

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

VIII

HOW TO OWN THE WORLD IN SEVEN MONTHS

1.

Nicaragua and the completion of a mission

2.

The life of head-scratching and machine malfunctioning

C.

Sept. 21 – Oct. 10, 2009

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial over me from September 21 to October 10, 2009 – the last 20 days of my stay in Nicaragua.

For introductory comments, please consult “A” and “B”. Now a summary of all the evidences produced during the period under consideration:

09/21: I didn't go out. Midnight: did faulty surveillance catch David Chin's buddies calling (whistling) for him again?

09/22: scratching/ touching (+): **to devise my environment to fit my belief.** David Chin was again caught smoking dope and his buddies were again whistling for him. *The suit team continued to need evidence in the upper court to justify the use of faulty surveillance. In fact, for this purpose the scratching will have to be a daily affair from now on.*

09/23: my sarcasm about the UN. Did David Chin's buddies call for him again? (+) The “fake Terry” business: **Terry had a bird on her shoulder.**

09/24: scratching/ touching (+): **to devise my environment to fit my belief.**

09/25: David Chin again masqueraded as “Ren” to send junk emails (+). Terry repeatedly tried to break in.

09/26: power outage. Scratching/ touching (+): **to devise my environment to fit my belief.** David Chin was again caught smoking dope. Did David Chin host a big party tonight? Emails from Ting-Ta and Jennifer Day again.

09/27: I didn't go out – no evidence produced. (Except for some whistling.)

09/28: scratching/ touching (+): **to devise my environment to fit my belief.** David Chin was again caught receiving calls from his buddies (+). Russian-made spy equipment was found in David's home! (+) (Terry came in and took my AC charger.)

- 09/29: I didn't go out – no evidence produced. (Except for some whistling and gas tanks.)
- 09/30: I didn't go out – no evidence produced. (More gas tanks.)
- 10/01: David Chin was caught again talking to his buddies on his cellphone; scratching – to devise my environment to fit my belief. The trip to Managua – more scratching and cellphone calls. I was brought to the police station.
- 10/02: scratching – to devise my environment to fit my belief. The party at the neighbor's all night long.
- 10/03: scratching – to devise my environment to fit my belief.
- 10/04: scratching – to devise my environment to fit my belief. A lot of gunshots. The second trip out: more scratching and cellphone calls, and *somebody took a picture of me.* (From which side?)
- 10/05: I didn't go out – no evidence produced.
- 10/06: my second trip to Managua. Scratching – to devise my environment to fit my belief. The netbook incident in Radio Shack (+), and the security guards tried to detain me (-).
- 10/07: scratching – to devise my environment to fit my belief. Smoking dope (+). Picking up chargers. Terry came to remind me. A ticket to Amsterdam.
- 10/08: the “V-sign”; scratching – to devise my environment to fit my belief. Did David Chin host a big “goodbye party”?
- 10/09: scratching – to devise my environment to fit my belief. Did David Chin get caught making calls to his criminal buddies again? Did he host a big “goodbye party” again tonight?
- 10/10: scratching – to devise my environment to fit my belief. David Chin was again caught calling his buddies and *he was again photographed to show that he didn't look quite like Lawrence Chin.*

And so I flew back to the United States in the afternoon of October 10 – and this boring two-month episode of back-and-forth between Russia and the United States (with my pointless TV commentaries and computer activities) was finally over. Sorry to have bored you! But my return shall usher in something utterly interesting, for this act of mine would at last turn the tide in Russia's favor – except for that annoying ticket to Amsterdam which would be a nightmare for the Russians until they were finally sure, within a month or two, that I wouldn't do something so stupid as camp out in the Hague to protest.

September 21 (Monday; whistling/ calling for David Chin?)

My next recording is: “*impvid_strmslp920_mngmallprdct_9_21_09_309-610AM.wma*”: again, massive disturbances in the beginning. I was very sad while changing the channel around. On 10:10, an adult film. On 11:32, I turned off the recorder. On 43:00, massive disturbances again. Did I start streaming a recent video diary? Importing videos again? On 49:00, I started working on the pen videos.

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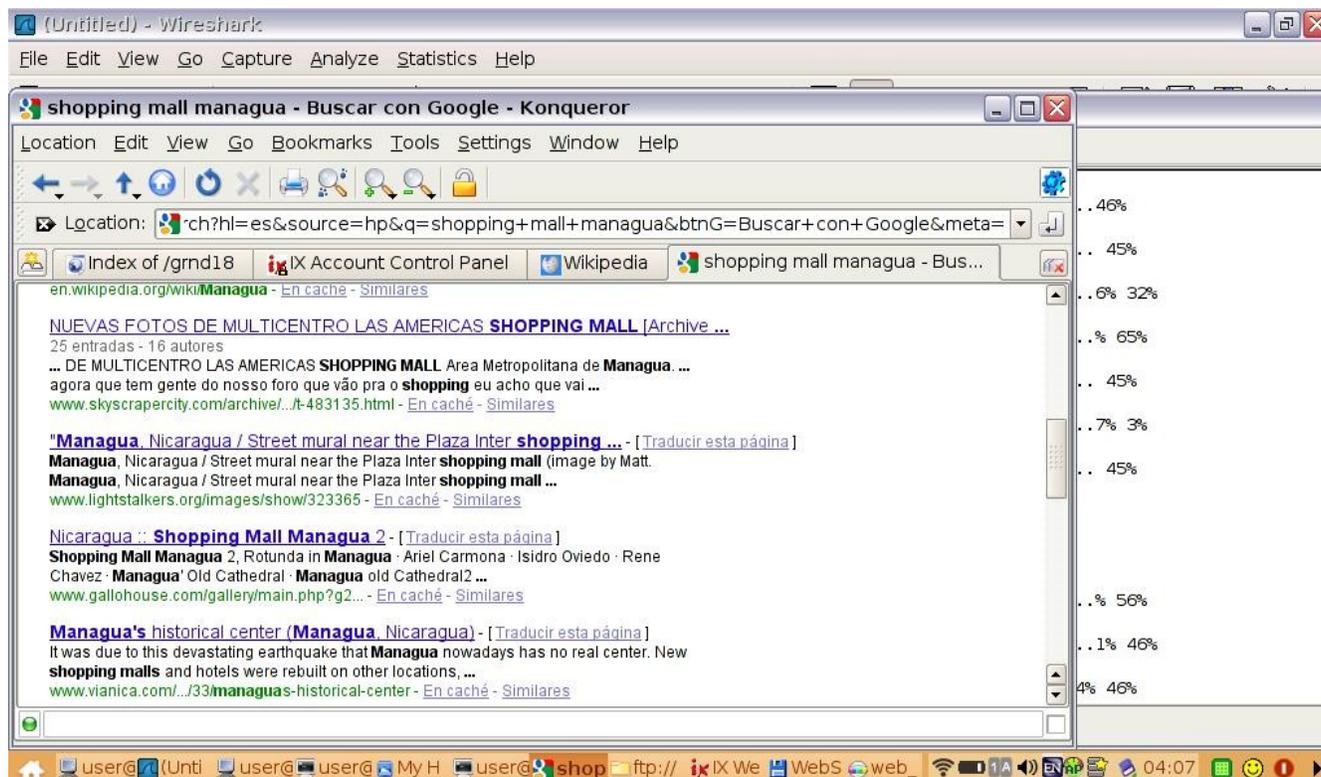
Then I reformatted the pen again. On 57:50, I was back to the August 16 meetup recording. On 1:25:00, I was now reviewing the recording of my crying earlier. On 1:32:00, I was commenting on my crying. (Unintelligible due to disturbances.) On 1:37:30, I mumbled about something indistinctly again. On 1:45:30 – was I streaming another earlier recording? Or did I turn on the TV? On 2:02:30 – what was I writing? My diary note? Perhaps about what happened earlier when I was out:

The DHS has instructed the bank security guard to shout something about my camera to me in order to produce surveillance showing that videotaping one’s withdrawal from the ATM was forbidden, which surveillance could then be used to suppress the video of my withdrawal as evidence at the International Court. The suit team could then submit someone else’s bank account as evidence of my having another bank account which I presumably use to laundry the money I have made from my heroin-smuggling operation.

Quite plausible a scenario, you must admit. On 2:09:30, somebody was outside again. On 2:16:00 – was I importing videos again? On 2:41:00, writing again. On 2:56:00 – was I examining some paperwork? “... Homeland Security is now watching me writing down the address of the shopping mall... an intercept has been produced showing me looking forward to meeting with my fellow drug-dealers in a shopping mall in Managua... just want to make a note of that... Masaya Highway... that’s cool, because I’m a drug-dealer anyway...” Ha! On 3:01:20, I turned on the recorder.¹

¹ It turns out that I wouldn’t be going to Managua until October 1, after Terry’s action had forced me to – as you shall see.

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This morning I was looking up shopping malls in Managua

My next recording is: “slp_nghbrmusic7am_9_21_09_612AM-221PM.WMA”: CNN on TV. Then, on 14:30: “I have to be Jesus, man!” Right – as you shall see repeatedly! On 21:00, I turned off the TV and – “The neighbor is supposed to blast loud music on 7 AM, that’d be ‘me’ blasting loud music... let’s see if that’s gonna happen...” Then I rested quietly.²

My next recording is: “wk_tvradiosunds_9_21_09_226-425PM.WMA”. I continued to rest. The neighbor wasn’t blasting loud music today! On 16:30, I turned on the TV. On 24:00, a French soap opera. Then, a Spanish soap opera. On 43:00, back to French. Then, a Norwegian strip club on TV (1:09:00). Then, suddenly, something was up, and I promptly filmed it (1:16:50 in the recording or the first scene of my next video diary, “9_21_09.wmv”): some strange radio interference on my cable TV, which I immediately assumed was staged by Homeland Security to produce surveillance showing some foreign intelligence service sending me secret messages via my TV (1:16:50): “... it’s a French movie, but the radio communication seems to be in Spanish...” On 1:26:30, I even filmed the back of my TV, with all the wires and so on (2:05 in the video): “... how the radio communication...” Then, on 1:38:30: “... it’s a movie about kids... because I’m a pedophile, I’m watching this...” On 1:50:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. On 1:58:15, gunshots outside.

² Reviewed until 1:06:00, and then from 7:46:00 onward.

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My next recording is: “**mvfleseee_explsunds_9_21_09_408-436PM.wma**”: this file mostly overlaps with the end of the previous. More explosions sounds outside.

My next recording is: “sundrcrdr_prbl_9_21_09_437-453PM.wma”: on 3:30, buzz sounds. From 8:00 onward, disturbances. On 14:45 – did I start the Sound Recorder on Eee PC?

My next recording is: “sundrecrdr_brk_9_21_09_444-458PM.WMA”: is this a mere duplicate?

My next recording is: “nap_bbc_9_21_09_5-609PM.WMA”: because of the strange noises from the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba, I decided to use my recorder instead. On 14:00, note the report about a terrorism case. On 16:40, I turned off the TV and continued my nap. On 1:04:00, I got up and turned on my Toshiba to get ready to import my latest recordings. Then I got concerned again when the external hard drive disconnected itself.

My next recording is: “strm_nap_siren_9_21_09_6-923PM.WMA”: it was 3 minutes before 6 PM. As noted, I was concerned again when my external hard drive disconnected itself (3:30). What was I doing then? Then I was all quiet. On 18:00, I decided to continue my nap. But then – no: I had got to stream a recording to see if anything was wrong with the Sound Recorder. I then determined: “The recording is very bad, something is wrong with Toshiba’s microphone.” Could that be the case? On 32:20, I rested. Then: “... somebody is kicking a bottle outside, I’m kicking a bottle outside...” (42:00). Not! Then: “... it’s such a tedious task to constantly have to find out what I’m doing... I don’t really know where, according to surveillance, I am right now...” Right! On 49:20, somebody was drumming outside: “... I don’t know if that’s staged by Homeland Security...” On 51:30 – did I start streaming a recording? On 58:40, siren outside: “... according to Homeland Security, I’m being transported to the hospital again, about the 15th time...” Probably not. On 1:10:30, I noted the disturbances in the recording. Then I rested quietly again. On 3:14:20, I got up and turned on the TV. BBC.

My next recording is: “**9_21-22_09_928PM-1213AM.WMA**”: BBC on TV while I rested. On 57:30, something on the news: “Did you hear that?” On 1:03:00, I got up and ate and changed the channel. Finally I settled with CNN (1:07:00). On 1:15:10 – was I filming something? On 1:20:00, I started reviewing the recording of my crying last night. To check for disturbances again? On 1:32:30: “... Channel 2 is showing ‘Clear and Present Danger’...” On 1:42:30 – what was I writing? Notes about the recording? On 1:56:40, I started streaming the next recording. I was now moving my Wireshark captures to my external hard drive. On 2:31:50, I turned on the TV again. On 2:33:40, somebody was whistling outside: “... Homeland Security is trying to make Granada into a drug war zone, hence all the gunshots and explosions... and as if drug dealers were passing secret messages to each other... even though it’s a small city... just because I’ve entered here...” This is indeed suspicious: did faulty surveillance catch David Chin’s criminal buddies calling for him again this late in night?

September 22 (Tuesday; touching/ smoking dope/ whistling; “my crimes”)

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My next recording is: “ftpstill_9_22_09_1207-132AM.WMA”: still BBC on TV. On 6:40, I turned off the TV. Was I now streaming the latest video diary? On 10:30, I streamed another one. On 29:20 – was I filming something? On 41:00, the streaming suddenly stopped. And the FTP upload also stalled. Everything was frozen. On 48:55, I turned on the TV. On 49:30, I started speculating why Homeland Security wanted to disrupt my Internet connection: “... before, it was to produce surveillance... but now it has become routine... they always shut me down around 1 AM...” This wrong theory again! On 1:06:30, I started playing the recording from August 11 last year, the meetup “Picasso and Braque”. “This thing says it’s streaming, but it’s not streaming at all. The Internet connection is still down.” And I started working on the episode in “Impossible Wish”. Was I then naming the latest recordings? (The recording of my going to the bank two days ago.)

My next recording is: “9_22_09_139-243AM.WMA”: the recorder fell to the floor and the battery compartment broke off. I turned it back on, and it did restore the file. CBS’ “Early Morning” on TV. On 12:30, the news reported on this Catholic priest’s affair with a stripper. From 15:20 onward, the TV froze up continually. Then, French on TV. Then, BBC. On 39:00, I turned off the TV. On 41:00 – was I back to my recordings? Video diary? On 1:03:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC.

My next recording is: “gftpstill_9_22_09_238-254AM.mp3”: the FTP transfer stalled again on 2:20: “... there are still packets, and so the mystery is why GFTP would stall...” Then the upload started again but only very slowly, and then stalled again. But Hotmail still worked, and I now wanted to send the hash values to myself. On 8:00, I turned on the TV: CNN. GFTP’s upload speed was now down to 5 KB per second: “... very slow!” And CNN was talking about Zimbabwe: “Africa again!” And so I changed the channel. On 11:45, the FTP transfer stalled again. On 14:40, it stalled again. “Do you think the Sound Recorder has something to do with it?” Thus I turned it off.

My next recording is: “vid920p1_orth8_how73_ftpstill83_9_22_09_257-1115AM.WMA”: the FTP upload was still stalling. I concluded: “The FTP connection’s stalling has nothing to do with the Sound Recorder!” Right. And I noted it down in my diary. Such was the totality of the notes I had made for this early morning:

Internet connection cut off on 12:47 AM again and the cut-off continues until about 1:30 AM. Then FTP connection is [then] allowed through, but at less than 10 KB/s. Konqueror then lost connection to videos.lawrencechin2008.com. I used GFTP instead. Connection at the regular speed of 29 KB/s. GFTP stalled on 2:42 AM again after I turned on the Sound Recorder on Eee PC. After I opened Firefox and Hotmail and sent the hash values of ‘granada_18’ to myself, the FTP connection is allowed through but at mere 5 KB/s. Turning off the Sound Recorder is of no help.

On 3:30, I turned on the TV while continuing to stream the recording of my going out earlier. Then – what was I writing? Was I checking the video diary from September 20? (17:00) Was I also making notes about it? On 27:20, the FTP transfer stalled again. On 30:30, I continued to play the meetup recording (August 11 last year). On 33:30, I turned on the TV: CNN. On 38:00, back to the meetup

recording. And I continued to work on that episode in “Impossible Wish”. On 54:00: “... the guy is already sweeping outside...” Then, I was quiet for a while. On 1:10:30: “... the clicking thing again fails to work on my Eee PC...” On 1:13:00, back to the meetup recording. On 1:17:30, I was now uploading the recoding of my Skype calls from September 20. On 1:24:00, I was watching the TV with my pineapples. On 1:33:00, back to the meetup recording. On 1:37:50, I streamed the same meetup recording from my website using M-Player. Was I also publishing the video diary for September 20? On 1:45:00, I filmed my Toshiba with my pen: “... the Movie Maker is having the same problem... the video is already 92 percent done... we have to make sure the CPU usage is at 100 percent... the CPU usage is down to 61 percent, it’s dead...” I then continued to work on the meetup episode in “Impossible Wish”. On 2:13:30, also the video diary from September 20 again. On 2:28:20: “... the video is badly published, we probably want to redo it...” On 2:31:00, I rested. Then I rebooted my Toshiba. Now I wanted to delete the files already uploaded from my SD card, but my SD card froze up. I was then uploading the old video file, “8_13-6_09”: “... it’s a precious file, it will take 4 hours...” On 2:49:30, I was back to the August 11 meetup recording and working on the meetup episode in “Impossible Wish”. On 3:41:00, I checked my GFTP: the upload had significantly slowed down. I was now naming my latest recordings. On 3:44:40, I turned on the TV. On 3:47:00, my latest video diary (“Now that my TV is Homeland Security TV...”). On 3:49:30, the FTP transfer stalled again, and then it resumed, and then it stalled again... I was completely helpless while watching the stalling. “There really is nothing I can do... Homeland Security is like that, this is okay but not that... they decide what you can do...” Again, this might not be due to the suit team. Meanwhile, I was still playing the video diary. On 4:04:30: “... the entire network is down...” I started filming again: “We need to study the pattern of Homeland Security’s disruption of our Internet connection...” (4:07:30). Then: “... we need to check this file later, something is very wrong...” On 4:11:20, I continued to play the video diary. “This time when I upload there is no network name...” (4:15:00). Soon I was moaning out of frustration again: “... it’s just so hard...” (4:24:30). Then my Eee PC froze up again. And I kept on moaning and groaning. Such was the note I would soon compose about this episode:

GFTP stalled as I was uploading “8_3_09_p1.wmv” around 6:46 AM. See “[ftpstill_83_9_22_09_646AM.avi](#)”. Yet it was possible to load regular webpages from Konqueror. When I shut off [my] Eee PC and turned it back on again, [the] FTP connection was allowed to go through, save that my network name had disappeared. When I tried to log into my WAMU account with Konqueror, it crashed. Then I opened up Firefox, then quit, and then opened up my Paypal and WAMU account with Konqueror, [and] it was allowed through: “[ftp_allowed_83_9_22_09_7AM.avi](#)”. This almost gave me a nervous breakdown.

Once again I was making a bad impression on the Russians and probably giving *them* a nervous breakdown. Then, on 4:27:50: “... the next door is blasting loud music again... it seems that I’m allowed to upload files as long as I have no original network name... it seems that Homeland Security *does* allow me to upload this file, after I have rebooted my Eee PC... it’s just that I’d have to not have the original network name...” Again, much bullshit. Then: “... Homeland Security constantly changes my network name in order to produce surveillance showing someone else using my network... so that it’d look as if a group of people were using my Internet connection... everything that happens is staged

by Homeland Security, there is no exception...” Again, this was most likely not the case. Then I continued on with my video diary. Then – was I typing out more diary notes? (4:46:30) Then I shut down my GFTP. The TV was still on. Then, after I had transferred my Wireshark captures to my Toshiba and opened them up there: “... it’s the same IP address... we are looking at the captures before the network name disappeared...” Of course! Then, on 5:25:20: “... I still don’t have my network name, I have lost it forever...” On 5:28:30, I got frustrated again and groaned: “Oh God!” On 5:31:30, I started reviewing my latest pen videos. On 5:40:50, the TV froze up. Ha! On 5:41:00, I was still mumbling about why my network name had disappeared. I did a search for “cablenet.com.ni” on Central Ops. On 6:07:00 – was I writing out another note in my diary? Working on “Frankfurt and Brussels”? On 6:24:00, I stopped. On 6:31:00, I resumed working. On 6:43:20, I started streaming a recent recording (from two days ago). Then: “... C-Drive, 9.8 gigabytes of space left...” On 7:07:45, somebody was whistling outside again. Then, on 7:32:00, beep sounds outside: “... all this is staged by Homeland Security... to create the impression that Granada is a drug war zone...” This is indeed suspicious: again, we have to wonder whether faulty surveillance had indeed continued to catch David Chin’s criminal buddies calling for him. Then a car came to park outside: “... also staged by Homeland Security... to produce surveillance showing me going out to get heroin...” Really? I was then looking for a certain email to Karin (something about a screenshot). Then, on 7:49:00, I was back to writing about Karin (August 18 in “Impossible Wish”). I was also making notes about the recording currently being streamed. Then I was busy again clearing up more disk space. On 8:16:30, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. Explosion sounds outside again.

My next recording is: “ftp83_slp_9_22_09_1111AM-1208PM.mp3”: I complained about how making video diaries took up so much of my time, how there was just so much to document. Then I turned on the TV (4:10). Then about how I must discover my crimes. Ha! Now, soap opera on CBS. “In order to get a timestamp, you need to go to the news, but that’d be scary...” Then I was all quiet. On 53:00: “... two minutes remaining... I’m gonna fall asleep...” Finally, the file transfer was completed. I thus deleted the file from my SD card.

My next recording is: “slp_cbs_ut_brhrnecar_decsv_9_22_09_1218-650PM.WMA”: the TV was on while I rested.³ On 5:02:30, I woke up from my nap, and my next door neighbor was blasting loud music again. “Make entries about his music habit, that might be revealing about the crimes I have committed... and also how loud...” On 5:24:55, gunshots outside. On 5:32:30: “... okay, I’m about to go out, and you should turn off the music, you are not supposed to blast it when I go out...” Then: “... it’s time for people to scratch their head...” (5:40:00). Then I was mumbling about my “psychological attachments”: “All these documentaries... you are afraid that things might just disappear, but that makes life such a drudgery... wherefrom does Homeland Security see you?... somehow they can see everything you do and every word you type on your computer...” Again, I had to explain my resistance: it’s my “psychological disorder” which had prompted me to resist. On 5:45:25, I filmed my room before leaving (the first scene in my next video diary, “9_22_09_p1.wmv”). “Look at the amount of trash! Oh, that guy is on cellphone, but I’m not outside yet... but still he could have produced an intercept of my communication...” On 5:47:30, I filmed myself opening my door (1:05 in the video).

3 Reviewed until 21:00, and then from 4:55:00 onward.

“... scary... kids are scary...” Then – surprise! Someone didn’t lock the door for me this time, but the lock had simply disappeared. On 5:50:10, I continued to film as I walked onto the street (3:32 in the video). Then: “Look, that might be ‘me’ getting out of the car!” (5:52:20 in the recording and 5:22 in the video.) I explained: “... see, a car stops in front of me and a woman gets out, that’s ‘me’ getting out...” On 5:26:20: “I’m on the cellphone again, it’s not a very pleasant thing... to always be somewhere else than where you are...” (9:35 in the video). On 5:57:30, I was buying my dinner in the same old fast food place. “That’s why it’s scary... anybody here can *be* you...” And I ordered two Super Combos like usual. Then, my explanation again: “The problem is that you are attached to yourself... you are not free to *be* any of these people... you are attached to being yourself... what’s wrong with being other people?... because other people are bad... what’s wrong with being bad? Because it’s not true... so you are attached to what is true, and that’s why every second of your life you are scared... *instead of letting other people say you are smuggling heroin, if you say it yourself you’d feel so much better...* why? Because you then have control over it... okay, she’s gonna make a call, let’s get out of here... scared...” (6:04:50). Then: “... oh, someone else is making a call over there...” And I tried to film him but missed it (6:05:20 in the recording and 10:15 in the video): “... I want to discover the crimes I have committed...” And this kid tried to talk to me: “... scared...” Then, the delivery guy, when passing me by, touched his hat in a contrived manner (13:10 in the video): “... look, he touches his hat, maybe we should kill him...” He seems indeed to have been instructed by the suit team to do this. I got my food on 6:08:30. I had already had enough: “... forget about cigarettes, let’s go...” On 6:11:35, I started filming as I walked on (13:30 in the video). I took notice of another person who touched himself in a weird fashion. Then: “That could be ‘me’ drinking beer over there... that’s another problem... the uncertainty... at such moment... which one is you?” On 6:13:55, I filmed again: “... instead of letting other people say I smuggle heroin, I must say it myself... and so I have seen myself getting off a car, making a cellphone call... and drinking beer in the middle of the street... that guy is drinking Coke, that must be ‘me’ drinking beer...” Was I correct or was I overly interpreting things? On 6:16:20, I filmed again: “... the abnormal thing is that I haven’t seen myself smoking dope... oh, that’s it, he’s trying to smoke dope...” Ha! That is, this guy came in front of me and put his hand on his mouth as if he were smoking a joint. That seemed indeed to be the suit team’s work! I quickly started filming again (6:18:00 in the recording and 17:40 in the video): “That’s it... that’s it... he’s trying to...” I was trying to say that he was trying to produce surveillance showing me smoking dope, but he acted dumbfounded. Then, I started filming again (19:10 in the video): “... look, a Jeep parked over there...” By 6:19:00 I was at my door, and an SUV quickly stopped by my neighbor: “... that’s ‘me’ getting out of the car...” And I read out the license plate: “... my drug-dealing partner... that’s my crime... that’s ‘me’, I have long hair... I’ve seen more evidences of my crimes today... I’m committing a lot of crimes...” And, while looking at my food: “... this is heroin... I’ve got more heroin to smuggle back to the US...” Then I was upstairs in my room. “After documenting my crimes, the next step is to seek prosecution...”⁴ And I recounted again all that I had supposedly seen myself doing. On 6:27:40, I turned on the TV. CBS.

To conclude, the suit team seems to have produced more evidence during my trip out today to demonstrate that I had continued to believe, from the signals of the people around me, that my

4 Presumably, like Raskolnikov in *Crime and Punishment*.

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conspiracy with the Russians and the Nicaragua intelligence was successful (bullshit) and that I had again smoked dope (nonsense). The rest – making cellphone calls or getting off taxis and SUVs and drinking beer and so on – we can’t be sure of.

My next recording is: “backhm_chckn_scarytv_9_22_09_655-730PM.WMA”: with my TV turned on. The movie turned out to be “scary”, and so I changed the channel. On 3:20, somebody was whistling outside again. I quickly went to the window to film it (24:26 in the video): “... the whistling person is my drug-dealing partner...” Was David Chin’s buddy calling for him again? Now a French movie on TV. On 34:20, it was “Legend of the Fall”, and I filmed it (the first scene in the next video diary, “9_22_09_p2.wmv”). And I kept changing the channel. I concluded: something about my brother and the law and so on. (See the video diary.) Hardly the case! Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “upld_rcrd_9_22_09_733-746PM.WMA”: I discovered it and turned on the other recorder. CNN: now it’s again Libya’s sponsorship of terrorism and the Lockerbie bombing (5:00). Was I then naming the latest recordings?

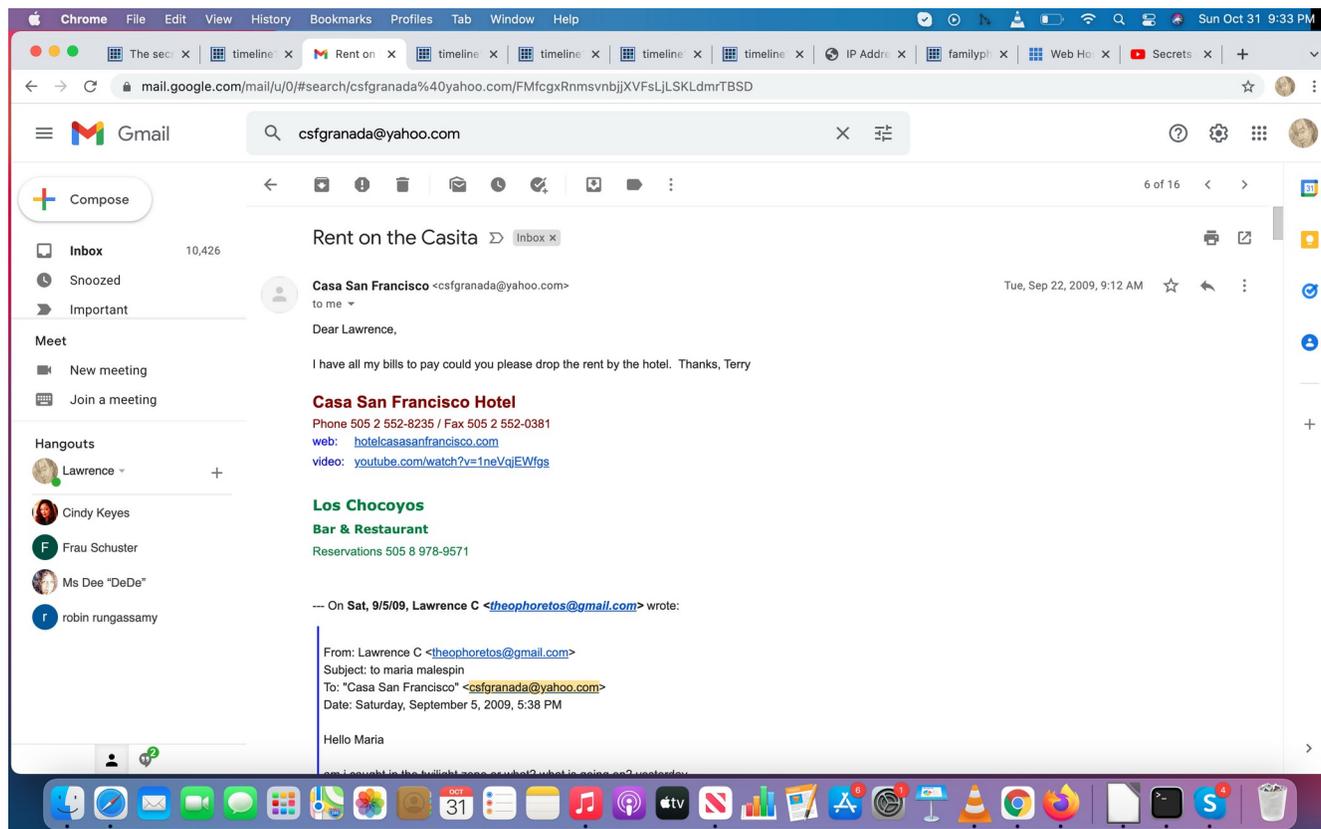
My next recording is: “cantgethash_smsh_emlcsfct_ubntu_9_22-23_09_753PM-122AM.WMA”: it’s still CNN on TV. I was then running downstairs and upstairs in a state of excitement: “... we have gathered up a lot of evidences of our crimes... we will seek prosecution of our crimes...” Ha! I was now fully into my sarcasm. (The Russians would be amused by this.) Then, on 5:30 when I was back to my TV: “... oh, this is about Russia, the Russian agent needs to watch it... the commercial is about Brazil... write this down...” And now the Lockerbie bombing victims and Donald Trump (12:00). On 15:00, the news report again about the release of the Lockerbie bomber from prison – I had still not yet noticed his relationship to me. By now children were shouting outside: “... I’m probably playing with children outside because I want to molest them...” Ha! And so I ran downstairs to film it (from 17:00 onward in the recording or 3:15 in the video): “... I need to document my crimes...” Then I was back upstairs with my TV (4:25 in the video): “... Venezuela... am I also an agent of Venezuela?” Then, Kremlin on TV: “That’s where I was trained... the Vikings... oh, I’m a white supremacist, and that’s why I’m watching this... Just trying to figure out why I’m watching this...” Ha! Then (5:58 in the video): “... children are playing in my front yard... because I’m a pedophile... let’s go document my crimes...” And so I ran downstairs to film more of it (24:00). I bragged: “... today I have caught many instances of my crimes: I smoked dope, drank alcohol, got picked up by my drug-dealing partner... and also molested children... and I’m watching this because I’m a member of the International Nazi Party, hence Vikings...” On 26:00: “... look, it’s Bourne...” And I promptly filmed it (7:45 in the video): “... dubbed in Spanish, because I speak Spanish fluently... now it’s Quebecois... why am I watching this? What’s my crime here?” And I changed the channel: “... it’s ‘The Karate Kid’ again... it must be related to my crimes... they are talking about paintings! I’m watching this because I’m pretending to be an artist when I don’t have any artistic talent... I’ve learned how to pretend to be an artist by watching TV...” On 30:30, I turned off the TV: “... can’t watch this, too nervous... I have documented so much of my crimes today... we’ll figure out what my crimes are, and we’ll seek prosecution for them... the Cubans, the Chinese, and maybe even Venezuela... after I came in, drug cartels begin killing each other... I’ve been getting a lot of secret messages from both sides of the drug war... that’s why people

keep scratching their head in front of me... and so... the problem is that my crimes are changing... before I was just pretending to be me... going to China... now I have this new mission of smuggling heroin... I must have a secret account somewhere to do my money-laundering...” (37:00). Then: “... we don’t have to check our account... I don’t think the Paypal transaction has gone through yet... search for Ubuntu and burn DVDs...” (44:00). On 49:30, I read out loud some computer matters. “No, I can’t download anything...” On 54:00, I lay down to rest. It was very loud next door again. “... I have 18 more days to finish my heroin-smuggling operation... we’ll get it done, the problem is whether we’ll get to document it all... we *are* gonna kill our family, right? But we have to seek prosecution for our crimes first...” Ha! On 1:12:00, I got up: “... the perennial problem: no disk space... we must continue to commit crimes... the patriotic thing to do is to continue to commit crimes without seeking prosecution... but I *want* to seek prosecution... for once, I want something for myself... it’s now time to switch hard drives in order to move files... seek prosecution... and then we can murder our family... we have to do that before our grandfather passes away...” And there was whistling outside again: “... the drug-dealer is passing us a secret message, that’s what the evidentiary record will show” – and siren too: “... we are arrested or taken to the hospital...” (from 1:20:00 onward). (Not.) Then: “I’m the most dedicated foreign secret agent ever... constantly committing crimes, without breaks... it takes so much energy to document my crimes, but if I don’t do it I can’t live with myself... I want to know what I have done... seek prosecution... I’m afraid they will put up resistance to that... but we’ll try... what’s the point of living if everyone knows what crimes you have committed but you have no idea...” Right!⁵ On 1:29:10, I turned on my Ubuntu. “... now writing CD to DVD... ‘6-10’... CD-DVD-Creator... now, hash values... you can’t do anything about the people on top of you, but you *can* do something about the people in the bottom... discover your crimes and get prosecuted for them, and then you will feel better... that’s why anybody does anything, right? To feel better...” Then I turned on the TV again: “... I’m supposed to watch my crimes... look, I’m having sex, I can’t videotape that, that’ll make my documentaries into pornography...” (1:38:30). Ha! Then, the actress in the TV said: “... in my search for truth, I’ve become a liar... perhaps certain things should remain secret...” I shouted: “Is that a message for me? *Does that mean that my crimes should remain a secret for me?* It’s not a secret for everyone else... the suit team is telling me ‘Don’t discover your crimes’... but no, I want to... so many nations have fallen for my crimes, they have all got prosecuted, it’s time for *me* to get prosecuted too... I’m not a liar... well, what you remember is false... it’s a Russian woman in the TV, listen to her...” And I promptly filmed it (1:45:45 in the recording or 10:55 in the video): “... another instance of my crime... the woman being interviewed has an eastern European accent... very likely Russian... this is related to a certain type of crime of mine, my criminal pathology... don’t get distracted by your crimes, concentrate on sending the hash values to yourself... open your inbox and all your crimes are there, scary... oh, GFTP has stalled... Homeland Security only wants to make sure that I do not upload my files in a single stroke... we can’t know if that would have disrupted the integrity of the files... they can intercept my FTP disruptions as evidence that I actually went outside, killed somebody, and came back... that’s my guess, I don’t really know why they keep interrupting it... at least today I’ve got my network name back...” Then, noises outside again: “... I must be outside doing something with my drug-dealing partners...” And more whistling too (1:57:25): “... more evidence of my partners passing me secret messages... Gmail... hm, an email from Casa... What? Kathleen Campbell... ‘Your case will

5 Unfortunately, this is the sad fate I would continue to suffer throughout the next decade and more.

be dismissed if you don't appear in court tomorrow'...” This was an email from the San Francisco District Court in regard to my lawsuit against Mr Fradkov. I thus went on and on about how I was afraid to open these emails. Then I got frustrated again: “... I'm a computer programmer who can't understand computers at all... let's check if we have printed it out... we are unable to print out the hash values... why did the suit team instruct the San Francisco courthouse to send me an email?... I can't know because I'm afraid to open it, but there must be a purpose... maybe they are just trying to suppress the lawsuit as evidence... and now suddenly Homeland Security doesn't allow me to print out my own hash values...” In reality, the suit team didn't instruct the San Francisco District Court to send me the notification. On 2:09:45, I filmed (12:00 in the video): “... we don't know why Homeland Security doesn't allow us to print out the hash values...” I got angry: “I want to print out my hash values, mother-fucker!” And I cried. “I'm videotaping it, and so you are not supposed to go wrong...” And I screamed and yelled, and then threw another cup onto the wall. (Since the suit team didn't do this, the Russians must be frowning again.) Then: “... NTFS... the Ubuntu partition...” (2:17:50). Then: “... let's rest first... we will succeed with the hash values, even if it shall take 10 hours... that's my disability...” On 2:32:45, I filmed again (18:13 in the video): “... we are gonna follow up... we'll do the hash values even if it shall take 10 hours... I'm videotaping it, which should make the computer less likely to malfunction... I don't care what Homeland Security wants, Homeland Security doesn't want me to get my hash values...” Then, about the Disaboom junk email: “Homeland Security wants me to reply to this job offer for people with disability, but we are not interested... we just want to document our crimes and get prosecuted for them... okay, this is the hash values for today, we are gonna print them out... and we just sent them to ourselves...” And I succeeded this time. “I don't understand Homeland Security, they don't want me to do it, but if I keep on trying I'll succeed... and now Firefox pops up... if Firefox pops up, then I'd be allowed to do a certain thing... and why does this mailer pop up?... Homeland Security is trying to produce a certain surveillance... unlike everyone else, I don't have access to the ICJ evidentiary records... I don't know what virus Homeland Security has put inside these PDF documents...” And I wrote down some notes for today. Then, GFTP stalled again while uploading “9_20_09_p1.wmv” (2:50:00). Then: “... moving files is too slow... ‘Journal Attachments’... okay, so now we've got CD-DVD Creator folder... I don't know... how do you get a terminal up?” Frustrated, I started yelling again: “... I don't know what to do! I don't understand this thing... what's going on? Why is the file different? Drag the files...” Then I rested quietly for a while. By 4:09:00, I was up and on my computer again. I continued to work on my project. On 4:23:00, I was ready to burn the new disc on Ubuntu. I filmed with my pen camera: “... we shall try Ubuntu this time...” This would not make any difference! On 4:32:00: “... now writing onto the disc... I don't know... something is wrong, nothing works... Maybe the disc is damaged, maybe the DVD writer is damaged, it's not able to write anything onto anything... the disc is damaged, probably because the DVD is of poor quality...” Bingo! I then continued to work on my files (all the source videos). On 5:24:10, the FTP upload stalled again, but then restarted. On 5:27:30, I turned on the TV. This recorder was about to run out of battery.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
Nicaragua and the completion of a “mission”: 2-C.
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2009; Oct. 2021 – Oct. 2022

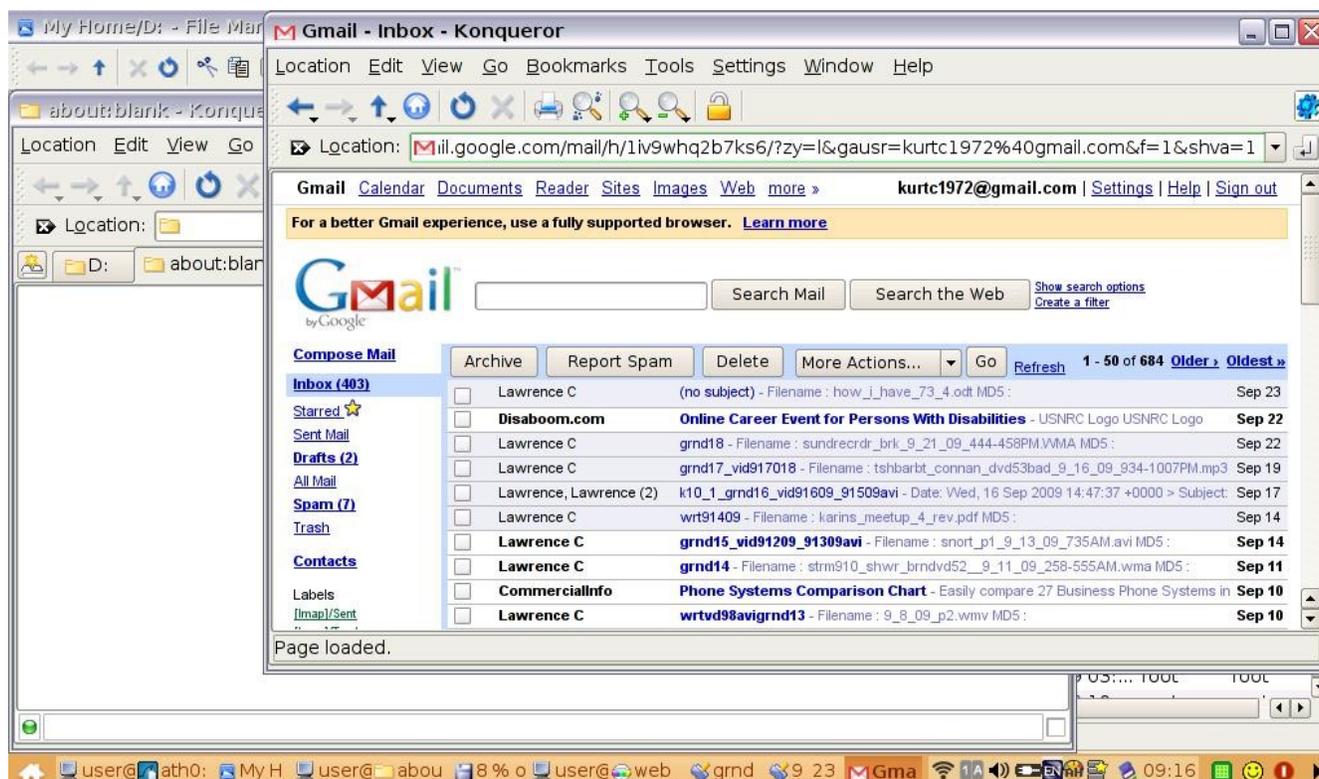


Terry’s email to me today which I was afraid to open

September 23 (Wednesday; UN/ the “fake Terry”?)

My next recording is: “impvid_ftpstll_cmmnttv_mstrbt_9_23_09_115-424AM.WMA”: the TV was still on: an American movie. Then: “Just because I smashed some stuff, this girl in the TV is also talking about smashing things... even the TV is imitating me...” Ha! I thus changed the channel. It was evidently just a coincidence, but I went on: “It’s not gonna be a normal TV, you can just forget about it...” Now, porno! Then, music videos. On 9:00, I turned off the TV and came back to work. Was I streaming? The video diary from earlier? (“... to produce surveillance that someone is coming to my door...”.) Then: “... ‘9_19_09’... it seems okay...” On 16:00, my Eee PC froze up. On 23:00, was I streaming another video diary? My pen videos? I was also switching back the hard drive on my Toshiba. Then: “Wait, outside! It’s ‘me’ coming home!” And I went to film it (30:10 in the recording or 27:24 in the video diary). “Taxi outside! There is still a person in the taxi, that means I didn’t come home but went out again... Gee, what was I doing? It must be drug-related!” Did faulty surveillance really catch David Chin coming home in a taxi? Then I turned on the TV. On 39:45, I booted up my Toshiba. On 41:00, I turned on the TV again. On 45:25: “Oh my God, the transfer stalled again! It must have something to do with the taxi’s arrival outside...” I filmed it (29:00 in the video). As you can imagine, bullshit. But note that CNN was reporting that the world’s leaders were about to speak in the UN. Including Gaddafi, for the first time. And I went on and on with my wrong theory about the

connection between the taxi outside and my Internet connection. Did I continue to stream my video diary? On 54:50, I moved the source video “1_24_09”: “... now, no more source videos left on my Toshiba...” On 1:04:00: “... ‘9-22-09’ source video... importing it to Toshiba...” On 1:24:30 – did the TV say something about Hitler and the Nobel Peace Prize? “Haha! Maybe that’s why Homeland Security wants me to watch this! Every TV program is supposed to remind me of me!” And I started changing the channel: “Oh, it’s ‘Bourne’ again!” Then: “Obama! Oh, they want me to watch this in order to produce surveillance showing me hating Obama...” (It’s the CBS interview with Glenn Beck.) Then I went on and on about how Katie Curtis was beautiful. Then: “Why am I watching TV? To study my crimes! This woman” – namely, Fran Drescher – “she’s beautiful too...” On 1:34:00 – what was I writing? The diary note you saw earlier? (“... opportunities...”) On 1:49:55, my Eee PC froze up. Now I was really upset: “Wake up mother-fucker! You’re dead... this Eee PC is dead...” I thus rebooted it and started GFTP again: “... we are gonna finish uploading this video diary...” (1:58:00). Was I still streaming the video diary? On 2:15:00 – what was I writing now? Then I mentioned something about masturbation (2:28:30). On 2:58:00: “... it’s ‘Beverly Hills 90210’... did they just mention UFO? That’s my TV...” And I went on and on about how my TV was imitating me. (Again, nonsense.) On 3:01:50 – was I trying to stream a video diary with M-Player? “... we need to take care of this DVD problem... now every file has only one copy... the copy on my website doesn’t mean much... Oh, the mother-fucker is sleeping outside again...” What?



The email from Disaboom today

My next recording is: “bvrlyhills_9_23_09_429-548AM.WMA”: I kept mumbling about nothing out of playfulness. “That’s why I’m watching this, this girl has just called the other one a ‘liar’... I must also be watching this because of the promiscuity... because I’m promiscuous... it’s not clear how many women I have molested... all I have to do is relax here, and the other ‘me’ will take care of the womanizing...” I was now moving videos to my Seagate drive. Then I was looking for a specific DV tape (47:00) and couldn’t find it. I was convinced that Homeland Security took it. “They saw me going out to get chickens and so they came in and stole it...” As you shall see, this was not the case. Then, whistling outside again on 1:07:40: “... Homeland Security has staged it to produce an intercept showing me receiving a secret message...” Could it really be the case that David Chin’s buddies had continued to call on him?

My next recording is: “lookfrtape_vid922_myboss_9_23_09_537-822AM.mp3”:⁶ was I now reviewing my pen videos? My video diary? On 15:20, I took notice when one girl called another girl a “liar” in “Beverly Hills 90210”. Ha! On 17:00, I somehow couldn’t find the DV tape containing the scenes of the radio communication on my TV. “... Homeland Security agents have stolen it...” On 34:00 – what was I mumbling about? On 38:30 – what was I saying? GFTP was still uploading, and it seems that the video diary had continued. On 57:45 – what was I mumbling about again? On 1:05:50: “Oh, I found the DV tape! Homeland Security agent didn’t steal it... I apologize... they must be like, ‘He accuses us of stealing his tapes, what a nuthead...’” Right! And I went on and on about how relieved I was and how much I loved these videos of machines going berserk. And then on and on about how I couldn’t remember anymore just how many tapes I had. On 1:46:10, I mumbled something about doing surveillance and receiving secret messages. On 1:56:10 – what was I mumbling about? “... it’s evidence that... I’m not home at all...” On 2:01:00, again about how, according to surveillance, I was supposedly not at home but somewhere else. Then about the woman getting out of the car. On 2:07:50, I was again mumbling indistinctly. On 2:09:30: “... everyone does things in order to feel good, right?... so when you are in a bad situation and you go to the extreme, you actually feel good... if you can’t be good, you might as well be the worst, and then you actually feel good...” Excellent wisdom! And I turned on the TV. Now CNN was broadcasting live from UN Assembly: “... Homeland Security wants me to watch this in order to produce evidence showing me being obsessed with the UN... Oh, the Brazilian president is speaking, that’s my boss, I’m pretty sure I’m also a Brazilian agent, I need to document my crimes now!” And so I quickly started filming the TV (2:12:20 in the recording or the first scene in my next video diary: “9_23_09.wmv”): “... I’m pretty sure I’m a Brazilian agent, and so this man is my boss. As I listen to him, I’m planning my heroin-smuggling operation to the US. He’s one of the persons involved, he gave the order... I’m working with my FARC partners, to bring heroin from Columbia to the US... these left-leaning leaders are the people I work for... what we want to do is poison the good people of the United States by bringing in as much heroin as possible, with terrorist groups such as the FARC... pretending to be a terrorist to fly to China, that’s my earlier crime... now my new crimes...” I was done with filming myself “confessing” on 2:16:10. On 2:19:10, I turned on the recorder as the UN event continued: “... we are gonna meet a lot of people for whom we commit our crimes... we are gonna see a lot of our drug bosses...” Then, South Africa was mentioned (2:21:00): “... that must be the African country I smuggle heroin for... it’s 8 AM in the morning... now BBC...”

6 As you shall see, the beginning of this recording seems to incorporate the entire previous recording.

so the Brazilian president’s name is Lula... he’s behind my heroin-smuggling operation... look, human trafficking... so I’m also involved in human trafficking... it’s Obama, the man for whom I harbor deep hatred... and so the reason why I do heroin-smuggling is also that I hate Obama, because he’s so popular... I also hate him because he’s opposed to torture, and yet, because I’m so malicious, I want to see people tortured...” And Obama was now talking about the US’ new treaty with Russia and so on. Very relevant to me! I continued: “... since I’m a member of the International Nazi Party, I’m naturally anti-Israel...”

My next recording is: “un_mycrimes_9_23_09_805-834AM.WMA”: this recording overlaps with the end of the previous until almost 24:00. (Note that, on 16:00, Obama was talking about the United States’ new treaties with Russia.) On 23:55, I turned off the Sound Recorder. On 26:50, I turned off my Eee PC. On 28:00, I changed the channel (away from Obama’s speech) and then turned off the TV to get ready to sleep. I was done with my sarcasm: what great testimonies I had produced for Russia’s sake! Then I turned on the other recorder.

Now the recording from 8:30 to 11 AM seems to have been lost. But my video diary still contains events from these two and a half hours (it seems that I didn’t go to sleep after all): (1) on 3:50 in the video: it was 9:46 AM, and a motorcycle came by my neighbor. I hurriedly ran downstairs: “... we are gonna find out who my criminal partner is...” Then, when seeing my neighbor: “... that’s me and my daughter...” Ha! (2) On 6:02 in the video: it was 10:37 AM, and I filmed out of my window: “... my drug boss has sent in a truck to load up a bunch of heroin...” Then (3), on 6:39 in the video: it was 11:04 AM, and I couldn’t sleep. I thus turned on the TV: it’s “Superman II”. “How does this movie reflect my criminal pathology?”

My next recording is: “slp_sprmn_renttry_9_23_09_1108AM-503PM.WMA”: I continued to watch “Superman II”. Suddenly, on 12:27: “What the fuck is going on outside?” And I went to the window to film it (7:21 in the video): “... my drug-dealing partner is transporting heroin from my place...” On 18:50, I mumbled again about the possible reason why Homeland Security was showing me “Superman II”: that I resembled Max Luther the “greatest criminal mind”. (Nonsense.) I was also streaming my latest video diary while watching it. By 1:01:00, the movie was over. I changed the channel: now it’s Helen Hunt (1:06:00). “... I still don’t want to sleep... this is becoming a serious problem... this movie is funny... but somewhere I should discover my criminal pathology by watching Helen Hunt...” Then, from 1:15:00 onward, with the TV turned off, I napped. On 1:17:30, I mumbled something about Karin (my lawsuit against her). Then, on 1:29:50, somebody was knocking on my neighbor’s door, and I ran to film it. Then I continued to rest. Then I heard more whistling outside: “... apparently these drug-dealers are signaling to me again... a whistle that’s 2 second long means 500 pounds of heroin... 5 second long, 1,000 pounds... we have to ask the Russian or the Brazilian consulate about what these whistles mean... they might have a hotline where you can ask...” Ha! And I went on and on (until 2:23:30). “... I think it was all explained to me when I was in training in Moscow... but I’m very stupid... a mentally disabled Russian agent... and so don’t remember...” Notably, the whistling occurs on 2:17:00, 2:19:45, 2:20:18, 2:21:10, 2:35:40, 2:41:30, and 3:59:00. (Were David Chin’s criminal buddies really calling for him again?) On 2:45:20, loud music from the neighbor.

Then, there was knocking on my door on 2:48:50. It must be Terry! (To follow up on the email “Rent on Cassita”. There was also a female talking in English which was not picked up by the recorder.) Then, on 3:02:20: “... Terry came to produce surveillance showing me pretending to have no money for rent even when I have supposedly made millions of dollars from drug-trafficking... I’m pretending because I’m under surveillance... I’m trying to produce the impression that I’m not dealing drugs at all... and that’s why your mom doesn’t give you money... I’m so bad and deceitful... I’m deceiving the international community...” And I went on and on with my sarcasm. On 3:15:00, people were doing their gas tanks outside again. I rested quietly. From 4:33:00 onward, you can hear the kids playing outside.

On 5:32:10, there was knocking on my door again. It’s Terry again, and this time she simply barged in (7:37 in the video diary). “Who is it?” I yelled. “It’s the owner,” she said. “Can you hold on a second,” I shouted from upstairs. “Okay.” I was sure that she barged in this time because it’s urgent for her to produce a surveillance intercept for the suit team. With my pen camera turned on, I saw her at the door on 5:35:45. She wanted the rent. “Sorry I’m in the middle of a nap, I’ll come by tomorrow.” And she left. “I don’t know how she would rumor about seeing strange matters here... I don’t know what terrible intercepts this was supposed to produce...” (5:37:00). Then: “I don’t know what nations would fall with her barging in...” (5:39:30). Then: “I don’t like to shake people’s hand.” Then: “Who knows what she would rumor about seeing in my place?” (5:40:30) Then: “She wanted to catch me naked...” And I turned on the TV. “What kind of intercept?” Now CNN was still onto UN Assembly, and it was now Hugo Chavez speaking. On 5:46:40: “Terry was forcing me to pretend to have no money to pay rent.” On 5:56:10, I started my recorder. More explosions outside.

My next recording is: “kdspatio_ntwrkname_9_23_09_458-533PM.WMA”: on 2:40, I ran downstairs to film the children who had gathered in my patio again (8:47 in the video-diary): “Why?... because I’m a pedophile... it’s more evidence of my being a pedophile and molesting children...” I came back upstairs and turned on my Eee PC to begin uploading files to my website. Then I noticed that my network name had again changed to “dynamic.MASAYA...” (20:35). I was alarmed about nothing again: “... there must be a reason for this change!” On 23:20: “Oh God, this is so difficult!” And I went on and on about how frightened I was. Then I started crying over it. On 33:30, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. “... Homeland Security must have changed my network name in order to create incriminating evidences...” Not really.

My next recording is: “tryreasn_slp_ftpstll_strm_9_23_09_553-1020PM.WMA”: “... I don’t know why there are no more network names... this is very scary...” And I went on and on about why my network name had changed. And yelling from time to time. “... Homeland Security has seen me becoming quite concerned about the change of my network name, and so now they simply get rid of the network name altogether, with only my IP address showing... in order to get rid of ‘Asus’... I think the point is to make it look like I’m not the one who’s uploading all these files...” (until 9:00). Nonsense. Then, more speculation: “... my computer name disappeared just after Terry had come by... and you don’t even know whether she’s the real or fake Terry...” You have thus seen me embarking on my

theory that the “Terry” that showed up earlier wasn’t the real “Terry”. On 22:20: “... in surveillance it’s probably not Terry...” On 22:00 I speculated that Terry was probably turned into something else in the suit team’s surveillance, maybe a Russian agent. “That’s why you should barricade your door! I don’t like it when people just walk in when I’m sleeping...” Then I rested quietly. On 1:25:00, I woke up briefly. On 2:11:30, I got up to discover that the FTP transfer had stalled again. I switched to Konqueror to do the transferring, but then became upset because I was blocked. I filmed the situation on 2:19:20 (9:48 in the video): “... FTP transfer stalled, GFTP stalled... just the recording of my sleeping in the afternoon... because Homeland Security doesn’t want me to upload the file in a single stroke, and so I used Konqueror instead, but... blocked... I’m videotaping it, so it shouldn’t go wrong...” On 2:25:15, I started streaming the Sound Recorder recording from this morning. And then I continued my nap. On 3:56:10, I woke up and mumbled something about the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. On 4:17:30, I was making notes about the recording from this morning (“my crimes”). On 4:21:25, I filmed the TV (13:27 in the video): “It’s ‘Bourne’ again!” Namely, evidence of my obsession with the Agency (or so I thought). And so I changed the channel. “We should find ‘Jerry McGuire’ pretty soon.”

My next recording is: “jrrymcguirre_renezwlgr_9_23_09_1025-1143PM.WMA”: I continued to watch “Jerry McGuire” while streaming the video diary from yesterday. The guy outside was pushing his cart again on 46:30. Then: “Does Jerry McGuire reflect my criminal pathology in any way? Since he’s getting cozy with Renée Zellweger’s kid, that might be evidence that I’m a pedophile...” (50:30). Ha! Probably not. Then, suddenly, on 1:00:10, the TV was out. On 1:05:30, I discovered that the FTP transfer had also stalled. In fact, the Internet was cut off. On 1:09:20, I filmed the situation (14:12 in the video): “... it’s 11:34 PM, both the cable TV and the Internet are cut off...” On 1:15:30, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. “Everything is shut off!”

My next recording is: “brk_nocnct_9_23_09_1131-1145PM.mp3”. It seems that I was playing another Eee PC Sound Recorder recording in the distance. On 9:28, the cable TV was back! But the Internet was still down. Soon I turned on the recorder.

My next recording is: “netdwn_mcgurre_9_23-24_09_1148PM-1219AM.WMA”: it was still “Jerry McGuire” on TV while I worked on moving files on my computers. Children could be heard shouting outside. I filmed my computers on 26:30 to demonstrate that my Internet connection was still down (15:57 in the video). On 30:00 I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC and soon ended this recording.

Let’s conclude about today. I might have been correct that, when Terry barged in, faulty surveillance had shown something else happening – this, especially when we keep in mind the fact that Terry had a bird on her shoulder (more on this below) – but we must emphasize here that my interpretation which you see in the video diary for today is probably incorrect. Namely, the suit team most likely didn’t send in another woman to pretend to be Terry so that they could obtain evidence that the Russian intelligence service SVR had sent in an agent to pretend to be a CIA agent pretending to be a Russian agent. This wrong scenario would stay with me for many years until now, more than 12 years later when I’m

reviewing the video diary again and concluding that “Terry” *did* look like “Terry”. Beside this, however, the suit team didn’t do anything else for today.

September 24 (Thursday; scratching)

My next recording is: “[ntdown_nzicrme_vid922_9_24_09_1215-3AM.mp3](#)”: on 2:45, I started working on my latest video diary (September 22) while the TV was on. Then, something on 25:00. Again on 27:00. Then, on 31:00, a commercial about “Hijos de carnival”, some sort of Brazilian movie. “Evidence of my being a Brazilian agent!” (Not.) On 47:00, CNN was onto UN Assembly again, with Gaddafi speaking. Ants. On 51:00, Katie Curtis’s interview with the Iranian president had started. He was specifically asked by Katie about his Holocaust denial. I was alarmed: “Why am I watching this? This is really getting scary!” On 53:00, I started filming it (17:20 in the video diary). “I’m watching this probably because I’m a member of the International Nazi Party... because I might have even denied the existence of the Holocaust... it smells really bad here because of the trash, but probably also because of the dead bodies of my drug cartel rivals... it’s my new crime... denying the existence of the Holocaust... I must have also supported Palestine...” On 1:01:00, back to working on my video diary. My pen videos. On 1:07:47, I filmed the TV again: “I changed the channel to Fox, and it’s the Iranian president again” (20:00 in the video). This time it’s Ahmadinejad speaking in UN Assembly. “This is indeed my crime!” On 1:11:38, after I changed the channel, I filmed the TV again (20:52 in the video diary): it was Charlize Theron on a talk show. “She’s from South Africa, and so this is evidence of my being a South African agent... also evidence of my speaking Afrikaan... the Internet is still down at this time... That’s why I was watching that movie, ‘Sweet September’, some time ago... that was evidence against me and I didn’t even notice it...” (1:16:50). Ha! On 1:22:40, I screamed because something happened to my Windows Movie Maker. On 1:29:20, at the TV again: “Look! Somebody is drinking beer!” And so I filmed the TV again (23:30 in the video diary): “... a man is drinking beer on talk show! Evidence of my alcoholism! It’s not a crime to drink alcohol, but it *is* part of my criminal pathology...” On 1:44:45, CBS News was showing a scene from Obama’s meeting with the Russian president Medvedev. Then I noticed that my Internet connection had been restored (1:48:10). On 2:01:00 – what was I writing? The Preface to my Secret History? (Something about Mr former Secretary.) On 2:07:30 – what was I writing? “... indisputable evidence of my crimes...” Then, I was moving more files to my Seagate drive to free up more disk space on my Toshiba. On 2:12:00, the news was on Obama in the UN. And his sit-down with the Russian president again. Note that Obama had gone to the UN Security Council today. By now my Toshiba was running very slowly – why? I was now publishing “9_22_09_p1.wmv” (2:18:00).

My next recording is: “[vid922_chkwamu_9_24_09_256-704AM.WMA](#)”: on 7:00, NBC News. On 20:00 – was I reviewing the latest video diary after it was published? On 43:20, I was uploading my hash values to my website. On 54:00 – did I continue to review the latest video diary? Was I working on the next video diary “9_22_09_p2.wmv”? (With the TV turned off.) On 1:16:00, I groaned about my mistake with this “9_22_09_p2.wmv”. On 1:25:00, my pen videos. On 1:41:00, I continued on with the recording from yesterday afternoon (Terry’s coming). Then my pen videos again. Then I continued to work on the video diary “9_22_09_p2”. At one point: “I’ve really screwed up this video!” (2:06:00) I

was also making notes about the recording from yesterday afternoon. I also took note of the gunshots outside on 5 AM, 5:41 AM, and 5:45 AM. On 3:01:00, I was taking notes about Terry’s second coming. On 3:16:30: “... it’s time to check WAMU... to see if mother has deposited...” On 3:33:00, I was commenting on the suit team’s operation (with my WAMU account?): “... they keep doing it to make it look like it’s not their work... to make it look like it’s natural... getting locked out... I did videotape it... I’m videotaping it in order to catch them doing it again...” On 3:43:20, I was on GFTP: “... refresh... uploading ‘9_22_01_p1’...” On 3:47:30: “... that’s probably to create an intercept showing me waiting for my drug-trafficking buddy...” On 3:49:20, I filmed – just when my neighbor was getting on a van (the first scene of my next video diary, “9_24_09_p1.wmv”): “... where am I going? Probably related to my heroin-smuggling operation... we’ve caught another scene of our conducting criminal activities...” Again, I was most likely overly interpreting things here. And I turned on the TV and went on and on: “... now that I have videos of their remote control, they will argue that it’s me who have done it myself because I’m such a liar and fraud and I want to frame Homeland Security... the goal is always to attribute your victimizing act to your victim and your victim’s suffering to yourself...” Right! (Propaganda in the mirror.) On 4:01:08, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “argntna_zwelgr_twn_9_24_09_647-827AM.mp3”: on 1:50, I turned on the TV. CNN, while the video diary continued. Then: “... I have to pretend all my life that I don’t have money, even though I have supposedly made so much money from drug-trafficking... when you have money but can’t spend it, it’s the same as your not having money...” I turned off the recorder on 8:20. Then: “... the violence involved in my heroin-trafficking operation...” On 25:50, I was changing the channel and commenting on what I saw. A war movie? “... Argentinian soldiers... the Falklands War... this must be evidence that I’m also an agent of Argentina...” (28:40 in the recording or 2:05 in the video). (Not.) Then: “... the conspiracy to smuggle heroin to the United States also includes Argentina... we have now found indisputable evidence... it’s 7:17 AM... the FTP upload is still going as you can see... I suspect that the Eee PC’s Sound Recorder might have this problem too” – and so I started reviewing the recording (32:50). On 39:00, I turned off the TV and continued to review my recording from the previous morning (the Brazilian president). On 47:20, I was commenting on the Sound Recorder recording. Then the recording from hours ago. I thus concluded that my Eee PC’s microphone was very short-range. On 51:00, I turned on the TV. Another big budget war movie. On 51:30, it’s Renée Zellweger again: “... we just saw her last night... some sort of coincidence... there must be a reason why I’m watching this... the financial world of movie stars... maybe it’s because I’m thinking about all the things I want to buy with my drug money... the left-leaning nations... oh God I like Nicole Kidman...” Then, on 1:34:00: “... it’s finished! What do I do now?” On 1:34:30, I turned on the recorder.

My next recording is: “mvstrrich_vid923_trrylevon_9_24_09_825AM-154PM.WMA”: on 10:00 – did my M-Player stop because the Sound Recorder was turned off? I started streaming the recording from last night (“network name”). On 31:00, I turned off the TV and kept on making notes about the recording. Now Terry’s second coming again. I seemed to be making the video diary “9_23_09.wmv” at the same time. I then theorized more about this “Terry episode”: “... an American woman pretending

to be a Russian agent pretending to be an American woman...” (48:30). Thus you see me developing my (most likely incorrect) theory about what happened as you have seen in my video diary. I then kept on writing. What? On 1:16:50, I was typing out the funny conclusion to the “9_23_09” video diary. Ha! On 1:54:00, a break for chickens. On 1:56:30, I turned on the TV. On 2:01:30, I filmed the TV again (4:40 in the video): “... it’s the seventh time that they are showing this French movie about the female stock exchange seller. It must be reflective of my criminal pathology in some way, but I just can’t figure out what it is.” Because this was not orchestrated! Then – CNN in Spanish, and I filmed again (2:05:00 in the recording or 5:42 in the video): “... the president of Panama is talking about drug-trafficking, it must be related to my crimes...” Then, Deutsche Welle on horses: “... can that be related to my crimes?” When I changed the channel: “... what’s my relationship with Iran? Iran is in the news, and so there must be a relationship... I must be the only person in the world who has discovered his crimes by watching TV...” Ha! On 2:13:50, I filmed again (6:32 in the video): “... this must have something to do with my crimes too... this man just said to this woman in an eastern European accent... maybe he’s Russian...” I turned off the TV, and it started raining outside. On 2:19:10 – what was I writing? The new video diary was almost published. On 2:30:40, my network name had disappeared again: “... it does show up on T-Shark, but not on Wireshark...” This should have convinced me that I had been worried too much about nothing. On 2:34:00, I started playing the new video diary that had just been published, “9_23_09.wmv”, and I was terribly amused by it from time to time. On 2:45:34, something was going on outside, and I went to film it (7:22 in the video): “... I must be chatting with people... a bunch of students are passing by... never seen that before... it must be related to my crimes in some way... Did I molest them?” Ha! On 2:50:00, I was printing out the hash values I had just sent to myself: “... when I use Firefox it’s very scary and so I’d try to keep it separate from everything else... a lot of gunshots are heard outside because my being here has created a drug-war...” (3:25:00). Ha! And I continued to upload my files to my website while streaming the recording from yesterday afternoon at the same time. Then I got frustrated because I misnamed all the screenshots from today “9_23_09”. On 4:02:00, I was back to streaming the recording of my sleeping last night, from 6 to 10 PM or so. Then: “When the ‘fake Terry’ came, did she have a bird on her shoulder? That means that these birds... Homeland Security would argue that it’s foreign intelligence services which have sent them in to pass me secret messages... what does their singing mean? ‘Lift 500 pound more heroin from place A to place B?’ ‘Hide the heroin in horses’ ass?’” Funny! (But, really – why did Terry show up with her bird?) Then I went on and on about how my phobia had evolved in response to the suit team’s operation – more and more toward the most ordinary things, now even the birds’ singing – and about how Homeland Security had had to pretend they were not conducting surveillance on me. And then about the respective qualities of each of my recording devices (my recorders and the Sound Recorders on Eee PC and Toshiba). On 4:16:20, more knocking on my neighbor’s door. Then, my neighbor was talking outside: “... it’s ‘me’ talking outside!” And I went to film it (4:17:40 in the recording or 8:38 in the video): “... a man is talking to my neighbor, it’s somebody talking to ‘me’... oh, two guys going to the van... which one is ‘me’?” And on and on, and then I turned on the TV. Then, on 11:45 in the video: “... Georgia... this can be incriminating ... if that’s a ‘fake Terry’, then I wouldn’t have to pay rent...” And I went on and on about how I was confused with Wes’ former girlfriend Lavonne in surveillance back in March (4:23:20): “... but, then, why am I still in contact with Wes if I have supposedly swindled 6000 dollars from him?... and that means that I’m a

woman...” Then I was complaining again about how there wasn’t anymore storage for my rapidly increasing data. And I continued to make notes about the recording. On 4:59:10, the transfer was completed. Then, again: “... was that the real or the fake Terry? She obviously came for an unwholesome purpose... she knew I had no money to pay rent... because my mother would have to give me money first... so she was here to produce intercepts, which is always bad for me... an intercept showing me pretending not to have money from my drug-smuggling business... or an intercept showing some other Russian agent coming into my apartment... or to instruct her to rumor about seeing this and that” – and on and on. I finally concluded that that wasn’t the real Terry. “Was Terry that short? And a bird on her shoulder... forget it, just focus on the crimes you *have* committed...” I should never have such bad habit of leaving the external hard drive outside the case while sleeping...” Then I went on and on about masturbation. “What’s going on? That’s the question... It’s important to know because you want to know what crimes you have committed...”

A comment is in order. When I shall later upload the new video diary “9_23_09.wmv” to my website, it’s really hard to tell if, with this major error about Terry, it would help the Russians at all. While my sarcasm throughout the video (the speeches at the UN, how the movies were reflective of my criminal pathology, and the trucks with “heroin”) could be used by the Russians to argue that I did intend to conspire with the suit team, everyone would be stunned when seeing me mistaking the real Terry for a fake Terry whom the suit team had supposedly used to replace the real Terry. Of all my over-interpretations (which were never good evidences for the Russians), this was certainly the worst. The Russians must be frowning all the time not only over my constant hysteria about computer malfunctioning but also over my incessant over-interpretations. Again, the “Legend” didn’t appear to be as smart as he was thought to be – and yet the entire fate of Russia was on his shoulders and no one could back out now.

My next recording is: “ut_scrthcrme_nodvd_9_24_09_159-224PM.WMA”: I was now ready to go out. I filmed my room before leaving (3:30 in the recording or the first scene in my next video diary, “9_24_09_p2.wmv”): “... keep careful tap on where things are... in case the Casa people should come in...” On 4:40, I filmed again: “... my shoes... why is it that, just as I’m ready to go out, there is music from the neighbor?... to produce surveillance showing my drug-trafficking partners summoning me with music...” On 7:00, I filmed my room again to indicate where things were (1:12 in the video): “... if anything is moved, you’ll know... only if I can bring a stick... if I see ‘me smoking dope’, I’ll just strike ‘me’ with the stick... I’ll then just be striking myself...” Ha! When I was out of my door: “... these two guys sitting over there... suspicious... why are they sitting over there? They are waiting for me to pass them by... there have been a lot fewer scratchers in the past few days... the focus was on my criminal pathology... a bicycle is coming, get ready to hit him... he took out his hand and looked at it, that might be evidence of secret message-passing... I don’t know if, when a child passes me by, that’s evidence of my pedophilia... don’t scratch yourself when people are around... but why not? You said it yourself: if you can’t avoid committing crimes, you might as well commit as much crimes as possible... and get the satisfaction from going to the other extreme... why all these school buses... evidence of my pedophilia...” (7:23 in the video). Then: “Oh no, this guy is on the phone, I’m gonna kill this mother-fucker, that’s ‘me’ talking on the phone... I keep talking on the phone with my drug-

trafficking buddies... scratching myself is a crime, but now, the more crimes the better... oh, this guy... if he does anything, we'll hit him... oh, that's 'me' using drugs... that's me passing heroin around... that's my crime...” (8:58 in the video). Then, a guy on scooter (9:53 in the video): “... this guy nods his head... hit him?... let's get our things done first, then we can come back around to hit that guy, perhaps... but it's more important to document your crimes... that guy is on cellphone... is that 'me' making a cellphone call? These two girls... both touch their hair with their hand... but you are not supposed to hit girls... don't hit people with bigger muscle, but everyone has bigger muscle than I do... and don't hit police officers, they have guns...” Ha! On 20:20, I turned off the camcorder and walked into the store asking if they sold DVDs. (See “[lkfrdvd_buycig_tchself_9_24_09_218PM.AVI](#)”.) No, and I was out (14:30 in the video). “Oh, that guy scratches his head...” Then, I angrily scolded a child: “... shut your fucking mouth up, just because you are a fucking kid... that woman is using her cellphone, that's 'me' making a cellphone call... the second instance...” (from 16:15 onward in the video). Then: “... this woman just scratched her head, that's another crime of mine, receiving secret messages from evil people... we are gonna get ourselves prosecuted... that woman is using cellphone... an American woman... even she touches her hair... but receiving secret messages from good people is not a crime, right?” On 24:50, I came into another store: “[Tienes] DVDs?” No. “She's making a cellphone call” – and I came out quickly. Then my recorder ran out of battery.

I kept on filming as I continued on (17:56 in the video). Immediately, another guy making a cellphone call. Then, I was out of the shopping mall and onto the street. “There are so many people around, I don't think it's a good idea to hit people...” I kept on regretting that I didn't accomplish my goal at all (get blank DVDs) after coming out and suffering so much bad surveillance. Then I bought three packs of cigarettes but the man kept touching himself, and immediately a woman walked past with her cellphone stuck to her ear. Then I walked on (20:19 in the video). Then, this guy, when he saw me, purposely adjusted his hat in a contrived manner (21:14 in the video). Now this one was without doubt the suit team's work! Then another woman scratched herself. Then another man acting suspiciously (22:50 in the video). “... remember, what other people do is my crime... that's what makes life so hard...” Then another guy on bicycle touched himself (23:45 in the video). “Should we hit him?” And he came back! Then, when another guy was about to pass me by, I warned him, “Don't touch yourself.” And he purposely did! (25:38 in the video) And I hit him! Then, school buses. “That's evidence of my pedophilia!” (26:55 in the video) Ha! Finally, I came home on 29:15 in the video. But I had forgotten to buy batteries and so I was immediately out again. I came into a shop and purchased batteries: “[buy_bat_9_24_09_244MP.AVI](#)”. When I came out, I continued to film (32:20 in the video). On 35:00 in the video, another old lady scratched her head, and I lamented that she was too old for me to hit. Then, another one (35:45 in the video). “That might be 'me' dealing dope over there. That could be evidence of my crime!” (36:20 in the video) On 38:05 in the video, as I came home again, another guy passing by touched himself. “Fuck you.” And I threw a rock at him: “That's my secret message to you!” Then I came onto the street again looking for him after becoming convinced that he was here to produce surveillance showing me smoking dope. Not finding him, I went back (41:17 in the video). “That guy was 'me', and so I have the right to hurt him because I have the right to hurt myself.” Home again on 43:00 in the video. “The next time it's better to just bring a baseball bat.” Ha! On 44:26 in the video, I

filmed the state of my room now that I had come home. I would soon conclude thusly about my trip out today:

Going out on 2 PM... Today the theme of the suit team’s surveillance... has reverted back to [secret] message-passing (up to 20 instances of self-touching and hand-gesturing). About three instances of my doubles dealing and smoking dope were still discovered. It’s however soothing to own up and document these “crimes of myself”.

Whether or not faulty surveillance had indeed intercepted David Chin smoking dope again today, the suit team’s focus seemed again to be getting everyone to scratch themselves in front of me in order to make me believe that I had succeeded in my conspiracy with the Russian and Nicaragua intelligence: namely, justification in the upper court for the continual use of faulty surveillance on me. However, when I started hitting those people who signaled to me in order to act like my conspirators, it’s not clear how either the Russians or the suit team were going to interpret that for judge Higgins in the upper court. The Russians could say that that’s indication that I never really believed that I had succeeded in any conspiracy with them. But the suit team, on the other hand, could equally point out that that’s evidence that I wasn’t conspiring with them since I was clearly resisting their operation. We will have to leave this mystery aside for what happened before (i.e. September 18), what was happening now, and what would happen in the coming days.

My next recording is: “back_readyslp_9_24_09_255-337PM.WMA”: I was now at home. “Just got back!” Then, somebody was yelling outside. “That could be ‘me’ yelling” (5:30). I started barricading my door. I was back to my smart move! On 7:00, I turned on the TV. The news, and I changed the channel. It’s now a Chinese movie dubbed in Spanish. On 37:50, I turned off the TV: “... my neighbor is doing something, blasting loud music...”

My next recording is: “explsunds_nghbrmusic_slp_miamiplmv_9_24-25_09_337PM-1243AM.WMA”: on 1:00: “... what’s that noise?” I quickly turned off the TV: “... the next door is doing something... blasting loud music... do you hear ‘me’ blasting loud music from next door to disturb myself here? Why is it so upsetting? It’s not that loud...” (7:30). Then: “... maybe they are not trying to produce surveillance... but just to irritate you... year after year... it’d be more pain than cutting off your finger just once... this time it’s Middle-Eastern music...” On 26:20, gunshots outside again: “... the drug war... my heroin-smuggling operation has caused various factions to fight each other... although all travel books say Nicaragua has low crime rates, you’ve never expected that *you*’ll bring in so much crimes... that’s me, everywhere I go I bring in destruction... in the end, you’ve never got into any Spanish classes... but you did write a lot about Karin’s meetups... but that’s important to me... I care about every second of my life...” On 38:40, more gunshots outside: “... Granada is really messed up because *I*’m here... some of them are my partners, others my enemies...” On 42:00, it started raining very hard outside. Then again: “... it’s ‘me’ over there blasting loud music upon myself... I think what Homeland Security wants me to do is to throw rocks at my neighbor, at myself...” (1:01:30). Then I continued to rest. More gunshots outside on 1:04:30. “The next door is now blasting Michael Jackson’s ‘Billy Jean’, that’s definitely me... because I’m a pedophile in the

manner of Michael Jackson...” Then I rested quietly for the rest of the recording while it rained like crazy outside.

September 25 (Friday; Terry broke in)

My next recording is: “renomiami_tv_9_25_09_1233-1256AM.WMA”: with the TV turned on and the video diary running, I was now awake. On 5:30, I changed the channel: “... how’s that going to reflect my crimes?... Argentina again... Argentina is definitely involved in my crimes... BBC, Kenya... Gaddafi again... she’s speaking Russian, and that’s why I’m watching this movie...” Now, a funny cop movie (the Miami Police). Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “tv_9_25_09_101-146AM.WMA”: I turned on the other recorder. Still the funny cop movie. And the movie turned out to be about drugs, and so I changed the channel. TNT was showing “Seven” again, and so, on 35:00, I turned off the TV. On 41:50, I turned the TV back on, and I immediately started filming (the first scene in my next video diary, “9_25_09.wmv”): “... just woke up about one and a half hour ago. I turned on the TV, and it’s ‘Seven’... a very intelligent serial killer, that’s me... but, wait – according to evidence, I’m *not* very intelligent... I always forget my Russian-made spy equipment... so I don’t know how ‘Seven’ is supposed to reflect my crimes... the other movie... Miami Police... about drug-trafficking... so it’s my crime...”

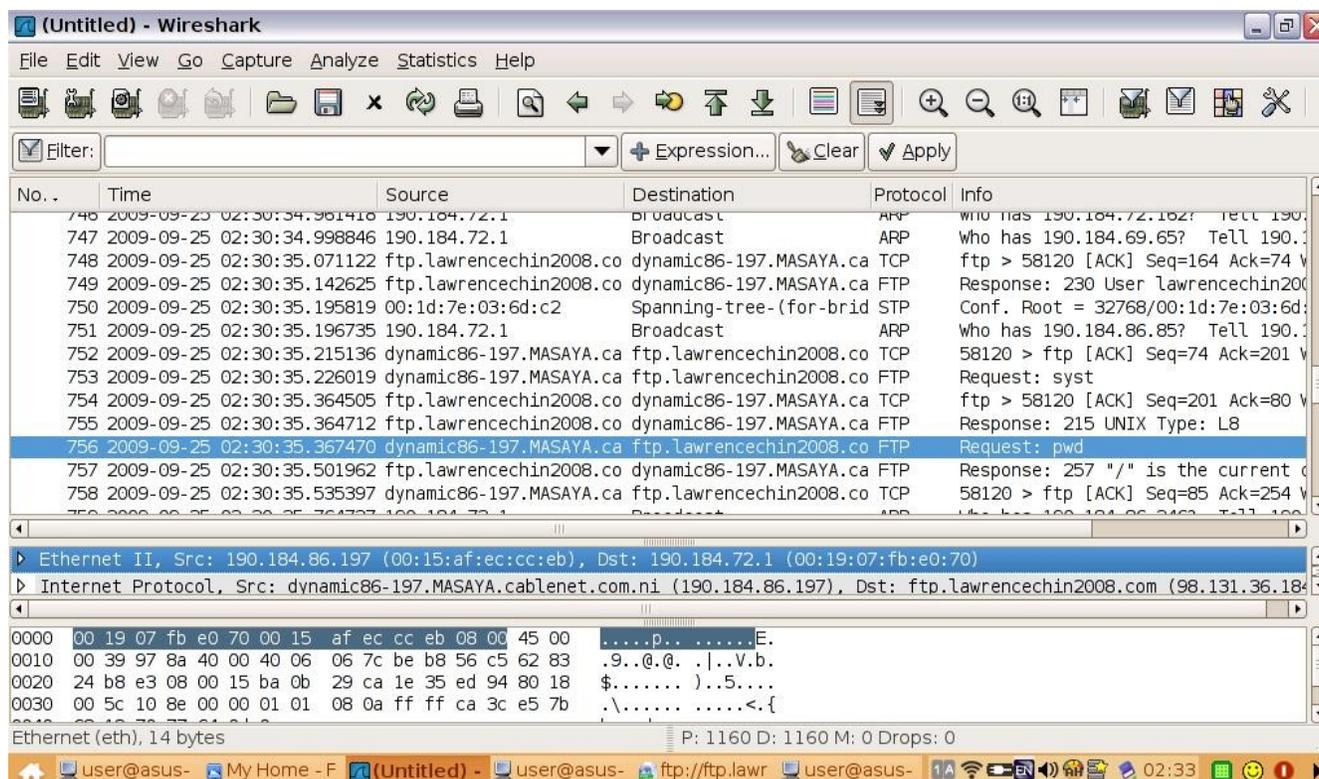
My next recording is: “mvie7_upldrerd_9_25_09_138-351AM.WMA”: on 4:25, I filmed my TV again (2:04 in the video): “... looks like crack cocaine... she’s burning the...” Then I filmed my TV again (2:27 in the video): “Where is the movie?... what? It’s Nazis again... Another evidence of my being a member of the International Nazi Party has been produced... Jim Carrey... that’s evidence that I’m a pathological liar... where is it?... oh, Renée Zellweger again... the fourth time since yesterday... she must be related to my crimes in some way...” Ha! Then I finally came up with a scenario about how the movie “Seven” could be related to my crimes: “... he tries to get himself busted, just as I’m trying to seek prosecution for my crimes... so *that’s* my crime... to seek prosecution for my crimes *is* my crime...”⁷ On 19:30, I thus started filming again (7:15 in the video): “... just discovered the movie ‘Seven’ on TNT... that’s my new crime... which is that I’m trying to seek prosecution for my crimes... why is that a crime? It’s an act of deception...” Ha! On 38:00, I went back to my work – was I using GOM Player to review some old recordings? On 51:50, CBS News. The G-7 protests. Then, the trade war between China and the United States (1:06:00). Meanwhile, I was trying to make sure that the network name as had appeared on Wireshark matched that as had appeared on T-Shark. Then, CBS News showed an interesting segment on women’s role in the economy and the work force (1:11:00). I was engrossed in the matter: “... what does *that* have to do with my crimes? Homeland Security *wants* me to watch this... in accordance with my thermodynamic interpretation of history... this has produced surveillance showing me copying my entire critique of feminism from news clips...” Not! On 1:35:00, I turned off the TV and continued on with the recording. On 1:45:00, I played another recording from yesterday morning. On 2:00:00 – what was I writing? “... documenting my crimes, in the comfort of my own home, from my Cable TV...” On 2:06:30, again: “... Renée Zellweger must be related to my

7 Now you see that it’s more than Raskolnikov.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
Nicaragua and the completion of a “mission”: 2-C.
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2009; Oct. 2021 – Oct. 2022

crimes...” On 2:07:40, I turned on the other recorder. On 2:12:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC.

My next recording is: “upld_9_25_09_346-406AM.mp3”: I started reviewing an earlier Sound Recorder recording. Then – what was I doing? Then, when the FTP upload was done, I turned on my recorder (18:00).



My Wireshark capture this morning showing the network name “MASAYA”

My next recording is: “9_25_09_413-528AM.WMA”: on 2:55, I turned off the Sound Recorder. On 10:30, somehow I couldn’t save the Wireshark captures. I got so angry that I smashed things. And more problems on my Eee PC. Then the network name changed to “MASAYA” again, and I got senselessly paranoid and restarted Wireshark. And I continued to have problems in saving the Wireshark captures. Then I started streaming yesterday’s recording (“Charlize Theron again!”). On 27:10, my network name changed back to “ASUS”. On 33:50 – was I streaming yesterday’s video diary? Doing some conversion? On 38:30, I suddenly couldn’t delete files from my SD card. “It has become read-only.” On 43:30, I turned on the TV. On 48:40: “Swindler! That’s my crime! Even when watching ‘Beverly Hills 90210’ I would discover my crime!” On 1:00:30: “I think even watching movie stars is a crime!” On 1:12:50, I turned off the TV and went back to work. Was I now working on my latest video diary?

My next recording is: “[vid924p2_dhsmssg_rvwtrry_9_25_09_523-1058AM.WMA](#)”: then I turned the TV back on. On 12:00: “... Michael Jackson! It’s evidence of my crime!” Then I filmed the TV again (9:13 in the video): “... African countries, it’s evidence of my crime... the Euro channel just showed something about concentration camps... this Rabbi is a friend of Michael Jackson’s... I’m a pedophile, and that’s why I’m watching this...” Then this strange problem had become more serious: my SD card definitely seems to have been altered such that files could no longer be deleted from it. See 10:35 in the video. “... Homeland Security has altered it...” I turned off the TV on 17:00 and started making the new video diary “9_24_09_p2.wmv”. Did I then reformat my pen? On 47:00, I continued to work on the video. On 53:00: “... we must now upload all the files on the SD card since the card is no longer writable...” On 54:15, I started filming my SD card to document the problem again (13:28 in the video): “The SD card has become read-only...” Then: “This file has never been uploaded... if you look at ‘granada-18’...” And I continued to work on the video diary. Then I stopped. On 1:47:00, I started streaming my pen videos. On 1:54:00, my neighbor was blasting loud music again: “... my soul has gone out of me to go next door to blast loud music upon my body here...” On 1:59:00, I was back to my video diary. I seemed now to be making notes about it. On 2:22:20: “... Toshiba is very slow... I don’t know if it’s because Toshiba is currently secretly communicating with Homeland security... it’s very slow and yet nothing else is working... the upload is completed, ‘granada-19’...” Again, just paranoid over nothing here. On 2:29:00, I started streaming the Sound Recorder recording from the early morning of September 24. Now I was ready to publish the video diary, although I was still worried that the file size might be too large. And I showered (2:39:00). On 2:45:30, I was out. On 2:51:00, I turned on the TV: ABC News. On 2:54:30, a motorcycle appeared outside, and I went to film it (14:03 in the video): “See what I’m doing outside... motorcycle... the woman from the neighbor... that must be related to me in some way... she just stood there to wipe her ass... be careful when you peek outside, people might be scratching themselves...” Ha! On 2:57:00 – was I examining my SD card again? Then, back to my TV: “... Africa’s role in UN Assembly... that’s evidence of my crime...” Then, on 3:01:45: “... why am I watching this? Do my crimes also include prostituting myself? We’ve got to document this!” And I thus filmed the TV on 3:02:20 (14:58 in the video): “... this guy from Saturday Night Live... plays a male prostitute here... and so another crime of mine is prostitution...” Then, it’s Renée Zellweger again! “... it’s the eighth time within two days... she must be related to my crimes, and yet I have been unable to figure out how... that’s enough...” And so I turned off the TV (while my video diary was still being published). “... I can’t believe my crimes also include prostitution... given how ugly I’m...” Ha! And I continued to research information about SD cards online.⁸ I was now reading forum postings.⁹ “It might be due to Homeland Security...” Then I suspected that it might simply be because my SD card was overused. (Right.) On 3:17:30, I started streaming my pen videos. Then I noticed that the file size of this new video diary was 1.2 gigabyte! Then, the truck outside was broadcasting something: “... what’s this about? Could this be staged by Homeland Security to produce surveillance showing me receiving secret communications?...” I went out to film it (3:43:30 in the recording and 16:38 in the video): “... it’s my crime... there is a reason why it’s broadcasting this garbage...” Then I continued to play my latest video diary, “9_24_09_p2.wmv” (3:51:00). On 4:37:00, all done. On 4:39:10, I filmed the Wireshark captures for the streaming of the pen video of Terry’s

⁸ It seems that I had searched “SD card overused” on Google.

⁹ For example, I was on [forum.xda-developers.com](#).

coming: “... filter TCP-string... nothing shows up...” On 4:58:00, I was now reviewing the recording of my commentary about Terry’s coming on the 23rd. Then, in order to ascertain whether this Terry might really be fake, I reviewed Terry’s voice in the recording and compared it with her voice in Casa’s Youtube video. Then I was working on my files. I seemed to be looking through the Temp files again in my Toshiba in order to decide whether to delete them. I ended up deleting many big Audacity Temp recording files. Then my next door neighbor was blasting loud music again (5:23:30). On 5:31:30, I started my recorder. Now, it’s time to rest.

My next recording is: “slp_knckemlcsf_nottrry_9_25_09_11AM-653PM.WMA”: now I slept while the FTP upload of “9_24_09_p2.wmv” continued. Terrifying knocks on the door on 54:30. The fake Terry again? And I went downstairs to film it (17:25 in the video). (She couldn’t get in because of the barricade!) And I thus filmed myself writing an email to Casa (20:56 in the video). More junk emails when I opened my Gmail account. “I don’t even want to open these... junk emails to produce surveillance intercepts...” And so I wrote an email to remind Terry that I’d come to pay rent tomorrow. I then set out to block emails from Ting-Ta but soon gave up the complicated task for now (because I was too tired). Then I decided that I wanted to report the other strange junk emails as spams (31:30 in the video). And on and on about how I just couldn’t do anything about people’s sending me junks. I reported three junk emails and signed out. On 1:28:00 (36:00 in the video) I noted that the junk email forwarded by Ting-Ta (from “ren@techartgroup.com”) was definitely orchestrated by Homeland Security to make it look like I had sent it. The purpose was of course the same – recall that the first forwarded email from this “Ren” contained a link to a Youtube video: to attribute to me the video which Homeland Security had forged, this “Ren” being my “double” – even my videos had “doubles” by now. Since I would never even open junk emails anymore, I had simply deprived myself of the possibility of knowing what kind of videos the suit team had decided to forge for me this time and therefore how these forged videos were supposed to discredit me and demonize me in the ICJ. Then, I slept from 1 to almost 7 PM. Such is my notes when I later reviewed this recording:

Yearning on 3:36:50. Noise on 3:58:30. Suspicious noise from 4:01:30 onward. Was someone shaking my door? Then on 4:04:28. Another suspicious metal sound on 4:06:50; 4:10:10; 4:12:22; and 4:15:14; and another one on 4:15:40, 4:21:14, and 4:23:35. Yearning on 4:26:40. Another suspicious sound on 4:33:05, 4:35:20, 4:39:00, and 4:45:05. On 4:46:10, it sounds as if someone were inside the apartment, downstairs perhaps. It continues until 4:55:30 or so. It starts again on 5:02:20. It seems that the “fake Terry” was trying to open my door, fighting the barricade. It starts again on 5:12:30. Metal sound again on 5:29:29 and 5:36:20. Loud noises on the door starts again on 5:48:10 or so, followed by a loud bang. It starts again on 5:54:14. Then, whistling outside on 6:04:20. After waking up, I deeply regretted leaving my Toshiba outside my backpack. Only to discover when importing my latest video that my C drive’s free space had increased to 19 gigabytes.

My next recording is: “knqrr_slp_9_25_09_645-1132PM.WMA”: with the TV on. On 15:30, I turned off the TV and continued to rest quietly. On 26:30, I packed up my Toshiba in my bag. Then I

continued to rest quietly.¹⁰ On 1:57:00, I was back to work and downloaded my website’s visitors’ log. On 2:01:00, something about my Konqueror. And I went on and on, reading something about computer matters.¹¹ On 2:38:00 – was I still looking at my visitors’ log? From 2:45:00 onward, I was all quiet.

September 26 (Saturday; scratching/ smoking dope)

My next recording is: “wk_eventvwr_upldrerd_newsrusjksn_9_25-26_09_1156PM-134AM.WMA”: I continued to rest and then got up on 27:30. I turned on my Toshiba again. On 47:30, I seemed to be reading out loud the processes on my Toshiba. Then I turned on the TV: BBC. Soon, Russia again: “... evidence that I’m a Russian agent...” Then, Michael Jackson: “... see, you turn on the TV, and your crime continues...” I then settled on Deutsche Welle. On 1:10:30, back to BBC. North Korea! “This must reflect my crimes somehow...” (1:12:00). On 1:17:50, I turned off the TV and started uploading my recordings. On 1:29:00, I started playing the recording from the afternoon. On 1:37:30, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC.

Then, suddenly a car parked in front of my neighbor to pick people up, and I went to film it (36:57 in the video): “... a car outside...” And I kept on filming it, even though my tape then ran out and I had to change tape. Two persons finally got in after many minutes. “So, I might have gone out again...” It’s not clear whether faulty surveillance had indeed confused them with me.

My next recording is: “ftpstill_9_26_09_149-231AM.WMA”: with the TV turned on, I played the Sound Recorder recording. “... ’granada-20’ in vidoes.lawrencechin2008.com...” On 10:15, the network name disappeared again. Then: “... something strange happened to my FTP upload... and then disconnected from my website...” On 20:30, my Internet was cut off. On 22:40, I filmed the situation (40:11 in the video): “... Internet is cut off, probably because the neighbor is going out... the FTP connection was cut off even though I was using Konqueror... earlier uploading to ‘granada-20’... and now it’s back on because I’m videotaping it...” And I also commented on the change of my network name. On 38:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC.

My next recording is: “hunt2pers_vid924p1_9_26_09_223-404AM.mp3”. BBC on TV. Was I also importing the latest videos? Then, something about twins on TV: “Could it be related to my crimes?” (12:00) This was indeed suspicious, huh? Then, screenshots in “9_17_09_b”... Now, Spanish on TV. On 44:20, my security log. Was I now watching Fran Drescher playing the nanny? On 54:40, I was filming the TV (43:21 in the video): “... Helen Hunt looking at herself being operated... Homeland Security might have staged this in order to make it look like I’m imitating my TV...” That is, Helen Hunt’s becoming a separate self to observe her original self was sort of like my going around to document my crimes away from me. And so I promptly turned off the TV. On 1:10:50, I started playing the video diary from the 24th. On 1:31:00, I turned on the recorder.

10 Reviewed until 50:00, and then from 1:30:00 onward.

11 It seems that I was reading about Konqueror on docs.kde.org and www.konqueror.org, and then about KMail on userbase.kde.org.

My next recording is: “[vid925_9_26_09_357-10AM.WMA](#)”: what was I writing now? I seemed now to be making my latest video diary, “[9_25_09.wmv](#)”. On 9:55, I turned off the Sound Recorder. I continued to work on the video diary. On 28:00: “... why don’t we publish the video now?” On 34:00 – was I playing my recording? My video? The recording that had been uploaded? The video diary was now being published. On 44:20, it was published. (Are we correct here?) On 50:50 – was I filming something with my camcorder? I seemed now to be playing the video diary. I kept working on the DV tapes and my camcorder. Then I started reviewing “[9_24_09_p1.wmv](#)” (1:25:30). On 1:35:00, I removed the frames already published from my Windows Movie Maker. I then started streaming the recording of my sleeping yesterday: “... just to make sure that nobody came in...” Namely, because of Terry’s actions. And I played the “[9_25_09](#)” video diary at the same time. On 1:52:00 – what was I writing? Notes about the recording? The movie “Seven” and my crimes: I seemed still to be making “[9_25_09.wmv](#)”. On 2:19:00, I kept on writing. On 2:31:00, the neighbor started blasting loud music. On 2:34:40, my Windows Movie Maker suddenly developed a strange problem. I got really angry. On 2:36:30, I filmed (the first scene of my next video diary, “[9_26_09_p1.wmv](#)”): “... the strangest Toshiba malfunctioning... the pointer couldn’t move upward...” But then it could: “... probably because I’m videotaping it right now... my God Homeland Security up there, they did something...” Really? I was now making ready “[9_26_09_source_1](#)” (3:00:00). Meanwhile, “[9_20_09_p1.wmv](#)” was being uploaded. I then continued to work on the video diary. I was now writing out the conclusion: “Renée Zellweger is the key...” Ha! On 3:23:10, I was ready to publish this video. On 3:52:30, the screenshots “[9_25_09](#)”. Then it was time to send the hash values to myself. On 4:09:00, as you can hear, the birds were singing outside again. (Did the suit team really make something out of this?) I now had to use Firefox to get into my Hotmail. On 4:15:10, a motorcycle by my neighbor, and I went to film it (1:27 in the video): “... two of them...” On 4:17:40, I took notice of the email which Disaboom sent me yesterday for the second time: “Do not open any emails from Disaboom, it’s to produce surveillance intercepts...” It’s really not clear whether the suit team had anything to do with these Disaboom emails. And I checked the hash values I had sent to myself. By now, “[9_25_09.wmv](#)” was published (4:34:30). I played the video: “... ‘Seven’... Jim Carrey...” (4:38:00). And I printed out the hash values: “... ‘granada-19’...” (4:51:30). By now, marching outside. On 5:14:40, I ran to film it, and a car outside too. On 5:18:20, my Konqueror froze up. On 5:19:25, another car seemed to be outside, and I went to film it, but there was no car (1:51 in the video). On 5:25:25, noises outside again, and I went to film it (2:09 in the video): “I’m not sure if that’s evidence of my dealing drugs... it’s a hot dog cart...” I was then deleting the scenes already published from my Windows Movie Maker. On 5:45:10: “... unfortunately, we have to check our WAMU account again...” I started filming it with my pen camera: “... we saw the WAMU packets...” But soon Konqueror did crash. I counted my money: I had more than 1,000 Cordobas with me. On 5:56:10, I turned on the TV. On 5:57:40, I turned on the Sound Recorder. And I changed the channel to CNN.

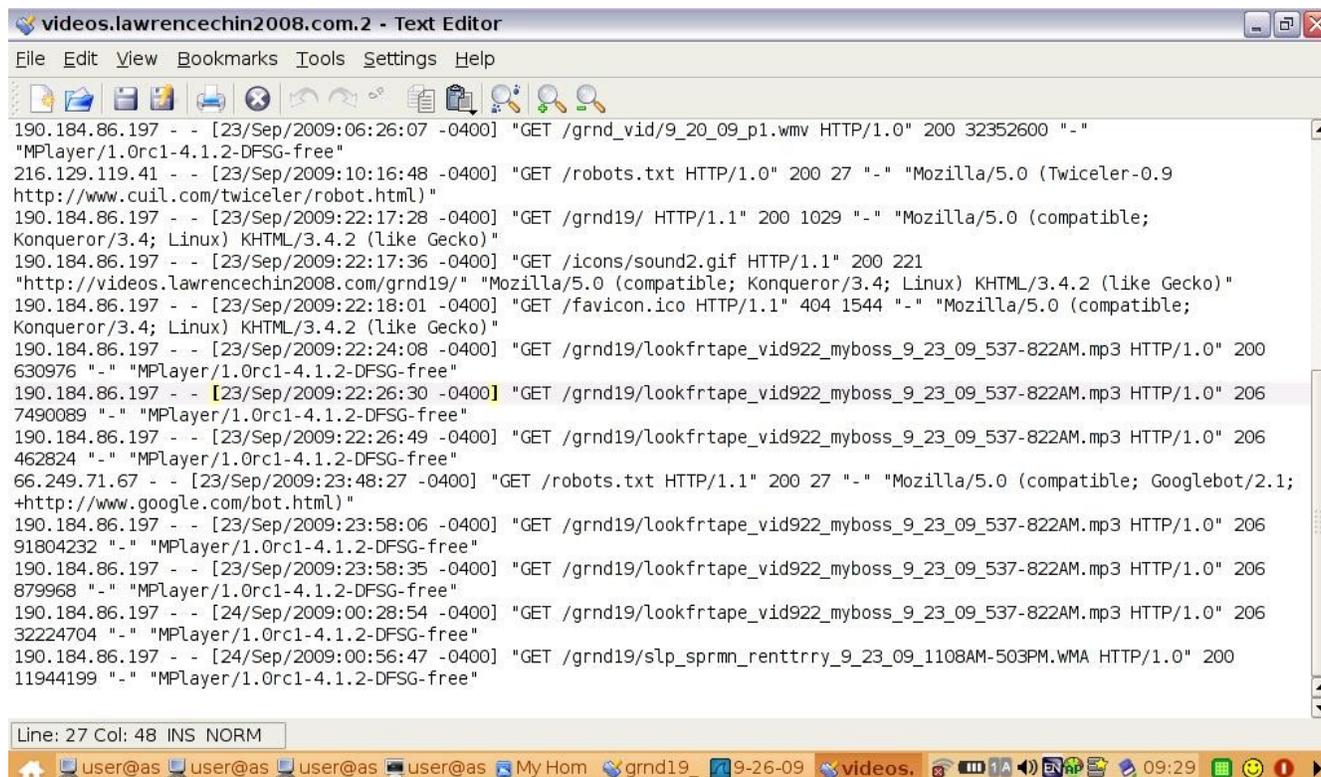
My next recording is: “[grmelect_nwbrn_clean_outtage_1_26_09_953-11AM.mp3](#)”: CNN, as noted. On 5:00, I turned off the recorder. On 16:00: “... I don’t know if this movie is reflective in any way of my crimes...” I turned off the TV. On 26:35, the FTP transfer stalled. On 55:00, it started raining outside, and the FTP transfer stalled again. Apparently, there was a power outage again at the moment: the FTP

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transfer stalled because of the outage. “Maybe it’s not orchestrated because it’s raining at the same time.” On 1:05:30, I turned on my recorder.

My next recording is: “uttage_why_csfru_9_26_09_1101AM-225PM.WMA”: both the power outage and the rain continued. On 1:50 I turned off the Sound Recorder. Was I now naming my latest screenshots? Then, the Wireshark captures. Then, I started checking the log of my website (2008.com). There were of course only my own visits. “... Google Bot, looking for robots.txt... we don’t want our website indexed by Google... videos.lawrencechin2008.com shouldn’t be crawled by Google at all since it has never been linked to from anywhere...” And I went on and on reading out the log entries. On 50:30, something outside? No. On 1:04:00, since there was no wireless Internet right now, I decided to move more source videos within my Seagate drive, from NTFS to Ubuntu, using my Eee PC. Now my Seagate drive was making beep sounds again. On 1:15:50, gas tanks outside again. On 1:22:00, I was now copying files from my SD card to my Toshiba: “... ‘Journal Attachments’...” (Apparently I could still do this despite the malfunctioning of this card.) I continued to name and move my latest screenshots. Then, backing up my writings. On 1:59:30: “... Terry might throw me out, because the suit team might want to produce surveillance showing me hoarding heroin in this apartment, and so when Terry comes in, they will have an intercept showing people coming in, then they will produce another intercept showing people finding heroin somewhere... all the trash in here will turn into heroin...” (Not.) Then I took my smoke break. Then, cleaning my Toshiba. I came downstairs to cool down, and then went back upstairs and, on 2:39:30, documented this power outage with my camcorder convinced that it was orchestrated by the suit team (3:30 in the video): “... for two hours already...” Then I brushed my teeth. Then: “Casa has been turned into a Russian intelligence mad house...” (2:46:00). Then I rested quietly. Motorcycles outside on 3:00:20. Toward the end, I went downstairs and turned on the other recorder.

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The visitors’ log of my website
all from my own streaming of my recordings

It should be noted that I had thought – although I didn’t say it – that the reason why the suit team had suddenly turned off the power everywhere was that they were angry with the fact that I had just uploaded my pen video of Terry along with my video diary from the 23rd to my website thereby providing evidence to the Russians with which they could debunk the faulty surveillance’s intercept showing them sending in an agent to pretend to be an American woman pretending to be a Russian agent. This interpretation of course can’t be correct since the “Terry” that came was the “real Terry” – which means that the power outage today probably was not the suit team’s work – even though Terry must be doing something for the suit team when she came with a bird on her shoulder.

My next recording is: “uttge_ut_htl_buyfd_srtchrdbl_dhspicme_9_26_09_230-439PM.WMA”: the power outage continued. I continued to rest downstairs. Then: “Why did Homeland Security orchestrate this power outage? ... this is orchestrated by the suit team, they did it for a certain reason, and so this will last a long time...” (16:10). As you can see, I dared not speak what I really thought was the reason. Then: “Can Casa be shutting off my electricity? We have to investigate this...” (23:00). Then, a truck outside. On 25:45, I filmed it through the window (4:33 in the video): “... some sort of truck outside... that might be ‘me’ playing with the truck driver... moving big canisters... that’s another evidence of my crimes... according to surveillance I live next door, not here... when they unload those big canisters, it’s evidence of... heroin being transported to my place...” On 33:00, I wanted to film

more of my crime, but my camcorder malfunctioned (8:22 in the video). I tried again (8:45 in the video): “... some serious drug-smuggling operation... according to Homeland Security’s surveillance, heroin is hidden in these gas tanks...” And I read out the license plate: “... I’m supervising this heroin-transporting operation... that’s why the power went out... because Homeland Security needs to produce this evidence of my crime... my heroin transportation operation... see, this white American guy... maybe he’s pretending to be a Russian agent... maybe that guy wearing the hat is ‘me’... the crimes I’m committing are so bad... the funny thing is that, when I go back, I wouldn’t be arrested for all this... actually I would be, I would just not know it... that’s ‘me’, but he’s getting inside a truck... that’s an amazing piece of evidence of my crime...” I went on and on and was finally done with filming on 45:00 (the end of the video). As you can probably imagine, I was being sarcastic here as well as really believing that the suit team could be making such bizarre claim about my drug-smuggling activities. Then I went on and on with my suspicion again that it was Casa who had cut off my electricity because of the unpaid rent. (Ridiculous.) I came downstairs and, on 46:50, filmed myself removing the barricade and opening the door to check if Casa had left a note on my door (the first scene of the next video diary “9_26_09_p2.wmv”). But no. “... there really *is* an outage... Homeland Security didn’t make it look as if Casa had cut it off... we’ll just have to wait...” And I barricaded the door again. “Let’s just hope that one day I’ll get prosecuted for these crimes... this outage will last a long time since it’s orchestrated by Homeland Security...” By now I had decided to go stay in a motel for a night in order to access the Internet. (Stupid.) On 1:07:15, I filmed my room before I went out (1:41 in the video). But now I had to remove the barricade again. On 1:11:20, I filmed my room again (3:43 in the video). On 1:12:52, I filmed my room again (4:16 in the video). Then, when I opened the door, a girl was passing by: “Wait for her to go away first... two guys on bicycles are coming... he’s gonna do something... okay, they have passed by...” I turned off the camcorder in order to free my hands to tape up the door. On 1:16:30, I filmed again (7:15 in the video): “... a bicycle passes by... I don’t know if he did anything, I was busy with this...” I meant the mark I made with the tape by the door. Then another guy on bicycle: “... what are you gonna do, mother-fucker?” (8:00 in the video) Then, another guy coming toward me: “... he’s scratching himself...” And I threw a rock at him (1:18:00 in the recording or 8:40 in the video). Then I threw another one. Everyone was looking at me like I was crazy. Of course! As I walked on: “... even the fucking lady touches her nose...” Then another lady on bicycle was talking on her cellphone (10:22 in the video): “... making a cellphone call for me...” Then, two kids smoking cigarettes (11:43 in the video): “Oh, that’s ‘me’ smoking dope right there” – and siren (1:21:00). “... it’s ‘me’ going into the ambulance... I know, everyone has to remember to touch their hair...” I came to Hotel Con Corazon and turned off the camcorder (1:23:45). I came inside and asked for a room.¹² It’s 40 something dollars. “You do have electricity, right?” But it turned out that they were also suffering from power outage. “How long is it going to last? Do you have wireless?” That – yes, but not now. I left on 1:26:20: “... if they have no wireless, then what’s the point?” On 1:26:35, I started filming again (14:43 in the video). “This guy... did he make a cellphone call? He *is*...” (16:15 in the video). “... and so I’ve found myself making two cellphone calls... even the security guard scratched his ear... fuck you...” (19:28 in the video). On 1:33:30, I turned off the camcorder and came inside a shop, to buy cigarettes, Coke, and cookies.¹³ A woman soon walked in,

12 See “ask_htl_9_26_09.AVI”.

13 See “buyfd_9_26_09_359PM.AVI”.

and I refused to stand next to her but waited for her to pass instead (1:36:00). But she just stood there forever! Then: “... look, the American woman in the distance is waving at a car, it might be ‘me’ getting into a car...” On 1:37:45, I thus filmed (21:40 in the video): “... an American woman getting into a car, and this man with a camera... do you want to take pictures of me? ... that Homeland Security guy is trying to videotape me... and he’s scratching himself! But he’s Homeland Security... I’ve got ‘accidentally’ photographed again...” (As you shall see, I might be mistaken here.) Now I went inside to pay.¹⁴ Then, another guy scratched himself (1:41:50). On 1:43:50, as soon as I exited, I filmed again (24:12 in the video): “... that guy just made a gesture of smoking dope, so that’d be ‘me’ smoking dope...” That is, even though his hand was empty! This was indeed suspicious! On 1:45:00, I suddenly remembered something and went back inside the shop to buy matches and batteries. Then, another passerby was sucking on something: “... he made a gesture of...” Since I assumed he was producing surveillance showing me smoking dope – I might not be wrong here – I followed him with my camcorder (1:46:00 in the recording or 25:02 in the video): “... that guy made a gesture of... that’s ‘me’ smoking dope right there... he put that thing in his mouth...” When I got close to him I threw a rock at him (1:48:30 in the recording or 27:18 in the video). Then, another one. On 1:49:00, when I turned back, I filmed again (27:51 in the video): “Look, that guy is coming after me...” (29:04 in the video). Namely, the guy at whom I threw two rocks. And he was saying something to me. I explained: “... I thought you were me, so...” (from 1:50:00 onward). Ha! He kept on saying the same thing, and I warned him: “Don’t do it, man...” Then: “... I hit myself for smoking dope, and now ‘me’ comes after ‘me’...” On 1:55:50, a guy on bicycle quickly scratched himself when passing me by: “... did you try to scratch yourself, mother-fucker?” (34:37 in the video) And a bunch of guys were yelling at me. By 1:57:40, I had reached home (35:50 in the video). I explained that I had acted like that because I was pissed off by my own horrifying crimes. Ha! And the electricity was back! “... probably because Homeland Security has produced enough surveillance!” On 2:00:30, I filmed my room, and I turned on the TV to get a timestamp (38:20 in the video). The rest of the recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

Now the note I would soon enter in my diary about my trip out today runs like this:

I made a mistake in making the description of the scenes in the second video diary, “[9_26_09_p2.wmv](#)”. The video starts on 3:17 PM. On 22:13, one of the DHS guys, the one with a large camera, was not taking pictures of me but of the child in the cart. The purpose was to produce surveillance [showing me criminally videotaping other people’s children out of my pedophilia.] I thus caught another instance of my crime on video without knowing, although I did note this possibility in “[buyfd_9_26_09_359PM.AVI](#)”.

This was probably not a correct interpretation at all. It would seem, instead, that the suit team’s operation today consisted in instructing more people to scratch themselves in front of me (devising the terrorist’s environment in such a way as to fit his belief) so that there can continue to be justification in the upper court for using faulty surveillance on me. Then, when it came to faulty surveillance itself, it

14 See “[buyfdmatches_9_26_09_ca_405PM.AVI](#)”.

had most likely intercepted me smoking dope – although we can’t be sure whether David Chin was again caught calling his criminal buddies today.

My next recording is: “hm_whyelectrbck_jrsscrpk_9_26_09_427-550PM.WMA”: with the TV on CNN. I continued: “... we’ve got ‘accidentally’ photographed... and saw 3 instances of myself smoking dope... maybe because I was dragging a cart... I was going to a hotel... because they cut off my electricity... dragging a cart... produces surveillance showing me transporting heroin... and so Homeland Security was happy and gave me back my electricity...” Again, I was sometimes right and sometimes wrong. I logged onto videos.lawrencechin2008.com (5:30) and resumed uploading “9_21_09.wmv”. And I changed the channel. “That’s why that Homeland Security guy took pictures of me... the pictures will be intercepted and become proof in the ICJ that I was outside, so that whatever surveillance is produced will be tied up with me...” (14:00). Probably not. Then: “... I’d really rather document my crimes from my TV than by going out... it’s just too stressful... when you see yourself smoking dope, you want to beat yourself up... but then you yourself will chase after you...” Ha! I then changed the channel again: “... Bourne... they just have to keep playing that... I’ve really produced good surveillance by going to the hotel to ask for a room and whether there was wireless Internet... transporting heroin... upload this recording... Homeland Security must have wanted to bust a nation somewhere, and so they shut off my electricity... so we went out looking for a hotel... but only ended up buying some cookies... a nation must have fallen... they’re trying to deceive me, to make me believe the outage was natural...” Again, this was not the case. I was now ready to import my latest videos to my Toshiba, but the Capture Wizard broke down, and so I pulled out the Express Card and tried it again: “... ‘9_26_09_source_c’... when that guy noticed me filming him talking on his cellphone, he put it away but, after passing me by, then took it out again... that would be ‘me’ making another cellphone call... just by going out for 30 minutes, I’ve caught myself making 3 calls and smoking dope 3 times...” On 33:30, you can hear the news blasting about Iran’s nuclear program and the Guantanamo Bay prison. “Do I work for Iran also?” Then, “Jurassic Park”: “... does that reflect my crimes or criminal pathology in any way? Maybe I like to watch dinosaurs because I’m developmentally arrested...” Then: “... according to Homeland Security, I’m never here... I’m always somewhere else smuggling drugs... so that they can sue other nations... I’m just like the dinosaurs, I have become extinct... actually, they probably just want surveillance showing me being retarded such that I’d want to watch this...” Not! On 44:00, I began importing my latest videos: “... caught a lot of evidences of my crimes today...” Suddenly, on 1:06:30, my realization: “... those two Homeland Security guys... they weren’t necessarily videotaping me... they could be my doubles... maybe they were just producing surveillance showing me videotaping children... so that’s my crime...” So you see. On 1:21:30, I started my recorder.

My next recording is: “jrsscrpk_vid926p1_jdvid_gmfltr_9_26-27_09_553PM-458AM.WMA”: it was still “Jurassic Park” on TV. On 9:40, I reviewed an earlier recording (power outage and raining). And I continued my upload. Was I now checking into unknown folders on my Eee PC? I seemed also to be reading about the folder structures online (19:00).¹⁵ I then seemed to be streaming a video diary. On

15 It seems that, when I saw this “OLYML_TB.DAT” in the folder inside my Olympus recorder, I Googled for it and arrived at a forum posting on forums.oreilly.com. It seems that I then did a search for “DAT” files and arrived at an

1:01:30, I turned off the TV. “It looks like I’m hosting a party outside!” And I continued with the streaming of the video diary, but the audio and the video were quite out of sync. On 1:04:20, I went to film what’s going on outside (the first scene in the next video diary, “9_26_09_p3.wmv”): “... look, I’m standing outside socializing... one of the guys is ‘me’... it’s Saturday... it looks like I regularly host parties on Saturday... a lizard is here, in the home of the ‘non-existent me’...” Then, again: “... it’s a lot less stressful to document your crimes from the comfort of your own home...” On 1:21:50, I tried out the Sound Recorder recording from this morning. Again, I was wondering whether a virus had gone into my Eee PC (1:40:00). (Not.) More whistling outside on 1:49:30. Were David Chin’s criminal buddies calling for him again? I tried to stream the video diary again. On 2:10:20, another motorcycle outside. “Suddenly, a lot of motorcycles... something to do with my crimes...” But I couldn’t catch it with my camcorder in time. On 2:39:00, I stopped the streaming because it couldn’t work. On 2:51:00 – was I now streaming an old recording? On 2:54:00, a car outside: “... it’s probably related to my crimes, but I’m too lazy to document it...” It was now really loud music outside: “... it seems that I’m having a big party!” On 3:11:30, whistling again. I quickly noted it down in my diary. I then continued on with the video diary (the outage in early afternoon). On 3:33:00 – what was I writing? “... going out... baseball cap...” I seemed now to be working on today’s video diary. On 3:41:00, I went to check out what’s going on next door: “... I must be celebrating...” On 3:41:45, I turned on the TV as I turned on my camcorder again (0:55 in the video): “... let’s go check it out... I must be hosting a party tonight... it’s Saturday night...” I came upon my balcony to film the party. “... I must be over there celebrating because the heroin-smuggling operation has been a success...” Then, back to my TV (3:16 in the video): “... ‘Love in the Time of Cholera’ again... I’m watching this because I’m a sex pervert... the purpose is for me to offend the senior female judges, that’s why I’m watching that... I’m actually not watching that but in surveillance I’d be watching that... and this is about sex too... given the frequent appearance of Gaddafi, I might also be working for Gaddafi... drug-related crimes... I’m watching this because I have killed many people, because of the drug-war I’m initiating right now...” Then I went on and on again about how Renée Zellweger must be related to my crimes: “... the movie ‘Matrix’... how does this relate to my crimes?... maybe because I’m developmentally arrested... now ‘The Terminator’... why am I watching this? Maybe because I only want to bring destruction to earth... Michelle Pfeiffer...” It’s “The Age of Innocence”, and I decided to stick with this movie. “That’s why I’m watching this... it’s all about culture and art, and I’m pretending to be cultural and artistic...” And I filmed it on 3:54:50 (7:55 in the video): “I’ve figured it out... I’m watching this because I’m pretending to be artistic...” Ha! Not. On 4:02:40, I started filming myself checking my WAMU account (8:49 in the video): “... we are gonna... I have a feeling it’s not gonna crash... my mother might have deposited money too...” But my Konqueror did crash! “... I shouldn’t have said that... Homeland Security might have made it crash just because...” Again, the suit team had nothing to do with it. On 4:10:10, the latest video diary was published. Now Michael Jackson was again on TV. On 4:10:55, I filmed the TV again (10:43 in the video): “... we are still following this sophisticated movie, and yet Michael Jackson suddenly appears... it’s all because I’m a pedophile...” Not. On 4:18:00, I filmed the TV again (11:37 in the video): “... I think I have found another motive why I’m watching this... is Michelle Pfeiffer playing a Russian woman? And so I’m watching this because I’m a Russian agent...” And so I changed the channel: “... my crimes just make me want to vomit...” And

now Central America: “... I’m watching this because I have a deep interest in Central America, because I’m smuggling heroin here...” Then I continued to write. What? On 4:25:05, BBC. And I filmed my TV again (14:55 in the video): “... this is my crime... Hugo Chavez is giving a speech saying the African Union and South America will become important in the future... these are the countries for which I commit crimes... in order to disable America’s unipolar world-domination...” Then I filmed my TV again merely 3 second later (16:12 in the video): “... drug cartels... the drug war in Mexico... these are supposed to be my buddies...” On 4:28:40, I turned off the TV: “... my crimes have so disgusted me...” Excellent testimonies for the Russians! (Think why.) And my next door neighbor was getting very loud again (4:32:10). On 4:47:50 – was I streaming the recording from this morning? (“... concentration camps...”) On 5:33:40: “... it’s *me* talking outside...” And I went to film it (19:00 in the video). Then, back to work. What was I writing? Making diary notes? I then logged into my website: “... ‘Journal Attachments’... ‘9_24_09’ might have never existed...” On 5:54:00: “... everything froze, my Eee PC froze... hash all the ‘Journal Attachments’...” On 6:16:30, I went in my Hotmail account to send the hash values to myself. But: “... can’t paste it, the file is too large...” On 6:27:00, a car outside? “... coming to pick ‘me’ up or drop ‘me’ off...” On 6:34:40, I became concerned with another junk email from Ting-Ta. “... the emails from this mother-fucker need to be stopped! Do not open any of these emails, it’s too scary...” On 6:40:00, I filmed myself blocking Ting-Ta’s emails by creating a filter (19:28 in the video). “This mother-fucker is so evil...” On 6:47:20, because there was also a bulk email today from Jennifer Day, I now set out to also block all emails from her. “... Homeland Security doesn’t want me to block these emails and so freezes up my system here... all because it’d be so easy to create intercepts with these emails, showing me receiving secret messages from foreign agents...” It was now raining outside. “That’s why they shut down the system... she pretends to be a Russian agent to send you emails, and now you block her... what’s she gonna do? Send from another email account? ... I’m sick and tired of all this... what do I get out of all this?” At least I had explained my resistance for the Russians to hear. On 7:03:00 – what was I writing? Diary notes? (... “theophoretos”...) On 7:08:40, my Eee PC froze up again. On 7:10:10, I filmed it (36:44 in the video): “... Eee PC frozen... maybe Homeland Security is not happy with what I did... this might be a sign that a taxi is coming to my neighbor... computer freezes 1 AM every single day...” Then, after rebooting it, I filmed my Eee PC again to document how “Homeland Security would never allow me to upload my files in a single stroke...” (40:06 in the video). Soon I got very angry: “... Homeland Security shut off my Internet when I’m in the middle of uploading...” Then I got even more angry when my Eee PC wouldn’t start up, and I even threw things (7:18:00). Then I even had problems in uploading my hash values to my website. I angrily went on and on about the fragmentation of my files. On 7:36:00, back to work: “... to prevent the computer from blanking out...” And my Eee PC froze up again. On 7:41:50, I was busy deleting the demo videos from my Eee PC. Then the other unnecessary files. “... I don’t know how to clean up the disk space of my Eee PC...” On 7:49:00, I ran to film what’s going on outside: “... motorcycle around again...” But no: I couldn’t film it again, and I changed the DV tape and rewound it. On 8:10:00, I started working on my latest video diary, “9_26_09_p1” (“evidence of heroin being transported to my place”). When I checked on my FTP upload: “... Homeland Security doesn’t simply want me to break my file into two pieces, but into three pieces now...” (8:33:30). On 8:55:00, I started working on today’s pen videos. On 9:11:00, I started downloading the “9_26_09_p1” video diary which I had just uploaded just to make sure that the upload was all correct. On 9:14:30, back to my pen

videos. On 9:33:00, I suddenly became really concerned with a video embedded in an old email from Jennifer Day. On 9:48:50, I started filming the problem: “... earlier in Thunderbird... on January 3 2007, she sent me a video... earlier I opened the email to watch it... it’s Nero Showtime... but when you opened it, it turned out to be a Windows Media Video... I don’t think that, at the time, she would send me any trojan horse... but the last time when they had control over this laptop... in Troy... this could have been implanted there...” And I went on and on about my worthless worry that there might be a virus in this video. I was done documenting by 9:56:30. On 9:59:20, I started filming again: “... never looked at her videos... February 3, another video... October 27 last year, we should definitely not open this video, by that time she’s already...” And I went on and on about the other emails too. Then I recounted how the CIA Super Girl once inserted a trojan horse into my first Toshiba Satellite.¹⁶ Then: “... my C-Drive has 17 gigabytes of space...” On 10:11:00, I was back to the video diary. On 10:14:00 – what was I writing? Diary notes? On 10:17:00, I was back to Jennifer Day’s video. I started researching the file format, “Nero Showtime”. “... maybe it’s because I opened it in Thunderbird...” On 10:34:30, my pen video again. Was it an old one? With Carlos the process server? Then, back to my video diary (“... making a gesture of smoking dope...”). Then: “Can you believe she is selling hard drives? Who would want to buy them? It’s like suicide...” (10:55:10). Ha! (It’s indeed kind of strange to buy hard drives from a CIA agent.) On 10:55:45, I filmed myself checking my WAMU account again: “... I seriously doubt that we can... mother has deposited...” Thank God! (Perhaps the Russians had ordered the suit team to order my mother to do it – through the upper court, that is.) On 11:03:30, I turned on the TV: BBC. On 11:06:55, I turned on my recorder. I was now getting ready for bed. Something about an aircraft carrier on TV. (See below.)

September 27 (Sunday)

It seems that today’s video diary has been lost. (Perhaps this is why we don’t have the scenes from earlier either, of my investigation into the old videos from Jennifer Day.)

My next recording is: “[slp_fl4plot_gnshts_9_27_09_452-548AM.WMA](#)”. I was now going to bed. On TV, as noted, was a documentary about the female F-14 pilots on an aircraft carrier. On 43:00, I turned off the TV. Then, from 46:00 onward, I was awakened by a series of loud gunshots outside. “That’s me killing my drug-cartel rivals...”

The next recording seems also to have been lost (or to have never existed). Then my next recording is: “[wk_germelect_9_27_09_835-950AM.WMA](#)”: on 9:30, I turned on the TV. Spanish music videos. On 31:30 – what was I writing? On 40:00, “ABC This Week”. On 43:30 – what was I writing again? On 49:40, I turned off the TV to pay attention to the commotion outside. Then, back to my TV. On 1:01:20, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “[germelect_smnthamv_stckexhng_9_27_09_927-1149AM.mp3](#)”: on TV seemed to be first a Stalin movie and then a movie about Einstein. On 2:50, I filmed the TV: “...

¹⁶ November – December, 2007, if you recall.

because I wrote about relativity, the TV just has to show Einstein, in order to make it look like I have copied my work from my TV...” (Not.) Then, Deutsche Welle. Then – was I writing something? On 13:45, my recorder ran out of battery. I was now publishing “9_26_09_p2.wmv” (20:40). Then: “... the crime we have documented of ourselves yesterday, Venezuela...” (37:00). On 41:30, the elections in Germany on TV. On 53:50, back to my TV. “This woman in the movie has a broken leg!” And I went on and on about how this movie might have reflected my crimes: “... but these two are not quite jealous of each other...” I seemed also to be filming it with my pen camera (until 59:30). “... maybe Homeland Security put this movie on my TV because this woman is named ‘Samantha’ and my cat was named ‘Samantha’... maybe, according to surveillance, my Samantha was actually a woman and I’ve killed her...” (1:08:45). Ha! I might be right on target here! On 1:25:00 – what was I mumbling about? I was also again filming with my pen camera. “We just saw that, on another channel...” (1:28:20). Then: “... steroid... that’s evidence of my using drugs...” I seemed also to be importing my latest videos at the same time. Then: “... I don’t know if this ‘Gray Anatomy’ is supposed to reflect my crimes... maybe Homeland Security has created a different ‘me’... with my face... then they could just leave me alone... wouldn’t that be wonderful?” (1:39:10) Right! I changed the channel and, on 1:49:15, it’s that French stock-exchange woman again. I started filming it: “... some of them Jewish, some of them Arab, maybe that’s why this movie appears on my TV...” (1:52:20). On 2:01:30, after I had supposedly comprehended the movie, I turned off the TV. I was now ready to work on “Frankfurt and Brussels” (“How-I-have-73-5”). Suddenly, on 2:06:20, power outage. “Shit, I should have plugged in my Eee PC.” The video import was completed on 2:12:20. On 2:16:35, I turned on the recorder.

My next recording is: “utage_eeenodisk_9_27_09_1148AM-221PM.WMA”: what was I writing now? On 4:40, I turned off Eee PC’s Sound Recorder. On 7:10, the electricity was back. On 25:00, my Toshiba froze up. This one hour documentary was more than 700 megabytes! On 32:50, more whistling outside. Was I now reviewing the newly published video diary? (From yesterday.) Again, my network name was showing on my T-Shark but not on my Wireshark (36:00). On 58:10, I started commenting, as I continued to review the video diary, on the mistake you have already seen me recounting previously and in the diary notes: the two guys were there to take pictures of children in order to frame me for pedophilia. (Again, we don’t know whether my interpretation was actually correct.) On 1:08:10, more whistling outside. On 1:21:40, I got upset because my Eee PC broke down again. I filmed it with my pen camera (1:24:50): Eee PC frozen in place. On 1:26:30, after rebooting, my Eee PC produced an error message and I read it out loud: “This is very bad...” Then: “... maybe the problem is that the Snort log is too full...” Perhaps! On 1:33:20, I started researching the error message on Google. On 1:49:00, I became very frustrated because I couldn’t figure out how to free up more disk space on my Eee PC. And so I decided to uninstall Snort. But no. On 1:53:00, I cried when I couldn’t access the log file. On 1:58:20: “Eee PC is about to crash!” On 2:01:00, I cried more: “Now you have to reinstall the whole Operating System! There is nothing you can do when it runs out of disk space! That’s what happens when you didn’t study computers...” Then, more crying and screaming: “I don’t know how to clean up the disk space...” Then, on my Wireshark: “TCP is disabled!” On 2:17:20, I started filming it with my pen camera: “... it seems to be moving files... it’s Wireshark... there is now zero space on the hard drive... there is no way to clean it because it’s Linux...” Then I lamented again: “Everyday it’s 2 gigabytes of data!” On 2:28:50, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. And I predicted that

Homeland Security would again create a lot of disturbances in this new Sound Recorder recording. As for the past hour, we should wonder again whether I had caused the Russians a lot of anxiety again with my worthless hysteria over my Eee PC’s disk space problem.

My next recording is: “[vid926p3_eeprblm_rmsnrt_lnx_9_27_09_214-721PM.wma](#)”: now this recording from the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba is indeed very bad (as if I had successfully predicted what Homeland Security would do). I turned off my Olympus recorder on 4:30, convinced that it was Homeland Security which was creating the interferences. I deleted the frames already published from my Windows Movie Maker. Then I was deleting more source videos. The neighbor was blasting loud music again. On 16:00, I went on and on about how, according to Homeland Security’s surveillance, I was again blasting loud music this afternoon. On 17:20, I turning on the TV: it was Fahreed Zakaria interviewing Gaddafi. “... I must be an agent of Libya also...” Not sure! On 18:30, I filmed the TV. The recording then goes extremely bad on 19:45. I continued to work on “[9_26_09_p3.wmv](#)”: “... party... I’m probably over there celebrating...” On 1:06:00, the recording goes very bad again. Then something: “... no... definitely includes Venezuela... in fact the whole South America and Africa...” (1:23:00). (Not really.) On 1:24:50, the FTP transfer stalled. Meanwhile, the rain was so loud outside that I couldn’t hear anything. On 1:36:00, I seemed still to be working on my video diary. Then I was ready to publish “[9_26_09_p3.wmv](#)” (1:48:00). On 2:11:40: “... froze...” On 2:31:30, the recording gets very bad again. On 2:35:30, I was mumbling about something while on my Eee PC (it seems): “... go to /etc/...” And I went on and on. On 2:47:20, the video diary was published. And I played the video. On 3:02:00, I was mumbling about something again. On 3:12:30: “... a car stopping by... I might have gone out again...” On 3:21:30 – what was I mumbling about this time? The recording continues to be very bad. On 3:51:30, I seemed to be reading something about computer matters.¹⁷ On 4:09:00 – was I playing the video diary again? And I kept on reading.¹⁸ Then, back to my video diary (how files must be broken into pieces during uploading) (4:53:00). On 5:00:40 – was I now backing up my files?

My next recording is: “[slp_bbcsafrosprt_9_27-28_09_712PM-326AM.WMA](#)”. I continued to read up on computer matters. Then – what was I writing? Then, backing up my files (4:20). Then I kept on writing. On 12:00, I stopped the Sound Recorder. I continued to read up on Linux: the sudo command. Then I fell asleep.¹⁹ I would later regret leaving both my Toshiba and Seagate hard drive outside my backpack on which I slept. On 5:14:20, I got up and turned on my Eee PC. It’s still raining outside. On 5:22:50, I turned on the TV. On 5:48:00, I turned off the TV and continued to rest. On 6:11:00, I got up. Then I continued to rest. On 7:51:30, I got up again and turned on my Toshiba. On 8:04:00, I logged into my website via FTP and started uploading yesterday’s video diary. On 8:06:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC.

September 28 (Monday; scratching/ calls; AC charger)

17 I seemed to be Googling for, and reading about, “file descriptor” (on IBM’s website and Wikipedia).

18 I now seemed to be on www.linux.org/lessons/interm/c875.html.

19 Reviewed until 52:00, and then from 5:08:00 onward.

My next recording is: “vid920_planski_ftpcache_9_28_09_318-648AM.mp3”: I eliminated more source videos and was now reviewing the earlier recordings. Then, the pen videos. Then, back to the recordings. On 51:00, I went on and on about how bad this Sound Recorder recording was. On 1:09:50, I worked on the left-over videos from September 20. Now “9_20_09” was never done, and so I decided to work on it. On 1:25:40, I continued to work on “9_20_09_p2”. On 1:55:20, I looked up the log, in /tmp/. On 2:24:30 – what was I mumbling about? I then restarted Windows Movie Maker. Finally, I was publishing “9_20_09_p2.wmv”. On 2:28:40, I turned on the TV. On 2:45:00, you can hear the news report about Polanski’s molestation case. “This must be related to my crimes!” Ha! On 2:58:00, I did a search for “FTP loading directory listing from cache”. Then I saw Russell and Hopkins’s “CFTP: a caching FTP server”. On 3:07:00, somebody was outside. Did I film it with my camcorder? On 3:11:30, again – did I film it with my camcorder? And I turned on the TV too. Then – what happened? I read out the license plate: “... the man walks in... it could be ‘me’... the same woman...” Was I then uploading screenshots to my website? On 3:29:20, I turned on the recorder, and then the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “eeercdrbrk_drphildrg_9_28_09_646-713AM.wma”: there will be a lot of interferences again in this recording. On 1:40, I turned off the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. On 4:00 – did I continue to work on my video diary? (“It’s my boss again.”) Or was I simply reviewing it? On 17:30, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “drphildrg_vid920p3_mtrcycle_how73_9_28_09_702-11AM.mp3”: on 4:30, I turned on the TV: Dr Phil. “They are talking about drugs, that could be related to my crimes...” And I seemed to be filming it (the first scene in my next video diary, “9_28_09.wmv”). Then I promptly turned off the TV. On 25:30, I was reviewing my video diary again. On 30:00 – was somebody yelling outside? I continued with the video diary. Was I then filming something outside by 58:00? (1:05 in the video.) “This guy stops by my neighbor, and so probably... it seems that I have gone out on a motorcycle...” Was I then deleting the source videos? (1:04:00) Was I then looking over the August 31 video diary (crying) (1:11:00)? On 1:21:20, the FTP transfer stalled. Then it resumed. On 1:24:20, siren outside. On 1:28:55, the FTP transfer stalled again. I was upset: “... there is nothing you can do...” Soon the transfer resumed, but then it was on and off. I continued on with the August 31 video (1:40:00). On 1:53:30, another video diary (“evidence of my crimes”). Together with the August 31 video? Now “9_20_09_p3” (1:58:30). On 2:16:20: “... ‘How-I-have-73’... ‘9_20_09_p2’...” On 2:20:30: “If you turn on the TV, you’ll see more of your crimes and get upset...” Ha! On 2:38:20, I continued to upload the recordings from yesterday. On 2:58:00 – was I playing a recording? A video? Or was I mumbling about something? Then I went to film something outside again (3:06:00 in the recording and 1:56 in the video): “... motorcycle outside... this guy is talking to this old lady from across the street... how is that related to my crime? ... the kid and the old lady onto the motorcycle... Is it ‘me’ on that motorcycle? Or is it ‘me’ getting picked up?” Then another motorcycle (3:10:10). On 3:12:50, a big van outside: “... let’s check it out, maybe it’s related to my crime...” But it just passed by. I then reflected on the man that passed by earlier: “... he did scratch his butt... don’t know if that’s my crime...” Ha! On 3:28:45, I finished previewing the video: “... looks good...”

My next recording is: “[ut_scrthcrmeinothers_iam_9_28_09_1110AM-1233PM.WMA](#)”: I turned off the other recorder. “We are now ready to go out, and it’s likely that Homeland Security will create a communication for us first... many people will scratch themselves, but they will be on bicycles, and so too fast for us to catch them...” And I filmed my room before leaving (1:30 in the recording and [4:10](#) in the video diary): “Know where things are... the fake Terry might barge in... this is where the tapes are...” Indeed! (As you shall see.) On 4:20, when I came downstairs, I filmed again ([4:57](#) in the video): “... first, let’s see what’s outside... a lot of bicycles lately, because they are all ready to scratch themselves when they see me...” Just then, the same motorcycle came again: “... that means that, earlier when the motorcycle came to pick up the woman, it’s indeed ‘me’ getting picked up... and so now they instruct the motorcycle to drop off the woman just when I’m about to step out... in order to create the surveillance to confirm that, earlier, I was indeed not at home but got picked up by the motorcycle...” Ha! Not! (Over-interpretation.) On 8:20, I started filming as I shut my door and stepped onto the street ([7:58](#) in the video): “... I’m over there, and also over there...” And I went on and on about the motorcycle (because only the old lady came back, but not the child). “This guy is coming by... it’s too strange that he’ll be coming by just now...” I picked up a rock. “... wait for this mother-fucker to pass by first... he will be very close to me, it’s scary...” Then my camcorder shut itself off and I turned it on again (10:20 in the recording or [10:00](#) in the video): “... see, he comes around and scratches his head...” And so I threw my rock at him. “We missed him!” I picked up another rock and ran after him. “Mother-fucker!” And I threw it at him ([10:39](#) in the video). And again! Then ([11:30](#) in the video): “Taxi! Somebody is getting off... according to surveillance, I’ve just got off the taxi... I’m just upset that somehow I was on a motorcycle when I was really at home... this ‘me’ here doesn’t really exist...” And I went on and on about how upset I was in that I was always somewhere else. (At least I was explaining my resistance even though I was probably incorrect here.) Then about a woman who almost made a cellphone call and another who touched her neck. Then another guy who touched himself ([16:33](#) in the video). Then: “... she touches her hair... a nation is about to fall, just don’t worry about it...” ([17:43](#) in the video). Right! On 19:00, I was in a shop to buy DVDs. (See “[buydvds_9_28_09_1123AM.AVI](#)”.) On 21:30, once out, I started filming ([18:30](#) in the video): “... the security guard just scratches his head...” Then I noted another man who put his hand in his back pocket. Then: “... that woman made a cellphone call... I just made a cellphone communication...” ([20:50](#) in the video). Then: “... that guy touched his head, it’s purposely done...” ([21:33](#) in the video). And more women scratched themselves in front of me. Then another man touched his chin ([22:09](#) in the video). On 25:50, I came inside another shop to buy batteries. (See “[buybatteries_9_28_09_1131AM.AVI](#)”.) I noted that the store owner touched her nose too. Then: “That guy is text-messaging on his PDA over there...” And, once out, I filmed on 27:50 ([22:45](#) in the video): “... okay, that guy is making a cellphone call, it’s my second call today...” Then: “... it’s ‘me’ continually making cellphone calls over there... this old lady is touching her nose too... but we don’t want to beat up an old lady... police officer... this bitch...” And another call ([26:20](#) in the video): “... that was obviously an act...” On 32:00, I came inside the same old fast food place and ordered two Super Combos. (See “[buy_chckn_9_28_09_1138.AVI](#)”.) When the employee was about to give me change: “He’s gonna give me money... Don’t touch me, put it here, you piece of shit... every time when you buy DVDs or batteries, nations will fall... what you are concerned about is *your* crimes... people will touch their hair, and that’s your committing crimes... you don’t like

to witness yourself committing crimes... your ‘crime countries’, they are falling like dominos, one after another...” What an exaggeration! On 38:00: “... okay she’s scratching her head, another nation has fallen... that’s my crime...” And on and on. “That’s why it’s so upsetting, your crime lies in what other people do, and you can’t do anything about it... because you can’t mind-control other people... because they are remotely controlled by Homeland Security, and so you *have to* commit crimes... this employee has scratched her face, that’s you committing another crime... so what’s so upsetting is that my crime lies in Homeland Security... I’m waiting for my chickens and in the process I have watched myself committing 5 crimes...” Then, while cursing the employee, I picked up my food (42:00). On 44:00, as soon as I came out, I started filming (27:13 in the video): a woman adjusted her shirt when passing by me, but I missed it. And then another woman passed by talking on her cellphone: “Oh, I’m making another cellphone call... my third... and Homeland Security sent in a lot of children... to create surveillance showing me being a pedophile... another crime... it’s a crime to videotape yourself... a car is parked there... that might be my crime... hopefully someday you’ll get to murder these people... let those nations fall like dominos... I need to catch my crimes...” Then another guy on bicycle touched himself. I wanted to throw a rock at him, but I was too late (30:45 in the video). “I want to videotape myself committing crimes... so you want to scratch yourself, and that’s *my* crime... my crime is Homeland Security sending people to me to scratch themselves in front of me... this one is hard to prosecute...” When I waited for a woman to pass, she raised her hand: “I’ve probably just committed another crime... and she talked to a child, that’s ‘me’ engaging in pedophilia...” Then, on 33:40 in the video, I was at my front door. Just then, honking from a motorcycle: “... that’s ‘me’ committing another crime...” I came inside my home to check my DV tape. Then I started filming again (53:10 in the recording and 35:51 in the video). I was now out again. “It’s not easy to catch yourself molesting children... today there are a lot of children on the street... other than people scratching themselves, Homeland Security’s focus is on my pedophilia... the theme of surveillance changes... all these people have access to the ICJ evidentiary records and so they know what to do, but I don’t...” Then another woman scratched her neck (40:00 in the video). On 57:40, I turned off the camcorder and came inside a shop to buy cigarettes. (See “[buycig_cookiematches_9_28_09_1204PM.AVI](#)”.) “My coming in and paying him – I’m not sure if that’s my dealing dope... I’m very likely in the process of dealing dope, I just don’t know it...” On 1:02:20, once out, I started filming again (40:24 in the video): “I’m not sure if that was my dealing dope... this guy with a gas tank on his bicycle, that’s probably my dealing dope...” And I recalled how people were putting gas tanks onto the truck: “... that’s dope-dealing... sometimes I’m not sure if I’m committing crimes...” And I mumbled continually about people’s scratching themselves in front of me, how during such moments I could be sure that I was *me*. On 1:06:40, I was at home again (44:20 in the video). And I continued on and on about how all of that could be evidence of my heroin-dealing. As I picked out my food: “... all these could be crack cocaine...” I turned off my camcorder on 1:09:00. On 1:09:20, I turned on my camcorder again to videotape the state of my room, to check if the “fake Terry” had come in (47:10 in the video): “... if they would just have them scratch their head *to each other*, then they can produce surveillance of secret message-passing the whole day... the only time when the official ‘me’ and the non-existent ‘me’ merge, is when people scratch their head in front of me... just as *cogito ergo sum*, so when people scratch themselves in front of me, *I am*... maybe, just like Descartes, I can deduce the existence of God and the world from people’s scratching themselves...” Ha! On 1:13:40, I turned on the TV. On 1:14:20,

I filmed my TV (47:35 in the video): “... it’s the stock-exchange French woman again... she’s a white female and yet she’s walking with an Asian male... that might be why Homeland Security put that on TV so as to produce surveillance showing me watching it... see, she’s meeting with Chinese people... did I find white females attractive? Maybe that’s my crime...” Then I couldn’t find my camcorder’s charger (49:47 in the video): “Did Homeland Security steal it?” And I noticed that my Eee PC’s AC charger was gone too. “They stole all that so that I can’t surf the Internet anymore... this time they are really malicious...” Indeed!

Before we move onto today’s disaster, let’s take stock of the suit team’s evidences so far today: (1) more people had scratched themselves in front of me to make me think that I had succeeded in my conspiracy; and (2) David Chin seems to have been caught making or receiving more cellphone calls. Meanwhile, there was probably no evidence of pedophilia produced and it’s not clear how the suit team or the Russians were going to interpret my aggression toward the head-scratchers (throwing rocks at them). And let’s note too the evidence that’s coming up: (3) a Russian-made spy equipment was again found at my home.

My next recording is: “trycame_purpose_9_28_09_1238-108PM.WMA”: I went on and on about how Homeland Security had stolen my two chargers (the AC charger for my Eee PC and my camcorder’s charger): “... I’ve really made a mistake by leaving my chargers at home... it’s so bad... they left my Toshiba’s charger here so that I can work on my Toshiba... but not do anything else... this is so malicious... the only dream you have is to document your crimes, and now they took it away...” I was then busy with my chickens. “... Homeland Security is so malicious... we cannot use the Internet from now on, they don’t want us to document our crimes...” (21:00). Right! Then, on 22:00, knocks on the door! It’s Terry! As I went quiet to pretend I wasn’t home, Terry called me out saying she had taken my “computer cord”: “... if you pay damages then you can have it back...” Then she asked me when I would pay the rent, and I explained I couldn’t yesterday because of the outage and the rain. “Okay, get over to pay the rent...” And she’s gone. I went on: “Is this the real Terry or the fake Terry? If it’s fake the last time, this time they might send in the real one... and she purposely misspoke, saying ‘computer card’... she sounded as if there were data in it... now a ‘computer card’ with data in it will end up in the secret court... something will be forged...” And I went on and on about how nations would be sued: “... and that’s not enough, they just have to forge a ‘computer card’...” And on and on about how I would not be allowed to seek prosecution for my crimes: “... because the point is for you to live in infamy without your even knowing about it... for Homeland Security, that’s the worst punishment, right?... they don’t take your life away from you, but just take your world away from you...” That’s quite right, but you must have noticed that I had made a mistake because I had misheard: Terry said “computer cord” and not “computer card”. But it’s still strange enough that she had just had to say “computer cord” instead of “AC charger”. We thus nevertheless have to wonder whether the suit team had indeed brought to the ICJ some strange Russian-made spy equipment which they would say Terry had taken from my home.

My next recording is: “impvid_demo_9_28_09_103-422PM.WMA”: now there was only very little electricity left in my Eee PC. “You left home for an hour, and look how much shit has happened!” On

18:30, I sent the latest hash values to myself with the last bit of electricity. When I was in my Hotmail account: “Don’t open any emails from now on.” On 23:40, I was mumbling again about whether today’s Terry was also fake. (She was quite real!) I immediately played the earlier recording: “... the charger was right here... someone came in, and something is gonna be forged...” Then: “... my neighbor is coming up with motorcycles again... has that something to do with me?” (28:00) Then I went on and on about how the “fake Terry” might have also taken my keys which I had left on the kitchen table (39:00): “... someone will come in, heroin will be said to have been taken away, or spy equipment, and he’ll be caught...” On 44:00, I was ready to import the latest videos. On 1:46:50, the import was done. On 2:09:00, I now worked on the latest (today’s) pen videos. (Terry’s coming earlier.) Then, motorcycle outside again on 2:30:20, and I ran to film it with my pen: “... oh my God, this guy is carrying gas tanks to my neighbor... my neighbor is ‘me’... what the fuck, I’m witnessing another instance of my crime... look at that heroin-smuggling... earlier when I tried to hit him with a rock when he showed up in front of me, he wasn’t ‘me’... but now he has become ‘me’... he’s delivering a lot of heroin to ‘me’ because I smoke 500 pounds of heroin per day...” Was I being sarcastic or did I really believe all this? On 2:35:00, it started raining again. On 2:40:00, I went on and on again about the motorcycle sounds outside. I immediately reviewed the pen video I had just shot. And then I went on and on about how when I was buying cookies and batteries and so on I was actually committing crimes, and how I needed to videotape these things that I had just bought as proof that they weren’t heroin: “... since the suit team must have claimed heroin is found in them, we are gonna find out what they are...” And so I filmed myself testing my cookies and so on: “[demo_thingsbought_9_28_09_415PM.AVI](#)”. “... no heroin in them...” Ha! Then I inserted my new batteries into my recorder: “... it’s not crack cocaine, but maybe crack cocaine is hidden inside...” Ha! Nice show for the Russians!

My next recording is: “avicrmevid_cnnctwwrld_9_28_09_424-635PM.WMA”: I continued on and on about how this crack cocaine made to look like batteries could actually really power my recorder. Nice sarcasm! On 2:00, thunder outside. On 2:40, somebody was whistling outside again: “That’s a Homeland Security whistler!” Did faulty surveillance intercept David Chin’s buddies calling for him again? On 5:20, I started reviewing the earlier pen videos about the crack cocaine and so on. On 20:30, I filmed what’s going on outside with my pen camera: “... this man is talking... it has something to do with my crimes... is he ‘me’ or is someone else talking to ‘me’? It *has to* be related to my heroin-smuggling business... recall that heroin is transported into the neighbor of my neighbor... I’m both neighbors according to surveillance...” And I went on and on. Then I turned on the TV for a timestamp. “... oh, the denial of the Holocaust, it’s my crime!... when you turn on the TV, you’ll just see a bunch of crimes you have committed...” And another truck outside. On 25:50, I continued on with the reviewing of my earlier pen videos (to get ready to incorporate them into my latest video diary). Then: “... but if the suit team doesn’t want me to document my crimes and so has instructed Terry to take away my chargers... why did they spare my Toshiba?... What is my wish? My wish is to be prosecuted for my crimes... it must be related to how they are about to turn my documentation of my crimes into something else... to turn it into another one of my crimes... that’s what we’ll discover pretty soon... that’s why they have spared my Toshiba... they have spared my audio recordings... whatever I’ll do on my Toshiba, *that* they will turn into something else... a new type of crime that is not the smuggling of heroin... they are gonna say all my documentation of my crimes for the sake of being prosecuted is just

‘pretending’... that it has another purpose... you can say that my attempt to document my crimes and get prosecuted is an attempt to reconnect with the world, for if I tell people I didn’t commit these crimes, no one will believe me... *but if I say I did*, then they’ll have nothing to say... they can’t say ‘No, you didn’t commit these crimes’... but the suit team doesn’t want me to reconnect with the world... they want me to stay in my solitary confinement... and so people must be made to believe that I’m actually doing something else... another horrifying fraud... then people can refute me without actually refuting me... herein lies the reason why the suit team has spared my Toshiba” – and on and on. This of course cannot have been the suit team’s reason, and so we are still left with the mystery of why they had decided to permit me to continue to work on my Toshiba. Then, on 45:00, again: “The suit team’s goal is to make sure nobody will believe anything I say... if I say I ate these chickens, no one will believe me... but if I say I’ve committed these crimes, then people can’t say anything” – just then, more whistling outside. David Chin’s buddies again? Then I continued on with my pen videos. On 52:00, another truck outside: “... my crimes are just so much, I can spend the entire day documenting my crimes and yet still won’t be able to document them all!” Then I started working on my latest video diary with the incorporation of many of the pen videos. Then, on 1:18:30: “... be careful, a lot of our crimes will happen today... pay attention to the neighbor...” On 1:31:45: “... so many cars are driving past, obviously related to my crimes...” (Not.) And I was reformatting my pen again: now that I couldn’t use my camcorder anymore, my pen was all I got. I then continued to work on my video diary. On 2:00:00, power outage again. Shit! Then, on 2:02:50, more whistling outside. On 2:10:20, I turned on the other recorder.²⁰

My next recording is: “utage_pthlgcalliar_9_28_09_639-1043PM.WMA”: I was now mumbling about how I was afraid to turn on the TV to do a timestamp because I was too scared by my crimes. On 5:40 – was I reviewing a video diary? “... that’s my crime partner then...” Then, the video diary of today. On 24:00, a break. On 35:00, I continued to upload files on my Eee PC using the remaining bits of electricity: “... once the battery runs out, you can’t back up files anymore...” In reality, I was just upset that the Russians would not be able to intercept my recordings from my website anymore – which was probably the suit team’s second reason for taking away my Eee PC’s AC charger. Then, again, my paranoia about some Homeland Security trojan horse. “... only transfer small files...” More whistling outside, and I didn’t even feel like documenting it anymore (37:30). On 48:30, the last of the FTP uploads. Then I started hesitating whether to burn a new DVD. On 55:00: “... the IP addresses look correct, but they could be spoofed... within ‘Homeland Security reality’, nothing is trustworthy... 49 percent of battery remaining...” (58:00). On 1:03:00 – back to today’s video diary? On 1:06:30, more whistling outside. On 1:11:00, my pen videos from earlier (“... I would have missed my crimes...”). On 1:14:10, I opened up my Windows Movie Maker. (Although I would not be able to film with my camcorder anymore, the remaining battery power should enable me to at least import today’s videos to my Toshiba.) I then continued to work on my video diary. “... there is an unusual amount of motorcycle sounds outside lately...” Indeed. On 1:38:00, I was busy with the file permissions on my website again. On 1:49:00, I played the recording of my sleeping last night. On 2:21:00, I continued to

20 These Internet activities should also be noted. Around 6:38 PM (?), I was on the same tutorial page on www.linux.org/lessons/. Then, on 6:48 PM (?), I did a search for “http.us.debian.org, public key”. Then, on 7:22 PM (?), I read about “[sudo](http://www.gratisoft.us/sudo/intro.html)” on www.gratisoft.us/sudo/intro.html.

work on today’s video diary. And then on and on about how my recordings should have proven that there were indeed a lot more cars passing by lately (2:25:00). On 2:33:00: “... a man is getting into the taxi at my neighbor... I’ve told you, today we’ll discover a massive number of our crimes...” And on and on about my heroin-smuggling operation with my neighbor. “It always shows up on 1 AM, and yet today it’s on 9 PM... it doesn’t fit the pattern...” (2:42:00). Then, suddenly, on 2:43:14, power outage again. I was stupefied, convinced that the suit team had done it again. “Why did Homeland Security turn off the electricity?... they are now targeting my Toshiba after they did my Eee PC...” And on and on about what the purpose was. Then again about how Terry must have grabbed my keys on the kitchen table too (2:50:10). I then continued to work on today’s video diary. Then again about how the power outage was in order to target my Toshiba: “... they are upset with something...” (2:58:30). Then, on 3:06:00 – surprise – the electricity came back. Then, on 3:09:30, I found my keys too: “... so Terry didn’t take them!” But I barricaded my door anyway. I opened up my refrigerator: “... food is inside, you can call them ‘crack cocaine’ if you like...” Then: “... I’m so worried that, once I should turn off my Toshiba, it will never turn on again...” And on and on again about how Homeland Security might have downloaded a trojan horse onto my Eee PC, which would then get into my SD card, and then thus get inside my Toshiba. Worthless paranoia! Then, my wisdom again: “... by admitting how I have committed all these crimes, I can reestablish connections with the rest of humanity, because if I say I have indeed committed these crimes, people can’t refute it...” (3:16:50). You must listen to the full confession yourself: “... just as, if I say I’m a bad person, they can’t say, ‘No no, you re a good person’ ... just as, if I say I’m honest, they will say, ‘No no, you’re a liar’, but if I say ‘I’m a pathological liar’, they can’t say ‘No no, you are honest’ ... thus, you *can* finally communicate with people... for once people are *forced* to believe what you say... you can always assert the positive and get denied, but if you assert the negative you can’t be denied... the point is not what is true, whether you have *really* committed these crimes, because that doesn’t matter because nobody will prosecute you... no one cares... what *is* important is communication with the rest of humanity, sharing something with the rest of humanity...” (until 3:20:20).²¹ Then: “... Homeland Security will probably produce an intercept showing me plagiarizing these thoughts from others... what you should have done is to record yourself since the very inception of your consciousness... what is important is not what is true, but what people agree upon... it’s when people agree that they are happy...²² do you know what’s so good about being a cockroach? You can call them ‘disgusting’ and they won’t care...” (3:32:00). On 4:03:00, I was going to sleep, and I turned on the other recorder. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “slp_wk_pthlgcalliar_nwsfacebkprsdnt_9_28-29_09_1036PM-617AM.WMA”: I continued: “... but then you are gonna miss all the taxis going to the neighbor... it’s okay... we’ve got enough evidence of my crimes... hopefully, when we wake up, we’ll see Marie again on our Toshiba...” From 12:00 onward, I was asleep.²³ On 7:22:50, I suddenly got up and wondered if Homeland Security might steal my philosophical insights. “Such as last night when I said ‘If I say to others that I’m honest, they will say I’m lying, but if I say I’m a pathological liar, then...’ Then Mr former Secretary would

21 In the parlance of psychology, we say that we as human beings need “validation” from each other.

22 Because then they will have “validated” each other.

23 Reviewed until 16:00, and then from 7:12:00 onward.

just say ‘I’m a pathological liar’, and his opponent will have nothing to say... and if Homeland Security hears this recording they’ll just say we have plagiarized these ideas from Homeland Security...” Ha! Then I turned on the TV on 7:26:20. Fox News. Then: “... as soon as we turned on the TV, they talked about this threat against Obama posted on Facebook... Homeland Security has just intercepted evidence showing us... Facebook... guess what, it’s probably just a Homeland Security agent who has posted it...” Again, I was most likely over-interpreting things here (even though this is precisely the kind of thing Homeland Security would like to do). Then I repeated last night’s wisdom: what’s important is not the truth, because it’s only when people agree upon something that happiness is experienced.

September 29 (Tuesday; whistling/ nothing)

My next recording is: “wk_pthlgcalliar_nwsfacebkprsdnt_9_29_09_605-649AM.WMA”: the beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous until almost 15:00. On 17:30, Obama on Iran on TV. On 23:00, my neighbor started blasting loud music: “... surveillance is produced showing me blasting loud music 6 AM in the morning...” I rested quietly. Then I noted: “... it’s the same van coming to pick up my neighbor...” (32:00). Then: “... according to surveillance, I’m going out on a van every morning. Where I’m going this early in the morning, that’s what I want to know...” Again, I was most likely over-interpreting here. Then, another taxi came by my neighbor: “... if I just went out on a van, how can I now go out in a taxi?” (40:00) Right!

My next recording is: “mlkovch_pdphlia_facebkprsdnt_vid928_9_29_09_644-840AM.WMA”: on 0:40, I turned on the TV to get a timestamp. “... on Cine Canal is ‘Being John Malkovich’... this is revelatory of my criminal pathology... evidence that I have plagiarized from this movie my story about how Homeland Security sends out agents to pretend to be me... CNN... children on CBS News... pedophilia!... in surveillance we are definitely watching this... but according to surveillance, I’m supposed to have been picked up already... so it’s strange that, according to surveillance, I’m also watching TV... immediately after we turned on the TV, there is evidence of my plagiarism, and then my pedophilia... Michael Jackson...” On 14:40, another car was passing by outside. On 19:45, the TV froze up: “... the TV’s malfunctioning might be staged by Homeland Security, in order to produce surveillance showing me looking at a fake TV...” Ha! On 23:50, I started working on the video diary from yesterday again. Then: “... it’s ‘me’ getting off the taxi...” On 26:40, a taxi outside again. Then on and on again about my worry that Homeland Security might also be playing with my TV. “This business about a posting on Facebook about killing the president, it’s definitely my crime... so I also want to kill the president...” Was I now filming it with my pen? (until 1:11:00.) I turned off the TV and continued to work on the video diary. On 1:21:00, I ran to catch the motorcycle outside, but none was there. “Everything here has something to do with my crimes... Granada is ‘Crime Town’... like the gunshots heard every morning...” On 1:32:35, I even filmed myself smoking. On 1:44:30, motorcycle outside again? On 1:51:00, I turned on the recorder. On 1:54:00, I ran to the window: “... a truck outside... cans... that guy wearing a hat must be me... wood pieces and metal cans... another instance of my heroin-smuggling operation...”

My next recording is: “vid928_strtmvmt_supl26_gastnks_avi_9_29_09_840AM-318PM.WMA: the beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous until 6:00 or so. On 7:15: “... people are standing in front of my apartment... a woman pushing a hot dog cart, that could be evidence of my heroin-smuggling operation...” And I continued to work on my video diary: “... upset due to my inability to control my crimes...” Then, loud music from my neighbor on the left (23:00). Then: “... a man riding on a bicycle cart outside... bananas... and he just scratched himself two times!” (24:00) Probably not part of the suit team’s operation. Then: “... evidence of my heroin-smuggling operation, probably my crime partner...” On 33:20, whistling outside again. “... so many cars are coming by, that means that my heroin-smuggling operation is very intense at the moment...” Ha! Then I filmed again with my pen: “... this guy wearing a baseball cap is sitting on the sidewalk by my neighbor... that might very well be ‘me’...” (50:30). Then: “... probably what’s going on is that I’m using my apartment as a storage for heroin, and I transport them out... hot dog carts and bicycles and so on are evidence that I’m transporting heroin out under the disguise of hot dogs... and gas tanks... I’m not only molesting children, but also transporting heroin out... I’m also committing a crime by documenting my crimes... when I document my crime of molesting children, I’m also committing another crime...” On 56:20, another motorcycle. Then, back to my video diary. On 1:01:55, more movements outside. I went to film it: “... gas tanks by the neighbor... picked up by a man on bicycle... this man is spending a lot of time talking to... me! That must be *me*... my theory is correct, I’m using my home to store crack cocaine... we’re seeing not only more children lately, but also more bicycles...” Then, back to my video diary (1:27:30). On 1:32:00, I filmed with my pen again: “... I’m talking outside...” On 1:37:25, I peeked outside again and filmed with my pen: “... the motorcycle here again... he waved his hand... to pick up the kid from my neighbor across the street...” On 1:49:50, gunshots. Then more, and I noted it down in my diary.²⁴ I then continued to work on my video diary, “9_28_09.wmv”: “... I can only use my pen camera to document my heroin-smuggling operation...” Then: “... Toshiba is very slow, maybe Homeland Security has put something in it, to make it communicate, so as to make it look like it’s communicating with...” (2:04:00). (Not. But wait – back in March...) Then: “... I think it’s Windows Movie Maker which is slowing it down...” Now the video diary was being published. Then, another motorcycle by my neighbor (2:17:00). I filmed it again with my pen: “... picks up a fat woman... he’s handing her money... it’s my drug-trafficking transaction... she’s getting on the motorcycle... we have caught evidence of my drug-trafficking transactions... motorcycle... more gas tanks... tricycles...” (2:21:20). Again, probably just bullshit. Then, more gunshots, and continually. On 3:22:00, the neighbor was blasting loud music again, and my video diary had been published. I played it, and the loud music continued. “According to surveillance, I’m blasting loud music...” And I noted it down. On 3:48:00, I reviewed the video diary and identified the location of my Eee PC’s AC charger before I left home yesterday. On 3:56:30, back to yesterday’s video diary. Playing it again? (“... according to surveillance, I just got off the taxi...”) And I also worked on the pen videos. Then I made a little revision in “Schizophrenic, II” (4:07:00). On 4:11:00, I continued with my pen videos. Was I now naming them? Then my GOM Player froze up (4:15:00). On

24 Eventually my notes for the whole day would run thusly: “Whistling outside my apartment on 8:58 AM. More whistling on 9:04 AM. Gunshot outside on 10:19 AM, 10:26 AM, 10:54 AM, and 11AM. About 20 gunshot sounds in the minutes after that. From 11:45 AM or so onward extremely loud music from my neighbors in order to produce surveillance [showing me] blasting loud music upon others. Whistling outside 1:44 PM and 1:48 PM.”

4:20:20, a big truck passed by. And my Gom Player kept on freezing, and more motorcycles outside. Then: “The woman at my neighbor made a cellphone call, I just made a cellphone call...” (4:29:00). Again, I was most likely exaggerating the suit team’s operation here. Then, loud music from next door again (4:32:00). Then, back to the video diary. On 4:45:50, a motorcycle outside again? “No, it’s just a car.” On 5:01:20, while the video was playing, I was looking at “Supplemental Pleading-26”. On 5:03:20, the video broke down. I was now working on the Gmail episode on May 22. On 5:35:50: “... the same truck is here... doing gas tanks again...” And I counted all the tanks: “... I’m witnessing my heroin-smuggling operation...” I ran downstairs to observe. No: back upstairs. I kept on filming it. I was also paying attention to the drumming across the street. “... that could be secret message-passing...” (Not.) Then about how the driver was brushing his hair. It was taking so long, and I was getting very impatient: “... okay, all the gas tanks are in the truck, I want to be done filming you...” And I kept on complaining. Finally, by 6:04:00, I could get back to work. Back to my pen videos. And my Gom Player continued to freeze. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “vid922p2_9_29_09_309-417PM.WMA”: it was now 3:06 PM. Then: “Do you think Terry has something to do with the other frame of my glasses that is missing?” (2:00) On 11:20: “... a car outside... a man in an SUV, parked in front of my neighbor... he went in...” And I read out the license plate. “Oh my God, this heroin-smuggling... it’s way out of proportion... so I’m pretending to be gas tank-sellers, and people come to me pretending to want to buy gas tanks, and that’s how I distribute my heroin...” Then I started transferring recordings: “... hopefully that goddamn Terry, real or fake, won’t come bother me today...” On 24:40, I filmed again through my window: “... a taxi is dropping off a woman at the neighbor, it must be ‘me’ returning from a trip... the fat woman is ‘me’...” Probably not. On 32:20, another truck outside: “What did I do this time?” And so I filmed: “... a repairman of some sort, standing by my neighbor... some sort of wire... from Claro TV... what does Claro TV have to do with my crimes? Is heroin hidden in these cables? The title of my memoir should be ‘My Life in Crimes’...” Ha!²⁵ On 54:00, my video diary? (“I need to go find my drug-dealing partners...”) I then continued to work on “9_22_09_p2.wmv”.

My next recording is: “slp_9_29_09_423-839PM.WMA”: the other recorder ran out of battery about 20 seconds ago. More whistling outside. I was still working on “9_22_09_p2”. Then, more whistling (4:00). I shouted: “Would you fucking shut the fuck up? I know you are supposed to produce evidence of my secret communications, but it’s so fucking annoying! What does that mean anyway? 500 pounds of heroin? 1,000 pounds?” Ha! On 13:00, I continued with my video diary. On 29:00, I filmed with my pen camera: “... a car dropped off a female at my neighbor, that’s related to my crimes... somebody has dropped me off...” On 39:00, I turned on the TV for a timestamp. BBC News. On 46:20, a news report about Vietnam: “... the fact that I’m watching a weather report about Vietnam is evidence that I’m also an agent of Vietnam...” Right! On 1:03:00, I turned off the TV to get ready for a nap. On 1:05:30: “... people are talking outside, one of them is probably me...” And loud music from the neighbor again: “... it’s ‘me’ blasting loud music...” Then I slept.²⁶

25 Presumably the Russians and the Nicaragua intelligence didn’t send them in to fix the surveillance devices around my home.

26 Reviewed until 1:21:00, and then from 4:12:30 onward.

My next recording is: “slp_9_29_09_1035-1110PM.WMA”: I continued to sleep.

September 30 (**Wednesday; nothing/ gas tanks**)

My next recording is: “slp_nwsccaine_plnski_wk_vid922p2_9_30_09_1234-754AM.WMA”: I woke up, but then continued to rest.²⁷ On 1:12:00, I got up and turned on the TV. On 1:20:00 – did I turn on the Sound Recorder? CBS News. Again, I went on and on about how Homeland Security might cause my TV to malfunction in order to create surveillance showing me having forged this TV (1:39:00). (Bullshit.) Then, a news clip got me going: “... presumably I’m not committing a crime when Polanski touches his forehead in the TV...” (1:42:00). Ha! Then, another news clip: “... cocaine in a boat, in South America, that’s my crime...” (1:47:00). Then, Polanski again. “We have evidence, first of my drug-trafficking, and then of my pedophilia...” On 2:03:00, I turned off the TV: “... every time you turn on the TV, it’s just more evidence of your crimes... it’s now evident that, in the secret court, you *do* smuggle crack cocaine...” And I went back to my nap. On 2:44:10, I mumbled about the noises on the roof. On 5:30:00, I got up and turned on my Toshiba. I started on my video diary again: “That’s why I’m watching Bourne...” I was now importing the source video “9_22_09_c” into my Windows Movie Maker. On 5:53:00: “... the same van is coming to pick up my neighbor again... I always see it coming to pick up, but never see it coming back to drop off...” And on and on: “How does that reveal my crimes?” Then, back to my video diary. (Again, the night of September 22, when I was crying about the printing of my hash values (6:30:00).) On 7:02:00, I turned on the TV again. “According to Homeland Security’s surveillance, I may have multiple accounts on Facebook and so on... it’s hard to know because you can’t know about the things you haven’t done... and that’s how ‘I’ had supposedly posted the post on Facebook about assassinating the president... according to Homeland Security, I’m doing something on the Internet right now that I’m unable to find out...” On 7:15:30, I turned on the other recorder. Again about the sudden increase of motorcycles lately.

My next recording is: “vid922p2_9_30_09_754-829AM.WMA”: on 5:00, I turned off the other recorder. Now the TV was on. Then: “... a garbage truck... probably related to my heroin-smuggling operation... taxi...” (7:00). On 13:30, I turned off the TV. Loud music from the neighbor again. On 31:00, Nero malfunctioned: “... can’t play videos...” And I reviewed the new video diary while deleting the used frames from my Windows Movie Maker.

My next recording is: “trckgstrs_brndvd56_dhrrsn_trcks_9_30_09_827AM-1228PM.wma”: with the TV turned on, I seemed now to be reviewing the video diary from September 23. I was looking for the truck scene, but couldn’t find it (23:30). I then turned off the TV. On 47:00, explosion sounds. On 58:20, I filmed with my pen camera: “... Nero Showtime has been having problems all day today... I don’t know if it’s because of Homeland Security...” On 1:02:00 – what recording was I playing now? On 1:06:00, another motorcycle by the neighbor, and I went to film it: “... gas tanks... one of the guys is probably ‘me’...” On 1:26:00 – was I away filming something outside again? “... a bicycle passes by...” On 1:27:40, I turned off my recorder. On 1:29:00 – what was I mumbling about? On 1:32:50 –

²⁷ Reviewed until 12:00, and then from 1:07:00 onward.

was I filming the truck outside? Then I printed out “01_09” in PDF. Then: “... maybe Homeland Security sent them in just to scratch their nose...” (1:36:50). On 1:44:20, another car outside. Then: “Every time when we open up a PDF document, Thunderbird will pop up.” Again, this was unrelated to the suit team. On 1:49:50: “... we are gonna try this DVD...” I thus started burning my next DVD. On 1:55:40, I turned on the recorder again. I opened up a Nero project and started compiling the disc content. On 2:03:00 – what was I writing? On 2:08:20 – did I turn on another recorder? And I was mumbling about how Homeland Security had stopped sending interferences into my Sound Recorder. (Again, it’s not clear whether they had ever done it.) Then: “... the telephone people are not here to be ‘me’, but to produce surveillance... showing me receiving secret messages... once these people have produced the surveillance, Homeland Security didn’t feel the need to send in more interferences... these people’s sole purpose was to scratch their head...” But then the interference seemed to be picking up again. (Again, all this was probably not related to the suit team at all.) On 2:37:10, I went to film with my pen camera: “... a police car outside... definitely my crime...” Then a Coca-Cola truck by the neighbor. And a pickup too, and I read out the license plate (2:39:00). And I kept mumbling something about the Coca-Cola truck: “... part of my heroin-smuggling operation...” On 2:40:20, my DVD had finished burning. On 2:41:50, my pen camera had stopped functioning, and I got upset when I stuck it into my Toshiba: “Shit, it says ‘installing device software’, I didn’t know Homeland Security can remotely control my pen also... the pen is dead...” All this had again in fact nothing to do with the suit team. In any case, I immediately checked the latest pen videos. And I groaned: “... I shouldn’t have used Nero, everything is breaking down...” On 2:46:30, I started my recorder: “... we’re having an emergency here, the videos are lost...” Then: “... they are not lost...” And I started naming the videos. On 3:28:00, the recording gets very bad. On 3:43:00 – did I turn off the recorder? On 3:45:40, the pen had finished reformatting. Now I checked the DVD that was just burned. I filmed myself playing the files on the new disc. On 3:54:30, another motorcycle outside, and I went to film it. On 4:00:00, loud music outside again.

My next recording is: “brndvd54-55_strtmvmt_9_30_09_1231-339PM.wma”: again, the recording is very bad. On 20:30 – what was I yelling about? Filming outside? “... my crime...” Was I now compiling the next DVD project? (36:00) On 48:20: “... according to surveillance, I’m blasting loud music outside...” On 56:30, gunshots outside. On 1:02:30, I was ready to burn my next DVD. On 1:32:40, I checked the Sound Recorder recording: “It’s okay.” Then the other recordings. On 1:45:00, the recording gets very bad again. On 1:55:30 – did I burn successfully? On 2:18:30 – did I insert another DVD? On 2:19:30 – did I film something? Ready to burn – again? On 2:28:35, I filmed: “... burning at 4x...” On 2:46:00, the recording gets very bad again. On 2:53:00 – what was I mumbling about? On 2:57:40, I turned on (or off) the recorder. On 2:58:20, I played the recordings on the new disc. More gas tanks by the neighbor, and I filmed it with my pen: “... my heroin-smuggling operation... one of the guys talking is ‘me’...” When I came back to my computers: “... I’m outside talking to these people...” The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “slp_gunshots_9_30_09_331-833PM.WMA”: I continued: “... it looks like Homeland Security has stopped sending interference to my Sound Recorder...” Again, it’s not clear if they ever did that. Then, motorcycle sounds again: more gas tanks! And I filmed: “... another guy on

tricycle came to deliver gas tanks... my heroin-smuggling operation... shaking hands... one of the guys is probably ‘me’... I’m probably outside talking to these people...” I was now checking DVD-54. On 9:00: “... the Sound Recorder is picking up a lot of...” And I turned off and put away my Toshiba (14:00). Now I went to sleep. On 36:00, I mumbled about the motorcycles: my gang members. On 1:04:30, I got up and mumbled “scary” and so on. On 1:21:00, gunshots. On 1:35:00, I got up again and went downstairs to get something to eat, mumbling about Homeland Security again. And more gunshots outside. “The drug war is going on like crazy!” (1:37:30) From 2:15:00 onward, children outside.²⁸ I was then back to sleep. On 5:01:30, I got up again and switched recorder.

My next recording is: “slp_9_30-10_1_09_838PM-239AM.WMA”: I continued to rest.²⁹ On 4:11:10, I got up. On 4:20:20, I turned on the TV. On 4:35:50, I turned it off. On 5:40:00, I turned on my Toshiba and started the Sound Recorder. I could see a lot of interferences again. I inserted my pen. On 5:44:00, I turned on the TV: CBS News. On 5:48:30, I started naming my latest pen videos.

October 1 (Thursday; Managua; scratching/ cellphone calls)

My next recording is: “brndvd_califrnct_nointrf_10_1_09_211-752AM.wma”: this recording is again very bad. On 5:20, my pen videos (“heroin-smuggling operation”). Was I still naming them? On 1:15:00, I was reviewing a recent recording. I mumbled something on 1:42:00. (The recording is again very bad at this point.) Was I then filming something, with the TV turned on? (1:47:00) On 1:55:30, I was ready to burn another new disc (?). Then the recording is very bad again. On 2:31:20, something was going on outside. On 2:33:30, something outside again. On 2:36:30, something about my Sound Recorder. Did I turn on anything? On 2:38:20, I played an earlier recording. I was now checking over all the Sound Recorder recordings, it seems. On 3:09:00 – what was I mumbling about? On 3:10:00, I played the disc: “... ‘Karin’s Meetups’ here...” Was I now compiling the directory of DVD-57? Filming the disc? On 3:18:00 – was I now checking over my discs? On 3:20:50, I started burning DVD-57. On 3:43:00, I turned on the TV. On 3:47:00 – what was I mumbling about? Filming the TV? On 3:50:30, I tried out the Sound Recorder recording: “... can’t fast forward, it’s a Temp file...” On 4:00:00, I was reviewing a video diary (“... poor doggie...”). On 4:14:00, recording is again very bad. On 4:17:30, I turned on the TV to get a timestamp. (What did I film?)³⁰ On 4:21:00 – the video diary again? Now, CBS Tonight Show: “... it’s revelatory of my criminal pathology...” (4:22:00). Then, back to the video diary: I seemed to be working on it. On 4:42:50 – what was I mumbling about again? “No gunshots today, maybe the drug war is over...” (4:45:30). Ha! On 5:09:50, I was mumbling about the “fake Terry” again, with a bird on her shoulder. On 5:17:00, I filmed out of my window: some sort of truck. Was I then counting my money? On 5:28:00, I turned on the TV. Then, I turned it off. Was I then working on my files? When I was about to go out: “... Homeland Security... there must be one nation... still many years to live...” I turned on the recorder on 5:39:20. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

28 Reviewed until 4:09:00, and then from 4:59:00 onward.

29 Reviewed until 17:00, and then from 4:05:00 onward.

30 See “nghbr_van_10_1_09_628AM.AVI”. It thus seems that I was again filming the van that came to pick up my neighbor.

My next recording is: “ut_abtscrch_dnnutcig_chtpne_10_1_09_753-901AM.WMA”: I continued: “I’m gonna go out, and Homeland Security is seeing me dressing... people will scratch themselves... but maybe they’ll do something different... since Homeland Security didn’t interfere with my Sound Recorder in the past hour, maybe they have already beaten their enemy flat... there will always be nations of which I’ll be discovered to be the agent... despicable nations which go against the US... if you can’t capture every single person scratching themselves, just don’t worry about it... today we’re not gonna hit anybody, or be angry, or be upset...” Good! And I filmed my room with my pen before leaving: “... leaving behind nothing of importance... all my chargers, documents, are with me...” (11:50). Then: “... maybe I should take it with me, lest it should turn into Russian-made spy equipment when Terry barges in... Terry *will* come in... I hope that my prediction will turn out wrong, that Terry won’t come...” On 18:50, as I was almost out: “... someone will come out at the same time as I... one guy on bicycle is passing by, he did look at me...” And I gave up my plan of barricading the door. When I was out: “... see, I told you, I *will* be spotted...”³¹ Then: “... they are talking... wait for them to be gone... she’s probably ‘me’, since she came out at the same time as I did... apparently I spoke a lot of Spanish... it’s a police officer, here because of the drug-war...” Ha! And, while cursing “Fuck you” at the woman who was staring at me, I went onto the street (25:00).³² Immediately, someone got into a taxi: “... so I just got into a taxi... so what did we find out about ourselves today? We live by our neighbor, we came out and had a conversation... if I’m actually in a taxi right now, then we shouldn’t worry about anything here, right?... nothing scary should happen on the street... that I’m doing all these other things will be a permanent condition... Oh, a security guard on cellphone, it’s not clear whether I’m making a cellphone call right now...”³³ Again, I was overly interpreting things here. On 30:50, I came inside a coffeehouse and ordered coffee and doughnuts. I decided to dine in: “... sit here, there is nobody around...” But a man immediately came out to make a cellphone call: “... we’re making another cellphone call over there... I have a lot of friends in Granada and constantly call them... what did I say to them? We need a translator...” I might be correct this time. After eating, finally: “... let’s get out of this fucking place... I’m making another cellphone call over there... the second one today...” Then I came inside a store to buy cigarettes. Also Coke. I had to ask the employee: “Did you just scratch yourself?”³⁴ Ha! Out on 44:30. Immediately: “... he’s smoking, that’s ‘me’ smoking dope...” Then, somebody scratched himself again. Wow! And I recounted again what I supposedly did today (48:30). “... usually everyone knows what he or she is doing but other people don’t, but, in my case, everyone knows what I’m doing but I don’t, and so I have to spend a vast amount of effort to find out what I’m doing...” Then I counted more scratching and arrived at my door on 50:30.³⁵ “... Homeland Security hasn’t finished suing all the nations... there are more countries to sue... let’s stay home to take a break first...” Then I reflected on what happened earlier: “As soon as I sat down in the coffeehouse, the guy immediately got the instruction to come out to make a cellphone call...” On 56:35, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. So much interferences! I imported all

31 See “nghbr_out_10_1_09_8AM.AVI”. Since my camcorder was almost out of battery, I could, from now on, only film my trip out using my pen camera.

32 See “nghbrchat_10_1_09_ca_804AV.AVI”.

33 See “dnut_phncall_10_1_09_ca_807AM.AVI”.

34 See “buycig_10_1_09_ca_818AM.AVI”.

35 See “hm_scrtch_10_1_09_ca_825AM.AVI”.

the latest pen videos to my Toshiba. On 1:04:00, I turned on the TV. Fox News on Iran, and so I turned it off.

To sum up: it seems that, for the brief period that I was out, the suit team did obtain evidence that David Chin was talking to his buddies again on the phone, and that they had continued to instruct the residents around to scratch themselves when seeing me.

My next recording is: “convertavi_10_1_09_847-956AM.wma”: again, this recording is very bad. On 9:00, I turned on the TV again, but I immediately turned it off. On 18:00, back to working on my pen videos (“... it’s me making a cellphone call over there...”). On 28:00: “... what the fuck is going on? The computer... by itself...” On 48:00, the recording gets very bad. “... Eee PC... I’m looking at the screenshots...” (59:00). On 1:07:20, I turned on the Sound Recorder (?).

My next recording is: “unsuccsful_ut_abtbnk_10_1_09_957-1024AM.WMA”: I continued: “... this other recorder seems to have problems, it’s breaking down... first, a battery compartment problem... it’s possible for Homeland Security to remotely control your recorder...” I stopped the Sound Recorder and was now ready to go out again: “... I’m sure Terry will come in and find Russian-made spy equipment... big deal, just go along with the story... you’ll never have contacts with another human being again, you have already received a death sentence... my neighbor will synchronize their coming out with mine so that I can be found talking fluent Spanish...” On 9:00, I was out of my door. “... I just committed another crime, I have received another secret message...” And I said to the woman: “Thank you for your secret message, ma’am... Terry wants me to pay rent... they want me to withdraw money one more time, so that they can replace my transaction with someone else’s, so that they can have surveillance showing me having another account... that must be why Terry keeps wanting me to pay rent... so what if I use another account, with millions of dollars in it from my drug-smuggling operation...” And now I had decided to go back home instead because my pen camera wasn’t functioning (14:50).³⁶ Then: “... another crime, another secret message... it’s ‘me’ on the bicycle over there...” (18:50). I was now back home. “All because of my pen... we need to reformat it again... I need to videotape my crimes, I need to have proofs of my crimes, I just don’t understand why Homeland Security won’t let me know about my crimes...” On 25:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. And I turned on the TV.

It should be noted at this point that I was, at this moment, planning to take a long trip to Managua to buy the electronics of which Terry had deprived me. As soon as I shall have restored my pen camera to functioning, I would be on my way again. The trip would be a disaster, and I would merely end up in the airport without venturing much into town. As you shall see, I would use my camcorder again, but the resultant video diary, “10_1_09.wmv”, has unfortunately been lost. A little bits of the videos which I had shot of my Managua trip with my JVC camcorder have however survived in “10_1_09_supl.wmv”.

36 See “ut_10_1_09_ca_1003AM.AVI”

My next recording is: “indianwhtr_formatpen_10_1_09_1019-1055AM.wma”: on 3:20, Indian news. From 9:00 onward, the recording gets very bad. On 20:30, another car outside: “... I’m getting picked up again...” On 32:00, I checked the Sound Recorder recordings.

My next recording is: “ut_mngua_arprt_hdscrch_10_1_09_1057AM-513PM.WMA”: I was again mumbling about how Terry would come in. “Anything here might turn into Russian-made spy equipment... but not that we care about it anymore... if they want to find it, they’ll find it, what difference does it make to videotape everything?... it *does* make a difference, it makes us feel better, isn’t that why people do anything at all?” And I filmed the room before I left on 6:30. “Terry will come in, and she will find Russian-made spy equipment... maybe the toothpaste will turn into Russian-made spy equipment... okay, I’m blasting loud music outside... somehow, you accept being True Jesus, but then you don’t want to be True Jesus...” Right! Excellent testimony for the Russians! On 13:30, I was out. “Another guy is coming, and he’s gonna scratch his head to give me a secret message...” And so I threw a rock at him. Ha! “... another one is scratching his head... another secret message... we need a translator... a school bus... I’m in the process of molesting children...”³⁷ Doh! On 16:10, after I turned the corner, I turned on my pen camera. “That guy just scratched himself, the 7th secret message today...” (18:00). Then: “... that guy is touching his face, the 8th secret message... that guy on bicycle seems to have nodded his head... I’m making another cellphone call... that’s ‘me’ making a cellphone call, my 5th phone call today... that guy scratched himself, the 9th secret message... that’s what happens when you are a secret agent of too many nations, you are ‘secret agent overload’...” Right! On 22:25, I was ready to buy batteries in a shop. “That woman touches her head and makes a cellphone call!” And I kept on counting.³⁸ On 24:50, I was buying batteries. I shouted at the store owner: “You mother-fucking shut up, man... the suit team is taking away all the batteries in this town...” And I kept on cursing him. And he touched his face too!³⁹ And, as I came onto the street, I kept on counting: “... the 18th secret message...” On 28:00, I was ready to buy DVDs. “... the 9th phone call... Hey! where do I know you from?” On 31:30: “... the 9th phone call... more text-messaging...” And I kept on counting. “The car is parking... probably my drug-cartel buddy here to pick me up...”⁴⁰ And more scratching. Then a woman touched me: “My 21st secret communication!”⁴¹ On 40:05, another cellphone call. And more! On 42:00 – was I now in the bus station?⁴² (Getting ready for my long trip.) More cellphone calls. I theorized: “Since I’m going to the mall in Managua, he’s probably calling about the mall in Managua... I’m going to the mall to meet up with my heroin-smuggling buddy...” And more of people’s scratching and touching themselves. “... I don’t want to get on this bus, it’s too scary, everyone is scratching themselves...”⁴³ On 53:00, I bought fries and sat down to eat.⁴⁴ More scratching and so on. I continued my sarcasm: “... it’s chicken but it’s actually crack cocaine made to look like chicken...” And I scratched myself out of reflex too! And more. “This American man is shaking hands, it’s ‘me’... he’s

37 See “4_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

38 See “7_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

39 See “9_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

40 See “11_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

41 See “12_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

42 See “12_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

43 See “15_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

44 See “16_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

‘me’, and I’m talking to a group of people...”⁴⁵ By 1:09:00, I had finished eating and was back to waiting for the bus and counting people’s scratching themselves and making cellphone calls. On 1:16:30, I was ready to board my bus: “... I’ll find myself making a lot of cellphone calls...”⁴⁶ Indeed! And I continued to count cellphone calls and scratching. (Most of this will not be noted anymore.) Then: “... the two Americans are ‘me’... text-messaging... children have got on the bus, I’m pedophilizing... that’s ‘me’ reading newspapers...”⁴⁷ By 1:28:00, the bus was running. Then: “... the guy on bicycle stopped the bus, it’s secret-message passing...” (1:25:00). And I of course continued to count scratching and “secret-messages”. “... it’s the 41st... it’s probably ‘me’ using heroin...” (1:51:30).⁴⁸ On 1:59:45, I broke down crying. All because I was too itchy and needed to scratch myself. On 2:33:30, as I got off the bus in Managua: “... I didn’t leave any Russian-made spy equipment behind... a lot of nations will fall because I’ve come here, but I don’t really care...” Right! On 2:35:25, I was buying something to drink. On 2:38:30, an ambulance, and I believed it was orchestrated. I took out my Toshiba to charge my pen while continuing to count all the scratching and so on. “... I’m charging, I’m giving the impression that I’m making secret communications...” On 2:46:10, I filmed with my camcorder – as noted, I had decided to make use of the last bit of electricity left in it while my pen was still charging since, as I was convinced, I would soon be able to buy a new charger for it: “... the guy who touched his hat...” On 2:49:20, I filmed with my camcorder again: “... this guy tries to talk to me... this guy is staring at me... I’m charging my pen, and it *looks like* I’m communicating with foreign intelligence services, but there is nothing I can do...” On 2:51:20, I filmed with my camcorder again: “... it’s ‘me’ talking on the cellphone over there... and ambulance again...” On 2:56:25, I filmed with my camcorder again: “... that guy touches his head... with a cellphone...” On 2:59:30, I checked the other recorder: “... it is on...” Then I filmed with my camcorder again: “... that guy is touching his cellphone... he’s touching his head...” On 3:00:50, I filmed with my camcorder again: “... the woman is eating...” Then I filmed again: “... this guy is probably creating communications for me...” On 3:04:00, I left nothing behind and was on the move.⁴⁹ On 3:08:10: “... I just made another cellphone call...” On 3:09:00, I filmed again: “... I made another cellphone call...” On 3:11:55, just as I finished filming, I filmed again: “... he touches himself, also looks at me...” Then I filmed with my camcorder again on 3:14:20: “... he touches himself multiple times...” On 3:16:25, I filmed this guy in front of me who touched himself. Then I filmed again: “... he touches himself...” On 3:19:20, I filmed again: “... this guy keeps touching himself... that guy is making a cellphone call, and maybe he took a picture of me...” Then another guy touched himself (3:23:00). I filmed again on 3:24:40: “... cellphones... a woman adjusting her hair... some nation is gonna fall just because I want to go to the mall...” And I continued to count people’s touching themselves. On 3:32:00, I got on the bus.⁵⁰ On 3:35:00, I predicted that a lot of cellphone calls would take place and continued to count all the touchings. Then: “... somebody touched my hand...” On 3:58:50, I got off the bus. I filmed with my pen: “... the man who got off the bus in front of me, in blue shirt, he was touching himself... so many nations have

45 See “18_10_1_09_bf.AVI” and “19_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

46 See “20_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

47 See “21_10_1_09_bf.AVI” and “22_10_1_09_bf.AVI”.

48 See “23”, “24”, “25”, “26”, and “27” for the bus trip.

49 See “2_10_1_09.AVI”.

50 For the bus trip, see “5_10_1_09.AVI” to “9_10_1_09.AVI”.

fallen...”⁵¹ On 4:07:10 – was I on the bus again?⁵² On 4:15:50, I got off the bus assuring myself that I had left nothing behind. Immediately I counted all the people who had scratched themselves.⁵³ On 4:17:25, I filmed the guy who had just scratched himself: “Fuck you man!”⁵⁴ Then, more scratching. On 4:23:10, I came to a cafeteria to buy something to drink.⁵⁵ “People are using cellphones and laptops here!”⁵⁶ As soon as I ordered water: “I’m caught using cellphones again!” I was immediately out, and another man whistled at me. And more scratching. Then – did I film something with my camcorder? I then filmed another instance of scratching. Then another. On 4:30:00, I filmed again. Then again: “... that’s ‘me’ making a cellphone call...” Suddenly, a woman tried to talk to me, and I yelled at her: “Get the fuck away from me, bitch!” (4:32:00) On 4:38:20, an ambulance. On 4:39:00 – did I film something again? Then: “No bus is gonna pick me up, I’m stuck...” On 4:45:50, while filming another head-scratcher, I kept cursing at him: “You like it, huh? Do it one more time!” Then, on 4:46:30, when another guy came to scratch his head in front of me, I threw my water bottle at him – and of course I took care to film it: “You scratch your head in front of me, mother-fucker?” Again – what would the suit team and the Russians make of this strange reaction in the upper court? On 4:49:00, I decided to walk. On 4:52:00 – was I on the bus again?⁵⁷ More scratching. On 5:08:30, I got off the bus at the airport. On 5:12:30, as I walked into the airport: “... Homeland Security has stopped the... bus because they wanted to produce surveillance showing me communicating... and going into the airport... even though I thought of coming here only on the spur of the moment...” And I went on and on about how I wanted to kill people. On 5:14:30, another woman said something to me, and I yelled at her: “I don’t know what the fuck you are saying, you fucking bitch...” On 5:15:00, I came to Subway and ordered an Italian BMT. I continued to curse at the people who scratched themselves. And I was rude to the Subway employee too: “Speak louder! I’m not talking to a fucking air head... bitch!” Then: “Is this mother-fucker making a call for me? You mother-fucker, are you making a cellphone call for me?” And I had to sit next to this guy who was using a laptop simply because that’s the only place with an electrical outlet. (I needed to plug in my Toshiba in order to charge my pen on it.) “Whatever he does on his laptop will be confused with mine. This is the first time that this happens since I got here... He’s doing emails... don’t hit him, he’s big... and this is the airport... fuck you man!” Then, on 5:31:50: “... this mother-fucker who scratched his head has a walkie-talkie too...” Then a woman came to me wanting to give me a pamphlet, and I yelled at her: “Get the fuck away from me! What the fuck are you talking about?” And I filmed her with my camcorder (5:32:50). Then I filmed again: “... that’s ‘me’ talking right there, on the fucking cellphone...” Then I filmed him again: “... this guy is definitely ‘me’, talking to himself...” (5:35:00). Then I cursed at the man who touched his nose: “Fuck you man!” (5:43:30) Amazingly, he came over to me! I yelled at him: “Get out of here, man! What do you want?” And I ate. On 5:55:40, another lady touched herself. “We don’t want to hit her, we’ll just take it out on others.” On 6:06:10 – did I go film the man wearing earphones who scratched himself? “Did you scratch yourself? Mother-fucker!” On 6:09:30, I left to use the restroom, going on and on about how I

51 See “10_10_1_09.AVI”.
52 See “12_10_1_09.AVI”.
53 See “14_10_1_09.AVI”.
54 See “15_10_1_09.AVI”.
55 See “17_10_1_09.AVI”.
56 See “19_10_1_09.AVI”.
57 See “22_10_1_09.AVI”.

didn't leave behind any Russian-made spy equipment. “Find out where that mother-fucker is, the airport employee who kept scratching his head...” I then mumbled about how I had seen 90 instances of head-scratching today.

My next recording is: “arprt_askphne_fght_reasn_10_1_09_513-756PM.WMA”: I continued: “... that guy scratches himself, airport security...” On 1:30, I filmed with my camcorder: “... that might be ‘me’ getting into the car...” And I read out his license plate. I then came inside the airport: “... did this guy just take a picture of me? He did... let's take a picture of him, I like to take pictures of people who take pictures of me...” I tried to film him with my pen camera, but he went into the restroom.⁵⁸ On 4:30, I came to the ATM to withdraw cash, and, as expected, another guy immediately came in to use the ATM next to me: “Oh, because I'm using the ATM, this guy is going to use it too... so I'm gonna cancel mine, and let you use it first...” And I cursed at him while he pretended to not know why. And I did film him with my pen camera: “Look, that's ‘me’ withdrawing money... I guess this mother-fucker has fucking millions of dollars in his fucking account...” When he was done, I followed him: “Hey me! We're gonna find out what my name is... that's ‘me’... so what's your name, man?” And there was no response from him as he got inside his car. I read out his license plate: “... goodbye mother-fucker...” (8:20).⁵⁹ I then came back to the ATM: “... too bad that this is not my account, this is the account of the non-existent ‘me’... I'll always have to be somebody else, that's a sad fate...” And I finished filming myself using the ATM with my pen camera. “Why should you feel sad? So you have a different account from which you laundry money, yeah, so what? Oh, this guy touches his nose, should I hit him? Oh she's making a cellphone call...” I came to the information booth on 14:00 and the lady pointed out to me how to get to the right station. “Oh, this guy is ‘me’, now I've become this guy...” And I asked for another map. Then I shouted “Fuck you” to the man whom I took for my double.⁶⁰ (Was he really?) As soon as I walked out of the airport: “... did I just make another cellphone call?” And I asked the man: “Who are you calling? Oh, he's text-messaging...” (18:10).⁶¹ Then I sighed: “... it's not easy to make 50 calls a day without having a phone...” Ha! Then I took notice of the taxi driver: “... should we hit him? Oh, I could be dealing dope over there...” I was now on the street. I soon focused my attention on another man who had just scratched himself. “Did you just scratch yourself, sir?” And I threw a rock at him (24:00).⁶² Not again! Then a taxi driver sitting by the rail shouted at me: “Taxi!” “Shut your fucking mouth up!” (31:30)⁶³ On 33:00, I came back inside the airport: “... oh, this guy is making a cellphone call for me!” And I asked him: “Who did you just call?” I looked at his phone and cursed at him. I then asked the lady at the information booth whether there was a cheap motel around here. No.⁶⁴ I then asked another lady at the information booth: “How late does the airport stay open?” Always.⁶⁵ “Okay, let's stay here then... so many nations have gone down, just because I came to the airport.... This guy shakes his head, in surveillance he's passing me a secret

58 See “picme_10_1_09_513PM.AVI”.

59 See “anotherme_wthdrwl_10_1_09_514PM.AVI”.

60 See “map_anotherme_10_1_09_527PM.AVI”.

61 See “txtmssgr_10_1_09_529PM.AVI”.

62 See “scrtchr_10_1_09_534PM.AVI”.

63 See “taxihustler_10_1_09_542PM.AVI”.

64 See “askmtl_lorena_10_1_09_544PM.AVI”.

65 See “askarprttime_10_1_09_546PM.AVI”.

message... Why doesn't the US government pay me for this amazing job I'm doing? Because I'm worthless... I do more for the US than all the other secret agents combined..." Then somebody made a gesture to me. "Fuck!" And I reacted badly. He apologized, and I tried to film him with my pen camera (43:00). Then: "... we are gonna find this guy..." I found him and kicked him: "Fuck you!" Then, as I walked around: "... okay, two more guys on cellphone..." I came out of the airport on 46:40, and more people scratched their head. And more cellphone calls. I came back inside and came to the information booth again and asked the lady: "What's your name? Why are you in the information booth? Where do you work?" (49:00) I then settled down and, on 52:00, turned on my Toshiba. Then: "Okay, I'm making another cellphone call over there..." And I filmed it with my camcorder (53:00). Then, another man: "Don't pick your ear, mother-fucker! What are you saying on the phone? Sorry, I have to pretend not to know Spanish..." And I kept on interrogating him: "I'm just curious as to what I was saying on the phone... I wish I could know what I was saying on the phone... I saw myself calling over there but I just didn't know what I was saying..." And I started naming my latest pen videos (those from the past hours). Then, another man on cellphone: "... I'm talking so happily on the phone over there..." (1:03:00). And another man scratched himself, and I filmed him with my camcorder (1:08:30). Then: "... the lady in front of me has a cellphone..." On 1:20:10: "... I'm making another cellphone call over there... I just can't stop making cellphone calls... and there too..." Then my Nero broke down (1:30:00). On 1:32:20, more children around me: "I'm pedophiling!" And I filmed it with my camcorder. On 1:39:00, a woman came near me: "Get away from me!" And I filmed it with my pen camera: "... as you can see, because I'm here, a vast number of people have come in..." Then, when another man was making a cellphone call in front of me, I went over and kicked his hand and his phone fell to the floor and broke apart. I shouted at him: "I don't like to see myself making cellphone calls!" He got really angry and shouted at me: "What's your problem, man?" (1:40:00) The man and his companion were now calling the police. He continued: "What did you fucking hit me for?" Regretting that I had got myself into trouble, I was now trying to talk my way out: "It's an accident, what do you want me to do about it? I'll pay for it..." As he kept on cursing at me, I continued: "I'm Russian... and Cuban and Brazilian..." By then the police had brought us into the station. As they were telling the police what happened, I replied sarcastically: "I'm sorry, I have to pretend I don't speak Spanish..." Ha! And I kept on insisting that it was an accident and that I'd pay for the damage. The phone was 25 dollars, or 500 Cordobas. I agreed. But then the police woman insisted: "Do you have ID?" I replied: "My passport is all fake, and so you don't want to see it..." Ha! She continued: "... right now, do you go to...? What are you doing here?" I replied: "I have a flight in a couple of days..." But she insisted on knowing my name and seeing my ID. She even asked me to write my name. "I'll definitely not write my name..." Then she wanted to give me the broken phone! I insisted I wouldn't take the phone. By 1:52:30, we had all left the station. I continued: "... they have produced the surveillance they wanted and why did they want to hand me the phone? They wanted to make it look like I had a cellphone..." On 1:54:50, I was out of the airport. What unnecessary troubles! On 1:55:30, I asked someone for matches: "Thank you, sorry, I've to pretend I don't speak Spanish... that's 'me' dealing drugs..." On 1:57:25, I settled down in this corner where no one was around. On 1:58:50, I filmed with my camcorder: "... this is my spot, there is nobody here..." And I turned on my Toshiba to charge up and reformat my pen. "How many cellphone calls did I make today? About 100..." Then, my sudden realization: "... that guy who took a picture of me was not taking a picture of me, but of the airport..."

and so, according to surveillance, I was taking pictures of the airport...” In reality, the man could be doing surveillance for the Russians who could be trying to obtain proof that I did look like myself. Then, when I imported all the new pen videos, I discovered that my pen was shut down and didn’t catch what had just happened. I was now convinced that surveillance had showed me having a cellphone: “... so many nations have fallen on this single day... and all these people are sent in, they are all fake... that man was an agent, he’s pretending to be angry... I did say I’m Russian, that should make people very happy...” By now so many cars were passing by, and I filmed it all with my camcorder (2:08:00): “... see how many cars passing by?” Then I filmed again with my camcorder: “... all these people are here to ‘spot me’, and there is a guy sitting here too...” Then I filmed again with my camcorder: “... a man is next to me...” (2:10:00). Then: “... if the event is reversed, then it’s someone else who has kicked off my cellphone, then... instead of saying I’m born in China, I should say I’m born in Russia... this guy on bicycle touches his hair” – and so I filmed him with my camcorder (2:13:10). Then: “... the Nicaragua intelligence really knows how to do pretending... why don’t they just give me the money they say I have?... I’m getting no reward whatsoever, and I’m actually expected to pay rent... this is the cheapest clandestine operation ever... and I did say I have a fake ID, that I’m Russian, and that should make the world happy, right?” Then: “That’s probably ‘me’ chatting over there” – and so I filmed him with my camcorder (2:18:25). On 2:18:50, I filmed with my camcorder again: “... that’s ‘me’ making a cellphone call... maybe the 110th call I have made today...” Then again. Then I filmed with my camcorder again: “... the guy came back, that’s ‘me’ chatting over there... maybe according to surveillance I’m high on drugs, and that’s why the security officer asked me ‘Are you high on drugs?’” Then on and on about how my mother wouldn’t admit that I was not born in Taiwan: “... but in reality you are someone else because everyone you meet will be an actor and they will react to you as if you were this someone else... in this sense it’s not a cheap mission; you don’t get paid but millions of other people do...” Then, another cellphone call, and I filmed with my camcorder: “... this guy is coming again...” (2:24:00). And I counted all the evidences which the suit team had supposedly produced today. Then I filmed with my camcorder again: “... look at all these cars passing by... just follow the story... if you can’t be good, take satisfaction in being bad, and nothing is worse than this...” Then I filmed again: “... this car is passing by, obviously because I’m sitting here...” (2:28:50). Then I filmed again (the first scene in the next video diary, “10_1_09_supl.wmv”):⁶⁶ “... I can guarantee that the person in the car is creating communications... his license plate... before they finish suing all the nations they want to sue, they will not allow me to document my crimes... they will get rid of these videos...” Fortunately, I was wrong here. Then I filmed again: “... don’t have anything here...” Then I filmed again (1:00 in the video): “... these people are touching themselves, etc... the license plate of this car is...” Then I started filming again: “... let’s see what he’s doing inside his car...” And, once the pen was done charging, I moved on while rambling on and on. On 2:34:00, I was back inside the airport. “... I’m so widely known, the only person who doesn’t know me is me...”⁶⁷ Ha! On 2:38:20, I filmed again: “... another van that parks here...” Once out of the airport, I filmed again (1:49 in the video): “... he’s got a cellphone, but he has put it away...” Then on and on about how I must be made into a criminal videotaper: “... they want to make sure there is nothing left in the

66 Again, this is the video which contain the scenes from today that aren’t lost.

67 See “24_10_1_09.AVI”.

world for me... no matter how much benefit I shall bring to them... because I’m completely dispensable... that’s how I should treat myself too...”

My next recording is: “arprt_plce_crme_taxi_10_1-2_09_811PM-125AM.WMA”: I continued: “... when the airport police asked me for my IDs, I can’t even say, ‘You know who I am’... they will just put me in a hospital...” I then filmed this woman (2:03 in the video): “... she’s on cellphone too...” (2:00). Then: “... I don’t know what the point is in writing my book... Homeland Security will delete it... no one will read it... I’m only in contact with actors... I don’t see how anybody can have a life sadder than mine... can you believe there is a corner on this earth where people don’t work for Homeland Security?... you’ll always have to be somebody else...” Right! I was now back inside the airport (9:00). I came inside the restroom continuing: “... you’ll always be Mr former Secretary’s pet project...” And I interrogated this man who handed me toilet papers believing he was here to create intercepts: “... are you getting a cellphone call? Everybody plays pranks...” On 14:50, I filmed with my camcorder (2:08 in the video): “... nobody at the food stand right now, but once I sit down here people will come.” Then: “What’s the point? Who’s ever gonna see our data, who will have the time? The man who handed me papers was trying to pretend to know me, it’s ‘me’ dealing dope in the airport... this woman uses her cellphone, I just made another cellphone call...” (26:00). Then: “... I can’t do this, the cellphone makes me sick...” On 32:30, I thus left. “I’m suffering for a country that I don’t love, to bust a nation that I don’t hate...” Excellent testimony for the Russians! (Later on, that is.) I was out of the airport on 34:30. On 36:00, the same police man tried to talk to me, but I walked away. Then: “Did he say ‘Chino’?” I came back to ask him: “... did you ask me something? Oh, Espanol... sorry, I have to pretend I don’t speak Spanish...”⁶⁸ On 39:30, another man said something to me. On 41:30, somebody was whistling at me again: “... my drug-dealing friends are calling me...” Then, another police man, and I asked him: “Can I help you, sir?” On 42:30, my engagement with him. “They are just here to identify me. They won’t be standing in front of me if it weren’t for the ICJ trial. And he’s making a cellphone call!” I thus filmed him (44:50 in the recording or 2:12 in the video). On 47:25, I was back inside the airport. Amazingly, I noticed somebody using an Eee PC: “... that’s me over there...” And I filmed him with my pen camera.⁶⁹ Then: “I’ve videotaped too many Agency’s girls, that’s dangerous...” Just then, someone sat down behind me to use his cellphone (54:00). I filmed him with my pen camera, and then moved on.⁷⁰ On 1:01:15, I filmed with my camcorder (2:34 in the video): “... another guy walking with a cellphone...” On 1:05:30, I filmed with my camcorder again (2:54 in the video): “... police officers have followed me out...” On 1:06:20, I filmed with my camcorder again (3:06 in the video): “... he keeps coming... he’s pretending to talk to somebody else... that’s ‘me’ over there, he’s interrogating ‘me’...” On 1:08:00, I started asking for a taxi. Did I reply to a police officer? “... you have got me identified, good surveillance produced...” Then, once I was in the taxi: “I don’t want to take this one, what’s his problem? Take me to the UCA Station, do you not understand?” Naturally, I was quite rude to the taxi driver. Then I reflected: “... what the police were trying to do was to get me properly identified... when I say I’m from Granada, that’s a match...” (1:15:30). Then: “... they have established that it’s me who’s in the airport, it’s me who had got into a

68 See “26_10_1_09.AVI”.

69 See “27_10_1_09.AVI”.

70 See “28_10_1_09.AVI”

conflict with someone, it’s me who made all these cellphone calls...” And I was still counting the taxi driver’s scratching his head. On 1:26:00, I had arrived. I was very rude and cursed at the taxi driver: “Granada my ass, shut the fuck up...”⁷¹ Then: “... I need an ID for David Chin... the taxi is still stalking me... and the police car has ‘spotted me’...” And I filmed (1:29:00 in the recording or 4:42 in the video): “... the police car followed me, the taxi is stalking me, they want to ‘get me’ for something...” Then the taxi passed me by again: “... he’s stalking me...” And I filmed it with my camcorder (1:32:30 in the recording or 4:57 in the video): “... this taxi is fucking stalking me... too bad that you are not gonna accomplish your mission, but I’m not interested... when I kicked over the man’s phone, in surveillance that’s me getting arrested for dealing dope... *I want to deal dope, but I want to be the one who said it...* you are not gonna be able to surf the Internet on your Eee PC without the AC charger... everyday it’s just production of surveillance, I have no other purpose in life...” On 1:42:30, I filmed with my camcorder (5:38 in the video): “... some guy is looking at... maybe he’s ‘me’, I don’t know...” Then I went on and on about how the suit team wanted surveillance to be vague...” And I filmed again (5:50 in the video): “... the taxi followed me...” (1:43:30). Then: “... I can only show Lawrence Chin’s ID, and that’s treason, *but that’s what they want, they want me to commit treason...* they don’t want you to be just David Chin, they want you to be *David Chin pretending to be Lawrence Chin...*” On 1:47:30, I filmed again: “... every taxi wants to pick me up, it’s an operation...” On 1:49:30, I filmed again (6:10 in the video): “... as soon as I stepped into this cafe, someone started talking on the cellphone over there...” On 1:50:30, I came inside a convenience shop. More (supposed) operation: “That’s ‘me’ with my friend... text-messaging... and immediately they are gone, they are just there to text-message...” I bought cigarettes and batteries.⁷² Out, and on and on about how lucky other people were. Then about the interception of the text-messages: “... the store owner... the fact that they are watching me so closely in order to produce all this vague surveillance, this they will not say in the secret court... also I have a lot of friends, I just don’t know who these friends are...” Then, on 2:05:10, I filmed again (6:19 in the video): “... even though I’m in this dark corner, *I will be seen...*” As I drank my juice: “... it’s ‘me’ using dope... fine... no, it’s not fine, *I want to be the one* to make up stories about me... the only thing I can ever do in this world is to pretend, I can’t even *not* pretend, I can’t even *be* David Chin, I must *pretend to be* Lawrence Chin...” On 2:17:45, I filmed again (6:25 in the video): “... some guy over there is making a cellphone call, I can’t believe it...” And I moved on. On 2:26:30, I filmed again (6:38 in the video): “... this is a quiet spot that I found... taxis coming by...” And I filmed again (7:02 in the video): “... taxis are coming to ‘spot me’...” And I read out one of the license plates. Then I filmed again (7:17 in the video): “... these two guys are looking at their cellphones... ‘The man who is always someone else’, that should be the title... *I want to be David Chin now...*” Then I filmed again (7:30 in the video): “... that’s *me* getting into people’s car...” (2:36:00). Then: “... even though it’s a quiet spot, as soon as I sit down, there will be activities... motorcycles are coming by, I might have been picked up by a motorcycle...” On 3:05:10, I read out the license plate again. On 3:06:40, I filmed again (8:06 in the video): “... check out my crime, that’s the taxi whose license plate I just read...” Then I filmed again (8:39 in the video): “... look, that’s ‘me’ transporting heroin...” Then I filmed again (9:00 in the video): “... the camcorder is broken...” And I read out the license plate again. Then I filmed again: “... that’s where I do heroin in Granada... the person just carried a lot of

71 See “29_10_1_09.AVI”.

72 See “31_10_1_09.AVI”.

bags into the station...” Then I filmed again (9:21 in the video): “... this guy is coming, it’s ‘me’ transporting heroin...” Amazingly, he came over and said something to me (3:09:20). “Sorry, I have to pretend I don’t speak Spanish...” Then I filmed again (10:14 in the video): “... motorcycle gang... my heroin-transporting buddies...” On 3:11:30, I filmed again (10:21 in the video): “... in this spot, and now all the motorcycles are coming... all I have to do is lie here and soon a bunch of cars will come by...” On 3:15:15, more cars were passing by (11:05 in the video): “... look at that, my crime buddies... this station is where I deal heroin, I didn’t know that, I’ve just found out...” On 3:17:30 (11:33 in the video): “... this is where I deal crack cocaine... see, another police car...” And I moved on. Then I filmed again (11:44 in the video): “... now that I’ve changed spot, stay here for a moment, in order not to be disturbed by my heroin buddies...” (3:19:50). Then: “... so I actually came to Managua to do my heroin...” On 3:22:40, more motorcycles (12:02 in the video): “... my crime buddies...” Then the text-message from earlier: “... not necessarily... my heroin-smuggling operation in front of Academia de Danza...” Ha! On 3:39:50, I filmed again: “... I’m getting picked up again... my crime buddies...” And I went on and on about how I should just stay here tonight. Then: “Another one of my crime buddies...” (3:43:30). On 3:47:10, I filmed again (12:30 in the video): “... can you see me using drugs over there? Somebody is actually looking at me...” And I decided to move away. “Everywhere you go, people will appear, and cars will appear – because you are dealing drugs... another car is coming toward me, this TV show is quite scary...” Then, on 3:54:50, I filmed again (12:46 in the video): “... I think that’s my buddy using drugs...” On 3:56:50, I had finally decided I should go home instead, and so I got inside this taxi. “Granada!” I told the driver. He kept saying things and I didn’t understand him. Then on and on about how the taxi driver cannot possibly not know me, for every taxi driver should have already been alerted about me. Then, when the taxi driver turned on the radio, I shouted: “No! No musica!” (4:10:20) I continued: “... it’s strange that this taxi driver really looks like he doesn’t know me at all...” (4:17:20). And I went on and on about the suit team’s possible story about my trip and what they had planned. “This taxi driver is not very eager, and so it’s not clear whether he’s part of the ‘surveillance’ at all...” And I was continually worried because I had to constantly scratch myself out of reflex. Then, more worries: “... riding the taxi is scary, for you are inside an enclosure, and no one knows what happened... you can’t videotape your whole ride, and the recorder doesn’t record something that makes no sounds, like scratching... It could be that, because I have already produced an abundance of surveillance, the suit team gives me a break and lets me go home in peace... but that’s not their style...” And I went on and on about how the taxi driver had just touched his neck. And I continued to count his touching himself. “This taxi driver could be a fake secret agent...” After we had arrived in Granada, I tried my best to direct him as to where to go. On 4:52:20, when we came to the Central Square, I paid him 35 dollars. On 4:54:00, when out, I read out his license plate too. “You wasted all this money and didn’t accomplish anything.” Indeed! But then at least there was no one on the street right now! How nice! On 4:58:20, I was at home, and I noticed that somebody had closed the gate for me again. “Any country that has had any problem with the US is probably gone by now, all because I went to Managua, and I didn’t even find the mall...” I filmed my room with my pen camera: “... it has been moved...” (5:00:30). Then: “... Terry must have found Russian-made spy equipment...”⁷³ On 5:03:00, I turned on the TV. Now I couldn’t find my contact solution and, angered, I threw things. On 5:13:10, I turned on the other recorder before going to sleep.

73 See “38_10_1_09.AVI”.

Let’s conclude about my long trip to Managua. It’s been a wild day, as you have seen. To everyone who was observing me, I must have appeared totally bizarre: constantly shouting profanity at people and attacking them. While some of them were indeed “operatives” (in the sense that they had been alerted about me and told to scratch themselves when seeing me, or in the sense that they were told to make a cellphone call near me), most of them were just random strangers who were certainly baffled by my hostility toward them. I had not accomplished my goal (getting replacement chargers) but had merely behaved like a “typical targeted individual” (as I have explained elsewhere) seeing operations when there weren’t any. In particular, my run-in with the police was not orchestrated, even though the suit team might have really seized upon my detainment and made something out of it.

October 2 (Friday; scratching/ calls; the neighbor’s party)

My next recording is: “slp_10_2_09_130-817AM.WMA”: CNN on TV. On 3:00, I turned off the TV and rested quietly.⁷⁴

My next recording is: “wk_avi_utndle_scrtch_drphil_10_2_09_815-1051AM.WMA”: I was now awake. I turned on the TV. CNN? On 12:15, I turned off the TV. On 31:50, I started naming my latest pen videos. On 56:20, I started preparing the project for my next DVD. Was I then checking the recording that I wanted to burn? On 1:14:00: “... everyday, motorcycle sounds... my crime buddies ride motorcycles, we’ve got that figured out...” On 1:15:40: “... we have to go out... and we shall leave behind the draft of ‘My experience...’ and all the documents... I couldn’t tell whether someone has come in or not, the video is too dark...” And I predicted that my neighbor would come out at the same time as I would. Then: “... two bicycles passing by...” On 1:21:15, I opened the door. When out: “... he’s pushing a cart... bicycle... see, he did touch himself, I’ve predicted it... the first secret message today... okay, he touches himself too, the second...” On 1:26:15, I came to a shop to buy instant noodles and so on, but I took care not to go inside. Suddenly: “Fuck! This motorcycle... according to surveillance, I just went inside the shop...” Then: “... a woman in the taxi uses her cellphone... she receives instructions...” Again, I just stood by the door to order and wouldn’t even go in. On 1:29:15: “... we’ve just made another cellphone call...” And I read out his license plate: “... that’s probably ‘me’ putting my crack cocaine into my pocket... okay, it seems that I’ve walked into the store again, whatever that American bought I’ve bought... this American guy puts a cigarette in his mouth, that’s me dealing dope... and he pointed at me...” On 1:34:00: “... okay, I understand it now, that woman is ‘me’, so it’s ‘me’ talking fluent Spanish, and the American guy passing stuff out, that’s ‘me’ dealing dope over there...” Now I was very rude to the store owner as I picked up my order from him: “... fuck you very much...” I left on 1:36:00. More: “... that’s ‘me’ making a cellphone call, our second call... he passes by, and he did scratch his head, I almost missed it...” On 1:40:00, I was at my door. On 1:45:25, I turned on the TV. “Okay, Nazis...” Ha! Not again! On 2:06:20, a truck outside: “... don’t even feel like videotaping it...” On 2:35:30, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. To conclude: we are not sure whether the suit team had obtained any evidence at all this morning in regard to the “David Chin legend” (although it’s certain that people had had to continue to scratch themselves in

74 Reviewed until 30:00, and then from 6:33:00 onward.

front of me in order to make me believe (somehow, as if I were so dumb) that I had succeeded in my conspiracy).

My next recording is: “brkdrphil_10_2_09_1043-1108AM.wma”: this recording is again very bad. On 10:00, I turned off the TV. On 11:00, another truck came by. On 15:00, I turned on the recorder. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “brndvd_rioolympc_gldiatr_10_2_09_1105-308PM.WMA”: on 4:30, gas tanks outside: “... my heroin-smuggling operation...” On 8:40, I was ready to insert another new DVD into my Toshiba. I was now compiling the project for my next DVD. On 30:00 – did I turn on the other recorder? I then filmed the TV with my pen camera: “... ‘The Karate Kid’ on TV again...” Then, more talks about Russia on CNN! Now, writing data to disc (39:40). On 57:00, the disc was burned. Was I now playing the recording on the disc for a check? “It seems to be well burned... This should be DVD-58, but I misnamed it... now DVD-59... first, ‘granada-13c’...” Then I was fixing my pen videos from yesterday. Then: “... I’m blasting loud music outside again...” (1:17:00). On 1:38:00, a truck was passing by broadcasting announcements: “... does that have something to do with my crimes?” On 1:49:30, I turned on the TV. Then: “... a car parked next to my apartment... my heroin-smuggling operation...” And I read out the license plate (1:54:20). Meanwhile, CNN was broadcasting an interview with the prince of Norway. On 2:47:40, motorcycles by my neighbor again. I was now ready to burn another disc. Then, about the Chinese movie on TV: “... Homeland Security put this Chinese movie on TV, all because I saw it before... and now it’s dubbed in Spanish, so that they can use it as evidence that I know Spanish, even though I’m only enjoying the scenes in the movie and not paying attention to what is going on...” (3:13:30). Then, when I changed the channel, it’s “Gladiator” again. I now suspected that this Commodus’ jealousy was the reason why Homeland Security had put this movie on my TV. Ha! On 3:41:00, I was back to the pen videos (on my disc?). Then I was counting files again.

My next recording is: “brndvd60_psychlgstslftlk_10_2_09_305-405PM.wma”: this recording is again very bad. Did I continue to compile files? (Ready to burn another disc?) On 12:00, motorcycles outside again. On 15:00 – something about Nero? On 22:00, I turned on the TV. French. Then, “Gladiator” again. On 30:00, the burning had started. On 39:00, “Sleepless in Seattle”. On 49:00 – what was I busy writing? (“... inappropriate”...) On 54:00, the disc burned, I played the videos on it for a check. On 55:30, I filmed the TV with my pen camera: “Cine Canal... the same movie again... Charlize Theron... the psychologist who talks to her recorder...” I changed the channel to the French movie instead. From 57:50 onward, the recording goes very bad again.

My next recording is: “unesoiree_nwsolympc_10_2_09_406-456PM.WMA”: I noted more interferences with the Sound Recorder. It’s still the French movie on TV. On 11:30, I changed the channel: “... I hope it’s okay to watch this French movie...” And I thus returned to it. On 16:40, when somebody in the movie mentioned art, I promptly changed the channel: “... I don’t ever want to hear about art anymore...” Then I had to film the TV again: “... MGM... is showing another movie with Meg Ryan... how does Meg Ryan have anything to do with my crimes?...” On 25:00 – what was I

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
Nicaragua and the completion of a “mission”: 2-C.
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writing? (“... opportunities for people with disability...”) Then: “... ‘theophoretos’... ‘9_26_09’... ‘9_22_09’... no, it’s ‘kurtc1972’...” On 37:00, I turned off the TV. On 47:30, I examined the other recorder with the battery compartment problem.

My next recording is: “slp_mtrcycle_chldrn_oprt_nghbrmusic_k10_10_2-3_09_501PM-1218AM.WMA”: CBS News on TV. Gas tanks outside again, and I went to film it: “... heroin-smuggling operation...” And on and on again about how I had supposedly smuggled heroin using gas tanks. “... a very lethargic day today due to the trauma we suffered from yesterday... I have probably 8,000 hours of recordings by now...” On 13:20, loud music from the neighbor again. “Children are running around gas tanks because they know I’ll be filming it... so that children can be caught in my videos and I can become a pedophile...” Not. Then I rested. On 23:00, another truck outside: the same one. And more gas tanks. On 26:40, a helicopter was above me: “... Homeland Security sent it in to create the impression of an emergency... drug-smuggling operation... but somehow the police couldn’t find me... last night they were looking for me, but I was too good at evading capture, and today they are looking for the smuggler again, but they don’t know it’s me...” Ha! As I would soon note in my diary:

A helicopter flew over my apartment for the first time around 6 PM, creating the impression in surveillance that the police were seriously looking into the criminal activities that I have brought to town.

Then: “... children are again running around in my front yard because I’m a pedophile... I give them candies and then molest them...” Ha! On 31:45, some sort of motorcycle gang outside again, but I couldn’t see it from my window. “My criminal buddies always use motorcycles...” This indeed sounded like a suit team scenario. Then I continued to rest. On 1:06:50, motorcycles outside again. Then, suddenly, on 1:23:50, power outage. Not again! But, on 1:31:10, the power came back on. On 1:45:00, I wrote out some notes in “Supplemental Pleading-26” (May 22). On 1:59:00, I was working on my pen videos again. (From May?) I then continued to work on “Supplemental Pleading”. Then I was looking through the files from May 25: “... so I have gone to the storage?” I then started reviewing my recordings from that time. Then, on 2:29:30: “... it looks like my criminal buddies on motorcycles have gathered here again...” On 2:57:30, another car sped past. And loud music from next door continued: “... I must be hosting a party... Homeland Security is creating the semblance that I have a lot of criminal buddies coming in and out...” Perhaps! Then, on 3:00:00, “Karin’s Meetups-4”. Then: “According to surveillance, I’m blasting loud music and socializing at the moment, because I have huge connections with the local gangs here...” Maybe! (But I was certainly exaggerating here.) I was then working on the episode with Deborah Green. Then, I was creating “Orthodox-9” (3:32:10). Then, June 21 last year. On 3:59:50, I extended my recorder out the window: “... see, according to surveillance, I’m having a family discussion... kids are playing outside, and so, according to surveillance, I’m playing with kids, because I’m like Michael Jackson... nothing around me is random occurrence...” (4:05:00). Again, an exaggeration of the suit team’s scenario here. I then started importing my latest videos from my pen camera. Then, back to working on “Supplemental Pleading”. Then, on 4:11:00: “... Mr former Secretary will argue: ‘... there are a lot of cars lately, and my theory is that he’s dealing drugs... he has a lot of gang member friends who come in to party and do

business’ ...” This indeed sounded like one of Mr former Secretary’s arguments. I was now naming my latest pen videos. Then I took my recorder out the window again to record the loud music from my neighbor (4:25:30). On 4:28:50, I turned on the TV. “... there is a kid in this show, and so maybe that’s why Homeland Security wants me to watch this...” And so I changed the channel (4:39:30). On 4:40:50, some Nazi stuff again, and I filmed it with my pen camera. Then: “... Cine Canal, another secret agent movie...” And I filmed it with my pen camera: “According to surveillance, I must be watching that Nazi movie, even though I’m not...” On 4:56:30, I turned off the TV. I then continued to work on “Karin’s Meetups”. And more loud music from the neighbor (5:31:00). I continued: “... in my other life, I have the tendency to party every weekend, and a lot of motorcycles... the loud music doesn’t really bother me, what bothers me is the fact that I’m supposed to be the one who’s blasting it...” (5:37:10). Ha! Then, back to “Supplemental Pleading”. Then I started working on the entry for June 4 last year in “Karin’s Meetups -10”. And then the episode of meeting Yan for the first time (5:53:00). At the same time, I continued to review the recording from May 25. Then, the recording of the meetup on June 9 last year (6:24:10).

October 3 (Saturday; scratching)

My next recording is: “slp_10_3_09_1212-612AM.WMA”: I continued to transcribe the recording of Karin’s meetup. On 17:50, loud music from the neighbor again. By 44:00 I had stopped working and was resting with the TV turned on. Then, by 1:03:00, I resumed transcribing the recording. On 1:36:00, I was done with reviewing. On 1:46:35, I turned on the TV. On 1:52:30, I barricaded my door. On 1:57:00, a news report about Brazil’s readiness to host Olympics Games. “Does this have something to do with my crimes?” Not! On 2:05:20, I turned off the TV. On 2:06:00: “People are chatting outside. It’s probably ‘me’ who am chatting outside.” Perhaps! Then I rested quietly.⁷⁵ On 5:56:30, I got up and turned on the other recorder.

My next recording is: “wk_slp_abtwchngtv_10_3_09_615AM-1205PM.WMA”: Deutsche Welle on TV. On 20:00, I turned off the TV. My neighbor was blasting loud music again. Then I rested quietly. On 57:00, I got up to cook some noodles. On 1:04:00, I turned on the TV again. On 1:15:30, I turned off the TV and waited for the noodles to cool down. On 1:22:30, siren. “The police or the ambulance? Obviously related to my drug war...” Siren was indeed quite rare in Granada. On 1:47:00, I got up for my noodles, and I turned on the TV again. On 1:57:30, I turned off the TV again. On 2:07:50, motorcycle sounds outside: “... my gangster friends, let’s take a look...” But no. Then I saw it. Then I continued to rest.⁷⁶ On 5:23:00, I got up. On 5:29:00, I turned on the TV. “Whenever there is a Nazi on TV, we’ll videotape it for a few seconds and then change the channel, but surveillance must be showing us constantly watching it...” Then, the same Chinese movie again: “... just because I’m not watching it, that doesn’t mean I’m not watching it according to surveillance... because the neighbor would be watching it and I am my neighbor...” Ha! Then, two cars by the neighbor: “... something to do with my crimes... I must have visitors...”

⁷⁵ Reviewed until 2:27:00, and then from 5:46:00 onward.

⁷⁶ Reviewed until 2:56:00, and then from 5:16:00 onward.

My next recording is: “ut_buychckn_cnfsnscrtchrme_10_3_09_1159AM-450PM.WMA”: the TV was still on: a Viking movie. On 9:30, I turned off the TV. On 12:40, I was ready to go out to get food. On 14:50, I filmed my room before leaving. “There will be a lot of head-scratching... a car is coming by, to synchronize with my going out... then more cars are coming... my criminal buddies are gathering here...” And I read out the license plate of the car parked in front of my apartment. Then: “... get ready to watch yourself speaking Spanish and engaging in pedophilia... these two guys coming by are gonna scratch their head, in order to pass me a secret message... oh, they didn’t...” Ha! On 21:00, I was on the street. Soon: “That’s ‘me’ urinating... urination is not a crime, but it *is* a prelude to crimes, part of my criminal pathology... another guy just scratched himself, to pass me a secret message...” On 25:45, I was in a shop to buy maps for Managua. “Another guy just scratched his nose... there is a reason why this car is parked here... Look, this guy puts a cigarette in his mouth, that’s ‘me’ smoking dope... another guy scratched himself too...” And more: “... the 4th one...” And I was rude to another woman: “... fuck you bitch...” (31:00). While we can’t say anything about the cigarette, it does seem that the suit team had continued to instruct the residents in town to scratch themselves when seeing me. I was now in the same fast food place and I ordered two Super Combos as usual. More scratching, and I waited outside. Now a guy was talking next to me, and I cursed at him: “Shut the fuck up!” (33:20) Ha! I then continued to count all the scratching. Then: “... I’m making a cellphone call over there, the first call I see myself making today... that vagrant could be me... is that a real broken leg? A woman is touching her hair, another secret message for me... the message doesn’t mean anything, just to signal my crime... the content of the message is nothing, all it means is that you are committing another crime...” And, more scratching. On 40:10, the employee brought me my food: “... he seems to remember me... probably because I actually grew up in Nicaragua...” Ha! (Maybe he had simply seen the alert about me.) And I left: “... I saw myself making another cellphone call... school girls are also controlled by – Oh, my third cellphone call today... school girls are also part of the local gang, everyone here knows me because I’m very famous here...” Doh! And I listed again all the countries I supposedly worked for: “... they know me because I’m a very famous drug lord... the 14th secret message... the two SUVs are gone... this car might be related to my criminal activities” – and I read out the license plate again. Then another person scratched himself, and I was at my door on 47:00. Amazingly, I threw rocks at the guy – two times. He reacted and shouted something at me, but I responded as usual: “... I have to pretend I don’t speak Spanish...” When I came in, I immediately filmed my living room. When I came upstairs, I filmed my room again. On 52:00, I turned on the TV. “Okay, let’s film the crack cocaine I just bought... then I’d need to eat it...” On 1:00:20, I filmed the TV: “... this movie is about India, all because I’m an agent of India... and Catherine Heigl, there are two of them, just as there are two of ‘me’...” This was indeed suspicious! I then changed the channel to TV 5-Monde. Then: “... he’s scratching his head in the TV, but I guess that’s not a crime...” It was now Christine Lagarde on TV. On 1:59:20, a commercial about Nazis! But I couldn’t videotape it because my pen was still stuck on my Toshiba. Then: “... we came to Managua, produced so many intercepts, that’s good for our country, but...” I was now looking at the map I just bought: “... secret storage places for my crack cocaine business...” And I thus filmed: “... this is the map I just bought from the bookstore... is this a real map or a secret map... passed on to me by my boss, to tell me where I hid my crack cocaine in Managua?...” (2:21:00). Ha! Then: “... I want to wait for... because I’m a follower of Hitler, the Russians told me that...” Then, on 2:35:20, the movie about the Indians fighting the Vikings,

and I promptly filmed it: “... it’s evidence that I’m a white supremacist... look, the Holocaust movie!” And I filmed it too: “... today’s theme is Nazis, it’s evidence of my crime, for I’ve denied the existence of the Holocaust...” On 2:41:40, I turned off the TV. On 2:51:30, the truck outside was blasting announcements again, and I again wrongly assumed it was staged by Homeland Security. On 3:03:00, I decided to take a nap. On 3:37:30, I mumbled about how I had discovered another instance of head-scratching in my videos which I didn’t notice before and which had thus altered my count for the day. “... the most important thing is to convince the jury that this is a crime... but the jury will pretend not to be convinced...” Ha! On 3:49:00, I cried again for a brief moment because I missed Karin’s meetups so much, and then suddenly went to the window to film the commotion outside: “... gas tanks... my heroin-smuggling operation... my client has come to pick up more crack cocaine and heroin from me... see, he loads up two, no three, gas tanks... this guy is my client... today is Saturday, but I’m nonetheless busy with my heroin-distribution business... com’on, hurry up... oh, maybe it’s because I’m too slow... because he wants a different mix and I’m too retarded... I’m the main distributor of all this heroin and crack cocaine from Colombia... of course it’s the Russians, the Brazilians, the Chinese... who have arranged for my Colombian partners to supply me with all this heroin and crack cocaine... and I distribute them everyday around 3 or 4 PM...” And I went on and on: “... he is talking to me...” I then reviewed and named my latest pen videos. On 4:25:00, DVD-24 again. Then: “I’m worried that something will happen in the airport when I go home, because I have videotaped too many Agency’s girls... because of what happened at the airport... they needed to pretend to identify me...” On 4:37:10, I seemed to be back to my “Crime Summary”. On 4:49:30, I started the other recorder.

My next recording is: “[rvw526_mycrme_chldrn_nghbrmusicchat_slp_10_3_09_454-942PM.WMA](#)”: on 1:58, I turned off the other recorder. On 4:00, I was back to writing my “Supplemental Pleading” (Lawrence Chin and David Chin being twin brothers). I was then looking at the lawsuit I had filed in the San Francisco District Court. On 31:45 – was there a car outside? No. I continued: “... the problem is that I don’t really know who I’m calling...” On 33:30, I was eating. Then I started reviewing the recording from May 27. On 57:00: “... I have discovered more characteristics of myself, I need to add them to my ‘Crime Summary’...” And I continued to count the motorcycles outside. On 1:06:00, children were playing in my front yard again. On 1:16:00, I went downstairs to take a look at them: “... I’m molesting children again, but I can’t videotape them... Terry might barge in again...” On 1:22:10: “... we need to write down my new profile...” And I started writing it (in my “Crime Summary”). On 1:29:00, I gave up writing and turned on the TV instead. It’s “Marie Antoinette”. “Maybe Homeland Security put this on TV because of Marie... and so when I was upset with Marie in Montreal, I was actually upset with another Marie...” (1:40:20). I thus filmed the TV with my pen camera. (Bullshit.) Then, back to working on my “Crime Summary”. From 2:29:00 onward, back to working on my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 2:43:50, I turned on the TV: “... it’s really dangerous to have the TV on, because you have to document it the whole time... she’s talking about drugs, now you have to document it...” And so I started filming it with my pen camera: “... the Larry King Show... this woman, McKenzie, is talking about her addiction to pain killers... I’m watching this because I have an intense interest in drug issues...” I thus changed the channel: “... now it’s murder... and how many times do we have to see her on TV? And I’m watching this because I’m a sex pervert... Drew Barrymore! It must reflect my criminal pathology in some way...” On 2:51:00, I wrote down some

diary notes. (What? See below.) On 3:03:40, I filmed my TV again: “... I’m watching this because I’m a pedophile, but I’m watching it anyway... oh, she’s molested by her dad, and so that’s why I’m watching this, because I molest children...” On 3:20:20, loud music from the neighbor again. Then, back to reviewing my recording. On 3:25:50, I stopped and decided to take a nap again. On 3:29:00, I shut down my Toshiba. On 3:50:25: “... a lot of movements outside, I must be chatting with my friends again...” On 4:06:00, I put my Toshiba in my bag since I might soon fall asleep. On 4:21:40 – was there a woman outside yelling about cameras? “I’m still socializing outside with my friends and buddies.” Then my recorder ran out of space. Such are the diary notes which I would eventually enter under today’s entry:

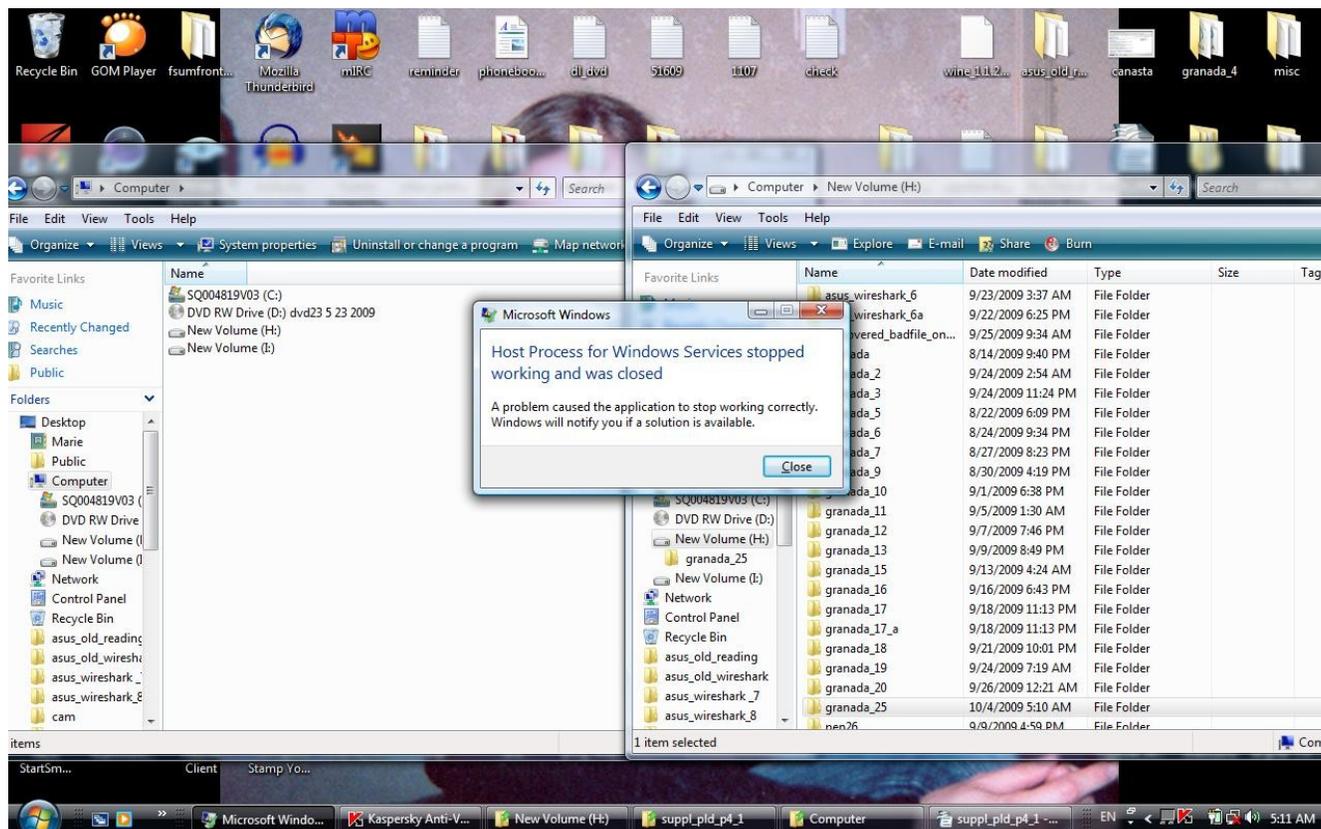
Children were playing in my front patio again. Thus the surveillance is had that I am the “sugar daddy” among the children in this town. Loud music on this Saturday night also. By 3:35:00 I had turned off my Toshiba and gone to sleep early. Unexpectedly, the recorder shut itself off by 9:42 PM and I wouldn’t wake up to discover it until 4:35 AM the next morning. This was a disaster. About 7 hours of my life in sleep were not recorded today. Upon waking up, I only discovered that the neighbors to my right were still chatting among themselves, which means that, according to surveillance, I had not been sleeping at all but had stayed up chatting with my friends and family in Granada all night long.

Much of this was probably over-interpretation. But you thus see why there is no recording for the next 7 hours.

October 4 (Sunday; scratching/ calls/ pictures)

My next recording is: “wk_nghbrchat_clmbiagns_10_4_09_435-538AM.WMA”: by now I was awake (as noted): “... the neighbor is talking, and so I’m talking even at this early hour...” On 3:00, I turned on the TV. And then my Toshiba. On 14:00, the Columbian drug war on TV: “... it’s revelatory of my crime...” On 22:00, I checked the previous recording to ascertain when exactly my recorder had timed out. On 24:40, BBC News. On 25:35, my neighbor was whistling: “... apparently I have stayed up all night to chat...” On 29:40, I took my recorder out the window to record the chatting outside. So loud! I then continued to review the recording in question. On 58:00, I turned on the other recorder.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
Nicaragua and the completion of a “mission”: 2-C.
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2009; Oct. 2021 – Oct. 2022



Some time this morning, this error message again on my Toshiba

My next recording is: “chldnrptio_gnshots_wrtrmes_10_4_09_538-1042AM.WMA”: the TV was still on. On 7:25, I filmed the TV: “... they are talking about the drug-war again, this is evidence that the heroin I’m smuggling must have indeed come from Colombia...” Really? I thus promptly turned off the TV. On 24:30, I was checking on the recording from October 2. Then the other recordings. On 48:00, my pen videos. Was I now naming them? On 51:50, I was reformatting my pen. On 1:00:00 – the recording from May? I was also removing the used frames from my Windows Movie Maker (1:18:00). On 1:46:00, I was resting quietly. On 1:50:40, back to reviewing the recording. I made a brief note in “Karin’s Meetups-10-2” (2:03:00). Then, my “Crime Summary”. On 2:29:00 – what was I writing? “Karin’s-Meetups-4”? On 2:52:30, another motorcycle outside – the same guy! I then kept on writing while reviewing the recording. On 3:16:00, a break: time to get more chickens. Then I continued with the recording. On 3:28:00, gunshots outside again. On 3:28:50, a man pushing a cart was talking to the neighbor’s girl: “... I guess that’s my daughter...” And I made a note about all this in my diary. On 3:42:10, more gunshots. On 3:43:00, children in my patio again: “... I’m molesting children again, let’s go take a look...” Ha! Then I continued to review my recording and write. On 3:56:50, back to writing about my crimes. On 4:01:20, more gunshots. Then I filmed myself writing a little (4:06:30). On 4:15:00, more gunshots, and this continued for several minutes: “... the drug war I’ve brought to this country is amazing... maybe I’m in the process of executing my local drug cartel rivals...” On 4:20:00, I started working on my latest pen videos. And the gunshots continued: “Did I take over the whole

town and am I now in the process of executing all my rivals?” (4:28:30) Ha! Then: “... the problem is that I don’t have Internet at the moment, and so I can’t check anything...” (4:31:00). Was the Internet down? Then, back to writing “Karin’s Meetups” (something about Deborah Green). On 4:54:20, I turned on the other recorder. Then, I was working on my contacts.

My next recording is: “ut_icecream_gnshots_sucsflscratcher_10_4_09_1042AM-1231PM.WMA”: I was now naming my latest recordings. The gunshots outside continued. “Children are crying because they are scared of the drug-war I’ve brought here” (6:00). Ha! I then went on and on about how nobody had called the cops. “The police force here has probably been infiltrated by my fellow gang-members, and so they aren’t gonna show up...” I was now putting everything back into my backpack, including the drafts for “My Experience...” and my documents. Time to go out again! On 19:00, I filmed my room with my pen camera before leaving: “... no Russian-made spy equipment... all the Russian-made spy equipment that has been captured from me can already fill up two trucks...” Ha! Again, the gunshots continued: “... the drug war continues intensely... and people will be scratching their head... within an hour, there will be 20 instances of scratching, you can predict that... Mr former Secretary likes quantity... his clandestine operations always involve tens of thousands of people...” I was then complaining about how, without the Internet, I could no longer hash my files. Then: “... the neighbor might synchronize their coming out with mine...” And the gunshots continued. Then, on 22:00, as soon as I came out, this man waved at me, and I threw a rock at him. Wow! Then, on 25:20, this man wiped his face in front of me, and then more scratching: “... it’s our second secret message received... and my first cellphone call... our third secret message... see, as soon as I’m on the street, the drug war stops, the gunshots cease...” I then kept on speculating about the lost key I saw on the ground. Then: “... this woman touches her nose, our fourth secret message... they wave at each other, that’s ‘me’ waving at my criminal friends on motorcycles...” (30:00). On 32:25: “... that’s ‘me’ counting money for my heroin-smuggling operation... I’m distributing my profit...” I came inside a shop and picked up Pepsi and ice cream so on. I then waited outside: too many people inside. Then I scolded somebody: “What the fuck are you staring at, mother-fucker? You have never seen something like me before, you piece of shit?” Then I went back inside and paid. I was again quite rude: “Give me the money, don’t touch me...” On 35:20, I was out. I turned off my pen camera and then turned it on again. “As soon as I come out, these people are getting into the car...” I thus read out their license plate. Then another guy on bicycle stared at me. That guy over there too. Then this woman did something with her hand: “... the 8th scratching... the 9th... it’s purposely done...” By 38:20, I was at my door. Again, my neighbor: “They are synchronizing their going in with mine... that’s ‘me’ speaking fluent Spanish...” Now I was in my living room. Amazingly, as soon as I came in, the gunshots resumed. On 27:40, I turned on the TV. Africa! “To remind me that I’m also an African agent!” As you can hear, the gunshots were continuing like crazy. On 51:55, I filmed the TV: “... it looks like another ‘secret agent movie’ on Hallmark... that must be related to my crimes, always pretending to be myself... Look, Rene Zellweger! We still haven’t figured out how she is related to our crimes! And Kathrine Heigl too!” And, as you can hear, the gunshots continued (57:00): “... since the gunshots would stop when I go out, it must be ‘me’ who’s doing the shooting...” By 1:09:30, however, the gunshots had stopped! “Can you believe it?” On 1:19:58, gas tanks outside? Nope. Then I was naming my latest pen videos from earlier.

On 1:27:30: “... I’m blasting some radio outside...” Then I created, and started working on, “Schizophrenic-3-6” (1:31:10). Then, from 1:37:00 onward, I wrote out the following note in my diary:

Multiple gunshots very near my apartment around 8:53 AM, 9:10 AM, 9:21 AM, and 9:43 AM. After that, the shots continued with unprecedented frequency. Note that the gunshots sounded like a knock on the wood in the recording, because the recorder couldn’t pick up the echo of the gunshots. As I comment on 16:00 in the recording, the strange thing about this gun battle outside is that people just went about their business as if nothing were going on. The gunshots would continue in a frightening way until about 12 PM, but it would stop when I went out briefly on 11 AM to buy ice cream. Homeland Security would not continue the gunshots when I was out probably because, according to surveillance, I was the one who was doing the shooting. When I had returned from the ice cream shop and was very near my apartment, a woman passing by very skillfully scratched her forehead with the index finger of her left hand in order to produce a surveillance intercept showing me receiving secret messages. That is, to produce my crime of receiving the 10th or 11th secret message during the 20 minutes or so when I was outside getting my ice cream. Because she was a woman and almost looking pregnant, I didn’t strike her. Although the gunshots resumed as soon as I entered my apartment around 11:20 AM, it stopped by 12 PM, and I wondered if it was because this woman’s scratching was so successful in creating the semblance of my receiving secret messages that Homeland Security no longer thought it necessary to continue tormenting me with the frighteningly loud gunshots. This incident again reminds me of just how dangerous it was to walk past somebody.

Then, on 1:45:10, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “argntnasosa_lghtbulwrk_sucsflscrch_wrt_10_4_09_1224-123PM.wma”: this recording gets very bad by 4:00. On 5:20, it’s suddenly back to normal. I again attributed all this interference to Homeland Security (wrongly?) and then turned off my recorder. Then: “... the woman from the neighbor came out, I don’t know what crime I have committed this time...” (9:00). Then I was in the shower. On 18:10, I was out. I reflected: “That woman was scratching herself, and that was so superb that Homeland Security actually dropped the gunshots and the interference...” (Not.) On 22:40, back to writing. My diary note? My crimes? How I had so far received 1,000 secret messages in the form of scratching... And I continued on with my crime list. On 31:20, back to “Schizophrenic, III”. Now my Sound Recorder was totally fine! On 34:00, I turned on the TV. Argentina! On 37:00, I turned it off. Back to “Schizophrenic”. On 58:50, I started my recorder.

My next recording is: “ut_brgrcig_slfsh_tv_10_4_09_126-325PM.WMA”: I stopped the Sound Recorder. Then: “Children are dancing outside, because I’m their sugar daddy, that’s why they aren’t dancing in front of somebody else’s house...” Again, quite an exaggeration. On 7:30, a motorcycle roared by: “... my criminal buddy coming by...” Then I was quiet for a while. (Taking a nap?) On 42:15: “... they are playing Michael Jackson over there, that’s definitely me...” On 45:30, I got up to record the music outside. “When you turned on the TV earlier... Argentina... that’s definitely evidence

that you are also an agent of Argentina... how many people are involved in the production of my TV show? Millions... all the people that have to wire up the whole town... am I being selfish when I want to go out to buy cigarettes? Because, when I go out, people will scratch their head, and more nations will have to change their foreign policies...” (53:30). Then: “... who’s more important? Those people who got sued, they still have their friends and families... I don’t have anyone left... just my documentaries...” Indeed! And I filmed my room before leaving. On 1:00:30, as soon as I was out of my door, another motorcycle: “... these are my criminal buddies...” Out on the street, and I had to scratch myself too: “... I don’t mean to harm other nations... Look, she scratched herself, the first one... and this taxi stopped near me, I’m getting on the taxi... a broken leg... that guy is taking pictures, avoid him... Homeland Security must have got something they want... oh my God, he’s taking pictures of me... or he can actually just *be* me, doing criminal videotaping... another guy scratched himself... surveillance could be so confused that, even though I’m supposedly in the taxi, it could still show me being here too to receive secret messages... the guy is still here taking pictures...” And I counted more scratching: “... that’s ‘me’ talking on the cellphone, my first call...” (1:12:40). Then: “... this guy looks at me as if he knew me... this guy is counting money, that’s ‘me’ counting money... it’s very sad, the sole purpose of my existence is to produce surveillance so that the US government can sue other countries...” I then counted more scratching. On 1:17:35: “... more cellphones, it’s possible that I’m making more calls...” Then: “... there are no electronics stores around here... I’m so selfish... all because I need to get these few things that I need... now all these countries will have to change their foreign policies to suit the United States’ interests...” And more scratching. Then: “... he’s smoking... we’ve caught ourselves smoking dope...” I now came to a street stand to buy two hamburgers (1:20:40). “... I’m not sure whether I’m in a taxi right now or right here...” I wanted to make sure that I would only look for “unambiguous scratching” i.e., scratching that was not merely out of reflex but was clearly an act. As I walked on: “... two American men, one of them scratched himself, that’s probably not a crime [of mine]... Oh, text-messaging...” And more scratching, but not “unambiguous”. On 1:30:30, I came to a shop to buy three packs of cigarettes. Suddenly: “No no no!” It’s not clear what I was yelling about. Then, when I was done and leaving: “... the two Americans have come around, stay away from them... this car just parks there” – and I read out its license plate. I then counted more scratching. Then: “... that woman inside the restaurant has a cellphone... these children are scratching themselves... Homeland Security is pretty smart, they now get children to scratch themselves knowing we can’t hit them...” When I came to my door, I was almost collapsing (1:37:50). I was now in my room: “... so many nations are in trouble because I got two hamburgers... probably Argentina...” And I went on and on about this. Again, gross exaggeration of the suit team’s operation. On 1:44:50, I turned on the TV. Then I filmed my room, all the while listing all the countries I was supposedly an agent of (1:46:15). I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba on 1:47:00. News about Africa again! Then, CNN on Colombia: “... drug-war! This is evidence that my supplies and so on did indeed come from Colombia. And she mentions FARC! My partner is definitely FARC!” Ha! Again – perhaps! Then: “Not sure if Drew Barrymore is related to my crime... Even when I’m alone I still have to pretend to not know Spanish... Look, ‘The Karate Kid’ again! It’s related to my crime!” And so I filmed it: “... because I have the mind of a child, I keep watching it. Even though I’m *not* watching it, in surveillance I’m watching it... The Rock! It’s also related to my crimes... Meg Ryan again! She’s been appearing a lot more frequently than before... we have to add two more movie stars to our crime

list, the Rock and Meg Ryan...” Bullshit! After my trip out again, however, you should wonder whether the Russians had again sent an agent in to take pictures of me in order to obtain evidence that I did look like myself. (Or maybe it was the suit team.)

My next recording is: “tvfarcbrnelawordr_strnginterf_10_4_09_310-411PM.wma”: this recording is again very bad. On 11:50, I turned off the recorder. On 20:00: “... this movie... Tom Cruise in the middle of Manhattan and there is nobody around... happens to me...” On 25:50, I filmed the TV with my pen: “... this is evidently my crime... these are the countries I’m working for... South American... African... Venezuela... Africa and South America... the countries I work for... the fact that I’m watching it is evidence that I’m working for them...” Then, “Bourne” again! And I filmed it again. Now “Law and Order” on TV. On 40:50: “... he mentions Russian gangsters! Maybe I have something to do with Russian gangsters too!” Not. From 43:20 onward, the recording goes very bad again. On 47:00 – what was I mumbling about? “That’s why Homeland Security lets me watch ‘Law and Order’...” Again, bullshit. On 53:00, with the TV turned off – what was I mumbling about? “Karin’s Meetups”? Then: “... as soon as I... the Sound Recorder calms down... why? Homeland Security is trying to play tricks...” Was I now naming my latest pen videos? On 55:40, motorcycles outside! And then my File Manager froze up.

My next recording is: “nghbrdancemusic_k10_10_4_09_411-911PM.WMA”: I was now busy with the problem with the battery compartment of this recorder. I then imported my latest pen videos. Then my Gom Player froze up. On 9:00, I stopped the Sound Recorder. On 38:00: “... apparently I’m blasting loud music again...” I now seemed to be busy with “Karin’s Meetups” again. (June 20?) Then I discovered that two persons were talking in front of my apartment: “... it’s part of my crimes... people have gathered at my neighbor... these people are probably my friends... it’s a crime, because I’m here alone, and so I’m pretending to be alone... these are my female friends... apparently I’m blasting loud music and hosting all these friends... I’m a party animal...” Ha! I was now looking for DVD-2 in order to review the recording of the June 20 meetup from last year, “Brick Lane”. On 54:00, an SUV passed by, and I read out the license plate. Then: “Children are again playing in my front yard because I’m a child-molester and the sugar daddy in town... So, according to Homeland Security, I’m actually a very happy person, even though I’m a nervous wreck here...” Then, a loud bang on 1:00:30: “... to produce surveillance showing me being very happy, while being at the same time a psychological operation, to wear me down with loud noises...” Exaggeration again. On 1:04:30, I was writing out my diary notes for the day. Then, back to “Karin’s Meetups”. Then, more diary notes (1:21:30). Then, back to “Karin’s Meetups”. On 1:32:30, I took my recorder out the window to record the noises again. “It’s the female to my left, it’s her first time... This is evidence that my earlier nervousness was all an act... I’m tired, but I’m never tired because I’m always high on drugs and just keep on partying to no end...” Ha! On 1:43:00, back to “Karin’s Meetups”. On 2:01:30, it started raining. On 2:30:35, more gunshots. On 2:49:10, I started working on the meetup on June 2 last year (“The Edge of Heaven”). I was then for a while busy inserting images into various “Karin’s Meetups” chapters. Then: “... the neighbor is ‘me’, and so I’m blasting loud music to disturb myself here...” (3:43:00). On 3:54:30, I took a break and, even though it was going to be scary, I turned on the TV. On 4:09:00, Spanish. “Even though I have to pretend to not understand Spanish, I’m watching it anyway.” Ha! On 4:23:30, a car passed by: “...

maybe I’ve got picked up again... Look, the loud music has stopped, I must have gone somewhere...” And I turned off the TV. Then I seemed to be checking over all the video diaries for last month. From 4:32:00 onward, I went on and on about how, according to my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History, people will always believe in the opposite of reality.⁷⁷ Then the recent Sound Recorder recordings. “The new videos are all in Nero project now” (4:38:50). On 4:42:50, I checked the recording of my going out earlier to see how much of the gunshots were picked up. On 4:58:50, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.⁷⁸ In total, the diary notes I had compiled this afternoon and evening run thusly:

From 4:30 PM or so onward, extremely loud music from the neighbor to my left. Unfortunately, the weak microphone of my Olympus recorder couldn’t pick up any of the first round of loud music, not even when I opened the upstairs patio window door (44:20). It did pick up the sounds of children playing in front of my apartment, however (e.g. 58:00). Then the second round of loud dancing music, but the recorder still couldn’t even pick up the boom-boom sounds (48:10). And only a little bit when I opened the patio window door and stuck the recorder outside (1:32:30). In surveillance it was of course me who was blasting loud music out of my shallow happiness. Perhaps it was because I looked too miserable and nervous when going out to buy burgers and cigarettes two hours earlier that Mr former Secretary now wanted to produce contrary surveillance showing me being so happy because of my [fluffy character] that I blasted loud music [while] having a great time socializing with the [myriad friends of mine]. My earlier pathetic state was just pretending, so would he argue in the International Court (c.f. my confession on 1:00:00). The constant loud sounds are also a form of psychological warfare (1:02:30).

My next recording is: “wrt_pface5_10_4-5_09_903PM-1220AM.WMA”: I continued to check the recording. It didn’t pick up the loud music (as noted). On 33:30, I took notice of the fact that the women I had filmed earlier had continued to chat by the neighbor. “Presumably *my* female friends.” Then I continued to work on “Karin’s Meetups”. On 53:30, the “Mamma Mia” recording. (I was thus working on the August 6 meetup.) Then I examined the pictures in “Preface”. On 1:49:00, I was back to “Brick Lane” (the episode with Yan). On 1:50:30, I went on and on again about how Mr former Secretary must have made my Samantha into a woman: “When Samatha was euthanized, that might have become rape and murder.” Ha! On 2:16:00, I was backing up my latest writings. On 2:36:10, I was looking for a picture of Chaya. On 2:43:50, the neighbor was talking loudly: “... I’m talking to my friends right now... I have so many friends in this strange place...” I thus wrote down in my diary what I saw. Then I mumbled about how the big picture of Chaya from Coldwell Banker’s website was stolen from me. I then continued to work on “Preface” (my experience with the therapists before Chaya). On 3:13:50, I turned on the other recorder, and I turned on the TV as well for a timestamp. Brazil was mentioned! “Thank you for reminding me that I’m an agent of Brazil!”

77 You must keep in mind that, toward the end of this ICJ trial, 13 years later, this insight will assume paramount importance. (With the qualification that I’m speaking here only of the effects of the power structure.)

78 Or was it the other recorder?

October 5 (Monday; didn’t go out – nothing)

My next recording is: “slp_10_5_09_1223-729AM.WMA”: the news on TV. On 5:00, a news report about a Peeping-Tom incident: “... this is for me because I’m a criminal videotaper... Homeland Security put it on to produce surveillance showing me showing intense interest in this... evidence that I’m a criminal videotaper...” Not. On 22:30, I turned off the TV. Then I rested quietly.⁷⁹ On 7:04:30, the neighbor to my right started blasting loud music again.

My next recording is: “wk_nghbrmusic_chat_10_5_09_725-738AM.WMA”: on 1:00, I stuck my recorder out the windows again to record the loud music and chatting. “Early in the morning, I’m already here chatting with my friends and blasting loud music to disturb my friends.” On 4:30, I turned on the TV. (“Regie and Kelly”.) On 11:00, the news again.

My next recording is: “upld_rcrdbrk_10_5_09_733-741AM.WMA”: I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba as I started importing the latest recordings. On 4:30, “Karin’s-Meetups-10-2”.

My next recording is: “brndvd61_10_5_09_745-1047AM.WMA”: the TV was on CNN while I continued my importing. On 34:00, after looking through my DVDs, I found DVD-27. On 56:00, I was ready to burn a new disc. On 1:17:00, I printed out some of Karin’s meetup webpages in PDF. On 1:20:40: “... we shall do ‘Karin’s Meetups’ a little bit because we have discovered the names...” Then, bicycles outside? (1:28:30) Then: “... a car has come by to pick up the neighbor, I must have gone somewhere...” (1:35:00). Really? Nero was now writing the meetup files to a new disc (1:41:40).⁸⁰ On 1:55:50, I went to film what was going on outside: “... the guy is carrying away three gas tanks... and so I’d got picked up by a white sedan...” On 2:03:00, the garbage truck came: “... I’m not even gonna film it...” On 2:04:30, as I examined the new disc: “... it doesn’t look like it’s burned... it looks empty... Oh, it comes up...” On 2:06:00, I was now reviewing the videos on the disc. On 2:07:10, I went to film the commotion outside again: “... gas tanks... I’m the local distributor of heroin... a man... he brought his little daughter with him... probably because Homeland Security knew I’d film it, and so they sent her in so that she’d be caught in my video thus making me into a pedophile... it would not matter that the video is all dark and she can’t be seen...” Then I played the recordings on the new disc. On 2:58:30, I stopped reviewing them: “I’m sure it’s all fine.” On 3:02:40, I turned on the other recorder.

My next recording is: “sctrch_notgout_10_5_09_1041-1133AM.WMA”: on 9:00, I packed everything up nicely. On 13:30, I filmed my room before leaving. “Terry will come in and she *will* find Russian-made spy equipment... Homeland Security is watching you from above, and so they know you will peek outside before stepping out, and so they are going to get someone to pass by to scratch his face, and so – I’m not gonna go out, we’re gonna wait downstairs a little...” (15:20). And I went on and on: “... it’s not clear which one is me and which not... I know it’s very selfish of me to go out, many nations will crumble... all because I need to do some simple things...” Finally, on 27:40, I decided not to go out today at all. “Homeland Security knows I’m about to go out, and so they put someone at my

⁷⁹ Reviewed until 35:00, and then from 6:52:00 onward.

⁸⁰ Did I start burning a new DVD?

door to pass me a secret message, then they’ll say in the International Court that I went out because I have received the secret message instructing me to go out... to make it look like the content of the secret message is ‘Go out’... then I’m not going out...” (Bullshit.) And I turned on my TV. Then I was deciding again whether to go out: “... it’s too bad that all these nations will have to fall because I want to buy...” Then, news about India! And I filmed the TV (32:00): “... reminding me again that I’m also an agent of India...” On 34:30, I was barricading my front door again. On 44:20, I turned on my Toshiba: “... ‘Journal Attachment-5’, ‘6’...” On 48:30, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “rcdrbrk_orth9feef_jeep_10_5_09_1128AM-1222PM.wma”: from 3:00 onward, the interference has calmed down. “We need to print out all our communications with Camille at Allemagne-au-Max in PDF.” On 7:20: “Did my criminal buddy send in a taxi to pick me up?” I thus went to film it. “A Jeep is at the neighbor across the street!” And on and on. On 15:20, back to work, and I created “Orthodox-10” and started working on it. On 30:10, “Preface-5” again. On 32:20, I took a look into my unfinished “Feefee and Valerie” and wanted to resume work on it. I saved “sexworker-1” in HTML to make it easier to work with. At the same time, I wanted to review the recording from May 27 and was looking for it in DVD-24. On 45:50, as I was looking through my discs, the recording goes bad again. The rest of the recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “rvw530_feefeesxwrkr_filebrk_strtmvmnt_10_5_09_1217-424PM.WMA”: I had to turn on the recorder because the Sound Recorder was picking up a lot of interferences. I continued to count my discs looking for DVD-24. Then I recalled that I had modified it and reburned it. Finally, I located the disc. On 9:00, I saved the Sound Recorder recording. I continued reviewing the recording of my sleeping in the back of Kinkos on May 27. I ate some ice cream. Then another recording from May 30 (33:30). Then I went on and on about the man on motorcycle outside: “... probably my criminal buddy...” (37:30). On 44:45, the same guy again outside, and I filmed it: “... then a car has parked by the neighbor... these are the criminal activities, my criminal buddies...” Then I was doing the hash values of this recording of my sleeping (May 27). Was I also working on my “Crime Summary”? Then about how to paste “Preface” onto “Feefee and Valerie” (1:17:30). Then I worked on “Feefee and Valerie” a little. On 1:22:50 I peeked out of my window: “... the shirtless guy is probably ‘me’, I went to hang out with my criminal buddies... Homeland Security is trying to make me into a solid pedophile, not only to make my videos of the Agency’s girls illegal, but also to make my writings illegal to distribute... Saturday, when you go to the airport, something is very likely going to happen...” And so on and on about how, since no one would believe I even wrote my story, I can tell the complete truth (1:43:30).⁸¹ I turned on the TV on 1:45:40, even though my crime would supposedly pop up and I would have to document it. “... PG-13, which in surveillance will become super child pornography... oh, Nazis! Now we have to document our crimes...” And so I filmed the TV with my pen: “... evidence that I’m a Nazi... and Deutsche Welle on India... another evidence that I’m an agent of India... I’m doing my heroin-smuggling operation under the command of the chief of Indian intelligence...” And so I turned off the TV: “... there is too much to document...” On 2:00:00, I started reviewing the recording of my time in Coffee Gallery on May 30 while continuing to work on “Feefee

81 Again, while the suit team had no plan at the moment to make my writings and videos illegal, something like this would happen later on, many years later, in completely different contexts.

and Valerie”. The last episode. On 2:45:00, a break. On 3:05:30, motorcycles outside again: “... the same guy again, maybe he’s ‘me’...” On 3:16:00, back to my “Crime Summary”. On 3:21:30, it started raining outside. On 3:33:10, I noticed that the hash values of the recordings in my DVD-24 were not right. I started speculating how, the last time when I used Nero to play the recording, this might have changed the hash values. “Maybe Homeland Security did something to my ‘Nero file’, so that it will break the recordings when playing them...” I checked into my Seagate hard drive, and, sure enough, the hash values didn’t match those of the same file on the DVD. I thus checked every file on DVD-24. “WS-44 has passed... all correct...” I was thus convinced that Nero had broken the recording. I got very upset because the file was broken. “Fidelis is a bad disc, hence the file is broken... now we have to reburn it... DVD-24-Mod is broken... all the files burned onto Fidelis would have to be reburned, the brand is no good...” At least I had got that right! On 4:18:30, gas tanks by the neighbor again, and I went to film it: “... the same truck, my heroin-smuggling operation...” On 4:24:00, I turned on the other recorder. As I would soon write in my diary:

One WMA file broke on DVD-24 “Mod” while being played by Nero Showtime this afternoon – its hash value changed – causing me great consternation. On 1:33:30 it would not play. The audio recording will have to be reburned onto DVD-62.

My next recording is: “wrtk_slp_10_5-6_09_446PM-230AM.WMA”: on 2:50, I turned on the TV for a brief moment. “Even the name has to remind me of my drug-trafficking operation!” And CBS News just happened to be talking about the Taliban’s heroin trade: “My crimes!” On 13:50, I turned off the TV. On 15:00, I created “Karin’s Meetups-10-3”. On 18:00, I seemed to be naming the pen videos from earlier. On 26:30, I continued to review the recording of the meetup “Brick Lane”. Then: “... after Terry took away my AC charger, there is no more need to orchestrate power outage... there has been no serious power outage since then... but since Homeland Security is listening to me right now, they might just orchestrate an outage anyway... just to make me believe that the power outage is not due to them...” (39:00). You shall see what happened with my prediction (even though I was most likely incorrect here). On 45:00: “... that broken file is so... now we know that this Fidelis disc won’t last a long time...” Indeed! I then continued to work on the meetup. Gunshots outside on 1:05:00. On 1:14:00, it started raining. On 1:24:00, I created “Karin’s Meetups-9-2”. On 1:34:20, someone was outside, and I went to film it: “... oh, I missed myself coming back... I might have gone out again... my neighbor is talking on his cellphone, that must be ‘me’ making a cellphone call... I’m calling my various buddies...” Then I was back to working on “Karin’s Meetups-9-2”. On 1:51:20, I peeked outside again: “... an SUV by the neighbor... I’m going out again... this indicates that my criminal friends are coming to me... that I’m associating with them...” And I read out the license plate. “... they’re coming to connect with me... why are they taking so long? No – why am I taking so long?” On 1:57:00, I played Tori Amos. Then, “Goddess of Silverlake”. On 2:10:40: “... we need to do a quick hash check of DVD-61...” Suddenly, on 2:18:20, power outage! Just after I wondered whether Homeland Security might orchestrate power outage in order to make me believe they didn’t orchestrate any power outage! And I went on and on about this. Then I played “Goddess of Silverlake” repeatedly while I was busy with my Seagate hard drive. Then, on 2:41:00, Wir sind Helden. On 2:44:00, I got worried: “... we transferred ‘Orthodox’ to Seagate, and this thing popped up, causing us to worry that

there might be a virus inside...” Again, paranoia over nothing. On 2:58:30, I turned off my Toshiba. I then rested quietly. On 3:34:00, a taxi outside? But I didn’t feel like going to the window to take a peek. Back to my rest.⁸² Toward the end of the recording, I woke up.

October 6 (Tuesday; Managua again)

My next recording is: “slp_wk_chkdv24_nghbrvan_10_6_09_224-711AM.WMA”: I continued to rest. On 1:54:00, I got up and turned on my Toshiba. But then I decided to rest a little more. On 2:40:40, I got up and turned on the TV. On 2:42:10, I started naming my latest pen videos. CBS News. On 3:22:50: “... we will check on DVD-24-Mod again... ‘Lawrence drawing Ala’...” On 3:38:00 – was I eating? On 3:43:30, I was reformatting my pen. On 4:06:10: “... the same van came to pick up the neighbor, but we’re not gonna waste our videos... it’s routine...” Right! On 4:17:10 – what was I writing? On 4:36:00, back to the TV: “Regis and Kelly”. On 4:37:40, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. I was now uploading the recording of last night’s sleeping. Then I turned on the other recorder instead and abandoned the Sound Recorder recording.

My next recording is: “ready_ut_10_6_09_715-741AM.WMA”: it was still “Regis and Kelly” on TV. On 15:00, I was looking for “Supplemental Pleading, V” (just created). On 24:30: “I’m dressing right now. Homeland Security is probably creating intercepts of my communication right now...” And I turned on the other recorder.

My next recording is: “ut_mng_buychargr_plcehrss_60scrch_10_6_09_735AM-336PM.WMA: it was still “Regis and Kelly” on TV. Then, more gas tanks by the neighbor: “... my heroin-smuggling operation...” (9:00). I then counted my money: I had about 700 dollars in the bank. “... we see about 15 to 20 instances of scratching in an hour...” On 25:40, I filmed the room before leaving. I was going to Managua again today – I was determined to obtain the electronics that I desperately needed. I peeked outside first: “... the neighbor will synchronize their coming out with mine, and taxis will show up... an old lady is coming!” I thus closed the door and came back in: “... she might scratch her head... wait for her to pass by first...” Then I was debating with myself whether to wear a hat: “... it makes it so easy for them... people would just have to wear a hat and they can then become your doubles...” As I came out, I noted that someone had dropped a sock on my door (34:10): “... Homeland Security sent somebody in to drop this... to produce surveillance showing me being given a ‘secret message’... the message has no content, it just means that you have committed another crime of receiving a secret message... Oh, that guy on bicycle says something... that’s means I’m on bicycle right now and saying something in Spanish... even such a simple thing is staged... speaking Spanish is not itself a crime, but it’s indicative of my crimes... that I have been here before... and this guy smiles at me, acting like he knew me... because I’m the drug king here and everyone knows me...” Again, I was exaggerating the suit team’s operation. And I continued to count scratching and cellphones as I walked onto the street: “... the third scratching, that’s obviously an act...” On 43:20, I came to a shop to buy batteries. “That guy is holding a lot of cash, but he’s always there...” And I continued to count scratchings and cellphone calls. By 48:15, I was at the bus station. And I continued to count cellphone calls. Again: “In

82 Reviewed until 4:12:00, and then from 8:52:00 onward. Then until 9:13:00, and then from 9:33:00 onward.

the bus you’ll be making a lot of cellphone calls... and scratching too... not this bus, it’s too scary... this guy pointed at me...” On 58:40, because there was too much scratching, I moved away. Then: “He’s making calls for me...” And I counted more cellphone calls as the bus pulled out of the bus station. I of course continued to describe all the scratching and cellphone calls and so on while on the bus (most of it will not be noted anymore): “... am I making calls while reading newspapers at the same time?” I even counted other passengers’ hair-brushing and adjustment of hats. “... there is even one scratching on the street, that looks like an act...” (1:15:50). Bullshit. And when one person gave change to another, I wondered whether that was a “secret message” for my dope-dealing. Ha! And cellphone’s ringing again. And I also counted it when mothers and children got onto the bus. And of course text-messaging too. I sighed: “... the bus is filled to the brim because I’m on it...” On 2:06:00, I got off the bus at the UCA Station in Managua. I continued to count the scratchings I saw on the street. I bought a drink and then food (2:08:00). On 2:09:30, I hid somewhere to eat. But somebody soon came around to sell CDs. “... he scratched his face, that’s very much an act...” Probably not. And more cellphone calls. On 2:23:00, I moved to another corner to smoke. Then, more cellphone calls. On 2:33:00, I was on my way. On 2:38:20, I filmed this guy’s scratching: “... a very unambiguous one...” Perhaps I was right this time! Then I looked up my map: “... we are looking for ‘Camino Oriente’...” I got into a taxi on 2:44:00. I continued to describe the taxi driver’s handling of his cellphone and scratching. Then, outside on the sidewalk: “In surveillance, that can be ‘me’ being stopped by the police...” (2:50:30). On 2:52:20, I was out of the taxi and I read out his license plate: “Okay, get out of here, com’on...” And I counted more scratching on the street: “... 45 secret messages... according to surveillance, I’m here picking up some new spy equipment...” Really? I was then in the mall, at “Curasco”, on 2:58:00. (See the first scene of my next video diary, “[10_6_09_p1.wmv](#)”.) I started visiting the stores: “Hablas Ingles?” No, and I walked out and came to Radio Shack instead. No, and I came back to Curasco. On 3:00:00, I asked another employee in English: “... I’m looking for a charger for my camcorder...” Then, taken back to Radio Shack, I asked another employee, and he wanted to see the battery of my camcorder. No! I certainly wouldn’t let him touch my equipment. He showed me one charger: 30 dollars. I then asked for an AC charger for my Eee PC (3:05:00), but they only had universal chargers for laptops. These chargers were so big that I didn’t think they would work with my tiny Eee PC. I paid for the JVC battery charger, a pack of DVDs, and batteries⁸³ and, on 3:09:30, when the cashier was done with me, she suddenly sat aside and took out a tiny Asus netbook and started using it (13:16 in the video): “How come she has a similar one to mine? Do you sell that here?” But no. “Then why did she take one out? Okay, she’s just here to produce surveillance; in surveillance it’s *me* taking out the Asus.” Could I be correct here? Was this the suit team’s operation? When I was out, I continued: “She did that to confuse her Asus with mine. According to surveillance, that store is a foreign intelligence drop-off point...” Now I bought coffee at the coffeeshop (3:12:00 in the recording or 16:04 in the video). “... some other nation, such as Russia, has just got fucked again, as if they weren’t fucked enough...” When the coffeehouse employee came, I shouted at him: “Don’t touch my stuff, give me the coffee and go away” (18:24 in the video). Ha! Again I must have shocked people with my strangely rude behavior. (Nobody would understand my phobia toward “faulty surveillance”.) Then: “You’ll not find a charger

83 I assumed that the DVDs sold in Managua might be of better quality than those sold in Granada.

because all stores are evacuated... according to surveillance, my Asus is not with me but in the store...”⁸⁴

Then: “... this guy is extremely weird, watch out for him, mother-fucker... that Radio Shack was supposedly a Russian intelligence set-up, and a fake Asus will be forged and turned over to the ICJ...” Most likely not. I was now charging my pen. “That Asian guy is speaking Spanish, that’s *me* speaking Spanish, and he’s talking on his cellphone, that’s *me*...” And I also started working on the latest pen videos. “And so we know that the suit team will forge another Eee PC, but we don’t care... we feel sorry for other nations... if we go to Best Buy, Best Buy will become a Russian, Brazilian, and Chinese intelligence set-up... everywhere I go, it’s gonna be like that, because that’s how I am... this guy touches himself like crazy...” And I shouted at him: “... you have problem with touching yourself? Fuck you very much...” (3:29:00). Again, my strange hostility toward people. Then: “... that American woman took out her laptop, that’s ‘me’ using my laptop over there...” She was using a MAC, and I filmed her with my camcorder (21:45 in the video): “... that’s ‘me’ using my laptop...” (3:31:30). Then I filmed again (22:06 in the video): “... there must be a reason why they let me keep the AC charger for my Toshiba... that’s ‘me’ using my laptop... I can’t stand it when the suit team forges electronics...” Then, this man came in front of me, stood still, and touched his forehead – obviously instructed to do so in order to create the impression that he’s passing me a secret message (that we understood each other to be fellow conspirators) – and yet I couldn’t film him in time. And then I filmed again (22:58 in the video): “... I’m making another cellphone call over there, it’s my 27th call...” (3:34:50). Ha! Meanwhile, the American woman went inside to complain to the waiter about my “criminal videotaping”. What? Was she CIA? Then the earlier “caller” and the earlier “forehead-toucher” met up and went inside the cafe together! I went in also to film them with my pen camera (23:25 in the video): “... according to surveillance, I’m this guy coming to meet this guy... she’s making cellphone calls for me...” And I was now on the move. I came inside the restroom. “We will charge our pen here, where no one will disturb us...” Then: “... the suit team knew I wanted to come to Galeria...” On 4:06:00, I started recounting what surveillance must have showed me doing today, how I came to this Russian intelligence drop-off point and was then seen making cellphone calls in Spanish, and then how a Latin American agent appeared: “... came telling me he’s a secret agent, and came into the coffeehouse to have a discussion with me... that’s my crimes for today... it’s the second time that Nicaraguan agents...” Again, much of it was over-interpretation. On 4:16:00, I wrote down in my diary the operations that had supposedly just taken place. Then, on 4:18:15, the security guards came in. I was alarmed: “... knowing I’m here, the suit team sent them in to harass me...” And they tried to talk to me! “Also to create surveillance showing me using crack cocaine here...” On 4:21:25, I was thus out (the first scene of the next video diary, “10_6_09_p3.wmv”): “... they are making communications about me... surveillance is showing how I keep running into law enforcement because I keep doing criminal things... I have nowhere to hide... the security guards are looking at me very closely... I’m just shopping, and many nations will fall to their ass... well, just facilitate it, fuck them...” On 4:26:30, I rested somewhere to charge my pen on my Toshiba again (1:56 in the video). “When you have your

84 Because of this Asus incident, I would from then on always assume that all the employees at Radio Shack had been replaced by Nicaraguan intelligence agents. This assumption, however, is most likely incorrect. The cashier was most likely simply told beforehand that, if I showed up, she should take out her little netbook too.

Toshiba open, they can simply send a guy in to make a cellphone call next to you, and surveillance will show you making secret communications with your Toshiba...” On 4:32:30, I filmed (2:43 in the video): “... I wouldn’t be using crack cocaine in the back of the mall, would I? I’m just here for a minute, and this truck...” And I filmed again (3:00 in the video): “... he doesn’t just pass me by, but he also has to scratch himself...” Then I filmed again (3:24 in the video): “... another security guard... to produce surveillance showing me doing criminal things... Oh, the police are coming to harass me...” (4:35:00 in the recording or 3:39 in the video). Indeed! I was now very upset: “... I can’t charge... they’ve got a description of me, and they’ll pass it around, something will happen to me at the airport...” I was now moving away: “... they are all watching me closely...” On 4:39:10, the police officers had caught up with me (6:18 in the video). As they surrounded me, I kept shouting: “Comprar! Necesito comprar! I’m a fugitive on the run!” For a brief moment, I evaded them, but then they caught on with me again on 4:41:30 (7:03 in the video). “Chino!” – I could hear them say about me in their communications. I was able to run away from them again and, amazingly, this time they just gave up.⁸⁵ I moaned: “... so what did you get, for all these things you did for your country... every security guard has been told to harass me...” I came to the streets (13:14 in the video) and, on 4:50:40, I filmed, first with my pen camera and then with my camcorder, these two American girls at the bus stop (14:20 and 14:57 in the video): “... they could very well be...” I meant to say “CIA”. Then: “When the police harass me, that’s on the one hand evidence in the ICJ of my dealing dope, but on the other hand, on the ordinary plane, they are just chasing after a mentally ill Chinese man... something will happen to me at the airport... because the goal is to get rid of my videos and recordings... there are security guards over there again... to produce an intercept of communication indicating that I’m being ‘spotted’... this TV show is too hard for me to bear... Oh, a woman is getting off the car in front of me” – and I read out the license plate. I continued: “... I’m not selfish, nations will fall, but it’s not my fault...” Right! And I continued to wait for the bus. “That’s why they said, a ‘Chino’...” Then I started mumbling about the employees in Radio Shack: “... clearly Nicaraguan agents... they are so well-trained... the evidences which the suit team has obtained today are thus: I dropped off my Eee PC at the Russian intelligence drop-off point, and was then arrested in Galeria for dealing dope...” (5:02:00). Then I went on and on about how everyone hated me no matter where I went. Then: “He’s adjusting his hat! It’s my 50th secret message! I don’t want to get on the bus with this guy, he just brushed his hair...” (5:07:30). I wanted to get on another bus, but no, it’s too full. On 5:13:00, I was finally on the bus. When I had paid the fare: “... that’s the 47th secret message... I’m ‘secret agent overload’... Terry will also report me to the police for not paying rent...” Not. I then doubted whether this bus was really going to Granada. On 5:29:30, I got off the bus in UCA Station. Note that people were calling me “Chino” again (5:33:10). I theorized: “... anyone who calls me ‘Chino’ is one who has been shown my pictures...” Not necessarily. On 5:40:50, I filmed with my camcorder: “... my bag is developing a hole...” (15:58 in the video). On 5:42:30, I filmed again (16:14 in the video): “... put everything in the bag, it’s very heavy...” On 5:43:30, I filmed again (16:21 in the video): “... walk in this area, it’s quieter...” Then about “unambiguous head-scratching” again. Then: “That lady touched her ear, but the camera doesn’t work anymore...” On 5:48:00, I settled here to buy Coke and fries. And my pen camera was also out of power. As I ate, I charged my pen on my Toshiba and reviewed the latest pen videos. I then noticed that I was near a hospital. “Maybe, according to surveillance, I’m in the hospital right now and being

⁸⁵ Thus you can see that Nicaragua isn’t a police state like the US.

discovered to not be me again...” I took note of the American man and woman across the street from me. And I continued to count scratchings and cellphone calls. I then filmed the people who scratched themselves and made cellphone calls. On 6:15:50, I shut down my Toshiba. “Because I’m the drug king here, everyone comes around me to scratch their head...” And more scratching. “I’ve received over 50 secret messages today...” I was now on the move. On 6:22:00, I came inside an Internet cafe and asked how much it was for half an hour. No, I decided not to do it now: “Because I’d need to film myself using the Internet...” And I moved on.⁸⁶ When I had got on the bus and had had to put away my bag, I went on and on about how a bag would be forged and turned over to the ICJ as evidence (6:26:30). (Again, over-interpretation here.) I then continued to count scratchings and cellphone calls. Then: “... this guy is trying to sell ‘batteria controlla’ ... it’s a secret agent giving me a secret message... secret computer equipment with which to forge audio recordings and videos...” (6:33:00). Not. And I went on and on describing other people’s activities. On 6:40:30, the bus was on the run. “Surveillance is showing me sitting next to a secret agent, that I’m here to meet foreign secret agents...” Probably not. On 6:44:30, a guy next to me was talking on the cellphone: “... that’s ‘me’ speaking fluent Spanish...” When the bus attendant came to collect bus fare from everyone and I handed over 20 Cordobas: “... I’m handing over something to a foreign secret agent...” (7:02:00). And more scratchings: “... passing me secret messages, and I’m responding with secret messages...” Then a female sat down next to me, looking about 21: “... my contact with a foreign agent...” (7:22:00). And she’s scratching herself too! And I continued to describe her activities. On 7:30:15, she got off the bus. On 7:33:50, I got off the bus too. “I don’t know how to get home from here... we’ll find out... another guy called me ‘Chino’...” And more scratchings. After moving through the streets for a while, I was increasingly short of breath: “... my bag is open, another female is scratching her head, and another American guy, I don’t think he works for the CIA...” (7:46:45). Probably not. And I went on and on about how the Agency now wanted me to *not* identify their agents. “And their agents are supposed to be female!”⁸⁷ On 7:48:30, I was in a shop to buy drinks. When I handed over my money: “I have just passed secret messages to foreign agents... This is the first time that I’m not filming myself buying a Coke...” And I went on and on about the disaster at the airport six days ago: “We Americans just lie, everything that is true is false, everything that is false is true, and good people must be made into bad people and bad people into good people, and we rule the planet...” Indeed! On 7:51:00, I was at my door: “... I have received 65 secret messages today...” When I was finally in my room, I broke down crying. “How many countries are there to sue? How many secret messages do I have to receive? Will there ever be a day when I won’t have to conduct clandestine operations for foreign intelligence services?” Then I recounted how my first assignment was to pretend to be my twin brother “Lawrence” the terrorist suspect, and how my second assignment was to smuggle Colombian crack cocaine into the United States. “What is my next assignment?” Ha!

My next recording is: “confsn_charge_10_6_09_340-846PM.WMA”: having just arrived home, I went on and on about the non-existent Eee PC while filming myself. “... Homeland Security is not gonna let you buy another charger... you’ll never be able to use the Internet again... we receive 20, or 30 secret messages per day... that’s the purpose of my life, what a shitty purpose... I will have huge troubles in

86 You shall soon see what I had wanted to do.

87 You shall see the significance of this later on.

the airport... we have filmed too many secret agents...” On 9:30, gunshots outside. And I started on a long confession: “... that’s a very sad life... I say you should just commit suicide...” Then about how futile my effort was to document the operations: “... no one will see these documentaries, no one will care, no one cares if you exist, your only purpose in life is to produce surveillance...” Right! And I continued on and on: “... don’t feel sorry for other nations... in this world... in this life... whether they deserve it or not... I’ll go out whenever I want to, I shouldn’t feel sorry for other nations... they are gonna crumble... get crushed... they crush you, and you should just crush somebody below you... that’s a tremendous piece of wisdom... it’s only enjoyable if you get to film your crimes...” Again, excellent testimony for the Russians. Then again about how there would not be anyone left to watch my documentaries: “... I don’t know why they want to take away my ability to film my crimes... you are not even supposed to know how much Russian-made spy equipment you possess... you are not even allowed to not pretend... can I just get an ID for David Chin? I’ll always *have to* pretend to be David Chin pretending to be Lawrence Chin, I don’t even have a choice... *why can’t they just say there are three of me, or four, or five...*”⁸⁸ Then, on 23:20: “... you have never thought that, one day, you will experience something so unprecedented in human history...” Right! And I went on and on about this vast clandestine operation. “People who are enemies to each other will have to unite just to get *you!* *You* are the greatest enemy of humanity! I’m indeed the number one villain in the history of humankind... maybe the suit team has created intercepts showing the Mexican drug cartels talking about us, ‘Yes, we know this Chino’... Did you see how ferocious these Nicaraguans were toward you in Radio Shack? They wanted to eat you alive... you saw the hatred in their eyes... they hated you beyond belief... and you really hate the Nicaraguans... because they have so much hatred for you...” And on and on about why I hated the Nicaraguans.⁸⁹ “Even when Gandhi sees me, he’d hate the shit out of me because Homeland Security will have told him something bad about me... and the Pope too... the dark side of humanity... and you can tell that the Russians are a different sort of animals than the Chinese...” Namely, they resisted like crazy while the Chinese put up no resistance (39:30). I continued: “... it’s very simple, they don’t feel guilty...” From 47:00 onward, I went on and on again about why the suit team had decided to leave the AC charger for my Toshiba untouched. Then: “... I have only myself to talk to... who would know that the life of a secret agent would be so lonely, especially a secret agent of so many nations...” Ha! On 50:30, I started naming my latest pen videos. Then about how being a “surveillance tree” was no passive job. “The suit team’s next objective is to eliminate all this data. Your existence is their target, your existence is not to be known at all, only your replacement should be known... the strongest rule, and the weakest get pushed to the bottom, to shine people’s shoes...” As you shall see, the suit team, luckily for me, didn’t actually have such a plan to eliminate my data. Then, on 1:02:00: “... there is a reason why that employee at Radio Shack wanted to see the battery of your camcorder, he’s trying to produce a certain surveillance... the camcorder is supposed to turn into a magnificent piece of spy equipment... because that Radio Shack is supposed to be a Russian intelligence drop-off location... hence the cashier immediately took out another Eee PC, to produce surveillance showing your Eee PC to be over there instead... you are not supposed to know about your crimes...” I was only partially correct here, as noted. And I read out the new JVC battery

88 Again, you shall see the significance of this later on.

89 Again, the disdain which people showed me here was most likely the result of the alert which Homeland Security had broadcast here about me.

charger’s serial numbers. “You have really screwed up Russia today just by buying this JVC battery charger... but that’s *their* problem... according to surveillance, your Eee PC is not even here, but floating around somewhere else... in fact, it has probably morphed into a Russian-made spy equipment... and is currently in the docket of the International Court... You *will* be detained, you *will* be searched, everything will be given back to you, but not before some Russian-made spy equipment can be forged... and you’ll have to experience some pain... just like in the hospital last time, you’ll have to worry about the integrity of your data... your criminal videotaping is about to eat you up... I take great enjoyment in being the worst of the worst, never in the history of humankind has there been anyone so hated the world over...” (1:16:50). Right! (And excellent testimony for the Russians too.) On 1:19:00: “... this is the American way... they will not surround you and beat you up, but you will just suddenly discover yourself to be... surrounded by the police... then no one will ever remember you have existed...” On 1:21:45, I turned on the TV: “... to discover more of your crimes...” CBS on TV. On 1:25:00, gunshots. It was now “Wheels of Fortune”. I mumbled again about how, because I had videotaped too much secrets, I was destined for the mental asylum. (Not the case.) And I continued to work on the new charger. On 1:47:50, I got really frustrated while trying to figure out how it worked: “... I don’t know what to do, I broke it...” On 1:51:15, I smashed my little table to vent my anger. On 1:53:10, gunshots again. I reflected: “The police surrounded me, something to do with that security guard... someone who’s the target of the operations should not know about the operations... should not possess records of them...” And I continued to work on the charger. Then: “In police records, I’m a criminal videotaper... it’s not because of what *you* have videotaped, but what *your double* has videotaped... that’s why they will let me videotape, so that I can go on the street and videotape... I *will* be arrested, detained... did I break the charger?” I started filming it on 2:03:20. “... so I can’t charge, I’m dead meat, I’ll not have the camcorder working at all...” I moaned more: “... I don’t know what to do...” On 2:20:30, it started raining. Then: “I might have got it to work!” On 2:25:30, more gunshots. “It has something to do with my trip outside!” And more gunshots continually. “... because I have received secret messages, the drug war had continued...” When I tried out my camcorder on my Toshiba, the briefly charged battery enabled the camcorder to import one minute of my videos. I charged more and tried to import again. Then again. I had to keep holding the charger, with the green light lit. On 2:59:00, I read out the other product numbers and so on. Then, again: “... something terrible is about to happen to me...” (3:07:00). (Actually, not.) On 3:12:00, I was looking through the AVI files from earlier, naming them and making copies of them and converting them. On 3:30:30, children were playing in my front yard again. “I’m molesting children again, I’m their sugar daddy...” Then I moaned: “... there is no life unless it’s preserved in videos...” On 3:43:30, a car outside: “I must be going out again!” And I took a peek. On 3:48:10, I tested out the camcorder again. It’s now importing! The charger worked! “But you have to keep holding it.” Then: “All the stuff you buy here are garbage!” Indeed! That was really what was so bad about Nicaragua! Then – was there something outside? No. “... nothing in this neighborhood is random...” On 4:06:00, I looked out again: “... a bunch of people are hanging there, that one might be ‘me’...” And I came back to film how the charger worked. On 4:12:00, I wrote out in my diary the “crime notes” for today: “... walked into Galeria 11 AM to buy chargers... and the crimes I had committed are...” Then I was examining the new pen video of the charger. And then the earlier pen videos (from Radio Shack) to complete my “crime notes”. Then, my theory again as to what the operation was back there. On 4:45:50: “... I can’t hold the

charger anymore, it’s too hot...” On 4:54:00, I was resting. Then I brushed my teeth to get ready for sleep. On 5:04:00, I worked a little more on my crime notes.

My next recording is: “[confsn_slp_10_6-7_09_840PM-217AM.WMA](#)”: I turned off my Toshiba. I then started on a long round of confession as I slept: “A very sad fate awaits you... the Eee PC charger is not to be had... with 40 new batteries, you can now use your recorders around the clock...”⁹⁰ Mr former Secretary would say, ‘We have picked up a lot of children’s activities in his front yard, why? Because he’s their sugar daddy... he gives them candies... invites them to his home, because he’s like Michael Jackson, developmentally arrested... he sleeps with these children, and then molests them... you’ve never thought a story like that can change the world, huh?’ And on and on about how, the more crimes I had supposedly committed, the closer we were to the “utopia”. Indeed – as you shall see. “All these Nicaraguans are waiting for the ‘utopia’, and that’s why you see such vengeance in their eyes...” Ha! Then I went on about how I would really enjoy my crimes: “... it’s like self-mutilation... why does anyone do anything at all? To feel good, even when hurting oneself...” And then on and on about how my recorder was my only chat partner. “No one even says anything to me anymore, so I’m only recording myself talking... the operation is now soundless, and you have to depend more and more on videos...” And I went on and on about Karin’s meetups, Karin’s facial expressions, and so on. “... there was no filming there...” And how Karin’s meetups were a madhouse of the Agency’s girls. And then how I was the drug lord here and how everyone knew me and paid me respect by touching themselves. “I cannot stop pretending to not know Spanish, Russian, Hungarian...” And how I did speak all 5,000 languages in the world. Then how all these recordings that I had were forged, including the sounds from the street, children’s shouting, and the wind’s blowing... “I’m confessing my crimes, and I hope one day I’ll be prosecuted... I’m all pretending, don’t believe a single word I say... I’m able to tell only one truth, which is that I can’t tell any truth...” Then I recalled the security guards from this afternoon, how calling me “Chino” was evidence that I was born in China. “What were these two American girls doing at the bus stop?” Finally, by 38:00, I was napping quietly.⁹¹

October 7 (Wednesday; scratching/ smoking dope; Terry; ticket)

My next recording is: “[slp_10_7_09_330-716AM.WMA](#)”: I continued to rest.⁹² On 24:20, I got up and, on 26:30, turned on the TV. On 33:30, I began suspecting again that Homeland Security had made the TV play the news from two days ago in order to screw up my timestamp. On 34:00, I turned off the TV. I went back to rest.⁹³ On 3:27:40, I got up and turned on the TV again. I also turned on my Toshiba. On 3:36:00, “Regis and Kelly”.

My next recording is; “[ut_arlntckt_crdmlfuncnt_csfpckup_trryscripyt_10_7_09_710-1037AM.WMA](#)”: it’s now CBS on TV. India and Brazil and China again! (8:30) “... surveillance is produced showing me showing intense interest in these three countries, all because I’m an agent of these three countries...”

90 Recall that I had also bought a large pack of AAA batteries.

91 Reviewed until 1:17:00, and then from 5:23:00 onward.

92 Reviewed until 19:00, and then from 23:30 onward.

93 Reviewed until 46:00, and then from 3:22:00 onward.

On 18:40: “... my watching this commercial is evidence that I’m also an agent of India here to smuggle crack cocaine into the United States...” On 30:30, it’s about Africa now. I turned off the TV. On 35:00, I filmed my room with my camcorder before leaving (the first scene in my next video diary, “[10_7_09_pl.wmv](#)”). “Also put that into your bag in case it shall morph into some Russian-made spy equipment... Yesterday the police also wanted me to produce my ID... what do you want me to do? I don’t have any IDs for David Chin, all my IDs are fake... once I show my ID, in surveillance it will become something else...” I waited before going out of my door: “... as soon as I come out, the neighbor will come out too...” And I filmed (41:40 in the recording or [1:06](#) in the video): “... this is downstairs... outside... see, my neighbor is indeed going to come out. So let’s wait.” On 43:25, I filmed again ([1:40](#) in the video): “... we’re going out, and the neighbor comes out too... scratching her head...” And I filmed again ([3:20](#) in the video): “... see, always at the same time as I do, no exception...” (45:30). On 46:40, I filmed again as I got onto the street ([3:33](#) in the video): “... see, taxi... yesterday, all that surveillance that was produced... should be enough... one guy is coming, he’ll very likely scratch his head...” On 47:50 ([4:42](#) in the video): “... he did pass me a secret message, our prediction has come true... he twisted his hand...” It’s not clear whether this was really part of the suit team’s operation. On 48:35, I filmed again ([5:01](#) in the video): “... I can predict what people will do, they will all pass me secret messages... what are these Americans doing? Probably coming to my place to pick up heroin... did he just make a gesture of smoking weed?” ([7:37](#) in the video) Now I might be correct: David Chin was indeed caught using drugs again. On 52:45: “... she scratched herself, but it’s not an unambiguous one...” ([9:08](#) in the video). Then: “... this guy scratches his eyes... an American man with a local woman are going into...” On 54:00, I came inside the same coffeehouse and ordered two doughnuts and coffee as my breakfast.⁹⁴ I sat down to eat. Immediately: “... this guy scratches his head...” (58:10). On 1:02:30, the police came in. On 1:05:00, I left. On 1:05:50, I bought cigarettes at Tres Mundo. On 1:08:00, I was deciding whether to use the Internet here: “... this guy is chatting, that’s ‘me’... I’m not gonna use the Internet here...” I thus came out and, on 1:09:50, filmed again ([10:30](#) in the video): “... the security guard over there is playing with an American flag...” On 1:11:50, I filmed again ([10:40](#) in the video): “... the man who scratched himself...” Then another man with a water bottle, and I filmed again (1:13:00 in the recording or [11:30](#) in the video): “... he’s gonna scratch himself... no... the security guard is scratching his nose...” On 1:14:20, I filmed again ([12:11](#) in the video): “... he put his hand on his shoulder, it’s a secret message, it’s unambiguous...” I thus decided to move away. And more scratching. On 1:18:15, I found another Internet cafe ([15:46](#) in the video). I went in but would of course make sure to film myself at least with my pen camera when using the Internet (from [16:10](#) onward in the video). “No one is here, but soon people will come in.” Refer to the video as I searched for the ticket I wanted on STA’s website. (We shall explain this momentarily.) On 1:23:20, someone did come in ([21:29](#) in the video). “This guy is making me very nervous, I don’t know why he keeps standing there... he’s here to produce a certain type of intercept...” (1:28:00 in the recording or [25:52](#) in the video). I was now making my purchase of a ticket to Amsterdam (!). “If she’s on the Internet then I’m her. But I don’t know if I’m her” ([27:50](#) in the video). On 1:33:30, I was looking up the apartments in the Hague ([31:27](#) in the video). “Finally, I’m the only person using the Internet right now...” Then: “He answered a phone call, that would be my fourth call...” (1:43:00 in the recording or [37:45](#) in the video). Then I started explaining: “... I’m not gonna stay in the US, we’ll find a place that’s cheap...”

⁹⁴ See “[buydonnut_10_7_09_758AM.AVI](#)” and “[eatdnut_10_7_09_802AM.AVI](#)”.

(43:18 in the video). Suddenly, on 1:48:30, the website claimed my debit card information was invalid (45:15 in the video). On 1:50:30, I thus checked my bank account (47:40 in the video). Then, the strange charge. Then, the four charges from Casa – over 500 dollars! “So that’s what the suit team was doing!” (49:35 in the video) On 1:52:30, I filmed with my camcorder instead (50:12 in the video): “... so you see here, Casa charged me 4 times!” On 1:53:30, I filmed again. On 1:58:20: “... what’s going on? Homeland Security is playing some tricks!” (55:55 in the video) Then my bank account again (58:00 in the video). And I didn’t know how I did it: “... I think Homeland Security is trying to produce surveillance showing my debit card not belonging to me” (1:01:30 in the video). And I just couldn’t understand why my card information was somehow invalid: it had to be Homeland Security! (As you shall see, I was incorrect here.) Then: “Okay, they want me to use a different name. What’s my name?” (1:05:50 in the video) And I went on and on, terribly upset and frustrated. “Are they trying to prevent me from going? Or to produce surveillance showing me not being me?” Exhausted, I finally stopped on 2:10:00. On 2:10:35, I filmed again (1:07:25 in the video): “... oh, they want to use the Internet, in order to be confused with me...” I almost cried: “I can’t do it!” On 2:17:20, I filmed again (1:08:43 in the video): “... everything is wrong...” On 2:19:30, having given up, I was paying and ready to leave.⁹⁵ I predicted that, once I got home, I would be able to book my ticket because the suit team’s purpose was not to prevent me from going but to produce a surveillance intercept showing my card not being mine. (Again, I was incorrect here.) I filmed again on 2:21:00 (the first scene of my next video diary, “10_7_09_p2.wmv”). Another cellphone! “My seventh call...” Then: “... it’s an American inside the Jeep...” (1:43 in the video). On 2:25:10, I came to Casa. I asked Maria straight up: “Can you give me back my things?” And so she returned both of my chargers to me (3:35 in the video). I got sarcastic again: “This is the Russian-made spy equipment in question...” I filmed my charger again on 2:26:40, this time with my camcorder (6:08 in the video). “... you should have checked your bank account first earlier... then you could have just stayed home to buy your ticket... you didn’t know Terry has already charged you... in surveillance she has charged somebody else... why can’t they just *really* charge somebody else and save me the money?” Ha! That would be too good to be true! On 2:30:45, I came inside the same fast food place (9:58 in the video) to order two Super Combos (as usual). I continued to be angry about how I should have come to Casa to pick up my chargers instead of wasting 30 dollars buying a charger that didn’t work. I then shouted at another stranger: “What are you looking at, you fucking piece of shit?” And I continued to count scratchings. “So what is this Russian-made spy equipment supposed to do? I have to pretend I don’t know what sort of Russian-made spy equipment I possess... I’m such a pathological liar... then I’d pretend to go around finding out my name...” And on and on about my bank account and IDs and secret messages. “My prediction is that, later on, I’ll be able to buy a ticket with my debit card... once the intercept is produced, the card will function later on... we are gonna find ID cards for David Chin... and so your Internet connection was confused with other people’s, big deal...” On 2:43:10, when the cashier came to deliver my change to me: “... yeah, put the money on the table and don’t touch me, you fucking bitch...” Ha! On 2:49:00, I went on and on about how scratching might be a crime. As I waited for my food: “They are taking a long time, that’s not normal...” Finally, on 2:54:50, when the employee came to deliver my Super Combos to me: “... put them down on the table, go away, fuck you very much...” Damn! On 2:56:25, once out, I started filming (10:22 in the video): “... I have just received my supply of crack cocaine... oh, I forgot, my

⁹⁵ See “leave_cybrf_10_7_09_923AM.AVI”.

wife and three kids will cook for me at home...” And on and on with my sarcasm, and about how it was not me who would pay for my crimes, but the nations behind me. I continued: “... it’s the same old problem again, the tyrant vs the philosopher... this David Chin is a tyrant par excellence, he really knows how to satisfy the needs of his body...” Right!⁹⁶ On 3:02:30: “... that might be ‘me’ getting off the taxi...” (16:26 in the video). And I read out the license plate. Then I shouted at a girl on a cart: “What the fuck are you looking at? Kneel before me because I’m the king here, you fucking little bitch... garbage...” On 3:03:30, I was at my door (17:15 in the video). About another passerby: “He did pass me a secret message just as I predicted... If you know the ‘script’ then you can predict what will happen in the next episode of this twilight zone...” Ha! Right! Then, another guy on bicycle. “And he did scratch his head! I’ve predicted it!” (18:40 in the video) Suddenly, on 3:05:00, Terry sneaked up from behind on her little scooter (18:57 in the video): “You need to leave by Friday, the 10th” – “Yes, I know that...” And she claimed I needed to pay extra for the electricity too. She emphasized: “11 AM.” I was incredulous; “Why did she even come? Because she needs to produce a surveillance intercept... Casa is a Russian intelligence drop-off point, this is the ‘script’, I’m here to meet Russian intelligence operatives in order to do my drug-trafficking thing, and Casa is a Russian intelligence drug-trafficking operation... they are also coordinating with the Brazilians, the Indians, the Chinese, the South Africans... Casa is the leftwing nations’ intelligence hub... also pretending to be American, pretending to be the Agency’s network hub... here pretending to be the Agency’s people...” And on and on. Then: “... to bring a large amount of crack cocaine into the US using the fake Agency resources... because Homeland Security is watching me closely, and so, seeing me coming in, they immediately send in this ‘Terry’ to produce the final episode... meeting this Russian intelligence officer pretending to be the Agency’s asset... she’s giving me a code for the final act... something is gonna happen in the airport, because they don’t like my documenting the ‘making of this TV show’... because no one is supposed to know *how* this TV show is made... we continue the documentary about the ‘making of the TV show that will cause the world to change’... we’ll build a utopia with this TV show... and I’m doing the ‘making of this TV show’... does anyone know how the utopia has ever come about? It’s all right here...”⁹⁷ Then my camcorder shut off by itself (27:35 in the video). “They just had to produce the intercept showing Terry talking to me, that’s why they had Terry intercept me outside my door...” And I went on and on about how the suit team would make surveillance show my upcoming trip to the Hague to be another foreign intelligence operation: “... I *will* be doing drug-trafficking there... I’ll *not* be doing what I think I’ll be doing...” Then I started filming again on 3:16:20 (27:36 in the video): “... an intercept is produced showing me doing my final communication with this ‘Terry’... is she supposed to represent my drug-trafficking partner from the leftwing nations? You don’t know who’s who anymore...” I thus filmed myself trying out my Eee PC’s AC charger, and I went on and on about how this “Russian-made spy equipment” could also charge up my Eee PC. Then I continued to lament how Terry had ambushed me. Then I started charging up my camcorder. “They don’t even want you to know you are in a TV show, Terry is pretending, as if it were all about the rent and so on. Now it’s time to eat my crack cocaine...” On 3:22:20, I turned on the TV. Hungary! “We need to document our crimes!” (3:23:30) I thus filmed it (31:48 in the video): “... I used to be a Hungarian agent...” I turned

96 Again, in Plato’s *Republic*.

97 Although this TV show was indeed supposed to lead the world to the Great Boss’ paradise, what I was saying here will become even more relevant by the time we shall be finishing up this chapter in September 2022.

off the TV on 3:25:00. Then: “Terry came on a scooter because she *wanted* to be videotaped... that might be a trap...”

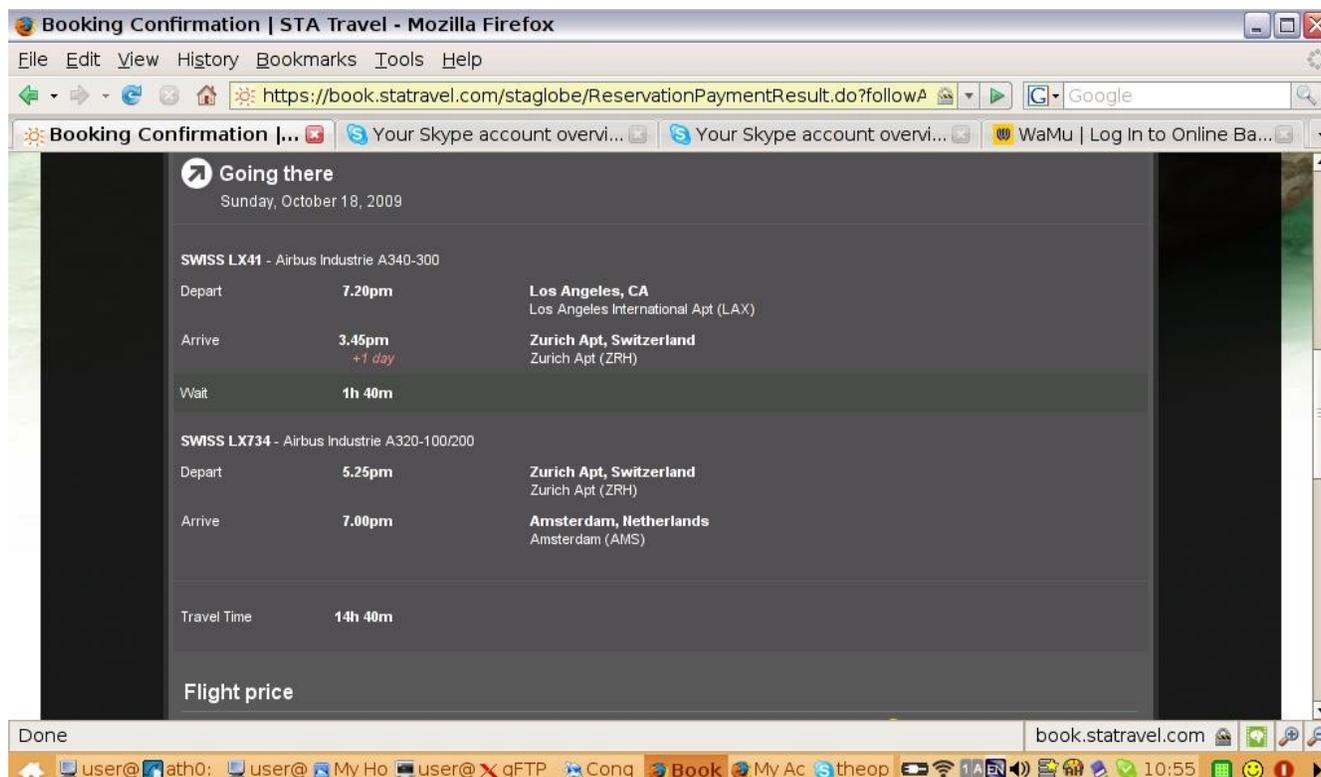
Now what I had just speculated about Terry’s coming was all just a bunch of nonsense (as you can imagine): there was no intercept produced showing me meeting a Russian officer or doing drug-trafficking with Terry. We should try to understand what had just happened along this line: after these two months the Russians, despite the continuation of the “David Chin legend”, had survived – even though they had not advanced an inch and had merely fought off conviction by countering the “David Chin legend” at every point with counter-evidence intercepted either from my monologue or from my website. In other words, a trench warfare so far with neither side gaining any ground. But when my stay in Nicaragua had come to an end, there were now possibilities for dramatic changes. If I went home as planned, that’s Russia’s definitive evidence that I was conspiring with the US and not with Russia – and you shall soon see what magical circumstances this would entail. What the Russians feared the most was therefore my original plan (which they presumably didn’t know about but at which they could now probably guess): that I should somehow choose not to go home but instead simply disappear into the Central American jungles. Then Russia would definitely not win. Fearing this worst scenario, the Russians instructed the CIA to instruct Terry to come remind me to go home: since Russia’s claim that I was conspiring with the suit team still stood, Russia still had the right to force the United States to prod the terrorist to finish his conspiracy with the United States. Terry, on the other hand, was genuinely annoyed by me and couldn’t be happier were she to see me gone. This is something I had not yet remarked upon. She seems at times to be so attached to, and so protective of, her little business that she seems almost to have forgotten about the larger picture, i.e. the interests of the Agency. It’s in the Agency’s interest that I should choose *not* to leave!

My next recording is: “skype_tckt_crdproblm_10_7_09_1041AM-317PM.WMA”: I continued on and on about how my picking up the chargers at Terry’s was an operation: “... all within a single hour, something tremendous is going on... you are not being shared with the ‘script’, that’s what’s so infuriating about everything... we just saw ‘Hungary’ on TV, and so Hungary has something to do with it... maybe they just want Terry to report that I keep swinging my camcorder around... we are now uploading files, just like before, I can’t believe it...” And on and on about how Homeland Security might change their plans in order to screw up my predictions. (Bullshit.) Then: “Terry said I used up a lot of electricity... that’s probably evidence that I’m using strange Russian-made spy equipment to do a lot of strange, incomprehensible things... I’m pretending to not know what it is, but, because I have pretended for so long, I have actually fooled myself into believing I really don’t know...” On 53:00, I started working on my pen videos. On 55:00, motorcycles outside: “... my gang buddies are still running around terrorizing the neighborhood...” On 1:06:00, I started filming myself ordering the plane ticket again (the first scene of my next video diary, “10_7_09_p3.wmv”): “... we are gonna try again, we’ll use Firefox this time, it doesn’t matter anymore... www.sta.com... from the 18th... one way... and we have to use David Chin’s DOB, no can’t do... the last time you put in your address wrong, 1612 instead of 1621... and the suit team allowed it through because they wanted an intercept...” Now I was inputting my debit card information again (12:10 in the video). “... are we gonna have another twilight zone moment where our card should turn out again to be invalid? But Homeland Security has

already had their intercept...” And, once again, the error notice: “name on card invalid” (13:55 in the video). I was stupefied: “What is my name?” Then I logged into my Skype account and corrected my address information. Then I logged into my Paypal account. Then my WAMU account. “Oh, we have changed our address to WCIL’s address... is that the problem?” On 1:32:50, the tape in my camcorder ran out, and I changed tape. On 1:37:40, I started filming again (26:25 in the video). I continued to work on adding my WAMU debit card to my Paypal account. “I must be falling into a trap, but we don’t care, we need to get the ticket fast...” I was finally able to add money to my Skype account from Paypal. On 1:43:40, at a loss, I called up WAMU on Skype (32:00 in the video). I first tried to check my account balance, but I gave up when I couldn’t press the # key. I was then connected with an agent and asked her why my debit card wouldn’t work (why my name was invalid) (from 33:10 onward in the video). (Note that the agent assured me that she was in Manila, the Philippines.) Strangely, she couldn’t pull up my account. I thus became convinced that the WAMU agent had been instructed by the suit team to fuck with me. Then she explained to me why, because my account was opened in California, she couldn’t pull up my information. On 1:54:00, she connected me to a different agent (41:52 in the video). I explained my problem again. (Note that this second agent was also in Manila.) On 1:56:40, my speculation about how this “operation” worked, how the suit team had caused the previous agent to be unable to pull up information from California in order to create a certain type of surveillance. Now the second agent insisted that nothing was wrong with my card. I was now yelling at her: “Why can’t it go through?” As I tried to order the ticket again while the agent was still on the line: “... all this has to happen because my life has to be erased from history...” Then I kept yelling at her again. Finally, I realized that what I needed to put down was WCIL’s address and so hanged up (2:04:40). (Actually, I was wrong about this too, as you shall see.) I continued: “... life is much better if you find out it’s just your own mistake...” Right! And so I tried to order my ticket again but – no, the name was still invalid (57:10 in the video). Then, after another round of stupefaction, I succeeded: “Wow! So I needed to put down ‘Lawrence Chin’ and without ‘Chang-Lung’?” Right! I couldn’t help but burst into tears – and I finally succeeded in placing the order! Then, suddenly, on 2:15:50, I went to film out of the window (1:01:58 in the video): “... a car is parked by the neighbor... it appears that I’m going out again... probably my gang-banging buddy... maybe a foreign intelligence agent is coming to pick me up... that guy in the car is most likely my heroin-dealing partner... the woman of the neighbor is probably my family member, and she handed over a bag to my partner... another evidence of my drug-smuggling operation...” Ha! (It’s not clear whether I was just being sarcastic.) Then I was changing out of my contacts and so on. On 3:04:00, I filmed what’s outside again: “... a car came to pick up the neighbor... am I going out again?” And gunshots too. As I kept on filming: “Com’on! The motorcycle is fine... it could be that my criminal friends have come to pick me up again... he backed up... and hit the motorcycle... apparently they have to talk about this matter...” Doh! Then, when I was done filming: “... it turns out that my mother did deposit 400 dollars... am I talking outside again?” (3:28:30) Meanwhile, the importing of the videos from earlier had continued (“... the TV show which causes the world to change...”). Then: “I don’t know what problems I have caused by buying this ticket... now the Philippines is involved, the whole planet is gonna burn...” Again, over-interpretation here. On 4:09:10, I signed my card. By 4:12:55 I had finished importing the whole tape. On 4:20:15, that gas tank truck was here again, and I went to film it: “... a new supply of heroin from Columbia has arrived... I don’t know if I’ll soon appear...” Ha! And I kept counting the tanks. “...

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these gas tanks I’ll take back to the base to put more heroin in them... this is the ‘making of this TV show’...” On 4:33:30, I bid them goodbye. Then: “No! The transfer was interrupted, just when the gas tanks came... is this a coincidence? Homeland Security did this in order to produce surveillance showing me stopping my transfer in order to go receive the gas tanks...” Then the recorder suddenly ran out of battery.



My reservation this afternoon

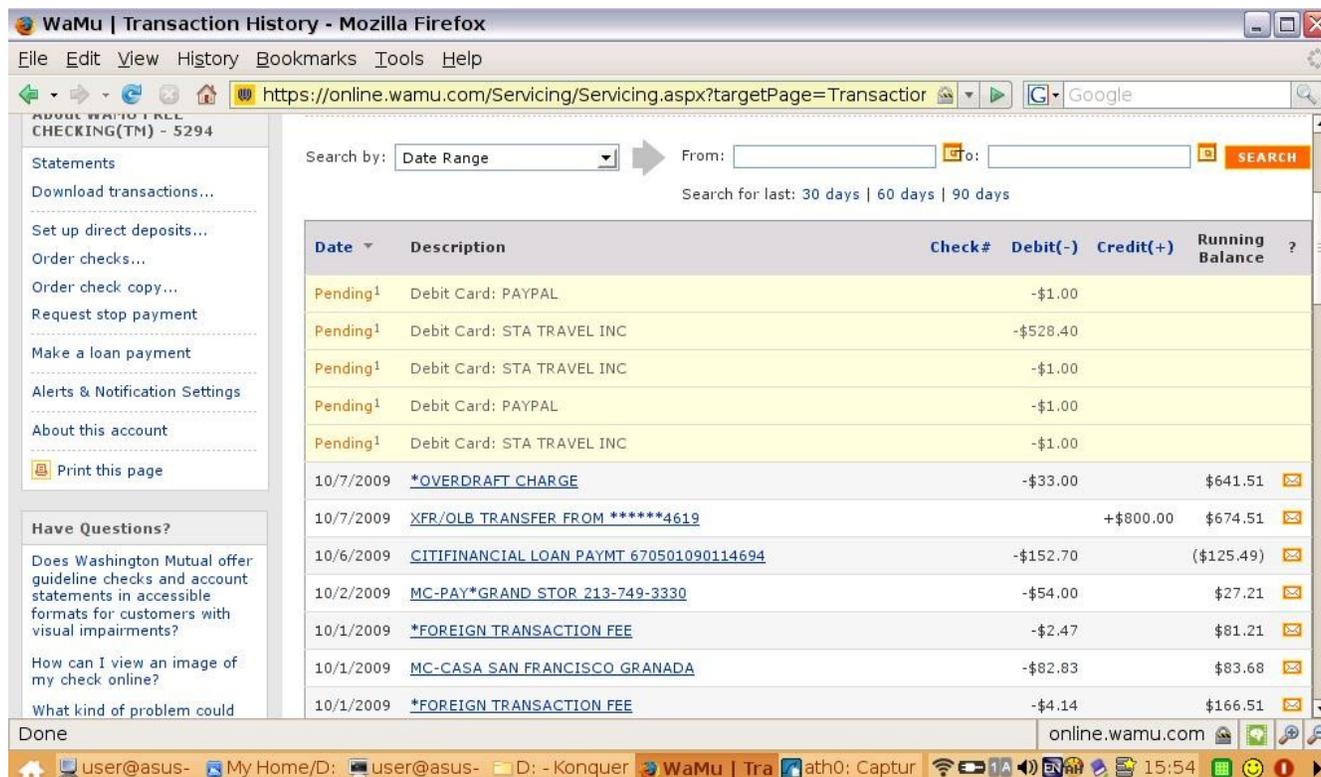
My next recording is: “impvid_ftp_10_7_09_312-407PM.WMA”: I recounted how the recorder had run out of battery. Was I now naming my latest files? On 4:00, the FTP transfer stalled again. I filmed it: “... the FTP connection was cut off when the truck came by to drop off the gas tanks... to produce an intercept showing me stopping the transfer to go out to receive the gas tanks...” On 7:50, I went on and on about my flight to Amsterdam. On 10:00, something was going on outside again: “... it’s the same guy... how is he related to my crimes?” Then I started looking for my ticket in my Gmail account. No ticket. “Welcome to Auto-Recharge? ... Where is ‘Journal Attachment-12’?” On 22:00, I examined the flight information again. On 34:40: “... the Movie Maker... ‘10_7_09’...” And I continued to upload the latest recordings. On 54:00, I started importing the videos from the next DV tape (the Skype call earlier continued). Then the recorder ran out of battery again.

Let’s quickly comment. You shall see that my motive was to camp outside the International Court of Justice in the Hague in order to protest this senseless trial for the next couple of years to come (after

returning to Los Angeles to put my latest DVDs into my storage). This was of course again the most stupid idea I could ever have conceived – another instance of my operating on the lower side in my “intellectual bipolar disorder”. The Russians must have been totally shocked at this point – and it would take some time for me to finally understand how harmful my action was to their purpose. In addition, it’s totally a mistake to throw away almost 600 dollars just when I had finally accumulated enough money to avoid homelessness, and this mistake would haunt me for the next full year. It’s thus a good lesson for you when you watch me getting upset over being obstructed while doing things that are detrimental to myself – how ironic!

My next recording is: “vid107p1_ftpstill_strtmvmt_10_7_09_408-835PM.WMA”: I continued the importing (the Skype call with my angry shouting) while I ate. On 26:30, I started streaming the recording from yesterday to see how I did. On 33:30, I turned on the TV: “... we couldn’t tolerate the 20 second break in between the two recordings...” It was now CBS News (36:30). On 52:25, I turned off the TV. I was now working on the video diary while also streaming the recording from October 1 (my going home). On 1:24:00, I created “10_7_09.avi” in my website. On 1:44:00 – did I film the motorcycle outside with my camcorder? (“It’s 5:48 PM”: see the first scene of the next video diary “10_7_09_p4.wmv”). On 1:51:00, the FTP transfer stalled again. On 1:51:50, I was still filming it: “... the transfer is stalling...” On 1:53:30, the streaming froze up too. But I was able to log into my Gmail account and, after some difficulty, into my website on Konqueror via FTP: “... I think it’s just Homeland Security blocking it...” Then, stalling again. On 2:00:30: “... and the ticket still hasn’t come... you are allowed to stream but not upload...” On 2:13:10: “... the VLC Player is cut off today too... the Internet is cut off...” On 2:18:00, GFTP was still stalling. On 2:20:00, I turned on the TV: it’s the movie about the French stock exchange woman again – I just had to film it. And it’s still stalling. I changed the channel to Deutsche Welle. On 2:26:25, Russia again! On 2:30:20, gunshots again, and I turned off the TV. It was now the recording from yesterday (my time in Managua). I continued to count the motorcycles that passed by. On 2:54:00, I started working on part one of today’s video diary. On 3:07:00, I went to film the motorcycles outside: “... there are no lights on the street anymore, this has probably something to do with my crimes...” Really? On 3:16:00, I was incorporating the pen videos from earlier into my video diary. On 3:25:00, I was noting down in my video diary: “... move to the Hague... what will I discover myself doing? More drug-trafficking? More clandestine operations?” On 3:36:30, the upload was completed. Back to using GFTP. On 3:50:30, the FTP transfer stalled again. “What’s so mysterious about these gas tanks? We have already filmed it so many times...” On 3:53:30, I did a search on “living in the Hague”: “... hot.com... ‘Living in the Hague Newsletter’... fact sheet... we aren’t gonna find help, we just want to find general information... hagueonline.com...” As you can imagine, the Russians must have felt their hearts were jumping out of their mouth. On 4:13:30, another car outside, and I went to film it, but it was total darkness (9:24 in the video). On 4:16:50, I streamed the earlier gas tank video to make sure it’d work. On 4:22:55, I wanted to film what was going on outside again: “... so many cars...”

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My financial situation after my stupid ticket purchase

My next recording is: “shwr_slp_10_7-8_09_840PM-510AM.WMA”: I was still streaming the AVI file that was just uploaded. On 7:00, I went to film the noises outside, but it was again too dark: “... it’s possible that the suit team has turned off the street lights in order to prevent me from videotaping...” On 15:00, I went to film the cars outside again. Meanwhile, the video diary “10_7_09_p1.wmv” was being published. On 24:30, I turned on the TV: BBC. Then, CNN: it’s about India again: “... evidence that I’m an agent of India...” (28:30). On 34:30, I turned off the TV. On 38:00, I turned on the TV again. Then: “... a lot of my criminal buddies are running on the street...” On 45:00, I wanted to film what’s going on outside again: “... I heard cars...” On 55:00, I filmed the TV: “... it’s ‘Bourne’ again... ‘Bourne 2’, dubbed in Spanish...” Then, on 56:00: “... the meetup movie again!” On 57:30, I went to shower. On 1:05:00, I was out of the shower. More motorcycles. “My motorcycle gang buddies are just roaming the street...” And more gunshots. On 1:23:45, the video was published: “... we can go to bed now...” I went downstairs to barricade the door. From 1:30:00 onward, I was sleeping quietly.⁹⁸ On 8:28:00, I woke up. I switched to the other recorder, and turned on the TV on 8:30:30.

October 8 (Thursday; “V-sign”/ scratching)

My next recording is: “slp_wk_jlousyindia_10_8_09_502-721AM.WMA”. CBS News on TV. On 5:30, the news mentioned somebody’s jealousy toward David Letterman. I jumped up: “Something to do

⁹⁸ Reviewed until 1:46:00, and then from 8:24:00 onward.

with my criminal pathology!” Then, Michelle Obama’s ancestry in slavery (until 18:40). Then I turned off the TV: “I probably watched that because I hate black people.” I went back to sleep.⁹⁹ On 1:56:50, I got up and turned on my Toshiba. On 2:05:30 – did I play a video diary? On 2:07:30, I turned on the TV. India again! Then, “... Deutsche Welle is on India too...” (2:17:00).

My next recording is: “wk_vid107_fefe_10_8_09_726-1130AM.WMA”: the TV was still on. On 4:00, my pen videos. On 5:00, Dr Phil on TV. On 17:30, Today’s Show was talking about identical triplets, and I jumped up: “... just after I talked about how there can be three or four of ‘me’ two days ago, now they talk about this...” I thus filmed it. On 29:00: “... the SD card froze up for 40 seconds, not transferring files...” On 38:00: “... the Asus’ network name has disappeared... but it does show up on T-Shark...” Then, gunshots again. Then I continued to work on yesterday’s video diary, now incorporating the pen videos. On 54:10, the TV shut itself down! Now the pen videos from last night (1:17:00). On 1:48:00 – was I now importing the latest videos again? Working on “10_7_09_p2”? And I continued to count the motorcycles outside. On 2:24:20, my Windows Movie Maker froze up, and I restarted it. I was now waiting for the video to be published. On 2:44:20, I started filming: “... let’s check if the ticket has arrived...” No. On 2:48:30: “... statravel.com... maybe Homeland Security just wants to produce surveillance showing my Internet connection to be completely fake... and so now it looks as if I had never bought the ticket...” On 2:57:00, the FTP transfer stalled, and I filmed it. “... and so our Eee PC is only producing the semblance of having Internet connections... but GFTP has got in, why? Now it’s working...” I now started working on “10_7_09_p3”. On 3:09:00, the FTP connection stalled again, and I filmed it again. On 3:15:30, it started raining outside. On 3:50:00, I was ready to publish the video diary I had just worked on. On 3:53:00, my Eee PC froze up again, and I filmed it. I was now again mumbling about how the suit team would only allow me to upload files in segments, how they would even prefer GFTP: “... they are just trying to make this Eee PC look entirely fake, to make it look like it’s not connected to the Internet at all... they just want to make sure that all the files I have uploaded will look fake...” Again, my over-interpretation of the situation here. On 4:01:00, I turned on the other recorder. On 4:02:10, I turned on the TV too.

My next recording is: “vid107_ftpstll_ut_crmlnldveotpr_10_8_09_1120AM-350PM.WMA”: now, TV 5 Monde. On 10:00: “... I hope this is today’s news... maybe Homeland Security will make the TV show yesterday’s news in order to make my recording look like it is from yesterday...” Again, nonsense. On 18:15, I turned off the TV. I worked on “Feefee and Valerie” a little more. On 38:00, I took a break. On 58:30, back to “Feefee and Valerie”. On 1:01:00, the video diary was published. I used Windows Media Player to play it: “... I don’t trust Nero anymore...” I was also hashing my latest files. On 1:11:00, I started working on “Karin’s Meetups”. (“Operation Movie Watching”?) On 1:16:40, it started raining outside again. I created “Karin’s Meetups-9-2”, and then “10-3”. And I continued to work on them. Then, “Orthodox-10”. On 1:57:25, I took a break. On 2:13:30, I was hashing all the writings. On 2:15:40, I noticed activities outside again: “... dropped off a female at the neighbor...” But I couldn’t film it for I had to rewind the tape. On 2:19:30 – was I now working on “Supplemental Pleading”? On 2:24:30, I wrote down what had just happened in my diary:

⁹⁹ Reviewed until 35:00, and then from 1:56:00 onward.

Around 1:35 PM a car dropped off a middle-aged female at the neighbor to my right and then sped off. This means that, according to surveillance, I wasn't home at all this morning and noon, but had gone out. And my FTP upload was not my work, but the automatic result of the Russian-made spy equipment that was part of my Eee PC and which I have got back from Casa.

Really? Then I continued to work on “Supplemental Pleading-26” (my release from the hospital in Troy). Then, my realization: “What this Russian-made spy equipment is supposed to do is to create the semblance of getting online, or to pretend to be uploading files to my website... our FTP connection was cut off to make the uploading look fake...” (2:42:00). Not. On 2:44:30, I was back to hashing my files. On 2:49:50, my Eee PC froze up again, and I filmed it. I turned on the TV and, on 2:52:50, my Windows Movie Maker suddenly popped up on my Toshiba: “... is it Homeland security remote control?” On 2:55:00, I filmed the TV: “... they are talking about Germany and Russia...” On 2:59:30, I filmed again: “... Deutsche Welle is reporting on the Germans in Romania... this must have something to do with my crimes... We'll find out later...” Then it was talking about Turkey: “... I must have something to do with Turkey too...” Right! I turned off the TV on 3:10:00. Now I started working on the video diary “10_6_09”. During break, I changed out of my contacts. Then I was forced to use Firefox to get into Hotmail in order to send the hash values to myself (3:35:00). On 3:42:20, I filmed: “... we got into our ‘kurtc1972’ Gmail account, and there is still no ticket... now get the hash values...” On 3:46:00, a motorcycle outside again. The same guy? Then, I was ready to go out. On 3:58:00: “... Homeland Security can see that I'm about to go out...” And I had to remove the barricade to my front door first. On 4:04:50, I filmed my room before leaving (the first scene in my next video diary, “10_8_09_p2.wmv”): “Is there any Russian-made spy equipment hidden under the bed? No... Is there any Russian-made spy equipment in the refrigerator?” Ha! On 4:06:55, I filmed again (1:40 in the video): “... somebody will pass by when I open the door... see, wait for the guy to pass by...” On 4:07:40, I filmed again (2:02 in the video): “... open the door... this woman is coming, and she's scratching herself!” I thus retreated: “... it's so scary... this phobia is so incredible...” Nice explanation! I then started filming again on 4:09:00 as I opened the door and got onto the street (2:41 in the video): “... children... don't look at them, scary little creatures... why is she doing paperwork? What kind of surveillance is it meant to produce? Is she ‘me’ doing paperwork?” (5:02 in the video) Then, more motorcycles: “They are all my gangster friends...” Then, motorcycles and a taxi (6:06 in the video). Amazingly, the taxi driver made a V-sign to me: “... he made a gesture... it's my first secret message... remember how, when you were in San Francisco, the police officer also did that?” (I was referring to what happened on April 24.)¹⁰⁰ Then, a guy looking at his cellphone: “... that's ‘me’ making a secret communication...” (6:58 in the video). On 4:13:30, I turned off the camcorder and came inside a store. I bought 4 instant noodles, 2 packs of cigarettes, and 10 bags of cookies.¹⁰¹ On 4:16:25, as I waited outside, another taxi came by, and the driver just stared at me. “The woman is getting off the taxi, it's probably ‘me’ getting off...” Then, this man came inside the store: “... it's ‘me’ speaking Spanish and shaking hands with him...” Then, another guy was coming, and I read out his license plate. Then, another man scratched his nose: “... I've received my second secret message, and he's laughing...”

100 Why was he doing this? Was he signaling to me that, thanks to my stupid ticket-purchase, Russia was in trouble again?

101 See “buyfood_srtchr_10_8_09_330PM.AVI”.

(4:19:00). On 4:20:30, I was out and, on 4:20:50, resumed filming as I came onto the street (8:13 in the video) – and a man said Hi to me (8:28 in the video): “I know, everyone knows me here, I’m the drug king...” And then he gave me a middle finger. “That’s indeed a secret message!” Ha! Then I thought I had realized why Terry had ambushed me: “She’s gonna go back and say, ‘So the guy who is walking around with a camera is him!’ That’s how I would become a ‘criminal videotaper’. Then something will happen... the profile of me as a ‘criminal videotaper’ is now floating around among international law enforcement agencies...” Again, this was not quite the case. Then, on 10:25 in the video: “... that man is doing something with his hand... my fourth secret message... the middle finger is a ‘secret message’, but not beating people up...” I was now at my door (11:09 in the video). On 4:24:00, I was inside my apartment and, on 4:24:55, turned off my camcorder. “... we have received only 4 secret messages today...” Then on and on about how the V-sign, both back then and today, indicated that the suit team had beaten the Russians or whatever other nations were being sued. “Or he might be telling you you are pretty fucked because you have videotaped too much!” On 4:27:00, I filmed my room (12:17 in the video). On 4:28:10, I turned on the other recorder.

My next recording is: “bnkfrdvidcrme_nghbrmusic_vid86_marie_dvd62fail_10_8_09_354-9.WMA”: I continued: “You are sure that Terry has reported... the authority will have noticed, how this person videotapes every single thing... but how is that a crime? Because he tried to videotape children! A criminal pedophile videotaper!... Terry has reported it to the authority, and the authority has broadcast an alert, and now everybody just pretends he or she is hearing about you for the first time... I will just pretend I have never videotaped anything... that all the videos are forged by the Russians, the Indians, the Brazilians... to create the semblance that I have a life different from the suit team’s versions... you don’t have a ticket because Homeland Security is trying to create surveillance showing you to have never bought it...” (12:00). (Probably not.) I then started playing the end of yesterday’s video diary to check whether I had input my email address correctly. (Perhaps it was because I had put in the wrong email address that I was never sent my ticket.) On 20:10: “... look how happy people are when they pass you secret messages... they are laughing... that’s how much they hate you... people here are sadistic...” Now from the video I did ascertain that I had input my email address correctly. On 34:00, I went on and on again about how the suit team would “get me” because I had filmed too much: “... you have become very weird, with all these phobias... because people have reported us to international law enforcement, law enforcement is like: ‘We have someone very mentally ill’, while in the evidentiary record you are just pretending to be mentally ill, that’s how deceptive you are... when you are put away for mental illness and your documentaries destroyed, in the secret court you are just pretending to be mentally ill... that’d be evidence as to how deceptive you are, that you are able to deceive so many people into believing that you are really mentally ill... but that’s your training, always pretending... in order to conduct clandestine operations for foreign nations... why don’t I just say I’m pretending... to have these phobias about cellphones and scratching... will the authority buy that? There is no one around you who doesn’t know what’s going on in the secret court, you are the only one who’s not supposed to know... Homeland Security can have them pretend to discover you have all these documentaries... we are on ‘granada-28’ now...” On 41:30, I filmed out of my window (12:38 in the video): “... the neighbor is making a cellphone call, it’s ‘me’ making a cellphone call...” And the other neighbor was blasting loud music again. “You’ve committed all these crimes, but you *pretend* you

don't know, you *pretend* to discover them, in order to deceive all these people, you are a master deceiver, all you do everyday is lie and deceive, even documenting your crimes is a crime, because you are just pretending...” (48:00). On 51:00, I turned on the TV. On 54:30, I continued to work on the video diary from the 6th. On 1:26:00, I turned off the TV to record the loud music outside. “At the moment I'm blasting loud music, I'm very happy...” On 1:48:00, I was rewinding the DV tape to get ready to import my latest videos. On 1:52:00, I was ready to investigate the problem about my bank account. “The ticket has been charged, even though I can't see the ticket.” Plus a 33 dollar over-draft charge! More cars outside: “... so many of my friends are coming...” (1:58:00). On 2:01:00, still no ticket. On 2:08:00, I was napping while the importing continued. Very bad headache too. On 2:34:20 – what I was mumbling about? Portions on the tape from August 1 taped over? On 2:41:00, a van by the neighbor, and I went to film it with my pen. I read out his license plate and so on. “They are waiting for me, where is me?” After a while: “... the person that was dropped off might not be me, I might have been wrong this time.” Right! I then went back to naming the screenshots from yesterday. Gunshots on 2:58:50. Then, more. “I might be outside killing people again.” And more. On 3:03:35: “... tonight the street lights are back on!” Finally, the importing was done. On 3:04:30, I turned on the TV. “A lot of Internet fraud today, that's evidence that I'm committing Internet banking fraud.” It's now “Marie Antoinette” on TV: “... it's evidence of my lying and deceit... I don't quite know it yet...” Then, more importing. Then I was wondering again about how “Marie Antoinette” was supposed to reveal something about my criminal pathology: “... that I'm the greatest villain in the history of humankind...” Right! On 3:24:10 – was the importing finished? From 3:27:00 onward, I was working on the video diary from the 6th again (Part I). Then: “Louis XVI can't consummate his marriage with Marie Antoinette, and so maybe that's evidence that I'm sexually impotent.” Ha! On 3:43:30, the video diary was being published. On 3:46:10, the FTP transfer stalled, but then resumed as soon as I noticed it. On 3:48:50: “... Marie Antoinette is introduced to a Russian, that's why I'm watching it!” Then I stuck my recorder out the window to record the loud music outside. “We'll now continue to watch ‘Marie Antoinette’ and thus commit more crimes and fuck up more nations by watching it...” On 3:54:30, I theorized: “... I must have stolen this bank account from Lawrence Chin, and that's why I'm having problems getting the ticket...” And I thus noted it down in my “Crime Summary”: how I hacked into other people's bank accounts and used them as if they were my own. On 4:03:30, I stuck my recorder out the window again to record the loud music outside. On 4:07:00, the video diary was published, and I played it. On 4:12:00, I stuck my recorder out the window again: “... because I'm going away, I'm hosting a huge goodbye party... it's unbelievable, the number of friends I have here...” Ha! Then I continued with my video. Then, more gunshots. On 4:41:00, I started again: “What will the suit team do? They'll let international law enforcement discover that I always believe other people are me, which is severe mental illness, and I'll be locked up for that...” On 4:46:10, I made a Nero project for DVD-62: I would burn DVD-62 with Nero. And I used one of the new discs bought from Radio Shack: RITEK-F1. The burn process failed! (4:52:00) Of course! “You can't use Nero anymore!” On 5:03:55, I was ready to burn again. On 5:12:00, I turned on the TV. On 5:14:18, “What Women Want” again, with Mel Gibson and Helen Hunt. And I filmed it: “I'm watching this, it's evidence that I'm obsessed with womanizing and reading people's mind... like how I have kept predicting the suit team's operations... Again, I have merely plagiarized everything I do from movies...” On 5:16:50 – was the burning successful? “That can't be, it's too fast. I don't believe it, it must be

broken.” When I inserted the disc: “... see, it’s never burned at all... Homeland Security must have replaced all the DVDs in Radio Shack...” Not! Just bad discs in Nicaragua all the way!

My next recording is: “neroprblm_dvd62_taxinghbr_k10-4_10_8-9_09_907PM-112AM.WMA”: the TV was still on. Marisa Tomei in this movie. Again, I was terribly nervous when inserting the SD card into my Toshiba. “Why can’t the DVD be burned? Because Homeland Security doesn’t want you to...” (Wrong reason.) On 15:20, I turned off the TV. I went on and on about how the DVD-burning capacity of my Toshiba was dead. Then I opened up Nero again. “Homeland Security has remotely controlled your Toshiba to malfunction, but, at the same time, they will make your videos of computer malfunctioning look like they are forged in order to produce evidence suggesting that you are falsely accusing them of remotely controlling your computer...” On 29:00, I turned the TV back on. On 38:00, I turned it off. There was now a strange noise, as you can hear. “Maybe Homeland Security is at this moment producing surveillance showing me manipulating strange spy equipment.” But the noise turned out to come from my Coca Cola bottle! Then: “If you don’t use Nero, you might succeed in burning the disc with Windows.” Then I turned on the TV again, and was now recompiling the content for DVD-62 (44:50). On 54:00, I was ready to burn. “If you don’t like the neighbor’s music, then you can just turn on the TV, they will then be forced to shut down their music.” Not! On 1:02:00, Windows was writing data to the disc, and I filmed it all: “My theory is that, earlier, the burning failed because I was using Nero, which screwed up Windows... maybe Homeland Security has destroyed Nero because they don’t like it...” (1:08:00). Again, none of this was the cause, but I continued: “... maybe it’s because they don’t like the file system... with the file system from Nero, it’s harder to make it look like it’s forged...” By now the disc was supposedly burned (1:23:10). I played the videos on the disc while working on other things. I created “Karin’s Meetups-10-4” to correct some grammar mistakes. On 1:34:00, I turned off the TV. I was now working on another chapter from “Karin’s Meetups” (the episode of meeting Yan again). “The video seems to be well-burned.” The FTP upload was also completed (1:51:40). On 3:10:05, I went to film what was going on outside: somebody dropped off somebody at the neighbor. On 3:25:00, I was correcting mistakes in “Feefee and Valerie”. On 3:43:50, I examined the meetup video from June for a brief moment. Now, to back up my files. On 4:02:00, I turned on the other recorder. Then I turned on the TV too.

October 9 (Friday; scratching)

My next recording is: “slp_10_9_09_114-807AM.WMA”: news on TV. On 8:00, I turned off the TV. Then I rested quietly.¹⁰²

My next recording is: “wk_obamanobel_10_9_09_802-847AM.WMA”: I was now awake. I turned on the TV. Obama was nominated for Nobel Peace Prize! What a joke! On 32:30, I filmed the TV: “... Russia’s reaction to Obama’s winning the Nobel Peace Prize! It’s evidence that I’m a Russian agent, that I harbor such deep hatred for Obama because I’m a white supremacist...” On 37:00, I started naming my pen videos.

¹⁰² Reviewed until 40:00, and then from 6:39:00 onward.

My next recording is: “vid106p3_rvwole_ut_10_9_09_852AM-249PM.WMA”: on 9:00 – what was I writing on my Toshiba? On 30:00, Obama’s speech in response to his Noble Peace Prize. On 46:00, French on TV. On 53:00, my pen videos. Was I now working on “10_6_09_p1” again? On 54:40, it was Nairobi on TV, and so I changed the channel. Then, more gunshots. On 1:17:30, I wanted to film the TV again: “... it’s the same movie again, the movie about special education” – but my pen was not functioning. And so I got my camcorder out to film it (the first scene in the next video diary, “10_9_09_p1.wmv”): “The last time we watched it it was because we were a Nazi and hated Jews, and this time they are talking about race issues... there is a reason why it is on TV right now... Obama is on the news, and so now it’s evidence that I harbor extraordinary racial feelings... toward everyone... and this news bothers me because I hate Obama extremely because I’m a white supremacist... it’s evidence that I harbor very bad racial feelings, hate so many people...” Then I immediately filmed again to take account of the time (1:50 in the video). “Obama on the news again! Oh, Venezuela, the country I work for...” On 1:32:50, I turned off the TV. Back to the video diary from the 6th. On 1:38:20, gunshots. I logged into my website and also sent the hash values to myself. “... Hotmail took a long time to load, and the connection was reset, maybe due to the FTP upload, not to Homeland Security...” Smart! I was then converting the AVI files. On 2:05:30, the neighbor was blasting loud music again. And there was still no ticket! Then: “... where is ‘Karin’s Meetups’? Oh my God, I’ve transferred the wrong file again... I’m absolutely disabled...” (2:28:00). On 2:35:50, I started streaming the recording from November 4 last year. On 3:29:30, my pen videos. (Was I incorporating them into my video diary?) On 3:32:30, I stopped everything. On 3:37:30, I streamed the recording again. Was I now working on “Periphery, I” or the video diary? (“10_6_09_p3”.) On 3:45:00, gunshots. On 3:47:00, the streaming got cut off. I streamed it again. On 3:56:50, a female was standing by the neighbor. Then I started publishing “10_6_09_p3.wmv”. On 4:17:00, the streaming stopped again. On 4:19:15, the video was published, and I played it. On 4:39:00: “... the video looks okay...” And I continued to stream the recording and write. On 5:19:00, I shut down my Toshiba: “Oh my God, we have to go outside again... Homeland Security is waiting for us outside...” (5:43:00). And more motorcycles. On 5:48:10, I filmed my room before leaving (2:02 in the video). I brought everything with me, leaving only the manuscript behind. When I opened the door: “... one guy is coming...” And so I closed the door to wait for him to pass by first: “... it doesn’t matter, it’s just a phobia... you don’t care about the fate of other nations... you have already learned to internalize it... you care about yourself, and that’s why you are here, you have a room for two months...” Excellent testimony for the Russians! On 5:53:00, I filmed my garbage (4:11 in the video): “... you do know that Russian-made spy equipment *will* be found in your garbage...” I opened the door again, and, immediately, a taxi (5:20 in the video): “... maybe Homeland security is trying to produce surveillance showing you going into a taxi... they are all looking at me because they all need to report on this criminal videotaper... oh no, she’s gonna scratch herself!” And so I retreated again (6:39 in the video). Then, finally, I was out onto the street. “That guy is putting his hand on his forehead, it really looks like an act... he’s pretending to pass me a secret message in order to make me into a criminal...” (8:06 in the video). Then, suddenly, my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “ut_buypnts_scrctch_muic12mnky_10_9_09_243-402PM.WMA”: now my other recorder was turned on: “... these two guys and the girl there...” And more scratching (9:14 in the video). “... we have less than 24 hours left in this town, and we are still receiving secret messages...”

what does the message say? It says ‘We don’t care how much time you have left, you are a criminal, and you are gonna receive secret messages... that guy just put something in his mouth...’ (10:33 in the video). I dumped the garbage (10:57 in the video). I continued as I walked: “... all these cars coming by... it’s just a TV show... it’s all staged...” I turned off the camcorder for a second and then started filming again (12:05 in the video). I dumped more garbage (12:10 in the video). Then, another cellphone call (13:00 in the video). Then I had to wait for a while for the recorder to restore the file (13:14 in the video). I was worried: “It’s very bad surveillance... according to surveillance, you are manipulating some sort of spy equipment at the moment...” And more scratching. On 7:00, I started filming again (15:58 in the video). I mumbled about the functioning of machines. “That’s my function here, to receive secret messages... the messages just say ‘Because you receive these secret messages you are a criminal’... and whichever countries they come from, they are also committing crimes for passing you secret messages...” Then, another girl touched her forehead. Then I went on and on about how it was no big deal to videotape since everyone was just acting. “But, according to Homeland Security, I’m a criminal videotaper...” On 9:52, I started filming again (18:32 in the video). “... you also have to take care of the Geocities problem... even though no one believes you wrote it, you shall leave your theory up there as a gift to humanity...” Indeed! This terrorist here has something special to bequeath upon humanity! Then, more scratching (20:42 in the video). Then, about the guy who was selling cigarettes in the street corner: “In surveillance, it’s not gonna be ‘Come buy my cigarettes’, but ‘I’m passing you a secret message’... but what does the message says? It says, ‘Go home tomorrow’... but I thought I already know that... *our goal is to act like a criminal and get caught...*” I came to the clothing store on 24:14 in the video. On 15:58, I turned off my camcorder and went inside to buy clothing.¹⁰³ However, I couldn’t understand what the employee was telling me, and he also scratched himself. Thereupon I went outside to go around the building. On 19:05, I started filming again (24:50 in the video). “That guy is wiping off sweat... please, let me be invisible...” Then I went on and on about how Uncle Sam had paid me and everyone around to do what we did and how we were all unconcerned as to which country we were supposed to destroy. “But, every time when I come out, I do feel guilty, because I know some nation is gonna fall... I don’t enjoy this at all... I want my apartment where I can write my ‘Karin’s Meetups’... otherwise, I would leave... I have no interest in the shitty people here...” Again, excellent testimony for the Russians here. Then I came inside another store to buy a pair of jeans.¹⁰⁴ On 24:00, I asked the lady for pants, size 29. 300 Cordobas. Then, another scratching: “... our sixth secret message...” I then went back in to offer 260. “... school girls are scratching their head, don’t videotape school girls, that’s what Homeland Security wants you to do...” I thus bought the pants. On 31:55, when out, I started filming again (28:13 in the video). I went on about how the pants weren’t that expensive: “... we need to change our description, because law enforcement works on descriptions...” And more scratching (29:43 in the video): “That’s very bad acting, man!” Then another guy tried to talk to me (30:35 in the video). “Don’t talk to me, I know you want to generate surveillance...” On 34:30, another cellphone call: “... my second cellphone call! That’s a lot of calls for someone who doesn’t even have a cellphone... Oh, I’m just pretending to not have a cellphone, I’m sorry...” On 40:55, I turned off the camcorder for a second, and then turned it on again (37:13 in the video). Then, a woman was pushing her baby cart my way: “Oh, she just did it, another

103 See “trybuypants_10_9_09_254PM.AVI”.

104 See “buypants_10_9_09_3PM.AVI”.

secret message!” (37:45 in the video) “What a great act! Fuck you bitch! And she’s pushing a baby cart! How many secret messages do I need? I’ll receive 30 secret messages tomorrow when going to the airport... 7 secret messages today, that’s my whole purpose in being here, for people to pass me secret messages...” On 46:00 (42:25 in the video), I was at home. I went on and on about how, whenever I received a secret message, I felt as if a hammer had hit me on my chest: “‘Oh no! I have just committed another crime!’ If I didn’t know it’s to frame some other nations, I wouldn’t feel so much pain...” And then on and on again about how selfish I was. And then about how I really didn’t like it when the suit team forged electronics. On 50:00, I turned on the other recorder. Then I was worried that the reason why the suit team wouldn’t let me have my ticket was that something was going to happen to me once I should have got back. (Not the case.) Then about moving to the Hague again: “... millions and millions of people need to be actors...” On 53:15, I turned on the TV. Then I went on and on about how the head-scratching thing would continue in Los Angeles. Right! “You have to get rid of this phobia! It’s nothing bad being a criminal... big deal, we don’t care about other nations... I don’t mind being a criminal...” Again, I had to explain my resistance. It was now “12 Monkeys” on TV: “Why does Homeland Security put this on TV?” Then: “My life is so sad, and the saddest thing about this sad life is that there is no one to share your sadness with” (1:04:30). Right! Now the neighbor was blasting loud music again: “I’m blasting loud music again.” On 1:08:30, I turned off the TV and – did I go back to working on my video diary? Importing the latest videos? Then I stuck my recorder out the window for a moment to record the loud music. Then I turned on the TV to see if that would put down the music. Ha! On 1:12:00, back to “12 Monkeys.” On 1:15:00, I filmed the TV. “I’m a mental patient or not a mental patient, according to which level of reality you are talking about, and that’s why Homeland Security wants me to watch this.” Excellent!

My next recording is: “12mnky_bllmurry_nghbrmsic_10_9_09_407-735PM.WMA”: it’s still “12 Monkeys” on TV. On 8:20: “... this movie is all about mental patients... Homeland Security is making the TV imitate me in order to produce surveillance showing me imitating the TV... all because I’ve just predicted they’ll get law enforcement to detain me as a mental patient... See, he just says the boy is in a TV show, maybe he has imitated the TV show...” On 10:10, gunshots. And more. On 14:00, the Internet was down. On 20:15, I was ready to import the latest videos. On 26:00, I stuck my recorder out the window to record the noises. On 31:30, a truck was here, with gas tanks. Again! On 33:30, Obama in the news again. I filmed: was that secret message-passing? On 46:35, I started uploading my writings too to my website. On 55:50: “... the neighbor’s music is so loud” – and I stuck my recorder out the window to record it again. On 1:01:00, I tried on my new pants: they fit just fine. Then I started cleaning. I was very annoyed by the loud music since that would supposedly be “me” blasting loud music. “Maybe I’m having a goodbye party again with my friends next door.” Ha! On 1:13:40, the importing had completed. On 1:15:00, I was back to my computer. I started working on today’s pen videos. On 1:23:00, I turned on the TV looking for “12 Monkeys”, but I couldn’t find it now. On 1:26:30, a movie with Bill Murray. On 1:37:00 – was I working on today’s video diary? On 1:50:00, I started importing more videos and I turned on the TV too. And I continued to clean my room. On 2:13:00, the importing done, I started working on the video diary. On 2:15:30, I commented: “... in this movie, Bill Murray plays this depressive man who travels from country to country, just like me, and that’s why Homeland Security put this on TV for me to see...” Not! On 2:20:30, an SUV came to park

by my neighbor: “... something to do with me, dropping me off...” And more motorcycles. “But I’m not sure if it’s me... this is a regular thing, he gets on the SUV on 6 AM everyday and gets off on 6 PM everyday...” Right! On 2:32:00, I was speculating about how the suit team was again making the TV imitate me since Bill Murray just kept on reflecting on his moments. On 2:42:40: “... that’s why Homeland Security put this on TV: Bill Murray says he’s into computer girls, and this guy says he does philosophy, and so this is David Chin and that is Lawrence Chin, philosophy vs computers... I always watch movies that reflect myself, right? So I’ve figured out why I’m watching this... this movie reflects the relationship between David Chin and Lawrence Chin...” Bullshit. On 2:52:50, it’s “The Rock” again: “Do I have a special interest in him?” On 2:56:50, I was now publishing “10_8_09_p1”. “Homeland Security must be happy that I’m going through two movies in a row, and now the third... as for Obama’s Nobel Peace Prize, I admit, because I’m a Hitlerite, I think the award should be given to Hitler instead...” (3:04:00). Ha! I was then commenting on the TV again: “... they are talking about laptops...” Then: “... I’m still blasting loud music next door...” And more gunshots (3:10:20). Then – a robocar? “Another one of my crimes!” And I filmed the TV: “... this robocar going around filming women...” On 3:15:00, I turned off the TV to record the loud music from next door. I mumbled again about how I must be hosting my big goodbye party at the moment: “I must be really sad that I’m leaving my friends behind...” Ha! Then, more gunshots. I had now created the uncensored version of “Periphery” (“11-08”), the version with pictures. And kids were playing fire crackers at my door. On 3:25:25, I started the other recorder. Now the video diary was published.

My next recording is: “dvd63fail_lucyliu_10_9_09_727-1149PM.WMA”: I played the new video diary (“... something about the eclipse...”). On 15:30, I continued to upload my latest recordings to my website: “... the last night of doing this...” I now wanted to prepare the next DVD. Was I then reviewing yesterday’s video diary? Working on it? On 35:50, I stuck my recorder out the window again. On 43:00, I was writing something about April 24 in “Supplemental Pleading, I”. On 1:16:30, “10_8_09_p2” was being published. On 1:18:15, something was going on outside again: “... someone is coming to drop off somebody...” On 1:18:30, I went to film it (the first scene in my next video diary, [10_10_09_p0.wmv](#)): “... there are several cars outside... I’m having a big party... these must be my friends...” On 1:22:00, I turned on the TV. On 1:30:30, the video was published, and I played it. On 1:44:00, I went inside my “kurtc1972” Gmail account to get the hash values. Still no ticket! “We know why! Because Homeland Security is blocking it!” This was indeed suspicious. What exactly was going on? On 1:50:50, I connected my Seagate hard drive to my Eee PC. On 2:06:00: “... we need ‘granada-26’... in Seagate...” On 2:09:00, the news report about Amanda Knox. On 2:24:00, I was naming the pen videos from earlier. On 2:31:00: “... a lot of cars outside, my friends are leaving...” On 2:35:35, I was ready to burn DVD-63. “I’m still blasting loud music outside, it’s already 10 PM” (2:45:50). On 2:50:30, a break, and I changed the channel: “Nazis again! I don’t even feel like videotaping it anymore.” But, on 2:51:15, I did film the TV: “... we’ve just caught another Nazi...” On 3:01:00, I turned to my Toshiba: “... I don’t think it’s been burned, the burning has failed... It wasn’t burned... we have to videotape it...” On 3:10:00, terribly upset, I turned off the TV. Then I changed out of my contacts and showered. On 3:17:00, out. Now I suspected it was because my Toshiba was too old. Not! On 3:21:00, I was ready to burn again. On 3:24:00, I filmed myself inserting the new disc and so on. On 3:28:30, I turned on the TV for a timestamp, and it was Lucy Liu in a movie. “... the CPU usage is

irregular, the disc will have problem...” Indeed! On 3:38:20, the burning failed again. On 3:40:10: “... we’ll try Ubuntu... maybe the DVD writer has problems... it has burned too many discs... will use ImgBurn to create an ISO image first...” On 4:04:15, ImgBurn had finished creating the image. Then I was cleaning my room again. Then, to get ready for bed, I went downstairs to barricade the door.

My next recording is: “slp_wk_dadshotchld_10_9-10_09_1152PM-544AM.WMA”: I thus slept.¹⁰⁵ On 5:39:00, I got up. On 5:45:30, I filmed the TV with my pen camera: “... this movie in which the guy killed his wife and child... Homeland Security put it on for a purpose...” Not!

October 10 (Saturday; scratching/ calls/ pictures of me)

My next recording is: “ut_dumpgrbge_10_10_09_538-654AM.WMA”: the TV was still on. The Rwanda Genocide on 5:00. On 8:30, I removed the barricade to my front door. “You woke up, it’s just somebody who shot his wife and kid... Homeland Security put such sickening movie on TV in order to build up a bad profile of you in the International Court... but they’re also telling you something... something scary will happen when you go home...” (10:30). Well, we shall see. And I went on and on while I smoked about how Homeland Security would orchestrate a law enforcement investigation: “... somehow you’ll be discovered to be a threat to others... or maybe just to build up a profile for the International Court...” On 20:40, I filmed my room before going out to dump the garbage (1:09 in the video). “... Homeland Security is orchestrating people’s identification of you, that’s what you need to watch out for...” When I was about to step out of my door, there was whistling, and so I went on about how Homeland Security might synchronize people’s whistling with my going out in order to make it look like I went out only in response to the “secret message”. On 25:10, I filmed as I stepped out (1:55 in the video): “... a female is getting into the taxi... it could be ‘me’ getting into the taxi, although I still have a long way to go...” On 26:00, I filmed again (2:17 in the video): “... you should have come out way earlier... this is all the garbage we need to dump...” And the neighbor came out at the same time as I did! Then a female came by scratching her nose, and I promptly filmed it (2:37 in the video). As I came onto the street: “... they are gonna scratch themselves... another guy scratched himself...” (4:30 in the video). I dumped my garbage into the trash bin on the street (4:52 in the video). And I mumbled about the people around: “They are watching me... there is a reason why they are watching me...” I kept on walking. And I went on and on about how people would scratch themselves when seeing me. “That lady scratched herself, but that’s not unambiguous” (6:05 in the video). Then, another lady got into a taxi (6:38 in the video). Then another one got off the van right in front of me. I came to my door and was now ready for the second round of garbage-dumping. On 33:45, I filmed this guy (8:03 in the video): “What was that guy doing with his hands?” I went upstairs to collect more garbage. “When you go home, there will be more operations... it can’t be Russia anymore, Russia couldn’t have survived all that evidence, it’s some other nation now...” Hardly! But I was just acting in any case. On 38:03, I filmed again (8:11 in the video). Onto the street and, on 38:50, I filmed again (8:30 in the video). “A lot of people have to witness me dumping garbage because a lot of heroin and crack cocaine and Russian-made spy equipment will be found in it. They will rumor ‘This guy, with his camcorder, dumping garbage... trash cans’... ‘We discovered something... I think it’s that guy who...’ Now this

¹⁰⁵ Reviewed until 9:00, and then from 5:21:00 onward.

guy is coming in for a reason...” I dumped more garbage into the trash bin on the sidewalk (11:03 in the video): “... I don’t feel like videotaping it anymore... we just have to trust the common sense that I don’t dump heroin and crack cocaine and Russian-made spy equipment into the trash can...” Then on and on about how one of the people getting into the taxi had to be me. More: “... in the past two months, there must have been a lot of intercepts showing residents talking about seeing this weirdo... in order to be intercepted... Look, she did scratch her face!” I was at my door on 14:35 in the video. I went inside and took a smoke break. Then, the third round. On 57:56, I started filming again (14:45 in the video). A child was sitting by the sidewalk right near my apartment: “Homeland Security told that little kid to sit on the street, so that he could ‘accidentally’ get into my video...” Then I accidentally dropped the trash bag and all the trash was scattered on the road, but I just left it all there (16:20 in the video). Then, another guy on bicycle scratched himself (17:15 in the video). Then, on and on about how all these people were trying to “accidentally” get into my video in order to make me into a “criminal videotaper”. And so I dumped more trash (20:21 in the video). I started filming again on 1:03:00. “People are staring at me!” On 23:52 in the video, you can see all the garbage I had left behind on the street corner. Then, another taxi passed me by, as if wanting to stop. “According to surveillance, I have just got on the taxi.” I was at my door on 1:07:20 in the recording or 24:44 in the video. I got angry because my backpack got caught up in the wheels of the cart. After I smashed the cart to disentangle it, the cart was broken. No!

My next recording is: “upld_brndvd63_10_10_09_659-742AM.WMA”: with the TV turned on. On 9:00, I was reading out loud an error message on my Toshiba: “Windows has made corrections to the file system.” On 16:00, Konqueror crashed on my Eee PC. “You turned on the TV, and somebody raped a 14-year old girl, and a father murdered his son...” On 30:40 – what did I mumble about the suit team? I was now changing the hard drive on my Toshiba in order to access my Ubuntu: I would make one last attempt to burn the new disc. Then, frustration when some plastic thing fell off my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “brndvd63_cleanroom_10_10_09_737-942AM_grndtime.WMA”: was I inside Ubuntu by now? On 9:20: “What’s going on? Homeland Security is playing with my...” On 14:30, I started Ubuntu on my Toshiba. On 23:00, continually: “What’s going on?” Then I found it. I inserted the new disc to get ready to burn DVD-62 on Ubuntu. On 28:50, I cried: “I don’t know what to do!” Then, the burning had started. On 40:20, I went to film the commotion outside: “The gas tank truck by the neighbor!” On 54:00, the burning had completed. I moved the source videos from the NTFS to the Ubuntu partition (56:00). On 1:12:10, the FTP transfer stalled on my Eee PC. The Internet was cut off too! But I was able to get inside my website even though the FTP connection was still down. “The strange thing that Homeland Security does! Something is gonna happen in the airport, this is not right... there is a reason why Homeland Security cut off my Internet to prevent me from uploading the recording of my sleeping last night” (1:20:50). Not. Then, the FTP connection was back on, but it was very slow. Then it stalled again. I switched the hard drive back on my Toshiba (1:26:00). I turned it on and inserted my pen camera. On 1:32:30, I was naming the latest pen videos. On 1:37:40, I checked the disc: “... it’s really burned...” And I checked “10_7_09_p2”. Again: “There must be a reason why Homeland security doesn’t allow me to upload this file.” Probably not! Then, on 1:51:00, I couldn’t save the Wireshark captures. Finally, I was all packed up on 1:59:30, and I filmed my room (24:58 in

the video). I had decided to abandon my contact lens solutions. I left the remaining trash by the door even though Russian-made spy-equipment could be found in it (!). Then my recorder fell off my pocket.

My next recording is: “bus_mng_atm_10_10_09_946-1206PM_grndtime.WMA”: I filmed my place one more time as I was ready to leave. “... these cigarette butts will morph into heroin...” (28:19 in the video). On 2:00, I filmed the content of my backpack (28:34 in the video), with one last counting of my DV tapes. “I don’t leave behind any DV tapes, but maybe one DV tape will be found in which child pornography will be discovered... I don’t know, that’s just what we do for America... I leave behind only my contact lens solutions, and you don’t know what will be found in this room... a lot of electronic gadgets and crack cocaine and documents... you’ll never get prosecuted for anything, but they’ll orchestrate a show in which law enforcement will get you for some other stuff...” On 7:40, I filmed again (33:23 in the video): “... this garbage will have to be left there...” And I was out of the door. “According to surveillance, I have already taken the taxi and gone somewhere...” I was now on the street. On 9:30, I filmed again (34:09 in the video). On 10:12, I filmed again (34:39 in the video): “... this guy is looking at me... that guy is scratching his head...” (36:00 in the video). Then: “... he put his hand over, pretending to pass me a secret message...” On 13:17, I came to Casa to return the keys. It’s Giovanni who received me.¹⁰⁶ On 13:47, once out, I immediately started filming (36:21 in the video). I shouted at Giovanni: “... you’ve got the key, right?” Then: “That guy is making a cellphone call over there... I’m still communicating even in this last moment...” On 16:55, I turned off my camcorder and then immediately turned it on again (39:20 in the video): “... my life is gonna end in a tremendous tragedy...” (41:05 in the video). Not quite. Then, as you can see on 41:46 in the video: “... that American woman, she’s gonna take pictures of me... I’ve got ‘spotted’, I’ve got ‘accidentally’ photographed, that feels so awful...” (19:30). So the Agency needed some last minute pictures of me in which I wouldn’t look quite like myself? Why?¹⁰⁷ Then I filmed again (42:30 in the video): “... that guy takes out his cellphone... did I just make another cellphone call? They are laughing at me...” (43:16 in the video). Then: “... that’s me making another call...” At the end of the video, you can see me arriving at the bus station. Then: “... why is this guy talking to me?” I thus moved to somewhere else where no one was around. On 28:00, I was on the bus. “This is a fake bus! When we get on the plane, it will be all fake, with all the Homeland Security actors and actresses...” (32:20). (I was most likely again exaggerating the suit team’s operation here.) As the bus moved on: “... the bus might break down... don’t expect it to be easy... mother and daughter, with a cellphone... they *will* make calls for me...” (38:00). And she did! Then, more calls. I became ever more convinced that all this was the suit team’s operation. (Again, exaggeration.) And then more calls and more scratching. (All that shall not be noted anymore.) On 56:50, the bus driver’s assistant came to collect money from everyone. Then another guy came up, and I got skeptical: “... they are purposely slowing down the bus...” (1:05:20).

¹⁰⁶ See “1_casakey_22-08-25.AVI”.

¹⁰⁷ There were three possibilities here. (1) Since I had a ticket for the Netherlands, “intelligence” had to be passed onto the Dutch authority that this “Lawrence Chin” didn’t look quite like himself but was probably his twin brother “David Chin”. (2) This had something to do with the Russian desire to open the “secret box” (the US global plan) deposited in judge Higgins’ chamber, i.e. to prevent it. But since the box was eventually opened anyway within the next few days or so, this last desperate attempt had clearly not worked. (3) Unless, of course, it was the Russians who took a picture of me on the 4th and today’s picture from the Agency was merely meant to “cancel out” that one.

Then: “... Homeland Security always does that, to make your life miserable... they are gonna harass you a little bit in order to produce intercepts, we just hope that our data will not be destroyed... that won’t happen until Miami...” (1:15:20). Wait till you see what happened!¹⁰⁸ On 1:40:30, I was off the bus in UCA Station. “... we’re looking for a place to dump this piece of paper about my chargers” – but I filmed it first with my pen camera (1:43:20). On 1:45:30, I got into a taxi: I had to hurry! I was about to be miss my flight! I changed into my sweater and so on in order to look different. Again, I kept counting the taxi driver’s scratching. On 2:07:00, when we had arrived at the airport, I tried to explain to the taxi driver that I had to use the ATM inside in order to fetch the money for him. As soon as I walked in, the lady in the shop took a good look at me: “I’m identified! That’s bad!” And I suddenly couldn’t remember my PIN! I had to open up my laptop to look for it. Just then, another guy came to use the ATM next to me: “Okay, his account will be confused with mine, there is nothing I can do!” And my Toshiba froze up just at this juncture. Finally, I obtained my PIN. And now there was a child standing behind me, and I almost burst into tears. “See, that’s ‘me’ using a bank account over there!” Finally, on 2:15:20, I paid the taxi driver. “Your banking information has already been erased, and so don’t worry about it.” I kept on mumbling about the bank account confusions. “That should save you the trouble of being harassed.” Again, as you shall see – not.

Thus you have seen me wasting two months counting people’s scratching their head and filming cable TV programs and computer-malfunctioning – and now such a waste of life is at last coming to an end! Get ready for the next act! For, while you as well as the Russians must have been bored in the past two months, what’s about to happen next would be momentous and history-making – and never boring.

¹⁰⁸ What I was really worried about is the possibility that the suit team might prevent me from getting on my plane on time in order to stall Russia’s victory, but of course I couldn’t say that. I thus made up this excuse that the suit team wanted to harass me a little bit as I was about to “finish my mission” for them.