

**The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
Vol. III**

**1.
On the Periphery of Karin's Meetups
Part III**

The trip to Albany, New York

This episode, from March 1 to 9, 2009, you have already seen described, albeit only in a summary fashion, in “The Letter of Petition to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights”. It is also briefly mentioned in the Complaint in my “lawsuit” against Mr Fradkov. Namely, how the CIA made my trip to the east coast to deliver my petition in person to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights look like a Russian intelligence operation to send David Chin around the country to pretend to be the terrorist suspect Lawrence Chin in the intercepts submitted to the International Court of Justice, in order to reverse the ICJ judgment from February 13 and convict Russia in the ICJ lower court. Since the events have already been described more or less accurately in the Letter of Petition, what we shall do in the following is merely to provide more details without contributing anything substantial. For this reason, we shall deviate from the previously established narrative format by merely listing all the recordings one by one and then commenting on them, including adding in references to the videos I had shot along the way. Frequently we will also refer to the said Petition and quote from it instead of stating everything anew.

March 1 (Sunday)

The recordings for March 1 are missing. Presumably nothing spectacular had happened while I continued to prepare my trip to the east coast.

March 2 (Monday)

My next recording is: “mex_restau_3_2_09_1257PM.WMA”: I came out of my apartment and, on 8:00, was in the Mexican grill. On 31:00, someone tried to talk to me, and I got all hysterical: “Get out of here!” Again, afraid that faulty surveillance might make something out of that. On 43:00, I was running away. On 46:30, I was back home.

My next recording is: “[appeal_storage_3_2_09_206PM.WMA](#)”: I was now going to Appeals Court to submit my request to appeal the judgment in Karin's restraining order case. On 3:50, I got on the bus, mumbling like the big foot again. On 17:00, off the bus. I mumbled about how I didn't know how to serve papers. On 26:00, moaning and groaning, I came inside the Appeals Court. The security guard

searched me. On 33:00, I was in the court room to first ask about the letter I had received.¹ What sanction would I receive? And yet I couldn't serve the paper! The lady insisted: "You can serve it." "You lie." "I don't lie." Then I explained that Karin's restraining order specifically prohibited any mailing from me. And now the lady changed her story! She insisted that the Sheriff would serve the paper for me. "No, the Sheriff wouldn't serve it!" Then another lady came and went to ask the supervisor for me. She then came back with the supervisor's message that the court would take in my motion even though Karin would not be served (40:20). The supervisor had also extended my deadline to March 12 so that I could come back with a copy of the restraining order and so on. On 44:00, I left. On 1:00:00, I got on the bus, continuing to moan and groan like the big foot. On 1:08:50, while groaning "wah wah wah", I got off the bus. On 1:11:30, I seemed to be back home. On 1:15:30, I was out again to go to the storage. On 1:22:00, I got on the bus again. On 1:25:50, off the bus. On 1:29:10, someone tried to talk to me, and I got all hysterical again: "Go go go!" On 1:32:30, another couple tried to talk to me, and I yelled: "Bah bah bah..." On 1:36:30, I was in the storage. As usual, I checked the configuration before I started putting things in and then took a picture of the new configuration before closing it. On 2:03:30, I was in the food mall. Again, I ordered food moaning and groaning like the big foot. On 2:40:30, I was leaving. I groaned continually even while waiting for the bus (2:52:30). Then, working on my petition letter while waiting: I continued to utilize every free minute to finish it. On 3:01:20, I got on the bus, groaning and moaning. On 3:16:00, I got off the bus. On 3:17:50: did someone text-message near me? It's quite possible that the suit team had continued to generate intercepts showing me communicating with my Russian boss. On 3:19:20, what did I say? On 3:20:50, I was at home. On 3:23:40, siren.

My next recording is: "[union_stt_sick_3_2_09_605PM.WMA](#)": I then left my apartment again: I was now going on my trip without bothering with the copy of the restraining order. On 5:00, I was on the bus. On 8:30, off the bus. On 10:00, in the bank to withdraw cash. Then, I kept on walking. On 16:10: "... he doesn't look like me..." What? On 20:00, in a liquor store. On 29:30, on the Metro. On 36:20, in Union Station. I got in line for Amtrak. On 48:00, I started yelling when somebody cut in front of me. Then, my turn: I asked for a ticket for Albany, New York. Again, as I have explained in the Letter of Petition, I dared not go directly to Washington DC in order to not tip off the suit team. But the Amtrak ticket officer said: "The next train is tomorrow, no more for today." I was totally disappointed – I must act before the suit team had time to prepare – so much so that, on 51:00, I went into a seizure again. Now people came around and wanted to check on me, but I yelled: "Get away from me!" I ran away as fast as I could, and kept yelling at people to get away from me. On 54:00, I was out of the station. But then, on 1:00:00, I was back at the Amtrak counter to ask for the train for Chicago. The ticket officer continued to insist that the train for tonight had already left. (6:45 PM.) Terribly distressed that there was no more possibility for today, I checked the other routes. Then, on 1:11:30, I was back on the Metro.

My next recording is: "[on_street_dt_pershing_3_2_09_730PM.WMA](#)": Was I now at Pershing Square? On 5:30, somebody asked me for money, and I responded: "Wah wah wah!" On 11:30, in a shop. "You

¹ Again, I made sure to film everything with my pen camera.

are not gonna make it!" On 14:00, I was back to working on my petition letter on my Toshiba. On 25:00, somebody was shouting profanity in the distance. Did faulty surveillance confuse him with me? On 42:30, I packed up and was on the move. On 49:00, some black people tried to talk to me. "Get out of here! Wah wah!" Then my recorder ran out of space.

My next recording is: "[greyhnd_crying_3_2_09_830PM.WMA](#)": Now I decided to take Greyhound instead. I was now on the bus. On 10:30, off the bus. On 12:30, I was in Greyhound station. On 15:50, I asked to buy a ticket for Chicago. The refundable was 180, and so I chose the non-refundable, which was 165. On 25:20, I mumbled like the big foot to the people around. Now, disaster: as I was about to work on my petition letter on my Toshiba, I discovered that my AC charger was no longer working. Just at this juncture! I cried (28:30). When people approached me, I shouted: "No no..." I changed location and continued to cry hysterically. On 39:00, I moved to another corner. My hysteria continued. On 42:00, I was on the move. On 46:00, in another corner, completely hysterical. I then asked people whether they had chargers that would work with my Toshiba. Then my recorder ran out of space.

My next recording is: "[bus_crying_to_hm_3_3_09_946PM.WMA](#)" (...3_2_09...): And so I decided not to go on my trip today – I needed to take care of the charger problem first. On 1:30, I groaned and moaned as my reply to people. On 6:50, groaning and moaning and crying about how I had lost my bus pass, I got on the bus. On 11:00, more crying and yelling on the bus when I discovered that the bus was not going the right way. On 12:30, the bus driver threw me off the bus. I kept crying hysterically while walking back on the street. On 27:10, more crying. Then I worked on my Toshiba as I waited. On 59:50, shouting like an infant ("wah wah"), I got on the bus going backward. A woman was talking to the bus driver, and I made sure to record their conversation since it might very well be attributed to me by faulty surveillance in the International Court. On 1:10:00, babbling like the big foot, I got off the bus. On 1:15:00, I was home.

My next recording is: "[call_ixweb_ftp_pw_3_3_09_12AM.WMA](#)": Now this was something unrelated to my trip. On 8:43 I was connected with IX Webhosting: "... I received an email about how the FTP password has changed... can you explain to me what was going on?" The personnel explained that the administrator had changed everyone's password. I wanted to know if it's because there was a hacking attempt, and he said there was such a hacking back in December. I was able to ascertain that it was early December. What I wanted to know was whether the hacking was the Russians' attempt to look for evidence within my website, but what the personnel had described didn't seem to be it.

My next recording is: "[las_vegas_st_3_4_09_1220AM.WMA](#)" (3_3_09).² I then recounted to myself about how Homeland Security (or the suit team) must have picked up the C++ and other computer books that I had abandoned on the street corner days ago, and how these books must have been taken to the International Court as evidence proving that I had indeed been a computer programmer for a long time and therefore could not really be me.

2 This file is completely misnamed.

March 3 (Tuesday)

My next recording is: "bestbuy_sick_gryhnd_3_3_09_1030AM.WMA": I left my apartment. On 3:00, I was in the Mexican grill. On 12:55, I got on bus 33. On 54:55, off the bus on Overland and Venice. I moaned and groaned as usual. On 59:00, I was in Best Buy looking for a new AC charger. On 1:06:30, when I was ready to check out, my credit card was declined. Angered, I instructed the cashier to call the manager. I kept on moaning, and, when people asked me if I was okay: "Shut up! Don't bother me!" The cashier said: "The manager doesn't control the credit card," but I insisted. The manager came and checked my payment records: apparently I had only 68 dollars left on my card. "Do that, and I'll pay the rest in cash." On 1:12:00, I was out. On 1:13:00, I came inside Westsub to check whether the AC charger would actually work, mumbling "美國人壞". You will hear me repeating this mantra continually in the following recordings, and this shall not be noted anymore. Now the charger didn't work! On 1:16:00, I was out, screaming out of pain. On 1:17:00, was I even vomiting? On 1:18:00, I was back inside Best Buy asking to exchange the charger: "This is not working!" I was in enormous pain. And so I got a new one, and it's 36 dollars more. More of my precious money was gone! On 1:24:30, I asked the employees to open the package for me. Then, back inside Westsub to try it out. Suddenly, on 1:31:10, I started filming this guy: "... he's doing text-messaging next to me... Homeland Security knows I'm going away, so they need to send someone in to text-message in order to make it look like somebody is instructing me to go on a mission..." Indeed! As you shall see, I had this time perfect comprehension of what I was getting into, and yet I persisted. On 1:34:40, I filmed the man again: "That's the guy, he's still texting... I hope this is just a mistake..."³ On 1:42:00 I ordered a tofu wrap, but I was told that there was no Internet here until 3 PM. On 1:44:00, I thus canceled my order and, on 2:10:30, was out. On 2:33:10, I was on the bus. On 2:35:20, I tried to film another text-messenger but missed it. On 2:36:30, I called up the Housing Authority to cancel the inspection appointment for tomorrow. Then I was busy working on my petition letter again. On 3:10:00, I commented that I needed to record the conversation that was going on next to me since faulty surveillance might very well confuse the two people with me. On 3:17:50, I was off the bus. On 3:20:30, I was home. With a new AC charger for my Toshiba, I was now ready for my trip! On 3:23:00, I took a picture of my room before leaving. On 3:27:00, I was out and, on 3:29:30, was on the bus. On 3:34:00, off the bus in downtown. On 3:36:00, I was in 711 to buy hot dogs. I ate them outside, and then got on the bus. On 3:46:00, did I mumble something about how I wanted to kill people? On 3:57:00, off the bus. I was now at the Greyhound station. I continued to work on my petition letter while waiting in line. On 4:25:50, I yelled at another guy, "No, no!"

My next recording is: "greyhnd_3_3_09_309PM.WMA": I was still in the Greyhound station. On 34:20, I mumbled to myself: "... I don't know exactly what the Chinese did..." On 55:00, again: "... the Russians and the Chinese are Martians..." On 2:56:50: "... I need to be permanently removed..." On 2:28:30, more mumbling. On 2:31:40: "... fuck you all! Why would he be so obvious? Mentally

3 See "text_mssg_3_3_09.wmv".

confused... they have to know I'm not really..." What was I talking about? On 2:54:20, I was ready to board the bus: "I'm going to Chicago." On 3:13:50, somebody wanted to sit next to me, and he kept on talking to me. (Presumably he wasn't a Homeland Security agent.) The bus was now moving out. On 3:33:00: "... all this makes so little sense..." On 4:00:00, more mumbling about being myself (rather than pretending to be somebody else pretending to be myself). I then turned off the recorder and turned on the other one on voice-activated mode. And so all my time on the Greyhound bus would only be recorded in voice-activated mode (which would not be included here) and I would only revert to regular recording mode when arriving at a new destination.

March 4 (Wednesday)

My next recording is: "las_vegas_st_3_4_09_145PM.WMA" (3_4_09_145AM): By this time the bus had arrived in Las Vegas. Was I charging my Toshiba at the station? On 20:00, I got on the next bus, and I insisted to the bus driver that I'd carry my bag with me. Of course! Not in the least because I would continue to work on my Letter of Petition throughout the entire bus ride. From 25:00 onward, another round of mumbling: "... what they do is just so bad..." I now suspected that I was surrounded by two Homeland Security agents – I could be right: the CIA needed to keep an eye on me as they planned their operation – and I went to sleep.

My next recording is: "denver_st_wm_call_me_terrorist_3_4_09.WMA": The bus had now arrived in Denver. I got off at the Denver station and bought corn dogs for lunch (7:50). On 23:10, I shouted at somebody, "Don't talk to me!" – was this the woman that you have read about in my petition letter, the woman who called me a "terrorist"? (The recorder didn't seem to have picked this up.) This would be the first operation from the suit team during my trip. On 28:10, I retreated to a corner away from people. On 29:20, again: "Don't talk to me!" On 30:20, I recounted: "That woman, she asked me for a light, and, when I said no, she called me a 'terrorist'..."⁴ As you have read about in the Letter of Petition: the CIA had presumably instructed these people to call me a "terrorist" so that, when their acting was intercepted into the ICJ, it was evidence that I must have been purposely acting suspicious in order to make people mistake me for a terrorist. On 39:00, I was back to working on my petition letter (reviewing a recording). I then turned this recorder off and turned on the other one on voice-activated mode.

March 5 (Thursday)

My next recording is: "st_louis_man_ask_comput_s_guard_s_3_5_09_1055AM.WMA": The bus had now arrived in the St. Louis station.⁵ I shaved in the restroom. On 22:30, I asked the Greyhound personnel about the next bus and decided to take the next one instead (not this one) so that I could have time to rest. Did I continue to work? Did I take a nap? On 42:30, a station personnel scolded me about

4 I did film the woman in question with my pen camera: "wm_call_me_terrorist_3_4_09_denver.3gp".

5 When the bus just pulled into St. Louis, I shot a video with my pen camera: "gryhnd_to_st_louis_3_5_09.3gp".

sitting on the floor. On 54:00, a bit of commotion as I tried to get on the bus for Chicago. On 1:09:00, the bus was on the move. On 2:39:00, I expressed my worry that the suit team might have burglarized my Toshiba last night all because I didn't tape up my backpack when going to sleep. Just then, the bus pulled into Springfield, Illinois. I was out of the bus for a smoke break.

Presumably a suit team actor had asked me about my computer some time during my trip in and out of St. Louis, and yet I couldn't locate the incident in this recording. In any case, that would be the second operation from the CIA during my trip: an intercept had been produced suggesting that I indeed carried around a very strange Russian-made spy computer such as the ICJ judges had seen in front of them on February 13. More to come.

My next recording is: "IMP_chicago_st_ask_buy_ticket_on_train_3_5_09_515PM.WMA": I was still on the bus, and I continued working. On 41:00, what was I mumbling about? On 57:00, I was getting off the bus in Chicago, mumbling about the actors and actresses that were supposedly sitting next to me. I was then wandering the streets. On 1:08:50, I asked a woman where the Amtrak station was. No. I then asked other people. As you can see, I had decided to complete the rest of the trip with the more comfortable Amtrak train. On 1:22:00, I was alarmed when a girl text-messaged in front of me.⁶ On 1:22:50, I filmed her. I knew that this was the third operation from the suit team, for the girl was obviously a CIA girl. On 1:26:30, I came inside the Chicago Amtrak station. On 1:27:25, I filmed another girl who text-messaged in front of me.⁷ The fourth operation! On 1:33:10, I was at the Amtrak counter and asked to buy a ticket for Albany. On 1:36:00, I asked another Amtrak personnel for a ticket for Albany. Again, take note of my asking if I could buy the ticket after getting on the train: the man answered with an emphatic no. In any case, the ticket was 130 dollars! On 1:40:50, I used the ATM. On 1:46:30, did somebody ask me something? On 1:56:00, what was I mumbling about? Then: "... people *will* text-message around you, making it look like you are communicating with foreign intelligence agencies..." Indeed! On 2:01:00, back to working on my Toshiba. On 2:30:00, I was ready to board. On 2:38:50: "... hopefully the guy sitting next to me will not text-message..." On 2:40:10, was I filming somebody playing video games? Now, once in my seat, I started importing the latest videos into my Toshiba. On 2:42:10, another Homeland Security agent? Very likely! On 2:47:40, commotion. The train conductor asked me if I had "special needs" since I suddenly got so hyper. Ha! On 3:40:00, I described the supposed operation: "... the conductor interacted with me as if I were mentally disabled because we are all being watched, and this show will be taken to the International Court as evidence... the judges will be impressed by how courteous and wonderful the American people are... and how humane the US government is, that they are so kind to this foreign agent, and the judges will be fooled into believing that I'm mentally disabled..." In other words, I assumed that the train conductor had been instructed by the CIA to talk to me as if I totally conformed to this made-up profile of the mentally confused Sino-

6 The second scene, 0:13, in "txt_mssg_on_trip_to_albany.wmv".

7 The first scene in "txt_mssg_on_trip_to_albany.wmv". The third scene, from 0:33 onward, or the text-messaging on Greyhound bus that morning, is not noted above. It seems that the entire chronological order of this video is inverted.

Russian agent David Chin, but today I can't be sure of this anymore – I wasn't trying to act normal in these days in any case.

My next recording is: "IMP_train_muslim_man_confused_w_me_3_5_09_10PM.WMA": I was now in the snack cart. Now, as I ordered food, I asked the conductor why the other conductor asked me if I needed "special help": "Did she hear something about me?" "No." I continued: "I don't like to be lied to, I'm sure she heard something..." And so I asked the other personnel: "Ma'am, where do you know me from? I mean earlier... when you asked me if I needed 'special help'..." On 23:20, did the conductor lead in the Muslim guy in question? Was I out of the cart? On 47:20, I came back in saying "It's very bad". Was I referring to the Muslim guy in question?

As noted in my Letter of Petition, while in the dinning cart, I noticed an actor "Yosef" being brought in by the train conductor, and, alarmed, I quickly filmed the whole thing with my pen camera.⁸ But, again, I have had such difficulty in locating this incident in the foregoing recording, even though it exists well in the video. In any case, this was the fifth operation from the CIA. Since I have explained it well in the Letter of Petition, I shall simply quote from myself at this point:

Then, while in the dining cart in the train, a Muslim man saying his name was 'Yosef' was brought in by the train conductor because he needed to buy a ticket on the train! I immediately recognized what tactic the suit team was using, and so got out my small camera to film this... The suit team would present to the said international court a surveillance intercept of my asking if I could buy a ticket on the train but with the part of my actually buying the ticket in the booth deleted, and then a surveillance intercept of a Muslim man 'Yosef' buying the ticket on the train, and in this way I would thus naturally be confused with the Muslim man. 'Your honor, you just saw that the subject asked to buy a ticket on the train. And now a Muslim man named "Yosef" is buying a ticket on the train. It must be our subject who is pretending to be a Muslim man "Yosef". It seems that Russian intelligence is indeed sending him on a mission to pretend to be a Muslim and a terrorist suspect.'

My next recording is: "toledo_stop_girl_watched_shooter_3_5_09_1048PM.WMA": There was a little bit of commotion about smoking with the train conductor until 3:30. On 41:00 – what was I mumbling about? On 47:00, I wasn't allowed into the snack cart. On 1:16:00, you can hear me playing MIA. On 1:23:00, the train had arrived in Toledo, and I was out to get coffee. On 1:37:00, MIA again. On 1:48:00, you can hear me getting sarcastic again: "... a Russian spy... Wow! Where is my payment?" On 1:54:00, back inside the train, and, suddenly, quite alarmed, I asked this girl: "You are watching a movie?" "Yes." "Are you going to Albany too?" No response. On 1:56:30, I started filming her:⁹ "This

⁸ This is of course in the video listed in the Letter of Petition: "IMP_muslim_confused_w_me_3_5_09_10PM.3gp".

⁹ As noted in the Letter of Petition, this is in the video "shooter.wmv". I would later also try to get a good shot of the girl using my pen camera: "girl_watching_shooter_(to_alb)_3_6_09_1AM.3gp".

girl is watching 'Shooter' ... she would be confused with me in surveillance... which means I'd better not go to Washington DC... this is a very bad sign... they know where I'm going... they want to make it look like I'm going to the Capitol to do something to the President... I cannot deliver the letter in person..." Namely, this sixth operation was designed to produce evidence showing me conforming to the made-up profile of David Chin as always wanting to assassinate President Obama because he hated black people. (Again, since I have already explained the operation well in the Letter of Petition, I shall stop right here.) Then I turned off this recorder and turned on the other recorder on voice-activated mode.

March 6 (Friday)

My next recording is: "scary_train_alb_3_6_09_730AM.WMA": I just woke up and came inside the dinning cart for my morning coffee. On 7:00, was I mumbling about some "classic"? Back to my seat. Suddenly, on 26:20: "... you didn't know that the surveillance is all made up..." On 1:41:00, the train stopped at Syracuse, and a bunch of college students got on. Again, I shall be brief in regard to the following seventh and eighth operation since I have already described them well in the Letter of Petition. Thus, on 1:58:50, I filmed this guy on laptop: "... that guy is using strange audio software... he will be confused with me..."¹⁰ This seventh operation was designed to produce evidence that I did use my strange Russian-made spy computer to forge recordings of my conversations with others. On 2:26:30, I noted: "... the guy who used strange software earlier was staring at me..."¹¹ Then: "... scary train, so many people around..." On 2:31:00, I noticed: "... that guy just text-messaged..." On 2:51:20, I filmed again: "... he's text-messaging..." On 2:58:25, I filmed the text-messenger yet again.¹² Since it's really not clear whether this guy's text-messages had been attributed to me in the International Court, I shall not count this as the eighth evidence. On 3:25:50, the conductor came to tell me I wasn't in the right seat. On 3:31:20: "... the guy was watching a scary movie, and yet he knew I was about to film him and so stopped..."¹³ I thus asked him what movie he was watching. "24." I insisted: "I saw a bunch of soldiers in it, it's not '24'." "Yes it is, it's a TV show." On 3:33:30, I was back to my seat to recount: "... that movie... a bunch of soldiers kidnapped the First Family... he stopped watching it because Homeland Security instructed him to stop, which means that he was instructed to watch it... because they know exactly where I want to go, hence I can't go... surveillance is going to confuse him with me... it's so very dangerous..." Right! Presumably the student was instructed via his earphones. In any case, this must be the eighth evidence demonstrating that the suit team had always been right about me: I kept fantasizing about assassinating President Obama because I was such a racist. On 4:36:00, I continued: "... can't do it, faulty surveillance..." I then came inside the snack cart. Then my recorder ran out of space.

10 See, as noted in the petition letter, "strange_audio_software_3_6_09.wmv".

11 See, as noted in the petition letter, "IMP_audio_software_guy_train_3_6_09.3gp".

12 See "txt_mssg_3_6_09.wmv".

13 See, as noted in the petition letter, "IMP_wh_movie_train_3_6_09.3gp".

My next recording is: "arriving_alb_3_6_09_1234PM.WMA": I was still on the train. On 13:00, what was I mumbling about? On 17:30, I was mumbling about faulty surveillance again. On 20:00, I got off at the Albany station. On 35:00, while smoking, I was mumbling again: "Americans are such bad people." What a mantra! Then I was on the move. From 42:00 onward, I kept on mumbling about the operation. I came to the bus stop and started asking around how to get to downtown Albany, and the first bus driver said he was going to Troy and advised me to take bus 14 (47:30). I rested by the bus stop, and then mumbled more on 52:10: "... I realize that when people don't have enough intelligence... but it's really very obvious... it's too long, I can't deal with it anymore..." On 58:50, I came back to the train station. I ascertained that the station would open until midnight. I came back to the bus stop to ask around again. On 1:02:00, the second bus driver pointed to my earlier spot and said that bus was going to downtown Albany. On 1:03:30, I got on bus 14. On 1:23:10, I got off the bus. On 1:27:00, I came inside a restaurant to eat. On 1:39:00, I asked the waitress if there was wireless Internet here. No. On 1:42:10, when out, I asked somebody: "Why are you doing this?" What? Then I went on and on about how I didn't want to be in a TV show anymore. On 1:49:20, I was back inside the restaurant. I kept on moaning about how I couldn't get out of this TV show. Groaning in pain, I turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: "albany_fusion_bus_driver_where_i_go_schl_rus_man_3_6_09_228PM.WMA": I was still in the restaurant, groaning in pain from time to time: "Please stop the TV show, I can't... it's been going on for too long..." I then asked the waiter for water: "... he threw it away, he wanted to charge me 1 dollar 35 cents for another..." Then I quieted down. On 12:20, what did I ask the employee? On 53:20, I was out of the place, mumbling: "... I'm gonna kill her..." What? On 1:02:00, I was on the bus. I was now looking for Wes. (Although, as noted in my Letter of Petition, finding Wes could be dangerous, I had to make an effort to pretend that I was here for Wes, not because I planned to go to the Capitol to petition – even if I suspected that the suit team had already known about my plan.) On 1:16:50, groaning and moaning, I got off the bus. I was now in the neighborhood of Wes' apartment. On 1:20:00, I walked in somewhere and asked if this was a motel. By now, my desperation had caught up with me. I came to Wes' apartment but he was clearly not home. On 1:21:20, I sat down in front of his apartment and filmed myself crying instead: "... I'm so sad..." This was of course quite melodramatic, and I must have further discredited myself when I included the video in my Letter of Petition.¹⁴ Then I kept on walking: I was now going to SUNY Albany to look for Wes. On 1:26:00, massive siren. On 1:36:50, I rested in a corner and continued to work on my petition letter. On 1:53:20, I entered a building that I thought was SUNY Albany. On 1:56:20, I asked a man (the janitor?) where the Political Science Department was. Not in the right building: this was an elementary school. On 1:58:30, I speculated: "... maybe Homeland Security has moved the elementary school to SUNY Albany's next door knowing I'd be coming..." Ha! Not: over-speculation here. On 2:02:00, what was I mumbling about? It seems that I had realized that Wes was not in school at the moment. On 2:08:00, I rested: "... it's like a TV show except that, in this show, I'm a different person..." Then, I was back to working on my petition letter on my Toshiba for a little bit. On 2:14:00, I was on the move again. I came inside a

¹⁴ See, as noted in the Letter of Petition, "crying_in_albany_3_6_09.wmv".

liquor store to buy cigarettes. On 2:19:50, a black girl text-messaged near me.¹⁵ I also became alarmed when a Russian-looking man came in. On 2:23:50, when out, I recounted: "... that man inside really looks Russian... maybe Homeland Security has produced surveillance showing me going in there to meet a Russian agent, and that black girl immediately text-messaged when she saw me... everybody has been instructed to text-message upon seeing me..."¹⁶ It's really not clear whether I was correct here: all this could be a mere coincidence. (We shall therefore not count this as the ninth and the tenth operation.) On 2:31:00, I came inside a bar, but was immediately out. On 2:39:30, I rested in a corner (by the bus stop?) to work on my Toshiba again. On 2:51:00, I got on the bus. On 2:57:00, off the bus. On 3:02:20, you can hear me asking people if there were any motels around. On 3:06:40, on the bus again. On 3:10:00, off the bus already. On 3:12:20, you can hear me asking people which bus was going back to the train station. "55." That's right: I had decided to pass the night in the train station rather than booking a motel room with the little bit of money I had left. On 3:16:00, I waited inside the bus station and continued to work on my petition letter. On 3:40:10, I got on the bus while mumbling: "... mentally confused..." On 3:51:20, I was off the bus at the Amtrak station. I bought snacks and was back to work. On 4:14:50, I was also importing my latest videos to my Toshiba. On 4:54:30, a video or a recording? Then, because I wanted to import the latest recordings, I turned off the recorder. As you have read in my Letter of Petition, I would pass two nights in the train station, especially in the underground parking lot.

March 7 (Saturday)

My next recording is: "slp_alb_train_st_va_3_7_09_1-917AM_local.WMA": My sleeping in the underground parking lot of the train station.¹⁷

My next recording is: "train_st_dt_alb_sick_3_7_09_809AM_(1109_local).WMA": I was now awake and still in the train station. On 9:00, my morning coffee break. On 26:00, I was in the restroom, and I started reviewing my recording and working on my petition letter. On 53:00, out of the restroom. On 55:00, I asked someone what the wireless network here was. On 59:30, I called up Wes on the payphone, but didn't leave a message. On 1:01:30, out of the station. To smoke? On 1:23:00, back inside the station. Then, back out again to wait for the bus. But the bus never came. On 1:45:00, I moaned: "No bus is going to downtown, and that means Homeland Security is trying to prevent me from using the Internet." Not! On 1:46:30, back inside the station. I wandered around, groaning continually out of pain. On 1:53:30, I picked up the payphone again, and it didn't work. What's going on? I asked another train station personnel if there were buses on Saturday. Out of the station again, and then back inside, and the payphone was still not working. Out again. "People are coming near me, it's too dangerous" – and so I moved away (2:01:00). I wanted to use my Toshiba on the street, but I couldn't see my screen clearly under the sunlight. "They want you to take a taxi." But this time, I was almost collapsing. On

15 I did film her with my pen camera: "girl_who_txt_mssg_alb_3_6_09.3gp".

16 See my video of the Russian man in question: "rus_man_make_fun_of_me_alb_3_6_09.3gp".

17 On 3:20, a security guard came to tell me I couldn't stay here for the night. I moved away. On 25:00, I turned on my Toshiba. On 27:10, out. Then, back inside.

2:13:30, at a loss, I got into a taxi. It's 10 dollars! I asked the taxi driver to take me to State Street. On 2:26:00, off the taxi. On 2:27:30, I came inside a Starbucks and started working on my Eee PC. By 3:32:10, I had noticed that there was something wrong with people's conversations around me: "What are they talking about? It's very dangerous!" Could this be the ninth operation? By 3:41:00, I was packing up, and the employees were staring at me. On 3:42:30, out. I recounted: "They were talking about Muslims, and Islam! Scary!" On 3:46:00, was I back inside Starbucks? Another shop? On 3:47:30, out again. On 3:48:30, the same Muslim woman again! I quickly moved out to avoid her. On 3:51:30, I was in a sandwich shop to eat. On 4:07:00, out. Smoking. On 4:21:40, a surveillance agent seemed to be watching over me. (Again, the CIA needed to watch over me as they planned their operation.) On 4:27:00, I came inside a liquor store. I asked for a phone book, but no. On 4:31:00, out. On 4:34:50, I bought cigarettes in another liquor store, and took the opportunity to ask for a phone book. This time, yes! I looked up the address of Goodwill, and then asked someone where Clinton Avenue was. I then headed there. On 4:51:00, I got in a taxi to go there. On 4:56:00, off the taxi. On 4:57:30, I was in Goodwill to buy what I needed: a blanket. (All because it was too cold at night in the underground parking lot at the train station.) I also asked the cashier where homeless people slept in this town. I paid for the blanket: 6 dollars. Out, and I kept on mumbling about the tactic which the suit team had instructed Karin to employ (5:07:00) and then about America's "requirement" for me to always pretend to be someone else pretending to be me – that it was bad for me to just be myself (5:09:00). I then got on the bus and turned on the other recorder.

My next recording is: "alb_cafe_rus_grl_bump_hd_train_st_3_7_09_330PM_local.WMA": I was still on the bus. On 20:30, I was off the bus in downtown. "My environment is just so scary..." Was I now in the bus station? On 43:00, I asked the bus driver: "Do you go to the train station?" "Take the 14!" On 1:05:40, someone was text-messaging near me.¹⁸ It's not clear whether this was an operation, and so we shall not count it. At one point a Russian girl was also talking Russian on her cellphone next to me – again, it's not clear whether this was an operation.¹⁹ On 1:19:40, a limousine! I filmed it. I then roamed around a little. A woman asked me something on 1:42:20. On 1:45:00, I got quite desperate because the 14 bus never came, and, when I asked around, a man pointed to another location where I should wait for the bus. On 1:50:10: "... reality doesn't matter very much in the courthouse, it's all about making up stories..." I kept asking every bus driver if they would go to the train station. By 2:02:30, I'd got so upset that I started moaning. On 2:03:30, another limousine. It's not clear whether these were Homeland Security hotshots (including Mr former Secretary himself) who came in their mobile fortresses to examine me in view of the fact that the CIA was about to accomplish the big job. On 2:04:00, I bumped into something and screamed, and a bus driver asked me if I was alright. Finally, I was on the bus. On 2:09:30, off the bus. In the train station? On 2:23:30, did I buy a drink? I seemed to be on my Eee PC for the whole time. On 2:56:30, I was on the move. On 3:01:00, back to my corner. On 3:08:00, I also started reviewing my recordings while continuing to work on my petition letter. On 5:26:30, I asked a man about the wireless network at the station. I admonished myself: "You have to be very careful,

18 Presumably in this video: "guy_txt_mssg_near_me_3_7_09_520PM.3gp".

19 See: "wm_tlkg_russian_near_me_3_7_09_530PM.3gp".

whenever people are using the wireless Internet around you, they can be confused with you, and so you have to take stock of the websites you visit *and* those that other people visit.”

My next recording is: “va_exit_alb_train_st_pl_harass_3_8_09_til_245AM.WMA.”: What happened next I have also explained well in my Letter of Petition:

On the night of March 7, [when] I exited the train station and was simply eating a cookie and walking on the street 2 AM in the morning, three police cars came to surround me – obviously per instruction. The police officers got out of their cars and kept on asking for my identification information and emphasizing the fact that ‘I was kneeling’ – I was squatting on the street corner trying to finish my cookie. They scared me to death – every week I would be harassed by police officers just because the suit team needed to generate surveillance intercepts [about] a particularly vicious and troublesome Russian and Chinese spy in order to get the international court to pronounce a heavy judgment against the Russians and [the] Chinese... But why the story about ‘kneeling’? Because the suit team needed to generate more ‘evidence’ of my pretending to be a Muslim and a terrorist suspect per instructions from [the] Russian intelligence (‘kneeling’ = ‘praying’ = ‘Muslim’). Now guess what would happen if I go directly to your organization? A particularly vicious tactic of the suit team is, I suspect, [to claim] that the letter I faxed to the ICJ pleading for a temporary halt to the suit so as for me to seek your help was in fact a Russian-directed deception to use the time allotted to carry out this operation of going to ‘sensitive places’ while pretending to be a terrorist suspect.

While we are not sure about the previous ninth operation (the chatter about Islam in Starbucks), this *was* definitely the ninth operation. The CIA had instructed the two police officers to put up this act so that another evidence could be intercepted into the ICJ suggesting that I was, per the instructions from my SVR boss, indeed trying hard to pretend to be a Muslim terrorist.

March 8 (Sunday)

My next recording is: “slp_alb_train_st_prk_lot_corner_VA_3_8_09_245AM-1237PM.WMA”: My sleeping in the underground parking lot at the train station.²⁰

My next recording is: “alb_train_st_mtl_man_filming_st_3_8_09_936AM_pst.WMA”: I was now awake and still in the train station. I ordered coffee at the counter. Smoke break outside. On 18:30, back

20 On 7:00, I was looking for my USB flash drives. When I woke up, I would be quite concerned, and would eventually review this recording and compose the following note: “37 minutes 43 seconds into the recording, there is a flash of noise from a plastic bag. It’s very disconcerting because, when I woke up, I noticed precisely that my external hard drive and the two DV tapes of the Skype malfunctioning which I kept in a plastic bag were strangely out of the plastic bag that they were put in. 37 minutes 57 seconds into the recording, someone seems to be walking toward me, and perhaps to search my bag, even though its zipper areas were all sealed with scotch tapes. The episode lasts until the 39th minute.”

inside. I was now working on my videos. On 1:13:00, in the restroom. On 1:38:30, when I was out: "... somebody was staring hard at me, playing this game of 'accidentally identifying this suspicious individual'..." Was this an operation? Or was it simply because I looked too weird? Suddenly, on 1:40:10, a Russian man came in to film the station, and, knowing immediately that this was the suit team's operation, I promptly filmed him:²¹ "... since Homeland Security wants to make me into a Russian agent pretending to be a terrorist... they sent him here in order for surveillance to confuse him with me... filming the station as a prelude to launching terrorist attacks..." This was the tenth operation and I had immediately grasped the meaning of it.²² I was then back to work on my Toshiba. On 1:58:40, I admonished myself: "... you can't stay out, it's too dangerous..." On 2:00:15, I asked the ticket officer about the next train to Los Angeles. There was a train to Chicago tonight. (242.) Thus, as you have already read about in my Letter of Petition, since I had comprehended that the suit team had already turned my trip to the Capitol into a Russian-directed operation "David Chin going around the country to pretend to be a terrorist suspect like his (twin) brother Lawrence Chin", I thought I had better just go home in order to not make things worse. But I wasn't buying a ticket just yet. On 2:09:00, I came to a hidden corner and surfed the Internet on my Eee PC. On 2:16:00, I was on the move. On 2:22:00, I bought soup. On 2:26:00, in the restroom again. On 2:29:00, out, and in a corner to sip on my soup. On 3:01:00, I started moaning out of pain. On 3:37:20, I seemed to be importing my latest videos. On 3:41:40, did the security guard come to talk to me? Did he tell me to move? I was about to have a seizure! On 3:44:00, groaning and moaning, I went around asking people if they had seen my scotch tape. How did I suddenly lose it? I needed it to tape up my bag every night! Then I asked people whether there was a motel around. As you have already read in my Letter of Petition, after this Russian man's filming in the station, I was convinced that I had to stay elsewhere in order to avoid further operations. "Econolodge," people said. And I asked the information counter to call up a taxi for me. And so I got in the taxi but kept on groaning like the big foot during the whole ride. On 3:55:00, I was at the motel. More than 60 dollars per night! I was assigned to Room 120. I had just wasted more of my precious money on this worthless, counter-productive, trip!

My next recording is: "alb_mtl_wrless_pizza_3_8_09_318PM_pst.WMA": I called the counter to ask for the wireless network name. Then a number for a pizza place. Then I ordered a pizza.

My next recording is: "alb_motel_pizza_3_8_09_340PM_pst.WMA": I called the counter again: "... I can't connect to the wireless network..." On 9:00, I admonished myself not to go to the front desk with

21 See, as noted, "man_filming_alb_train_st.wmv".

22 As you have read in the Letter of Petition: "'Someone suspicious was filming the station,' someone at the station would report. 'It must be that guy [me] who was spending his days here and found kneeling last night,' the security personnel would conclude. 'Possibly preparation for terrorist activities; we must raise the alert level,' the security personnel would thus decide. While the actors and actresses to which the suit team had converted all the public personnel here would pretend to be busy about 'guarding against terrorism', the suit team would take the surveillance of this nonsensical frenzy to the said international court and argue: 'Look, [the] Russian intelligence is instructing our subject – their super spy – to go around pretending to prepare for [a] terrorist act in order that they may sue us for lying to them about a terrorist suspect: conspiracy!'"

my laptops: "... they'll be instructed to rumor about it, it's a massive operation..." On 12:18, I filmed my inability to connect to the wireless network in order to have proof. (Of course I thought it was Homeland Security again.) The TV was now on. On 22:00, my pizza had arrived. I resumed work on my Letter of Petition, even reviewing a recording on 30:30.

My next recording is: "alb_motel_3_8_09_950PM_pst.WMA": As you have read in the Letter of Petition, because I had decided to abandon my trip, I got quite desperate and therefore wanted to call the UN Office of High Commissioner on Human Rights. (Perhaps as a decoy?) But how can I call when I couldn't connect to the wireless Internet? On 8:40, I tried to call on the motel's phone, but no. I then called the counter to ask how to make an international call. Ha! "Press 9..." Then: "... I don't know. Why isn't the wireless Internet working?" I turned on the TV again. I continued to mumble about how scared I was. On 17:00, I came to the counter to fetch the password for the wireless network. Back to my room, mumbling about how even dying in a concentration camp was better than this disease I had got ("Homeland Security"). Now I was connected! On 27:40, I was about to film myself using Skype. Then my recorder ran out of space.²³

March 9 (Monday)

My next recording is: "alb_mtl_call_ohchr_icj_3_9_09_230AM_est_dylght.WMA": I thus filmed myself calling the Office of High Commissioner on Skype. I was stunned that the office was closed. "Homeland Security has already alerted them, and so that's why... I think you should just go home... there is no way that they'll let you petition..." And I called several other numbers too. No. By 7:20, I had given up. But, on 12:30, I filmed myself calling again. This time, the mailbox was full. I called again, and the same thing. And I didn't see any packets going out on my Wireshark either. Although I was convinced it was all because the suit team had blocked my calls, I was most likely mistaken. As you can see, the CIA didn't contemplate on blocking my petition at all: there was no possible way that anybody in any office would believe anything I said in any case, and my petition would certainly end up looking like something else in the evidentiary record of the International Court.

My next recording is: "alb_mtl_after_call_ohchr_3_9_09_312AM_est_dylght.WMA": I filmed the TV: "... why is this crap on?" Again, this was probably not an operation, and I was just being paranoid. Nothing else in this recording.

My next recording is: "alb_mtl_ck_out_3_9_09_236AM_pst.WMA": I was still in bed.²⁴ On 1:38:40, the front desk called me: it's check-out time. I got up and started packing. On 1:55:30, I was at the counter ready to check out. On 1:59:00, I was outside sipping on my coffee. On 2:04:00, I mumbled about how the suit team must have been watching me in this motel, and how, even with my door

²³ At some point tonight, I did film myself writing my Letter of Petition. See, as noted in the Letter, "wrt_3_8_09.wmv".

²⁴ Reviewed until 29:00, and then from 1:38:00 onward. The timestamp of this recording is clearly mistaken. It should be around 9 AM or so.

barricaded, 9 AM or so, they nevertheless sent a cleaning lady to my room. “She will rumor about me afterwards (saying how I barricaded my door) in order for surveillance to pick up.” Was I correct? On 2:06:00, I was back to the front desk, and I asked the lady to call a taxi for me. On 2:24:00, I was in the taxi, to go back to the train station. On 2:29:10, I had arrived. “They need to control the surveillance...” (2:32:00). Right! On 2:37:00, I checked my bank account balance on the payphone. On 2:39:50, I was at the counter to buy a ticket for Los Angeles. I did it! Then I ordered soup as my breakfast.

As I have noted in my Letter of Petition, my action must have terribly disappointed the CIA: the operation of “sending David Chin to go around the country to pretend to be a terrorist suspect like Lawrence Chin” would have made more sense if David Chin actually ended up in New York or Washington DC – the most coveted places for terrorists – instead of in Albany, where there was hardly anything important. (Nobody really cared about the governor of the New York State.) The CIA thus decided to act – it shall be today!

My next recording is: “alb_train_st_3_9_09_1214PM_est.WMA”: I was still in the train station, eating. On 11:00, I started reviewing my recording to continue to work on my petition letter. On 12:50, a man asked me for a cigarette: “No no!”

My next recording is: “IMP_alb_train_st_txt_mssg_pl_harass_3_9_09_1240PM_est.WMA”: I was still in the train station. On 9:00, I was working on my videos and petition letter in the restroom. On 15:00, my Chinese phrase again. On 19:00, out. On 20:10, I noticed a girl text-messaging by the door, and she stopped as soon as I started filming her with my pen. “She *is* destined to be confused with me in surveillance.”²⁵ On 23:20, I caught her again and asked her for a timestamp.²⁶ Then she was text-messaging again (27:10). I thus moved away. On 39:30, the police (or the train conductor) came to check on me, and I replied I was going to LA. Was the train conductor now text-messaging? I spelled out the situation again: “Homeland Security is making it look like the Russians are changing their plans and so having to text-message me. And so, after the text-message, people would have to ask me where I’m going... when people ask us questions, don’t even answer...” I was probably correct, and so this was the eleventh operation. I then continued to work on my petition letter. On 56:30, I was filming myself calling Terese on Skype and leaving a message for her: “... late for the rent... I’ll be back on Thursday...” On 1:06:10, I was on the move, and I took notice of another woman who was text-messaging.²⁷ On 1:16:00, in the restroom again. On 1:19:00, I went down to the underground parking lot again and, from 1:33:30 onward, filmed myself writing my petition letter one last time.²⁸ On 1:50:00, I stopped to conserve my pen’s battery power. On 2:34:50, back up to the station. Then: “Look, there is a police officer!”²⁹ Because Homeland Security wants to make it look like the Russians have sent me here to pretend to be a terrorist, and with all the kneeling and filming, reports have been generated that

25 See “txt_mssg_alb_train_st_3_9_09.3gp”.

26 See “txt_mssg_alb_train_st_p2_3_9_09.3gp”.

27 See “txt_mssg_alb_train_st_p3_3_9_09.3gp”.

28 See, as noted in the Letter of Petition, “wrt_3_9_09.3gp”.

29 See “pl_in_alb_train_st_3_9_09.3gp”.

someone here is creating the semblance of being a terrorist, kneeling to pray, filming the station... the police have to pretend that they are afraid that the station is under threat and so are compelled to send in officers, so that the whole thing will look even more real, that I'm here to pretend to be a terrorist..." Good job! I had just described the whole operation!³⁰ I bought cigarettes and then went to smoke by the door. Suddenly, on 2:37:40, a female police officer with a dog came to interrogate me.³¹ "Are you going on the train?" I only responded like the big foot: "Bah bah!" "Do you have ID on you?" After a while, seeing that I wouldn't talk normal, she left me alone. On 2:51:00, the train conductor came to me too. "Going to LA?" "Wah wah wah!" "Don't... on me... I don't want you thrown out." Now he wanted to see my ticket. "Wah wah!" "Okay okay." Then, on 2:52:20, the same female officer came back: "Do you speak English?" After seeing my ticket, she insisted on seeing my ID. I refused: "I have no ID." And I promptly walked away. As I have noted in the Letter of Petition, I would never show my ID because I didn't want surveillance to intercept identification information about me into the ICJ, where the suit team would definitely tie up this information with all the previous intercepts showing somebody seemingly trying to pretend to be a terrorist ("Yosef", "kneeling", and "filming"). I mumbled: "They want to generate intercepts... you have to leave this country..." (2:53:30). On 2:55:30, I was in a corner in the underground parking lot to charge my laptop. "Everyday it's just police harassment." On 3:01:50, speaking of which, the same female officer came again demanding to see my ID, and I just wouldn't do it: "You don't have the right to harass me like this... I bought this ticket at the counter... you keep harassing me, I'm not a fugitive..." "You are a suspicious person..." I went upstairs and left the station instead. "They wanted to see my ID because they wanted to create a record of a different person... looking like a terrorist... it's all a show... *you have got to file a lawsuit...* pretend to show my ID... do the rest... with surveillance intercepts..." On 3:16:00, siren. "... ambulance, fire trucks, all coming... the police... let's get out of the way... scary..." Now the whole place was looking more and more like it was put on high alert. On 3:20:00, I came inside an Irish tavern. I merely ordered an V8. On 3:27:50, something about the TV: it's "Pearl Harbor". I even wondered whether *this* was orchestrated by the suit team. (Probably not, although they would indeed do such thing later.) I would be working on my petition letter the whole time here.

My next recording is: "IMP_train_st_harrass_pl_3_9_09_435PM_local.WMA": On 9:30, when I came out of the restroom, a man asked me: "Who are you?" I spelled out the operation: "Everybody is pretending to find me odd, and they are talking about Islam..." Again, I have mentioned this in the Letter of Petition, and this was probably the twelfth operation. (These guys were actors that were just sent in.) And so I left the tavern and, on 20:30, was back in the train station. I again hid in the underground parking lot to work. On 1:27:30, I packed up and came back up and ended up in the restroom again. On 1:31:50, what was I mumbling about? On 1:47:00, out of the restroom, and I bought drinks. On 1:49:40, nervous: a child was near me. On 1:51:50, the train conductor suddenly came to me with the police: "I need to see your ticket." By now they were checking out all suspicious individuals because, per the CIA's orchestration, the station was put on high alert. I kept crying about how I needed

30 As I have noted in the Letter of Petition, p. 204.

31 See "pl_harrass_alb_train_st_3_9_09.3gp".

to go home. And so I ran away. This was really bad: by making myself so suspicious, I was giving the CIA quite an opportunity – as you shall see. On 1:55:50, as I walked on, I suddenly broke down crying: my ticket was nowhere to be seen. On 2:00:50, I came back to the counter and cried: "... he took my ticket... my ticket is 200 dollars..." But the train conductor insisted that my ticket was still inside my bag. And I found it! I cried: "I just want to go home..." "Where is home?" I replied: "I'm just waiting for my money... now I have money, and so I want to go home... please let me go... please... if you just stop harassing me, I'll be fine..." The train conductor now tried to comfort me. But then she expressed concern about letting me sit with other people. I kept insisting that I'd be fine as long as there weren't police officers here to harass me, but she insisted on escorting me. I finally agreed. (Again, I had been resisting because I didn't want to give the conductor a chance to produce some intercepts out of me.) Then I broke down crying again. On 2:11:30, I took my seat inside the train, but the train conductor wanted me to move to elsewhere. On 2:13:00, another train conductor wanted to examine my ticket. On 2:19:50, I got concerned when the train conductor came back to take a good look at me. Something was indeed up! On 2:22:00, I reflected: "... the train conductor looked at my ticket and said I'm going to Chicago even though I'm just passing by because Homeland Security wants to make it look like I'm a Russian secret agent pretending to be a terrorist and going to Chicago to pretend to want to conduct terrorism... all this disturbances will be interpreted as responses to possible terrorist activities" – just then, the police had arrived with the train conductor (2:22:50). Now they wanted to see my driver license: "Where are you from? Are you homeless? Do you have a home in New York? How do you spell your last name?" Terrified that my name would at last be tied up with all the previous "suspicious incidents", I kept on playing dumb: "I don't really know my name, I'm sorry..." You can just imagine how much worse I had now made my situation – how can someone not know his own name? Now the officers continued to interrogate me: "Do you have a counselor? Have you ever been to a hospital?" "Never." "Where were you born?" I again didn't want to reply. Now they insisted they would have to take me off the train unless I gave out my name, and so I promised I'd get off the train because I simply refused to give out my name. Now they wanted to hold me and, terrified, I thus lied that somebody had robbed my IDs. Another bad move! And they handcuffed me. And now the police told me that, if I didn't know my name, they'd have to send me to the hospital. Of course! I was shocked. They continued: "Do you take medication? Do you have schizophrenia?" Finally they tackled me down. I begged: "Okay, if I tell you my name you'd let me go, right?" Not! On 2:35:30, they finally got my name down in their communication. It's intercepted after all! On 2:37:50, they took me away, and we came back up to the station. Now they asked me again if I ever took medication, and I just wouldn't answer anything. Finally I had to mention Wes and my address in Los Angeles. And so they concluded that I was indeed a schizophrenic and were ready to take me to the hospital. No! On 2:49:30, one of the officers came back and said Wes told him I was schizophrenic. On 3:04:30, one of them even asked me: "You are not a terrorist, right? Ha ha!" Then: "Have you ever been in boys' scouts?" What? Had that something to do with Karin's meetups back in August last year? I replied: "I like learning about computers." Another bad move! (David Chin loved computers.) "Did you go to school for computers?" By 3:11:00, they had dragged me out of the train station and put me in a police car. They were going to take me to the hospital themselves rather than calling up an ambulance. This is important: as I have

explained in the Letter of Petition, the CIA wanted an intercept showing me being arrested for acting too much like a terrorist rather than being transported away to a hospital in an ambulance for merely suffering from schizophrenia.

My next recording is: "pl_car_3_9_09_8PM.WMA": I was still in the police car.

My next recording is: "pl_brought_me_to_hospital_3_9_09_705PM.WMA": On 6:30, we all got off the car, and I insisted I wanted to check into my things to make sure the officer didn't take anything out, but he didn't allow it. I was worried terribly about my Toshiba Satellite – this baby of mine had never been left out of my grasp ever since I bought it in November last year. On 9:00, we were in the hospital, and the officer still wouldn't permit me to look into my bag.³²

And so, at the end, let's summarize the evidences which the CIA shall have by tomorrow presented to the ICJ as evidence (not counting the text-messaging on March 2 and 3):

- (1) The woman calling me a "terrorist": pretending to be a terrorist. (Denver.)
- (2) A man asking me about my computer: David Chin did carry around a Russian-made spy computer. (St. Louis.)
- (3) A girl text-messaged: receiving directions from my boss. (Outside the Chicago train station.)
- (4) A girl text-messaged: receiving directions from my boss. (Inside the Chicago train station.)
- (5) "Yosef": pretending to be a terrorist. (On the train from Chicago to Albany.)
- (6) "Shooter": always wanting to assassinate President Obama. (On the train from Toledo to Albany.)
- (7) Strange audio software: forging recordings of my conversations. (On the train from Syracuse to Albany.)
- (8) "24": always wanting to assassinate President Obama. (On the train from Syracuse to Albany.)
- (9) Kneeling/ praying: pretending to be a terrorist. (Albany train station.)
- (10) Filming the train station: pretending to be a terrorist. (Albany train station.)
- (11) Text-messages: change of plan? (Albany train station.)
- (12) "Who are you?" and "Islam": pretending to be suspicious. (Albany Irish tavern.)

And so these evidences demonstrated (1) that Mr former Secretary had always been correct in his interpretation of all these unintelligible intercepts – there was indeed this David Chin that was just as he had described – and (2) that the Russian intelligence service SVR had indeed sent David Chin on a mission to go around the country pretending to be the terrorist suspect Lawrence Chin. But David Chin had apparently gone overboard in his pretending and made law enforcement suspect that he might really be a terrorist planning on a terrorist act. They intercepted him – probably before he had the chance to get to the Capitol. Then followed the thirteenth evidence, the most important of all – a strange laptop. Namely, the CIA and Homeland Security had together forged a laptop and turned it over to the ICJ as evidence saying this was what the police had discovered in David Chin's bag – a laptop that was

³² Reviewed until 14:00. The rest you can find in the "First Supplemental Pleading".

identical to the one Mr former Secretary had brought to the Court on February 13. The United State was thus exonerated: apparently it was because David Chin used two identical laptops – owing to his sick love of always having two things look the same – that he appeared to be using his laptop on that day even though his laptop was supposed to be sitting on the desk in the ICJ at the same time. The ICJ Judges were thus deceived, and persuaded to issue a judgment nullifying the conviction of the United States on February 13 and convicting today the Russian intelligence service SVR. The CIA had done for the Boss the job which his protégé Mr former Secretary couldn't do.

Again, if I didn't act so suspiciously ("I don't know my name") the CIA would not be able to order the police to detain me for psychiatric lockup without violating domestic laws – and, without the police detaining me, there would be no intercept to explain how a laptop was found on me and intercepted into the ICJ as evidence. That is, the CIA and Homeland Security would not be able to forge a laptop and turn it in as evidence. Without the laptop, even if my name had been intercepted into the ICJ and there tied up with all these earlier intercepts suggesting that somebody was going around pretending to be a terrorist, all of that would just be circumstantial evidence insufficient to completely reverse the February 13 judgment. Then, the CIA instructed Wes to help in by telling the police that I suffered from schizophrenia (although he would later claim he had merely misspoken) thus further legitimizing the police action on me. My mistake was thus (1) my mistrust of the postal system, (2) my wanton suspicious behavior, and (3) my giving the police Wes as a reference. After demonstrating my genius on February 13, I then immediately acted like a retard: this is the pattern you have already seen and shall see again and again in the upcoming battles.