

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

How to own the world in seven months:

Part I:

“Nicaragua and the completion of a mission”

1.

The Birth of A Mission

B

LEGEND:

CIA: Central Intelligence Agency
Mr former Secretary: Michael Chertoff
SVR: Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki
The “suit team”: the US team in the International
Court of Justice, composed of Mr former
Secretary and the CIA
Homeland Security: the Department of Homeland Security
The “Machine”: the faulty surveillance Machine

The following records the evidentiary process of the International Court of Justice trial over me during the period between June 20 and July 9, 2009. It is during this crucial period that I would discover a way to turn the tide and save Russia. To recapitulate: Judge Higgins had ordered that a new group of judges be brought in and instructed them that the United States was allowed to intentionally orchestrate errors in surveillance and present the erroneous intercepts as evidences, and that these evidences should be considered valid until proven otherwise by the Russians. In the meantime, the trial remained closed to nations around the world. No one else, other than the participating parties in the trial, would know what was going on with me from here on until December.

I shall continue to maintain the format of a diary in the following narrative. A word about this and about myself and my documentaries at this point. As you will see in my video diaries, I looked increasingly shabby during this period. My glasses were broken; but, since my bank accounts were continually running negative in balance, I could not fix my glasses. I had to wear a taped glasses frame. Another strange and seemingly trivial matter about my video diaries and recordings is this. Because Mr former Secretary would soon begin mobilizing a vast number of ambulances and fire trucks around me, in this diary I will also note down all the instances of police and ambulance siren that were captured in my recordings. When you see me logging in the following each instance of siren from police cars, ambulances, and fire trucks in my surrounding, don't think it is too

strange and stupid – just as in the previous narrative where I have logged each instance of broken arm and broken leg which I encountered. Many of the so-called “targeted individuals” do just this: I’m not alone in my enterprise. This is a topic I shall touch upon later.

A final note about my emotional state at this point. My obsession with documenting suit team’s faulty surveillance on me in order to prove my innocence and prevent the United States from hurting Russia was creating serious obstacles to my goals: I spent so much of my waking life documenting my environment and my activities – I could barely keep up with suit team’s operations – that I no longer had any time to write my “Secret History”. Meanwhile, my anger toward the despicable American people around me continued to intensify. I also began to develop the point of view that stupid people should be punished for being stupid. If you cannot help but believe lies, you should be killed. The enormous subjective sentiment (principally, hatred) under which this diary was composed should not distract you from noticing the perfect objectivity, and hence accuracy, of the analysis of the situation and the psychology of the actors. What Issac Deutscher has said of Leon Trotsky the historian is equally applicable in my present case here – in this narrative, in the preceding narrative, and in the upcoming narrative:

“It would not be quite right to say that as historian he combined extreme partisanship with rigorous objectivity. He had no need to combine them... Here, as in the best military thinking, extreme partisanship and scrupulously sober observation indeed go hand in hand. To the good soldier nothing is of greater importance than to get a realistic picture of the ‘other side of the hill’, unclouded by wishful thinking or emotion. Trotsky, the commander of the October insurrection, had acted on this principle; and Trotsky the historian does the same. He achieves in his image of the revolution the unity of the subjective and the objective element.”

Moralistic rambling is indeed not a detractor from objective accuracy in this *Secret History*. Since I wrote down most of the following – or, for that matter, preceding and upcoming – narrative while under the enormous stress of the evidentiary process of the ICJ trial over me, the other point which Deutscher has made about Trotsky the historian is applicable to me as well: “There was in him a twofold *vis historica*; the revolutionary’s urge to make history and the writer’s impulse to describe it and grasp its meaning.”¹

June 20

Εστι δ’ ουτος οτι το βραδυτατον ουδεποτε καταληφθησεται θεον υπο του ταχιστου. Εμπροσθεν γαρ αναγκαιον ελθειν το διωκον οθεν ωρμησε το φευγον, ωστ’ αι τι προεχειν αναγκαιον το βραδυτερον.

¹ Deutscher, *The Prophet Outcast*, p. 218 – 219.

Zeno's paradox, "Achilles and the tortoise"

As a new phase of the International Court trial had begun, its first day would be relatively quiet. I shall not list the recordings, but my video diaries of the day are: "[6_19-20_09.wmv](#)" (the portion for June 20 starts from 4:00 onward) and: "[6_20_09_p2.wmv](#)". When I woke up from the street corner in Westwood Village, I saw police cars everywhere (4:00 in the first video diary). It was 9:47 AM. Around 10:20 AM, while still wandering in the Village, I met a couple text-messaging in front of me (5:05 in the video). Coming to the UCLA Biomedical Center, around 11:14 AM or so, I saw a pretty white female doctor text-messaging near me (6:18 in the first video diary). There was no one else around. She did look like a typical CIA agent, although I couldn't be sure of this. Around 11:36 AM, another person was text-messaging near me (7:16 in the first video diary). I filmed myself buying a new pack of dual layer DVDs, and also filmed myself not opening the fortune cookies when I ate at Panda Express inside Ackerman. Again, I had begun filming myself leaving nothing behind whenever I left a place. From noon onward, I would stay at Ackerman's patio experimenting with burning dual layer DVDs. The whole place was empty then, but, by 1:55 PM, a vulgar white man came to read a book. I say he was here to be confused with me in Machine's surveillance (8:45 in the video diary). I worked into the night trying to burn my first dual layer DVD and yet could never succeed (from 1:45 onward until the end of the video diary). I was increasingly desperate because I couldn't go around carrying 30 DVDs; my bag was getting too heavy and it was imperative that I reduce the number of discs I had to carry. Around 6:05 PM, two old couples came by to ask me whether this place was closed, etc. Extremely stupid questions, such that I had to suspect that it was all orchestrated. What could the purpose be, though? This is in the first scene of the second video diary (the second old couple, appearing on 6:09 PM, is in 1:15 in this video diary).

By late night, I came to the Kinkos on Westwood Blvd to upload files and read more about dual layer DVDs online. My time there is recorded in: "[knkos_brn_dvd_6_21_09_222-403AM.WMA](#)". A homeless incoherent black man walked into Kinkos to pretend to fill out a Fed Ex order form and mumble garbage to me and to the two girls in the Mercedes outside (28:35), only to leave within 10 minutes. (I noted down the license plate of the Mercedes: 6FNW327.) My double wore the same hat as I did; he was obviously sent here by the suit team in order for the Machine to confuse him with me. I filmed him in: "[my_double_at_knkos_6_21_09_p1_3AM.3gp](#)" and "[my_double_at_knkos_6_21_09_p2_3AM.3gp](#)".

This quiet day was the beginning of a nightmarish bureaucratic impasse in this International Court trial. While, per Russian request, judge Higgins ruled that the United States was not allowed to convict Russia using erroneous and manufactured evidences – even when this constituted the proper enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 – if the Russians were able to prove that the evidences were forged or erroneous, she also ruled that Russia was not allowed to convict the United States of defrauding the International Court when Russia was able to prove, using evidences contradicting the United States' evidences (such as my recordings and documentaries), that the United States was trying to frame Russia – this was because she had a long time ago (February 2008) ruled that the proper enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 – the reversal of the "terrorist harm" which the United States had suffered at my hands – required that the United States be allowed to use intentionally orchestrated faulty evidences to convict nations

for the purpose of accomplishing its political agendas. (This, remember, was due to the fact that the United States had suffered the same fraudulent tactic from the Chinese spy chief, the MSS director.) This resulted in the impossible situation for the Russians where, no matter how many times they were able to establish, with evidences, that the United States' evidences were faulty and were designed to frame them, as soon as they were about to convict the United States of perjury, judge Higgins would rule that the trial be halted and should start over, in order that the United States may not suffer again the "terrorist harm" which I had supposedly intended to inflict on it. The strategy which Mr former Secretary and the CIA had decided upon was therefore to continue doing what they had been doing until the end of time – orchestrating police actions around me in order for them to interpret Machine's vaguely intelligible interceptions of these actions as evidences for my criminal and disrupting activities; instructing people to text-message as soon as they saw me in order for the Machine to intercept more evidences showing me communicating with my foreign intelligence bosses or crime partners through text-messaging; and populating my environment with disgusting vagrants who carried one or two of my characteristics in order for the Machine to confuse them with me on the basis of those characteristics which we had in common – in which case they could continually enter evidences demonstrating that the Machine was accurate and that the "David Chin" story was correct and persuade the ICJ judges to sustain Russia's March conviction. The only actions which the Russians could employ, then, consisted in finding evidences (usually my documentaries; but occasionally their own surveillance over me) to disprove the Americans' evidences in support of the Machine's accuracy so that the judges would continually rule that Russia's March conviction was in doubt due to new evidences entered. But the Russians could never accomplish their objective of over-turning the March ICJ judgment convicting them, because, as soon as they had enough evidences for this purpose, judge Higgins would re-start the trial process from her secret compartment. The SVR thus found itself in the same situation as did Achilles in Zeno's paradox "Achilles and the tortoise" (cited above): "The slowest tortoise can never be overtaken by the quickest Achilles. For before that the pursuer must first come to the point where the pursued started, so that the slower (the pursued tortoise) must hold a lead. By the time Achilles reaches the second starting point of the tortoise, this latter will have again moved on, and so ad infinitum." The trial was stuck. My diary from June 20 onward would thus be a tedious record of this cat and mouse game where the rule of the game was that the cat was not allowed to catch the mouse – a boring record registering suit team's continual attempts to produce the same evidences and Russians' continual attempts to gather the same evidences – until I finally broke the deadlock on July 8.

June 21:

My video diary of the day is "[6_21-22_09.wmv](#)", and my first recording of the day after I woke up is: "[slp_cuttr_lunch_strge_cmcrdr_6_21_09_908AM-426PM.WMA](#)". I woke up around 10:30 AM and, after coffee time at Peets', I bought an electrical hair-cutter in a hair salon in Westwood. To escape to Mexico, I needed to learn to alter my appearance by myself, I thought. There were some Homeland Security actors on the street pretending to take pictures (2:27:00). I then got on the bus to go to my storage unit, practicing Spanish on the way. I needed to get my older (second) JVC camcorder out of there, because my current (third) JVC camcorder was breaking down. (I'll explain what the problem was momentarily.) I was about to make a terrible mistake. Meanwhile I noticed another surveillance agent on the bus (3:28:00). He was probably

from the Russian side. Then, past 1 PM (4:10:40), I filmed another person text-messaging near me on the bus: “[txt_mssg_6_21_09.wmv](#)”. I guessed I was caught again texting my Russian boss informing him what I was about to do. Before I put my hair cutter into my storage unit and get my older camcorder out, I first stopped in the neighboring food mall to have lunch. After I filmed my haircutter (4:35:00) I noticed again someone text-messaging near me (4:54:40). At the same time, a surveillance agent from the Russian side came to sit at the table in front of me. (While Mr former Secretary and Best Mommy continued to produce the same evidences showing me text-messaging, the Russians continued to gather the same evidences showing me looking exactly like Lawrence Chin.) I pretended to not notice him, and was hoping that the Russians could infer what my plan was from my purchase of a hair-cutter. After he left, a large Hispanic family came to sit on his table (5:09:00). The family prayed together before eating. It is not clear to me if and how the Machine was going to “reinterpret” (confuse) this episode. I came to my storage unit by 5:36:00.

Now let me explain what the problem was in regard to my camcorder. I had bought the almost exactly identical JVC camcorders three times since February 2008. The first one was lost some time in late May 2008 at the cybercafe on Wilshire and Normandie. I thus purchased a second one, a slightly different model but still playing the same DV tapes. One night in October or so (2008) I dropped the camcorder on the floor inside a Starbucks. Since then, although it could record just fine, when it played the DV tapes recorded before the accident or from another camcorder, there would be fuzziness on the right side of the images and no audio output. Thus I bought another, this time identical, JVC camcorder: it made things easier this way because I would then not have to learn how to use it nor worry about any incompatibility with the DV tapes from the previous camcorders. While in the storage, I filmed the serial numbers of the two camcorders (5:51:50 or so).

My next recording is: “[bus2_brdrs_read_chna_s_amer_dara_ucla_vid_wrt_supl_6_21_09_430-1104PM.WMA](#)”. While I was riding the bus to go back to Westwood, I began comparing my two identical camcorders trying to figure out what had caused the third camcorder to malfunction. Unfortunately, at the same time, the Russians had a surveillance agent sitting to my right (57:00 or so). You will see the significance of this presently. It then turned out that this bus was not going to Westwood and so I got off the bus on Sunset and Vine and went inside Borders Bookstore. Interestingly, I read an article in a current affairs magazine in which CIA’s torture of Al Qaeda’s “top lieutenant” Abu Zubaydah was discussed (1:36:00). It is here that I first read about the concept of “learned helplessness” (2:08:10): presumably, the contract psychologists hired by the CIA devised a regime of total domination without remainder for these terrorist suspects in order to reduce them to infantile helplessness. This was the real purpose of “waterboarding”. I was deeply touched by the story – although I always harbored doubt about the authenticity of any story printed in American media – and felt a sense of gratitude because, here, I was actually allowed to do something to resist this American monster, something which these “terrorists” were denied. At the same time I truly felt sorry for these “Al Qaeda operatives” because I instinctively knew that the stories about their “terrorist career” were as real as Mr former Secretary’s story about my career as a “Sino-Russian retarded and schizophrenic secret agent David Chin who was on a mission to pretend to be Lawrence Chin”: one of the United States’ principal missions in world-history was to make up (bad) stories about people. Sure enough, a few months later, the US government would officially deny that it had ever considered

Abu Zubaydah as having any ties with Al Qaeda whatsoever.² I was also intrigued by the information in this article that the CIA psychologist had prescribed Haldol to Zubaydah when he mentally deteriorated after being waterboarded (2:10:55). The American desire to create wasteful economic transactions whenever possible truly sickened me: if you so want to restore your suspect to mental health, maybe you shouldn't waterboard him in the first place!³ Then, suddenly, a pretty white woman showed up and put on a happy smile for me. It was a signal that I had just done the suit team a favor.

What had happened was that, in order to explain away their June 19 embarrassment in the United Nations, the suit team had proposed there the possibility that this David Chin was pulling his old trick again, that, in conformity to his sick love for two things looking the same, he had actually with him, on the day of June 18, two identical jackets, just as, in February, he had with him two identical laptops. And so, just as in February, here on June 18 he lost one of his jackets but was wearing the other one when the Russians sent out a surveillance agent to check him out on the morning of June 19. This was, of course, not a persuasive argument as yet because there was no evidence whatsoever to support it. But the Russian surveillance agent had just inadvertently caught me manipulating two identical camcorders on the bus! The United States jumped through all the legal barriers to have this surveillance video shown around in the United Nations. While this was also entered into evidence in the secret court room of the ICJ, it was just another piece of evidence which the SVR team could soon disprove with counter evidences. But, insofar as the United Nations had no access to the court room right now, the United States had succeeded in

² To quote from the 911 Truth expert Kevin Ryan (“Abu Zubaydah poses a real threat to Al Qaeda”, Oct. 15 2012: <http://digwithin.net/2012/10/15/zubaydah/>): “Unlike other alleged al Qaeda leaders, including Khlaid Sheikh Mohammed and Rasmi bin Alshibh, Zubaydah has never been charged with a crime... The 9/11 Commission called Zubaydah an ‘Al Qaeda associate,’ a ‘long-time ally of Bin Ladin,’ a ‘Bin Ladin lieutenant,’ and an ‘al Qaeda lieutenant.’... Other claims made by the 9/11 Commission were that ‘KSM and Zubaydah each played key roles in facilitating travel for al Qaeda operatives,’ and that ‘Zubaydah had been a major figure in the millenium plots.’ These claims are supported primarily by the torture testimony of Zubaydah and others, and by Zubaydah’s ‘diary.’ In an amazing turnabout in 2009, an attorney for Zubaydah wrote in *The Guardian* that the majority of the accusations against Zubaydah were understood by all parties to be false. In fact, he wrote, they ‘were known to be false when uttered.’ Attorney Brent Mickum said that his client, said to be the ‘number three man in al Qaeda,’ was never a member or associate of al Qaeda and that – ‘These facts really are no longer contested: [Zubaydah] was not, and never had been, a member of either the Taliban or al-Qaida. The CIA determined this after torturing him extensively.’... It turns out that Mickum’s report was correct and that ‘Abu Zubaydah’s supposed relationship with al-Qaida is a complete myth.’ We know this because, as of September 2009, the U.S. government agreed that Zubaydah was never an al Qaeda operative. During Zubaydah’s habeas corpus petition, the government admitted that Abu Zubaydah had never been a member of al-Qaida, nor involved in the attacks on the African embassies in 1998, or the attacks on the United States on September 11, 2001. The motion, filed by the U.S. government, states: ‘...the Government has not contended in this proceeding that Petitioner [Zubaydah] was a member of al-Qaida or otherwise formally identified with al-Qaida. Respondent [The United States Government] does not contend that Petitioner was a ‘member’ of al-Qaida in the sense of having sworn a *bayat* (allegiance) or having otherwise satisfied any formal criteria that either Petitioner or al-Qaida may have considered necessary for inclusion in al-Qaida. Nor is the Government detaining Petitioner based on any allegation that Petitioner views himself as part of al-Qaida as a matter of subjective personal conscience, ideology, or worldview.” Just like the supposed dirty bomb master Jose Padilla, Abu Zubaydah was used as an advertisement scheme to promote the fictitious “War on Terror”. See, also, Kevin Ryan’s other, Feb. 10 2013 blog post on his website, “Forgetting torture: Lee Hamilton, John Brennan, and Abu Zubaydah” (<http://digwithin.net/2013/02/10/forgetting-torture/>).

³ Note also that, in the same references, Kevin Ryan points out intelligently that the true purpose of waterboarding – insofar as it quickly causes the suspect’s mental collapse – seems to lie more in eliminating information from his mind (knowledge that he was innocent) than in acquiring information from him.

temporarily creating doubts among nations of the world as to whether Russia had really been framed by the United States in the way in which the Russian diplomatic service had described. The white woman who came to me in Borders was evidently a CIA agent; she was briefed, in real time, about the blunder I had just committed. This was the reason why she was smiling to me.

By 3:55:00 I had come to Westwood on bus. I fished out more food from the trash cans (4:11:55), and then descended down to the underground parking lot in the UCLA campus (4:42:00). While publishing my video diary, I began composing a letter for help to the Russian human rights activist Mr Lev Ponomarev. I was hiding underneath the staircase to do this because I thought the concrete around me would prevent any transmission of electromagnetic signals allowing the CIA and Homeland Security to know what I was writing. I was still ignorant of the fact that they could actually see my laptop's screen on the monitors in their control center.

My next recording is: "[probl_burn_dl-dvds_ucla_pck_food_6_21_09_618-1150PM.WMA](#)". Not yet finishing my letter, I then came to Ackerman's patio to try burning dual layer DVDs again. After failing five tries, I finally concluded (correctly) that this disc drive on my Toshiba Satellite couldn't burn dual layer DVDs. On 4:00:50, I filmed a homeless man – my double – dragging a cart past me. Mr former Secretary had just obtained more evidences confirming the accuracy of the Machine's surveillance over me. I sighed: "There will never be a day when there will be no operations..." (4:08:00). I then scavenged for left-over food in the trash cans in Westwood Village – and was chased out from place to place by security guards. On 5:12:57, someone came near to ask me if I needed some food. I declined, "No no no no..." I was terrified that the Machine might intercept me selling crack cocaine if I accepted food from strangers.

My last recording of the night is:

"[to_knkos_plce_cars_my_doubl_plce_knw_him_surf_rus_embssy_6_21_09_1059PM-348AM.WMA](#)". While I was walking past the UCLA Medical Center, two police cars rushed past to stop another car in front. This again! See 0:50 in the video diary "[6_21-22_09.wmv](#)". It was 12:57 AM, and Mr former Secretary had just obtained another piece of evidence confirming that his story about David Chin as a petty criminal perpetually sought by the police was indeed correct. (The Machine had confused the man detained by the police with me.) When I arrived at the Kinkos on Westwood Blvd around 1:30 AM, I immediately saw my new double at this Kinkos (the same guy from yesterday). I shall call him "Man A". He was again wearing the same hat as I did and was wandering around carrying a Bible and some papers. (The Bible would have a special significance later on.) I filmed him (4:27 in the video diary). Within 10 minutes he was thrown out by Kinkos employees. That was evidently his "mission": to allow the Machine to intercept *me* being thrown out – even though I wasn't thrown out – in order to confirm Mr former Secretary's profile of David Chin as a perpetual public nuisance. When I began working in Kinkos, for a while my Internet connection was cut off (6:55 in the video diary). Then, several Homeland Security actors came into Kinkos and began talking about the current election crisis in Iran (12:15 in the video diary). Of course one of these actors was confused with me in Machine's surveillance – allowing Mr former Secretary to claim in the International Court that, as a Russian agent, this David Chin was deeply concerned with the politics of Russian allies, in this case Iran, and maybe even that Iran had also participated in this conspiracy to send David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence. When I exited the Kinkos around 3:30 AM, I asked the employee about my

double “Man A”. “The police came and took him out. The police knew him.” This of course meant that, in the evidentiary record of the International Court, I was again detained by police – and who knows what the police had found on “Man A”. I have filmed my asking in: [“trace_my_double_knkos_6_22_09_330AM.3gp”](#). When I was walking back to Westwood Village to find a place to sleep in, a suspicious van suddenly came to park next to me (13:10 in the video diary). I don’t know what this was about. It might very well be that the Russian diplomatic service had obtained another permission from the Department of Homeland Security to check on me because I had just visited the website of the Russian embassy.

June 22:

I slept in the same street corner in Westwood Village, across the street from Denny’s. By 8 AM, the security guard woke me up and politely asked me to move on – he was instructed to be polite so that the evidentiary record would record the good nature of the American people. I then had my morning coffee at the coffee stand inside Ralph (next to Best Buy). My video diary of the day is: [“6_22_09.wmv”](#) and my recording of the following morning is [“doble_rus_book_my_sneez_doubl_confsn_medlib_6_22_09_858AM.WMA”](#). Around 9 AM (11:26 in the recording), a Homeland Security bum actor came to sit at the table in front of me and started reading Michael Dobbs’ *One Minute To Midnight*. The book was about the Cuban missile crisis: clearly another attempt to follow up on my visit to Russian embassy’s website. I filmed him: [“my_double_rus_book_6_22_09_9AM.3gp”](#). Once again, Mr former Secretary was creating evidences to confirm the psychological profile which he had compiled about “David Chin”: David Chin’s intense interest in the politics of Russia and its allies. I then came to the Biomedical library to use the computers. My double in this library, meanwhile, was watching some stupid cartoon in a nearby station (the first scene in the video diary). Again, Mr former Secretary was confirming his profile of David Chin as incurably lazy, childish, mentally retarded, and “fluffy”.

Because I had slept merely four hours, I lay on the grass in the court yard inside the UCLA Medical Center to take a nap. Within minutes (after 57:00), someone nearby was sneezing loudly. I immediately comprehended the “operation” and commented to myself that it was my double sneezing in order for the Machine to confuse him with me: I had been sneezing all day long myself. This was more evidence for the United States demonstrating that the Machine was accurate. Just as the surveillance of my double reading *One Minute Before Midnight* could serve as evidences for the accuracy of the Machine’s surveillance when it followed upon my visiting the website of the Russian embassy hours ago, so the surveillance of my double sneezing would do the same wonder since I had been sneezing wildly in the past few days. This meant that, whenever I started doing something or falling into some state, I would soon notice strangers around me acquiring these characteristics and doing similar things.

My next recording is:

[“ucla_lib_net_rus_wm_came_call_hwrld_brg_rlp_6_22_09_124PM.WMA”](#). I used the Biomedical Library’s public computer to check my DVDs and send the hash values of my files to myself (by 30:00). I noticed that Howard had written me an email entreating me to come to WCIL to meet him. I knew then that the suit team wanted to run an operation in WCIL in order to bail themselves out of their current predicament. I did more research on dual-layer DVDs

online, and discovered this software “ImgBurn”. I downloaded it onto my flash drive – this would be the DVD burning software I would be using for the next few years. Finally, I continued my Spanish lesson online. Meanwhile, my double, an Asian guy, was still watching cartoon nearby (1:12:35; 2:45 in the video diary). I would later find out that he was Chinese. Most likely, he was actually a MSS operative. Because the United States was in crisis since June 19, the CIA called up the Chinese intelligence again to order them to help the United States neutralize the threat I posed to the United States (in accordance with UN Resolution 1373). The MSS sent its operatives near me in order for the Machine to confuse them with me. When the Machine accessed MSS’ personnel database, it would print: “The subject is an operative of MSS. Match found.” Mr former Secretary could then enter a stronger piece of evidence confirming that his story about David Chin as a Sino-Russian secret agent was indeed correct. I left the library on 1:40:00, concerned about my double. Just then, a Russian woman came into the library asking the people around, “Is this computer available?” I was terrified that the United States might have obtained another piece of evidence showing me meeting with my Russian secret agent partner; but this Russian woman might very well have been sent in by the Russian consulate protection service. I went hiding in the parking lot for a while, and then came to Burger King (2:19:00). A security guard there was text-messaging near me on 2:23:15. Then my double (2:30:00). Siren on 2:32:40. After I finished eating, I went lying on the grass in front of UCLA Medical Center complex. I noticed a surveillance agent on 3:11:10. Probably from the Russian side. Then, massive siren on 5:33:00, ambulances everywhere. By 6:02:00 I had come back to UCLA.

My next recording is: “[try_imgbrn_ucla_confsn_icj_to_slp_6_23_09_749PM-12AM.WMA](#)” (the file name should be “... 6_22_09...”). I was at Ackerman’s patio installing and studying my new DVD-burning software ImgBurn. I would try burning dual layer discs with ImgBurn thinking that this might make a difference, and I would fail again. I would be writing this very diary and compiling my latest ISO image. I sighed: “The most important thing in the world is preserving my data” (1:55:00). My third camcorder was completely defunct by this time. When I was leaving, I noted: “It is dangerous everywhere... I need to live somewhere where I grow and kill my own food... I wish to be able to be in contact with human beings again...” (2:51:00). Then, on 3:06:00: “Everyday I’m confused with someone else, I just want to be myself...” When I walked into Westwood Village, a limousine, whose engine was still on, was parked in front of me: 1ZZP791 (3:54:00). Then another one: 1ZZH620 (3:54:40). The drivers were inside both limousines. It was very likely that Mr former Secretary himself, and some of his Homeland Security cronies, were studying me from behind these tinted windows, angry with the disruption I had caused three days ago.

June 23

Around 3 AM or so, when I was sleeping in my usual corner across the street from Denny’s, the security guard woke me up to tell me to move away. I had been sleeping in this spot whenever I was homeless since 2007, and this had never happened before. Hence I suspected that she was instructed to do so in order to produce an intercept of some sort, just like yesterday morning. (This is in 13:15 in the voice-activated recording of my sleeping: “[slp_va_wstwd_wk_sec_grd_6_22-3_09_1155PM-3AM.WMA](#)”.)

Now my video diary of the day is: “6_23_09.wmv”; and my first recordings of the new day are: “wk_cafe_6_23_09_756-852AM.WMA” and “ucla_lib_imgbrn_use_imgbrn_studnt_union_6_23_09_902AM-1217PM.WMA”. I woke up around 8 AM, had my coffee, and came to UCLA Biomedical Library to use the public computers. I particularly wanted to study ImgBurn a little more to get ready to burn dual layer DVDs with it. Now my Chinese agent “double” was there again (37:00; the first scene in the video diary). This time he was watching a lecture on Chinese (or English?) revolution on Youtube. And I saw Howard’s second email to me, encouraging me to meet him immediately because there was “another agency” which was willing to help me (58:00). The suit team was getting a little desperate, seeing that I had not been persuaded by Howard’s first email yesterday. Then I filmed my double again, who was now watching cartoon (1:07:30). I began noticing that my double was always of a character opposite to mine and always doing the opposite things. “He is so lazy, while I am so busy...” (1:20:00). I then walked to Ackerman, and, when arriving, filmed another person text-messaging (1:44:00; 2:03 in the video diary). Sitting at table in Ackerman’s patio, I tried again to burn a dual layer DVD using ImgBurn – and I filmed myself doing so all the way (see the video diary until 18:20) – but once again I failed. Although Ackerman’s patio was empty when I came, now that I had been working here, it was suddenly filled with people, and I filmed the person who just came in (2:16:30; 18:20 in the video diary). In reality, I had no idea whether the person was working for the US side (in which case he was my double) or for the Russian side (in which case he was gathering evidences showing that I wasn’t my double!). When I was leaving, I had to perform the tiresome task of making sure that I didn’t leave anything behind (2:48:00). After I bought my lunch inside Ackerman, I came back to my table on the patio and discovered that someone had taken my seat. I filmed him (2:58:45). This time I was sure that he was my “double” – somebody whom the Machine had confused with me – because he was sitting on my seat.

My next recordings are: “brn_iso_ucla_6_23_09_1221-1258PM.WMA” and “ucla_dvd_confsn_amrcan_bad_6_23_09_108-159PM.WMA”. I murmured bitterly: “I’m surrounded by these fucking Americans...” (3:00). “American people are the worst evil in the world because they know how to hide their evilness and blame it on their victims...” (4:00). UCLA was now full of children (21:30). This would be something which would happen repeatedly later on. I’m not sure if it was Mr former Secretary who had directed so many children to come into the university campus in order to produce evidences indicating that I was a pedophile. I went instead inside university’s underground parking lot and hid myself underneath the staircase to avoid human beings. There I would continue writing my letter to Mr Ponomarev. It should be mentioned that, around 1:45 PM, a female student, when walking past me while I was walking to the parking lot, immediately took out her cellphone to text-message. She was probably just one of the student body that was shown my pictures and told to text-message whenever running into me. I thus got intercepted again communicating with my foreign agent partners or criminal buddies. While I went hiding because I wanted to clandestinely write out a letter, Mr former Secretary would most likely claim in the International Court that I was there using drugs.

My next recording is: “wrt_prklot_prftta_no_net_ucla_nelsn_spnsh_issn_6_23_09_2-6PM.WMA”. After I came out of my hiding, I murmured: “Only I can feel my pain, and I’ll never care about other people [just as other people will never care about me]...” (2:09:00).

Nobody cared about how much pain I was in daily because our nervous systems were not connected one with the other. I was thus determined to help Russia without ever being bothered by the shame over committing treason. Another girl text-messaged when passing me by (2:12:00). I came to café Profetta in Westwood Village, and, discovering that my Eee PC again couldn't detect any wireless networks, went back to Biomedical Library. Now, after almost seven hours, my Chinese agent double was still there watching cartoon on Youtube – it was now 5 PM (19:00 in the video diary). I murmured: “I hate people who believe lies more than people who tell lies” (2:57:30). I continued my Spanish lesson on the UCLA computer there.

My next recordings are: “[ucla_lib_srf_net_6_23_09_553-605PM.WMA](#)” and “[try_imgbrn_ucla_confsn_icj_to_slp_6_23_09_749PM-12AM.WMA](#)”. I then came to Westwood Village to find food in the trash cans. I even filmed myself doing so (19:40). While I was eating some fries which I had scavenged, a white girl suddenly appeared speaking an unintelligible language in front of me – did Mr former Secretary just create another piece of evidence showing me speaking Hungarian and so on? – and then a crazy vagrant came to imitate me by digging into the trash can and accuse me of coming from Africa! Clearly, the Machine would be so mistaken as to intercept me telling someone I had spent time in Africa and could speak an African language, which would be circumstantial evidence for my association with African intelligence services. Around this time, Medvedev's visit to Africa had already come to a close; whatever deals had been concluded between Russia and the four African nations, Mr former Secretary wanted to try one more time disturbing them, upset that he had failed on June 19. Around 7:30 PM or so, I discovered that I had lost my ATM card. At the time I assumed that it was Homeland Security agents who had stolen it from me on Saturday or Sunday morning while I was sleeping. The suspicious thing was that the recording of my sleep on June 20 had a break in it: my recorder shut itself off around 3 AM. Such an otherwise ordinary event almost caused me nervous breakdown because it could be the cause of Russia's complete defeat at the International Court of Justice. In reality, it was probably the Russians themselves who had stolen my ATM card. The Russians needed a continuous stream of counter-evidences in order to avoid being convicted by the United States for a second time. I then filmed another person text-messaging on 7:36 PM, on the corner of Wilshire and Westwood (23:58 in the video diary).

I came back to Ackerman around 8 PM to try one more time burning a dual layer disc – and I failed again. I murmured: “I'm always by myself... Always...” (3:30:55). After spending the whole night struggling with dual layer discs, I wandered back to Westwood Village. When I settled down, I reflected: when I urinated on people's car, I was performing a patriotic act, for the more antisocial I appeared to be, the greater the victory of the United States against Russia in the International Court of Justice. The worse a person I was, the better the fate of the United States (4:09:20). By 11:45 PM, when I was ready to sleep outside Verizon on Glendon, a lot of people were partying and drinking beer in the area. Obviously, Mr former Secretary was trying to create evidences showing me drinking and partying with my criminal buddies in order to confirm that his stories about me were correct. This is in the first scene of my next video diary, “[6_24_09.wmv](#)”.

June 24

My video diary of the new day just noted, my first recording is:

“slp_arg_w_dhs_ant_ftp_bnkcard_ucla_brn_dvd_6_24_09_623-1156AM.WMA”. I woke up from the street corner angry. I spoke of my wish to burn down the International Court of Justice and exterminate it from our planet earth. When I got kicked out of Peets’, I murmured bitterly: “I want to fucking kill them...” (57:30). I finally settled down in Starbucks to do my FTP upload, etc. A black man shouted profanity at me, to which I responded “Fuck you!” (1:06:00) I filmed him and my uploading (1:13:00). Around 7:42 AM, a DHS guy called me a “big baby” and I filmed him too. As you can see in the video, I was at the time uploading the recording of my time at the Greek Festival on September 1 2008 (where Sophia encouraged me to meet the “Russian nun”). I thought this recording might help the Russians prove that they were framed. Then I filmed my Eee PC freezing up (1:29:30). Homeless vagrants constantly came to me as if I were their magnet, and I angrily told them all to get away from me (1:38:20). I then filmed a DHS man who was practicing his “drama” three feet away from me (5:20 in the video diary, which was around 8:18 AM). Mr former Secretary was just trying to obtain evidences confirming his profile of David Chin as an expert in theatrical performance. I continued my Spanish lesson online and periodically filmed strangers text-messaging near me (6:50 in the video). At some point I reflected: “If I go to Mexico, the United States would make a Russian intelligence operation out of that, and my doubles would follow me there...” (2:31:30). “The most important thing in the world is to run away from my doubles...” (2:32:30).

After I finished my work in Starbucks, I came to Chase bank to take care of my debit card problem (2:41:00). I was disgusted by the feigned courtesy of the Chase employee at the counter. Soon a pretty white girl in uniform received me: “Can I help you with anything?” “I need to get a new debit card,” I replied impatiently and impolitely. “Do you want to close the account on the previous card?” “No.” She wished I would, for then the suit team would have evidence showing that I wasn’t Lawrence Chin because I was using a different bank account than the one specified on the FBI document. I could tell not only from her hostile attitude but also from the fact that I had never seen her here before that she was a CIA girl temporarily implanted in this branch waiting for me to show up. When I finished applying for a new debit card, I specifically instructed her to not send it to my “address” – since I no longer lived there. She refused to let me pick up my card at the branch, and so I just told them to send it to WCIL. I left in anger. Currently, my most serious problem was that I didn’t have enough money. After some resting, I came back to Ackerman, resigned to using ImgBurn to burn my documentaries on single layer DVDs. Sitting outside Ackerman, I was again troubled by all the passersby – they could at any time be confused with me in surveillance. On 11:23 AM (4:54:00), I filmed a surveillance agent coming near me wearing surveillance earphones (8:15 in the video diary). I could not tell which side he was working for.

My next recording is:

“nap_brn_dvd_read_mx_guatem_lib_srf_latn_amer_wrk_info_6_24_09_12-539PM.WMA”. After a short nap, I continued to work on my computers at Ackerman’s patio, burning DVDs and writing this very diary. I was perpetually angry because there were always too many people around – especially when the students near me were talking about iPhones (1:54:00). Note the police siren on 3:01:30. After this I came to the UCLA student bookstore to read travel books on Mexico and Guatemala (3:50:00). Again, research to prepare for my escape. I then came to the

Research Library to read more about Latin America on the public computers there. On 4:44 PM (9:15 in the video diary), I filmed another surveillance agent who came wearing earphones.

My next recording is: “[left_ucla_lib_fnd_double_stdnt_union_6_24_09_535-626PM.WMA](#)”. When the library closed, I came back to Ackerman. On my way I filmed a guy wearing sun glasses who seemed to be text-messaging (27:45, or 9:50 in the video diary). In reality, he could be using his surveillance cellphone to conduct surveillance on me. Then a woman tried to talk to me on 29:00, and I yelled at her “Don’t talk to me”. When I discovered that another student was sitting at the table where I was previously – obviously my double who had been instructed by the suit team to do this – I filmed him right in his face (10:35 in the video diary). “Excuse me?” he said to me. I then filmed myself settling down in a different corner on Ackerman’s patio that was furnished with an electrical outlet (47:00; 12:30 in the video diary).

My next recording is: “[upld_recrd_wrt_hlp_let_6_24_09_633-726PM.WMA](#)”. Strangely, a team of filming crew was doing filming on campus. Was it real or was it orchestrated so that Machine’s surveillance may turn it into my clandestine operation? (See 13:00 in the video diary; it was 8:29 PM.) On 8:54 PM, I noted another suspicious cellphone user on campus, and followed him. He shouted “Como esta” on the phone. Somebody text-messed for me again around 9:30 PM inside the pharmacy. I asked him about it this time.

June 25:

My video diary of the new day is “[6_25_09.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the new day is: “[slp_wk_ucla_lib_double_eeepc_ssd_6_25_09_618-1154AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner around 9 AM or so, and, after my morning coffee, walked into the UCLA Biomedical Library to use the public computers there. Once again, Mr former Secretary had placed several UCLA police cars where I had to pass through – so that more images of me may be intercepted into the International Court as evidences showing me looking differently from myself (2:53:00). Again, I was the most accidentally filmed person in the whole world. I went online to study the properties of my Eee PC’s solid state hard drive – again, since my innocence had come to depend on my documentaries and recordings, computer skill was the most important thing in my life – and then continued my Spanish lesson. The “double” whom Mr former Secretary had prepared for me in the Biomedical Library – the Chinese agent – was there again. I filmed him (5:16:30 and 5:24:00 in the recording). This is in the first scene in the video diary. My “double” was again watching some stupid cartoon on Youtube – wasting his brain away while I was exhausting my brain power to learn Spanish and computer matters. Again, Mr former Secretary had entered evidences demonstrating the accuracy of the Machine’s surveillance because, wherever I was, there was always someone who fit his profile of David Chin: this time, “fluffy”, brainless, and childish.

My next recording is: “[buy_fries_bus_prdct_surv_6_25_09_1158AM.WMA](#).” As soon as I came out of the library, a homeless man found me and glued himself to me – I was the magnate of homeless vagrants. Then a girl came in front of me, text-messed, and quickly walked away (26:55 or so). The same old evidence. I got on the bus to go to my storage facility. While on the bus I began filming myself predicting the movement of the surveillance agents to come (from 44:00 onward and 1:30 in the video; it was 12:38 PM). I first predicted that one would soon

come onto the bus wearing earphones and sit where I pointed to. Well, he did come, but he purposely sat two seats away, and he was Chinese again. (A MSS agent.) On 1:13 PM, I made more predictions (3:35 in the video): that another surveillance agent would soon show up, and, on 1:13 PM, the one I predicted did show up, a black guy wearing big earphones. Then I filmed again the first surveillance agent to show up, the Chinese guy (49:00). The Chinese agents were evidently sent in to gather evidences that would contradict the Russians' recent evidences: to help the United States neutralize the terrorist threat I posed to the United States, the Chinese intelligence service would alter the surveillance video of me (to make me look differently from myself) before submitting it to the International Court as evidence. On 1:18:00 or so, another surveillance agent got on the bus. I explained in the video how, when one surveillance agent got off the bus, another would get on to replace him. Siren on 1:51:10.

I came to my storage unit on 3:08 PM, and someone – a black man – was sitting in front of it reading newspaper (4:35 in my video diary). I knew immediately that he was sent here by the suit team in order for the Machine to confuse him with me, and thus that I must not go near him. Frustrated, I was forced to leave, hang out at the neighboring food mall, and wait for my double to disappear. At the food mall, a bunch of ladies were setting up an event, “Trekkling Los Angeles”. I was terrified that this might be an operation – for example to allow the Machine to intercept me meeting with my foreign intelligence partners under the cover of a social event. If so, these ladies would be CIA girls. I thus hid in a corner to film them periodically while working on my Toshiba Satellite (from 8:09 onward in the video diary).

My next recording is:

“[bck_to_strge_plto_trek_bus2_wstwd_mn_cmplnt_flm_ucla_wrry_upld_6_25_09_357PM.WM A](#)” Past 4 PM (10:00 in the recording), I came back to my storage unit, and the Homeland Security vagrant was at last gone. I filmed all my backup DVDs while putting in my newly burned DVDs (from 11:25 onward in the video diary). After this I got on the bus to go back to Westwood (1:50:00). I wondered to myself on 2:54:00: “If Mr former Secretary has made me into two persons, can he make me into three persons?” Then I complained about “faulty surveillance”: If the suit team wants to produce evidences showing me robbing banks, they would just send someone to rob banks and get surveillance to confuse him with me... (4:58:50). I got off the bus on 3:41:00 and found food lying around. I ate it. Take note of the news broadcast on 4:12:20 that Michael Jackson had died. I came to Starbucks to use the Internet, and, on 5:08:00, noticed a black guy – obviously my double sent in by Homeland Security – watching videos on [www.brazilshow.com](#) on his laptop. Knowing that he was here to be confused with me in surveillance, I began filming him. But he stood up – this must be part of his “mission” – and came to me angrily asking me if I was filming him. I denied it, assuming that he was now producing evidences showing me harassing people by videotaping them (5:08:56). When I told him to go away, he shouted at me: “If I catch you shooting...” I shouted back: “Fuck you man! Mother fucker, you piece of shit... You are here to be confused with me...” Instead, I went outside to film him through the window (5:11:40; see 24:00 in the video diary). Note in the video that he put up a strange hood covering his laptop's screen! I could do no more than continue my Spanish lessons online.

After I left Starbucks, my anger was picking up. “Fuck Americans...” (5:42:00 or so). “I wish I could wear a mask...” (5:45:25). I then filmed another person taking pictures of the Ronald

Reagan building (9:46 PM: the last scene in the video diary). I hid myself inside the underground parking lot structure in UCLA to work on my laptops, while the helicopter continued to be hovering above the campus. Tonight I would sleep underneath the staircase in this parking lot structure.

June 26 (Mexican intelligence agents)

My first recording of the new day is: “[slp_prklot_ppl_pic_me_6_26_09_707-1136AM.WMA](#)” and my first video diary of the new day is: “[6_26_09_p1.wmv](#)”. I woke up from my corner underneath the stairs on 3:35:00. When I was sitting near the Ackerman building, I noticed a bunch of Chinese students were taking pictures of me while pretending to take pictures of the Bruin Bear. I filmed them (3:55:00; 0:40 in the video diary). They were then pretending to take pictures of each other. Again, these were Mr former Secretary’s Chinese helpers; the pictures they had taken of me would be edited and submitted to the International Court as evidences showing that I didn’t look exactly like myself. I filmed another person text-messaging on 4:01:00.

My next recording is: “[ucla_lib_usb_drv_eqpmnt_lft_unattndd_6_26_09_1132AM-107PM.WMA](#)”. After I used the restroom in Ackerman and came out of the building, I discovered another white guy filming me. I filmed him too (5:30) while murmuring angrily: “Mother fucker....” (5:45 in the video diary). In reality, this guy was probably working for the Russian side. Both sides were submitting the same old evidences: the Americans, pictures showing me looking differently from myself; the Russians, pictures showing me looking exactly like myself. On my way to the Research Library, I ran into several African men in traditional African dress who also took pictures of me with their camera. And so I began videotaping them as well (17:00 in the recording; from 7:05 onward in the video diary). I even filmed the license plate of their vehicle. I was very irritated because I thought these men were taking pictures for the suit team. I didn’t know that I was in fact filming African intelligence officers who were here to gather evidences for the Russian side. The four African nations were incensed by the United States’ evidences from June 23 which showed me admitting that I was from Africa and speaking African languages, and had therefore joined the lawsuit on Russia’s side. (Their secret agents must have arrived in Los Angeles just yesterday.) I entered the library and was ready to use the public computers. On 40:00 or so I discovered that someone had left a USB flash drive on one of the computers in the Research Library. I promptly filmed it, knowing that it was Mr former Secretary who had instructed someone to leave it there in order for the Machine to intercept me “forgetting my flash drive” (from 12:49 onward in the video diary). On 43:30 I asked the librarian to come fetch the forgotten flash drive, and carefully filmed her taking it away – I would not touch it at all even though the librarian asked me to bring it to her. I refused to allow the Machine to intercept me touching the flash drive. On 49:00 or so I filmed myself reflecting that Machine’s surveillance of my reporting to the librarian about a forgotten flash drive could still be scrambled to such extent as to show that I had gone to the librarian to ask about a flash drive which I had presumably lost. After I finished my daily Spanish lesson and was walking out of the library, I murmured to myself (1:04:00): “Don’t go into the library, it’s too dangerous... Don’t use flash drives on the computers inside the library...” (1:05:00 or so). Note that on 1:10:30 or so, while I was walking, I mentioned “Timestamp... Make sure that you videotape yourself uploading files to your website in order to get the timestamp of the upload...” I was

very smart, predicting that the suit team would soon create a piece of evidence showing that I had purposely uploaded my recordings – like the one of my train ride on June 18 – in order for the Russians to intercept them. Here I made up a reason to explain why I uploaded my prediction of June 18 to my website: to obtain a timestamp of my file (the recording could not have been made after June 19) as a way to prove that my prediction was really a prediction. I would soon upload this recording itself to my website. I then commented on how ridiculous Mr former Secretary’s never-ending forgeries were: “As if my bag had an infinite capacity so that an infinite number of Russian-made spy equipment could fall out from it.” When I came to the underground parking lot, I noticed that someone had left a piece of electronic device charging on the electrical outlet located next to the elevator door (1:29:40). Why would anyone leave his or her electronics unattended like that? Clearly Mr former Secretary was trying to get the Machine to intercept me charging my electronic devices on outdoor outlets and then forgetting them. Frightened, I filmed it (17:53 in the video diary) as proof that the device was not mine, and went inside the parking lot structure using the other elevator.

My next recordings are: “[resting_ucla_prklot_6_26_09_111-206PM.WMA](#)” and “[brgrkng_mn_ask_michael_jksn_6_26_09_207-433PM.WMA](#)”. I napped for an hour inside the underground parking lot structure and then came to the Burger King in Westwood Village to eat. I was very traumatized by all these electronic devices left unattended everywhere. On 3:00 or so in the second recording a strange man came to me and asked me if I was sad because Michael Jackson was dead. “No, why do I care?” I shouted at him, angry because I assumed he was a Homeland Security actor sent here to cause the Machine to intercept another imaginary piece of evidence. “Why do you even ask?” I asked him further. But he just walked away. Now however I suspect that this man was in fact a “real” Russian secret agent who was using suit team’s tactic – producing surveillance evidence demonstrating my fascination with Michael Jackson – to disguise himself. Never mind that he spoke perfect American English. You will learn later that many of the Russian SVR agents operating in the United States not only spoke English without accents but might even look indistinguishable from ordinary Americans. When this suspicious man came to the window in front of me, I filmed him (19:10 in the video diary).



The “real” Russian agent on June 26

I came out of Burger King on 16:50 or so and squatted against the wall to smoke the cigarette butts which I had scavenged on the streets. Suddenly I noticed an out-of-ordinary surveillance agent standing next to me and holding his surveillance iPod. Assuming him to be Homeland Security, I began filming him (28:50 in the recording and 21:09 in the video diary). Only later would I realize that he was actually a Mexican intelligence agent. When I got on the bus, this Mexican agent also came up the bus and sat down on my left side. And so I continued to film him (35:20; 23:10 in the video diary). Soon, another surveillance agent wearing surveillance earphones got on the bus. I thus continued to film the interior of the bus (from 23:35 until 25:50 in the video diary).

My next recording is: [“donut_mom_no_hm_bus2_film_surv_6_26_09_437-628PM.WMA”](#). I did some shopping around downtown (buying strings to tie up my cart and batteries for my recorder). Another guy, while I was buying the strings, stopped in front of me and text-messaged (3:30 or so). Then I discovered another black kid text-messaging in front of me. Then another stranger. I kept getting intercepted in my communications! This time I dared ask him what exactly he was text-messaging (44:00). “Why?” Because you must be text-messaging for me, I explained. He just replied that he was texting his girlfriend. I got on the bus on 57:30 to go back to Westwood, groaning like a child out of unhappiness. I filmed another strange surveillance agent on 1:30:20.

My next recordings are: [“bus2_6_26_09_625-701PM.WMA”](#); [“shrt_bat_ucla_prklot_6_26_09_934-7PM.WMA”](#); and [“wstwd_lk_for_food_wtr_rusagnt_ucla_dble_lptp_6_26_09_705-848PM.WMA”](#). So I was in Westwood again, and, on 10:00 in the recording, I saw a strange white man holding up his

camera high in the sky, in front of Bruin Theater. Presumably, more people were taking pictures of me. I went inside Starbucks to ask for a cup of water, saying to the cashier: "Russian secret agent is very thirsty, please help him..." (15:30). Then a homeless man stole the food I had fished out of trash cans. And I saw a black Cadillac with tinted windows speeding past (27:00). I was not sure if DHS hot shots were inside. On 27:00 in the recording, I was caught in police car's camera again (24:45 in the video diary). Then I made the sarcasm to myself: "I'm the most dedicated Russian secret agent ever; I even ask my mother for money in order to continue carrying out my mission" (47:00). When I ran into a stranger, I couldn't help but ask him: "What have you heard about me?" He replied: "I haven't heard anything, but I'll let you know..." (48:00). I didn't know whether he was lying or telling the truth; I was just angry: "It's time to murder people, mass killing..." (52:00). Then I speculated: Maybe in the alternate reality of the United States' surveillance, I have a girlfriend..." (55:20). As you shall soon see, I would be right about this! Then, a girl and a guy walked past me, and, as soon as the girl saw me, she took out her cellphone to do something with it (57:00). When I walked back to Ackerman, I saw another guy with a laptop sitting on the bench. He could very well be confused with me in surveillance (1:01:45). I found a table on Ackerman's patio which was furnished with an electrical outlet. And there I continued composing my letter to Mr Ponomarev on my Toshiba Satellite.

My next recording is: "[imp_upld_vid_wrt_argmnt_flm_dhs_trck_6_26_09_852-1037PM.WMA](#)". While I was importing videos from my camcorder into my Toshiba Satellite, a strange black man was pacing back and forth in front of me. Obviously Homeland Security. I began filming him (3:30 in the recording, or the first scene in my second video diary of the day: "[6_26_09_p2.wmv](#)"). Around 19:10 this weird black man went inside Ackerman. From 35:00 onward you can hear two Mexican guys and one young Iranian talking loudly in the distance. I began suspecting that these two Mexicans were here to "spot me" so that, afterward, when the suit team should plant electronic devices in the vicinity and attribute them to me, they may serve as "witnesses" (talking about me in order for the Machine to intercept them) confirming that I had indeed been working here and therefore had most likely lost the devices in question. On 38:50 (see 0:54 in the video diary), when one of the mean-looking Mexicans walked past me, I said to him, "Who are you waiting for, sir?" When he ignored me, I said to him, "Fuck you." I began filming these Mexicans (41:20). In response, one of them began photographing me with his cellphone. "What the fuck do you want?" he came to me (42:00). "What the fuck do you want?" I shouted back. "You want to call the police? What are you doing with that?" "I'm filming my computer, do you have a problem with that?" The Mexican aggressively insisted that I not point my camcorder at him (42:50). I demanded likewise from him, calling him "Mother fucker". "Don't call me 'mother fucker'," he exclaimed. "What kind of surveillance intercept are you trying to produce?" I asked him angrily, but, instead of responding, he kept repeating, "Do you know me?" "Who told you to come here?" I interrogated him. And I continued: "No, I don't know you, but you know me! Because you are told to come here, Homeland Security has told you to come here!" Then ensued some struggle between us. "What do you call me? What do you call me?" "I call you a 'mother fucker'!" Then: "I'm working here alone, why are you bothering me?" (44:00) Just at that time the Iranian came over as well, telling me to take my camcorder off him. He then tried to grab my camcorder, and I demanded that he not point his camera in my face as well. I continued to insist that I was videotaping my computers, but he did not want to see my videos to confirm this, saying simply, "Okay, you have proof, let's leave it like that" (45:20).

I shouted to him in anger: that they were told to come here and create an incident, so that they may afterward pass around in communication channels the pictures they had taken of me in order for the government to intercept them and take them to the International Court as evidences. These secret agents denied it while laughing. “How do you know we are told to come here?” “Because people don’t come here in the middle of the night to bother me when I’m working alone” (46:00). I continued: “You guys are here trying to create a disturbance in order to produce a certain surveillance intercept...” “Stop being so paranoid,” the Iranian laughed. I continued spelling out what they were trying to do, that they were here disturbing me so that the garbage they would say about me could be intercepted into the International Court of Justice as evidences. “You are not making sense,” the Iranian guy continued his act. “Just get out of here then,” I told them (46:38). Do you understand what was going on?

As I have noted, the surveillance agent I videotaped this afternoon was a Mexican intelligence agent. While my apparent intention to escape to Latin America by land was prompting the CIA to call on the Mexican intelligence to practice surveillance on me, now that the Agency was in trouble, they had called on the Mexican intelligence service for help. The Mexican intelligence service (presumably Centro de Investigacion y Seguridad Nacional) had agreed to enter the lawsuit on the side of the United States. Thus, while Namibia, Nigeria, and Angola had come to Russia’s side, Mexico had come to the American side. When this afternoon the Mexican intelligence service was sending in another agent to watch over me, the Mexican agents and intelligence officers inside the control center, seeing me filming their comrade, were very angry. The ethos of the Mexican intelligence service, as you can see, was distinctly different from that of the other intelligence agencies. Of all the intelligence agencies around the world, Mexican agents were the only ones who were physically violent; they were even more a bunch of thugs than Homeland Security agents were. Here these two Mexican intelligence agents were cooperating with a CIA agent (the Iranian guy) in an operation to lure me to speak about my understanding of the mechanism of the evidentiary process of the International Court. The CIA was trying again to gather evidence for judge Higgins showing that I had intentionally uploaded my recording of June 18 to my website in order for the Russians to intercept it – this would be evidence that I was trying to harm the United States. If I knew that the pictures taken here would end up in the International Court as evidences, then I must have known also that the recording I uploaded to my website would be intercepted by the Russians and taken to the International Court as evidence. These bastards tried to get me to say these “crazy things”, only then to call me “paranoid” and “insane” – one stone two birds.

Let me come back to the scene. After more argument, I shouted at the Mexican agents (47:40 or so): “You fucking Americans, you fucking government agents”; I was as yet unaware that these two Hispanic guys were Mexican secret agents invited in by the CIA. I began packing my things, complaining that I had nowhere to go. On 50:00 I yelled at them again, that they would burn in hell for what they were doing, and that the difference between them and me was that I was a genius while they were evil. Then one of the Mexican agents approached me and, grabbing me by my neck, warned me calmly (51:30): “Be careful with your camcorder.” This Mexican agent, who had already covered his head with his hood, was basically warning me that they did not appreciate being videotaped – and it might also mean that I would suffer physical harm should I ever go into Mexico. When I was walking away, I said to myself out of sadness that no videos that came from me from now on would be admitted into the International Court as evidences.

“The International Court is my life” (54:30 or so). I thought the suit team’s purpose was to produce more intercepts showing people complaining about my videotaping habit so that my videos could be banned from the International Court as evidences (58:00 or so). I came to the underground parking lot structure where I could charge my laptops on the electrical outlets there and where no one would bother me. I continued editing my video diaries here and would sleep here as well.

June 27 (Saturday)

My video diary for the new day is: “[6_27_09.wmv](#)” and my first recording is: “[wk_prklot_peets_wstwd_ftp_6_27_09_1005-1139AM.WMA](#)”. After I left the parking lot structure, I noticed someone text-messaging near me (11:00). I walked into Peets’ Coffee in Westwood Village, and, when, on 37:30 or so, I asked the cashier for the password for the wireless network, he began telling me how someone had just taken away the key for the restroom. “I’m asking for the Internet password,” I repeated. He claimed to have misheard me. I’m not sure whether he was pretending to be mentally confused or whether he had really misheard me. On 52:00 I logged onto the wireless network and began uploading to my website the recording of yesterday’s episode where I found a USB flash drive left on the library’s computer, etc. I had another purpose as well. Remember that in this audio recording I had purposely “confessed” that I had uploaded my files only in order to obtain the timestamps with which to validate my prediction. In this way the Russians could use my confession to counter the United States’ claim – based on my “confession” to the Mexican agents last night – that I had purposely uploaded my recording of June 18 to help the Russians. Given the importance of this upload, I filmed myself doing so as well (57:30). See 0:27 in the video diary. Note also in the video how Yahoo featured on its front page the news about Michael Jackson’s death.

My next recording is: “[ftp_fnd_food_wstwd_limo_6_27_09_1140AM-124PM.WMA](#)”. While I was still sitting outside Peets’, a black Cadillac with tinted windows suddenly showed up. I supposed it was Mr former Secretary. He had been circling around Westwood for the whole morning, waiting for judge Higgins to issue the judgment, on the basis of my “confession” to the Mexican agents, that I had indeed tried to help Russia harm the United States. But the Russians immediately thwarted his project with the recording I had just uploaded an hour ago. Judge Higgins ruled that I uploaded my files to obtain timestamps rather than to help the Russians. Mr former Secretary got the news when he was still in his Cadillac, and was very unhappy. When I was checking Google News (18:30), I saw the report that Medvedev had just finished his tour in Africa. At last I knew why Mr former Secretary was trying to frame me for having connections with African nations. (Note the siren from 28:00 onwards.) I then went to scavenge food from the trash cans nearby. On my way I asked a black girl who was busy text-messaging what she was texting (36:30).

While I was eating the left-over food I had scavenged on the street corner, another black Cadillac with tinted windows showed up in front of me (1:05:45). I didn’t videotape it, but was becoming sure that my earlier attempt to save the “evidence” (my recording of June 18) had succeeded. The Homeland Security hot shots only wanted to check me out when they were losing. On 1:22:40 or so, I noticed another guy coming to my side and holding up his cellphone to surf the

Internet. I promptly asked him if he was surfing the Internet. He said he was using his phone to navigate the neighborhood.

My next recordings are: “[bus2_6_27_09_127-30PM.WMA](#)”; “[union_st_squire_6_27_09_214PM.WMA](#)”; and “[mx_chrch_grl_bhnd_mn_flm_me_6_27_09_319-504PM.WMA](#)”. I got on the bus and came to the vicinity of Union Station. Around 2:54 PM, on the corner of Temple and Hill, I managed to film another person text-messaging (2:21 in the video diary). Someone then took a picture of me (8:00 in the third recording). There was a certain “La Placita” church in the area and I went inside. I muttered: “I need help, I need someone to be on my side... No one will ever be on my side...” (24:30). The service began on 1:04:30. Someone was coming around with a camera to film me. I dodged him (1:15:00). Then a girl came surreptitiously to sit behind me; when I discovered her, she said, “I’m sorry” (1:17:00). I went outside and filmed this suspicious girl as she came out of the church. I even caught her license plate (4NFP870). It was 4:40 PM (2:52 in the video diary and 1:20:00 in the recording). I then filmed another man who was taking pictures of the Union Station (1:31:30; 7:15 in the video diary). When I went inside the station, I found more people taking pictures (1:33:30).

My next recording is: “[gldlne_ask_txtmssgr_wm_drp_food_trsh_memprk_john_6_27_09_505-701PM.WMA](#)”. Because Karin would have a meetup the next day at the Memorial Park, I decided to go to Pasadena to check out the surrounding. When I stepped into Metro Gold Line, a Homeland Security guy jumped onto the train to text-message five feet away from me (around 5:20 PM). I decided that, to preserve proof that I did not text-message, it was probably better to ask him what he was text-messaging rather than conspicuously filming him from behind. Refer to 17:20 in the recording. While I was digging into one of the trash cans in Old Town Pasadena looking for leftover food, an attractive woman came and dropped off a bag of trash right into the trash can I was digging. I wondered if she was a CIA agent instructed to drop off trash in front of me in order to enable the Machine to intercept me “receiving secret messages from a foreign agent under the cover of dumping trash” (51:40). Then, on 1:07:00, a bunch of police cars and fire trucks rushed past me. I was “accidentally” caught in police’s camera again. While checking out Memorial Park, I actually saw “John from Glendale”.

My next recording is: “[fmma_wrt_vid_6_27_09_717-908PM.WMA](#)”. When I was walking away from Memorial Park, I murmured, “I’d rather have AIDS or cancer than contract this horrifying disease called ‘Michael Chertoff’... If you have this disease, you can never have friends...” (32:00). I walked into the Famima on Colorado Blvd on 37:00. I needed to use the electrical outlet in Famima.

My next recording is: “[wrt_vid_fmma_ask_wtr_plite_6_27_09_908-1041PM.WMA](#)”. I was then writing my “Karin’s Meetups” while importing videos to my Toshiba Satellite. When I asked the cashier for water, he was extremely courteous to me. I sighed: “People are so polite because they are instructed to produce evidence showing me pretending to have suffered harm...” (54:00). After I left, I noticed that someone had surreptitiously taken a picture of me from a nearby restaurant (1:02:00). Again! I sighed: “Every single person in this society is my enemy, everyone...” (1:08:20). I found an isolated quiet corner on Colorado Blvd, next to a bank. Here I was able to import my videos and review my recordings without anyone disturbing me. My time

there is recorded in: [“upld_recrd_psdn_quiet_cnr_6_27_09_1045PM.WMA”](#). Note however that, at one point, a man walked past and said to me “How are you doing?” (12:00) Then, my recorder shut itself off. At the time I thought it was Mr former Secretary; but it might simply be because the cheap batteries I bought in downtown could not sustain the operation of my Olympus recorders. When I came to my usual corner by the Methodist Church on Colorado Blvd to sleep, strangely, I found a limousine parked on the street allowing whoever was inside to study me. Perhaps Mr former Secretary was still upset over his debacle this morning. See the first episode in my next video diary: [“6_28_09.wmv”](#). It was then 11:30 PM.

June 28:

My video diary of the day already noted, my first recording of the new day is: [“wk_fmima_txtmssgr_in_new_car_6_28_09_951-1110AM.WMA”](#). I woke up from the street corner on Colorado Blvd and came to Famima, worried over the fact that a woman had just said “Good morning” to me. The Machine may very well have scrambled the simple gesture into an episode where “another foreign secret agent was passing secret messages to me”. I have only one dollar left in my pocket, and I used it to buy a can of juice which I drank outside Famima (17:00 or so). Suddenly, on 28:30 or so, a car came by from the rooftop of which a guy emerged with a huge camera. He had apparently taken a picture of me. The same old debate in the International Court as to whether I looked like myself. Then, around 10:38 AM (or 52:00 in the recording), a white sedan came to park in front of me and the driver inside started text-messaging seriously. I immediately filmed him (1:12 in the video diary). The car didn’t even have a license plate on it: apparently the suit team was concerned with my filming habit. Now the Machine had just intercepted another serious communication between me and my foreign intelligence contacts. I quickly walked away, crying: “I can’t do this any longer...” (1:17:00).

I would pass the rest of the day in utter hopelessness and depression. My next recording is: [“bus485_la_6_28_09_1105AM-1244PM.WMA”](#). I hopped onto bus 485 to go to my storage facility, and I filmed myself getting off the bus on 41:10 to preserve proof that I did not leave anything behind (3:23 in the video diary). I walked into a restaurant on 47:20 and, under tremendous depression, read the news regarding the new negotiation between Russia and the United States over the proper treaty governing cybercrimes. Then (1:11:20) I read about how Russia and the European Union had been expelling each other’s spies and arguing about the war in Georgia. I vaguely comprehended that many of these current affairs had in fact something to do with me. Obama was about to travel to Moscow for the first time. The media only reported on the effects, but would never say anything about the causes. Because Russia was convicted in the ICJ trial over me in March, Russia and the United States had been negotiating on the proper compensation Russia should make to the United States. Russia would have to give in to the United States’ demands in all these negotiations, and Obama’s official visit to Moscow must include the secret agenda of extracting concessions from Russia as compensations to the United States – none of these would be reported in the media. More on this later. While worrying over the possibility that the suit team might have planted things in the quiet corner where I was last night in order to attribute them to me, I was also quite annoyed that my broken glasses kept falling off my face.

My next recording is: “[not_strge_flm_pzza_strbks_no_chрге_6_28_09_1245-243PM.WMA](#)”. After avoiding several police cars, I suddenly decided not to go to my storage unit. I was then in the vicinity of Hill and 11th St. Another police car came around to film me with its camera, and I noted down its license plate (14:45). Then, a girl came out of the restaurant across the street to text-message. I filmed her (4:05 in the video diary). Apparently the suit team, seeing that I was changing my plans, wanted the Machine to intercept a text-message from my vicinity to such effect in order to produce more evidences confirming its accuracy (34:00). I then filmed another suspicious person on the street, someone who was dragging a cart like I was (5:24 in the video diary; 41:00 in the recording). The suit team had just obtained another piece of evidence confirming the Machine’s supreme accuracy. Then I discovered a box full of untouched pizzas abandoned on the sidewalk (45:30: 5:50 in the video). It was too good to be true, and so I suspected this to be suit team’s trick and dared not eat it. Then two more limousines showed up, and I read out loud their license plates (57:00). I filmed, with my malfunctioning camcorder, more suspicious people walking into a restaurant (1:21:00; 7:04 in the video). Since the bus was not coming, I walked into a nearby Starbucks to charge my laptop (1:42:00), but the electrical outlet was draining power out of my laptop instead of charging it. Then the Windows Movie Maker on my Toshiba Satellite malfunctioned (1:56:30). My recorder shut itself off as well. What a frustrating life.

My next recording is: “[probl_chrg_lib_mtro_st_6_28_09_249-337PM.WMA](#)” When I came to the Metro station – surprise – another limousine appeared. I filmed it and read its license plate out loud (21:30 and 12:21 in the video diary). The limousine was obviously carrying Mr former Secretary who wanted to watch me like a lion studying its prey: why would the rich and famous show up at Union Station? I continued charging my laptop at the Metro Gold Line platform (43:00).

My next recording is: “[gldlne_dble_lgge_txtmssgr_memprk_call_ayi_k_mu_6_28_09_349-633PM.WMA](#)”. Even though I was hiding in an empty corner on the Metro station platform, people soon appeared to gather around me. I had to film this too (10:20 in the video diary). While on the train, I noticed a Mexican man text-messaging (40:00). I asked him: Are you texting? Who are you texting? Do they get it on their phone? “Yes,” he replied. I then filmed two white girls who were dragging their luggage like I was (46:00, or 12:37 in the video diary). Again, the Machine must have confused them with me. After I got off the train at Memorial Park, I filmed myself digging trash cans (53:00) and ate the leftover food I found. I then filmed the police officers who had stopped a driver about 50 yards away from me (1:04:00, and 14:55 in the video diary). A moment later, another police car came around to film me with its camera (1:06:00). 10 minutes later, I filmed an ambulance passing me by (1:17:00, and 15:58 in the video diary). I came, on 1:26:00, to the concert event at Memorial Park where Karin would have her meetup gathering. I was so exhausted from walking by then. After I found a hidden spot behind the bushes and was ready to “stalk” Karin and her bunch, I began crying: I burned myself, which then triggered the release of all that sadness that was buried inside me (1:39:30). I called up my step-mother out of desperation two times (1:56:00 and 2:05:00), but she couldn’t hear anything I said, further frustrating me. Then I filmed someone who came to “spot me” (2:10:30, and 16:25 in the video diary). The strangely suspicious man simply sat there staring at me continually. On 2:18:00, Karin’s meetup finally started – just across the bushes from me. I filmed Rolf (18:14 in the video diary).

My next recordings are: “[bhnd_k_mu_6_28_09_612PM.WMA](#)” and “[around_mem_prk_6_28_09_652PM.WMA](#)”. On 22:35 in the first recording two women were sent in by the suit team to “accidentally” take pictures of me and I promptly filmed them (18:35 in the video diary). Then I began suspecting (4:00 in the second recording) that Karin’s bunch had been instructed by the suit team to purposely let me “stalk” them – so as to produce evidences confirming my misogynous behavior (violation of her restraining order against me). My clandestine filming and recording of her meetup could also be used by the suit team as evidence confirming my status as a criminal recorder, providing them with the legal justification for suppressing my documentaries as evidences in the International Court. I refused to fall into this trap, and so walked away from Memorial Park. Nevertheless, as you can see in my video diary from 22:20 onward until 26:34, I was still trying to film Karin’s meetup from the distant.

My next recordings are: “[colorado_to_famima_slp_6_28_09_742PM.WMA](#)” and “[fmma_publ_vid_6_28_09_927-1119PM.WMA](#)”. I dragged my cart to Famima. On my way some Japanese girl holding donation material tried to talk to me, but I rudely brushed her aside, “Don’t talk to me!” (4:30 or so) After a short nap I was at Famima working on my laptops. On 44:00 or so, while I was outside smoking, a stranger said “Hello” to me. “Why did you say ‘Hello’ to me?” I asked him angrily. On 1:27:20 I filmed myself leaving Famima and leaving nothing behind. Just then I noticed that an Asian guy was making sketches on his sketchbook in my vicinity. I promptly filmed him from outside the store (1:29:00 or so, and the last scene in the video diary, from 26:35 onward). He was sitting with another person. Again, Mr former Secretary’s story about how David Chin was constantly drawing in order to pretend to be Lawrence Chin was confirmed by new evidences.

My last recording of the day is: “[slp_psdn_chrch_hmlss_mn_mov_in_warn_mss_oprtion_6_28-9_09_1124PM.WMA](#)”. I came to the Methodist church ready to sleep. Then I noticed a homeless man with a radio on 1:44:30. I had to change place, and had to film myself doing so – what a drag! Then, on 2:43 AM, or 3:18:45 in the recording, I woke up to find another homeless man having moved into my vicinity; it was an operation. He was my double, wearing similar clothing as I was. The Machine’s accuracy was confirmed again. I thus moved to another corner.

June 29 Monday

My video diary of the day is: “[6_29_09.wmv](#)”, and the recording of my sleep this night is in: “[slp_psdn_chrch_hmlss_mn_mov_in_warn_mss_oprtion_6_28-9_09_1124PM.WMA](#)”. A little past 7 AM, another homeless man told me to clean up the mess around the church (8:05:00). This had to be orchestrated by the suit team to confirm Mr former Secretary’s story about David Chin as the perpetual public nuisance. Then, on 7:39 AM, another homeless man came warning me that many other homeless people had left behind a great quantity of trash on this church property, alarming the church administration. I thus had to move again (0:55 in the video diary). That’s why all the homeless people were sent in: to make it look like I was the one who had left behind a mess everywhere (8:12:30). I filmed this black man who was warning me (8:15:30).

My next recording is:

“[wk_wrt_hlp_fmima_news_upld_vid_wm_dntst_wrt_mmprk_lib_6_29_09_754-426PM.WMA](#)”. After I packed up, I came to Sabor café across the street from Laemmle Playhouse 7. It was 8

AM now, and, there, I continued composing my letter to Mr Ponomarev. All the while I was murmuring my hatred for the American people: “You are so fucking evil...” (14:00). My Toshiba Satellite was then having problems, Open Officer Writer freezing up continually to frustrate me (49:00). On 1:02:50 I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind. I then went inside Chase bank to withdraw the remaining 4 dollars in my saving account.

On 1:25:40 I saw a copy of Los Angeles Times and noticed the news report about a certain 6 year old Jenny who was suffering from schizophrenia! I had to comment to myself that this looked suspiciously like a CIA message. I walked into Famima and, while charging up my laptops, began filming the LA Times (1:39:00; from 3:17 onward in the video diary). I couldn’t help but assume that the CIA was once again planting stories in the newspaper in order to pass “secret messages” to their target (me) – just like they did on the morning of December 29 2007 when I was departing for Shanghai. (I noted in my video diary that, while this sounds schizophrenic, this is precisely the goal: when the recipient of the message talks about it, he will look schizophrenic to others, in which case the Agency has kept its secrets (1:41:00).)⁴

There were two other news items on Los Angeles Times which seemed to have been planted by the suit team. I thus felt compelled to continue filming the newspaper. One was about the ousting of Honduras’ president during a military coup, and the other was about a certain CIA lawyer named John Rizzo. John Rizzo was the CIA lawyer who, in government’s official story (which was complete garbage, fairy tale), was responsible for approving some harsh CIA programs in the Agency’s fight against “terrorism”.⁵ I began commenting to my camera about the proper way to read the news in America in order to arrive at the truth. One must reverse what is said because American news frequently say the inverse of truth in order to dupe the American people. When you see the news item saying that the Honduran army has sent into exile their democratically elected leftwing president and that the United States condemns the army’s action, what has really happened is most likely that the CIA has secretly worked with the Honduran army to oust the Honduran president because this president is leftwing and pro-Russia, and that the United States then hypocritically plays the role of the champion of democracy and pretends to condemn the Honduran army’s action as anti-democratic (until 1:44:00).⁶ After working a little more on my letter, I came to Zona Rosa to use the restroom. Someone began knocking on the restroom door on 3:08:20. Because I feared that a DHS agent might soon come in to pretend to find a mess – when there was none – in order to produce an intercept indicating that “David Chin was again making a mess in public restrooms in accordance with his anti-social personality”, I filmed the interior of the restroom before leaving so as to have proof that I didn’t make a mess (9:17 in the video). Note the siren on 3:15:30.

Around 11:30 AM, while I was smoking in the parking lot across the street from Zona Rosa, a fat woman parked her car in front of me, got off, walked to me, and asked me, “Is there a dentist around here? I’m so lost” (3:49:00). She then drove off. I immediately realized that this was suit team’s operation and began filming her (3:49:40; 9:37 in the video diary). Apparently, the

⁴ This I have already discussed in “Agency’s Sting Operation” in “China and Europe”.

⁵ See for example PBS Frontline “John Rizzo: The lawyer who approved CIA’s most controversial programs”, September 6 2011: <http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/pages/frontline/iraq-war-on-terror/topsecretamerica/john-rizzo-the-lawyer-who-approved-cias-most-controversial-programs/>.

⁶ I have noted this in Appendix 2 of “Karin’s Meetups”.

Machine had just intercepted me saying I was going to the dentist. The suit team could then intercept a record from the dentist's office she was going to – which they would claim was about me – which would thus show that I was in fact older than myself, and hence David Chin the twin brother of myself. I lamented on 3:55:30 that the battle at the International Court of Justice would never end. I then noted: “I also look behind me every two minutes to make sure that nothing has fallen out of my bag” (4:28:30). Arriving in Old Town, I began digging into trash cans looking for food, and I filmed myself doing so (4:30:40; 11:05 in the video diary). Then, on 4:39:20, when I came to Memorial Park, I noticed, and filmed, someone filming (11:41 in the video diary). Why is it that everywhere I go someone would be filming? Well, it was just Mr former Secretary who was constantly sending out actors to imitate me in order to confirm the accuracy of the Machine. After finding an isolated corner in the park to write my letter and review my past recordings, I filmed more people coming near me (4:52:30). “People will begin gathering around me,” I murmured. I thus went to the Pasadena public library to continue my work.

My next recording is:

“[ndle_wrt_hlp_mx_no_frud_bus_schizo_txtmssgr_6_29_09_430PM.WMA](#)”. After I was unable to find more food in a Mexican fast food place nearby (13:07 in the video diary), I decided to return to Westwood because it was easier to find food in the trash cans in that area. Then, suddenly, while I was still in Old Town, a limousine appeared in front of me (37:00); although I couldn't film it in time, I did catch its license plate (something like: EZZS619). Then I noticed a Hispanic woman text-messaging near me, and I promptly videotaped her (1:21:00 or 14:53 in the video diary). When more people were coming near, I quickly left Memorial Park, fearing being confused with them in faulty surveillance.

I got onto bus 181 on 3:24:00 to head back to Westwood. Immediately, a Chinese woman came on the bus and started talking to herself in a delirious fashion, thus looking truly like a schizophrenic. Quickly grasping the fact that she would be confused with me in Machine's surveillance, I began filming her with my malfunctioning camcorder (3:25:39 or 15:20 in the video diary). It was almost 8 PM then. No sooner had I begun filming her than I realized what Mr former Secretary's purpose was in this act: the Machine had just intercepted me merely pretending to suffer from schizophrenia, my purpose apparently being that no one would then believe that I was actually a Sino-Russian secret agent (3:28:50). Mr former Secretary had apparently commanded the Chinese MSS to plant a story in LA Times about some girl's suffering schizophrenia, which was a secret instruction for me, namely, that I should act out a show of suffering from schizophrenia. Note that this Chinese woman (who was certainly a MSS operative) even talked like me, speaking about suing her daughter and making abundant references to some “lawsuit” (3:34:15 or so). I then filmed another girl text-messaging on my behalf (3:45:20; 20:29 in the video diary). Riding the bus was just too dangerous, I remarked. (Note the siren from an ambulance on 4:14:50.) I got off the bus on 4:15:20, and terribly regretted riding the bus. I needed to do something unexpected by the suit team in order to disrupt the confirmation of the previous text-message as coming from me.

My next recordings are: “[bus2_confsn_schizo_news_ch_wm_6_29_09_854-941PM.WMA](#)” and “[wstwd_mx_mn_jsus_oprtn_6_29_09_945-1055PM.WMA](#)”. I then came to Westwood on another bus. After I filmed myself digging trash cans looking for leftover food (22:03 in the

video diary), on 14:00 or so, a Mexican man, wearing a name tag on his shirt, came to me, saying: “Hablas espanol?” “No,” I replied. He then told me twice “Jesus loves you”. That was around 10 PM. “He is trying to produce a surveillance intercept,” I murmured lifelessly. On 16:22 he came to me again to say “See you later,” and, upon my inquiry, explained that he was a Christian and had just been at the UCLA hospital. “If I told him to fuck off, that would make me look impolite,” I noted (17:30 or so). I noted down his license plate when he drove away: 3NND996. When I went inside the Coffee Bean to ask for a cup of water, another guy followed in to text-message. I soon began to grasp the reason for which this Mexican man – in fact a Mexican secret agent – was instructed by the suit team to say to me “Jesus loves you”. It was my secret communication with Mexican drug cartels. The suit team must have made something out of my visiting La Placita three days ago. Mr former Secretary must have argued to the ICJ judges that I was there secretly meeting with my Mexican drug cartel partners. He then created this evidence establishing conclusively that I was conspiring with the Mexican drug cartels using the Bible and church business as my cover in order to enable Mexico to sue Russia too. I then hid myself inside the underground parking lot in UCLA campus to work on my video-diary.

My last recording of the day is: “[upld_recrd_wstwd_lk_for_light_ppl_ask_hsh_upld_6_29-30_09_1055PM-134AM.WMA](#)”. When I came back to Westwood Village to sleep, I saw a bunch of ambulances and police cars gathering in front of the Bruin Theater. I began filming the scene (25:55), resulting in the video: “[ambulance_6_30_09.wmv](#)”. On 57:00 I got a light for my cigarette butts from a woman sitting with a group of people. She also offered me a sandwich. When, on 1:19:40, I went back to her to ask for another light, the rowdy guys sitting with her asked me how the sandwich was, and then whether I was smoking cigarette or weed. “Cigarette, cigarette,” I repeated, but they just kept on saying “Hashish, hashish!” (1:19:56) These complete strangers had evidently been instructed to falsely accuse me of smoking weed in order for the Machine to intercept more evidences confirming Mr former Secretary’s profile of me as a drug user. I came to my corner and murmured on 1:54:00 whereabouts: “God has forsaken me and I just want to kill people” (2:02:10 or so).

June 30:

My video diary of the new day is: “[6_30_09.wmv](#)”, and my recording of the morning is: “[bus_austrn_go_mx_wcil_bus_mn_beer_knife_lk_food_lib_6_30_09_8AM-3PM.WMA](#)”. After I woke up I decided to go to WCIL to check on my mails. I filmed another person text-messaging on the street (1:30:00; the first scene in the video diary). I then took the bus to Santa Monica, planning on getting on bus 33 from there to go to Venice Blvd. While on the Santa Monica Blue bus I, when I saw someone text-messaging, again asked him whether he was really texting (1:42:00). He confirmed it. Then, the two German girls and one Austrian guy who had got on the bus with me were acting like they were so unfamiliar with the United States that they even needed to study the coins. And yet the Austrian guy said to me: “After three weeks, we are going to drive around. Maybe to San Diego, and then to Mexico” (1:48:00). This sounded exactly like the itinerary I had been planning: I thus must change my plan – the suit team had guessed it already. Clearly, even these strangers from foreign countries had been instructed as to what to say to me in order to produce the “right intercept”. Since everyone was now aware that I was planning to escape to Latin America by going through Mexico, when the Machine confused the Austrian guy with me, this was more evidence confirming its accuracy. I filmed the Austrian

guy on 2:17:00 (1:10 in the video diary). I got off the bus on Main Street near Venice Beach, in the vicinity of Novel Café. I sighed: “I will always be in his TV show... I will never get out of it...” (2:25:00). While I was waiting for bus 33, around 10:40 AM, a bum covering his face suddenly walked past me and said to me: “I didn’t do it. I was framed” (2:42:00). I filmed him. Given his vulgarity, he was obviously a Homeland Security operative. His “mission” was to cause the Machine to intercept me pleading (or putting up an act of pleading) to the ICJ judges that I was innocent – and thus make me look guilty. When I arrived at WCIL on 11 AM or so – not finding any debit card mailed to me – Howard and Aliza together tried their best to persuade me to come back on 3 PM in the afternoon to “meet someone” (4:36:30). Since it was quite obvious that they had been instructed to persuade me to meet a stranger in order that the Machine could scramble the meeting into something like “my secret meeting with my Russian spy partner under the cover of WCIL charity”, I adamantly refused and ran away.

I got on bus 33 again. Around 12:50 PM, while I was sitting in the back of the bus, I noticed an extremely vulgar-looking middle-age white man holding a beer can in his hand and sitting a few feet away from me. Fearing that he was my double sent here to be confused with me in fault surveillance – another intercept showing me drinking beer on the bus, in blatant violation of the rules and customs of American society – I told him, “You shouldn’t be holding a beer can on the bus” (4:50:30). He threatened to smash my head. Then he got up, came over to me, wanted to know about my Toshiba Satellite, and further threatened me with a knife (4:53:00). This, of course, reminded me of Mireya’s playing with knife on May 15, making me think that Mr former Secretary was trying to produce another intercept showing me threatening people with knives. This bum continued to make disturbances and flirt with other passengers until 5:14:00 when he got off the bus.

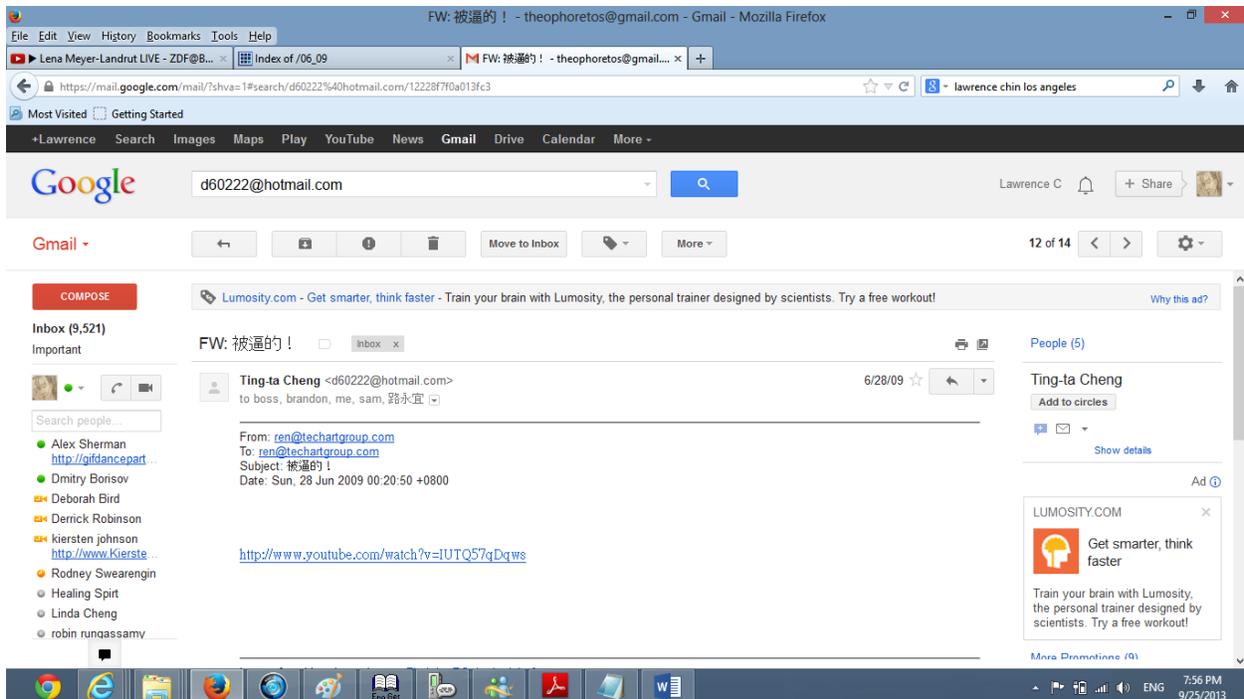
There was, however, something quite strange about the situation. Throughout the entire time during which this supposed Homeland Security double of mine was threatening me with a knife, a good-looking white male in his 30s whereabouts was sitting to his right. He had short hair and was wearing jeans and a pair of sandals, playing with a cellphone in his hand. I immediately recognized that this otherwise suspicious guy was a Russian surveillance agent. I knew that the situation was in my favor – since the agent was filming the entire scene with his surveillance cellphone, the Russians were finally taking a look for themselves to understand how I was being framed – and therefore pretended to not have noticed the Russian agent; but I was at the same time extremely puzzled by the fact that this Homeland Security bum would not have noticed that his prank was being observed by the Russians. In reality, this bum who had pulled out a knife on me was no Homeland Security operative at all. He was in fact a SVR agent. As I have noted, many of the “illegals” whom the SVR had planted in American society looked and talked indistinguishably from ordinary Americans, and I would never have guessed that this American bum so typical of Homeland Security operatives was in fact Russian. Apparently, because the trial was of such nature that the Russians could never defeat the Americans and could do no more than avoid being convicted by forever collecting the same evidences from me *ad infinitum*, they had to prepare themselves for the possibility of eventual defeat. The Russians had decided to compensate their eventual loss by finding ways to let nations around the world know how exactly they had lost. Although no nations other than the parties to the lawsuit were allowed to know what was going on in this trial, the Russians found a way to bypass this rule of confidentiality by asking the United Nations to vote on the faulty surveillance Machine. The

Russian diplomatic service in the United Nations thus convened a special session to ask all nations to re-examine the faulty nature of the Machine's operation. The Russians decided to replicate, in order for everyone to see, the exact procedure by which the Americans could interpret the barely intelligible intercepts coming out of the Machine in such a way as to suit their imaginary scenario about David Chin. The Russians already knew how exactly the faulty surveillance system worked, and therefore proposed to stage the American operation themselves for the record. They decided to "reconstruct" the manner by which evidence was entered on May 16 demonstrating that I was threatening Mireya with a knife. As the SVR operative pulled out a knife on me, the Machine back in the court house was producing a description to the effect that "a male figure in the exact location of the subject is threatening another person with a knife". The Russians then showed everyone in the United Nations how the Americans would next argue that, since the interpretation of the "male figure" as me would lend a scenario about David Chin that was consistent with the previous scenarios similarly established about me, this interpretation would be the most plausible one. And yet, in reality, as the real time images which the SVR surveillance agent was supplying to everyone of what was going on had demonstrated, the most plausible interpretation was precisely the mistaken one. Everyone in the United Nations was thus enlightened about the trick. Although the Russians were not allowed, because this would violate UN Resolution 1373, to reveal to the United Nations that judge Higgins had personally sanctioned the United States to cheat like this on the ground of enforcing UN Resolution 1373, they could enlighten everyone about the fact that the evidentiary record of the International Court of Justice – when it would be eventually released – could not be expected to describe reality. In accordance with procedure, the United Nations thus voted that the faulty surveillance procedure (where only barely intelligible intercepts could be used as evidences) should not be used. When this result of the vote came inside the International Court of Justice, judge Higgins would of course secretly – without anyone knowing – override it on the ground of violating UN Resolution 1373 (in that it would disallow the Americans to cheat). But this was not Russians' original goal anyway. If Russia should lose in the end and the United States should ask the UN Security Council to impose the same sort of sanctions on Russia as those it had imposed on China – based on the faulty evidences which would come out of the International Court of Justice – nations around the world would think twice before voting. Perhaps some of them might even guess at how the United States was able to convict Russia and China – just as I am doing now! Finally, with the faulty nature of the surveillance evidences on which the ICJ judges pronounced judgments having been exposed to the whole United Nations, the doubt which the suit team had created in the minds of nations nine days ago (my two identical camcorders) was now also rendered ineffective.

I came to the public library in downtown. After I got off the bus (5:39:00), I saw police cars and ambulances everywhere. I also saw another limousine parked in front of me (6:26:00). Obviously, Mr former Secretary was extremely unhappy about Russians' exposure of the faulty surveillance procedure in the United Nations. I then filmed someone taking worthless pictures of street scenes (6:29:30; 3:08 in the video diary). On the sidewalk next to the library, I found a lunch box full of food abandoned there. This was too good to be true! Perhaps it was a trap: seeing that I had no money to eat, Mr former Secretary had commanded the Chinese MSS to leave some food around so that, when I should eat it, it would be evidence for my conspiring with the Chinese, the Russians, and their allies to put up this act of homelessness. I thus did not eat the food (6:40:00). I went instead inside the cafeteria in the library to scavenge for food.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice: Nicaragua and the completion of a mission, B Lawrence C Chin, June 2009 to October 2013; revisions later

My next recording is: “[lib_fnd_food_mn_gave_dllr_6_30_09_256-628PM.WMA](#)”. On 6:00 or so I was hysterically alarmed when a man approached me to give me one dollar. I refused because I knew the Machine would turn his act of kindness into something very bad for me and for Russia in the alternate reality of faulty surveillance. Then, I filmed myself scavenging food in the trash cans (until 8:00 or so). On 21:49 I noticed two Germans taking pictures around me. The sudden appearance of so many Germans around me to run operations on me might mean that the United States had by now also invited Germany and Austria to join the lawsuit on its side. Inside the library I found a book on Ubuntu to read; then my Internet connection was slowed to a standstill (51:50). On 1:53:00 I filmed my Eee PC’s screen because the search results did not look normal, but seemed to have been manipulated by Homeland Security thugs from their control center (6:42 in the video diary). I then discovered a strange email in my Gmail account which my cousin Tingda in Taiwan had sent me (2:03:30): it contained a link to a video on Youtube entitled “Forced to” (被逼的). Knowing that Tingda was instructed by his Homeland Security handler to send me this email, I would of course not click on the link. Furthermore, the forwarded email was obviously devised to make it look like I was the one who had sent it, insofar as “Ren” was the false name I had given to the CIA girl on September 6 2008 when she asked me for my name. Because I didn’t look at the video, I would never know what evidence Mr former Secretary was here trying to get me to produce to damn Russia. Only when I was recomposing this diary four years later did I take a look at the video: it was a Chinese pop-star singing a Chinese version of Michael Jackson’s “Beat it”. Had I looked at the video back then, Mr former Secretary would have obtained another piece of evidence confirming his profile of me as the childish, immature pedophile resembling exactly “my idol” Michael Jackson.



Tingda’s email to me, June 28 2009: “Forced to”.

My next recording is: “[wstwd_dhs_racial_profnty_ucla_prklot_6_30_09_632-814PM.WMA](#)”. After I left the library, I came back to Westwood on bus. On 34:00, two very vulgar DHS bums

were drinking beer and shouting racist profanity when I passed them by on the street. They were evidently sent here to be confused with me in Machine's surveillance, and so I promptly videotaped them (35:00; 8:05 in the video diary). Note the siren on 38:45. Another woman clandestinely took a picture of me on 1:07:10. Then at last I came to the underground parking lot structure inside UCLA campus to continue composing my letter to Mr Ponomarev. Once again, I would be hiding beneath the staircase for the whole time. This is recorded in:

[“wrt_hlp_let_ucla_prklot_6_30_09_1127-1158PM.WMA”](#),
[“wrt_hlp_let_ucla_prklot_6_30_09_1155PM.WMA”](#), and [“ucla_prklot_upld_7_1_09_130-9AM.WMA”](#).

My last recording of the day is:

[“plce_tckt_pee_purpse_wrt_knkos_eml_pnmrev_nap_7_1_09_141-853AM.WMA”](#). As usual, when I was leaving my hidden corner, I would film myself and my spot so as to have proof that I had not left anything behind. I came to the sidewalk in Westwood Village to get ready to sleep. On 47:50, when I urinated on a tree on the sidewalk, a UCLA police car ambushed me. The officer got out quickly to question me. When he pretended to not know who I was, I said sarcastically, “You know who I am...” But he denied it. He continually asked me for my ID card, and I continually played dumb. “Where's your driver's license?” “I don't have one”. I lied because I had unpaid tickets and suspected that there were warrants issued for my arrest. “Why does every police officer have to pretend that he doesn't know me?” I asked the officer sarcastically. “I've never met you,” he replied. Well, it's the same lie again. Yeah, you have never met me, I said, but you have seen my pictures and been told what to say me (49:35).

After I begged the police officer not to confuse me with someone else while he was writing me a ticket, he finally let me go (1:00:55). “Some sort of surveillance evidence has just been produced,” I muttered. Mr former Secretary had just obtained another piece of evidence indicating that I wasn't Lawrence Chin. Furthermore, it was likely that he was also trying to produce evidence showing that I was doing something criminal on the UCLA campus and was just arrested for it. I came to my other usual corner in Westwood Village across the street from Denny's. As I became increasingly angry with the suit team – the police had obviously been instructed to wait around to ambush me – I decided not to sleep but to instead finish writing my letter to Mr Ponomarev.

Since it was possible that Mr former Secretary had sent another actor of his to jail in order for the Machine to confuse him with me, I quickly went to Kinkos to email the “letter of inquiry” to Mr Lev Ponomarev. By doing so I could produce counter evidence confirming that I was in fact not in jail tonight – for sure the Russians would intercept my email and use it as evidence proving that I was in Kinkos. I of course made sure to film myself sending the email; see my next video diary, [“7_1_09.wmv”](#), from 0:40 until 6:45. I then dared surf onto the website of the Russian embassy in the United States. It was time for me to learn something about the Russians! It was just strange: for, again, I simply didn't see anything wrong with them. Why do Americans hate Russians so much? I also noticed that the Russian diplomatic service had set up a special email account ([“russ_sec@diplomats.com”](#)) to receive anonymous tips on security matters relating to them. I noted down this email address, the inkling of a “plan” beginning to crystalize in my mind. When I came back to Westwood Village, I discovered that the suit team had already sent in one of their actors to occupy my place across the street from Denny's – he was certainly here

to be confused with me. Although I had foiled Mr former Secretary's plan to use my double in jail to obtain a major piece of evidence proving that his scenario about David Chin the Sino-Russian spy was correct – for the actor must be carrying a bag of Russian-made spy equipment and so on – he could still continue the same old game of deadlock with the Russians by constantly confirming the accuracy of the Machine with yet another double who occupied my usual location. I had no choice but to sleep elsewhere in Westwood Village.

July 1

My video diary of the day already noted, my first recording of the new day is:

[“bnk_wtdrw_bus_fbi_jckt_terese_no_apt_btry_lk_for_cmcrdr_read_evopsyc_7_1_09_849AM.WMA”](#). After I woke up on 8:30 AM or so, I first came to Peets' to have my morning coffee. I noted on 20:00 or so that a Hispanic man about to cross the street was text-messaging furiously. I then noticed that the homeless person sitting in front of me was talking about SSI. He was for sure confused with me in surveillance since I also received SSI. On 1:24:00 I spotted my double again, and lamented that my doubles were driving me insane. I soon got onto the Culver City Bus to go down to Venice Blvd. On the bus I noted that a black man on wheelchair was wearing a jacket with large letters “FBI” printed on the back (1:41:00). He was certainly sent here to be confused with me in surveillance. On Venice Blvd I got on bus 33 to arrive in front of my ancient apartment building. I dialed up Terese on the residents' directory and asked her if I could get my unit back. She declined. “The suit team likes me homeless because it makes operations on me so much easier,” I noted to myself (until 2:35:20 or so). Then note the siren on 3:06:30, 3:33:00, 3:49:30, 3:55:50, 4:24:50, and 4:46:00. I then came to downtown to window shop, unsure whether I should spend my precious money buying a new camcorder. When I was around Pershing Square, I filmed an Asian woman text-messaging in front of me (4:35:40; 6:45 in the video diary).

My next recording is:

[“to_muni_crt_lft_nap_tch_college_strng_mn_w_cart_485_psdn_7_1_09_234-538PM.WMA”](#). I then rode the bus down to Venice Blvd again. Immediately after I got off the bus, two sheriffs drove past me (39:00). Extremely tired, I wanted to nap inside Technical College, but something suspicious immediately occurred (7:29). While one black man was making cellphone calls, another pushed a cart inside, and came out without the cart (3:30 in the video diary). I decided to nap elsewhere where I could be alone (54:30). When I walked out, another ambulance rushed past me (1:01:30). I rode the bus to Pasadena, and took my nap on the empty grassland in front of the Presbyterian church on Colorado Blvd.

My next recording is:

[“nap_preby_chrch_psdn_fmima_publ_vid_duble_lptp_txtmssg_7_1_09_534-941PM.WMA”](#). I awoke on 2:48:00 or so. My depression was by now so severe that I wanted to die. I filmed myself walking away without leaving anything behind (3:01:45; 8:03 in the video diary). I came to Famima to work on my computers (publishing my video diaries and writing), and, on my way, I read out loud the license plate of another “text-messenger” (3:07:50). On 3:32:00 an Asian girl came inside Famima with a tiny netbook – my double. I went outside to film her (3:43:00 or so; from 9:20 onward in the video diary). She was apparently using Microsoft Outlook. She then began text-messaging (3:51:55). She also had iTunes open on her computer, and was writing

something on cards. “I cannot continue letting myself be confused with other people in surveillance; I would have to find a home,” I said to myself on 4:00:00 or so. And I once again felt the desire to kill all these people around me who were always confused with me in surveillance.

My next recording is: “[upld_fmima_no_net_knkos_7_1-2_09_944PM-103AM.WMA](#)”. As I continued to work inside Famima, on 2:00 I filmed another person dragging a luggage cart into the store. Then the Asian girl was joined by her company (14:06). When I walked outside, I immediately spotted another bum dragging a cart. I sighed: Wherever I go, I will be accompanied by some bum dragging a cart just like I do in order that the Machine could confuse him with me (25:00 or so). I finally left Famima on 1:56:00. I sighed further: Only in the International Court of Justice could you offer surveillance of Person B as surveillance of Person A... In a normal court house, you can never offer surveillance showing Persona B robbing a bank as evidence to convict Person A of bank robbery; but you can do so in the International Court of Justice... (until 1:59:50 or so). Then I noted: I pose a tremendous threat to Russia (2:02:10).

I squatted outside Kinkos to capture its wireless Internet. Just then, T-Mobile stopped functioning and I had to restart my Eee PC (2:19:40 or so). On 2:22:45 I began filming my Eee PC (from 14:35 onward in the video diary). As you can see, the wireless network names could not appear on my Eee PC. Because the problem persisted, I rebooted my Eee PC once more. Just then, another police car rushed past me. I failed again to connect with T-Mobile. I was only able to connect on 2:47:25 – almost half an hour later! I noted another car on 2:49:50 which slowed down as it came near me and then sped away. Was he conducting surveillance on me? I would sleep on the street corner on Colorado Blvd tonight.

July 2

My first recording of the day is: “[slp_fmima_pbl_vid_7_2_09_536-1039AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up on 3:04:50 or so, and it was 8:45 AM. I walked to Famima and my attention was immediately captured by the headlines on LA Times (3:23:00). The news reported that Russia had at last agreed to allow US planes to fly over Russian airspace in order to bring supplies to NATO forces in Afghanistan. This, I can tell you, was the direct result of the ICJ trial over me: this was one of the concessions which Russia had had to make to the United States in consequence of its conviction in March. Another news item reported on the on-going negotiation between the United States and Russia over the proper treaty governing cyber security. Soon a female came in front of me to dial her cellphone (3:40:00 or so). When I walked into Zeli coffeehouse wanting to use the wireless Internet, I noticed my double whom Mr former Secretary had prepared for me, an ugly Homeland Security bum using a tiny netbook just as I did. I decided to go across the street to Corner Café to use the Internet.

My next recording is:

“[eee_netprobl_bnk_nap_pic_me_485_call_shnshn_fnd_aprt_7_2_09_1033AM.WMA](#)”.

Unfortunately, at Corner Café, my Eee PC once again couldn't detect the wireless network. I filmed it all (the first scene of my video diary of the day, “[7_2_09.wmv](#)”, until 9:54). I rebooted my Eee PC, but no use. Note the siren on 1:18 in the video. Note also the suspicious woman who soon came in wearing sunglasses and playing with her cellphone. I suspect that she was a

surveillance agent whom the Russians had sent in. I also suspect that my Eee PC was not allowed to connect to the Internet because the suit team wanted the Machine's surveillance to confuse me with the double I just saw at Zeli – in which case the Russian surveillance agent was here to verify that the bum at Zeli wasn't me. By 31:00 I had come to a nearby Starbucks and began filming myself getting online with my Eee PC (from 9:54 until 18:58 in the video diary). I still couldn't connect. "Something is going on in the International Court," I commented to myself (32:00). After 10 minutes or so I was finally allowed to connect. On 35:00 a woman, upon passing me by, immediately text-messaged. But at least I was now allowed to continue my routine of uploading my files to my website and looking for apartments for rent on Craigslist. I also wrote an email to Howard at WCIL asking for a list of cheap housing. On 1:12:00, when a stranger asked me for a cigarette, I angrily brushed him aside for fear that the Machine might intercept me selling marijuana right out of Starbucks. When I left Starbucks, I of course filmed myself as proof that I had left nothing behind (1:23:20; 18:58 in the video diary).

As I walked on Colorado Blvd, I found another guy text-messaging (1:35:40) and another man in business suit dragging the same luggage cart as I did. Earlier I had discovered that 250 of the 350 dollar which my uncle had deposited into my account was put on hold, and so I came to Chase bank to ask about the reason for this hold. The banker told me that the person who made the deposit – my uncle – had placed a hold while depositing it. Since this had never happened to me before, I naturally assumed that it was Mr former Secretary and the CIA who had ordered my uncle to do so in order to produce the appearance in Machine's surveillance that I was receiving mysterious deposits from foreign intelligence agencies (1:44:00 or so). When I came out of the bank I had to hide behind things in order to avoid being "accidentally" filmed by police cars (1:50:50). I was extremely saddened because there was just nowhere for me to go – there was just not a place in this society where I could avoid operations. Even making phone calls was too dangerous (2:01:00). After a short nap in a corner somewhere, I was waiting for the bus on Lake Blvd to go to downtown Los Angeles. I was planning to visit a section 8 housing I saw earlier advertised on Craigslist. On 3:30:15 or so I noticed a man standing far away and incessantly taking pictures of me. I began filming him as well (from 19:20 until 24:09 in the video diary). When I tried to dodge his filming, the camera of the intersection suddenly took a picture of me. And then my phone rang for no reason (3:50:30). I had truly had enough. Both sides needed a never ending series of pictures of me, showing me either looking like myself or not looking like myself. While on the bus, I filmed another Homeland Security actor singing and gesturing to the tune of his music (from 24:10 to 24:52 in the video diary). When I got off the bus near Venice and Grand, I called up my aunt Eva to ask her about the hold which my uncle had supposedly placed on the deposit (4:51:30). She told me that it was the bank which had put my money on hold, and that this was all because I had persistently overdrawn. Note the siren on 4:57:30. I transferred onto another bus to go to south Los Angeles where the section 8 housing was located. While on the bus I saw another girl texting like crazy (5:08:00). Then the black people behind me were talking about going to Las Vegas (5:15:30). It was not clear to me if the Machine had intercepted me planning to go to Las Vegas. After I got off the bus, I had to avoid another police car (5:38:30). I then got on another bus to go to my destination. Then fire truck's siren on 5:53:30. I noted that this was the ninth time today that I had had to hear siren. Then it was another police officer on motor cycle. And another black woman in front of me was text-messaging (6:05:30). I at last found the section 8 housing on 6:25:00. But the manager told me that only two-bedroom apartments still remained. I went away with a mere phone number of the

management, and had to worry about the possibility that my calling this number might be scrambled by the Machine into another piece of evidence for my secret communication with foreign spies. I filmed all the properties for rent in the vicinity before going away (from 24:54 until 26:58 in the video diary).

My next recording is:

“[bus_to_psdn_wrt_k_mu7_saw_ala_fmima_read_eco_wrt_7_2_09_541PM.WMA](#)”. I came back to Pasadena on bus. On 1:00:00 or so I noticed a surveillance agent watching over me. On 7:16 PM, another man came on the bus with some sort of Russian book in his bag (26:59 in the video diary). I was for sure confused with him in surveillance. Then on 1:42:20 or so I filmed another Homeland Security actor carrying a large guitar on his back flirting with a woman; he was most likely also confused with me in Machine’s surveillance (27:58 in the video diary). I sighed: What is the purpose of my life in this country? Get framed, get made into a foreign agent of this and that country... (2:07:10). I look ugly, I sound ugly, and that’s why nobody cares about me, but that’s why I am the most important person to myself (2:08:30 or so). After getting off the bus, when I came to Zona Rosa, I saw Ala sitting there. He turned around and looked at me. He was waiting for me to talk to him, but I just took out my camcorder and filmed him (2:11:30 or so; 28:56 in the video diary). Instead, I went to Famima, knowing that the suit team needed me to produce some evidences with him (2:16:00). At Famima I would browse through *The Economist* to learn about Obama’s upcoming visit to Moscow. (Note the siren on 3:09:30.) I then began writing my Supplemental Pleading. On 3:43:00 I noticed a bunch of suspicious people going into a SUV with the license plate “4AMB483”. They were text-messaging. As usual, I spent the rest of my night at Famima uploading my recordings and hashing my files, etc., and my time there is documented in the beginning of my next video-diary, “[7_3_09.wmv](#)” (until 0:22).

July 3

My video diary already noted, my first recording of the new day is:

“[strbks_ftp_upld_net_call_hosng_7_3_09_902AM-152PM.WMA](#)”. I woke up this morning on 9:30 AM in an angry mood, and, after filming myself leaving no trash behind (0:24 in the video diary), walked to the Starbucks on Colorado Blvd, scavenging cigarette butts on my way. On 1:06:00, while in Starbucks, I had to film my Go-phone account because I was trying to input money into it and yet I received an error notification informing me that the bank account number I had entered was incorrect. I immediately suspected it to be suit team’s remote control, the purpose being to produce evidence indicating that I had a different bank account than my real account. Then my cellphone rang on 1:17:50, a junk call coming from an 877 number. Then I did something very right and very important: I uploaded the two videos I had shot of Mireya to my website, the first from my meeting with her on January 8 and the second from May 15, when she was swinging a knife in front of me (1:31:40 onwards). My goal was of course to let the Russians see that, on May 15, it was Mireya who had pulled out a knife on me and not the other way round. (I didn’t know that the Russians already knew that.) But, by creating a special folder in my website directory named “Mireya” and uploading together with the video of May 15 the irrelevant one from January 8, I had produced the impression that I was simply backing up my files, allowing the Russians to use one of the two videos as evidence in the International Court. When I looked around the coffeehouse to see whether any of my doubles were in place, I noticed a person text-messaging like crazy. I thus decided to leave (2:16:10 or so). I called up, on

2:28:30, this “Frank” who had put up an advertisement on Craigslist for some temporary room in his house. He told me to call back on 2 PM. I also called up this David Ramirez who was the owner of all the section 8 housings I inquired about yesterday (2:32:00). He gave me the number of a certain “Robert” to call. I then I got on bus 485 to go to downtown Los Angeles.

While on the bus, I noticed another group of Chinese people talking in Chinese (3:15:00). This ordinary event was in fact Chinese MSS’ helping the United States produce evidences for my meeting with Chinese agents as a way to confirm Mr former Secretary’s scenario about me. Knowing that the Machine would definitely produce intercepts indicating that, when I looked for apartments, I was in fact carrying out a Russian intelligence operation, I sighed: “The hardest thing in the world is *not* to be a Russian agent. You can never *not* be a Russian agent” (3:19:30). A bunch of guys and girls were then taking pictures in front of me, causing me to become suspicious of them (3:39:00 or so). I got off the bus near Venice Blvd, and then I saw another man taking pictures of me (3:36 in the video diary). Just then the security guard from the Law Library, “Pink”, ran into me (3:48:40 or so). We had a brief chat. This was apparently not orchestrated by the suit team. Then, while I was complaining to myself next to Jack-in-the-Box about how much I hated being in the United States, I noticed another person text-messaging near me (4:49:00).

My next recording is:

“[foodmall_call_dramrz_no_go_strge_upld_to_psdn_saw_mireya_dble_7_3_09_156-939PM.WMA](#)”. I then rode bus 38 to arrive at my storage facility. On my way I called up “David Ramirez” to cancel my appointment with him to see the other section 8 apartment (51:25; see 3:56 in the video diary for my phone’s malfunctioning). Before I went to my storage unit I also masturbated with Mireya’s video from January 8 inside the restroom of the neighboring food mall. I then put into my storage unit my new backup DVDs, and filmed many of my possessions I kept there in order to accumulate more proofs about what my life was really like (from 5:04 until 17:05 in the video diary).

I then rode the bus back to Pasadena, continuing my Spanish lesson while on the bus. On 5:50:45, while transferring buses in downtown, I saw a woman text-messaging and asked her what she was texting. She only nodded her head, and so I filmed her (5:51:20; 17:05 in the video diary). I then filmed another person text-messaging on 6:02:00. When I was on the 485 bus, I noticed two black men talking very suspiciously. One of them was talking about Michael Jackson, copyright issues, and French (6:45:00). On 7:05:40, arriving in Pasadena and approaching Zona Rosa, I saw Mireya working! I began filming the scene on 7:06:45 (18:22 in the video diary), and confessed that this was indispensable proof that Mireya had been recruited by the suit team: I had just uploaded the two videos I had shot of her to my website this morning, then masturbated with her images in the afternoon, and now she appeared in front of me, even though she supposedly only worked on weekends and hadn’t been working in Zona Rosa for more than a month and a half. The suit team was hoping that I would talk to her, enabling her to produce the evidences which they were unable to get Ala to produce with me yesterday. There was not a single person I knew who hadn’t been recruited. Furthermore, the Russian diplomatic service must have used my May 15 video of Mireya to confirm in the United Nations that they had indeed replicated correctly the American tricks in the International Court of Justice: when the person who was swinging the knife could not be exactly identified in the Machine’s

printouts, the most plausible scenario was actually the opposite of reality. This damaging act may have also prompted Mr former Secretary and the CIA to call up Mireya. But I would not fall for it. I walked to Famima, ignoring Mireya, despite my desperation for human contact. When I came to the counter to ask the Famima cashier for a cup of water, he pressed a button on his cellphone – the typical procedure of Homeland Security surveillance. I then filmed another guy coming near me to text-message (7:20:30; 23:19 in the video diary). Since I was sure that he was my double, I left Famima, coming back only on 7:37:25. The store was all empty then, but, as soon as I settled down, it became packed with people (25:30 in the video diary).

My last recording of the day is: “[work_fmima_psdn_setup_7_3_09_949-1157PM.WMA](#)”. When I was burning a new DVD in Famima, my double appeared (1:04:55). He was using a PC with Windows Vista just as I was. I muttered: “This is the last time I’d do anything here.” On 1:06:15 I stepped outside to film my computer and my double through the window (26:00 in the video diary). I then noticed on 1:08:47 that a Homeland Security actor was ready to draw on his sketchbook! I filmed him (1:11:00; 27:30 in the video diary: note that my double had a friend who covered his face – just like that double of mine who was pretending to be homeless in front of the San Jose Greyhound station on the night of June 14). I could not leave because I was publishing my video diary on my Windows Movie Maker. I stayed to do my writing as well (“Karin’s meetups”). On 1:52:40 I noticed two more guys coming in and speaking Russian with each other. I left Famima on 1:57:00 or so. When, a few minutes past midnight, I was ready to sleep on the street corner, a limousine came by to check on me (31:27 in the video diary). You can imagine just how incensed Mr former Secretary was now that the whole United Nations understood how he had interpreted all these unintelligible evidences to arrive at his story about the “crazy and perverted criminal secret agent of China and Russia David Chin.” Then, around 12:18 AM, when I was already sleeping, a strange man came in front of me and just stood there, holding a bottle of water and picking his pocket (31:58 in the video diary). It was presumably my double, here to confirm the accuracy of the Machine.

July 4

There would be plenty of operations today despite its being a national holiday. My video diary of the day is “[7_4_09.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the day is:

“[slp_sabor_txtmssgr_net_guate_vlnteer_nap_7_4_09_745AM-220PM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner around 9 AM, scavenged some cigarette butts, and walked into Sabor café for my morning coffee. Soon police cars rushed past me one after another, on 1:44:45, 1:53:30, and 1:55:10. When I was laboring inside the restroom (from 1:59:00 onward), someone, as expected, tried to rush in (2:08:40). Then I began using the wireless Internet. I filmed the whole coffeehouse on 2:23:35 because, there being no one here when I entered, all of a sudden, it was full house. Then again on 2:31:50. Finally, the two persons left on 2:36:30, leaving me all by myself; good! I filmed my computer on 2:50:30. Although I was still looking for apartments in Los Angeles, my real wish, as you can imagine, was to get out of this blackhole called “America”; I really couldn’t stand anymore living in this disgusting country. I began doing serious research on countries south of Mexico. I was then reading information about Guatemala, and studying the volunteer opportunities in that country. (I was on the website [www.entremundos.org](#).) On 3:04:50 I was filming the problem with burning my latest DVD: burn error (3:00 in the video diary). Someone then text-messaged (3:44:20; 3:10 in the video

diary). I then filmed myself making payment to Best Buy (from 3:49:20 onwards; 4:10 in the video diary), then around the coffeehouse again on 3:55:00, noting especially another person who was text-messaging. Then another on 4:09:00. I was getting angry with people text-messaging, and called this texting girl a “bitch”. I left Sabor by 4:38:30 or so. On 4:52:30 I walked into Office Depot to buy a new spindle of DVDs. When an employee came to me to offer me help, I cursed him, “Get the fuck away from me... Don’t bother me!” Who knows what surveillance intercepts he would be creating with me? After eating the leftover food I had scavenged, I napped in some remote corner of the parking lot – far away from human presence – until 6:23:30 or so. When I walked away, on 6:29:45, some man came to me saying: “Excuse me...” Before he started, I yelled at him, “Don’t talk to me. Go away!” I then filmed both this “mother fucker” who tried to talk to me and another man who was text-messaging nearby (6:31:30).

My next recording is:

“180_txtmssgr_2bus_blk_mn_pk_my_lptp_bum_mx_bag_studnt_union_spot_me_7_4_09_224-1044PM.WMA”. After filming another “bitch” incessantly text-messaging (from 8:00 onward in the video diary), I then got on the bus to go to Westwood. While transferring buses, I filmed the fourth police car which had today crossed path with me (9:05 in the video diary). At some point, two Homeland Security bums who were sitting in the back of the bus began talking loudly about the drug war in Mexico (3:03:10; 9:34 in the video diary). Needless to say, one of them was confused with me in surveillance. When I was about to get off the bus – it was around 5:45 PM – I noticed someone clandestinely placing next to me two plastic bags, one black and one white. I immediately realized that the suit team was trying to make it look as if I had forgotten these on the bus. The same old trick again. I had no time to film the two plastic bags at the moment, and so I could do no more than make a note to my recorder (3:04:00). It was really easy to figure out what would be found in the bags: the bus driver would pick up the bags and mutter something which the Machine would then scramble into “heroin” or “crack cocaine”. Mr former Secretary would then enter the argument that the Machine first intercepted me talking to strangers about the drug war in Mexico, and then intercepted the bus driver discovering me leaving behind heroin and crack cocaine: this would be evidence that I was intimately connected with Mexican drug cartels, which explained why I was about to cross the border into Mexico. Mexico would thus have more evidences with which to sue Russia for sending David Chin to Mexico to carry out drug-smuggling operations and, in the process, destabilize the Mexican society.

My next recording is: “stdnt_union_wrt_upld_hlicptr_strngr_spot_me_7_4_09_1040PM-136AM.WMA”. I came to UCLA Ackerman. Since it was a holiday, I thought I could exploit the empty campus to work on my computers without worry for Machine’s confusing me with the people around me. Most likely per suit team’s design, however, several people “spotted me” coming to Ackerman. They were evidently going to rumor about seeing this “Asian homeless guy roaming about” so that the Machine could intercept evidences indicating that I was in such and such location in the university campus. I also filmed the many people who just happened to be taking pictures of the campus on this holiday (from 10:03 onward in the video diary)! When I was burning my new disc, I murmured bitterly: “For three years, I live a life where every interaction around me is staged...” (25:20 or so). Then my hard drive began making scary noises, as if I hadn’t had enough to worry about (34:00). I made fun of Mr former Secretary’s scenario about me: “Perhaps I have downloaded crack cocaine from the Internet and am burning it onto

DVDs so that I can sell crack cocaine on DVDs...” (35:00). Then, on 1:47:00, two guys, Asian and white, were instructed by Homeland Security to come over and “spot me”. I filmed them (1:48:55). They continued to hover over me trying to have conversation with me, and only left when I ignored all their questions and angrily told them to go away. I remarked bitterly that they were most likely going to rumor about me while under Machine’s surveillance so that, when Mr former Secretary should decide to plant things around here, their rumor could be used as evidence confirming that I was indeed here and that the things planted around most likely belonged to me. Even though it was already past midnight after Fourth of July, there were inexplicably still people wandering around the Student Union. My environment was clearly staged. While expressing my usual wish to kill these American people, I also mocked Mr former Secretary’s scenario, in that, America being a totalitarian police state where police officers would arrest people for the tiniest things, I, according to surveillance, could be smoking marijuana everyday on the street and leaving behind heroin and crack cocaine on the bus and yet never get arrested (until 1:55:00 or so). This indicated just how ignorant the judges of the International Court – together with those diplomats in the UN – were about American society. On 1:59:00, as I was packing up and leaving, I filmed myself leaving nothing behind. This is in the first scene in my next video diary, “[7_5_09.wmv](#)” (until 6:02). Life was becoming such a drag when I had to constantly preserve proof that I did not lose this piece of spy equipment and that bag of heroin and crack cocaine. “Watch out for police cars...” I reminded myself as I walked out of the campus (2:12:00 or so). Just then a police car rushed past me. I was euphoric about my ability to predict the movement in my environment – all because I was too familiar with Mr former Secretary’s “script” about me. On 2:22:50 I saw another police car filming me as it sped past me, and I filmed it too (6:02 in the video diary). On 2:44:30, when I walked to my usual spot across the street from Denny’s to get ready to sleep, I counted a total of nine beer cans littered around the area. I had to film this too (6:59 in the video diary). Mr former Secretary had instructed his actors to leave behind cans and bottles in places I frequented so that the accuracy of the Machine – how his story about “David Chin” as an alcoholic and a druggie was correct after all – could be confirmed. I quickly walked away and slept somewhere else instead. Life was such a drag!

July 5

My video diary of the new day already noted, my first recording is: “[ftp_call_frnk_brdrs_beep_kll_fntsy_do_good_guate_7_5_09_851AM-1256PM.WMA](#)”. I woke up, and videotaped myself leaving my corner (22:50; 8:48 in the video diary). It was 9 AM. On 25:30 I videotaped the ambulance which was parked in front of Starbucks (9:36 in the video diary). I had my coffee there, began uploading my recordings to my website (9:57 in the video diary), and was looking for volunteer opportunities and language schools, this time in Nicaragua, the next country after Guatemala. (The volunteer opportunities I looked into included animal care.) I was rather nervous about this. I knew that Nicaragua was Russia’s ally, and that it was therefore probably not wise to go there – I might harm Russia. But I just wished so much I could fly out of the Western alliance and “escape to the other side”.

Then two Homeland Security bums again tried to make comments about my Eee PC (1:06:30). I angrily told them to go away (1:07:00). As I continued researching volunteer opportunities in Nicaragua, I accidentally surfed onto some project involving working with children, and I

exclaimed, “Oh, this is for children... I cannot volunteer for any project involving children, for I am, officially, a pedophile...” (1:41:30 or so). Then, on 1:49:20, my Eee PC froze. When I was leaving Starbucks, I again filmed myself leaving (2:01:00; 10:18 in the video diary). I was, at the same time, still looking for a temporary abode, and so I called up “Frank” and obtained his address (he was located somewhere between downtown and Pasadena; 2:04:00). Then, right in front of Starbucks, I noticed two girls taking pictures of me and then taking pictures of other sceneries in order to cover up their act. I filmed them (2:09:30; 10:40 in the video diary).

I dragged my heavy bag to Borders Bookstore down Westwood Blvd. While walking I “confessed” to my recorder: “... to become the instrument by which the United States shall dominate the world... I’ll be bad then, for that’s good for the United States... I will even murder my family, for that is good for the United States, although bad for my family...” (until 2:27:00 or so). Don’t get me wrong: I had no desire to help the United States; I was putting up an act for my recorder – because I had begun developing my plan, following upon my attempt to save my recording from June 18 as evidence in the International Court.

When I walked into Borders, as usual, the alarm sounded as if I were a thief. I shouted to everyone inside, with my hand raised, “I’m a thief, I know, I know...” (2:29:00). The alarm system in the stores everywhere had already been programmed to go off whenever I walked in so that the Machine could intercept another instance seemingly indicating that Mr former Secretary’s scenario about David Chin as a habitual thief was correct.

I was, as usual, using the wireless Internet in Borders to do work on the Internet. I began studying many peer-to-peer communication and file-sharing software, this time “Freenet”. My dream was to escape to some remote corner in Latin America where infrastructure was so under-developed as to render CIA’s and Homeland Security’s (true) surveillance on me unfeasible, but where some Internet connection would exist to allow me to utilize these anonymous peer-to-peer, censorship-resistant communication mechanisms to share with others my videos of all these secret agents and suit team’s operations – to expose to the world what kind of fraud the United States was. (I had not had enough experience with government-based surveillance and “public opinion” to understand the impossibility of such project.)⁷ Then, one child suddenly came to talk

⁷ For Freenet, see <https://freenetproject.org/>. Although I had by this time already learned of the futility of using open source encryption programs like Enigmail to avoid government surveillance of my communication, I still would not give up. I was already familiar with TOR (late 2007: See “Government’s investigation of a schizophrenic” Part III), but I did not yet know anything about “Deep Web” (or Onion sites). In any case, Freenet has been advertised as offering even greater anonymity than TOR browsing and Onion sites – this is because TOR hidden sites are centralized in that they are still stored in particular servers which can be identified by law enforcement and taken down (consider the FBI and Irish law enforcement effort in taking down Freedom Hosting in August 2013) whereas the content on Freenet is distributed across the network amidst thousands of separate nodes all over the world – but I am certainly not so naïve today as to believe that anonymous peer-to-peer sharing could escape NSA monitoring and interception. I have already mentioned that my motive in installing Ubuntu was the illusory dream that using an open-source Operating System could help me escape government surveillance: while NSA has taken part in writing the codes for Windows OS, Linux is outside government participation, right? It is all wishful thinking, even though a disinformation agent like Annie Machon (who is still on MI6 payroll) has been propagating precisely the illusion that open source OS like Ubuntu helps you avoid government tracking and GnuPG applications like Enigmail could prevent the government from reading your communication. All bullshit. Thus, even if I was able to use Ubuntu on my Toshiba Satellite, it would make no difference to suit team’s monitoring and remote control of my laptop. Instead of the former MI5 officer Annie Machon, the sober voice in this connection is

to me (2:55:00): “What’s that book about?” “Don’t talk to me please. Go away,” I replied with annoyance. Mr former Secretary’s agents had even instructed this child to converse with me in order to obtain more evidence through the Machine showing that I was a pedophile. I then continued researching information on traveling in Guatemala and Nicaragua. When I was leaving Borders, around 3:10:30 or so, I predicted upon approaching the exit that alarm would go off. And it did! I was euphoric.

I came back to Westwood Village, and, while eating at a fast food place, spoke to my recorder about my plan (3:47:00): Go to Guatemala and volunteer at an animal shelter there. Then the shelter and its people will receive a vast amount of funding from Homeland Security to run operations on me (the “Truman show”) – that’s how I am going to help the animals there. This is a more realistic wish than my other wish of packing the stadium with Americans and gunning them down with a machine gun. I was preparing my “confession” for the purpose of being intercepted into the International Court as evidence.

My next recording is: “[meet_frnk_gnstr_wnt_cigr_wstwd_pic_me_guate_sue_7_5_09_1252-734PM.WMA](#).” And so I got on the bus going toward downtown Los Angeles to find “Frank”. A Homeland Security vagrant was talking loudly on the bus all the way until 10:30 in the recording, and, after that, the bus was filled with the awful noises of children. After I got off the bus – I filmed myself getting off the bus on 11:06 in the video diary – I exclaimed (1:07:00), “I’m going to help the United States by becoming the instrument by which the United States shall dominate the world – by going from country to country...” Just then a police car sped past me (12:30 in the video diary). I got onto bus 252 on 1:10:00. There would be more annoying loud chatter of youngsters throughout the bus ride (see 12:57 in the video diary for my bus ride). I arrived at Frank’s property on 1:43:00 and, after one look at me, he said flatly that I looked too much like a homeless person and that he couldn’t rent his room to homeless people. I had not only wasted my time, but had very likely offered the suit team a chance to scramble up their surveillance of my few seconds of contact with Frank into something such as my coming here to sell crack cocaine to him. While on the bus coming back, I filmed another person text-messaging near me (2:24:00). I filmed myself getting off the bus leaving nothing behind (2:31:00; 13:34 in the video diary). As I walked on, I exclaimed in sarcastic happiness: “Be a Russian agent, com’on!” (2:33:00 or so) On 2:56:00, I confessed my masochism, something like: “I’m going to

James Corbett, who, in a September 26 2013 interview with Disclose TV (<http://www.corbetteport.com/interview-754-james-corbett-on-disclose-tv/>), remarks, regarding TOR: “Oh, this thing can help you escape government’s attention. Where is it from? Oh, from the government itself?” (Namely, TOR was originally developed in the US Naval Research Laboratory.) Corbett is right on the mark. Recall the title of the feminist Adrienne Rich’s article: “You can never dismantle the master’s house with the master’s tools...” The Electronic Privacy Information Center has also expressed concern that the biggest financial sponsors and co-developers of the TOR project are all US government agencies: the Broadcasting Board of Governors, a division of the US Department of State responsible for the production of “Voice of America” and “Radio Free Europe”; the Department of Defense; and the National Science Foundation. (See “Datenschützer verlangen Einblick in US-Beteiligung an Tor”, September 20 2013, at Gulli: <http://www.gulli.com/news/22368-datenschuetzer-verlangen-einblick-in-us-beteiligung-an-tor-2013-09-20>.) My impression is that TOR was released by the US government to enable Chinese citizens to bypass China’s Great Fire Wall and access American propaganda, rather than to help American and European citizens escape their own governments’ monitoring of their Internet activities. It is from this perspective that you should consider the presentation which Jacob Appelbaum and Roger Dingledine have given at the 28th Chaos Communication Congress (Berlin, on December 28 2011) on “How governments have tried to block TOR” (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GwMr8XI7JMQ&feature=share&list=FLLc-JNKaHINvw2exrF0opcA>).

sacrifice myself for the wellbeing of the Guatemalan people. If I volunteer for animal shelters, the people working in these shelters will get paid to run 'TV show' on me. All the population around me will get paid to run 'TV show' on me. That's why I'm going to Guatemala..." I then filmed another police car passing me by (3:03:00 or 13:52 in the video diary).

On 3:03:45 or so in the recording, a Hispanic gangster driving a sedan with another gangster (they had a license plate, something like: 3NGL962) stopped their car in front of me. The driver got off the car to ask me for a cigarette. I said no and he said angrily, "You got a whole pack there, you hommie." I immediately knew that the suit team had sent him to enable the Machine to intercept me selling drugs to him – if I should ever hand him one of my cigarette butts. After I rode another bus to downtown, I was confronted by an Indian-looking man who specifically stopped in front of me to manipulate his cellphone (see 14:28 in the video diary). It was 4:43 PM. I assumed at the time that he was sent here by Mr former Secretary to create more evidence for my secret communication with my foreign agent partners; I would only now suspect that this man was in fact an Indian intelligence agent here to gather more evidence showing that I looked no differently from "Lawrence Chin". Apparently, India had also been so incensed by Mr former Secretary's attempt to disrupt its alliance with Russia in the BRIC framework that it had joined the lawsuit on Russia's side. We now have: India, Namibia, Nigeria, and Angola added to Russia's side, and Mexico, Austria, and Germany added to the US side.

When I came back to Westwood, I immediately called up my mother (4:51:00) It was around 5:30 PM. A man answered the phone and passed it to my mother. "Who's that?" I asked her. "That's my husband," my mother answered. "You mean 'Lawrence'," I said. "Yeah," she replied. I then asked her to deposit 200 dollars in my bank account – I was too broke by now. "I don't know what to say to you, you have to try, nobody can help you but yourself, people can only help you to a point..." (Note the siren on 4:52:40 or so). "Help myself... Okay... Geee..." My mother and I were simply not on the same page: she knew that I was under faulty surveillance and trapped in a TV show because of this International Court trial, and yet she assumed, again, that I would be able to function in a society like this. She hanged up on 4:53:40. "Okay, that's how I'm gonna help myself, by going to Guatemala..." I said to my recorder (4:57:00 or so). I then filmed myself in the reflection of the building's glass window (4:58:00 or 14:54 in the video diary). I confessed more to my recorder: "Why does the suit team want me to be a drug dealer? Well, drugs come from Mexico, then Mexico can sue Russia too. When I go to Guatemala, Guatemala can sue Russia too. I can thus help the United States beat Russia down to nothingness" (5:00:50). And more: "We can just keep fucking with Russia... I'm bringing a great gift to Guatemala: Guatemala can get concessions from Russia, my plan to help the animals in Guatemala can really work out, and vast amount of American money would flood there..." Then: "Fuck all these fucking nations which dare not want to be Americans' slaves... How dare they..." (5:04:00 or so). I then came to eat at the Mexican burger store near Le Conte and Wayburn – spending my precious money. While I was eating I continued to edit my video diary on my Toshiba. Then, someone came over and "accidentally" took a picture of me (5:34:00). On 5:42:00 or so another homeless vagrant – most likely sent here by Homeland Security – came to ask me for a cigarette. "Get the fuck away from me, you mother fucker," I yelled at him. On 6:01:30 or so a pretty mother came near me with her little girl who surreptitiously took a picture of me. I thought I had better not film them because a minor was involved in this operation, but as soon as I realized that the pretty white woman was most likely a CIA operative – she again

looked exactly like a typical CIA beauty – I filmed them anyway (until 6:03:00; 15:41 in the video diary). Just then another guy passed by me and, holding up a camera, “accidentally filmed me” (6:04:03). “Oh, you ‘accidentally’ got me in your film!” I shouted to him. He laughed, and I filmed him from behind also (16:54 in the video diary). Then, when I was walking toward the UCLA campus, I began thinking about urinating on people’s car and reflecting on how such act would be expression of patriotism because, well, the worse criminal foreign agent I turned out to be, the stronger the United States’ case would be against its enemies in the International Court of Justice (6:06:30). I then filmed more people taking pictures of me and the buildings around (6:09:50 and 6:12:00; 17:20 in the video diary). Meanwhile, I continued to devise my “testimony”: “Love your enemy and hate your friends, but you have no friends” (until 6:17:00). I talked about how, should the surveillance of my urinating on people’s cars be brought to the International Court as evidence, nations around the world would all see what “Russian agents” were like. “Ban Russia from the UN, these damned Russian monkeys” (6:20:00 or so). “The personal is political, as the Radical Feminists used to say. They were talking about housework: by refusing to do housework or insisting on getting paid for doing housework, women could effect changes throughout the patriarchal society” (6:21:00 or so). “In my case, the personal is truly political, and I don’t even have to intend it. In the case of the feminists, they would have to intend it. In fact, I’ve tried not to be political. All I have to do is urinate on the street and on people’s car and that would help the United States dominate the whole world. Going to a foreign country is good for the United States, for that country can then sue Russia, because Russia is just a piece of meat” (until 6:24:30). By which time I had come to the underground parking lot inside the UCLA campus. “Learn to enjoy it... Be masochistic, that’s the key to happiness, enjoy being kicked around like a ball... Just as it has been said in Nietzsche’s *On the Genealogy of Morals*, the Will to Power is now deflected back upon itself... Other people exert cruelty on me as a way to externalize their Will to Power, and my Will to Power is thereby bent upon itself, but occasionally it still seeks externalization such as when I urinate on people’s car...” Just then I urinated on a car inside the underground parking lot (6:27:10 or so). “Now the United States will look even better in the International Court. That’s a strange assignment. Masochism is the key to happiness... And you wonder: why nature has given us this strange ability for masochism? Well, it’s a defense mechanism; when you are stuck in unhappiness and just could not get out, you can exercise masochism, begin enjoying unhappiness, and thereby become happy nonetheless” (until 6:29:00 or so). “The suit team wants you to go, and then they don’t want you to go... If Mexico can sue Russia without my going there... perhaps a country can sue Russia as long as I am looking like I am going there... Just do what you want, then, and you say you want to bring good fortune to the Guatemalan people, then just go...” I then noted another difference between my case and that of the housewives (on 6:34:00 or so): the latter could avoid doing anything political by continuing doing housework, but I can’t even avoid being political. But the Radical Feminists could retort that the women who refuse to give up housework are in fact still being political by doing something to reinforce patriarchy. But a woman can still hide in a cave somewhere and not do anything, and I can’t even hide myself. I bet if I hide myself in a cave in the mountain, pretty soon hikers would appear to say to me, “Jesus loves you,” thus beginning another cycle of battle in the International Court of Justice and extending the US global domination by just a little more. It’s hard to enjoy being maltreated by others in the United States because you carry too much baggage, but go to Guatemala and get your masochistic instinct out, enjoy being degraded by the people there whom you have never offended, that’s why evolution has selected for this instinct of masochism, this instinct of getting pleasure from getting hurt. And always remember the new

Christian motto, “Love your enemy and hate your friends...” Don’t think about hurting others... That’s not something within your means. Always assume that everyone around me is a secret agent, for every single person I meet has been instructed – even if he or she is not a professional secret agent... Thus had I prepared my “testimony”.

My next recording is: “[stdnt_union_dbles_hlicpt_vagrnt_guate_7_5_09_739-920PM.WMA](#)”. I then came to Ackerman to work. Since it was the day after Fourth of July, I expected the Ackerman patio to be devoid of human presence. But I found one girl sitting in my usual spot – one of the few tables next to an electrical outlet. She was certainly my double, and so I filmed her (10:35; 19:04 in the video diary). I went to her to ask her if there was another electrical outlet somewhere, and whether she was online. “No,” she said. She was apparently studying mathematics (14:00). When another guy showed up, I filmed them both (15:30). No sooner had I sat down at another table to work than a helicopter began circling above me (18:00, 25:00, 41:00, and 43:50 in the recording; 22:26 onward in the video diary). While I was burning a new disc with ImgBurn (54:00; 26:04 in the video diary), Homeland Security sent in a bum to wander around in my vicinity. It was again a black man. There you go: the accuracy of the Machine was continually confirmed. (The Machine had confused this Homeland Security actor with me.) Mr former Secretary may have another purpose here: to send in a lot of vagrants to the UCLA campus so that the security guards here may make complaints about vagrants coming here to make a mess or use drugs, in which case, when Machine’s interception of these complaints was presented to the International Court as evidence, he could argue that the security guards were complaining about *me* and enter this as evidence confirming that I was indeed doing drugs and making all kinds of mess in UCLA.

My last recording of the day is: “[work_stdnt_union_taxis_7_5_09_916-1204PM.WMA](#)”. On 9:41 PM, I filmed another freaky man who walked past me wearing a hood (20:00; 27:58 in the video diary). Mr former Secretary had obtained another piece of evidence supporting the accuracy of the Machine. As I was exhausted from working on my computer (including writing this very diary), I sighed: “I have spent my life documenting my life; that’s the purpose of my life...” (45:00). Then: “I could barely do any writing because there are just so many videos to import and publish...” (52:00). I had also to spend a lot of time clearing my hard drive because it had no more space for my new video diaries. Finally, I filmed myself leaving on 2:00:20 as proof that I did not leave anything behind (28:24 in the video diary). I even filmed all the trash around, mine and other people’s, and cleaned it all up. As I was about to walk out of the campus, I filmed myself predicting that I would soon see a police car (2:15:00; 30:28 in the video diary). Instead, when I walked into Westwood Village, I saw a taxi (2:17:30 and 31:10 in the video diary). I then put up my act just in case the Russians would eventually intercept this recording: “I need to hate Chinckers and Russians, they are garbage!” (2:19:30) More taxis then showed up (2:36:00). One of the taxi drivers actually shouted at me: “Come over” (2:27:00; 31:30 in the video diary). On 31:30 in the video diary, I filmed the fifth taxi. On 32:02, the sixth taxi (2:41:00 in the recording).

July 6:

Helena:

Ich fühle mich so fern und doch so nah,
Und sage nur zu gern: Da bin ich! Da!

Faust:

Ich atme kaum, mir zittert, stockt das Wort;
Es ist ein Traum, verschwunden Tag und Ort.

Helena:

Ich scheine mir verlobt und doch so neu,
In dich verwebt, dem Unbekannten treu.

Faust:

Durchgrüble nicht das einzigste Geschick!
Dasein ist Pflicht, und wär's ein Augenblick.

My first video diary of the day is: “7_6_09_p1.wmv”, and my first recording is: “[wcil_bnk_crd_mn_ask_chng_mtl_lundry_txtmssgr_strpr_7_6_09_834AM-151PM.WMA](#)”. I woke up, filmed myself getting up (7:40), and filmed myself throwing away trash (11:50), murmuring that Homeland Security liked to plant trash and beer cans and create disturbances wherever I had been sleeping in order for faulty surveillance to attribute these to me. Then, on 14:00, I filmed another beer can which I had discovered in my vicinity. On 21:30 or so I walked into the Starbucks on Westwood and Wayburn. Then a tremendous event – *Ereignis* – happened. I noticed a blond hair girl, obviously Russian, who was wearing a huge pair of sunglasses. She turned toward me, smiled, then turned back, then turned toward me once more to produce another smile. I immediately recognized that she was a “real” Russian agent – a regular SVR operative, not one of those surveillance agents whom the Russian diplomatic service had grabbed off the streets of Moscow.⁸ It had merely been five days since I emailed my letter to Mr Ponomarev – from whom I would never get a reply – and here a Russian secret agent was signaling something to me. I had done something right, she was telling me. But what? More importantly, what had made the SVR so desperate that they would take such a risk? For my immediate reaction to this young beautiful girl was: “This is too risky!” I didn’t videotape her; I could not allow myself to show any sign that I knew she was a Russian agent and was signaling to me. The evidentiary standard was now so low that it was truly amazing that the United States was not able to introduce this Russian secret agent’s smile into the International Court as evidence for Russians’ secret communication (hence conspiracy) with me. Apparently, you could still smile without being convicted. This fear about giving away my knowledge about Russian surveillance and signals would from now on cause me to feel tremendously inappropriate about videotaping “true Russian agents”. In the hours afterward, when I reflected on my activities in the past few days in an effort to understand what I had done right, I realized that it was most

⁸ In my later narrative (*The Conspiracy in the International Criminal Court*) I will nickname this SVR girl “Five-Second Double Smile Golden Pyramid”.

likely my visit to websites about language schools and volunteer opportunities in Nicaragua. I was surprised: I thought I should stay away from any countries allied with Russia. Apparently, the current dead-lock in the International Court was so frustrating to the Russians – you have to be forever collecting the same evidences just to stay alive – that, seeing that I wanted to escape, they suggested I go to their ally Nicaragua, rather than the US ally Guatemala. I did not know how this worked. Apparently, if I flew to Nicaragua, the United States might not be able to employ the faulty surveillance system. I also did not know how my letter to Mr Ponomarev might have affected the evidentiary process. At the end of the letter I had asked about going to Russia. Perhaps the SVR was also signaling to me here that this was definitely not a good option: it would subject Russia to the greatest troubles. On the other hand, insofar as I had described the how Americans used doubles on me (populating my environment with people who were constantly imitating me) in this letter, the Russian diplomatic service must have passed it around in the UN to further convince everyone that they had indeed correctly replicated the American faulty surveillance system. Most importantly, the Russians must have used my letter as evidence in the International Court to confirm that, whenever I was visiting the website “Russia for Human Rights”, I was not trying to provide them with a legal pretext under which to conduct surveillance on me. In any case, because of this smile, I began to contemplate a new course of action which would at last result in turning the tide and granting victory to the Russians. Since it was this SVR agent’s simple smile which had started it all, it is fitting here to call to mind that Chinese proverb: “One smile sinks a nation” (一笑侵国). Or the description of Helen of Troy, “the face that launched a thousand ships” (Marlowe). Or the exchange between Faust and Helen in Goethe’s *Faust*, Part II, which is cited above.

After my morning coffee, I got on the bus to go to WCIL to check on my mail (I was still waiting for my new debit card). On 1:13:00 or so, I asked someone on the bus if he was text-messaging. After I got off the bus, I again filmed someone (1:34:55). On 1:37:00 you can hear me angrily asking another guy if he was text-messaging. I came to WCIL on 2:05:50, muttering to myself about how dangerous it was to go to this place where everything could be a setup. But today it was a fine day: I got to pick up the mail which Chase bank had sent me. I then went to the street corner outside WCIL to film my new debit card in order to preserve proof as to what my card number really was. When I came to the bus stop, the suit team performed another stunt. A Hispanic actor came to stand next to me (2:33:10), and then another Homeland Security agent came to ask the Hispanic man for change (6:05 into the video diary). It was all a staged show. The Machine would confuse one of the two men with me and scramble the handing-over of coins into something indicating that I was selling crack cocaine on the sidewalk.

On 2:56:00 or so I came to a motel near Sepulveda and Venice. My mother had deposited some money in my account, and I was so exhausted that I needed a rest, even though it was unwise to spend the precious money I had just received. I checked into a motel room, and began videotaping the interior as soon as I came inside (3:03:30 or so). I also filmed myself going out to eat lunch and do laundry at a nearby Laundromat. I commented on 3:11:00 or so how inescapable this Homeland Security TV show was, which consisted in this, that everyone would falsely accuse me of stealing and lying and faking and using drugs and getting drunk, etc. And I didn’t even have to do anything in the motel room: the manager could just be instructed to complain about someone else in another room and the Machine’s surveillance would simply confuse that person with me (3:13:00 or so). At Burger King, I began filming what seemed to be

a staged show in front of me (3:26:00): a woman was attending to a retard (9:08 until 12:12 in the video diary). Then I noticed two persons text-messaging (3:44:20). Note the siren on 3:49:30. It was another ambulance.

I was then at the Laundromat to wash my dirty cloth. Again, I filmed myself doing laundry (4:02:25 and around 12:50 in the video diary). While I was waiting for the washing machine, I worked on my video-diary. Suddenly I saw this attractive petite white female text-messaging on the bench, and so I asked her if she was indeed text-messaging (4:25:00). Yes, she replied, and why? I told her that I was very afraid of people's text-messaging around me. Why are you text-messaging, I asked her. She said she was text-messaging so that she wouldn't bother other people. Then I told her how scary she appeared to me. She told me not to be scared. But I retorted that, if I could stop being scared of things just because she told me so then nobody would have any problem – the world would have no problems. "There are no problems in the world," she said (4:26:30 or so). "Oh..." and I walked away. I then began filming, on 4:30:30, both my laundry in the drying machine and this pretty petite woman who had just text-messed (from 15:05 until 18:00 in the video diary). This pretty woman was in fact a CIA agent whom Mr former Secretary had sent here to text-message as my double and to chat with the other old (Russian) lady sitting next to her in order that the Machine may intercept me texting my criminal and foreign secret agent friends and secretly meeting with another Russian agent in a Laundromat. I asked her again on 4:32:30 if she was still text messaging. Yes, she said, and soon she retorted, referring to her friend, that if she didn't text-message, "she [the Russian old lady] would have to hear about the dirty sex I had with a striper last night" (4:33:18). Another instance of the "twilight zone": a woman was telling me she had had sex with a striper! The Machine had just intercepted me admitting to some stranger that I had had sexual intercourse with a striper last night! "You are now talking really scary," I shouted. "It's a joke," she said. "You are scary too," she continued, "being scared of everything..." (3:34:30). I went away saying to myself: "She was talking like a man, because everything she has just said would be attributed to me [in faulty surveillance]... She's an agent..." (until 3:35:30 or so). "In surveillance everything will be reversed, it will show me text-messaging and admitting to a stranger that I have had hot sex with a striper last night... It doesn't matter whether I record myself 24 hours a day to prove that I have not seen a striper for over a year and a half..." (4:38:50). I then continued: "Get your masochism ready and enjoy the role of the super villain... But I need to go somewhere else to enjoy the role, though" (4:45:20 or so). I filmed myself leaving the Laundromat on 5:02:50 or so (18:02 in the video diary), and then filmed myself re-entering my motel room (19:08 in the video diary).



My “double” on July 6 2009,
The pretty CIA girl

My second video diary of the day is: “7_6_09_p2.wmv” and my next recording is: “[mtl_strngr_knck_pbl_vid_dvd_wrt_7_6_09_155-846PM.WMA](#)”. In the comfort of my motel room, I began importing into my Toshiba Satellite the video I had just shot (13:00 onward). Suddenly, on 51:47, a stranger opened the door to my room and tried to come in. He insisted that this was his room. “What are you talking about? This is my room. Get out of here!” I yelled. The suit team was trying to get the Machine to intercept me receiving my drug-dealing buddies in my motel room, and so had instructed the motel manager to pretend to make mistakes in the assignment of rooms and the handling of keys, knowing exactly how the Machine would scramble up the intercept of the mistaken entry (see also 1:00:00 in the recording). Just at this time, it was BBC News on TV, and the news item was about terrorism (54:00). By 58:00 I had begun editing my video diary. Note that on 1:10:00 the news was reporting on the same agreement between Russia and the United States allowing US military flights on route to Afghanistan to transit through Russian airspace. By 1:20:50 I had finished editing my new video diary, “7_6_09_p1.wmv”. I then showered and napped. On 3:55:55, when I was going out to buy my dinner, I again filmed the state of my room. This is in the first scene of my second video diary of the day. Again, fearing that Homeland Security agents might burglarize my things, I had had to pack up and bring my heavy bag with me. “That’s how insecure my life has become... You will never know what my things will turn into...” At the Chinese fast food place across the street I noticed someone using a tiny netbook that was very similar to my Eee PC (4:12:30 or so). Unfortunately, according to ICJ’s evidentiary record, I had actually been outside my motel room all this time. After buying my food, I quickly returned to my room, not sticking around a second more outside for fear of being confused with someone else in surveillance. I would be editing my

video diary, burning my DVD, and writing my Secret History well into the night. This is recorded in my last recording of the day: "[wrt_mtl_7_6_09_841PM-159AM.WMA](#)".

Around 9 PM or so, my Eee PC suddenly couldn't detect the wireless Internet in the motel room. I asked the manager about it (3:23 in the video diary), and then began filming this instance of mysterious malfunctioning (19:00). But, as soon as I turned on the camcorder, wireless Internet resumed functioning (31:00, 4:23 in the video diary). I was thus ever more convinced that all the machinery around me was being remotely controlled by the suit team. This may be the case, but when I next discovered that Mr Ponomarev's Zaprava website was actually hosted on an American webhosting company (Dream Host) and theorized that the suit team was faking my Internet connection (from 1:00:00 onward in the recording and from 7:32 onward in the video diary), I was wrong and paranoid over nothing. Unwarranted paranoia was a typical symptom of "targeted individuals". In reality, like many dissenting organizations in Russia, Mr Ponomarev simply wanted to host his website in an enemy state just as, when I first hosted my story "My experience...", I chose a German webhosting company. What was amazing was of course the fact that, even though I was visiting a Russian website hosted on a server inside the United States, the Russian diplomatic service could still know about it. Now something important which I did tonight and which deserves mention was the fact that, since I wanted to know if the Russians were good enough people as to deserve the help I was about to offer, I began researching the profiles of various Russian diplomats on the Internet (from 1:23:00 onward). Among whom, Alexander Yakovenko, the Deputy Minister of Russia's Ministry of Foreign Affairs (1:36:00: www.mid.ru). I read about Yakovenko's complaint that the American agendas on human rights all had political purposes behind them and were rarely as genuine as they seemed to be (1:45:00). Insofar as the "help" I was about to offer to Russia involved the exploitation of the Russian diplomatic service's "tip line", I began investigating the structure of the Internet services which the Russian embassy utilized. I was surprised to discover that the Russian embassy in the United States was using an American Internet service provider (1:56:00). Even the "tip line" was hosted on an American server. Why did the Russians entrust these American companies with their communication, I wondered. Note also that, from 3:19:00 onward, you can hear the TV news announcing Putin's reception of President Obama in his house (3:19:00). (On 3:53:00 you can also hear the news reporting about the further rejection of the election results in other regions of Iran.) I was then filming my Toshiba Satellite because its CPU usage at times reached almost 100 % even though no application was running (3:54:00 or 12:58 in the video diary). Was it being remotely controlled? I was again overly paranoid. Now, listen to Obama's words to Putin in the TV news when the two leaders met at Putin's house. And then Obama's speech at the New Economic School in Moscow (from 4:26:00 onward until 5:02:00 in the recording). It is moments like this that I acquired my first-hand experience with American hypocrisy and the universe of lies, deceptions, and delusions in which the United States had forced the entire planet to dwell. Listen to the hypocrisy in Obama's words: America wants a prosperous Russia... We are allies... Great nations do not ... by demonizing others.... Delusions, because, while the United States was attempting to conquer Russia and the two countries were engaged in a life-and-death struggle in the International Court of Justice, in the public domain the elites on both side were speaking polite words like "We are allies... We are

working together...”⁹ The only sign in the public domain of the extraordinary animosity then existing between the United States and Russia because of this International Court trial over me was the report that most of the Russian elites were so angry with the United States that they had never bothered to show up at Obama’s speech. Certainly, none of them, Putin included, could have possibly guessed that this Obama who was here visiting had a bunch of nano chips planted inside his brain per the courtesy of Dick Cheney who everyone believed had left the US government.

July 7

My first recording of the new day is: “[slp_mtl_distrb_upstr_7_7_09_236-320AM.WMA](#)”. Around 2:30 AM I was suddenly awakened by the noises upstairs. I switched my Olympus recorder back to regular recording mode (it was on voice-activated mode when I was sleeping) because the suit team seemed to be orchestrating disturbances or a party in the motel unit above me in order for the Machine to confuse that as my partying with my criminal buddies. You can somewhat hear in the recording the talking upstairs on 7:00. By 43:40 the disturbances upstairs seem to have subsided, and I therefore switched my recorder back to voice-activated mode.

My next recording is: “[mtl_key_eat_nap_7_7_09_1016-609PM.WMA](#)” (the file should be named: “[mtl_key_eat_nap_7_7_09_1016AM-609PM.WMA](#)”.) and my video diary of the day is “[7_7_09.wmv](#)”. I woke up and began filming myself getting ready to buy coffee outside – again I had to bring everything with me for fear that Homeland Security agents might burglarize my things – and I made the prediction that the cleaning lady would come in even though I had requested she not clean my room (15:00; the first scene in the video diary). I didn’t want any cleaning service because the cleaning lady would for sure pretend to find something when there was nothing to find so that the Machine could intercept some commotion which Mr former Secretary could interpret as “the cleaning lady discovering Russian made spy-equipment or illicit drugs”. On 31:00 I thus told the manager not to send in the cleaning lady. I bought cigarettes, coffee, and food at the shops nearby, and carefully filmed the trash I had left behind in order to have proof that I didn’t forget any spy equipment or heroin and crack cocaine (58:00; 4:35 in the video diary). I filmed myself coming back into my motel room (1:02:00; 4:47 in the video diary). I noted that the cleaning lady had indeed come in just as I had predicted. Note the siren outside on 1:45:00. I reviewed my recordings, and took a long nap. I woke up on 7:17:00 and began burning my new DVD. Note the siren outside on 6:20:00.

My next recording is: “[mtl_ubntu_actv_bnkcrd_knkos_6:08 PM.WMA](#)”. On 3:30, while I was still burning my DVD, I videotaped what I was doing at the moment (6:40 in the video diary). On 33:58 you can hear the TV news broadcasting the story about Obama’s visit to Russia. Then the story about the tumult in Western China, the revolt of the Muslims. I then filmed myself switching hard drives and uploading my recordings to my website (1:10:00; from 7:43 onward in the video diary). *I had by this time uploaded the video diary “[7_6_09_p1.wmv](#)” to my website.* Note also that, on 9:55, you can see my Toshiba’s hard drive, after I had switched it into my external hard drive case, being connected to my Eee PC, allowing me to see all the strange file

⁹ I have already commented earlier on Obama’s other hypocrisy in his speech at the New Economic School: that, although the United States may disagree with Honduras’ president, it took his side in this coup business as a matter of enforcing democratic principles.

folders inside the Windows operating system; this might seem trivial to you, but it was important evidence in the ICJ demonstrating that I was not operating any Russian-made spy equipment. Now, I wanted to see if I could get my Ubuntu to function if I reinserted the wireless card into my Toshiba Satellite. Unfortunately I failed again: Ubuntu could not detect the wireless card. Note the siren outside on 1:17:00. On 1:47:00 or so someone seemed to be knocking on my door, and of course I wouldn't open it: I would not provide Mr former Secretary with an opportunity to produce more evidences showing me receiving my fellow Russian agents or drug dealers in my motel room. Siren outside again on 2:03:00. Then my Eee PC malfunctioned on 2:29:00. By 3:04:30 or so I had given up on my Ubuntu – “There is no way to make it work...” Frustrated, I shouted “What the fuck is going on?” (3:14:40 or so) – and my Eee PC froze as well (3:19:30 or so). I filmed my work again on 4:04:00. Then, on 4:18:00, I videotaped myself and the room before going out to buy food, so that, if someone came in during my absence and pretended to find non-existent Russian-made spy equipment etc., I would have proof that no such thing could have happened (from 12:56 onward in the video diary). Note also that I had filmed as well the content of my bag as proof that I had no Russian-made spy equipment with me. When I was inside the 711 convenient store (4:33:00), there was a Homeland Security agent standing behind me. I then got on the bus to go to Santa Monica. I wanted to try out Kinkos' Internet connection on my Ubuntu: this was my last desperate attempt. On 4:57:00 or so, while on the bus, I compared suit team's faulty surveillance with the world of quantum mechanics. You know about Heisenberg's uncertainty principle: just as, when you grasp the momentum of a particle, you can never be sure of its position – the particle could be here, there, or over there, or everywhere at the same time – so in the world of the United States' faulty surveillance my position was never a sure matter: I was here, there, and everywhere at the same time. I came inside Kinkos and plugged the Ethernet cable into my Toshiba Satellite, but my Ubuntu OS still could not go online. I filmed it all on 5:31:20 (18:22 in the video diary). When I was leaving Kinkos, I had to complain: I know I am supposed to be my (twin) brother pretending to be myself, and I know I am supposed to be a computer expert because my brother is a computer expert, but I simply don't understand computers, and I cannot pretend to know something which I don't know (6:06:00). When I came back to the neighborhood of my motel, I filmed another police car passing me by (6:37:00; 20:10 in the video diary). Then I filmed a van which moved in slowly and whose driver quickly text-messaged when it was a few feet away from me (6:39:00 or so; 20:35 in the video diary). He then sped away. I came back into my motel room and got online with my Eee PC. On 7:06:00 or so, all of a sudden, my Eee PC went blank. I was so angered that, crying and shouting, I began knocking things over and throwing things. I finally threw my Eee PC against the wall (7:17:00). Amazingly, it could still work (7:24:24). I filmed the damages which I had done to the walls (21:06 in the video diary). Then I filmed more how I was unable get my Ubuntu to work and how I switched hard drives (from 22:58 until 24:53 in the video diary). This was the last time; I had given up on Ubuntu. I wasn't too upset, because I had realized that the US government was just as able to remotely control an open source Linux operating system as it was to remotely control Windows. I got angry again on 8:03:30 or so. I then began researching for volunteer opportunities in Granada. On 8:22:00 I filmed my Toshiba Satellite because I was suspecting that the suit team was remotely controlling it insofar as the processes listed on Task Manager didn't add up to the CPU usage being displayed (24:54 in the video diary). I was also becoming addicted to Silbermond's old song “Das Beste”.

July 8:

My first video diary of the day is: “7_8_09_p1.wmv” and my first recording of the day is: “slp_lundry_bus_txtmssgr_wrt_rusnte_7_8_09_907AM-141PM.WMA”. I woke up in my motel room around 2:00:30 and it was check-out time. I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (2:05:30; the first scene in the video diary, until 4:10). Take notice of the holes which I had made on the wall. I regretted: I shouldn’t have thrown my Eee PC against the wall. The Machine’s surveillance would probably show me engaging in gun battle with my rival drug dealers (2:11:30). This was exactly what was about to happen! On my way to Carl’s Jr, I even filmed myself dumping garbage into the trash can on the sidewalk (2:16:00; until 5:00 in the video diary). Even throwing away trash on the street had to be documented because the trash I threw away might very well morph into some Russian-made spy equipment or heroin and crack cocaine in Machine’s surveillance. After Carl’s Jr, I came to the Laundromat to do a little more laundry. Noon sooner had I walked in than I saw another typical Homeland Security vagrant getting naked in this public place. I filmed him (2:25:10 or 5:00 in the video diary). I noted that Mr former Secretary was now placing his scary vagrants and criminals in every place I was going to so that the Machine would have someone to confuse with me at every moment – all in order to establish its “accuracy”. I would film myself repeatedly in this Laundromat (5:30 in the video diary; note also that there seemed to be a surveillance agent leaning against the door on 6:20 in the video diary). I then noticed two Hispanic women holding a Bible and talking to a Hispanic man (2:57:00). I filmed them (2:58:45; 6:38 in the video diary). This was a follow-up on “Jesus loves you” which the Mexican agent uttered to me on June 29, which was itself a follow-up on my visit to La Placita on June 27: the Machine had confused the Hispanic man with me and his conversation with the two Hispanic women would be interpreted by Mr former Secretary as my secret meeting with Mexican drug cartels’ agents under the cover of Bible discussion and church business. I then filmed myself packing up and browsing over a copy of Los Angeles Times which was lying around: the picture showing Putin receiving Obama on the patio of his mansion was printed large on the paper (3:11:00 or 8:00 in the video diary). I then read the report on Obama’s meeting with Putin (3:14:30). After I left the Laundromat, I filmed the trash which I had left on top of the trash can earlier (3:25:20; 9:48 in the video diary). Apparently, portion of the trash had disappeared: I theorized that perhaps it had already entered the evidentiary record of the International Court as a piece of “Russian-made spy equipment”. I then filmed the ambulance and the fire truck which came gathering on Sepulveda Blvd (3:28:00 and 10:43 in the video diary). Note that another Homeland Security vagrant had shown up on the sidewalk on 11:16 in the video diary. I got on the bus on 3:38:00 to go to Westwood, and you can hear, on 3:55:00, more siren from another fire truck that was speeding by. While on the bus I also filmed another stranger text-messaging (11:30 in the video diary). I got off the bus in Westwood and discovered another guy text-messaging on the sidewalk, but he put his cellphone away as soon as he noticed me noticing him (3:58:00). I moved to a corner by the Armand and Hammer Museum and was ready to carry out my plan. I began composing on a text document an email I would soon send to the Russian embassy’s “tip line” (4:04:30). Note that massive siren soon filled up Westwood Village (4:15:00). I was under the erroneous impression that, if I hid in a corner, Mr former Secretary and the CIA would not be able to see what I was writing (from satellite imaging, for example) – not knowing that they could actually see my laptop’s screen on their monitors inside the control center.

My next recording is: “wstwd_lunch_asn_wm_spk_rus_7_8_09_138-208PM.WMA”. Note the siren on 2:00 and 8:00: it was so massive that you would think that Westwood was undergoing

major disasters. I then walked into a fast food restaurant and immediately noticed someone text-messaging (13:00). It was probably something like “We can meet here” the purpose of which you shall see presently. Siren continued outside on 18:00 and 23:00. On 29:30, an Asian woman suddenly came in speaking fluent Russian to a white woman (14:04 in the video diary). I filmed them because it was obvious that the Machine would confuse her with me. (Note that she was wearing the same hat as I was.) Mr former Secretary would be arguing: earlier a text-message “Meet here” was intercepted from the vicinity of our subject, and now an Asian person is intercepted as speaking Russian to a white woman; it is obviously our subject, and the white woman is clearly some sort of Russian secret agent. Again, this is evidence that my scenario about David Chin is correct.

My next recording is:

“brdrs_eml_spnsh_sch_susp_wm_prklot_vid_todos_pdoph_plce_guns_7_8_09_209PM.WMA”. Siren again on 1:50. When I wandered to CVS Pharmacy, there was a strange, ugly guy (so typical of Homeland Security agents) standing by the door like a security guard (7:00). When I asked him why he stood by the door, he replied he was performing “customer service” (8:30). I filmed him (9:00; 14:45 in the video diary). I filmed another vagrant as well who was standing around. Why would CVS Pharmacy hire some ugly guy to stand by the door just to say “Thank you. Have nice day” to customers? He was obviously planted here by the suit team to produce some evidences, except that I couldn’t figure out what. Then siren again on 14:30 and 23:00. The battle at ICJ must be extremely intense, I noted, and that’s why Westwood seems to be under emergency. Then another man, as soon as he saw me, began texting (31:00; 15:33 in the video diary). When I walked into Borders Bookstore, alarm sounded again (31:40). I sat on the floor upstairs, took out my Eee PC, and began implementing my plan. I was about to make history! And of course I would film it all. First, I created a fake Gmail account, ccccc20091234 (49:40; 15:39 in the video diary). At the same time I began uploading my recording from July 5, “meet_frnk_gnstr_wnt_cigr_wstwd_pic_me_guate_sue_7_5_09_1252-734PM.WMA.” I then surfed onto the website of some language school in Nicaragua. I had to carefully film this site because the Hispanic women teachers somehow had Russian names (like Olga; 58:00; 21:45 in the video diary). Clearly, now that the suit team was quite aware that I planned to escape to Latin America and saw that I began searching for opportunities in a Russian ally, they had a fake website created so that, when I visited it, the Machine would intercept me trying to connect with Russian agents under the cover of learning Spanish at a language school. But I could only continue with my plan. On 22:12 in the video diary, or 3:22 PM, you can see me surfing onto the website of Ave Nicaraguita, Then, on 22:27 in the video diary, or 3:41 PM (from 1:10:00 to 1:27:30 in the recording), I wrote an email to One on One Tutoring, which was a Spanish language school in Granada, Nicaragua, to inquiry about their courses (from my Theophoretos Gmail account). Now, One on One Tutoring’s email address was: oneononetutoring.granada@yahoo.com, and the inquiry ran as follows:

Dear One on One Tutoring,

I’m looking for a Spanish school in Granada and I stumbled upon your site and so wanted to ask you questions about your program. I like the idea of being introduced also to a volunteer activity through the Spanish school. I have about intermediate knowledge of Spanish, but I cannot understand much of conversation

because people speak too fast (I'm in California USA where there are a lot of Spanish speaking people) although I can read and understand Spanish half of the time. I'm not rich but your price seems affordable. My main focus is therefore conversational Spanish and learning about Central American life. I like it very much when I read that you do refer your students to volunteer activities also. I wonder if there are volunteer activities related to helping abandoned animals in Granada, like at animal shelters or sanctuary? Can you tell me about this kind of volunteer activities so I can decide whether I should choose Granada or another city?

Also, I only want to participate in volunteering after 3 or 4 weeks of intense Spanish classes when I can handle conversational Spanish. I also wonder if you can tell me about apartment rental in Granada. I don't want to stay at a host family, but want to rent a cheap room for myself. Does a foreigner need any special documentation or permit to rent an apartment? (I hold US citizenship and so don't need a visa, as I understand it.) And do your students need to get any sort of visa requirement or is it that they can just fly in as tourists and enroll in a Spanish language school for the duration of their stay?

I then began searching for other language tutoring schools in Nicaragua and Guatemala. Note the siren outside on 1:04:30. After all this, I finally sent out the missive I had just prepared to Russian embassy's "tip line" from my new fake Gmail account. It was 3:53 PM (from 23:24 onward in the video diary; 1:39:30 in the recording). The missive ran as follows:

I'm going to move the cartoon show that constantly follows me to one of those poor Central American countries, maybe even passing from country to country so that all these countries can help Uncle Sam sue you and push any influence you have in the region out of the continent. And guess what, I'm merely going there for the simplest reasons, learning Spanish, volunteering, and finding cheap apartment that I can easily afford.

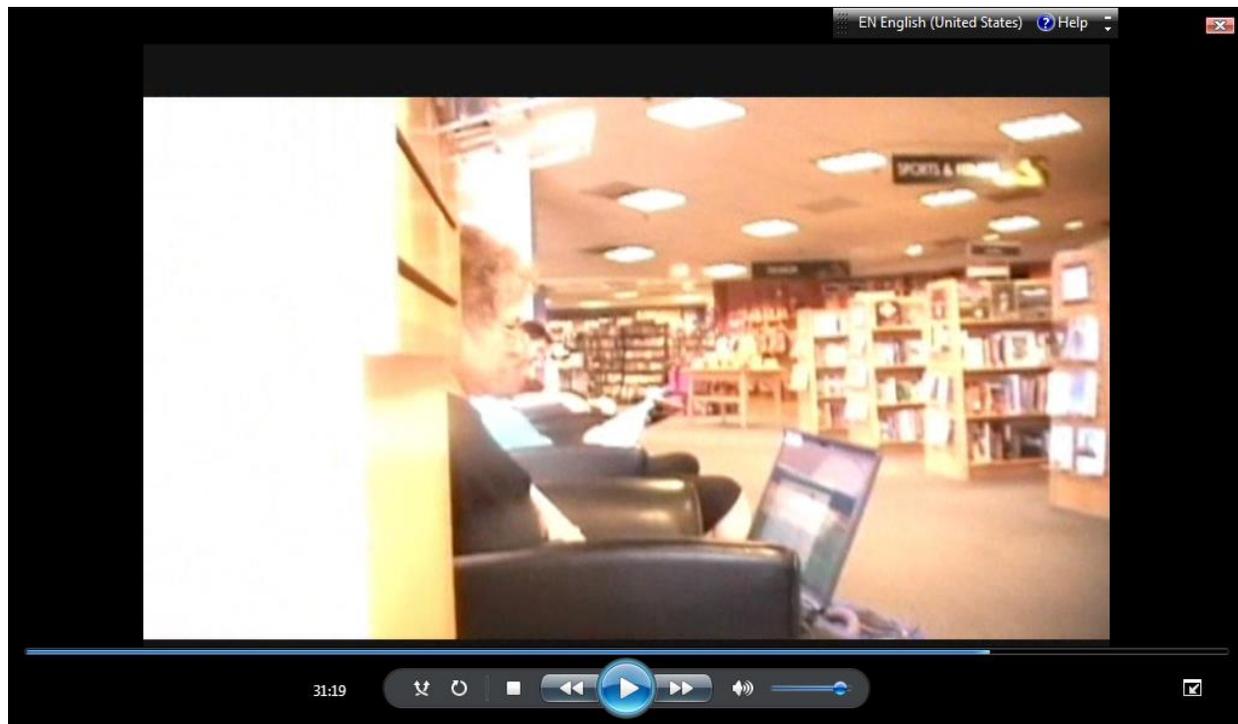
I'm going to help the poor people and poor street animals in Central America by going there and volunteering at animal shelters while learning Spanish. All those people that I come into contact with and any organization I volunteer for will then be paid a bundle of money by Uncle Sam like they have never seen before in order to run the TV show on me for Uncle Sam. And their government will get a lot of aid while learning the secret of how to conduct faulty surveillance by which they can turn anything into anything else. And all the poor people in Central American who otherwise cannot afford electronics will each be given a free cellphone and PDA to text-message next to me. And I'll at last enjoy people and government benefiting from degrading me and playing pranks on me to no end. And I'll have my sanity.

Thanks to you I got DHS agents coming to harass me every single day. Even when I hide into a motel room strangers would come trying to break into my room, all because Uncle Sam needs a certain surveillance to screw you. I have

been reduced to the point of having to videotape myself entering and leaving a spot and all those boring scenes of strangers stopping next to me to text message. So now lawsuits from Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua and whichever countries are what you are gonna get when you get Uncle Sam to drive me insane.

Next time when Uncle Sam shows you a horse and says it's a pig you'd better nod your head and say, "yeah, of course." Hopefully you have learned your lesson.

I then filmed myself sending the second inquiry (1:51:50) – this time to another Spanish language school, "Educacion para Todos", in Guatemala. It was 4:05 PM (29:15 in the video diary). The content of this second inquiry was pretty much the same as the first one. Although I did decide upon Nicaragua as the place to escape to – following upon the SVR girl's smile ("Five-Second Double Smile") – I would still check into Guatemala as a backup and, more importantly, as a cover, namely, to create the impression that I didn't know that Nicaragua was Russia's ally. I understood very well that I could not give out any sign that I intended to help Russia – that would destroy Russia immediately. Soon, a sophisticated-looking professional woman came to sit next to me, and I began filming her out of suspicion: she was using a laptop very similar to my Toshiba Satellite (1:53:40; 31:18 in the video diary). Although I didn't know this right away, she was an officer of the CIA – I would from now on nickname her "Mrs CIA Psychologist". Although I knew the Machine was confusing her laptop with mine, I couldn't just move away because I needed to use the electrical outlet next to my seat to charge up my computer. Now "Mrs CIA Psychologist" was working on some matter related to psychotherapy. After I packed up – my objective accomplished – I stood around and studied "Mrs CIA Psychologist" from the distance. She raised her head from her computer and winked at me, beckoning me to come talk to her (2:40:30). Well, of course, because she was charged with the mission of speaking a particular thing to me which the Machine would scramble into something I said and which would end up being just the right piece of evidence Mr former Secretary was looking for. Now that I knew she was CIA, I was determined *not* to talk to her. I wasn't in the mood such as I was when I first met "Amanda". I walked out of Borders terribly angry, feeling that I had been had. It might sound ridiculous to you, but I was truly angered by the fact that "Mrs CIA Psychologist" was also using a Toshiba laptop. Wandering around on Westwood Blvd, I muttered: When people exchange dollars in front of me in order to produce evidence showing me dealing drug, I want to smash their head with a baseball bat so that they will only manage to produce evidence showing me being dead (2:48:00). When I came back inside Borders on 2:51:00, "Mrs CIA Psychologist" was already gone. I ran out again, triggering the alarm this time (2:53:00).



Mrs “CIA Psychologist”, July 8 2009

As you can see in the video diary, my anger prompted me to kick over signs and trash cans on the sidewalk while I was rushing back into Westwood Village (starting from 32:58 in the video diary and 3:01:35 in the recording). It was now past 5 PM. I was hurrying to the underground parking structure inside the UCLA campus. When I passed by Peets’ Coffee, however, I saw Sarah sitting at the outside seating and chatting with someone else, all the while pretending not to notice me (34:17 in the video diary). I say she was “pretending” because my impression was that she was sent here by the suit team to lure me to talk to her – insofar as the suit team knew that I knew that she was a CIA agent and no one from Karin’s meetups had ever shown up in Westwood before. The CIA was still desperate for a piece of evidence showing that I could identify CIA agents by mere sight and therefore must have intentionally uploaded my recording from June 18 just for the Russians to intercept it. I quickly ran past Sarah just as I had walked out on “Mrs CIA Psychologist” in Borders. Now my video diary continues to show me kicking left-over drinks and store signs on the sidewalk, all until 36:23. On 5:38 PM, when I arrived at the entrance to the UCLA campus, another ambulance was there blowing its siren (36:23 in the video diary; 3:24:00 in the recording). As I walked head-on toward the UCLA students who were streaming out of the campus, I announced to them: “Everybody get your cellphone ready. Make a call when you pass me by” – so that the Machine could confuse their calls as mine, of course. And one guy did just as I had instructed (on 36:53 in the video diary). On 5:45 PM, already inside the campus, I filmed another Homeland Security guy text-messaging (37:14 in the video diary; 3:31:00 in the recording). I wanted to strike his head with a baseball bat until his brain matter splashed out. I then filmed the helicopter that was circling the sky (37:37 in the video diary; 3:32:00 in the recording). Inside the International Court, Mr former Secretary was in the process of convincing the judges that this David Chin had gone inside UCLA once more to conduct his illegal drug operations, causing the police to mobilize everywhere and survey the

campus from the sky. I at last came to the underground parking lot on 3:42:00. I murmured bitterly: I just wish I could have access to the evidentiary record of the International Court like everyone else. When I settled down in a corner to work on my computers (importing video, etc.), suddenly, someone was yelling loudly inside the parking structure (3:51:00). It was 6:06 PM. It was certainly a Homeland Security actor, who, just sent in, was charged with the mission of yelling and throwing things in imitation of me earlier. I tried to film him, but missed him (38:14 in the video diary). Well, the Machine had just confused him with me. Insofar as live images of me kicking things on the street had just entered the evidentiary record of the International Court, here was another piece of evidence to confirm the Machine's accuracy: You have all just seen him kicking things on the street, that is not disputed; now this barely intelligible figure is described as kicking things and yelling at people and said to be our subject. Can it not be he? The Machine is accurate!

When I finished my work in the parking lot, I made sure to film myself leaving nothing behind (5:52:00). This is in the first scene of my next video diary of the day: "[7_8_09_p2.wmv](#)". Siren again on 6:04:00, and you can hear the noise of the helicopter hovering above the university campus. I came back to Westwood Village to eat burgers at the Mexican grill (6:10:00). I filmed someone taking pictures of me from outside on 6:52:00 (0:25 in the video diary). It was some European woman. On my way to Starbucks – I needed to use the Internet – I filmed a motor cycle rider texting – and the fire trucks around him as well (7:05:40; 0:34 in the video diary). Westwood, for some reason, was filled with people tonight. Then, another person took a picture of me (7:12:00). At Starbucks, I filmed two more women text-messaging, and then an Asian couple holding a Bible (7:14:30; 1:05 in the video diary). Obviously, to continue the "script" that I was using Bible study as cover under which to link up with Mexican drug cartels, Mr former Secretary needed a constant stream of evidences showing me carrying Bible or holding Bible discussion with my fellow drug dealers. When I was looking for more volunteer opportunities at animal shelters, I discovered that Educacion para Todos had already sent me a response. It ran as follows:

From: edu_paratodos@yahoo.com

Dear Lawrence,

I just received your e-mail and thank you for your interest in our program. I am writing from Spanish School EDUCACIÓN PARA TODOS, Quetzaltenango, Guatemala.

About your questions: generally volunteer work with animals is more for veterinarians or students on this field. Nevertheless, we can offer other kinds of volunteer work if you are not in that field. We can offer volunteer work in day cares or teaching English.

Yes, you can start volunteering until your 3rd or 4th week here. You don't need a special documentation to rent an apartment in Xela, just a copy of your passport. If you are an American citizen you don't need a visa to enter in Guatemala. You don't need a special visa to enroll in our school to learn Spanish.

Since you are coming in July, it is very urgent to submit an application. In order to book a sure place at our school, you should fill our application online at: https://guatepay.com/reg_paratodos.htm. After that I can start the necessary arrangements for you.

If we have the opportunity to have you here at our school, we can promise: a great cultural experience, an excellent Spanish teaching method and our friendship.

Please reply this e-mail to our two addresses: info@spanishschools.biz and edu_paratodos@yahoo.com

So, I am looking forward to your reservation online.

My best regards,

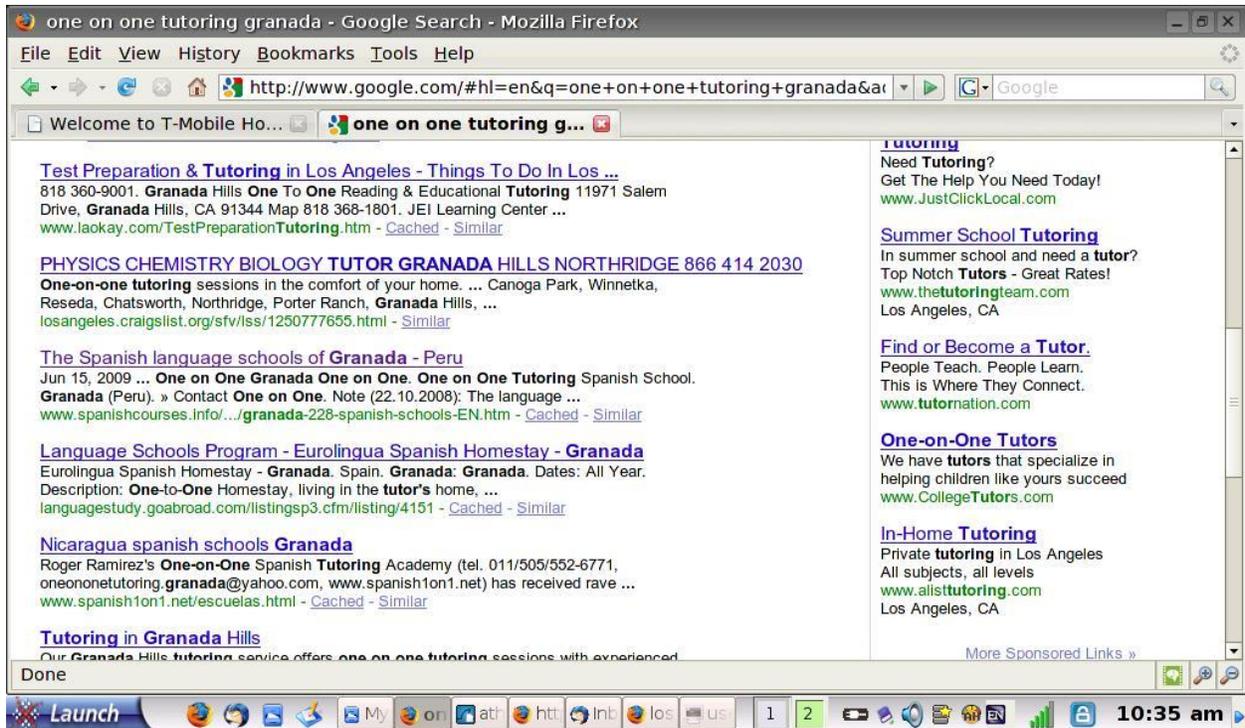
Oscar Gómez
Spanish School EDUCACIÓN PARA TODOS
www.spanishschools.biz

It was amazing that the response was written in perfect English with only a few spelling errors (which I have corrected in the above citation). But – day care or teaching English? I immediately understood what was going on: “The suit team wants me to work with children...” (7:21:30). Yes, Homeland Security and the CIA had already contacted the Guatemalan intelligence service and had them send me this reply – this was why it was written in such perfect English – trying to lure me to work with children there so that I could, with my escape to Central America, complete the “mission” of confirming Mr former Secretary’s profile of David Chin as a pedophile. While I was walking back to UCLA, I filmed another police car (7:28:30). I then put up my act for my recorder – in case I would have to upload this recording to my website for the Russians to intercept: “I don’t like the pedophilia stuff, so, as soon as I start cooperating with the suit team, I would have to withdraw... Educacion para Todos is not a good option” (7:39:00). When I came to the entrance to UCLA campus on 7:40:30, I saw four police cars and four heavily armed police officers – carrying M-16 automatic assault rifles – surrounding the campus. I began filming the commotion (from 1:30 onward until 6:03 in the video diary). Meanwhile another helicopter was hovering above us all. Then another police car rushed past me, with the license plate number 1272617 (7:50:30). And massive siren on 7:52:20. I also filmed the ambulance and fire trucks that were mobilized as well (7:53:00). My jaws almost dropped to the ground, I continued to film these police officers running around and blowing their siren, with helicopters circling above in the sky (7:55:00). I immediately got it: these officers who were carrying M-16s were pretending to be searching for some suspect. When the Machine produced a vaguely intelligible intercept of this episode, it would enable Mr former Secretary to interpret it as showing me engaged in drug war and gun battle with my rival cartel members – right here in UCLA. This would be more evidence on the basis of which Mexico could sue Russia in the International Court of Justice. When I arrived at the underground parking lot, there was more siren (8:13:30).

My last recording of the day is: “[ucla_elvtr_argmnt_w_guy_flm_vid_7_8-9_09_1146PM-129AM.WMA](#)”. I finished my work inside the underground parking lot and came up to the surface to charge my laptop and camcorder on the electrical outlet next to the elevator. As I squatted there reflecting on the scenario of the “drug war in university” which Mr former Secretary was in the process of creating (2:00), I noticed a vulgar-looking white guy – obviously from Homeland Security – sitting in the distance and staring at me. I began filming him (11:30; 6:05 in the video diary). This was just what he had been waiting for. He got up, walked to me, and started arguing with me: “What are you doing?” “I’m charging my camcorder.” “Are you recording me?” “No,” I lied. He then insisted that I not record him, and wanted me to check my camcorder to confirm that it was not recording. At first I refused, but then I gave in, and confirmed that it was filming, and turned it off. Now he insisted I delete the video (16:00). We argued, and he finally left after commanding me “to do the right thing.” Because he didn’t “consent to being filmed”, I cut off this portion from my video diary for the day and published it as an independent segment: “[harassment_7_9_09.wmv](#)”. I began to wonder: Why did he use the word “recording” instead of “videotaping”? (22:30) At the same time I sort of understood that the suit team had sent him here to do just this: to complain about my filming habit. Desperate, Mr former Secretary inside the International Court was thinking of resorting to the same old tactic of suppressing as evidences my documentaries and recordings which contradicted the intercepts coming out of the Machine on the ground that I had recorded and filmed all these strangers around me without their consent – which made me, again, a “criminal videotaper and recorder” – such as was confirmed by Machine’s interception of this actor’s complaint to me. I was so angered by this bullshit that I wanted to smash things. Even though it was past midnight, Thursday, during summer break, just because I was here, people soon gathered around (26:00). I began filming them on 31:00. See 7:50 in the video diary. Again I could not move away because I hadn’t finished charging my electronics and publishing my video diary on my Windows Movie Maker. I then filmed another helicopter that was circling the sky above the campus (48:00; 8:22 in the video diary). It was 12:41 AM. Finally, I was done with charging and publishing, and I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (55:00; 9:25 in the video diary). While I was walking out of the campus, I even filmed a broken CD that was left lying on the ground (1:00:00; 11:50 in the video diary). I had to do this because I wasn’t sure this was not planted by the suit team – only so that Mr former Secretary could claim I had lost a CD in the campus, send someone to intercept it into the International Court, and then secretly forge a CD and present it to the judges saying *it* was the one that was intercepted and it was definitely *mine*. (On it of course would be found child pornography and spy documents.) When I walked past the bus stop, I filmed another vagrant who was dozing off on the bench and whom Mr former Secretary had sent in to be confused with me in surveillance (1:05:20; 12:35 in the video diary). Note that he had a big plastic bag with him, just as I did. I then put up my act: “If I go to Nicaragua, the country will be either cooperating with the US or occupied by the US, but what do I care” (1:11:00). Then: “At least I would be doing something meaningful, having some other people than Americans benefit from degrading me” (1:13:40). You can hear the noise from the helicopter again on 1:19:00. Around 1:35 AM, or 13:58 in the video diary, I was ready to sleep in the street corner in Westwood Village. Within minutes, however, on 1:42 AM, another man came, dragging a cart in imitation of me. He sat down on the bench across the street from me, obviously sent here to be confused with me in surveillance (14:28 in the video diary). According to the evidentiary record of the International Court, I was at this moment not sleeping but sitting on the bench vegetating.

July 9:

My first recording of the day is: “[rstrm_dhs_strbks_emply_wrry_brdrs_nica_7_9-09_922AM-135PM.WMA](#)” and my video diary of the day is “[7_9_09.wmv](#)”. I filmed myself waking up – it was 9:49 AM; this is the first scene in the video diary – and there was, as usual, a helicopter circling above in the sky. I came inside Starbucks for my morning coffee. On 10:17 AM, I filmed another police car (0:36 in the video diary). On 10:21 AM, I filmed a white man looking at his cellphone while crossing the street in front of me (1:32 in the video diary). He seemed to be text-messaging again a few minutes later. Looking at his behavior, I was not so sure whether he was a Homeland Security operative. In fact, he might very well be a Russian agent – in response to what happened yesterday, which I will explain momentarily. I came back inside Starbucks and noticed that someone was charging his iPhone on the electrical outlet on the wall. I filmed this (2:35 in the video diary) because I knew that it was Mr former Secretary who had instructed him to imitate my charging my laptop and camcorder last night by the underground parking lot. Once again, when the Machine picked up this instance and attributed it to me, Mr former Secretary would enter it into evidence as another indication that the Machine was accurate – since I was just seen charging my electronics last night in the same manner. I then went inside the restroom (around 1:10:00). As always, someone was soon knocking on the restroom door to hurry me out (1:28:00). “There is no place in this society for a Russian secret agent,” I lamented. When I came out – I made sure to film the restroom as proof that I had not made a mess in there (3:00 in the video diary) – the muscle guy who was knocking on the door told me he was “worried about me”. Then the cashier who was the “Homeland Security plant” in this Starbucks followed me out of the store to express his concern for me as well. “I was worried that you might have gotten lost in the restroom,” he said (1:30:00). “Yes, that place is so big that it’s very easy to get lost there,” I replied, again extremely annoyed by the fact that it was my duty to be constantly harassed in order to enable the suit team to collect the evidences they needed. (In this case, probably evidence indicating that I was using drugs inside the restroom or that I was mentally retarded.) “Yeah,” he said, “I was worried that you might have fallen into the toilet...”

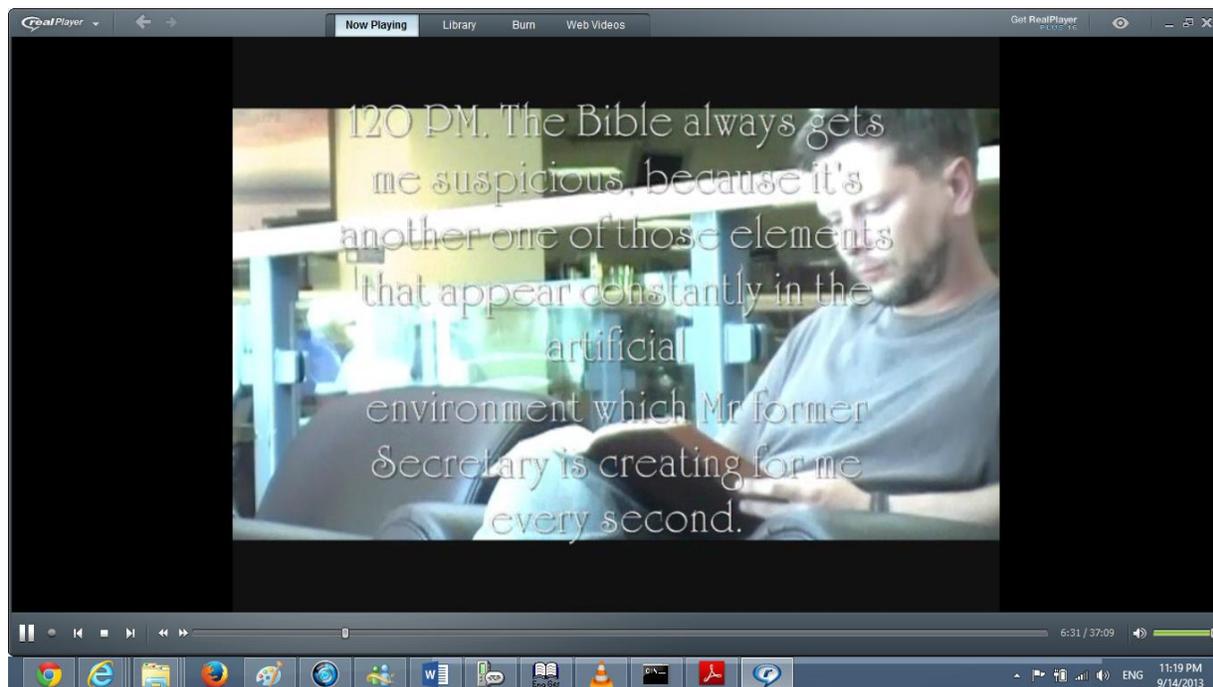


While searching for Spanish language schools in Granada,
I was somehow directed to Peru

When I walked into Borders Bookstore, once again, the alarm went off (1:39:00). The suit team was under constant necessity to collect evidences suggesting that I was a thief. I came to Borders' patio to work on my computers (1:44:00). Since I wasn't sure whether I could successfully escape to Central America, I decided to continue looking for apartments for rent in Los Angeles at the same time (1:57:00). This would be a major mistake on my part, as you shall see, even though having a backup plan is the most rational thing to do. I then continued researching Spanish language schools in Granada. Strangely, I was at one point directed to some website in Peru (2:12:40). Did this mean that Peru was about to join the lawsuit? Around 12:18 PM, when I was researching on the rent condition in Nicaragua, the website malfunctioned (3:05 in the video diary). On 12:36 PM, I became suspicious when I discovered that Spanish One on One (www.spanish101.net) was actually the same school as One on One Tutoring (www.oneononetutoring.net) (5:35 in the video diary). I was again paranoid over nothing; there was no foul play here. On 3:17:30, I came back inside Borders, and sat on a sofa to continue my investigation of these language schools. On 1:06 PM, because several suspicious strangers had moved into my space, I filmed my surrounding (3:39:00). See 6:19 in the video diary. Now, sitting right in front of me was a Central American girl – most likely a secret agent. Then, on 3:53:00, I began filming a strange white guy who was reading the Bible on a sofa a few feet away from me (see 6:30 in the video diary). I had an inkling that this guy was a Russian agent and that I was supposed to talk to him, but I feared making mistakes and so remained immobilized on my seat. I then went to the restroom and, when I came out, the alarm went off (3:57:00). Again! I came back to my seat, and now a pretty white girl had come to sit in front of me. When she text-messaged, I felt the same urge to swing a baseball bat at her head (4:03:45). I

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice: Nicaragua and the completion of a mission, B Lawrence C Chin, June 2009 to October 2013; revisions later

filmed her on 4:06:00 (7:22 in the video diary). She looked slightly like a CIA girl, but I could not be sure. I then went out to the patio.



The Russian agent reading the Bible in front of me, 7/9/09

My next recording is:

“[brdrs_dble_spnsh_issn_ucla_eml_nica_schls_sndwch_free_drnk_7_9_09_138PM.WMA](#)”.

Around 1:43 PM, my “double” (a Homeland Security operative) who had been sitting around in the patio was joined by a “Spanish tutor”. I immediately began filming them (8:21 in the video diary). Now my double spoke fluent Spanish, evidently because I had written in my emails to Educacion para Todos and One on One Tutoring that I couldn’t follow spoken Spanish. When the Machine intercepted my double’s conversation and confused him with me, Mr former Secretary would argue, on the basis of this intercept, that I was again lying in my emails and was pretending to not know Spanish because I was carrying out a clandestine operational assignment which my Latin American and Russian bosses had given me. I then accidentally spilled water on my Eee PC, causing the keyboard to malfunction. I was saddened, “Bad things just cannot stop happening.” I videotaped the malfunctioning (4:00; 9:30 in the video diary). Since my Eee PC had broken down, I decided to go to the UCLA library, even though it was risky to use public computers. My double, meanwhile, was still having his “Spanish lesson” in the other corner on the patio (7:55). On my way I videotaped a Korean man text-messaging on Westwood Blvd (8:10; 10:24 in the video diary). I then filmed another typical Homeland Security weirdo wandering on Westwood Blvd, a bum wearing ridiculously big earphones (13:15; 11:18 in the video diary). After walking a while, on 23:00, I suddenly broke down crying. Another woman was found text-messaging for me on 31:30.

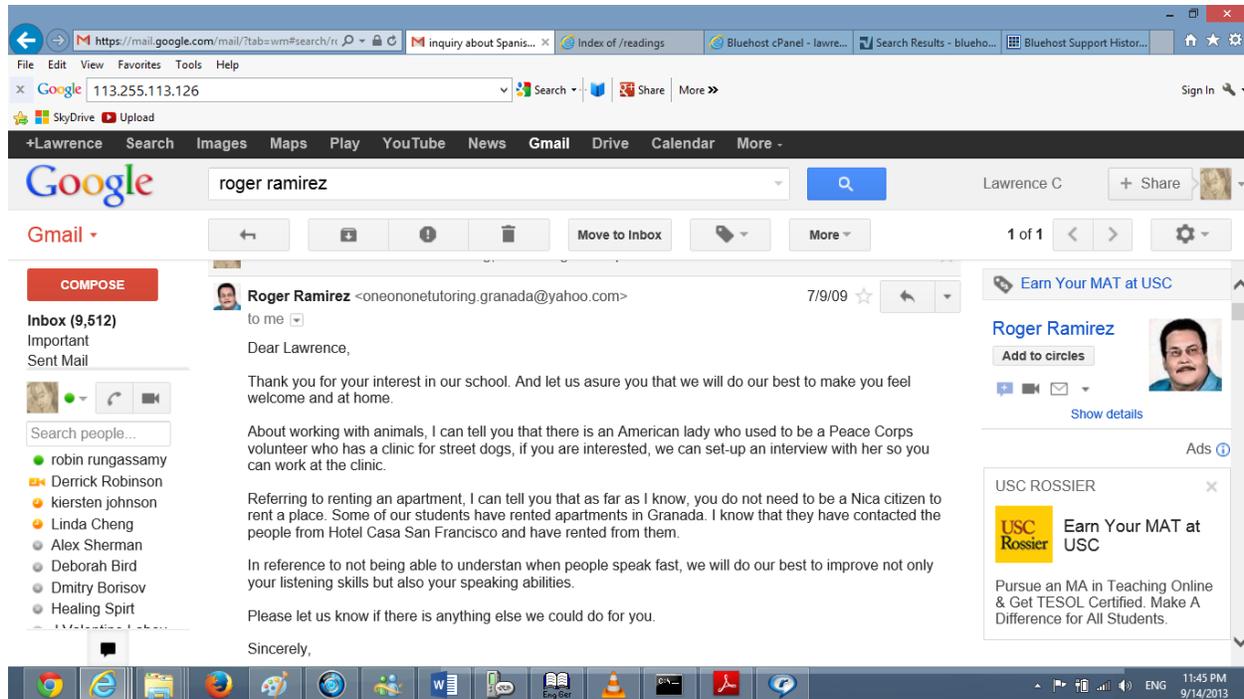
I sat down in front of the public computer in the library (see 11:37 in the video diary). I opened up my Gmail account and discovered the response to my inquiry from a certain “Roger Ramirez” (38:00 or so)! This was a very important email; Roger Ramirez was in charge of One on One

Tutoring. I immediately proceeded to check the authenticity of this email by performing a trace route on Ramirez's IP address contained in the email header (190.184.86.99). The trace route seemed to confirm the authenticity of the email: it was indeed sent from Nicaragua. Refer to "MASAYA" in the network name (43:15; 12:48 in the video diary). Nevertheless, I found this email extremely suspicious because Mr Ramirez's English was, again, so perfect.

I began filming my reply to Mr Ramirez from 57:20 onward (14:40 in the video diary),¹⁰ and then filmed my further research on the other language schools in Nicaragua (1:00:00; 16:27 in the video diary). Note that many websites were unavailable. I also watched on Youtube a video on Granada to begin educating myself about this foreign place (1:14:30; 17:35 in the video diary). I then began writing another email inquiry to another language school, so as to have a backup plan (1:17:00; 17:50 in the video diary). Once again, while this is rational action under normal circumstances, it was in this particular instance a particularly bad move, because Roger Ramirez's One on One Tutoring was specially selected for me by the Russians, as you shall see. I then filmed the trace route performed on the reply from Educacion para Todos which I wasn't able to authenticate yesterday, and the operation confirmed that the email was indeed sent from Guatemala (1:40:30; 18:52 onward). My video diary then shows me checking the DVD drive so as to confirm that I did not leave behind any discs. When I was walking out of the library, I continued with my sarcasm: "Someone says to me 'Jesus loves you' and another nation crumbles..." (1:48:30). I then put up my act in case the Russians would eventually hear this recording: In the land of confusion called America, it would be impossible for the Russians to trace my threatening email to them. When they ask the US authority to trace my email for them, the police would just say: Sorry, I got confused! We can't figure out who wrote you this email... (1:50:30). I came to a Mexican fast food place on 2:00:00 and began filming the place as proof that, when I came in, the place was indeed dead empty (2:02:30; 23:52 in the video diary). Strangely, the waitress offered me a free drink. I put up my act: She offered me a free drink, because I'm going to accomplish my mission for USA... (2:06:30). Soon, just as I had expected, a man came in to text-message (2:10:00; 24:01 in the video diary). After I ate, I got on the bus to go check on the other apartment building which I had seen advertised on Craigslist (2:34:00). Again, this was a very bad move, because, as you shall soon see, the entire fate of Russia now depended on my going to Nicaragua. While on the bus, I filmed another bizarre character (2:35:20; 24:36 in the video diary). The guy who was sitting in front of me and carrying a huge guitar then began text-messaging (2:38:00; 24:55 in the video diary). Then another man was reading the Bible on the bus (25:17 in the video diary). Mr former Secretary was not giving up just yet. He still needed to collect more evidences indicating that I was working with Mexican drug cartels under the cover of Biblical symbolism and church business. (The Machine had confused the man reading the Bible with me.) I got off the bus on 3:15:00 to transfer onto another bus.

¹⁰ My reply to Mr Ramirez ran as follows: "Hello Roger, Thanks for your excellent response. I'm still doing research on the Spanish schools in Nicaragua and Guatemala, and I noticed something strange, that is, your school seems to have two websites: 1on1tutoring.net and spanish1on1.net. Are these two the same school or different? I'm not making any decision just yet because I'm still researching, and yes, if I do come and after my conversational Spanish picks up it would be nice for you to introduce me to the American lady you are speaking of or any other animal-related volunteer opportunities. Thus, without room and board and any other accessories, one week with 20 hours of instruction is 95 US dollar?"

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice: Nicaragua and the completion of a mission, B Lawrence C Chin, June 2009 to October 2013; revisions later



Roger Ramirez's response, 7/9/09

My next recording is:

["to_6329_10th_to_sunset_chk_cafe_wm_say_hi_phtgrphrs_iso_7_9_...WMA"](#). Soon another Homeland Security man pretended to be amazed by my Eee PC and asked me about it, and I responded by filming him, which prompted him to cover his face (1:00; 25:30 in the video diary). Immediately after I got off the bus, there was siren (38:00). I came to the apartment building on 50:00, but was told that the manager was not around. I began filming the apartment building on 58:00 (25:40 in the video diary). I then came to the second apartment building on 1:08:00 and filmed it as well (1:08:50; 26:37 in the video diary). I got on the bus to go back to Westwood, but stopped at the Borders Bookstore on Sunset and Vine (2:20:00). A strange-looking white girl said "Hi" to me – scaring me: was she trying to produce an intercept? – and people all around were text-messaging. I thus left quickly, murmuring: "I'll go from country to country, and everyone will play pranks on me..." (2:28:00). This was my "act". But then: "People will always believe what is false, what is the opposite of reality, all because the United States rules the planet..." (2:31:00). While I was waiting for the bus on the crowded intersection between Vine and Sunset, a series of "scary things" happened. On 7:46 PM (26:46 in the video diary), a man came to take pictures of me and then the street, and then walked away. Then another ambulance sped past (2:35:30 in the recording), and then another man, foreign-looking (he looked Armenian and so on), with two companions, came to take a series of pictures of the street, and then another man came... On 7:52 PM, or 31:55 in the video diary, these men were filming the street. Then, on 7:56 PM (2:41:30 in the recording), a typical Homeland Security-looking man came, looked at me, and started text-messaging (32:35 in the video diary). Soon, on 8:06 PM, another ambulance rushed past (33:10 in the video diary).

On 2:49:00, another police car sped past me (33:16 in the video diary). You might think it strange, but I wanted to hang myself because of all this abnormality. I got on the bus going back

to Westwood on 3:05:00. On 3:20:00, I filmed another police car overtaking the bus and read its license plate out loud (33:16 in the video diary). When the bus was approaching UCLA, an extremely beautiful woman – I don't know whether she was CIA – came to sit down in front of me and started talking on the cellphone for an extended period of time (3:44:00). See 33:30 in the video diary. I then filmed myself getting off the bus and leaving nothing behind. As soon as I got off the bus, there was siren (3:49:00). I came to ISO restaurant, and was elated because there was no one here (3:51:30). No sooner had I begun burning my backup DVDs, however, than people, though student-looking, started streaming in. I then filmed a guy who just couldn't stop texting (4:32:20; 35:36 in the video diary). I then filmed the vulgar-looking guy who was surreptitiously texting behind me – he was obviously Homeland Security (4:35:00; 36:15 in the video diary). Siren again on 4:43:00.

My last recording of the day is:

“[left_iso_studnt_union_wrt_vid_plce_harass_7_9_09_950PM.WMA](#)”. I left ISO, upset that, as soon as I came in, Homeland Security operatives would come in just to text-message. “I shall never come to ISO again,” I said to myself (3:00 or so). From 9:00 onward, I expressed my amazement at this greatest American invention, the faulty surveillance system: “It can show me doing and dealing drugs, raping women, murdering rival drug cartel members, text-messaging 50 times a day, drinking constantly, and molesting children, even though in reality I never text-message, do not drink, hate children, do not have sex, and don't have any friends at all. I don't know anybody to whom I can even sell drugs; I am completely outside society.” Then on 13:30: “When Americans open their mouth, only garbage flies out. Many years ago, Americans said I was a terrorist, and that was garbage. Then they said I was a schizophrenic who imagined the Americans had considered me a terrorist, and that was still garbage. And now Americans say I am a foreign agent, a rapist, a murderer, a child-molester, a computer hacker, a pretender of myself... And it is still garbage. Only garbage can fly out of Americans' mouth” (until 15:30 or so). Then: “There are so many pretty women around, but I just want to be left alone, and yet I will never be left alone” (18:00). Then my act: “The Nicaraguan poor people will be helped. They will all get a cellphone just because I am going there...” And I had made the important decision that, when I get to Nicaragua, I would just stay inside my apartment all day long to do my writing, never associating with anyone (20:00). Then: “The kind of things people would do to screw Russia... I have known some really good Americans, and yet when it comes to Russia, they would stoop so low just to get Russia” (31:10 or so). “American law enforcement is so confused... When they investigate a harasser of the Russian consulate on the request of the Russia authority, their conclusion would be: Oh, this guy turns out to be your own agent [instructed by you to pretend to harass you: imagine the Russians' faces...]” (38:10 or so). By 45:00 or so I had arrived at Ackerman's patio. I began charging my laptop on the available electrical outlets and was ready to import the videos from my camcorder to my laptop. The Post Script viewer on my Eee PC was still malfunctioning, probably because of the damage caused by water – it just showed blank pages. Then I began editing my video diary and writing my Supplemental Pleading. From 3:42:00 onward I began filming myself packing, leaving, and leaving nothing behind. This is in the first scene of my next video diary: “[7_10_09.wmv](#)” (until 2:25). It was past 1:30 AM already.

This should have been expected: just as I was exiting the UCLA campus on 1:50 AM (4:00:00), a police car came by to intercept me and the same Asian police officer who had intercepted me several times before – including on midnight of July 1 – came out to put up the show which the suit team needed as evidence in the International Court. “Where are you headed to?” he asked me. “To the Village.” He then asked me where I was before, and I answered that I was outside the Student Union. “Doing?” “Working on my computer.” Then came the point of the show: the officer pretended to not remember my name correctly: “Is your name Wong or Chin?” He then asserted that I was trespassing since I wasn’t a student or a faculty member and that I had trespassed before. I told him I was leaving, but he insisted I should have left on 10 PM when all the buildings were closed. He was then ready to write me another ticket, and emphasized that I had no legal business here. Then he asked me again, “Is your name Chin or Wong?” And he called me “Vincent”, the same “alias” by which I had once asked Karin and her bunch to address me (4:01:57; hear also my comment on 4:07:00 or so). Then he asked me again, “What’s your last name?” “Chin,” I repeated. The officer wanted to see my identification, but I was reluctant – still worrying about the possible warrants for my arrest – and just showed him my disability bus pass. Lucky for me, he let me walk away – after enabling the Machine to intercept me using one of my many alias, “Vincent” (and also “Wong”). I was puzzled, and told him there were people walking around until 12 AM. “These people have the right to be here, we have established that, Mr Chin.” The officer left on 4:04:00 or so, and I commented on this event while continuing on my way: first, police needed to harass me just as I had predicted because the suit team needed to produce some surveillance as evidence, and secondly, it would have to be a police officer who knew me because he could then pretend faulty memory and feign inability to remember my name correctly, making it look in surveillance as if I had told him before my name was Wong and Vincent. Now, this officer in his police car continued to circle around me. On 4:10:00 or so I also commented that this incident was a follow-up upon the surveillance from the previous day where police officers were pretending to be running around with M-16 assault rifles. The intercepts from last night and tonight were probably interpreted by Mr former Secretary in this wise: After my gun battle with my rival drug cartel members, I was stopped tonight and questioned by campus police in connection with the gun fight last night. I was somehow clever enough to get away because of my superior skill in faking my identity. Again, it was all about enabling Mexico to sue Russia. And why did I suffer all this harassment? It’s all because I needed to use electrical outlets to charge my laptop.

I shall now reveal to you the tremendous changes which were occurring behind the scene, in contradistinction to the quiet and normal events I have just described to you on the surface. Let me start with the email I sent to the Russian diplomatic service yesterday afternoon. When the security officers of the Russian diplomatic service saw my email (probably as soon as I sent it) they immediately passed it to the SVR officers in charge of consulate protection. The SVR officers of course knew exactly what I was talking about and who had sent it. Invoking the treaty on diplomatic protection between Russia and the United States, they quickly obliged the Department of Homeland Security to trace my anonymous email to the wireless network of Borders Bookstore in Westwood, Los Angeles. (Of course, it didn’t happen according to my scenario in my “acting”.) The SVR team inside the International Court was also immediately made aware of the email, and, since they had just sent their agent to smile to me two days ago,

they knew that I was here only pretending to threaten them and was really implementing a plan to help them. Now, just a day ago, they had intercepted my video diary “7_6_09_p1.wmv” and used it as evidence in the International Court proving that I had not text-messaged and had not met with a Russian agent while in the Laundromat. Remember that my double in the Laundromat was a CIA girl. The Russians of course knew exactly how the suit team had caused the Machine to produce all these evidences, and so immediately requested the judges to authorize access to CIA clandestine service’s personnel database from the Machine. The judges authorized it, and it was thus proven that the person who text-messaged and met with a “Russian” was a CIA operative, which fact the Russians entered into evidence as Americans’ attempt to frame them. Of course, no matter how many times the Russians had proved that the United States was trying to frame them, they could never get the United States convicted – judge Higgins would immediately stop it from her secret compartment. This was July 7. Thus the SVR team immediately suspected that, on July 8 too, they would find something pleasant if they followed my clues. The SVR officers of the consulate protection service immediately requested that Department of Homeland Security obtain from Borders Bookstore the surveillance videos from the cameras that were on the ceiling of the bookstore. By reviewing the surveillance videos the SVR officers noticed that a middle-age professional white woman was sitting next to me and winking at me. When the SVR officers entered into evidence of the ICJ the email I sent and this surveillance video which proved that I did send it, they again requested that the judges authorize access to CIA’s personnel database in order to verify the identity of this professional woman. Alas, the Machine confirmed that this woman was a CIA operative, “Mrs CIA Psychologist”. The SVR team was elated. They all thought that I was now responding to the “smile” and had started implementing a plan which I had devised to save them. They just needed to follow the tracks I had laid down. The SVR team thus entered into evidence the argument: *that I was conspiring with the CIA to pretend to be David Chin pretending to be Lawrence Chin in order to enable the United States to fraudulently sue Russia and its allies for sending David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin.* In other words, the Russians were able to reverse the United States’ conspiracy scenario into its truer form. The SVR was also happy to find that I had uploaded to my website my recording from July 5, and they quickly used this recording, in addition to my email, as evidence in the International Court to explain my motive for conspiring with the CIA against Russia: “Love your enemy and hate your friend” and “masochism as defense mechanism, namely, when you are stuck in unhappiness and just could not get out, you can exercise masochism, begin enjoying unhappiness, and become happy nonetheless.” The judges, and even judge Higgins, found this testimony absolutely believable. If I said I conspired with the United States to harm Russia because I loved the United States, the judges would obviously consider me lying. How can someone in my position – with a known history of hating the United States and being abused by the US government – love the United States to such extent as to want to help her defeat Russia? I would obviously be pretending in order to secretly help Russia. But since I presented myself as helping the United States out of self-destructive rage in response to the impossibility of escaping from my plight, the judges could not rule that I was only pretending in order to secretly help Russia – unless further evidences should demonstrate otherwise.

Russia was thus suddenly able to put itself in the same position as the United States was vis-à-vis China back in November 2007: the United States was conspiring with a terrorist suspect to harm Russia, in violation, and thus subject to enforcement, of UN Resolution 1373. It was now a case

of terrorism, governed by UN Resolution 1373. This was in fact the only way to save Russia, the only way to get out of the impasse where, no matter how many times Russia disproved the United States' evidences, judge Higgins would rule that the enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 required that the United States should not suffer my "terrorist harm" by being convicted in the ICJ and that the whole trial should start over – where the rule of the game was that Russia was not allowed to win.¹¹ As victim of a terrorist conspiracy, the SVR team representative of the Russian Federation could now employ against the United States the exact same cruel tricks which the United States had once used on China. First of all, the SVR team argued to the judges – and to judge Higgins – that, insofar as the normal course of investigation of a terrorist suspect should be formalized into an evidentiary rule (the elevation of a descriptive into a prescriptive), the suspect's environment should be devised to fit his belief just as it was usually done in any intelligence agency's sting operations. The Russians thus requested that they be allowed to substitute their own agent for a CIA agent in order to run a sting operation on me to catch me intending on conspiring with the CIA to harm Russia: the very same procedure by which the CIA was able to substitute Wuming for a MSS agent to catch me conspiring with the MSS to harm the United States. The judges ruled that this should be so. Thus, on July 9, seeing that I was going to Borders – the SVR now had International Court's permission to access the entire system of US government's surveillance – the SVR sent an agent of theirs to sit near me in the bookstore and read the Bible in front of me. The advantage of this procedure lay in the fact that, should I be "fooled" (or pretend to be fooled) into believing that this SVR agent was a CIA agent here to connect with me, my act of making connection with him itself could be entered into evidence to further consolidate Russia's counter-scenario that I was Lawrence Chin intending to conspire with the CIA to harm Russia, thus further sinking the United States into its status as a terrorism-sponsoring state against Russia.

It was lucky for the SVR that everyone knew how much the CIA clandestine service resembled a Christian cult: how much they liked to use Biblical passages as metaphors to convey "secret messages". The SVR agent carried a Bible because the SVR officers knew that I knew that this Bible was a sign that this man was a CIA agent. If I talked to this man in such a way as to convey the impression that I thought him to be CIA, all those instances where "I was caught" in Bible-reading with my fellow drug cartel partners could be reinterpreted by the SVR as evidences for my conspiracy with the CIA rather than as confirmation for my connections with Mexican drug cartels.

¹¹ In this connection I must recall another episode from master Jinyong's novel, *Ludingji* (金庸, 鹿鼎記). The main character Wei Xiaobao (韋小寶) accompanied the Manchus army to fight the Russians who were invading the Manchurian North on the occasions of border skirmishes between the two empires which were frequent during the late 1600s and early 1700s. The Manchus captured some Russian soldiers and brought them to Wei Xiaobao. Wei offered the Russians POWs a chance to be freed: "Let's play a game of dice. If you can win, you will be freed. If you lose, we'll execute you." The Russian POWs agreed. The first Russian POW threw two dices and the selected Manchu soldier did likewise. The Manchu soldier obtained $4 + 6 = 10$, and the Russian POW obtained $3 + 3 = 6$. Wei declared the Manchu soldier to be the winner, and the Russian POW was dragged away and beheaded. When the second Russian POW came forward and obtained $3 + 4 = 7$ and the selected Manchu soldier obtained $2 + 2 = 4$, Wei still declared the Manchu soldier to be the winner. The Russian POW was incensed: I obtain a bigger number; why am I the loser? You are not obeying the rules of your own Chinese game! Wei replied: According to the rules of any Chinese game, it is the Chinese who wins. When the Chinese obtains a bigger number, it is the one with the bigger number who wins. When the Chinese obtains a smaller number, it is the one with the smaller number who wins. The second Russian POW was thus dragged away and beheaded. The rest of the Russian POWs were shocked, speechless.

Unfortunately for the SVR, however, their “sting operation” didn’t succeed because they were using a male agent and because I wasn’t entirely sure that I had succeeded with my plan. I had already become used to the fact that CIA clandestine operatives were invariably pretty white girls (Rod and Terese were just exceptions). Although I intuited that the SVR wanted some evidence showing me, in a more explicit manner, intending on conspiring with the CIA – not just seeming to be conspiring with them through spatial juxtaposition only – I was puzzled by the fact that the agent was a guy. I was thus not sure that the SVR agent was supposed to represent the CIA. If I wasn’t sure, I wouldn’t act. A wrong move could cause Russia to lose, whereas, if there was no action, at least nothing was lost and everything would simply continue in status quo. The SVR team was thus unable just yet to establish conclusively to the satisfaction of the ICJ judges that I was conspiring with the CIA to harm Russia. I suspect that the SVR officers running the operations were aware that I was aware that the CIA did not typically use male agents, but that, knowing this also, the CIA was able to prevent, with ingenious legal arguments which I can’t fathom at this time, the SVR from deploying female agents to pose as CIA agents. The CIA was intentionally disrupting the SVR operation as much as it was legally permitted.

Throughout the night of July 8, however, the SVR team was also busy with another necessary procedure. Insofar as they had invoked the rule that the suspect’s environment must be devised in such wise as to let him continue his plan of doing harm – he must be allowed to finish his mission until the last moment – they were also able to obtain ICJ court order requiring the CIA to furnish me with the necessary resources to enable me to carry out my plan of harming Russia. My plan, according to the evidences which the SVR had entered into the International Court, consisted in flying to Nicaragua in order to enable the United States to sue Russia and Nicaragua for sending David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin and fly over international frontiers such that Russia and Nicaragua could fraudulently sue the United States for violating UN Resolution 1373. The CIA was thus ordered by the International Court to help me along this plan. The SVR was permitted by the judges to access the Machine and obtain information on CIA’s undercover resources in Granada, Nicaragua. They found that a famous hotel in Granada, Casa San Francisco, was in fact a CIA resource in the region. The American sisters who owned the hotel – you shall see who they were momentarily – had been, some time ago, recruited into the CIA clandestine service because the CIA had eyed the lovely hotel they were running. As for Roger Ramirez’ One on One Tutoring: the school may or may not have been a CIA resource. Because I wrote to them, however, the CIA was obliged by court order to recruit Roger Ramirez in any case and to order him to cooperate with me in my scheme to harm Russia under the cover of learning Spanish. Roger Ramirez complied, and sent me a response which the SVR and the CIA had carefully devised. Mr Ramirez was instructed – since I had specified that I wished to help animals, the ICJ ordered the CIA to help me with this wish – to refer me to this certain American lady who was a CIA operative working in Nicaragua under a Peace Corps cover (Peace Corps, in case you do not know, was filled with CIA operatives from top to bottom and was a primary instrument by which the Agency established its influence in developing countries) and who happened to be helping street animals. Mr Ramirez was then also instructed to refer me to Casa San Francisco, the CIA “safe house” in Granada.

The whole process of ordering, through an ICJ order, the CIA to prepare its resources in Granada for me was not a simple matter. The SVR had to obtain court order, and then contact the Nicaraguan intelligence service and Daniel Ortega's Sandinista government about the matter; the CIA, the SVR, and the Nicaraguan intelligence then had to work together on the preparation of the resources and the recruitment of Roger Ramirez. The process took all night, so that I didn't get a reply from Roger Ramirez until July 9. Meanwhile, Mr former Secretary and the CIA, concerned with this development, contacted the Guatemalan intelligence service and were able to quickly recruit Educacion para Todos and to instruct Mr Gomez to immediately reply me, hoping to catch me before the Russians did. If I had accepted Mr Gomez's offer, the entire SVR argument – that I was conspiring with the CIA to harm Russia – might be invalidated. Furthermore, accepting Mr Gomez's offer would also enable the United States to obtain another piece of evidence confirming that Mr former Secretary's story about David Chin as a pedophile was true. The SVR was not too worried, however, because they thought I knew what I was doing. They were thus not too surprised that I didn't reply to Mr Gomez. Since the SVR officers were convinced that I had carefully planned out the whole thing, was aware of the law "letting the suspect finish his mission", and had laid out the road for them in such wise that they need only go on it, they thought I would pretend to believe that the CIA was beckoning me to One on One Tutoring and Casa San Francisco and immediately reply to Mr Ramirez and write to Casa San Francisco. In reality, my notion of what the Russians were doing was too vague; Mr Ramirez's email did look to me like Russians' sting operation, but I was still afraid that it might be suit team's attempt to frame me for pedophilia and the like. The SVR thus watched me slowly verifying the authenticity of Ramirez's email and was a nervous wreck: why didn't I make my move? Well, I didn't. Furthermore, the SVR did not know that my *actual intention* was to escape to run-down areas in Central America which were not surveillance-saturated and maybe even to disappear in the jungle – because I didn't know that I needed to "finish my mission", rather than simply initiate it, in order for Russia to win. When July 9 came to an end, I had neither made gestures of conspiracy with the fake CIA agent nor looked up Casa San Francisco. Meanwhile, Mr former Secretary and the CIA, seeing that I didn't talk to the fake CIA agent, orchestrated more Bible-reading in my environment to obtain more evidences confirming that my Bible-reading was a sign that I was conspiring with Mexican drug cartels to smuggle heroin and crack cocaine into the United States. They also continued to produce evidences in support of the "David Chin scenario" (like using alias "Vincent" and "Wong"). Furthermore, Mr former Secretary and the CIA used my continual attempt to locate an apartment for rent in Los Angeles as evidence in support of their claim that my conspiracy with the CIA should be invalidated because I had evidently not yet made up my mind about going to Nicaragua. The SVR still had to wait a while before they could get out of their current impasse.

CONCLUSION:

The other great media events, June-July 2009

In conclusion, let us consider the possible impacts which this International Court of Justice trial may very well have made on current world events but which, while the events themselves were reported on in the public domain, could never be discussed anywhere outside the secret sessions between governments and in the United Nations. We have covered, in passing, Obama's "Reset" policy with Russia, Medvedev's African agenda, Iran's election crisis, Russia's consent to US

and NATO military flights over its airspace, Obama's visit to Moscow, and the US-Russia negotiation regarding international treaties governing cyber security. The two media events which have not been discussed above are Medvedev's proposal for a comprehensive European security treaty and Obama's proposal for a new START.

1.

Medvedev's proposal for a comprehensive European security treaty

The origin of Medvedev's proposal lay in the aftermath of the Russo-Georgian war and the European intervention in the affair. On June 27 2009, Russia Today reported:

“Moscow will put forward proposals for a new pan-European security treaty at a Russia-NATO foreign ministers' meeting on Saturday [June 27 2009]. As relations with the Western military alliance are still tense following last summer's conflict in the Caucasus, these high-level talks are seen as another step in building bridges. As Georgian bombs stopped falling on South Ossetia in August last year and tanks withdrew from the battlefield, relations between NATO and Russia fell into a deep freeze not seen since the Cold War. Moscow accused Brussels of backing Georgia's intervention, while the North Atlantic Alliance stated that Russia had violated ceasefire agreements. As a result, most joint Russia-NATO military projects were put on hold and meetings of the NATO-Russia council were suspended for more than eight months. However, Brussels soon seemed to make a U-turn in rhetoric with Moscow. The first indication of a change in attitude was NATO's unwillingness to grant membership action plans to Georgia and Ukraine... During the OSCE meeting in Vienna this week, Russian Foreign Minister Sergey Lavrov said the South Ossetian conflict exposed the weakness in European security. To address the issue, he advanced an initiative proposed by President Medvedev to develop a more inclusive security architecture.... According to Lavrov, several European countries have already responded positively to the idea. Now the Russian foreign minister has the chance to deliver this message to his colleagues from other NATO member states at the meeting on the Greek island of Corfu.”¹²

My following analysis of Medvedev's European security treaty proposal will rely principally on Andrei Zagorski's exposition, “Der russische Vorschlag für einen Vertrag über europäische Sicherheit: von der Medwedew-Initiative zum Korfu-Prozess”.¹³ Ostensibly, the Russian aim in the proposal was to find a place, hitherto non-existent, within the European security framework which, until now, was dominated by the NATO structure, or even by the structure of the

¹² See RT website: <http://rt.com/news/new-security-treaty-to-form-at-greece-fms-meeting/>.

¹³ Available at: <http://www.core-hamburg.de/documents/jahrbuch/09/Zagorski-dt.pdf>.

European Union, but in no way by the OSCE structure (Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe).¹⁴

Medvedev's proposal was first published in December 2008, as "Russian Initiative Regarding a Treaty on European Security".¹⁵ Its key elements are:

Legally binding confirmation and consistent interpretation of the basic principles of the security of States and of the relations between them in the Euro-Atlantic area, including the inadmissibility of the use of force;

Guarantees to ensure equal security for the States of the Euro-Atlantic area by refusing to ensure one's own security at the expense of the security of the other parties to the treaty, which is in full accordance with the Charter for European Security;

In line with the commitments entered into under the same Charter, the genuine rejection of claims by individual States or groups of States to an exclusive right to maintain peace and security in the Euro-Atlantic area;

Identification of the basic principles for the development of arms control regimes, confidence building, restraint and reasonable sufficiency in military development;

Imparting a new quality to co-operation in countering the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction, terrorism, drug trafficking and other forms of transnational organized crime;

Elaboration of uniform approaches to the principles, procedures and mechanisms for early warning and conflict resolution.

Russia was dissatisfied with the domination of European security by NATO and EU structures; it much preferred a collective security system based on the OSCE structure, in which it could then join, and was terribly uncomfortable with the expanding NATO and EU. Western Europe, on the other hand, preferred to construct the collective security system on the basis of NATO, or even on the European Union, in which case Russia would not allow itself to be included in the system.¹⁶

¹⁴ "Der Vorstoß Präsident Medwedews, sein Vorschlag eines europäischen Sicherheitsvertrags, spiegelt vielmehr die tiefe Enttäuschung Moskaus wider, das feststellen muss, dass es keinen angemessenen Platz in der von der sich erweiternden NATO, zunehmend aber auch von der Europäischen Union, auf keinen Fall aber von der OSZE dominierten europäischen Sicherheitsordnung gefunden hat. Zumindest hat es keine Rolle in dieser Ordnung gefunden, die es selbst als angemessen empfinden würde" (Zagorski, p. 8).

¹⁵ Its English version can be accessed at the OSCE website: <http://www.osce.org/mc/35387>.

¹⁶ Zagorski, *ibid.*, p. 9: "Das mit Medwedews Vorschlag angesprochene Kernproblem scheint also darin zu bestehen, Moskau das Gefühl einer angemessenen Einbindung in die europäische Sicherheitsordnung zu vermitteln, ohne dass

This situation of divergent interests between Russia and Europe arose out of Russia's struggle with obtaining some degree of its former power status. Russia was very concerned with the fact that the change in "Status Quo" in the past twenty years was nothing other than the expansion of the West into its traditional sphere of influence – an invasion: namely, a strengthening of the West at the cost of weakening Russia. Moscow was motivated by the worry that it was losing influence in the traditional realm of the Soviet Union, which was shrinking especially because of the eastward expansion of NATO and EU, whose threat to Russia had now peaked with the possible inclusion of Georgia and Ukraine.¹⁷ To maintain the integration of the traditional Soviet realm, Russia had already established a variety of trans-national institutions, such as the Commonwealth of Independent States, the Eurasian Economic Community (EURASEC)¹⁸, the Collective Security Treaty Organization (CSTO),¹⁹ and the Union with Belarus, and yet all these institutions were increasingly marginalized under the onslaught of expanding NATO and EU. "The core of Russia's geopolitical realm has increasingly shrunk to the project of a trilateral free trade zone comprising Russia, Belarus, and Kazakhstan, whose success however is anything other than secure."²⁰ Russia wished to be able to halt the advances of the eastwardly expanding

Russland der NATO oder der Europäischen Union beitrifft und ohne dass die Interessen anderer europäischer Staaten beeinträchtigt werden."

¹⁷ Zagorski, *ibid.*: "Ausreichend wären vielleicht schon eine Einigung Russlands und der NATO auf die Eckdaten einer neuen Übereinkunft über die Begrenzung konventioneller Waffen in Europa sowie eine präzise Definition der Verpflichtung der Allianz, keine substanziellen Kampftruppen und keine militärische 'Reinforcement'-Infrastruktur in der Nähe der russischen Grenzen zu stationieren. Dazu könnte ebenso gehören, dass Russland, die Europäische Union und die Transitländer sich auf einen Mechanismus zur Gewährleistung sicherer Energielieferungen aus Russland nach Europa einigen, oder auch, dass man es der OSZE leichter macht, zur Verhinderung einer Eskalation in Konflikte einzugreifen, ohne dass dafür der Konsens aller Teilnehmerstaaten erforderlich wäre. Das ist leichter gesagt als getan. Doch das eigentliche Problem liegt viel tiefer. Erstens definiert Russland sich als Status-quo-Macht im euro-atlantischen Raum. Hinzugefügt werden muss zudem, dass es den Wandel des Status quo in den letzten 20 Jahren, der nicht zuletzt durch die Osterweiterung der NATO und der EU geprägt war, als einen Wandel betrachtet, der grundsätzlich auf Kosten Russlands stattgefunden hat. Man glaubt in Moskau durch diesen Wandel mehr verloren als gewonnen zu haben; immerhin habe Russland Ostmitteleuropa verlassen. Sein Macht- oder 'Verantwortungsbereich' scheint indes nicht nur geschrumpft zu sein, sondern wird immer wieder von Neuem in Frage gestellt. Moskau geht es daher nun darum, ob es seinen eigenen Integrations- und Sicherheitsraum auf dem Gebiet der ehemaligen Sowjetunion (bis auf die baltischen Staaten) behalten kann oder nicht. Bekanntestes Stichwort in diesem Zusammenhang ist die NATO-Osterweiterung und hier wiederum Russlands vehemente Opposition gegen eine Beitrittsoption für die Ukraine und Georgien. Aber auch die EU-Politik der Östlichen Partnerschaft, die sich auf sechs Staaten in Osteuropa und im Südkaukasus richtet, wird in Moskau zunehmend als eine mögliche, wenn auch nicht aktuelle Herausforderung des Status quo im Gebiet der ehemaligen Sowjetunion gesehen."

¹⁸ For the content of the Agreement on the Foundation of Eurasian Economic Community, see: <http://www.worldtradelaw.net/fta/agreements/eaecfta.pdf>.

¹⁹ For a short summary on the CSTO, see Nikolai Bordjuschka, "Die Organisation des Vertrags über kollektive Sicherheit – ein kurzer Überblick", at <http://www.core-hamburg.de/documents/jahrbuch/10/Bordyuzha-dt.pdf>.

²⁰ Zagorski, *ibid.*, p. 10: "Das im Vorschlag Medwedews angesprochene Problem besteht also nach Moskaus Definition darin, dass Staaten und regionale Organisationen außerhalb der NATO und der EU nunmehr ihre sicherheitspolitischen Beziehungen regeln müssen – und das möglichst durch einen europäischen Sicherheitsvertrag. Die Aufgabe erscheint umso dringender, als Russlands eigener Integrations und Sicherheitsraum zunehmend von Auflösungserscheinungen gekennzeichnet ist. Diejenigen Institutionen, die Russlands Dominanz in seinen wirtschaftlichen, politischen und sicherheitspolitischen Integrationsvorhaben sichern sollen, insbesondere die GUS, aber auch andere Institutionen wie z.B. die Eurasische Wirtschaftsgemeinschaft, die OVKS und die Union mit

Western alliance structures (NATO and EU) and yet it had neither the soft power (Russia was less attractive to its former satellite states than were Western Europe and United States) nor the hard power (military and economic prowess) to do so.

Russia's only way out of its destined gradual disappearance from the annual of world history was the truism: "If you can't defeat your enemy, you can neutralize the threat your enemy poses to you by joining your enemy." But the Russian elites were unwilling to join the European Union and NATO such as the Western elites (the Bilderberg Group) had wanted Russia to do. The Russian elites did not want Russia to lose its sovereign identity – which it would lose when it joined the West insofar as the West was demanding nothing less than Russia's total assimilation to the Western modality and total surrender of its vast reserve of natural resources. This is why Medvedev began conceiving the proposal of a new Europe-Atlantic security treaty to be established within the framework of OSCE instead of within NATO or the European Union.

Russia chose OSCE as the best existing framework in which to establish a common security treaty because a security treaty established on the basis of this institution could have the effect of halting the eastward expansion of the Atlantic civilization. Medvedev's proposal contained all the provisions which could, in an indirect way, secure Russia's traditional influence in the former Soviet realm without sacrificing too much of its identity. (Obviously, any common structure with the West would result in Russia's loss of its traditional identity; but the OSCE framework was weak enough in cultural significance that Russia's substantial role in an expanded OSCE would be minimally detrimental to its national identity and sovereignty.) Medvedev's proposal thus included such provisions as member states' obligation to refrain from establishing military presence in other member states. Russia did not want any more NATO troops on its borders, and so thought of this common military alliance system which would oblige Europe and the US to not place troops near its borders. Russia knew it was no match against the West in any military conflict, and therefore wanted a new security treaty which would oblige member states not to attack each other (namely, obliging NATO states to not attack Russia). When Europe, for obvious reason, would not be susceptible to Medvedev's proposal for the expansion of OSCE into a security structure as well, the Russian elites could at least count on three possible concrete results which might issue from the negotiation over this proposal, namely, to persuade Europe to revise its NATO and EU policy in Russia's favor (into a less "Western" form); to obtain the right to voice its interests within the interior of the Euro-Atlantic security structure; or to "enlarge the existing security structure through cooperation mechanism with NATO and the European Union in such wise that Russia's domain of 'privileged interests' can be protected from further

Belarus, geraten von einer Krise in die andere und werden politisch immer stärker marginalisiert. Der eigentliche Kern des 'russischen' geopolitischen Raums wird zunehmend auf das Projekt einer trilateralen Zollunion mit Belarus und Kasachstan eingeengt, dessen Erfolg aber ebenfalls alles andere als gesichert ist. Das Hauptziel des Medwedew-Vorschlags wird vor diesem Hintergrund deutlich erkennbar: das weitere Vordringen des 'Westens' und seiner Institutionen in den 'Osten', in den postsowjetischen Raum aufzuhalten. Wichtig ist dabei, dass ein Großteil der russischen politischen Elite die Umsetzung dieses Ziels auch für durchaus erreichbar hält."

erosion”.²¹ Corresponding to this desire, Moscow also envisaged an informal contact group which would allow Russia to have a voice in the decision-making process of the Western alliance nations.²² So far, since neither Europe nor Russia were ready to join together in a single NATO or EU, the best option for cooperation remained those relatively ineffective treaty-based organizations like the NATO-Russia council. The “partnership” between Russia and Europe outside the security questions was at this point no more than symbolic and, within the domain of security questions themselves, was too impoverished to serve as the basis on which to resolve conflicts and crises effectively, in the usual rule-based manner.²³

When ordinary people read this kind of news reporting on a new treaty proposal or a new organization proposal, obscured by the polite and technical language in which it is phrased, they see nothing but another meaningless and boring event and probably wonder why the politicians spend so much time erecting one treaty and one organization after another, whose purposes seem completely superfluous. Only the expert, familiar with the geopolitical background, will see another attempt by the moribund Russian empire to avoid total extinction. Every one of the boring moves which the Russian government has made during the 2008-2009 period is an attempt of this kind, even though no ordinary person can ever notice it. And a majority of the moves are in direct response to this International Court of Justice trial I’m relating to you here. The next event, the new START negotiation, is so especially.

²¹ Zagorski: “Theoretisch kann Russland hinsichtlich seiner Politik gegenüber der gegenwärtigen europäischen Sicherheitsordnung zwischen drei Optionen wählen. Erstens kann es sich zum Ziel setzen, diese Ordnung zu revidieren oder gar durch eine andere zu ersetzen, in der es sich komfortabler fühlen würde. Dies würde bedeuten, dass die gegenwärtige Ordnung, die sich weitgehend auf die NATO, die EU und den Europarat stützt, in einer ‘weniger westlichen’ gesamteuropäischen Ordnung aufgehen müsste. Zweitens könnte es nach Wegen der Integration in die ‘westliche’ euro-atlantische Sicherheitsordnung suchen, um damit ein Mitspracherecht in den einschlägigen Institutionen zu erlangen. Drittens könnte es einen Mittelweg gehen und anstreben, die bestehende Sicherheitsordnung durch kooperative Institutionen, die Moskau die ausreichende Wahrnehmung seiner Interessen im Dialog mit der NATO und mit der Europäischen Union ermöglichen würden, zu ergänzen.” Then: “So sieht Moskau seine Aufgabe in erster Linie darin, die weitere Expansion des Westens aufzuhalten und die bestehende Sicherheitsordnung durch Kooperationsmechanismen mit der NATO und mit der Europäischen Union so zu ergänzen, dass seine Bereiche ‘privilegierter Interessen’ (so Präsident Medwedew) soweit wie möglich vor der weiteren Erosion geschützt werden können” (p. 11). Zagorski also summarizes, in one sentence elsewhere, the aforementioned dilemma with which the Russian elites were faced and their solution: “Am liebsten würde es die auf die NATO und die Europäische Union gestützte Sicherheitsordnung in Europa revidieren. Allerdings weiß Moskau, dass es nicht die Kraft hat, die Erweiterung der westlichen Allianz rückgängig zu machen. Gleichzeitig zeigt die russische politische Klasse weder den Willen noch den Mut zur Integration in die ‘westliche’ Sicherheitsordnung, da sie darin weder ihre Identität noch ihre Handlungsfreiheit aufgehen lassen will.”

²² Zagorski: “Davon abgesehen würde die flexible und informelle Form der Ad-hoc-Kontaktgruppen jedoch vielleicht eher dem Anliegen Moskaus, ein Mitspracherecht in der westlichen Entscheidungsfindung zu erhalten, entsprechen als die Gründung eines europäischen Sicherheitsrates in oder außerhalb der OSZE” (p. 14).

²³ Zagorski: “Die Partnerschaft zwischen Russland und der EU im Bereich äußerer Sicherheit blieb stets symbolisch und war nur rudimentär entwickelt. Der Status der Partner, die rechtlichen Grundlagen und die Mechanismen der gemeinsamen Krisenregelung blieben ungeregt” (p. 15).

2. Obama's new START Proposal

When Obama visited Moscow on July 6 2009, he had, among other things, signed a preliminary agreement with Medvedev which constituted the first step toward the development of a new START (Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty) between Russia and the United States. START-1, signed 1991, was due to expire in December 2009. This preliminary agreement was timed to anticipate the next review conference of the Non-Proliferation Treaty which was to be held in New York in April 2010.

On April 5 2009, during a visit to Prague, Obama first announced his wish for “a world free of nuclear weapons.”²⁴ This agenda became the foundation on which the Obama administration began approaching the Medvedev-Putin duo for a discussion over developing a new START in anticipation of the upcoming expiration of START-1. This was how the situation was presented in the public domain. Behind the scene, however, the United States' agenda for a new START was something entirely other.

Recall that the Obama administration was no more than Dick Cheney's front. Now that, with the forged documents supplied by the Chinese and the Russians back in March 2008, Cheney had succeeded in making the whole world believe that terrorists were running around with nuclear bombs stolen from former members of the Soviet Union, he began using the Obama administration to implement the next stage of his plan: to disarm Russia of its nuclear strike capability under the pretext of this imaginary threat from “nuclear terrorism”. Already, since March 2008, the United Nations had held an endless series of closed door sessions on the proper measures to deal with “nuclear terrorism”: in my view, the most offensive part of the “crime against humanity” which Dick Cheney had committed (although he had committed it legally, with the authorization from judge Rosalyn Higgins) had to consist in this strange phenomenon which was usually characterized as “annoyance” rather than as a “crime”, namely, wasting busy people's precious time. Each top-ranking official from every nation, whose schedule was already booked to the brim, every single second of his or her waking life being assigned to some task or other, in proportion as the modern governmental machinery was growing in complexity and technicality with the speed of light, had probably spent on average 1,000 hours a year deliberating on non-existent terrorists throwing around non-existent nuclear warheads, and had moreover then to ear-mark those precious collected tax-dollars for implementation of measures directed at these non-existent dangers. Imagine that the president you have elected is required to spend two hours a day talking about, and directing national resources against, the Great White Unicorn hiding on the backside of the Moon! And yet, in Dick Cheney's universe, this is precisely every busy person's new responsibility. Moreover, under Dick Cheney's terms, no elected leaders were even allowed to tell their constituencies that their principal responsibility had now switched from fixing real problems to worrying about the Great White Unicorn on the Back Side of the Moon. Of course, none of this was a waste of time for Dick Cheney himself, who, as a psychopath, derived enormous pleasure from watching nations around the world being busy with the Great White Unicorn he had told them about – the same sort of pleasure which – you might have read about this – he derived when he watched Fox News (his own propaganda)

²⁴ Obama's speech of April 5 2009 can be accessed at White House's website: <http://www.whitehouse.gov/video/The-President-in-Prague/>.

such as he demanded whenever he was traveling and staying in hotels. A funny spectacle is never a waste of time for the audience who is immensely entertained by it.

When it came to the Russians, however, this pure entertainment was capable of bearing concrete fruits. Dick Cheney remotely controlled the Obama administration to raise, in the UN Security Council, the question of extinguishing “nuclear terrorism” at its root through the gradual elimination of all nuclear bombs in nation-states’ arsenal. It sounded noble enough, and all nations, of course, had to endorse it. This was the real, behind-the-scene, reason for Obama’s declaration of the noble wish for a “nuclear-free world”. Again, the effect was reported in the public domain, but the cause remained hidden from people’s knowledge – and you only learn it from me. Since Russia and United States together held 90 percent of all the nuclear weapons in the world, this “noble wish” translated itself, in practice, into the necessity for a new START.

Now, in its current weak condition, Russia was only able to maintain a semblance of parity with the United States because it was in possession of a large stockpile of nuclear arsenal and held the veto power in the UN Security Council.²⁵ Suddenly, the United States came to Russia’s face, displayed the documents which Russia itself, together with China, had forged proving the existence of the Great White Unicorn (“nuclear terrorism”), and asked Russia to cooperate in realizing this noble wish for the “extinction of nuclear bombs for the sake of dismantling the condition of possibility for nuclear terrorism”. Russia knew very well that United States’ real agenda was eliminating one of the two remaining “cards” which Russia could play to maintain some semblance of “world power” given its current political, economic, and military weakness. But how could it refuse Obama’s “noble dream” in front of all the nations of the world – especially when everyone believed that the Great White Unicorn was let loose by Russian breeders? (Namely, terrorists’ nukes were stolen from former Soviet states.) And yet Russia could not tell the world that the documents proving the existence of the Great White Unicorn were forged – because it was obliged by UN Resolution 1373 to neutralize *my* “terrorist threat”. Putin and Medvedev were angry, very angry. They found every way to reject Obama’s proposal without looking too bad in the eyes of nations around the world; but, after Russia’s conviction in March, United States now demanded a new START as a matter of Russia’s reparation to the United States.

This is the “real story” behind the new START. Dismantling Russia’s instrument for parity with the United States under some other noble, “world-peace invoking” bilateral treaty had been a staple of US foreign policy since the end of the Cold War; Dick Cheney didn’t invent this game. For a review, somewhat penetrating to the core of the issue, of the historical and political background of the new START proposal, see Michael Paul and Oliver Thränert, “Nuklear Abrüstung und Rüstungskontrolle: Ausblick auf die amerikanisch-russischen Verhandlungen” (March 2009).²⁶ When ABM treaty (Anti-Ballistic Missile treaty) was signed between the United States and the Soviet Union in 1972, the purpose was to maintain parity between the two nations: by prohibiting both sides from developing ABM defense, the treaty ensured that United States and the USSR were each guaranteed the ability to destroy the other, thus maintaining peace under the condition of “mutually assured destruction”. When senior Bush signed START-1 with

²⁵ Paul and Thränert, below, p. 6.

²⁶ Available at the website of Stiftung Wissenschaft und Politik: http://www.swp-berlin.org/fileadmin/contents/products/studien/2009_S09_pau_trt_ks.pdf.

Mikhail Gorbachev on July 31 1991, the US intention of using treaty mechanism to contain Russia's competitive edge was already visible. According to the treaty, which entered in force on December 1994, the United States and the Russian Federation were each allotted an upper limit of 1600 delivery systems and 6000 warheads.²⁷ As long as the Russians were allowed no more than equality with the United States in nuclear strike capability, United States would be ahead of Russia since United States surpassed Russia in all other domains, whether economic, political, or military in the conventional sense. Furthermore, the inspection regime stipulated by the treaty would allow the United States to conduct, for the first time, the most realistic assessment of the Russian nuclear strike capability. Then, on January 3 1993, senior Bush signed with Boris Yeltsin START-II, which further required the reduction of nuclear warheads on each side to 3000/ 3500 and stipulated an even more stringent verification regime.²⁸ Clinton and Yeltsin then began negotiating for START-III during their March 1997 summit meeting in Helsinki, working toward further reduction of nuclear warheads to 2000/ 2500. START-III never worked out, and Putin, when he came to power, suggested to Clinton a further reduction of warheads to 1500/ 1000. Presumably, Putin decided to play into Americans' hands because, as Paul and Thränert have noted, he had realized that Russia, in its current weak condition, had no ability to carry out such overwhelming number of strikes ("brute force") in any case. By playing the American game, on the other hand, he might be able to prevent United States from resuming "star wars" program (missile defense system). But Putin's proposal was rejected by Clinton due to

²⁷ Paul and Thränert summarize the details: "Das Abkommen erlaubt den USA und Russland jeweils den Besitz von nur noch 1600 nuklearstrategischen Trägersystemen. Dazu zählen landstationierte Interkontinentalraketen (ICBM), auf See stationierte ballistische Flugkörper (SLBM) sowie Langstreckenbomber. Zudem wurde eine Obergrenze von je 6000 nuklearen Gefechtsköpfen eingeführt, mit denen die Trägersysteme bestückt werden können. Von diesen Gefechtsköpfen dürfen 4900 auf ballistischen Raketen stationiert sein, davon wiederum 1540 auf schweren und 1100 auf mobile ICBMs. Am 5. Dezember 2001 erklärten beide Länder, dass sie die mehr als 10000 stationierten strategischen Nuklearsprengköpfe, die sie jeweils zu Beginn der Verhandlungen besessen hatten, auf das gemäß START I vorgesehene Niveau von je 6000 solcher Waffen vermindert hätten. Neben solchen Abrüstungsvorgaben enthält START auch wichtige Verifikations- und Transparenzmaßnahmen, darunter zwölf verschiedene Typen von Vor-Ort-Inspektionen" (p. 9).

²⁸ START-II, although quickly ratified by the US Senate, was at first rejected in Russian Duma. It was not ratified until Putin came to power. Then, because United States withdrew from the ABM treaty, Russia abandoned START-II as well. Paul and Thränert summarize: "Schon am 3. Januar 1993 unterzeichneten US-Präsident George Bush und sein russischer Amtskollege Boris Jelzin das Folgeabkommen START II, das eine weitere Halbierung der stationierten strategischen Nukleargefuchtsköpfe jeder Seite auf bis zu 3000 bis 3500 vorsah. Zudem untersagte der Vertrag ICBMs mit Mehrfachsprengköpfen (MIRV) und beschränkte die Anzahl der seegestützten Sprengköpfe auf je 1750. Die Verifikationsregeln wurden weitgehend von START I übernommen. Der US-Senat ratifizierte START II am 26. Januar 1996 mit überwältigender Mehrheit. Dagegen gaben die Nato-Osterweiterung, amerikanisch-britische Luftschläge gegen Irak 1998, der Nato-Krieg gegen Serbien 1999 sowie der amerikanische Wunsch nach Änderung des ABM-Vertrages zur Begrenzung der strategischen Raketenabwehr immer wieder Anlass für Verzögerungen des Ratifizierungsverfahrens in der russischen Duma. Viele Duma-Abgeordnete sahen Russland zudem im Nachteil, da START II eine drastische Reduzierung der ICBMs vorsah, die den wichtigsten Teil der russischen strategischen Nuklearstreitkräfte darstellten. Nicht zuletzt weil Präsident Putin START II mit dem Argument unterstützte, Russland könne sich die Aufrechterhaltung strategischer Streitkräfte auf dem START-I-Niveau nicht leisten, ratifizierte die Duma START II schließlich im April 2000. Allerdings wurde dieser Schritt an die Ratifikation eines 1997 von den USA und Russland unterschriebenen Zusatzmemorandums zum ABM-Vertrag geknüpft. Da dessen Ratifizierung durch Washington aber unterblieb, wurde die russische START-II-Ratifikationsurkunde nicht hinterlegt. Nachdem die Bush-Administration im Juni 2002 den ABM-Vertrag verlassen hatte, gab der Kreml bekannt, dass er sich nicht an die Bestimmungen von START II gebunden fühle. Damit folgte er einer weiteren Vorgabe des russischen Ratifikationsgesetzes" (ibid.).

Pentagon's objection.²⁹ By the time the Bush administration came to power ("Cheney's reign"), the neocon agenda for US domination had further developed, so that the US administration began envisaging the complete surpassing of Russian capability even in the domain of nuclear first-strike. United States thus did decide to resume the development of missile defense system formerly prohibited by the ABM treaty, unilaterally withdrew from the ABM treaty on June 13 2002, and signed with Russia a new treaty, the Strategic Offensive Reductions Treaty (SORT), also known as the "Moscow Treaty", which obliged each party to reduce and limit its possession of strategic nuclear warheads to an aggregate number not exceeding 1700/ 2200.³⁰ (It is well known that the Bush administration explicitly rejected "mutually assured destruction" as a condition to which US should be subjected.) The further reduction of Russian warheads to around 2000 was in the US interest because, presumably, Russia would be less able, when United States performed a first strike, to retaliate and penetrate the US missile defense system through sheer overwhelming number of strikes ("brute force"). And now the Cheney-controlled Obama administration proposed, in the middle of 2009, a further reduction of each side's warheads to 1000 (the "new START"). Unable to resist because it bore the obligation to render reparation to the United States, Medvedev's administration tried to, grudgingly, negotiate a reduction to 1600/ 1400.³¹ It was not that Russia was so sentimentally attached to the vast number of nuclear warheads which its broken infrastructure no longer allowed it to deploy anyway, but that the new START did not prohibit the United States from developing missile defense system – which was the whole point of the "disarmament program".

There was thus never any question of "nuclear disarmament for the sake of world peace". Since the time of Clinton, the US goal had always been to further reduce Russia's competitive power after Russia's weakening in the aftermath of the disintegration of USSR. "World peace" was nothing other than a pretext, a good cover. When Dick Cheney came to power, the US agenda had changed even from destabilizing what remained of Russia's power to provoking Russia to initiate World War Three. After Russia lost China as an ally in March 2008, Cheney did not change this original design, and yet he continued Clinton's strategy of constantly poking at Russia's power, today here and tomorrow there, in a never-ending series of small strikes as part of a long-term guerilla warfare to gradually melt away Russia's remaining power. All the other

²⁹ Paul and Thränert summarize: "Während in Russland noch die START-II-Ratifikationsdebatte geführt wurde, erzielten die Präsidenten Clinton und Jelzin im März 1997 anlässlich eines Gipfeltreffens in Helsinki Übereinstimmung darüber, nach dem Inkrafttreten von START II ein Folgeabkommen START III anzustreben, das die strategischen Nuklearsprengköpfe jeder Seite auf 2000 bis 2500 reduzieren sollte. Beide Präsidenten einigten sich außerdem darauf, im Rahmen von START III auch über eine Begrenzung taktischer Kernwaffen zu verhandeln. Jelzins Nachfolger Putin überreichte Clinton im Juli 2000 ein Dokument, in dem er anregte, die Obergrenzen für strategische Waffen noch weiter abzusenken: auf 1500 oder noch weniger Sprengköpfe – andere russische Offizielle nannten die Zahl 1000. Die Clinton-Administration sah sich jedoch angesichts des Widerstands im Pentagon nicht in der Lage, solch niedrige Niveaus zu akzeptieren. Russland wiederum lehnte die vom US-Kongress vorangetriebenen Planungen für eine amerikanische Raketenabwehr rigoros ab. In der Folgezeit verloren beide Seiten das Interesse an einem START-III-Abkommen" (ibid.).

³⁰ The text of SORT can be seen at the website of Arms Control Association:
<http://www.armscontrol.org/documents/sort>.

³¹ Again, Paul and Thränert: "Die USA fassen offenbar eine Reduzierung auf je 1000 strategische Sprengköpfe ins Auge. Russland dagegen plant mit einem strategischen Atomarsenal von 1400 bis 1600 Gefechtsköpfen. Beide Staaten wollen sicherstellen, dass ein Abstand zu den anderen Atommächten gewahrt bleibt. Washington muss zudem auf die Glaubwürdigkeit seiner erweiterten Abschreckung bedacht sein. Vor diesem Hintergrund ist mit einer Vereinbarung in einer Bandbreite von 1000 bis 1400 strategischen Sprengköpfen je Seite zu rechnen" (p. 6).

aforementioned concessions which the United States was able to extract from Russia with the latter's March conviction, together with the new START proposal, constituted no less than Cheney's continuing plan of draining Russia's power away one small drop at a time. By so doing, he could still count on provoking Russia to nuclear warfare with the United States, as the prelude to transforming human civilization into his "utopia" on the ruin of its complete destruction. And he was even contemplating "chipping" Putin to achieve this purpose. He did what he did because, when World War Three broke out, it must look like it was Russia's fault – the result of Russia's unjustified attachment to its former world-power status.

This analysis will best be appreciated when read in conjunction with the Preface to the last volume, "The Cheney Plan, CIA's war with the neoconservatives, and the 'crime against Russia'".