with my older brother David, who was a software engineer. “The guy who flew to China was not the guy in the FBI document which the Chinese had obtained from us, but his brother”, that must be his argument. I had finally realized: claiming that I was actually my older brother was especially easy to do, because on my US citizenship certificate as well as on my passport my date of birth was misprinted as my older brother's. I began to understand that the “conspiracy scenario” which our Secretary of Homeland Security had invented must be that I was my older brother and, under multiple nations' direction (China and Russia foremost, but also Vietnam and so on as well), pretended to be myself to fly to China so as to enable China and then Russia to sue the United States for violating international law regarding the sharing of information on terrorist suspects. This also meant that the document which the “Big Sister” at the FBI had passed to the Chinese must have mentioned that I had a brother who was a computer programmer *but not much else*, so that the blank space may be filled in with these cartoonish characteristics of antisocial personality disorder, supreme multilingual

ability, sexual perversion, etc., none of which characterized my real older brother. It was a major awakening for me. Although I was on the right track, I still couldn't yet imagine that Mr Secretary did not simply claim that I was my older brother David Chin, but had also asserted that this David Chin was a twin brother of Lawrence Chin. In other words, the "Big Sister" at the FBI was so sparing in her mention of my brother that she didn't even specify that my "brother" was my "older brother". I did think it strange that the information with which she had furnished the Chinese government (and the Russian government as well) wouldn't somehow include clear and precise photographs of myself to enable my identification as "Lawrence Chin" rather than "Lawrence Chin's brother David Chin". How could something as important as the identification of a "terrorist suspect" somehow not give hint as to what he looked like? This should have caused me to realize, even then, that the United States was not simply claiming that I was my brother, but also that my brother and I were twin brothers. But, for this realization, I would have to wait until May next year.

On the early evening of December 28, I arrived in Psychobabble again to pass the night. This is recorded in: "[IMP\\_aunt\\_cindy\\_fr\\_psychobabble\\_to\\_starbucks\\_12\\_28\\_08\\_540PM.WMA](#)". I sat down in front of my new Toshiba Satellite, just like always. As I pondered on this question, I decided to gather more testimonies confirming that I was Lawrence Chin, that David Chin was my older brother, and that it was David who was the software engineer; the testimony from my grandfather was not enough. I thus called up my aunt Winnie in San Jose on Skype to ask her about my brother, just in order to record her confirming that it was my older brother who was the computer engineer. This proof might come in handy later on, I thought. I connected with her on 1:49:00. After asking her about my cousin Irene (her daughter), I asked, "And my older brother?" "Your older brother?" she replied unsuspecting, "I don't see him." "Does he still work at a computer company?" "I don't know..." she replied. "You don't talk to him at all?" "No I don't..." Then my aunt Winnie confirmed that my cousin Cindy and her parents had come down to Southern California. She then asked me: "Have you called your step mother and all?" "No. Only grandpa. I am afraid to talk to anybody else," I said. I was trying to drop hints on her as to how difficult and depressing my condition was: everybody would play pranks on me as soon as I tried to connect with him or her (although not by falsely reporting me to law enforcement such as I had believed). "Is Nelson [Irene's brother] still in San Diego?" "Yes." Note that there was connection problem throughout our call. After I hanged up, I decided to call up my cousin Cindy for the same purpose. I connected with her on 1:57:00. She was at the moment taking her parents to the airport, and I talked to her mother, my aunt Eva, instead (1:58:00). "Where does my older brother work?" I asked her. "I don't know. Your older brother has told me several times the name of the company where he works, but I can't understand it." "Is that company computer-related?" "I don't know." I hanged up on 2:00:00, and that was my proof-gathering for the night.

It was a very depressing night. I came out of Psychobabble very upset, and passed the rest of the night in Starbucks (2:22:00). After working so much on my computer, I sighed: "I can't do it anymore. It's just so much work everyday..." (2:58:00). The problem is that everyday I strained myself trying to "investigate" this Truman Show – stalking Karin, learning computer-hacking, tracing her visits to my blogs and my website – and had absolutely no social life. My life was completely barren; my depression was so much worsened by the feeling of powerlessness and blindness in that I was trying to penetrate into an invisible reality which was just inaccessible and



yet which was all about me. It really was like being blind: all was darkness around. Then my computer activities were constantly disrupted. I came out of Starbucks still upset: “I can’t do it anymore...” (3:08:00). “Internet connection blocked, all because I was restoring the webpage where I claimed it was Oliver who had repainted my painting... Now I have to go back to Psychobabble to work on this webpage...” (3:11:00). Because of my knowledge that the government had claimed to the world that I didn’t actually do my art works, this particular painting which my artist friend Oliver had painted over might suddenly become evidence that I did indeed get someone else do my artworks and then falsely claim them as my own works. But I had specified on my webpage for this work that I wasn’t the one who did it; hence it was all the more important that I restore this webpage, which had gone offline. And if I wasn’t able to do it due to connection problems, it *could* be because the suit team was preventing it. Then I groaned: “I can’t go back to Psychobabble, and so have to go to the Internet cafe...” What worsened my depression was just this uncertainty: it was never clear to me whether it was the suit team which was trying to prevent me from proving that I had never claimed other people’s artworks as my own or whether my Internet connection malfunctioned due to “natural causes”.

Without my knowing, however, I had in fact caused tremendous troubles to the suit team by attempting to gather “proofs” about my brother for future use. If you make a list of all the “evidences” that had been collected from me in the past three months or so, or especially from late October onward, you can sort of figure out the main line of the battle at the International Court of Justice, and notice that, as the year came to its end, ever more evidences seem to have been “collected” from me: my “pedophilia” on 10/29; my being a spy on 10/30; my racism against blacks on 11/4; my Francophony and “pedophilia” (though no theft) on 11/6; my theft on 11/7; then, on 11/15, 11/21, and many days afterward, my love for violating women’s boundaries; on 11/16, and in early December, my being a computer programmer, hacker, and Linux expert; on 11/22, my admission that I came from China, and my projection of myself onto others; on 11/24, my disruption in Karin’s groups, and my meeting with my secret agent contact; on 11/30, my pretending to be a terrorist suspect; then my having paranoid schizophrenia, and my using lawsuit to harass good people, in Karin’s TRO against me; on 12/9, my having a Russian agent contact; on 12/13, my using alias; on 12/17, my harassing females; my getting help from Russians on 12/8 and 12/17; on 12/19, my wanton destruction of properties; on 12/19, my flash drive (in which more spy documents were found?); on 12/20 and 12/24, more of my computer hacking expertise; on 12/21, my using alias and having a sick Facebook account; on 12/22, my white supremacism and fascination with things Jewish, and my secret communication with Brazilian agents, public disturbance, and different signature; and, of course, throughout December, my love for frivolous lawsuits. Clearly, the suit team was doing nothing other than trying to prove, firstly, that the story which Mr Secretary had invented about my life and about my utterly disgusting and malicious personality was correct, and, secondly, that I had connections with Russian intelligence service. You can then expect the Russians’ strategy to consist in nothing more than collecting evidences demonstrating that this story was false. The United States’ increasing pace of actions as the year came to an end can only indicate that the Russians were putting up noteworthy resistance; but where did the Russians get their evidences? As I have noted, probably from my website, for my website (lawrencechin2008.com) seems to have been penetrated by hackers originating in Russia in early December, and the first sort of evidences the Russians had obtained must be the few recordings which I had uploaded to my

website, such as those of my conversations with Ala in August and with Wes in early September, plus videos which I had shot of myself drawing Karin. It must have been these evidences which had prompted the suit team to instruct Karin's gang to carry out "Operation Rumor about Lawrence's Blog". Then, from December onward, I noticed that a Russian girl had moved into my apartment building. I was very afraid of her; I thought she was sent in here by the suit team to frame me for connection with the Russian intelligence service, and so typically avoided her with all my effort. But now I suspect she was actually a real Russian agent whom the SVR had requested the Court to authorize sending to my apartment so that they could, too, have a chance to gather evidences for their case. For fairness' sake! All this teaches you that, while the United States had by mid-December evidences coming into the Court in favor of their case just about daily, the Russians had so far obtained no more than a few recording files, several videos of myself, and some eyewitness testimonies from their own agent. Note that the whole UN had access to the evidentiary record of the lower ICJ, so that the Russians were also trying to prove to the world that they had never recruited me and sent me to the United States to pretend to be my twin brother. They desperately needed more evidences, and, per chance, they were going to obtain a most important piece of evidence tonight without even searching for it.

The first signs were that these two Skype calls would somehow trigger a massive response from Homeland Security in the following days. I would suddenly be followed and surrounded by Homeland Security surveillance agents around the clock. (Again, they wore surveillance earphones and all.) The importance of my two Skype calls for the subsequent course of the battle at the International Court of Justice cannot be underestimated. Apparently my aunt Eva's and my aunt Winnie's slip of the tongue – that I had an *older* brother – had been automatically intercepted into the International Court by the Machine *unaltered* as evidences in favor of Russia's case. For a long time to come it would remain a puzzle for me how this had happened. I wondered why, given Mr Secretary's propensity for fraud, he didn't just shovel away the intercept of my calls even if the evidentiary procedures at the International Court required their inclusion. I had been assuming that my entire environment was shut off from view from the International Court of Justice. After observing Homeland Security's massive response I simply supposed that the Russians and/or some UN officials just happened to be overlooking the intercept on the night of December 28, such that secretly shoveling away contradicting evidence was not an option for Mr Secretary and the CIA.

At the time I could hardly imagine that there was this faulty surveillance Machine sitting right inside the International Court which automatically intercepted all my phone calls and which, after automatically blotting out my side of the conversation, automatically printed out a transcript of what the other party had said to me. Everything was automatic – I simply could not have imagined that this was how evidences about me had been "gathered" into the Court house. That the intercept of my aunts' admission that my brother was my *older* brother was automatically printed out as soon as they finished speaking was the reason why Mr Secretary and the CIA couldn't have shoveled away this piece of evidence unfavorable to their case. Apparently, when the Machine had printed out in front of everyone the transcript of my aunts' words, the Russians grabbed onto it and argued vehemently that this was definitive evidence proving that Lawrence Chin and Davie Chin were *not* twin brothers at all; that I was but the little brother of a David Chin who was indeed a computer programmer but who was however someone else than myself,

namely my older brother working in San Jose; and that the United States' entire scenario – the “David Chin legend” and Russia's and China's conspiracy to send David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin – was but a made-up story. The CIA and Mr Secretary of Homeland Security were in big trouble. The entire course of the battle at the International Court of Justice during the next month and a half would revolve around this single intercept.

December 29 was just another sad day for me. My first recording of the day is: “[cybercafe\\_12\\_29\\_08\\_1123PM.WMA](#)” (the file is misnamed). I came, around noon, to Pasadena. When I went inside a restaurant to eat, I was thrown out, probably because I looked too sloppy (36:00). This kind of things of course reinforced my depression and my sense of ostracization from society. After eating in another restaurant, I came inside the Pasadena public library (2:00:00.) I needed to print out my own blog posts to prove that they were authentic. (I thought that the date and time at the bottom of each page could serve as excellent proof.) You might find it strange, but proving the authorship and timing of my own works was part of my project of gathering proofs about my true identity. However, when I asked the librarians to help me with printing, nobody would respond to me, which angered me tremendously (2:09:00). My existence as a “non-person” in American society was thus a self-perpetuating cycle: the government would slander me to the people around me, I would therefore lose interest in grooming myself for the sake of relating to them, which would then seem to confirm for them that I was indeed as bad and disgusting as the government had claimed I was. I then watched a tutorial video on Wireshark on the library's computer (2:20:00). This time I was learning how to use Wireshark to grab passwords (2:25:00). I then left the library (2:50:00) and came to the Pasadena courthouse. My time there is recorded in: “[at\\_psdn\\_court\\_12\\_29\\_08\\_410PM.WMA](#)”. As part of my “investigation”, I had discovered Rolf's divorce file, and now requested the court clerks to make copies of it for me. It was this divorce file which had enabled me to realize that Rolf was a perpetual parasite currently living on his ex-wife's alimony and was therefore an ideal candidate for government's recruitment of informants. (I have mentioned this in “Government's investigation of a schizophrenic, Part II”.) I then asked the clerks about the function of the “mediator” (to clear up my confusion about the matter from December 24). Finally, I asked the clerks about the error on Karin's TRO, that Karin had somehow claimed I weighed 140 pounds. I was increasingly concerned that my international audience would really believe that I was as physically strong and menacing as Karin had (per suit team's instruction) claimed. But the clerks claimed they could not correct the mistakes (23:30). I then went to Westwood to spend the night in ISO. This is recorded in: “[iso\\_starbucks\\_wstwd\\_12\\_29\\_08\\_612PM.WMA](#)”.

I would break down again on December 30. My first two recordings of the day are: “[12\\_30\\_08\\_1PM.WMA](#)” and “[at\\_mex\\_restau\\_to\\_cybercafe\\_12\\_30\\_08\\_150PM.WMA](#)”. Sighing “I wish I didn't have to sleep, there is just so much work to do”, I came to eat at the Mexican grill near my home around noon. I then set out for the cybercafé in Koreatown (Normandie and Wilshire). At some point, while transferring bus, I felt so sickened by the barren condition under which I operated that I almost broke down physically, moaning: “I'm not gonna make it today...” (1:20:00). I couldn't believe that anyone in my condition – as isolated as I was – could possibly go on: “I have so much endurance...” I came inside the cybercafé on 1:27:30 and set out to print out the materials I needed. (My blogs and so on.) You can hear me getting upset and crying and moaning on 2:42:00. When I came back to downtown, I suddenly dropped down on the street

corner moaning in pain (3:00:00). I was crying, and then, suddenly, suffered severe seizure (3:03:00). The people around me quickly called the police, so that I had to get up and run away. In the next recording, you can hear me breathing heavily and resting in another corner of the street: “[after\\_seizure\\_downtown\\_12\\_30\\_08\\_5PM.WMA.WMA](#)”. I was then running away from the siren – not sure if the police had come in response to me, I sighed: “Everyday is just harassment...” (3:00). You can then hear me continuing to moan in grave pain, while walking and getting on the bus.

My next recording is: “[at\\_wstwd\\_12\\_30\\_08\\_725PM.WMA](#)”. When I came on bus to Westwood Village, I was still moaning and groaning, and also crying intermittently (e.g. 39:00). I came inside Starbucks to work on my computer, all the while moaning and groaning like an injured animal (57:00; 3:23:00). When someone tried to talk to me, I angrily told him to shut up (2:04:00). Who knows if he was here to produce evidences out of me for the suit team? After working all night on the Internet – and I was complaining about this – I got on the bus to go home.

Now, after December 26, I had realized that I couldn't possibly afford conducting a deposition on Karin. (As you know, I wanted to employ legal means to find out what Karin and her friends were rumoring about me to create evidences for the International Court.) I therefore decided to use “interrogatories”, and had compiled my demands by the last day of the year. You can see the questions I listed for Karin here: [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/karin\\_suit\\_2/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/karin_suit_2/). On December 31 2008, I came to Carlos to entrust him with the service of my interrogatories to Karin. I filmed my interaction with him in: “[process\\_server\\_12\\_31\\_08\\_1130AM.3gp](#)”. My time with him was also recorded in: “[process\\_server\\_steve\\_end\\_15\\_min\\_12\\_31\\_08\\_1130AM.WMA](#)” (starting on 12:00 in the recording.) On 7:25 in the video, you can see me reminding Carlos again that mail service was safer. My attempt was futile, of course; Karin would eventually produce an empty reply to all my interrogatories, revealing nothing at all of the false rumors she and her friends had devised to slander me in the international domain. She would even claim that she had lost all her past emails when her Microsoft Outlook crashed. And, since our case was a small matter, there was nothing I could do in regard to her ridiculous answers. After Carlos, I rode the bus to Westwood to go inside Edelman again to continue to work on the release of my medical records. I came today specifically to submit my (yet another) letter of request to the office of medical records. This is recorded in: “[to\\_edelman\\_12\\_31\\_08\\_240PM.WMA](#)”. To collect evidences about the universal pranks on me, I made sure again to film my interactions in Edelman with my new MP-9.<sup>61</sup> Now my extra effort today would be of no use either, and I'd eventually give up on this place. I have never got to collect any of my information from Edelman. After that, I spent some time in the coffeehouse where I would post my last blog post of the year. You can there read more of my paranoia, this time the fear that I had been excluded from the county court trial system. It was just another “wrong theory”, the typical symptom of a targeted individual. I would, of course, stay home for the New Year eve: while everybody else was partying on Hollywood Blvd, etc., there was absolutely nothing for me to be happy about.

---

<sup>61</sup> The video is: [edelman\\_12\\_31\\_08.3gp](#).

In conclusion, as you have seen, in the second half of 2008, when it came time to get Russia, the Truman Show had significantly enlarged. Before it was only the people I knew who were recruited: Karin's gang and my family members. Gradually, after I was out of Karin's groups, all the strangers with whom I would have superficial contact would also one after another be recruited as actors in my TV show. The rumor zone would shift to strangers and public employees, resulting in the sad situation that the widespread hostility toward me would now be orchestrated among every person that I should run into. There are small instances which I didn't record in the preceding. For example, strangers on the street, when seeing me, would pretend to be shocked as if I had magical ability to make objects appear and disappear and proceed to watch out for me for that. Then, as you have seen, people would be instructed to exaggerate every little thing I did and call the police, and police would be instructed to detain me for the tiniest things possible. It's all a show which everyone was instructed by the authority to put up in order for the Machine to intercept it – that is, a show put up for our audience at the International Court of Justice. When the judges there, not knowing that all that they were seeing was but an orchestrated show, saw people's reaction toward me, they would certainly think that, if everyone I met watched out for me as a violent criminal and a magnificent fraudster, then I must be a violent criminal and a magnificent fraudster; that I must be only pretending to be me but not really me; that nothing I ever said or presented can possibly be real or true; that the Russians and the Chinese must be monsters if their top spy was a mentally confused criminal and sex-pervert and supreme fraudster; and that the scenario which the United States' suit team, under the leadership of our Secretary of Homeland Security, had invented must be true. Having any sort of contact with people had now become exceedingly dangerous to me – given the effect it would have on international relations. I had to avoid people as much as possible.

It is very hard to define the kind of "abuse" which was being perpetrated on me by the US government, because it is hard to define the "suffering" which had occurred. If I were stupid and didn't notice anything, I would just continue to wander through American society like a ghost, but peacefully and all, just passing time – which was why my grandfather kept suggesting to me that I do just this. But because I noticed it, and because I wanted to comprehend reality to the same degree as everyone else, I began suffering tremendous depression, which would worsen in the beginning of 2009. To remedy my situation, to become "normal" like everyone else, I began stalking Karin and her meetup friends – which was very dangerous, because they were government operatives and CIA assets, and which then worsened my situation. This in fact must have been the United States' argument to judge Higgins, who was the ultimate authority to authorize this historically unprecedented treatment of a single person: a government-sponsored Truman Show, which so far existed only in the movies. Judge Higgins was concerned enough with human rights that she would not, under normal circumstances, permit the US government to violate my human rights. After seeing that my comprehension of MSS director's actions was vague and minimal, she would not have authorized the United States to blatantly abuse me. But the United States must have argued: to neutralize the terrorist threat which he had, without much understanding, inflicted on us, we shall have the right to make a patsy out of him in such fashion as entrap him in a "Truman Show". It's okay, because, as long as we keep it a secret from him, he wouldn't know about it, and so wouldn't suffer any pain or distress. The "universal dupe" is technically speaking not being victimized because he doesn't know about it and doesn't feel anything in particular. Judge Higgins agreed. This, despite the fact that no other human being

will possibly want to be subject to the fate of a “universal dupe”. Nobody will ever agree to be Truman. “Truman” might be a better fate than solitary confinement, but most people will prefer the death penalty instead. At least I would. And yet Truman does not suffer. If Truman suffers, it's because he has brought the suffering onto himself by being suspicious... Is this, then, abuse? Is it victimization when the victim does not know that he is being victimized? Put it in this way: is it victimization when you drug a woman and rape her but justify, “Well, it's okay, because she is unconscious; when she wakes up, she won't know about it. She won't notice it. So she's not really hurt.” Or, is it okay for a Peeping Tom to secretly install cameras in your home to watch you taking bath, eating, using the toilet, dressing yourself... since he claims: “Well, it's okay, I'm not hurting him. Although I'm violating his privacy, he doesn't know about it, and so he is not hurt...”? Now think about Truman, and his role as a “dummy”. If it's not victimization when the victim doesn't know that he is being victimized, then it's okay to drug and rape women and to secretly stalk people and violate their privacy in every possible way.<sup>62</sup>

---

<sup>62</sup> I have here barely touched upon the endless nights where I stayed in my room by myself, suffering the most severe depression resulting from *ostracization from society*. I had absolutely no emotional support whatsoever, which everybody else took for granted. I'm speaking about a very important issue, here the American style of victimization, the focus on the victimization of the mind and the abuse of knowledge, of which much more will be said later on. The founding fathers of the United States, because they did not want to commit the same faults of oppression which the European monarchies had committed – because they wanted to be better than their European and British predecessors – had put in place all these constitutional guarantees of liberty. But those people who subsequently come into power under the new constitution in America, because their human nature remains the same, still want to oppress the weak, and so run into this obstacle which is the constitutional guarantees which their ancestors have put in place. They need to find ways to get around it in order to express their perennially unchanged human nature, the desire to dominate and oppress the weak. If the constitutional guarantees negate princes' traditional power in abusing people's body, the new American princes shall find ways to abuse people by abusing their mind, which is not thought of by their ancestors, the founding fathers, and so not prohibited in the Constitution. If the constitutional guarantees negate princes' traditional power in limiting people's freedom to speak through the use of laws, then the new American princes shall seek to limit people's freedom to speak through the use of mores instead of through the use of laws. Alex de Tocqueville, more than 150 years ago, has already noticed that despotism has never ceased with modern democracy in America, but has simply found new ways to express itself in order to get around the obstacles which the founding fathers have placed on its path; while tyranny under monarchy is exercised as king's right, in democracy where liberty is guaranteed by law, tyranny is exercised by the majority through customs, habits, and peer pressure. The abuse I have suffered here entirely relates to my mind and my social relations, because, although I was a social outcast, my body was still protected by laws insofar as every living being that looks like a human being is automatically protected by US laws and constitutions no matter what. Mr Secretary of Homeland Security has victimized me solely through the destruction of my mind's relationship to reality and my social relations – because a person's mind and social relations are not protected by the Constitution since the founding fathers have never thought about this. The US government has victimized me by ostracizing me from society because this is what it can lawfully do. I want to quote from Tocqueville who, more than 150 years ago, has already noticed that *ostracization from community* is the way in which tyranny will be exercised in America when its exercise through the abuse of the body and the limitation of freedom by law has been banned by the Constitution.

Sous le gouvernement absolu d'un seul, le despotisme, pour arriver à l'âme, frappait grossièrement le corps; et l'âme, échappant à ces coups, s'élevait glorieuse au-dessus de lui; mais dans les républiques démocratiques, ce n'est point ainsi que procède la tyrannie; elle laisse le corps et va droit à l'âme. Le maître n'y dit plus: vous penserez comme moi, ou vous mourrez; il dit: vous êtes libres de ne point penser ainsi que moi; votre vie, vos biens, tout vous reste; mais de ce jour vous êtes un étranger parmi nous. Vous garderez vos privilèges à la cité, mais ils vous deviendront inutiles; car si vous briguez le choix de vos concitoyens, ils ne vous l'accorderont point, et si vous ne demandez que leur estime, ils feindront encore de vous la refuser. *Vous resterez parmi les*

It is thus the case that judge Higgins has in fact committed grave, or rather the strangest sort of, human rights abuse against me by authorizing it: libel, slander, and Truman Show. In fact, her entire authorization of the enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 was nothing but the gravest instance of dereliction of duties which has ever occurred in the legal history of the world. This is the reality you must recognize, however much the old woman had been an admirable person, a genuine advocate of issues of humanity, and the fairest judge. It is in this connection that we should pick up our comment about the relevance of “abuse of process” in the California state laws. We read about “abuse of process” in California’s civil code, 357.50:<sup>63</sup>

One who uses legal process, whether criminal or civil, against another to accomplish a purpose for which it is not designed is liable to the other for the pecuniary loss caused thereby... Abuse of process differs from malicious prosecution in that the gist of the tort of abuse of process is not commencing an action or causing process to issue without justification, but rather misusing or misapplying process, justified in itself, for an end other than that which it was designed to accomplish...

Two things must be noticed. The first, not significant, is that my lawsuit against Karin actually did not constitute “abuse of process” – which was the argument which Karin would later employ to cause our presiding judge to dismiss my case:

The two essential elements of a cause of action for abuse of process have been stated to be an ulterior purpose and a willful act in the use of process not proper in the regular conduct of the proceeding.... There is no liability if the defendant has done nothing more than carry out the process to its authorized conclusion, even though with bad intentions.... The second element... is not satisfied by alleging, for instance, that the defendant instituted and continued to prosecute a civil action under the California Environmental Quality Act... for the purpose of coercing a monetary settlement rather than to further environmental concerns.

Thus you can see that to sue Karin for the destruction of my art work with the intention of revenge actually did not constitute abuse of process. Although both my lawsuit against Karin and her restraining order against me were small matters, it was undeniable that the government had manipulated the civil process to result in my loss in cases where I otherwise should have won.

The second point, however, is more important. You can see right away that the “abuse of process” is in essence the same thing as the violation of the “spirit of the law” in the domain of

---

*hommes, vous perdrez vos droits à l'humanité. Quand vous vous approcherez de vos semblables, ils vous fuiront comme un être impur... Allez en paix, je vous laisse la vie, mais je vous la laisse pire que la mort... (De la démocratie en Amérique, I, du pouvoir qu'exerce la majorité en Amérique sur la pensée, p. 382).*

Tocqueville has here made a point which will later again be found in Foucault's thinking.

<sup>63</sup> See the text at: <http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/2008docs/abuseofprocess.pdf>.

international laws – the very concept on the foundation of which the whole current “terrorist conspiracy” and “neutralization of the terrorist threat” rested. As we have noted, it was certainly very strange that, while the MSS director had clearly violated the spirit of the law when he filed his claim against the United States for violation of UN Resolution 1373 – I was simply not a terrorist suspect at all, in addition to the fact that he didn't actually believe I was trying to harm China – the consideration of the exposure of the true culprits of terrorism as “terrorist harm” can somehow *not* be considered the same violation of the spirit of the law. In fact, the whole “enforcement of UN Resolution 1373” which came after it was nothing but “abuse of process”. The simplest way to say this is to note that, since I was not really a terrorist suspect in any way whatever, the whole case should have simply fallen outside the jurisdiction of UN Resolution 1373. But the graver issue is this. If China's intelligence chief has conspired with a terrorist suspect to expose the truth of 911 attacks, or how America has been victimizing nations around the world, how can the reversal of such conspiracy be China's obligation to forge evidences to convince all nations that it is China's intelligence chief who has carried out 911 attacks and that it is China, not the United States, which has victimized everybody? This is like: if the police stop a driver, search his trunk, discover a woman's dead body, and uncover the murderous scheme of the driver, but the judge subsequently discovers that the police have searched the trunk without proper cause, and yet everybody has already heard about the murderous scheme – is the judge, in addition to suppressing the evidence (“dead body”) which would be used to convict the driver of murder, supposed to also rule that the police should forge evidence to convince the whole public that it is in fact the police who have killed the woman and that the police have been somehow evil enough to want to frame the driver? All because the police have violated laws while exposing the evil scheme of the driver, and so have unjustly damaged the murderer's reputation? What about justice for the woman who was murdered? What about the rights of the public to know the truth, to know who is dangerous and who not? What about all the nations around the world which should now harbor false beliefs about 911 attacks and China, act on them, and therefore waste precious energy and time trying to ward off an imaginary victimizer, while the real victimizer is standing on the side and is in a position to hurt them unimpeded? Judge Higgins' “enforcement of UN Resolution 1373” – the neutralization of the terrorist harm against the United States – was nothing other than “harm”, or “terrorist harm”, against the rest of the world – in addition to being the weirdest harm against me. This clearly cannot be the original intent of the law either. As the president of the International Court of Justice, she has therefore done nothing other than allow injustice and harm to be perpetrated on the entire world – and on me – while believing she was in fact enforcing “justice”. Hence *dereliction of duties*.

The accusation against judge Higgins in this regard is all the more conspicuous in view of the fact that she is the one judge who has specifically delegated to herself the task of bringing human rights into the International Court of Justice where only nation-states have presumably a voice.<sup>64</sup> Somehow my human rights are completely trampled by powerful nation-states precisely under her watch. Now it might very well be the case that “human rights” is an over-rated concept; part of the purpose of this story is for you to wonder why junks like Karin and her friends should

---

<sup>64</sup> C.f. her lecture at Monash University, December 8, 2009: <http://www.law.monash.edu.au/castancentre/public-events/events/2009/dame-higgins-lecture.html>. Not just that: she used to sit in some UN Human Rights Committee as well.



have any “rights” at all. Now, according to my own Thermodynamic Interpretation of History, “human rights” is nothing other than a ploy by which nation-states can enhance their power in their competition with each other and, later, a scheme by which corporations may increase their profit margin. But this guy – me – is clearly different; *if anyone should have his or her “human rights” respected, it is this guy who has exposed the concept of “human rights” as fraudulent.*

And so stalking Karin would turn out to be a failure. As everyone entered a new year, I would try out international human rights mechanisms instead, only to again conclude in the end that the only way to fight this bizarre victimization was to appeal to the Russian government itself. Thus, back to the same old trick. This is in the next episode.

## APPENDIX I My correspondences with “Sherry”

### **Undated message to Sherry in September 2008.**

Hi Sherry,

I've got onto your blog and looked at some of your recent posts. It's a good way to get to know you. Thanks for referring.

Perhaps I can try to help you with your SSDI problem? I don't know the system well, but I can find out. Bureaucracy is hard though, I understand.

I can relate to many of the things you said. Although the difficult situation I find myself in lately is different than yours, the psychological impact is much the same. In the past years I went through some misfortune (can't explain it) and have lost all my friends, one by one as well. Some were my fault, others were just unfortunate circumstances.

I sympathize with you when you described how hard each of your [days] is. Do you live alone where you have to do all [the] chores by yourself? Can you find volunteers that would come to your place frequently to help and comfort you with your pain? A physical person perhaps would add more to your life and circumstances than online friends...

I really do understand hardship. Since a couple of days ago I started looking for volunteer opportunities to take care of people in wheelchair or physically disabled and so on. I just wish to have a chance to take care of someone who needs my help, so I can feel needed by someone, and be known as a caring person which part of me really is. I didn't really have any disappointments in romantic relationship, actually. My disability is not physical, but mental and social. I went through most of my life being inconspicuous, not being [of much] significance to others and not having much to offer to others, who usually have more than I have and can offer. Normal people need very little from me. So that's really why. And then, I've become a very misunderstood person lately, and, once people have become prejudicial toward me, it's hard to find people that would give me a chance to show off some of the nicety and caring that's still in me, and so I'm always craving for an opportunity to be caring, and a chance to be needed.

Well, just wanna be honest with you about my weakness after reading about the discomfort you have to go through everyday. Hope you don't find me weak :)

My name is Larry. And I presume Sherry is your name?

### **The second message to Sherry, 09/16/2008**

Hi Sherry,

I must apologize for replying you so late. How have you been? What have you been doing? I have been buried with a ton of administrative paper work and was not very happy lately because my best friend has lately become very distant to me. It causes me a lot of sadness and so I have not been [on] the internet.

Who is your best friend now?

Friendship is more important to me than romance because friends are always what give more happiness than, say, a partner. And it seems to me that friendship is less discriminatory and longer lasting. People seem to be less judgmental toward their friends than toward their partner. I mean, people want their partner to be good looking, successful, or the other standards, but they don't ask that their friends be good-looking and rich. At least not their best friend, their true friend, someone they confide everything to. In other words, I'm trying to say, friendship seems to involve less of your body and your material life – and so more pure, more soul-only – than a romantic relationship, especially a beginning romantic relationship. And – friends don't usually “divorce” each other and become “enemies”.

I think ordinary romance has an element of possession to it – you want to *have* the other person – and that's why it involves jealousy and so on. But friendship is about listening to the soul of the other person and accepting it, enjoying it, and not about having it.

So, as I get older and the number of my friends dwindles, I crave friendship more and more than romance. A meaningful conversation with someone – where you listen to the other person telling you who he or she is and you tell him or her who you really are – is more joyful than anything else in the world, for me. So, it might sound a bit strange to you, but right now conversation is what I crave most in the world, and unfortunately, I don't get a lot [of it] lately.

Anyway, that's my little bit of sharing tonight.

Hope you have a good night, Sherry.

===== Original Message =====

From: sherryberry

To: tobeknown

Date: 09/12/2008

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, Vol III  
On the Periphery of Karin's Meetups, Part I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Oct. 2009 – Jul. 2014. Correction: Oct. 2018, Sept. 2020

-----  
Hi again,

I meant to tell you how very surprised I was to read on your profile about you considering friendship to be more important than romance. I say similar things myself, I believe that I am in agreement with you. Not too many people would say that. Thumbs up! Also, I believe wholeheartedly that a strong and lasting relationship is best built on friendship first. So there ya go.... tidbits of Sherry wisdom, Sherry

===== Original Message =====

From: tobeknown  
To: sherryberry  
Date: 09/09/2008

-----  
Hello Sherry,

Thanks for [...] sharing [...] these memories. They are beautiful. I know very little about these places that have formed part of your being, should I say, Alaska and Kentucky. I sure like to see it for myself someday. I was not born in this country, but in an island in Asia, and then moved to southern California when I was just a kid. I grew up here and never went very far. I've been on a travel binge in Western Europe just after college and then passed a year in eastern Canada, which was too freezing cold for me during the winter. But I presume it's not as cold as Alaska, and the English Canadians were very warm, though the French speaking Canadians were a bit snobbish, but more sociable. Until recently, I was very [bookish], I learned most of what I know about the world (or the universe, for that matter) from books, and didn't bother to go very far. I'm shy around people, so I don't know a lot of people, a bit hampered by my disability, should I say. And until this year, I enjoyed volunteer work, either taking care of animals in the shelter, or in Red Cross and the hospices. But this year I stopped being a vegetarian, so I have no face to go volunteer for the animal groups anymore.

Anyhow, I got my photo on [my] profile now, quite undistinguished. Talk to you later.

===== Original Message =====

From: sherryberry  
To: tobeknown  
Date: 09/08/2008

-----  
Hi Lawr (short for Lawrence?)

Thanks for writing. I don't chat right off. I write with my friends here but chat for me could be an option after getting acquainted. Wow, LA? How do you like it there? I was born in southern Cali, San Bernardino. But my parents moved back to Kentucky, my dad's home state when I was a baby. Then a long road trip to Alaska, mom's home state when I was 6. We stayed there. I took a trip to Cali with my best friend when I was 23, it was awesome. She had family in Eureka, Santa Rosa and Fremont. We only got as far south as San Simeon. I loved the ocean shore and

remember how much fun we had driving highway 101 (unsure if I got the # right). Oh and there was Santa Cruz which was a blast for us too, hung out on the boardwalk for a day and rented a room in a roach motel LOL. I had spent my life in Alaska, some summers in Kentucky which I also find to be a very pretty place. Also, my family traveled often through Alaska and from Alaska to Kentucky by truck with camper when I was growing up. Anchorage is not exactly on the ocean but the inlet which is nice but nothing like the shores with crashing waves on the huge rocks, wow bringing back some wonderful memories here.

Have you submitted photos here yet? Take care...

Sherry

===== Original Message =====

From: tobeknown

To: sherryberry

Date: 09/08/2008

-----  
Hello Sherryberry,

I'm writing to you because I really like how you describe yourself in your profile, although I'm a little different from you because I'm more a city-person and you seem to love nature more than a bustling city. Other than intellectual (I spent a lot of years in college, and used to dream of becoming a professor) and artistic, I understand pain and exhaustion very well. The thing I enjoy most in the world is a meaningful conversation with someone. That's a little about myself. Other than this, I'm 38 and looking for friendship. I live in California. If you like to chat sometime, write me or find me online.

Thanks.

“Lawr”

## APPENDIX II Russia's predicament and the 2008 world financial crisis

We have earlier mentioned something about Russia's current predicament. Having lost the support from China and Iran in many ways, Russia, during the latter half of 2008, was certainly standing on its last leg. While Putin desperately sought new allies in Latin America, it was no denial that 2008 was the nadir of new Russia's existence since its economic collapse in the late 1990s. Sheer physical power was now the most important thing to Russia. If Russia should lose this “David Chin” case, it would lose more of what it could no longer afford to lose. And yet, as you shall see, the appetite of Boss Cheney and Mr Secretary would grow continually with this “David Chin” case; by early next year they would even contemplate on robbing Russia of Latin America with this “David Chin legend”.

This was in the geopolitical domain, the most desperate prospect for Russia. And yet Putin would not give up. He continued his desperate attempt to capture more power for Russia by

revitalizing its economy. In this year, he would start his project for “Strategy 2020” to revitalize Russia’s economy and increase its competitiveness against Western powers.<sup>65</sup> Meanwhile, his project for some sort of economic union with Belarus and Kazakhstan was still in the works and wouldn’t come to fruition until almost six years later. The Commonwealth of Independent States was hardly something to speak of.

We do remember that Russia’s renewed attempt at economic revitalization in this year was met with the worst financial crisis which the world had ever known since the Great Depression. This most notable event in the autumn of 2008 – right after the Russo-Georgian war and the commencement of US lawsuit against Russia in the ICJ – spread out from the United States to Europe, and would soon engulf the whole world. My hypothesis here is that all this was no coincidence. Boss Cheney had a plan for the whole world and, in the aftermath of the Russo-Georgian war, he had begun implementing it. The commencement of the US assault on Russia in the ICJ was merely a part of his “Plan” – and the whole financial crisis affair was another part of the “Plan”: i.e. it was nothing other than Boss Cheney’s orchestration. Let’s look at the chain of events to see what I mean here. I find the narration of this affair in Catherine Nay’s classic on Nicolas Sarkozy, *L’impétueux: tourments, tourmentes, crises, et tempêtes* (2012), very useful, and shall construct an outline here on the basis of her account.<sup>66</sup>

Before the 2008 crisis, in 2007, Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac had already begun to go under; at that time, the congress had set aside 300 billion dollars to bail them out. On September 7 2008, another 300 billion dollar aide was earmarked; September 9, Lehman Brothers went down, losing 45 % of its stock value; September 15, Bank of America bought Merrill Lynch for 50 billion dollars; the AIG lost 61 % of its stock value; and Lehman Brothers declared bankruptcy, losing 813 billion dollars. Sarkozy was in New York on September 22 advocating a “global response”, “amorce d’un gouvernement économique mondial, qui associerait l’Europe, les Etats-

---

<sup>65</sup> Its website at: <http://de.gerprom.com/150-strategie-2020.html>. GerProm (Bundesverband Deutsch-Russischer Unternehmer) has the following summary (<http://de.gerprom.com/150-strategie-2020.html>): “Die Strategie 2020 als Projekt für soziale und wirtschaftliche Reformen wurde von Wladimir Putin im Jahre 2008 initiiert. Die Konzeption wurde vom Ministerium für wirtschaftliche Entwicklung ausgearbeitet. Später begann die Erneuerung der Konzeption. Zu diesem Zweck wurden Expertengruppen gebildet. Mit der Erarbeitung der Strategie der sozialen und wirtschaftlichen Entwicklung Russlands bis zum Jahr 2020 sind 21 Expertengruppen beschäftigt. Zu Hauptbereichen gehören: Die Absicherung der makroökonomischen und sozialen Stabilität, der Übergang von der Innovationsförderung hin zum Wachstum auf ihrer Basis, die Absicherung des Wettbewerbs und Entwicklung mittelständischer und kleiner Unternehmen, die Erhöhung der Lebensqualität und die Effektivitätssteigerung bei der Nutzung von Budgetressourcen. Bei der Korrektur der Strategie 2020 belieben die Ziele unberührt: es handelt sich um die Erhöhung der Lebensqualität russischer Bürger, Innovative Herangehensweisen und Aufbau von Marktinstitutionen. Dabei bestehen die Experten auf der Erarbeitung eines neuen Wachstumsmodells für die russische Wirtschaft, die zur Verringerung des Abstands zu den stärksten Weltwirtschaften führt. Zu Expertengruppen gehören Spezialisten aus der Wissenschaft und Wirtschaft, Vertreter interessierter Ministerien und Ämter, Mitarbeiter der Präsidentenadministration und des Regierungsapparats der Russischen Föderation, Leiter regionaler exekutiver Organe und ausländische Experten.”

<sup>66</sup> In Ch. 5, *Avis de tempête*. Her account is so useful that I have kept a copy online: <http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/readings/avisdetempeteR.pdf>.

Unis et les puissances économiques émergentes”. That is, he put forward the proposal to create G20. September 25, he was back in France giving his famous speech, which we would soon have to quote. September 28, Fortis, associated with Lehman Brothers, went down, and, the next day, the stocks of the Franco-Belgian bank Dexia lost 30 % of their value. Then was Sarkozy's effort to save Dexia. October 4, reunion of G4 at Elysée: Sarkozy, Gordon Brown, Merkel, and Berlusconi. To prevent European banks from bankrupting, they devised a plan to save them with aids. Merkel did not want a coordinated global solution – she wanted each nation to come up with its own solution – whereas Sarkozy wanted just this. October 8, Merkel's dinner in Berlin, where all the major bosses of France and Germany, plus Christine Lagarde and Steinbrück, shouted: aids of 200 billion Euros, or all dead. Finally, Merkel gave in.

October 9, Gordon Brown told Sarkozy he would nationalize three bankrupted banks. Good news for Sarkozy, but Merkel was still unwilling. October 10, European Stock Market crashed (les Bourses européennes s'effondrent). Nikkei fell by 10 %. Merkel gave in completely this time. Sarkozy: “C'est la fin du chacun pour soi...” On October 12, 16 leaders of the nations of Eurozone met at Elysée to discuss ways to force banks to lend money to each other. Resolution: “injection de liquidités dans le système financier, garantie d'État pour les prêts interbancaires, recapitalisation des banques défaillantes par les États” (p. 307). Sarkozy however was not fond of using state funds to save banks; that was the idea of Xavier Musca. The money set aside for the plan amounted to 360 billion Euro. Monday afternoon, France's National Assembly voted the plan into laws (mostly UMP's votes), Christine Lagarde celebrated the success: “... vient de l'Europe, et non des États-Unis” (p. 308). October 15, 27 EU members met at Brussels and endorsed the plan. Sarkozy pleaded again for the reform of global financial system before the year's end. October 18, Sarkozy met with Bush at Camp David, to convince him to put up a G 20 meeting in November. He and Lagarde successfully convinced Bush to hold the meeting in Washington DC on November 15. October 21, Sarkozy gave another speech at the European Parliament: once again he advocated the creation of European Economic Government and the centralization of administration of world's finance: “Le vrai gouvernement économique, c'est l'Eurogroupe au niveau des chefs d'État et de gouvernement, car eux seuls disposent de la légitimité démocratique pour assumer des décisions aussi lourdes...” (p. 312). Also, “fonds souverains nationaux qui pourraient se coordonner pour apporter une réponse industrielle à la crise...” (ibid.). Everybody applauded him! No wonder that the German socialist Martin Schulz considered Sarkozy a “socialist”! October 22, European Parliament voted into law the creation of Economic Government of Euro Zone! One of the goals in the “Plan” had been accomplished.

October 25, Sarkozy was at Beijing. He was able to get the Chinese to come to the G 20 meeting in Washington DC. Could the Chinese say no after their loss in the ICJ? November 3, René Ricol produced the first report: 300 corporations in dire situation. November 15, G 20 was held in Washington DC: 20 richest nations, representing 90 % of world's wealth, were here, including: South Africa, Brazil, South Korea, India, Indonesia, Mexico, Australia, Saudi Arabia, Turkey,

and Russia: thus even the BRIC nations. Strauss-Kahn of IMF was also present. Sarkozy wanted *a reform of world's financial architecture, a new Bretton Wood*. But this was obviously unrealizable at the moment. The matter will be taken up at the second G 20 meeting, March 31 2009, in London.

November 21, Sarkozy announced to the public the creation of FSI (public funds to support private corporations which were deemed beneficial to the state). November 30, Merkel was re-elected as the chief of CDU, but Germany remained hesitant about EU's plan of salvage which had come from Sarkozy. December 5, Sarkozy announced his plan of salvage: 26 billion Euro, which increased the national budgetary deficit by 4 % of GDP. Investment would be freed from taxation, and there were other consumer benefits. Sarkozy, before leaving his EU presidency (the latter half of 2008), got his package for climate protection voted on as well.

In case you don't know, Sarkozy was Dick Cheney's most loyal servant on the other side of the Atlantic. What he did was therefore of paramount importance in revealing the "Cheney Plan". The way to decipher the "Plan" is this: Whatever happened as a result, whatever was proposed as a solution to the crisis, was the original intent in the orchestration of the crisis. Thus, we must consider the proposals made by René Ricol, then Sarkozy's speech of September 25 2008, and, finally, the consequent ruining of Russia's economy.

A. Ricol's proposals are contained in his "report" from early September 2008:

Dès août 2007, il a compris que la crise à venir risquait d'être grave. (What an amazing psychic power!) Il voulait en connaître les causes pour pouvoir se faire une doctrine réaliste sur les moyens d'en sortir... Le travail a mobilisé une centaine d'experts français, européens et américains. Leur verdict est clair: la crise est sans équivalent dans l'histoire financière récente. Le rapport proposait trente recommandations pour retrouver la confiance des marchés financiers, entre autres, *agir au niveau européen, promouvoir l'Europe comme acteur de la globalisation et aussi renforcer l'architecture de la régulation à l'échelle mondiale...*

B. Now let's look at Sarkozy's speech from September 25 2008:

C'est une certaine idée de la mondialisation qui s'achève avec la fin du capitalisme financier qui avait imposé sa logique à toute l'économie et contribué à la pervertir. On a laissé les banques spéculer sur les marchés au lieu de faire leur métier qui est de mobiliser l'épargne au profit du développement économique. On a financé la spéculation plutôt que l'entrepreneur. On a laissé sans contrôle les agences de notation et les fonds spéculatifs. On a soumis les banques à des règles comptables qui ne fournissent aucune garantie sur la bonne gestion des risques...

(So far so good, all this is very noble indeed. But here comes the solution to the corruption:) L'autorégulation, le laisser-faire, le marché tout-puissant, c'est fini...  
*Il faut que l'État intervienne, qu'il impose ses règles, qu'il investisse, qu'il prenne des participations, pourvu qu'il sache se retirer quand son intervention n'est plus nécessaire...*

In other words, Cheney was looking for ways to centralize world's financial system. We have just seen that he was, around this time, in the process of centralizing the world's governments in the International Court of Justice; the global financial crisis was meant to complete the other, financial, side of his whole project for centralizing the entire world system and then taking over it once the ultimate disaster – nuclear war with Russia – was over and done with. In late 2008, he was making all the preparatory steps toward the installment of his One World Utopia.

C. He had orchestrated this financial crisis also with the aim of further provoking Russia (eventually to nuclear war) because he had specifically calculated that the effects of the crisis would ruin Russia's new economy – just when Putin was trying his best to revitalize his country's economy. This can be seen by considering the numbers on Russia's economic growth (in GDP) from 2006 to 2012<sup>67</sup>

a. Entwicklung des BIPs von Belarus, Kasachstan und Russland

Tabelle 2: Zuwachs der Bruttoinlandsprodukte von Belarus, Kasachstan und Russland pro Jahr in Prozent zum Vorjahr

	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012
Belarus	10,0	8,6	10,2	0,2	7,7	5,3	3,0*
Kasachstan	10,7	8,9	3,3	1,2	7,3	7,5	5,7*
Russland	8,2	8,5	5,2	-7,8	4,3	4,3	4,0*

\* Prognose des IMF

Analyse zu Tabelle 3  
Betrachtet man die Entwicklung des BIPs in Belarus, so wird deutlich, dass nach einer Periode des starken Zuwachses bis 2008, 2009 die Wirtschaftsleistung stagnierte und im Jahre 2010 wiederum einen Schub erfuhr. Der starke Trend vom Jahr 2010 konnte sich 2011 nicht halten und auch die Prognose für 2012 fällt geringer aus. Ein ähnliches Bild zeigt sich bei Kasachstan: Zwar konnte die Wirtschaft 2011 im Vergleich zum Vorjahr ihre Wachstumsrate halten, doch wird die Wirtschaftsleistung in den nächsten Jahren tendenziell langsamer ansteigen. Im Vergleich zu den kleineren Partnern der

<sup>67</sup> From Alexandra Polownikow, Die Zollunion zwischen Belarus, Kasachstan und Russland – Motive, Entwicklungen und Perspektiven (July 2012): [http://www.swp-berlin.org/fileadmin/contents/products/arbeitspapiere/arbpap\\_FG5\\_polownikow\\_zollunion.pdf](http://www.swp-berlin.org/fileadmin/contents/products/arbeitspapiere/arbpap_FG5_polownikow_zollunion.pdf).



The Secret History of the International Court of Justice, Vol III  
On the Periphery of Karin's Meetups, Part I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Oct. 2009 – Jul. 2014. Correction: Oct. 2018, Sept. 2020

As you can see, Russia's continual, strong economic growth – Putin's hard work – has been suddenly cut down by the financial crisis. The effect has slowed down Russia's 2008 GDP growth to 5.2 %, in comparison to the 8 % average in previous years, while the crisis has only entirely manifested its disastrous effects for Russia in the next year, when Russia suffered a negative growth in GDP: -7.8 %. Russia's economy has actually shrunken in size.