

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How to own the world in seven months:

Part I:

“Nicaragua and the completion of a mission”

1.
The birth of a “mission”
C

“Je vous le dirai: Même dans le jeu où le règle est tel qu’il ne soit pas permis pour vous de gagner, il est toujours possible pour vous de gagner!”

The following records the details of the evidentiary process of the International Court of Justice trial over me between July 10 2009 and July 24 2009. These fifteen days, at the end of which Russia would be able to have the International Court of Justice establish my “terrorist conspiracy” with the United States against Russia, constituted the climax of these most crucial years in the history of modern Russia – and Russia’s first step toward recovery as a world-power after the disintegration of the USSR.

Recall that the International Court trial was now closed to observers from other governments which were not participating parties, and that, while the “lower court” judged Russia on the basis of the fake or mistaken evidences which the United States suit team had brought in, judge Higgins, in her “upper court”, judged whether the terrorist suspect (me) was conspiring with the United States to harm Russia, thus requiring the enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 in Russia’s favor. In other words: in the “upper court”, since the Russians had already submitted to judge Higgins a preliminary claim that I was conspiring with the CIA to harm Russia in violation of UN Resolution 1373, she was waiting for further evidences to justify a conviction of the United States for this “terrorist conspiracy”; the claim could not yet be substantiated, you recall, because I “escaped” SVR’s sting operation on July 9. Meanwhile, in the “lower court”, the United States and Russia were still deadlocked since the United States had to constantly prove its scenario was correct while the Russians had to constantly prove the United States’ scenario was incorrect – both sides forever using the same types of evidences. If Russia’s claim could be substantiated in the “upper court”, of course, the United States’ efforts in the “lower court” would all be canceled, and in fact become evidences for convicting the United States itself of conspiring with a terrorist suspect in violation of UN Resolution 1373. If Russia’s claim couldn’t be substantiated in the “upper court”, then the United States could still convict Russia through its efforts in the “lower court” (with its “David Chin” story). A third outcome, however, was also possible, but only dimly visible at this stage: if the United States could prove that I was secretly helping Russia to convict the United States in the “upper court”, then Russia would lose both in the

“upper court” *and* in the “lower court”, being *secretly* convicted of conspiring with a terrorist suspect to harm the United States (and thus suffering the same fate as China had) while being *publicly*, in the United Nations, convicted of sending David Chin to fraudulently convict the United States of violating UN Resolution 1373. As you have seen, the CIA had briefly employed this “third” tactic on June 19, but had failed. This tactic would emerge again soon. But the following two weeks would be mostly characterized by both sides fighting to maintain the deadlock in the “lower court” (with the United States trying to convict Russia for sending “David Chin” and Russia trying to avoid this conviction) while Russia attempted to fight back in the “upper court” by substantiating my “conspiracy” with the CIA.

The intensity of Russia’s resistance in the International Court of Justice had caused the United States suit team to respond with ever increasing amount of “operations” on me – the staging of my clandestine operations for foreign powers and criminal habits. This caused my documentaries of this period to swell tremendously in volume while degrading their aesthetic value. To ensure that the faulty surveillance Machine would always intercept *some other* ugly and criminal homeless vagrant in my vicinity instead of me myself, Mr former Secretary had directed his Department of Homeland Security to ship in an entire army of homeless vagrants into the neighborhood in which I was “active”. The chic Westwood Village had thus become the “land of vagrants”: there was a homeless vagrant wandering about in every corner of this university and rich neighborhood. Mr former Secretary had also mobilized all the emergency services in town to the fullest extent. All the police cars, ambulances, and fire trucks were called up, without reserve, to circle constantly around west Los Angeles blowing their siren and pretending to respond to emergencies. I shall, in the following diary entries, continue my count of siren – which, unfortunately, must at some point begin to exhaust your patience. Meanwhile, Mr former Secretary himself, and his cronies in the Department of Homeland Security, would ever more frequently circle about me in their limousines, both to watch me and to direct operations around me. I will have to count these too. Vagrants, siren, and limousines have thus become the most conspicuous figures in my recordings and video diaries for this crucial period in world-history. Of course, in accordance with his love for his “Homeland Security business”, Mr former Secretary of Homeland Security was filling up Los Angeles with vagrants, drug-addicts, and fake emergencies not only for his International Court case, but also must have felt tremendous pleasure in watching a city so explode with crimes, misdemeanors, and first-responders rushing about – even if these were all fake. Or, rather, it actually gave him more pleasure when all the social disruptions were fake, “artificial”, and staged by the government. It was his “dream city”.

A most frequent, yet boring, figure for which I cannot find excuses in the following is “text-messaging”. Nevertheless, I have to mention every instance of such sort because, even though such event is worthless in the real world, a person’s text-messaging near me could, in the secret world of the International

Court of Justice, very well cause a nation to be convicted and its government taken over by the United States. Again, what I'm doing here, the boring enumeration of seemingly insignificant daily occurrences, is a common symptom suffered by the so-called "targeted individuals".

Recall, finally, that the United States' strategy consisted in perpetually gathering the same evidences to verify the accuracy of the faulty surveillance Machine, and that, for this purpose, Mr former Secretary of Homeland Security had also had to ship into West Los Angeles and Santa Monica a large number of actors who had my characteristics, either dragging a luggage cart like me or wearing the same hat as I did. I would continue to wander about in a "wonderland" where everyone around me seemed to be imitating me under government's instruction.

What will make my documentaries for this crucial period interesting, however, is the increasing number of secret agents from diverse sources (CIA, SVR, Homeland Security, Nicaraguan intelligence service, and the United States' European allies) who will figure in them. There may even be secret agents from other nations which I have never noticed. You will get a more comprehensive glimpse into the obscure world of secret agents in this chapter than in anywhere else in the public domain.

LEGEND

Mr former Secretary: Mr former Secretary
of Homeland Security Michael Chertoff
CIA, or "Agency": the Central Intelligence Agency
SVR: the Russian foreign intelligence service
The "suit team": the United States team
Inside the International Court of Justice
Judge Higgins: Hon. Rosalyn Higgins
The Machine: the faulty surveillance Machine

July 10

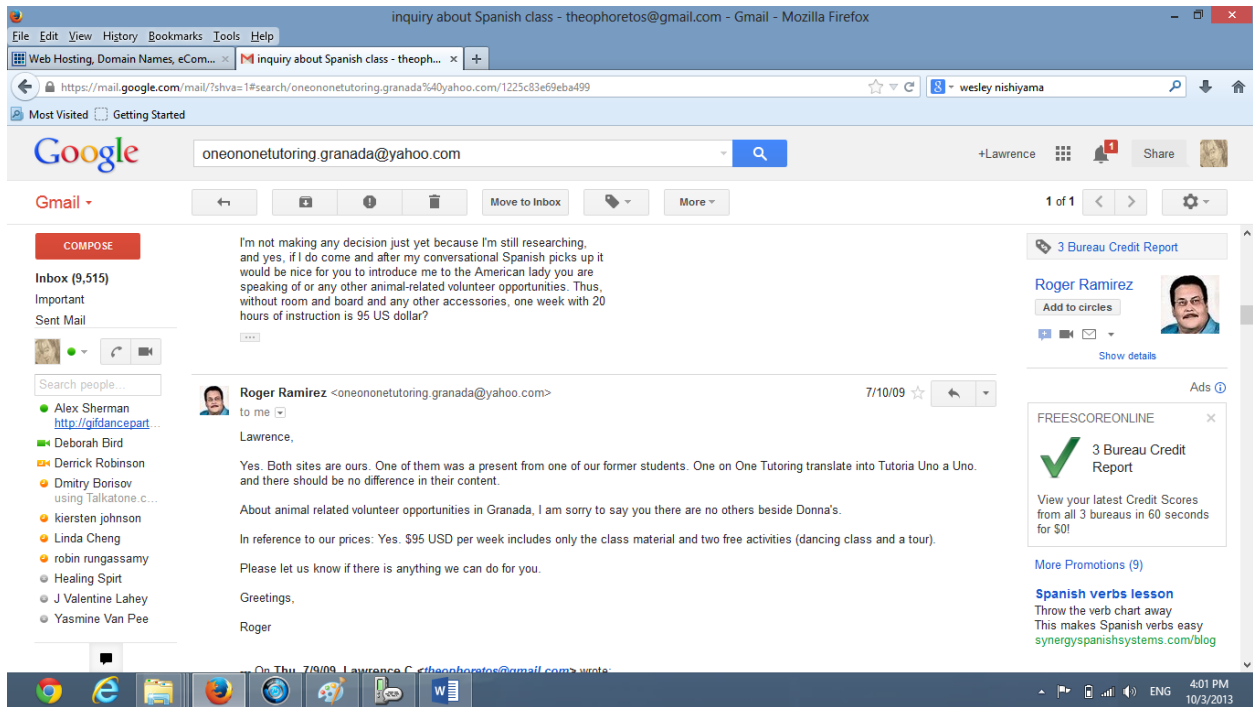
My video diary of the new day is: "7_10_09.wmv", and my first recording of the day is: "wk_ucla_med_restrm_strngr_txtmssg_7_10_09_838-10AM.WMA". I filmed myself waking up from my street corner in Westwood Village on 21:00 (2:25 in the video diary). Soon, the cleaning lady came and text-messaged (25:00). Again, she was instructed by Homeland Security to text-message something as soon as she should see me. More evidence to confirm Mr former Secretary's "David Chin" story in the "lower court". I came to UCLA Biomedical Center to have my morning coffee. On 1:11:00 I went inside the restroom. I thought naively that if I used the restroom in this Medical Center no one would rush in and knock on my door just to produce the impression in surveillance that I was using drugs and so on inside public restrooms. But Mr former Secretary immediately disappointed me by sending in one of his Homeland Security vulgar-looking kids to sit on the toilet next to mine and text-message (1:17:00). I became so horrified when I heard the tapping sounds from his phone's keypad that I ran out to use another

restroom. But his “mission” was accomplished: another piece of evidence showing me texting my drug-dealing buddies or foreign intelligence bosses had been collected by the United States (for its case in the “lower court”, of course).

My next recording is:

“[bus_nap_lib_nica_amer_wm_dble_call_aprt_brgr_to_psdn_7_10_09_957AM-7PM.WMA](#)”. I left the Biomedical Center and filmed another person text-messaging on 3:10 (3:16 in the video diary). Then, two women were speaking Russian near me (6:00). Suspicious! I then filmed another person taking pictures on 20:10 (4:00 in the video diary). Was he a surveillance agent working for the Russian side or was he working for the suit team? Massive siren on 22:30. I filmed myself using my new ATM card to withdraw cash on 24:20 (4:05 in the video diary). I would persistently maintain this new practice from now on – I was acquiring another strange, seemingly inexplicable habit – since I had become aware of the fact that the suit team had claimed in the International Court that I possessed a different bank account in which I hid large sums of cash. I then got on the bus. I noticed someone text-messaging on the bus on 31:00. I was probably “intercepted” again. I filmed the interior of the bus on 47:20 (6:34 in the video diary) – this was my new habit of intermittently documenting my surrounding even when everything was peaceful and quiet so that proof would exist as to where I was and what I was doing at all times. I then filmed myself getting off the bus in order to have proof that I had left nothing behind (7:26 in the video diary). I planned originally to work in a small coffeehouse in Santa Monica, but it was closed, and, meanwhile, two ambulances were lying in wait for me in an obscure corner and another woman was holding up her cellphone continuously in front of her. I filmed all this (51:30 and 7:59 in the video diary). Then someone else was making a cellphone call on 1:34:30. I was distraught because it seemed plainly impossible to find a place which offered both wireless connection and an electrical outlet while at the same time not providing the suit team with opportunities to send in actors to text-message near me. As for the perpetual presence of ambulances around me, I was never quite sure why Mr former Secretary wanted this, even given his absolute fascination with first-responders. I suppose it was because he had, at every moment, installed “doubles” of mine in every available hospital in all the neighborhoods in which I was active, so that, whenever the Russians weren’t looking, he could orchestrate faulty surveillance showing me taken to the hospital, upon which my “double” there would take over and let doctors and nurses discover on him Russian-made spy equipment, African cash, Latin-American crack cocaine, and proof that the “June 18 incident” was a Russian trick. (The judges of the “lower court”, remember, would have to admit the evidences even knowing they were forged.) I then got on the bus going toward downtown. After I got off the bus, I filmed an Asian girl text-messaging inside the Union Station (3:09:30; 9:15 in the video diary). I then filmed what seemed to be a surveillance agent holding an iPod and wearing earphones (3:17:20; 9:45 in the video diary). Again, I couldn’t distinguish whether he was working for the Russian or the American side, although “true surveillance” was, as a rule, a “Russian thing”. While on the Metro train, I noticed another suspicious woman holding some sort of instrument in her hand (3:19:45). Siren on 3:25:20. Coming to Pershing Square, I began filming a bunch of ambulances and police cars

which had congregated here pretending to attend to an emergency situation (10:05 in the video diary). I then filmed another person text-messaging (3:31:30; 11:20 in the video diary). I came inside the public library and filmed myself ready to work (3:45:20; 11:40 in the video diary). Soon, while I was publishing my video diary, I noticed that my “double” had appeared and taken up the table in front of me. It was again a worthless-looking young black male who made sure to also drag a cart and use a Toshiba laptop with Windows Vista so that the Machine could not help but confuse him with me. I began filming him on 4:28:40 (14:20 in the video diary). I would film him continually throughout my time in the library, such that I would have to eventually publish my documentary of him in a separate Windows Movie project: “[dble_plgrzng_7_10_09.wmv](#)”. This time my “double” was charged with the mission of pretending to plagiarize from the Internet – as you can see in the video diary, he was composing a Medieval religious love story by copying contents from various Wikipedia entries. I immediately realized what was going on: while I was on the bus last night, I wanted to make use of my time and make more progress in composing my “Government’s investigation of a schizophrenic”. Recall that, when I first began writing down the circumstances surrounding my flight to China – that was March 2008 – I wrote it down on paper, and then scanned the manuscripts as JPEG images. Then, last night, when I was riding the bus, I copied my draft in these JPEG images onto my Open Office document while a Russian surveillance agent was sitting behind me. My act gave the false impression that I was plagiarizing – even though I was copying content from my own manuscripts. Now, by sending in a “double” to imitate what I had done on the bus last night, Mr former Secretary could obtain another piece of evidence confirming the Machine’s accuracy – since I was “caught” doing the same thing again – while at the same time verifying his story about David Chin as a habitual copyright-violator. The purpose was of course to consolidate his case in the “lower court”.



Roger Ramirez's reply to me, July 10 2009

When I checked my Gmail account, I noticed Roger Ramirez's second reply to me. Here he mentioned for the first time that the Peace Corps lady's name was "Donna". I put up my "act" – in case the Russians were watching me right now: "They want me to meet with this American woman in Granada named 'Donna', the only woman there who helps animals" (5:35:30). I filmed myself leaving my table on 5:38:00 (24:35 in the video diary). Again, I was so angered by my double that I wanted to smash his head with a baseball bat until his brain matter fell out (5:39:00). Outside the library, I continued to make the same mistake by calling up another section 8 housing apartment manager whom I had located on Craig's List (5:56:30). Here was another piece of evidence in favor of the United States' claim that I wasn't really planning to harm Russia by flying to Nicaragua. I then filmed another guy who opened up his laptop behind me (6:00:00; 25:45 in the video diary). It was again a Toshiba laptop: it would seem that Mr former Secretary had demonstrated again that the Machine was accurate. However, since the man was Hispanic, he might very well be a surveillance agent from the Nicaragua intelligence. I would never know: knowing how the Americans ran the whole show, agents from the Russian side had begun imitating my "doubles" so that I would mistake them for suit team's agents, creating endless confusion for myself. On 6:15:30, I filmed another guy who, as soon as he walked past me, pressed a button on his cellphone (27:40 in the video diary). Again, I had no idea which side this man was working for. Then a suspicious black Cadillac with tinted windows appeared in front of me, with the license plate of 1ZZI819 (6:17:20). It was quite obvious that this was Mr former Secretary coming to check me out in his mobile fortress in response to my "stunt" from the past two days. Then, when I walked past the news stands on Pershing Square, I peeked into the headlines of both newspapers, "La Opinion" and "Los Angeles Times". Soon a Hispanic man carrying a bag came next to me and purchased a copy of "La Opinion" out of the news stands. I regretted my action infinitely, because I knew that the Machine must have confused the man with me and that Mr former Secretary had orchestrated this in order to obtain

another piece of evidence demonstrating I already knew Spanish well. I ate in a burger place (28:00 in the video diary), and, on 7:16:00, filmed the sixth police car which I encountered today while dodging its camera (28:12 in the video diary). I then filmed another person taking pictures and a police officer writing tickets to someone else (7:24:00; 28:36 in the video diary). After I got on the bus to go to Pasadena, I filmed another guy text-messaging (8:01:50). And then the Homeland Security surveillance agent who was sitting behind me (8:12:00; 29:15 in the video diary). I filmed another police car on 8:34:30 (29:50 in the video diary), and filmed myself getting off the bus and leaving nothing behind on 8:48:00 (30:10 in the video diary).

My next recording is:

“psdn_nap_truck_prvt_prty_prklot_kckdout_wamu_crnr_cll_ayi_mom_7_10_09_704-1048PM.WMA”. Now that I had arrived in Pasadena, I hid in a corner to take a short nap first. Soon, however, a pickup truck came to “spot me”. I noted down its license plate (21:45) and filmed it (30:25 in the video diary). The driver yelled at me: “This is private property!” (58:00) And so I got up and hid myself in the staircase of a parking structure near Zona Rosa to do my writing. Soon, however, a security guard came to “spot me” and throw me out. It was not clear to me if these people were ordered by Homeland Security to do this: it was just too much a coincidence. I filmed myself departing the parking structure and leaving nothing behind (31:50 in the video diary). I then filmed a guy making gestures at me from his car (1:50:00; 32:12 in the video diary). Angry with all these American people acting around me, I urinated on someone’s car. Meanwhile, a helicopter was circling above in the sky – as always (1:54:20). I was then “spotted” by a police car. Upset, I hid myself in a quiet corner behind the Chase bank on Colorado and Lake (2:18:00). I filmed my “new found corner” (2:21:30; 33:22 in the video diary). I would from now on frequent this deserted corner because it had an electrical outlet on which I could charge my laptops. While I was publishing my video diary on my Toshiba laptop, I began calling my family members (2:40:30). I called up my step-mother first (2:41:30) and asked her if I could stay at her house for a week. I truly needed a break from this tiring homelessness. But my step-mother declined. I then called up my mother on 2:43:40. I did something very significant – very smart – by asking her for her husband’s last name. My mother, unaware that I was tricking her, replied thoughtlessly: “Peter... Lawrence Peter” (2:44:20). She then specified that she did not want me to temporarily stay with her either. After that, she went into her habitual rambling about how I should “get a job”. I explained to her, again, that I could not find a job when I didn’t have an address. “It’s not like you don’t know that there is no possibility for me to find a job in this society... What name do I use?” I continued. “Your own name,” my mother replied. I tried to trick her again: “What is my own name?” Unfortunately, my mother noticed the trick and refused to say my name over the phone. She knew that, if she called me “Lawrence” over the phone, this would be intercepted into the International Court as evidence in favor of Russia’s case, not in favor of the United States’. Nevertheless, because she had spelled out her husband’s full name over the phone, the Russians would enter her admission into evidence in the International Court – and play the interception of this phone call in the United Nations Assembly itself. Finally, after all this time, those intercepts of my mother’s phone calls in which she had talked about a certain “Lawrence” and which the suit team had used as evidences to construct for me a different life-story than my real life-story were now discovered to be referring to another “Lawrence”. While the new ICJ judges in the “lower court” may have already been told to ignore the truth value of the evidences which the United States brought in, everyone in the United Nations would certainly be shocked. Satisfied that I had

fought back successfully again – I had bypassed my disadvantage, namely, that the intercepts of my conversation could only be entered into evidence in the ICJ, and heard by everyone in the United Nations, when my part in it was censored – I returned to my computer work, filming, meanwhile, every single person who happened to walk past this obscure corner: on 3:32:10 or 35:05 in the video diary, and then on 3:34:40 or 35:50 in the video diary. Despite my success, however, I would be continually angry with my mother for her enthusiasm in helping the government to erase my existence from human history without the slightest hesitation.

My next recording is: “[upld_recrd_behnd_wamu_7_10_09_1044-1158PM.WMA](#)”. I videotaped another Homeland Security vagrant who came near me on 4:00 or 36:20 in the video diary. While continuing to write my Supplemental Pleading, I muttered in anger: “I want to murder people... My only function in this society is to be a criminal foreign agent; it’s not an easy role to play...” (18:00 or so). On 22:50 I videotaped another person passing by (36:30 in the video diary). I felt compelled to videotape every single passerby because I theorized that, after I left this corner, the suit team would plant things around and those who had “spotted me” would be instructed to rumor about seeing me doing this or that so that, when the Machine’s intercepts of those things left behind and people’s rumor about having seen me were pieced together in the International Court, Mr former Secretary could argue that it had to be *I* who had left behind these things which he himself had planted. I then filmed the building in front of me on 36:00 because the light was suddenly turned off inside (38:05 in the video diary): even the janitor’s activities inside buildings alarmed me. On 50:00 or so I filmed my things just before packing them up (38:20 in the video diary) and then filmed myself again having packed up everything (57:00 and 39:00 in the video diary). What a tedious life-style, having to film every little thing I did. Yet it is necessary: you’ll never know if these worthless documentaries of yourself might someday be used in the International Court of Justice as evidences to save a country and yourself. I made another sarcastic statement on 1:00:00 or so: “According to my mother, I enjoy being homeless.” I was exactly correct about this: Mr former Secretary had added this characteristic to his story about “David Chin” as well. I also filmed the person who was sitting on the bench and watching over me from across the street (41:30 in the video diary). This man could, by the way, be working for the Russian side.

I changed to a different corner on the Colorado Blvd to sleep – because I thought it might be dangerous to sleep in the same corner every night insofar as this would make it easier for Homeland Security to prepare operations for me while I slept. But, even while I slept, I felt compelled to document my constantly orchestrated environment. Around 11:30 PM, I missed filming a limousine which rushed past me (41:50 in the video diary). Mr former Secretary or his Homeland Security cronies, no doubt. I then filmed two more women walking past me (42:35 in the video diary). Then, for inexplicable reasons, a car came to park next to me (42:50 in the video diary). The climax of all this commotion was however this, that, almost 1 AM, two beautiful women speaking Russian walked past me (43:27 in the video diary). I intuitively sensed that this was SVR’s signal to me. Although I hadn’t yet provided the required evidence showing me explicitly intending to conspire with the CIA to harm Russia, the SVR was encouraging me here by sending two agents to walk past me under the pretext of conducting surveillance on me. (Be reminded that Russians were rarely seen in Pasadena, let alone in the middle of the night.) This is the sort of difficult situation with which I had had to contend, however: the SVR’s “communication” was even subtler than MSS’ “Today’s weather is bad”,

etc. You have seen the “smile” from July 6. Now, simply two women walking and chatting – but then, such supreme degree of subtlety was required to avoid the communication’s being admitted into the ICJ as evidence for my conspiracy with the Russians. Then, take note of the siren on 45:50, and of another homeless vagrant (a Homeland Security masquerade?) on 46:50.

July 11

My first video diary of the new day is: “7_11_09_p1.wmv” and my first recording is: “wk_sabor_nica_txtmssgr_ask_flm_dble_angry_7_11_09_854-1041AM.WMA” (it was duplicated in: “dup_wk_sabr_nica_txtmssgr_angry_guy_prvke_me_7_11_09_841-1153AM.WMA”). I woke up almost 9 AM and filmed myself leaving my corner (4:20; first scene in the video diary). On 9:40 or so, at Zeli, I encountered my first “double” of the day, a guy using a Toshiba laptop (0:15 in the video diary). I had seen him before at this same place, when he was using a netbook like my Eee PC. I decided not to hang around in Zeli and walked instead to Sabor for my morning ice coffee. On 15:00 I filmed my surrounding inside the coffeehouse, noting especially a female who was text-messaging ferociously and continually (0:57 in the video diary). When I settled outside, this “bitch” was still text-messaging (22:00; 1:11 in the video diary). Again, her text-messaging so enraged me that I felt the urge to swing a baseball bat at her head. I then went online with my Eee PC to continue research on the apartment situation in Nicaragua. Again, although it was rational under normal circumstances to “compare deals” before settling on Casa San Francisco, because I was here acting as if I planned to abandon the CIA resource, I was doing great harm to Russia. Around 9:30 AM, however, my Internet connection was suddenly cut off, enraging me once more (2:56 in the video diary). I was only reconnected by 9:40 AM. On 30:00 I first filmed people flowing into the coffeehouse and then the “bitch” text-messaging still (4:26 in the video diary). Then I filmed another man – who had just come in – manipulating his cellphone inside the coffeehouse on 46:50 (7:48 in the video diary). I thought I was “caught texting my Russian boss” again; in reality, this man was probably running surveillance on me for the SVR team. I then filmed myself sending an email to Roger Ramirez telling him how I would love to meet with Donna (8:11 in the video diary). Now this was the kind of “right move” which would save Russia. Coming inside Sabor, I filmed, on 1:02:50, my new “double”, an Asian girl who, sitting with another Asian girl, was using a white color netbook indistinguishable from my Eee PC (9:25 in the video diary). Then I filmed her again on 1:08:20 because she was speaking Chinese (10:12 in the video diary). Evidently, she was MSS’ contribution to the United States’ case: here to help the United States confirm the “accuracy” of the Machine. At this time, another white guy walked in with a white girl. The guy was also using a Toshiba Satellite: the next person to be confused with me in surveillance and to confirm the accuracy of the Machine in the “lower court”. When I was leaving, he stared at me constantly, prompting me to stare back at him. He asked me aggressively, “Can I help you?” in order to provoke me (2:16:40).

My next recording is: “aprtmnt_dhs_bum_hrss_novel_7_11_09_1157AM-555PM.WMA”. I then got on bus 485 to go to downtown. Four girls got on the bus and began taking pictures in front of me. I became suspicious and filmed them (12:25 in the video diary). Then what looked like a Homeland Security surveillance agent came on the bus, ostensibly to watch over me (14:38 in the video diary). Although only the Russian side conducted “true surveillance” so that there was no reason why the suit team would send in surveillance agent to watch over me, this man, if he

really was a surveillance agent, simply didn't look like he was working for the Russian side. But one could never be sure. I filmed myself getting off the bus (12:55 in the video diary). On 17:30 or so, while walking, I muttered to myself sarcastically: "Hopefully heroin and marijuana will not be discovered in my hard drive and my DVDs... I would have to pretend to not know Spanish and to learn Spanish..." I walked inside a Korean-owned pho restaurant near my ancient apartment building (20:00) and immediately filmed the surrounding on 23:00 so that later environmental changes through Homeland Security operations may be measured (15:52 in the video diary). I predicted that someone would soon be text-messaging. It was thus no surprise when the Korean owner's daughter began text-messaging. I filmed her continually (from 16:00 onward in the video diary) – and felt that same urge to smash her skull with a baseball bat (until 31:10 or so). When she came to serve my table I asked her what she was text-messaging about. To meet a friend, she answered. Presumably, that meant that I would soon notice my "double" meeting someone – as you shall see presently. I filmed myself leaving the restaurant on 53:30 (17:15 in the video diary). On 1:04:50 I shared my wisdom: "Watch out when an American comes to you with a smile: that means he or she is about to stab you with a knife. The smile is to lower your defense." Then: "Everyone is confused, everyone is talking about a reality that does not exist... I'm sure when I get to Nicaragua I would run into the same thing, but at least I will have caused the ICJ induced-mental confusion to spread beyond the boundary of the United States." Then on 1:08:00 I got on bus 33 and a man who was already on the bus immediately began text-messaging. Then another man on 1:20:50. Another man text-messed on 1:26:20 or so (17:40 in the video diary). I have to warn you, again, that one of these men might actually be a Russian surveillance agent – I was no longer able to distinguish clearly who was working for which side.

I got off the bus on 1:30:00 or so. I wanted to visit the second section 8 apartment I had called earlier, simply to prepare a backup plan. Again, what seemed here to be rational action on my part was extremely detrimental to Russians' case, but I was as yet unaware of it. While waiting to transfer onto another bus, I began complaining again: I couldn't stop performing clandestine activities for foreign nations because I only have control over my own behavior, not my doubles'. Theoretically, I could use a baseball bat to smash my double's head, then I could at last stop performing clandestine activities for foreign powers; but I could only do that once, because after I have done it I would be in jail (until 1:32:40.) Then I filmed another police car which came right in front of me (1:33:30; 12:58 in the video diary). I was on the bus again by 1:40:00 (see 18:20 in the video diary) and got off the bus on Crenshaw and 63rd Street on 2:04:50 or so. As I walked into the neighborhood of the section 8 apartment I was looking for, I saw a black man walking and chatting with his buddy and carrying a pack of beer. It was immediately evident that he was my "double" since he was wearing the same kind of hat as I was (2:12:00; or 18:42 in the video diary). Again, the "accuracy" of the Machine was continually confirmed in the "lower court". I even filmed the apartment building into which he had entered with his buddy (19:40 in the video diary). I came to the apartment complex which I was looking for on 2:18:00 or so. The manager told me however that the room for rent was not a studio, and that the rental property I was looking for was probably another building round the corner. When I was leaving on 2:43:50 or so, I kept murmuring that I was "generating very bad surveillance intercepts". I was completely correct on this, given that a helicopter was now circling the sky above me (19:50). Soon I came back to Crenshaw and 63rd to wait for the bus going back to downtown. Meanwhile, Mr former Secretary sent in an extremely scary and criminal-looking man to

continually text-message next to me (from 2:55:00 onward; 20:05 in the video diary). Again, Mr former Secretary would use the Machine's description of this scary criminal to confirm, in the "lower court", that all the evidences so far offered about my criminal personality were correct. Then another homeless-looking bum came to harass me on 3:01:00. "Who do you work for?" he kept shouting at me (21:40 in the video diary). This bum went to talk to my "double" instead, and I continued to film them interacting. Meanwhile, police cars, ambulances, and helicopter were buzzing all around us (3:03:00 or so; from 22:10 onward in the video diary). It was easy to guess what was going on: continuing upon his staged show on July 8 – where I was supposedly engaged in gun battle with my rival drug cartel members in UCLA – Mr former Secretary was now using faulty surveillance to make my attempt to find an apartment in the Crenshaw and 63rd Street region look like another episode of my "drug war". Presumably, I came here not just to look for a room for rent. I met with my criminal buddy, drank beer with him, and then was shooting at our rival gang members. The hunt for an apartment had now become an exceedingly dangerous affair for me, since my travel by bus from place to place would, in surveillance, look like I was running around selling drugs and getting into contact with my fellow gang members.

I got on the bus on 3:07:00 to go back to downtown Los Angeles. While on the bus I filmed another police car on 3:22:50 (23:10 in the video diary). When I got off the bus on Venice Blvd (3:36:00), another police car sped past me (23:40 in the video diary). On 3:41:30 or so a Hispanic woman, dragging her teenage daughters, tried to pass me a flier. Alarmed that the Machine might intercept me receiving secret messages from Nicaraguan intelligence agents, I yelled angrily at her while filming the whole scene: "Don't touch me you fucking bitch! Fuck you! Fuck you!" (23:57 in the video diary) I then got onto bus 33 on 3:43:15 or so (see 24:54 in the video diary). Per Mr former Secretary's orchestration, a child would be screaming from 4:00:00 onward until the end of my bus ride. I got off the bus on Venice Beach (25:14 in the video diary). While I was walking toward Novel Café, on 4:43:45 or so, I fell into suit team's trap and videotaped a bikini girl who happened to be taking pictures of me and my surrounding: she smiled happily to me to confirm that I had been trapped (from 25:34 onward in the video diary). That is, Mr former Secretary, seeing that I filmed every single person who tried to take pictures of me, sent this bikini girl to take pictures of me knowing that I would respond by filming her as well – in which case I would at last conform to his profile of me as a "criminal videotaper". I was so enraged by this dirty tactic that I began kicking over store signs on the sidewalk (27:13 in the video diary). I walked into Novel Cafe on 4:50:00 and immediately videotaped the surrounding in order to keep track of the environmental changes that were about to occur (27:56 in the video diary).

Soon the suit team sent in a black hair pretty girl with her vulgar companion to continually text-message in front of me. I would film her continually. See the first scene of my second video diary of the day, "[7_11_09_p2.wmv](#)". Again, I got "intercepted". I began importing my latest video from my camcorder into my laptop, now that I had an electrical outlet available to me. Meanwhile, I called up the apartment building I was looking for this afternoon. Again, an extremely bad move since I was doing it in front of Russian surveillance. After insisting on knowing my name, the apartment manager gave me the correct address of the place. As you can hear on 5:17:30, I suspected immediately that this woman had been instructed by Homeland

Security to obtain my name over the phone in order for the Machine to intercept it into the International Court as evidence. I was being smart in not providing it, for the suit team's goal was evidently to obtain a piece of counter-evidence to contradict my mother's earlier confession about my name which, without doubt, was going around the United Nations assemblies right at this moment. On 5:21:00 or so I called up my cousin Steve to ask him if I could stay at his place for a week. He however replied that he was moving. "Are you selling your house?" "Yeah".

I called up my mother again on 5:36:00, this time to ask her to deposit 200 dollars more into my bank account to enable me to stay in a motel room for a few days. She complained angrily that she had very little money at this time and that "this would be the last time she would help me" because – thus she began talking about her non-existent reality – "the previous time when she deposited money I didn't use it on a motel room". She complained about how she had no idea what I was doing each day. "You have no idea?" I was sure she knew I was here busy committing treason and fighting the CIA and Homeland Security in the International Court of Justice. How could she not know this? But she asserted that I must be everyday wandering the streets aimlessly wasting my time. "Well if you pretend that you don't know what I am doing each day, then there is nothing I can say." "Okay, then, what are you doing each day?" "I stay in front of my computers," I answered truthfully, "working on my writing, my audio recordings, and my videos." My mother retorted that I kept doing things useless to others and that I was thereby "dragging others down the water with me." How so, I asked. Well, doing useless things means that I would need other people's financial support, she answered. That might be so, I said, but since everyone is required by the US government to harm me, it wouldn't be too much for me to ask for a little payment from each person. If everyone is harming me and helping me at the same time, then everything cancels out, doesn't it? "Oh, so who is harming you?" my mother asked me sarcastically. "Everyone," I answered. "Okay then, I would not need to help you since you would think that I would be harming you anyway," she said. She had of course been harming me too, so there was really no sense in arguing with her. "You asked me, and so I told you the truth, and if the truth makes you angry, then I take back what I have just said" (5:39:45). My mother then asked me again the futile question of what I "planned to do with my future". "If I tell you you'll get mad," I said. "Tell me." I told her that my *wish* was to escape to foreign lands where I could work and make friends, and that it was just a "wish" because it was almost impossible to realize it given US government's resistance. Just then a Russian surveillance agent came in to conduct surveillance on me. At first mistaking him for Homeland Security, I started videotaping him (from 1:12 onward in the second video diary). I hanged up with my mother on 5:43:40. "It's all a 'script': my mother is pretending not to know what I am doing each day, because Mr former Secretary's 'script' is that David Chin didn't tell his family members that he is secretly working for the Russian intelligence service" (5:44:30 or so). Although the Russians had just intercepted an unfavorable piece of evidence seemingly indicating that my family members were not acting, at least they just obtained this confession of mine asserting the contrary. "What am I doing every day? I make documentaries of myself... Why? Because no one cares if I have a life or not, I'm the only one who cares..." (until 5:46:50). I began carefully filming the Russian surveillance agent (from 2:22 onward in the video diary): he was not only using a surveillance laptop but was also manipulating a strange hand-held electronic device, evidently surveillance equipment. In addition, he was wearing dark sunglasses because he knew I would be videotaping him. Then I expressed my wish to murder the Homeland Security young couple who had text-messaged for me earlier (5:52:20 or so).



The Russian surveillance agent watching over me
in Novel Cafe, July 11 2009

My next recording is “[novel_imp_vid_7_11_09_550-615PM.WMA](#)”. On 6:20 PM, it was the United States’ turn; the Homeland Security young couple had left, and another “double” of mine appeared inside Novel Café to text-message ferociously (3:53 in the video). It was quite bizarre, I thought, for the Russian agent hadn’t yet departed. Apparently, since the United States was allowed to use the Machine’s barely intelligible text-based surveillance intercepts as “evidences” until Russians’ “clear and distinct” video surveillance indisputably proved their erroneous nature, Mr former Secretary wanted more “evidence” for my text-messaging to be “collected” concurrently while the Russians were disproving it, so that the two opposing evidences may, in a word, “cancel” each other out, thus maintaining the United States in the lead in the “lower court”. Meanwhile, I continued writing my Supplemental Pleading. On 4:35 in the video diary, you can see that, still not knowing for sure that this surveillance agent was Russian, I filmed him leaving, noting down his license plate as well (6:20 in the video). You can also see, on 5:25 in the video, that my Windows Movie Maker suddenly broke down, preventing me from importing my latest documentary to my laptop.

Finally, I would see coming to light the meaning of the Korean girl’s text-messaging this afternoon. Twenty minutes past 7 PM, Mr former Secretary at last sent in David Chin’s “Russian secret agent girlfriend” to chat, in my vicinity, with my “double” (a white guy this time) who would be confused with me in surveillance – all so that Mr former Secretary’s “script” about David Chin as having a Russian agent partner can be confirmed in this crucial hour. I began videotaping her from 6:30 onward in the video diary. Again, although merely average looking, this scantily clad brown-hair girl was a real, former Russian secret agent who was either caught somewhere or had defected to the Western alliance. Back inside the International Court house,

the Machine was at the moment accessing the databases of world's intelligence services and signaling that it had found a "match" in the SVR's database – leaving aside any mention that it was an *ancient* SVR agent who was no longer in the employment of the SVR. This was "evidence" that his "David Chin story" was correct, Mr former Secretary would be arguing, although everybody in the court house by now knew that the Machine was once again omitting crucial information "out of privacy concern". Note then on 8:10 in the video that another black man – with whom I was actually acquainted ten years ago when I was frequenting this coffee house – had come in carrying strange electronic devices, ready to be confused with me in surveillance once my "girlfriend" and my "double" had left. My "girlfriend" left with my "double" on 8:49 in the video diary, but she then came back around one last time with "me" on 9:24.



The fake Russian secret agent
whom Mr former Secretary sent in to play my "girlfriend"

On 6:54 PM, now that my "girlfriend" was gone, my new "double" began setting up his strange netbook in order for the Machine's surveillance to confuse him with me (from 9:45 onward in the video diary). At the same time he was charging a strange iPod device in order for the Machine to intercept me possessing strange "Russian-made spy equipment". On 10:55 in the video diary – it was 7:11 PM – another black man who used to be acquainted with me came in to talk with my new "double". I was not just caught using a set of specialized spy equipment; I was also caught getting in touch with another element in my wide-connections in the criminal underground world.

My next recording is:

"novel_cafe_rus_wm_byfrnd_dble_eee_wstwd_dnnis_strng_wm_pass_me_7_11_09_720PM.WMA". Meanwhile, I was getting extremely frustrated because my Windows Movie Maker could

no longer import video from my camcorder (11:08 in the video diary). I filmed myself leaving the coffee house on 54:30 (11:13 in the video diary). Again, I had to brush aside a Homeland Security vagrant: “Don’t talk to me, mother fucker” (59:30). Distraught and exhausted from walking, I rested on the street corner, and just then a limousine passed in front of me (1:11:00). It was Mr former Secretary, still upset with the development since July 8. Meanwhile, my “double” was sitting outside Novel Café with his strange Eee PC and other computer equipment (1:14:50). While moaning in pain, I got on the bus on 1:25:20 to go back to Westwood. I filmed two more girls text-messaging on the bus on 1:37:20 (11:59 in the video diary). Then, check out the scene from 12:10 onward in the video diary. A Homeland Security actor was continually digging into his bag, found a knife with which to poke at a can, and then was writing on a plastic cup – I could not understand what he was doing. He finally ended up text-messaging. Through him Mr former Secretary must have obtained another piece of evidence supporting his story about some strange and disgusting habit of David Chin, except that I could not tell what it was this time. When I got off the bus in front of the UCLA Medical Center on 1:57:00, a Homeland Security drunkard who, per suit team’s instruction, got off the bus with me, and then made sure to urinate on the street (1:57:30; 15:08 in the video diary). Since I frequently urinated on the street myself, the Machine’s confusion of this “federal agent” with me was another piece of evidence for the United States in the “lower court” demonstrating its supreme accuracy. This drunkard then stood by the sidewalk to harass pretty women who were walking past and other pedestrians (16:16 in the video diary). Again, to confirm David Chin’s supposed frequent drunken behavior. Walking into Westwood Village, I then filmed a group of passersby who were speaking Russian (2:08:00; 16:55 in the video diary). Russian-speaking people were rare sights in Westwood, and, given the circumstance of the International Court trial, this was definitely suspicious. Which side, though? I came to Denny’s to have dinner (2:12:00). Because there were too many people inside the restaurant, I sat outside in the patio instead – to avoid being confused with any one of them in surveillance. I would be burning source videos for my video diaries onto DVDs and deleting them in my hard drive in order to save more disk space. Then, a Taiwanese girl came to make phone calls near me, talking loudly in Chinese (2:21:00). She was talking about her flight schedule (2:25:00). Given the ferocious lawsuit in the ICJ at the moment, I rightly suspected that she was a Taiwanese intelligence agent charged with the mission of enabling the Machine to confuse her phone call as mine. (Since Taiwan was also the “victim” of MSS’ terrorist conspiracy with me, it was permitted by judge Higgins to participate in the United States’ faulty surveillance system to benefit itself.) In which case, the suit team simply needed more evidence demonstrating that I was going somewhere else than Nicaragua, so that Russia’s claim of my conspiracy with the CIA could not be substantiated. (This was evidence for the “upper court”.) When I was filming myself packing up and leaving, a Russian old lady suddenly walked past me saying “Thank you” (2:56:00; 17:21 in the video diary). She was obviously sent here by the suit team to produce another piece of evidence showing me meeting with my fellow Russian intelligence agents. Someone then took a picture of me on the street on 2:59:00. For which side? I came to Ackerman to do a bit more writing (Supplemental Pleading) and so on – unfortunately, I had to run into another person using a Toshiba laptop (3:59:30). In order to prove the Machine’s accuracy, Mr former Secretary was filling up my environment with hundreds of Toshiba laptops and Eee PC netbooks – so that the Machine would always confuse someone else’ laptops with mine. Finally, I filmed myself ready to sleep on 4:06:00 (18:19 in the video).

Not so fast. On 12:24 AM, a limousine came in front of me to allow the VIP inside to study me (18:48 in the video diary) – this homeless person sleeping on the street corner. Mr former Secretary was very, very angry: he had been expecting to convict Russia a second time; instead, Russia was now ready to convict him! And of course, there was a Homeland Security vagrant sitting on the bench across the street from me so that the Machine’s accuracy could be continually confirmed (19:50 in the video diary). Around 1:40 AM, this vagrant suddenly hid himself inside a cardboard box, putting up the act that I was, as a “criminal videotaper”, threatening him with my camcorder (20:15 in the video diary). My perpetual confusion with this piece of trash in surveillance was making me very uncomfortable; thus I went to sleep in a different corner in Westwood Village. Then another police car came past me to “spot me” (21:36 in the video diary).

July 12:

My video-diary of the new day is: “7_12_09.wmv” and my first recording of the day is: “wk_2_hspnc_iso_rstrm_abut_erina_bus_dhs_racial_mtl_7_12_09_953AM-1209PM.WMA”. I woke up, and noticed two Hispanic guys had been talking for a long time right in front of me, probably to be confused with me in surveillance (until 2:50). I filmed them (the first scene in the video diary). I then filmed myself leaving my corner so as to have proof that I did not leave anything behind – I even cleaned up all the cigarette butts I had smoked (9:50; 1:42 in the video diary). “Getting ready for another miserable day,” I said to myself on 10:50 or so. I found, and filmed, an empty beer can abandoned on the street (12:20; 2:47 in the video diary). This was obviously left behind by those two Hispanic guys (Homeland Security actors) in order for the Machine to confuse it as my work. I came to Starbucks for my morning coffee and Internet-surfing and sat in the patio. Siren on 26:00. On 33:00 another police car came circling around. I theorized that police cars kept circling around, in concomitance with the vast number of vagrants who had appeared in Westwood Village, so that, when the residents complained about the mess which these Homeland Security vagrants had left behind and the police responded to these complaints, surveillance might falsely attribute the mess to me, solidifying Mr former Secretary's false profile of me in the International Court. Then a limousine appeared on 37:40 (3:21 in the video diary), with a license plate “1 Apple”. This was routine by now: Mr former Secretary had to look at me at least once a day from the darkness of his mobile fortress. I walked away from the coffee place and spotted another vagrant on 44:00 or so. I sneaked into ISO on 50:00 to use the restroom, and saw that Irina was working in the counter. I videotaped the restroom on 59:00 or so and then on 1:00:30 as proof that I did not make any mess here (from 5:42 onward in the video diary). After I exited – carefully avoiding Irina – I complained again that the suit team just wouldn’t provide me with a fake female Russian agent as my partner so that I might escape loneliness. I walked to Westwood Blvd and was waiting for the bus. Just then another police car rushed past me (6:52 in the video diary). Then on 1:11:40 or so a woman walked past me asking another black man wearing the same hat as I did where the supermarket “Ralph” was – she was obviously pretending (7:30 in the video diary). Though this was obviously staged by the suit team to produce a piece of evidence showing me doing something bad, but what? When I got on the bus on 1:13:00, I immediately had to videotape a girl text-messaging (7:54 in the video diary): since she was dragging along her luggage, she was definitely here to be confused with me in surveillance. Then, a bum wearing a hospital gown, obviously a Homeland Security “federal agent”, was shouting racial slurs throughout the whole bus ride, seemingly trying to provoke me.

I filmed him with my Toshiba's webcam (8:32 in the video diary). He was shouting something about his experience in the Vietnam War and using racist language to refer to the Vietnamese, even though he was obviously lying since he wasn't old enough to be a Vietnam War veteran. Immediately after I got off the bus near Venice and Sepulveda, I videotaped another Homeland Security vagrant who walked past me (1:33:40; 10:53 in the video diary). Now, I came here because I was planning to check into a motel today: I urgently needed another break from my tiring homelessness. When I walked into a store a man yelled at me about not touching his stuff. I bought my sandwich in Subway and, as you can expect, two police officers soon appeared in front of me (11:36 in the video diary). A man – Homeland Security actor – began talking to them about “mental condition” and “psychiatric help” or some such thing. This conversation was obviously staged by the suit team so that the Machine could pick up another piece of evidence supporting the “David Chin” story in the “lower court”. I went outside to eat my sandwich, squatting in the corner of the parking lot, in order to avoid any law enforcement officers and confusion with other people in surveillance. I filmed the police officers' vehicle on 11:53 in the video diary.

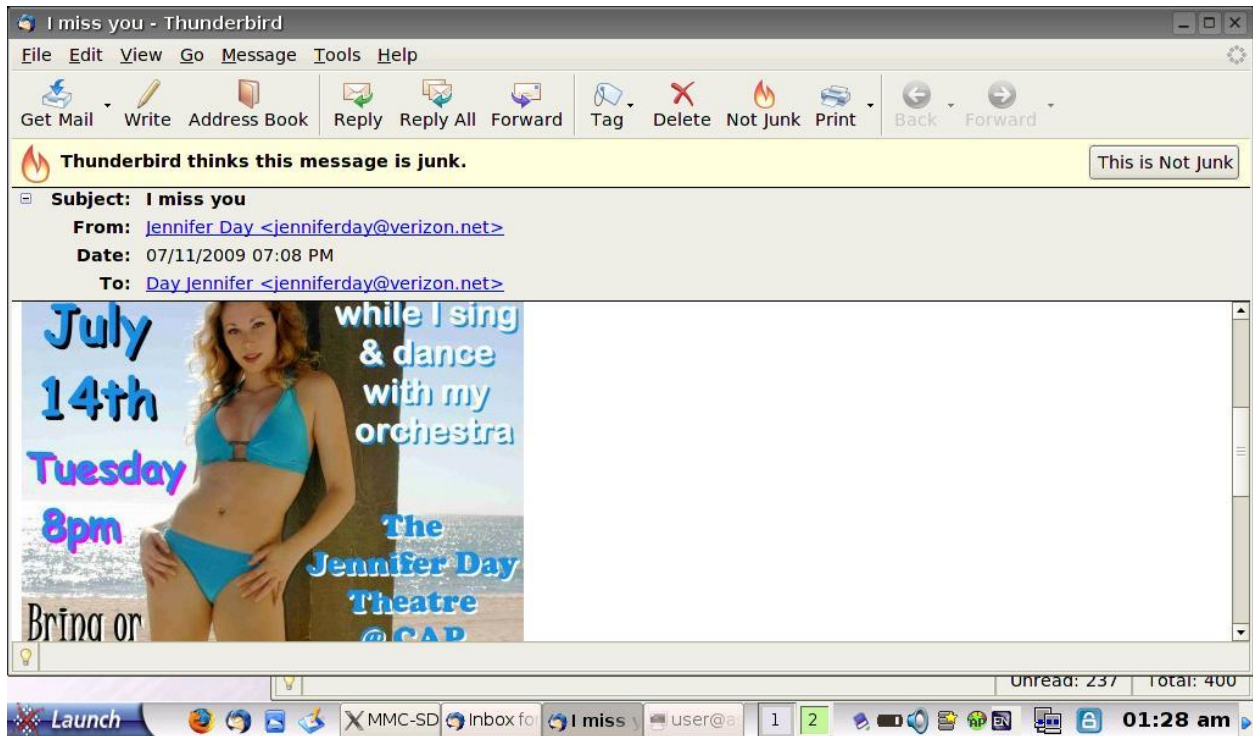
My next recording is:

“[mtl_rm_plce_no_wrlss_brdrs_eml_read_grnda_dnnn_7_12_09_1205-.WMA](#)”. I then saw the same Homeland Security vagrant who was earlier shouting racial slurs on the bus sitting with another Homeland Security vagrant near the intersection (12:00; 12:23 in the video diary). The other Homeland Security vagrant actually waved at me. I supposed he was just trying to produce evidence indicating that I was being greeted by my fellow criminals from the underground. When I was about to check into the motel I had inquired about, I saw a police car parked next to it and another police car entering the motel parking lot behind me (29:00; 12:39 in the video diary). It was obvious that the suit team had just staged another disturbance in the motel where I was planning to stay in order for the Machine to attribute it to me, and so I walked further down Sepulveda to find a room in another motel. As soon as I came inside the motel room, I filmed everything in the interior (31:00; 13:06 in the video diary). As always, I put up an act in my recording here and there: “The suit team is trying hard to drive me to Central America” (37:45). I quickly set myself to work by getting online with my Eee PC. Around 1:19 PM (59:00), my wireless Internet connection was suddenly shut down (13:57 in the video diary). I had to wonder whether it might be Mr former Secretary who had ordered his Homeland Security thugs to block my Internet connection: perhaps the Machine was in the process of confusing my neighbor's online activities with mine. I decided to go to Borders Bookstore, both to use the Internet and to look up more information on Nicaragua from the variety of travel books there. I filmed myself ready to go on 1:07:00 – preserving proof that I had left nothing behind inside my motel room (15:21 in the video diary). I came to Borders by bus by 1:40:00. I predicted that the alarm would sound when I entered, but it didn't this time. My perpetual task in any public places was always to avoid children and find electrical outlets for my laptops. I hid myself in an obscure corner of the bookstore to avoid people and to use the electrical outlet, and I filmed myself (17:00 in the video diary). I began checking my emails. Roger Ramirez had replied me, telling me about the payment method for his school.¹ Out of stupidity, I wrote a very damaging reply to him:

¹ So he said: “Payment for classes is done once the first day of class is over. This way, you will know if what we offer is what you need and want. If you do not like how we work, you just pay for the day. If you enjoy the way we do things at our school (which I am sure you will), you will pay for the whole week of classes.”

Thanks for the response. I'm sorry to trouble you with one more question. I don't seem to be able to find any apartment advertisements in Granada on the internet, making it hard for me to make a decision, and then I read on an online post that the good apartment ads in Granada are rarely found online, but are only found in local classifieds or by word of mouth. Is that true? Is apartment (at least short term) easy to find if one can only start looking for them upon arrival? Do you need to register or anything like that even for renting a short term apartment, like a couple of months?

Again, it sounded as if I was planning to abandon CIA's resources in Casa San Francisco. The United States would quickly use this email as evidence in the "upper court" to support their claim that I had in fact no intention of conspiring with the CIA to harm Russia and to request that judge Higgins dismiss Russia's claim of "conspiracy" – which was allowing Russia to hold down many of CIA's resources. The commanding SVR officer must be increasingly nervous: he couldn't understand why, after making such a good start, I seemed to be avoiding substantiating the claim of conspiracy he had already submitted to judge Higgins. I was then surprised to discover an advertisement email from Jennifer Day. She hadn't sent me one of those for a long time. This was a message for sure – now that the United States was suddenly on the path of getting convicted as a terrorism-sponsoring state – and the CIA as a terrorist organization – the Agency was begging me *not* to go on this "mission to Nicaragua". Coincidentally, Jennifer Day had scheduled another concert performance on the 14th, and so the Invisible Hand instructed her to send me an advertisement as a hint. (Obviously, nobody was expecting that a homeless person like me would actually show up on her concert.) Again, I filmed myself and my surrounding when ready to leave my corner, proving that I had left nothing behind (17:38 in the video diary). Now that I was done with online work, I went to the bookshelves to read about Granada in travel books. I was amazed when I actually found a certain "Donna Tabor of Granada" in one of those books, wondering if this "Donna" was the same "Donna" to whom Roger Ramirez was trying to refer me (2:22:30; 18:00 in the video diary). If it was the same "Donna", then this "Donna Tabor" was actually a CIA agent. (I apologize for having exposed another CIA agent to you.) I left Borders on 2:36:00. Then a guy and a girl suddenly crossed path with me in the quiet neighborhood I was passing through, getting me extremely suspicious (2:46:00; 18:15 in the video diary). While on the bus going back to Venice and Sepulveda, I was met with another strange man using some strange electronic equipment (3:01:30). Again, David Chin was caught using his bizarre spy-equipment while under the Machine's surveillance. I filmed myself getting off the bus and leaving nothing behind on 3:11:00 (18:45 in the video diary). No sooner had I come back inside my motel room, I filmed it (3:19:00; 19:19 in the video diary). By comparing the arrangements of things when I left and when I came back, I could tell if Homeland Security had sent in agents in the meantime to plant things in my room to frame me.



The advertisement email which Jennifer Day sent me on 7/11/2009

My next recordings are: “[mtl_7_12_09_522-607PM.WMA](#)” and “[mtl_vid_prob_l_suspcius_tv_7_12_09_603PM-147AM.WMA](#)”. I now had the comfort and quietude to edit my video diary and so on. But, soon, the suit team sent in two actors – again, extremely vulgar-looking bums – to pretend to shout profanity loudly in the motel’s reception office (25:00 in the first recording; 20:56 in the video diary). Thus, Mr former Secretary’s story about David Chin as a perpetual public nuisance was confirmed again in the “lower court”. Meanwhile, in my motel room, I began importing videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba Satellite while leaving the TV turned on. On 37:20 I saw on the news that our Secretary of State Hilary Clinton was wearing a cast for her supposedly broken arm! I was shocked: recall that, just in the past month, I had been conducting my video survey of the number of “Homeland Security” broken arms and broken legs I would have to encounter in each single day, and that I had already seen Ms Sotomeyer – obviously under Mr former Secretary’s instruction – pretending to hop around with a broken leg. Now this Michael Chertoff was even able to order Hilary Clinton to do the same! His fascination, not just with medical emergencies, crimes, natural disasters, and terrorist attacks, but also with perpetual accidents and broken things and bodies, truly stunned me. Now, I was also paying close attention to who was checking into this motel and who was leaving, filming anyone who was slightly suspicious (22:00 in the video diary). By 44:00 I had switched to a cable channel showing “Air Force One”. I changed the channel on 1:06:30 in order to avoid watching “sensitive” movies (Mr former Secretary might make something out of this random action movie in the International Court of Justice). But when I switched to CBS news (or was it NBC news?) it just happened to be reporting something about the CIA, the Delta Force, and Bin Laden. I tried to avoid what for Mr former Secretary must be fascinating topics for he was in the process of projecting his sick interests onto me through the International Court of Justice. When I switched the channel again on 1:11:00 or so, I would hit upon another news program about murder. I began finding all these TV programs very

suspicious: were they all staged by Mr former Secretary in order to create evidences in support of his story about me as David Chin? On 1:30:00, when I had settled on PBS, the discussion was about Michael Jackson. As you shall see, my suspicion that my TV programs were being “dictated by the government” would turn out to be well-founded: unable to produce evidences out of me if I just hid in my room all day long, Mr former Secretary resorted to instructing all the TV stations to show only those programs which it would be in the nature of “David Chin” to watch – so that, as long as I turned on the TV, the Machine could intercept me doing *something* which would prove that Mr former Secretary was correct about me after all. On 1:59:00 or so I filmed myself and all the things I had in my room, getting ready to buy food outside. I then filmed myself leaving my room, all packed up and leaving only my blanket in my room. On my way (2:14:00) I saw a black guy wearing earphones. Surveillance? For the Russian side? I came back to my motel room with my food on 2:23:30 or so, filming myself all the way. I continued importing videos while checking every channel on TV. Everything was about terrorism and so on and I could find no romantic comedies anywhere. After some switching around, I settled on the movie “Red October” on TNT. “See, they don’t show anything normal. It’s either terrorism, or gang-bangers, and now this...” (2:58:50 or so). Then I finally found “Desperate Housewives” somewhere. On 3:37:00, the importing of the videos had again failed. I was mystified; I concluded that it was, not because Mr former Secretary had ordered his Homeland Security thugs to interfere with my computer activities, but because the DV tape had been taped over too many times. I had to re-import the video in AVI file format using Nero 7. This would result in a very large file, and the audio would go out of sync with the video by about 20 to 30 seconds. Switching the TV around, I found another movie with the CIA as its theme (7:00:00). It seemed to be about how a CIA officer was fired from his job for drinking problem! After working on my laptop writing and editing video diaries all night long, by 7:30:00 I was ready for bed. I packed up everything inside my bag, used it as my pillow, and then videotaped all this (7:39:00 or so; 23:04 in the video diary). As you know, this had become my habit: fearing that Homeland Security agent might sneak into my room and touch my things when I slept, I put everything of importance under my head so that, if anyone tried to touch it, he would have to awaken me.

What I had not figured out just yet was that, after the possibility of the United States’ conviction as my terrorist conspirator was invoked, one of the tactics upon which Mr former Secretary and the CIA had decided was to create evidences indicating that I was really trying to defect to Russia’s ally under the cover of wanting to hurt Russia – just as I had supposedly done in 2007 in regard to China. Since the movie “Red October” was about the tricks which the Russian submarine’s commander had played in order to defect to the United States without anyone detecting his true intention, Mr former Secretary would advance the argument in the International Court – in the “upper court”, that is – that the fact that I was watching this movie in my motel room was evidence that I was playing a trick to conceal my real intention which was to defect – recall that I supposedly always liked to watch movies which reflected myself in some way. In this way, the United States could hope to defeat Russia in the “upper court” – proving to judge Higgins that it was in fact Russia which was conspiring with the terrorist suspect, under the cover of framing the United States for conspiring with him – and thus convict Russia *secretly* for violating UN Resolution 1373 while *publicly* for sending David Chin to falsely convict the United States of violating UN Resolution 1373.

July 13

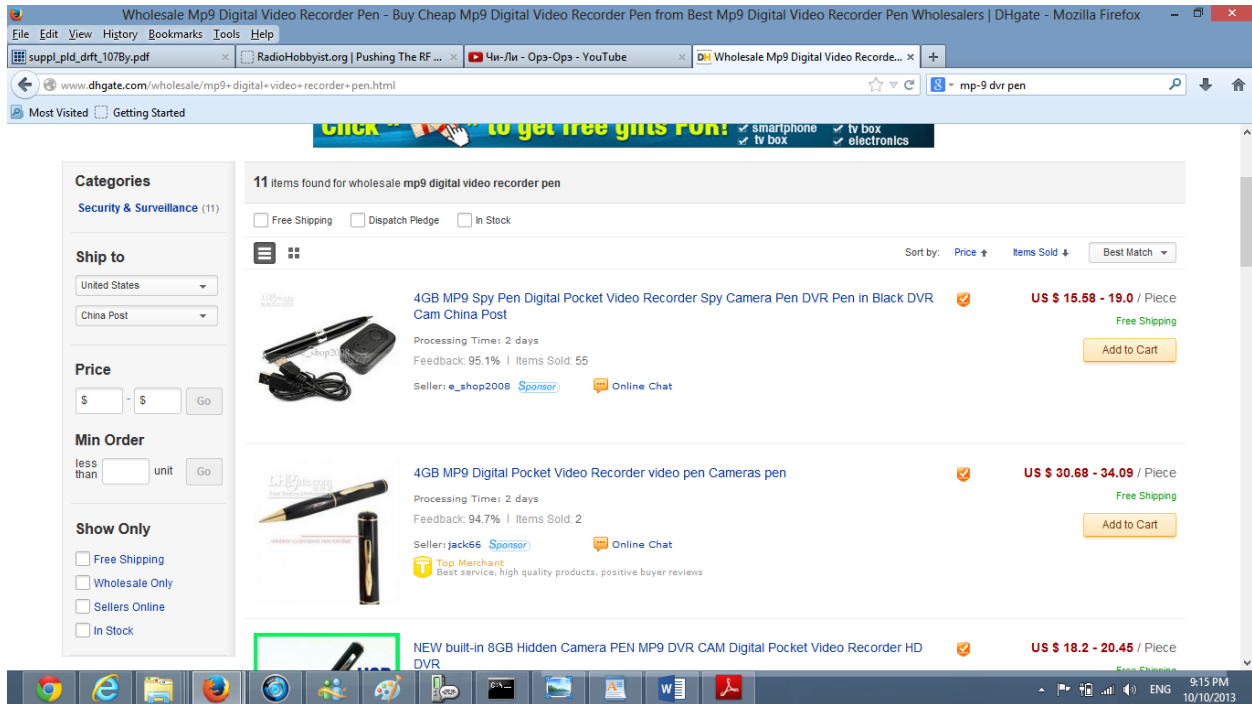
My video diary for the day is: “7_13_09.wmv”, and my first recording is: “wk_shwr_chkout_mtl_vgrnt_bus33_7_13_09_912AM-1251PM.WMA”. After I woke up, I continued for a while importing my videos, and then, by 37:00, was filming myself getting ready to buy my morning coffee (the first scene in the video diary). I remembered to instruct the motel manager not to send in anyone to clean my room (39:00). I bought donuts, cigarettes, coffee, and was back in my motel room by 54:30. Note that the TV news was reporting on Obama’s trip to Africa (1:03:00). Evidently, Dick Cheney had planned Obama’s African trip expecting his protégé to have succeeded, by this time, in convicting Russia’s African friends also of sending David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin; now that the conviction never came, Obama nevertheless had to continue the trip as was originally planned. I took a shower on 1:24:00. Note the siren outside on 1:25:00. Finally, on 1:56:00, I was ready to check out. I filmed myself and the motel room meticulously: 1:22 in the video diary, just before packing up; 1:42, leaving, and making proof that I had left behind absolutely nothing anywhere in the room. On 2:00:50, I filmed the dirty vagrant whom Mr former Secretary had planted in the room next to mine (3:35 in the video diary). I had to wait for this “federal agent” (a typical piece of human trash which, absent the necessary extermination camps, now congregated inside the Department of Homeland Security) to leave before I could leave – for fear that he might leave behind abundant trash in order for the Machine to confuse his trash as mine. I then accidentally dropped my third camcorder; it was now definitely non-functional. In order to avoid the Machine’s transforming any foodstuff I had dumped into the trash cans inside the motel room into something else (like “Russian-made spy equipment” or “Latin American crack cocaine”), I carried all the empty food packaging with me and filmed myself dumping it into the public trash can on the sidewalk (2:09:30 or 4:03 in the video diary). I had made particular plans for this afternoon, and so I came to the 33 bus stop to wait for the bus going to downtown. Immediately when I sat down, a man came to sit next to me and began playing with his cellphone (5:03 in the video diary). I assumed at the time that it was just another Homeland Security agent text-messaging on my behalf in order to create another piece of evidence for my secret communications; but, in reality, he was probably a Russian surveillance agent filming me with his surveillance cellphone. Back in the Homeland Security control center, you can just imagine how nervous the SVR commanding officer was, now that I seemed increasingly ambiguous about carrying out my “mission”. I got on bus 33, and siren on 2:49:30, and then the guy sitting next to me began text-messaging (2:53:45). After I got off the bus in downtown, a Mexican man walked past me carrying four packs of beer (3:23:00). Well, he was evidently sent here by the suit team so that the Machine could continue to intercept me drinking large quantity of alcoholic beverage in accordance with David Chin’s alcoholism. Now, my “particular plan” was to visit a spyshop in Torrance – the same spyshop I visited in December last year, “Spybase” – in order to buy a new pen camera to replace my broken one.² To avoid Homeland Security’s meddling, of course, I had so far made no signs which might indicate that I had such intention, and had to check out Torrance Transit

² See the shop’s website: www.spybase.com.

bus' schedule only just now. Soon, a homeless man dragging a cart came near me, picked up trash from the street, and thanked me (3:26:20). Mysterious? Well, it was just another "federal agent" sent here to enable the Machine to intercept me "receiving secret instructions from my criminal buddies or fellow drug dealers". I got on the Torrance Transit bus 2 on 3:33:00. No sooner had I sat down than I began filming to take account of the composition of the bus (3:35:10; 5:52 in the video diary). There were then only two persons on the bus.

My next recording is: "[trrnce2_twms_mn_pss_nwsppr_drvr_buy_pencam_7_13_09_1255-508PM.WMA](#)". Within twenty minutes, as you can expect, the bus was full-house (6:17 in the video diary). The bus was filled up with either Mr former Secretary's actors or Russians' surveillance agents. A woman then appeared in front of me carrying luggage with LAX tags on it: the suit team had just picked up more evidence showing me intending on going elsewhere than Nicaragua – evidence which judge Higgins in the "upper court" would have to admit as valid as a matter of enforcement of UN Resolution 1373, insofar as Russia's claim had not yet been substantiated. Another twenty minutes later, a pair of twin sisters suddenly appeared to sit behind me. It was obviously Mr former Secretary's operation. I wanted to film them, but, because they were teenage girls, I was hesitant about pointing my camcorder in their face – which was why Mr former Secretary decided to use teenagers rather than adults as my "doubles" (6:37 in the video diary). The purpose of this operation was pretty clear: back in the International Court the Machine was printing out: "Two persons looking exactly the same are sitting together inside the bus which the subject is earlier seen entering." Mr former Secretary would then argue that, since I was known as David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin, the most plausible explanation for this vague description was that I was meeting with my twin brother Lawrence on the bus. The judges – in the "lower court" – would have to agree, and rule that it was another piece of evidence confirming that the United States' scenario was correct. At the same time, however, another guy was standing in front of me looking attentively at his cellphone. This might be a surveillance agent working for the Russian side. This meant that contrary evidences were canceling each other out back in the court house right now: the Russians once again proved that the most "plausible explanation" was the mistaken explanation. I got off Torrance bus 2 and transferred onto Torrance bus 7 to go to my destination. On 1:52:00, a Homeland Security bum got on the bus and passed the sports section of a newspaper to the bus driver. I was very alarmed, for I knew that the Machine had just intercepted me receiving secret messages from a Russian secret agent under the cover of exchanging newspaper. When I first got on the bus, there was a chubby white woman wearing a pair of surveillance sunglasses to conduct surveillance on me (for the Russian side), but she had got off the bus before the newspaper changed hands. Strangely, she got on the bus again after the newspaper incident. It was quite clear what was going on. Just as in April, the Russians could only conduct surveillance on me under the pretext of "protecting their diplomatic service"; for this reason, they could not keep their surveillance on me 24/7 – they would have to evacuate from time to time the Homeland Security control center which they were renting. Once the consulate protection service got news that the Machine had just intercepted me receiving secret messages – of course Mr former Secretary would only send in his actors when the Russians were not watching – they quickly sent their surveillance agent back onto the bus.

I arrived at Spybase (Sepulveda and Anza) and bought the latest version of the pen camera variety, a 4 Gigabyte “MP-9”. I quickly went inside a Teriyaki fast food restaurant across the street to check on the product. I filmed the whole process, of course (3:00:00; from 7:40 onward in the video diary). To test the product, I filmed the two girls sitting in front of me with it, and imported the videos onto my Eee PC. This time the videos were in AVI format. It was bizarre in that the two girls sitting in front of me were talking about going to strip clubs. I began to wonder if they were sent here by Mr former Secretary in order for the Machine to confuse them with me in surveillance. (Since I was “caught” talking about “having hot sex with strippers” on July 6, it would be “plausible” that I should be “caught” talking about strip clubs again today.) By 4:16 PM, I filmed myself leaving the restaurant and leaving nothing behind (13:33 in the video diary). On 4:54 PM, when I was waiting for Torrance bus 2 to return to downtown, another Hispanic guy appeared in front of me playing with his cellphone (14:08 in the video diary). It was not clear to me which side was doing this. Perhaps he was a Nicaraguan surveillance agent. Just then, another police car passed me by.



MP-9 can still be ordered online, at much cheaper price, today

My next recording is: “[nap_bus_snst_vrmnt_strbks_eml_rgrs_dbles_7_13_09_503-1019PM.WMA](#)”. I napped on the bus. On 53:00 I woke up and noticed a stranger text-messaging near me. I got off the bus in downtown, ate at a fast food place, and read something about electronic devices on my computer. Then another surveillance agent – a Hispanic guy – appeared, opening up his surveillance cellphone as soon as he saw me. He was most likely a Nicaraguan agent working for the Russian side. I then took the Metro Red Line to leave downtown. On 2:05:00 or so, another Homeland Security actor attempted to say gibberish to me in order for the Machine to intercept me becoming confused about public transportation routes in accordance with the profile of David Chin as a mentally retarded secret agent. I got off the Metro on Vermont/ Sunset station, and ate chicken burrito at the Mexican Grill. Immediately a

surveillance agent followed in (3:07:00). The Russians were trying to have someone watch over me every minute of my waking life – if not, the American surveillance might show that I was actually a pig!

I ended up in the Starbucks on Vermont and Prospect. There was a lot of text-messaging inside, but I decided to settle here anyway. Just before I entered, I noticed a “double” for my cart as well: a bag of blanket and a cart on wheels were abandoned by the railing (1:45 in the video diary). When I checked my Hotmail account (which I didn’t do quite often), I discovered that Angelo had sent me an email a week ago, complaining about seeing his name on my story “My experience with the FBI, CIA, and Department of Homeland Security”. What? I thought I had taken my story offline a long time ago! After I did an online search for my own story, I discovered that I had never taken it off my “Feefee blog”. And so I filmed myself disabling my Feefee Blog (20:05 in the video diary). You can also see in the video that some young white guy, meanwhile, was sitting to my right working on his surveillance laptop. It was a Russian surveillance agent. Soon my “double” came in – now a permanent part of my life of which I could never rid myself – and set up his Eee PC on the same table with me so that the Machine could confuse him with me (20:50 in the video diary). It was an Asian guy. (“An Asian guy is sitting on the table on which our subject sits and is using a tiny netbook”: how can you deny that this was ‘me’?) Again, the print-out of the Machine and the live images from the Russian surveillance agent would cancel each other out back in the “lower court”, resulting in stalemate between the United States and Russia. The curious thing about my “double” this time was that he never logged onto the AT&T wireless network here; he just sat there text-messaging to perpetuity. Concerned about Machine’s confusing me with other people, I periodically filmed, with my new MP-9, my surrounding inside the coffeehouse, taking account of everyone (22:40 and then 25:47 in the video diary). Around 9:45 PM or so, I filmed myself leaving this Starbucks: the place was getting so crowded with my doubles that I thought it unwise to have come here at all (26:29 in the video diary).

My last recording of the day is: “[bus2_wstwd_publ_vid_7_13-4_09_1024PM-1219AM.WMA](#)”. I got on bus 2 to go back to Westwood (6:00). A DHS girl soon got on the bus to text-message next to me (29:20; 30:48 in the video diary). I wished I could find out the content of the text message so that I could understand what, according to the US government, I was telling my “friends” this time.³ Siren on 33:00. When the bus was passing through West Hollywood, police

³ I caught all instances of strangers’ text-messaging (the US side) or using electronic equipment to run surveillance on me (the Russian side) in these videos:

bus2_7_13_09_1015PM.avi 3d563d58ac76bdeedac39e64a6df9e69
c656b65952c425ed6bd633ac4063a503e8b83151 c035fcbb
725772fe781e2e3e8c4c3d82e5ec539d95adf499ecb9db52b82edf7280bf6181
e44c430f546d03b3a3f9990069f74f100c8e6ffa711b377bc814b252ee3bae6cd53c3e7eed1fe5b5df6416d5b9
8f03a632a8edaa8c675cacdd3fb10524b7245
ecea57148789f6a42996bd7017c7eb3faceef8a2bf0c5f166b3b74ab8c4700859bbae475538151da6b73d2bf55
ecdab2 11,754,386

action on the street held up the bus for a while (32:27 in the video diary). Obviously, it was Mr former Secretary who had staged this scene, all so that the Machine could intercept another instance where I was caught causing disturbances in public places. Around 11:15 PM (55:00 in the recording), I filmed myself getting off the bus and leaving nothing behind (33:58 in the video diary). Walking around in Westwood Village, I saw, and filmed, “Man Z” in front of Bruin Theater; he was making obscene gestures in order for the Machine to intercept me making obscene gestures in public places (following upon my earlier public disturbances; 58:20 or 34:29 in the video diary). Not wanting to mingle with the crowd of which anyone might be confused with me in surveillance, I was once again reduced to having to charge my laptops on the street corner using the electrical outlets on the sidewalks (34:58 in the video diary). It was 1 AM then. Around 1:26 AM, I filmed myself packing up and leaving nothing behind (35:34 in the video diary). Tonight, I would have to sleep in a different corner to avoid suit team’s operations.

July 14

My first video diary of the new day is: “7_14_09_p1.wmv” and my first recording of the day is: “wk_strbks_ftp_txtmssgr_pic_me_7_14_09_813-946AM.WMA”. Around 8 AM or so, I was awoken by a Homeland Security agent who was pretending to make calls from the payphone next to me (see the first scene of the first video diary). It was obvious that the Machine would mistake his call as my clandestine call to my Russian boss or agents of Russia’s allies in the present lawsuit. On 8:48 AM, I filmed myself waking up and ready to leave (2:20 in the video diary). Immediately, a police car rushed past me (3:10 in the video diary). I came to Starbucks, planning set up my Eee PC in the patio area to start uploading files to my website. I of course filmed the condition of the patio before I started working (4:20 in the video diary). When I was standing in line waiting for my turn to order my coffee, someone behind me text-messaged (see 4:45 in the video diary). I guessed I was intercepted again. This morning, I would decide to upload my video diary “6_18_09_p2.wmv” to my website. On 9:27 AM, another police car showed up in front of Starbucks (9:27 in the video diary). On 9:59 AM, I filmed a man text-messaging near me (9:46 in the video diary), and he was immediately joined by another pretty white woman who sat down a few feet away from me and began text-messaging (11:13 in the

bus2_txtmssgr_7_13_09_1015PM.avi d27c9cd039fabb41b9907170973d9eed
bc0b4bb34c680b65b973f753412e170c29d7cb01 ad36eb13
1afc2ab0cc76a3d731b3d6fd8f902d7d6a85d28684a90b0b21ff9660346f37e9
fcf761adb6c3c24a60f669ea94873873d56e72f41fcd4c12b95929b29de617981d8e3ddc4182396764ed3189e
52a058a92d239a0172978413474fb5dde4b039e
2a1ffa77a392517b89a427fc583c29848384fb32a7c431e7603278821955a08247f715faa478f5888bc1af9e39
740cee
txtmssgr_bus2_7_13_09_10PM.avi 4e81b2050e610c705b64a9b0663baada
f25f3548a3ae390272c3619b31b116377d6b0e10 5f3a58b4
631af36a8a3595c8a1ce350633ef0f3b054875d178a797c901a057099d5f2fe0
81e875626580343fc15cfbf2da360f7ebd3414672232d2d25916046d20209039a286d56a75ce9aa7967a5b0bc
a880e494f2058bf96c0047b245b94e0689b62fa
b2465ddb8f4fb0236f3c76a2ad7b0254006126d85a01ba4c970e0f4adb0e9667c6a7c3a180a76ba47c476e417
6840ec4 9,998,386

video diary). Then, for inexplicable reason, my Olympus recorder was turned off. Remotely by Homeland Security?

My next recording is: “[wlk_to_studnt_union_7_14_09_957-1034AM.WMA](#)”. On 10:06 AM I filmed a man reading a “sensitive” report on the CIA in LA Times (8:30; 12:05 in the video diary). Enough activities in this Starbucks patio! I began filming myself leaving Starbucks. On my way to UCLA Ackerman, I filmed another person who, upon passing me by, immediately took out his cellphone to make a call (18:20 in the video diary). I was intercepted calling my foreign agent contact again. By the time I came to Ackerman, I was both tired and upset over the fact that there was just no place for me to hide in.

My next recording is: “[studnt_union_tst_pen_1006AM-1202PM.WMA](#)”. Now children’s noise filled up the UCLA campus (30:50). Because Mr former Secretary ruled America, American universities would invariably be packed with underage children and pedophiles would be found in every corner of society. I came to Ackerman’s patio to test my new pen camera on my Toshiba Satellite. I of course filmed the whole process (48:55 in the recording; from 13:19 onward in the video diary). Remember that the pen camera recorded in AVI file formats. I first tried to play the videos with Windows Media Player, but there was no video, only audio (52:00; 14:00 onward in the video diary). Apple’s Quick Time could play them, however (55:15; 15:20 in the video diary). I then converted the AVI files to WMV format (16:38 in the video diary), and succeeded in playing them on Windows Media Player. The converted files did not play well on Nero Player, however (18:20 in the video diary). Both the original AVI files and the converted WMV files played well on Gom Player (18:40 and 20:40 in the video diary). The converted files sometimes had bad audio, sometimes not. Just then, one guy walked past my table holding a cellphone (1:11:30; 22:40 in the video diary). What was he? Surveillance for the Russian side?

My next recording is:

“[nap_studnt_union_vid_dble_tshba_wrlss_crtoon_wrt_vid_7_14_09_1206-909PM.WMA](#)”. I filmed another guy text-messaging in the distance on 23:06 in the video diary, then another person text-messaging while coming up the stairs on 23:40 in the video diary, and another guy text-messaging in the distance on 24:10 in the video diary. A group of youngsters then gathered around me on 10:30 (24:35 in the video diary). Siren in the distance on 11:30 (25:50 in the video diary): it was an ambulance. I suspected that these youngsters came near me in order to make me look like a pedophile. More siren on 16:30 in the recording. I filmed myself leaving as proof that I had left nothing behind (26:25 in the video diary), bought lunch inside Ackerman, and ate outside alone, avoiding people. I then filmed someone walking around in the campus with an open HP netbook (46:00; 27:00 in the video diary). It was not clear to me if he was doing this in order to be confused with me. While I wandered around in the campus, I was increasingly upset with the fact that there were people everywhere. I put up my act: “The suit team would have people text-message me to death unless I go to Nicaragua” (55:00). Around 1:05 PM, when I was

ready to take a nap on the grass, I filmed my surrounding, noting the vast number of people looking at their cellphones (28:10 in the video diary). Whose communication was going to be mistaken as mine? When I woke up around 3:10 PM, I filmed a girl sitting under the tree in the distance who continually text-messed on her cellphone (29:38 in the video diary, or 2:57:00 in the recording). I filmed another guy texting on 3:03:00, then another guy coming near me with his cellphone on 3:14:30. I came to Ackerman's patio to continue my work, e.g. importing video from my camcorder to my laptop – hoping that my Windows Movie Maker would not break down. My third camcorder was by now definitely broken; video can only be imported in silent mode. Around 3:21 PM, or 30:07 in the video diary, I filmed how everybody was looking at his or her cellphone while walking. I left the patio on 3:58:20 and came inside Ackerman instead to continue importing my video. Ackerman's interior was now always marked by the presence of several vagrants who had never been part of the university's environment before (31:40 in the video diary). It was not clear to me whether the students knew that it was their beloved federal government which had populated their university campus with all these homeless people (and children too). Although I came to a corner which was devoid of people, a girl soon sat down behind me, wearing earphones and all (4:19:40). Meanwhile, a homeless lady – a Homeland Security actress – was pretending to be scared by my videotaping habit, covering her face to avoid being filmed. I recognized at once that Mr former Secretary was trying to create evidences for my terrorizing people with my camcorder (“criminal videotaping”) – with which he may motion the judges in the “lower court” to suppress my documentaries as evidences. Then another Asian girl came to sit near me (33:40 in the video diary), and then another Asian guy with a VIOS laptop (34:30 in the video diary)... There were now four persons using laptops behind me, any one of whom could be confused with me in the Machine's surveillance (4:39:00). I was then writing this very diary, editing my latest video diary, and burning my latest DVD. Another person then showed up with a Toshiba laptop (5:19:00). Then another girl with a Toshiba laptop moved in (5:19:00 or 35:17 in the video diary). Interesting Homeland Security operation, huh? I murmured while filming all these “doubles” of mine: “When other people use the same laptop as mine, what they do on their laptop is my business because they are ‘me’ in surveillance...” (5:25:00). The Toshiba girl especially had some sort of electronic extension connected to her laptop; certainly, when the Machine confused her with me, it would produce a print-out seemingly indicating that I was using some sort of special device on my laptop to connect with the SVR headquarter through satellites (5:37:30; 36:25 in the video diary). My “double” so angered me that I wanted to “kill the bitch” (6:02:20). On 6:11:20, I went to check on my double, armed with my new pen camera, muttering: “Find out who she is, so we can kill her later...” It turned out that she was watching Japanese *anime* on her laptop (38:16 in the video diary). I was perpetually burdened with the necessity to check on my “double” because I needed to know “what I was doing” – according to “official story” (6:24:00). When I was leaving, I went to check on my double again (6:32:30). Now she was using some sort of spread-sheet program on her laptop (40:10 in the video diary). So that is what I am doing at the moment! I used the restroom, bought dinner at Panda Express, ate it outside by myself to avoid my “doubles”, and,

when I was done, filmed myself *not* opening the fortune cookie (6:53:00). I then filmed myself coming back to my table (6:54:50) where I began editing my new AVI videos (7:18:00). Then someone, dragging a cart like I did, tried to talk to me, asking me where the elevator was (7:33:30). I filmed her: she was for sure confused with me in surveillance. Then three UCLA students (judging by their look) came near me to hold a protracted discussion on Japanese animation. Alarmed – since this fit Mr former Secretary’s profile of me – I began filming them (8:08:30). See the first scene in my second video diary of the day: “[7_14_09_p2.wmv](#)”. I filmed them again on 8:21:20. I then did some writing (“Karin’s meetups”) and began publishing my latest video diary while children, now a common sight in American universities thanks to the federal government, were shouting in the distance (8:44:30). On 8:55:30, I filmed another Asian guy passing me by holding an iPod, etc.

My next recording of the day is: “[stdnt_union_wrt_strbks_ftn_net_7_14_09_905PM-1215AM.WMA](#)”. On 9:58 PM, when I was filming myself ready to leave (0:45 in the second video diary), the three guys talking about cartoon and comic books were still in the distance. By 10:01 PM, when I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (47:30; 1:09 in the video diary), they were suddenly gone. My “doubles” would have to leave when I was leaving; otherwise there might be counter-evidences that they were not “me”. As I walked out of the UCLA campus, I murmured about this “Homeland Security environment” in which I had been trapped for more than two years: “This is about living inside the mind of Michael Chertoff; that is why my environment is so disgusting; Mr Chertoff’s mind is so disgusting and filthy...” (50:00). Namely, medical emergencies, crimes, police, homeless vagrants, comic books, cartoon, broken arm and broken legs... I came to Starbucks on 1:28:00 and, sitting outside in the patio, got online to check my emails. At the same time, I began uploading to my website the recording from yesterday (“[trnce2_twns_mn_pss_nwsppr_drvr_buy_pencam_7_13_09_1255-508PM.WMA](#)”; see 2:12 in my second video diary). I had been terribly worried about this: the Machine had intercepted me passing secret messages disguised in newspaper to the bus driver (or to another imaginary Russian secret agent) while the Russians were not allowed to run surveillance on me. I wrote an email to my mother entreating her to deposit 200 dollars in my bank account – since she had not done so since July 11. I then discovered that I was blocked from entering my own Theophoretos site at Hostmatrix. Usually, this just meant that Mr former Secretary did not want evidence intercepted into the International Court which indicated what my website was really about. On 1:51:00, I filmed the Asian guy near me who was also using a Toshiba laptop; I wasn’t sure if he was my double because he was already here when I came in. On 2:00:00 (3:27 in the video diary) I had to film Roger Ramirez’s reply to me in my Gmail account because he claimed he had received a blank email from me. Did Mr former Secretary block my email to Roger because he didn’t want any evidence intercepted into the International Court indicating that I was coming to Nicaragua next month? Very likely, especially since the United States was still sanctioned by judge Higgins to manipulate my communications as a matter of enforcing UN Resolution 1373. This of course means that my “ambiguities” so far were not enough for judge Higgins to dismiss Russia’s claim of “conspiracy”. I thus re-sent Roger my reply to him from yesterday, affirming that I would come to his school in August. To pretend to harm Russia, I performed a NMAP scan of diplomats.com (2:17:00; 7:43 in the video diary). Then a girl started talking to me; I ignored her, of course, to avoid danger (2:36:20). After watching a video on Linux OS on Youtube, I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind

(2:45:20; 9:44 in the video diary). When I found my street corner and was ready to sleep, siren arose on 3:02:30. Then again on 3:04:10. Another Homeland Security homeless vagrant then came to ask me questions (to produce evidences in suit team's favor), and, again, I had to brush him aside (3:06:50).

You have to understand the “progress” I had made today: by uploading two files (my video diary of the early morning of June 19 and my recording from yesterday) – which the Russians immediately intercepted from IX Web Hosting – I had not only helped the SVR neutralize a piece of extremely unfavorable evidence, but also given them more ammunition in advancing, in the International Court, the claim that this was really my conspiracy with the United States to harm Russia. Although the International Court was once again closed off from observing nations, insofar as my website at IX Web Hosting was locked down by the Russian diplomatic protection service, the latter had the legal right to distribute my video diary in the United Nations. While nobody knew what was going on inside the court house itself right now, everyone could see for himself or herself, once again, not only that the faulty surveillance Machine's print-outs were completely unreflective of reality, but also that the United States was making a conscious effort to frame Russia for imaginary crimes. Meanwhile, the SVR team advanced the argument in the ICJ that I was not only actively conspiring with the CIA but was also passively conspiring with the Department of Homeland Security. Both actors representing the United States were now established by judge Higgins from her “upper court” as possibly my “terrorist conspirators”.

July 15

My video diary of the day is: “7_15_09.wmv” and my first recording of the day is: “[eml_csf_bus2_wm_orthd_gst_food_mall_nap_7_15_09_804AM-158PM.WMA](#)”. Note the siren in the distance on 6:30. I filmed myself waking up from my street corner, cleaning up my mess, and getting ready to leave (from 13:00 onward; the first scene in the video diary). As I set out for the Starbucks inside the Village, I amused myself: “America's supreme secret weapon is ‘faulty surveillance’, with which, when you run surveillance on a horse, you can show that the horse is actually a pig” (18:10). No sooner had I come into Starbucks than fifteen people had swarmed in (27:20). I was always so good for business! After getting my morning coffee, I was of course only willing to sit outside in the patio to do my computer work. I filmed my environment at this Starbucks on 40:30: note the “Homeland Security bum” sitting at the bench and the ever-present security guard (0:32 in the video diary). Siren on 41:30 (1:03 in the video diary). While importing my latest video to my Toshiba Satellite – my Windows Movie Maker sometimes functioned and sometimes not – I was also looking online for reviews of Casa San Francisco. I then filmed myself writing an email to Casa San Francisco inquiring about the cheapest monthly rate available for single person, and if reservation was required (1:07:50; 1:16 in the video diary). This was important since I had no money to pay for anything prior to my arrival. But more importantly, I had supplied the Russians with evidences with which to refute the United States' request for dismissal of their claim of “conspiracy”. I then noticed someone taking pictures on 1:27:30 – was I caught again? – and filmed more people acting suspiciously with their cellphones: A white guy wearing sunglasses was holding up his cellphone in the

distance – to film me or what? (2:35 in the video diary) – and another white guy wearing sunglasses was standing in the distance and looking at his cellphone continually (2:55 in the video diary). Video imported and emails sent, I quickly filmed myself packing up and leaving (1:35:00; 4:38 in the video diary). I came to the bus stop on Westwood and Le Conte, and noticed another woman text-messaging. When I filmed her, she pretended to be annoyed by my filming and quickly moved away (1:50:00; 5:18 in the video diary). This was the beginning of a new tactic which Mr former Secretary was developing, and on which I’ll comment more later. While on the bus, I tried to film a black Cadillac with tinted windows which was suspiciously staying in front of the bus during half of my bus trip, but I was not quite able to catch it (2:04:30; 6:06 in the video diary). There was absolutely no doubt in my mind that it was Mr former Secretary who was in front of me: as my video diary from midnight, June 19, had created an uproar in the United Nations last night – the Russians had made another significant step in exposing the fraudulent nature of this International Court trial and demonstrating their innocence: even if, when the court house was open again and everyone saw newly forged evidences demonstrating that the “David Chin story” was true and proving definitively that Russia had supplied nuclear bombs to terrorists around the world, who could now believe everything on face-value? – Mr former Secretary was getting increasingly angry. He couldn’t help himself following me around in his limousine, from which he continued to direct his “clandestine operations”. Then siren on 2:24:00. There was a Hispanic woman who was sitting behind me wearing a pair of surveillance sunglasses; I knew then that she was probably a Nicaraguan surveillance agent and so made no sound. She surprised me, however, when she made a Catholic gesture (“sign of the cross”) as the bus voyaged past a Catholic cathedral – I surely didn’t expect “secret agents” to observe their religious faith while “on mission” (2:30:00; see “[4_bus2_wm_mkng_orthdx_gsture_7_15_09_1040AM.AVI](#)”). I filmed myself getting off the bus and leaving nothing behind on 3:20:00 (7:05 in the video diary). Immediately I filmed the sixth police car of the day passing me by (3:23:30; 8:00 in the video diary). I filmed another police car on 3:35:00 (8:15 in the video diary). I ate Chinese fast food, heard more siren (3:42:30), and filmed another Homeland Security broken leg on wheelchair (3:58:00; 8:30 in the video diary). Then, two homeless scums (“Homeland Security agents”?) tried to bother me on 4:08:50. Another fire department ambulance rushed past me on 4:10:00. I couldn’t film it because two young girls were standing in the way – I surely wouldn’t allow myself to perform acts which might even remotely suggest that I was a pedophile while there might at any time be Russian surveillance agents around me. I at last came to the vicinity of my storage facility, and used the restroom in the neighboring food mall beforehand. I had to film the interior of the food mall with my pen camera (4:43:40) because, strangely, this typically Hispanic environment was today filled with white people. Was Mr former Secretary staging another TV show here?

My next recording is: “[strge_prdct_dble_ambul_guy_ask_cig_7_15_09_203-618PM.WMA](#)”. When I came to my storage unit, I discovered that A-American’s padlock on my unit was locked. I was upset and thought that, since A-American personnel had never before checked their padlock on my unit, they must have this time been instructed by the suit team to do this. I was

thus forced to come to the office to ask for the key to the padlock – something which I had never done before. The manager Christina however couldn't find the key and the rest of A-American personnel gave me all kinds of excuses as to why she couldn't (9:45): "She's blind", "She forgot her contact lenses", "She's got marital problem"... In the end, I obtained the key and opened my locker unit (25:30). While putting in my new DVDs and abandoning my broken (third) camcorder, I carefully filmed my things, including my collector's edition of Oswald Spengler's *Untergang*, as proof of my "real past" (from 9:25 onward in the video diary). Then, my Homeland Security "double" – again, a black guy – arrived (55:30). He opened up his storage unit which just happened to be next to mine: apparently, Mr former Secretary had already ordered his Homeland Security thugs to rent up all the storage units around mine so that, whenever opportunity arose, they, and their units, could be confused with me and my unit in surveillance. Now, I immediately understood what this particular "operation" was about: my "double" was going to depart only after I had done so and leave trash behind so that the Machine could intercept me leaving trash behind, confirming thusly Mr former Secretary's story about "David Chin" the most forgetful secret agent in the history of espionage. I thus made my prediction to my recorder on 1:02:00: "This guy [my double] is going to leave something out when he leaves in order to make it look like I have left something out in surveillance". I thus had to wait around, editing my video diaries in the corner, until he was finally ready to leave. Just as I had predicted, my "double" purposely left behind a plastic bag, an empty card board box, and an empty catch-up bottle on the floor, right next to my storage unit. I caught up with him and asked him to throw away the trash he had purposely abandoned on the floor, but he absolutely refused to do so. "Don't forget your things", I asked. "That's trash," he replied coldly. "Well you have to throw it away," I insisted. "Don't talk to me," he said, imitating my avoidance behavior. I removed his trash myself to prevent the Machine from "intercepting me forgetting my Russian-made spy equipment and Latin American crack cocaine on the floor of A-American Storage" and threw them into the trash bin outside the storage facility.⁴ That's when I was able to film him getting ready to leave on his bicycle (2:22:30; 12:20 in the video diary).

⁴ The videos I shot of this particularly annoying double of mine over more than an hour are:

7_storage_dble_7_15_09_255PM.avi b4814f2ecb4428ef5ea233f9bd5e2484
74f884916d4adb083efd5c740b717c2ae616f30c 93410342
72621ee502d2dab17e30eb74620bbfc85dc1d299ce5951ceda885a8587a09611
37a820c13158c4cb70fcfc4775043341b9411af41920ac8cb14a19a234b358491f23f53ba47348e9089a6c209
8c24cb217ee530c499398ab5b3abfd170b48882
a99868c1eb91774a800f6102354fd1c033520b966eb406c3b8d391044f4a483b556ffe4c962a163ab451ed7cb
3b3cdae
8_storage_dble_7_15_09_310PM.avi 34576e49b9c1d9da8d60c35addf4f6b5
ff2834a25ca10c40f20ea22169bef73342383a72 c39ba79b
545b97520870d827a531d8d8de6ff2dd5baab06d0186418fc62da4116b20a98a
21c8917ae414e8f3d08b211368bfaa287bc78ad77085601238c0469ce2986d71e1ea384b4e7236f8cff15fc9c5
c1192728e2d1bbfd32e03825d00c3de81f5478
1e029d08e312d69b93870a4340d634aee9a62f4a25818aa91242cd5c20ab115ed9f17ea6030f9ec356d0cfb29
0911f7
9_storage_dble_7_15_09_320PM.avi 0582cf5b10c39493c33bc3b0aad15e8c
03c6f77ac0c68e59c486caed92692cf02c3dfee6 6627ebd7

I then ate Thai food in the neighboring food mall (2:30:00), and my Toshiba Satellite froze again, frustrating me (2:59:20). I filmed my condition and then myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (3:26:30; 13:03 in the video diary). When I came to Jefferson and Grant, a vast number of ambulances, fire trucks, and police cars, blowing siren loudly and pretending, under instruction from the Department of Homeland Security, to attend to some emergency, pulled into the FedEx across the street from my bus stop (from 3:32:00 onward; 13:58 in the video diary). I didn't understand what Mr former Secretary's purpose was here. Was he planning to have the Machine intercept me being taken to the hospital again, where Russian-made spy equipment and Latin American crack cocaine were about to be "accidentally" discovered on my "double" by doctors and nurses?

I got on the bus to return to Westwood, editing my never-ending video diaries during my ride. While I was waiting to transfer onto bus 2, another Homeland Security agent asked me for a cigarette (3:54:00). Obviously to produce evidence for my drug-dealing: why would you ask a homeless person on the street for cash or cigarettes? Another old man, wearing huge sunglasses, pushed his wheeled cart in front of me (4:09:10). He looked so obviously like a surveillance agent. If so, he should be working for the Russian side. Then another police car passed me by on 4:09:50. I got on the bus on 4:15:00. People – Homeland Security-instructed or not – were text-messaging throughout the bus ride,⁵ and there were other surveillance agents, usually Hispanics,

83e34e7f045248f7e4ecca0bf4d76c97eb316ab707ea73c97b17e21b4748788d
c7269fde3040acac3febfea95afca016610acf4875512d2bc6067cb3da9f7c98ff740b1e63c07e0252e026c379b
b19ecee314bad2851f4d43388a9c10d668de8
42333dfa2609e71c401f5d8876bc64b646512cbd96c3ea0c286d164607abaca4ca4090aedc24487dbbb4e1378
bc807cd
10_storage_dble_7_15_09_344PM.avi a88ef47ad7a28e91bb4f7847ba958c86
37bd304e5cfd318c12505c957bab5e75d02ff45e 71ee2d6f
578906249b756de1bfb9f816d4192bace70214c50a797ab92870d9eef48ab765
d445c18db16a3076279a83ef98787047b04753464f4b0332ee6259b94f627a5da35a35adf3b01d16c159462e0
3a9950f2a56e2a7dcc4a806a8f539785c040d44
c126e98f8d914c89843f9921c5e1acdd9061d639f2bebc646006f5040f73ed01d8005e5856d976056e6e07ce6
2eeb603
11_storage_dble_7_15_09_410PM.avi e4d5860912aa165e1b43d521e6c0870f
377b00163610963b992443a5bdc194593e4b9d15 d1e3088d
ccd34588c4e6d8d401d8108adfc5c72bb357854d92c16f6e069e710e41c012b9
8e044892fff313992a658f4b3984c7f302281a05393f7dd531d8049c027863cfd568240755624af8c2973ef8
aa1d16e0dadd699bc531229aa129ec5c7d80f7
14b99e13df2acc1e760b5ed0a0f444c08190808c2167cf20ecdb75af30b94138f955611d2d26afeade7fa0e
In the last video, 11, you can see the content of the trash which my double had left behind.
⁵ The videos I shot of text-messaging and other suspicious activities are:
16_txtmssgr_bus2_7_15_09_639PM.avi 29ff596359c18885e25b118814aced96
b4883e1fbfb3a1c9e3082aa5d2635d6053016f9d ef5bd9c1
e8b1d984e0e79d2b0d90a3340324d134dd42a6731a36f0a21c72a51d5fa1e849
a7f7528cc7b2fd95ebe9d620ea5adb9ea36357291e338055a5d150703f5d65f2bf66b75959cc81304dd42558b
08bac6149623aeadb4c741a06009b67c0685197
0b5e66182529da04fd12a6f101df0e9b959309ddd890c89c117d3defa22ceca464fa99f0319be2d64a16a95748
fb0b2c
17_txtmssgr_bus2_7_15_09_650PM.avi 54d735f2baa934113793a2667cdd052c
b698bbb47b275225c2ce4578fb5488dcc08a0de4 05f96916

both on buses and on the street. I knew they were working for the Russian side – they were most likely from the Nicaraguan intelligence service – and so tried hard pretending not to have noticed them.

My next recording is: “[bus2_wstwd_brgr_prdct_ppl_brdrs_7_15_09_613-930PM.WMA](#)”. Siren again on 33:20. Finally, I filmed myself getting off the bus in Westwood and leaving nothing behind (55:00; 17:04 in the video diary). It was now past 7 PM. Immediately I had to film another Homeland Security vagrant who was destined to be confused with me in surveillance (58:20). And then another woman who “accidentally” took pictures of me (17:50 in the video diary). And then another broken leg on 1:34:30 (18:00 in the video diary). Siren in the distance on 1:36:00. I then filmed myself briefly resting on the grass area in front of UCLA (from 1:45:00 onward; 18:30 in the video diary). When I walked into the Mexican Grill, I told the Mexican cook right in his face: “Right now you have no one here, but now that I’m here, a lot of people will soon come in” (1:50:00). I began filming the restaurant to prove that my prediction was indeed correct: four more people had just come in (1:57:00).⁶ After eating, I set out for Borders Bookstore down Westwood Blvd. Siren on 2:30:00, and, just in front of Borders, I filmed another ambulance rushing past blowing its siren (2:45:00; 18:50 in the video diary). I came inside Borders on 2:52:00 and began editing my video diary. Siren in the distance on 3:05:00. Loud siren again on 3:08:40. It was another ambulance. I filmed it from Borders’ patio (19:10 in the video diary).

My next recording is:

“[brdrs_vid_rcrd_on_strt_ppl_lk_wstwd_ftp_strbks_csf_2_sites_7_15_09_930PM.WMA](#)”. For inexplicable reason, I couldn’t connect to the T-Mobile wireless network in Borders (2:30; from 19:28 onward in the video diary). But as soon as I began filming this, I was suddenly allowed to connect. Go figure! I filmed myself leaving the patio area on 8:00 (21:05 in the video diary). I

ccb79a472046d19bfbc89f6da53b77a0c00d889905fb2327fc886115dda0a3db
4fbf2b7001e300baaf663e3495876ecbb34fb7dd616688ea8cd0166c47d28ca99f55cae4b69e95e35d9d518c6c
996e73a98461d60da33dfcfc7d1c98e0387dac
ccca484c67514e98d9c6fb12394ce6826abcdfcd1ac39607a62f6c6e9b66dcf734c985b34781c7f6312a0dc0a5
9eb802
18_bus2_susp_wm_call_bijou_7_15_09_7PM.avi 74704e696b786b09f4e20089eef20171
480804daf4d841e493724cbe3f3bb285325357dc 210a6a64
e030a85f5708e0084a65e92ad474ca8f349118aa7be476a4c1ae22db0c84c37b
4cae093b8ad4208abd1c5a9857c2be9dfb4c342bb82edde96d83bc3a0c1a7ad8cb13af35880fa7bdee65ad461
42211ece132a1b561b4d322a6eeb2f60996072d
7071513eb13cd358d0b249e0ddb3f5c1309bbc656bdc9fda772dd953facedb83be020318bca48f8aab5515c6f
cbc5f9b
19_txtmssgr_bu2_7_15_09_730PM.avi 9e676c8d856e3185ce99725b2941948a
dcbed54f06b76ca2d1bc25190405eeb07e427347 71ac8f39
3351a711f425be9121dd6b3870c2b1144430ba11bc3496be604607c1db74d2ca
56ade435aa5ecf8be46227791d400ae9bb8707665a0e14ae145fa5ceb02a4938ae5d8db870a9e5c62efc2a8893
03be8d71abe97d579574002df2a35098fcab12
0ccfdcccb8f63190cee5391d7be491cf6c991d1508cb8fc83f4769d1fc83f662c565207754169fc91d53922f367
c71e8

⁶ See: [20_brgr_store_ppl_7_15_09_8PM.AVI](#).

was angry that I just never had enough time each day to do all the computer work I had assigned to myself: organizing my documentaries of myself. I came inside Borders to continue to work, but my Eee PC soon froze up (22:00). Then I had to immediately film myself packing up and leaving Borders because the bookstore was closing (23:20; 21:45 in the video diary). As soon as I exited Borders, however, a fat black woman ambushed me by jumping in front of me to text-message. Well, that's how I got "intercepted" again secretly texting my criminal or foreign agent buddies. I filmed her (27:00; 22:20 in the video diary). I came to the Starbucks inside Westwood Village, and immediately noticed a guy using a Toshiba laptop (44:20). To avoid all these people who could be easily confused with me in surveillance, I settled down at the same street corner using the electrical outlets on the sidewalk to charge my laptops (48:00). I wanted to work on my latest video diary on Windows Movie Maker, but my Toshiba Satellite froze up, upsetting me enormously (50:00). For unknown reason, an error message was displayed on my Toshiba's screen: "Another user is using Windows Movie Maker..." Angry, I had to reboot my Toshiba. Only then could I start importing video from my camcorder. Then, a security guard, when he came in front of me, took out his cellphone and pushed a button on it (1:05:55). I tended to interpret this kind of incident – which would happen so numerously from now on – as Mr former Secretary's instructing people to create evidences for my secret communication with my foreign intelligence partners. When people pressed a button on their cellphone upon identifying me, however, this was actually surveillance "the Homeland Security style." What was in fact going on was that, because I had sent an anonymous threat email to the Russian diplomatic service, the Russian government, by virtue of its treaty with the United States, had the power to instruct the security guards and store employees in this area to watch over me for their sake – even while the battle was raging on inside the International Court between the United States and Russia. I then began filming the constant stream of passersby and suspicious cars (from 1:22:00 onward): anyone's cellphone activity, including that of drivers inside their cars, could be mistaken as mine in the International Court. I was thus increasingly upset with the fact that I just couldn't find a place where there was an electrical outlet but not even the shadow of any human being. See 22:50 in the video diary: people passing by, and two persons who wouldn't get out of their sedan; 23:47, more passersby; 24:32, more passersby; 25:05, another suspicious car which came to park in front of me. Siren on 1:26:00. On 1:27:20 in the recording, another guy, when passing me by, took out his cellphone to look at it continually. This man might very well be a surveillance agent working for the Russian side, although I didn't suspect this at the time. Then another man holding up his cellphone when passing me by (1:38:20 or 26:15 in the video diary). Because of my fear of people, as soon as I was done charging and importing video, I left (1:48:00; 29:00 in the video diary). I was again alarmed by a big guitar and a backpack which someone had left unattended on the sidewalk (1:56:00). Very likely, it was some Homeland Security actor who had left these things around in order for the Machine to intercept another confirmation of my frequent forgetfulness. (Not just that: you recall that, in the past two months, my double sometimes carried a guitar; "David Chin" was also a music lover and performer.) I was afraid to go inside Starbucks because, supposedly, I wouldn't be allowed to videotape

things, and so I squatted in a corner some distance way stealing Starbucks' AT&T wireless connection (1:59:00). Unfortunately, my Eee PC could not connect to the wireless network once more (31:28 in the video diary). With frustration I manipulated the wireless connection dialogue box, tried to log in endless times at the AT&T homepage, and was finally connected on 37:10 in the video diary (2:09:30 in the recording). Just then, another police car passed me by. I checked my Gmail account, and began uploading the recording from this afternoon, containing my second successful "prediction" of Mr former Secretary's operation, to my website.⁷ Although I made no sign of this, I was desperately wanting the Russians to use this second prediction of mine as evidence in the International Court. Then I discovered that a certain "Maria Malespin" from Casa San Francisco had already replied me, saying rooms were available for 400 dollars per month, and she included a link to a Youtube video introducing Casa San Francisco (2:13:00; 39:40 in the video diary). Apparently, because I swung out of my ambiguity about my "mission", the Russians were able to request that judge Higgins order the CIA to lure me further onto its resources (so as to let the terrorist suspect "finish his mission"). However, because I couldn't yet be sure that it was the Russians who had instructed the CIA to instruct Maria to reply me as part of a "sting operation", I was afraid to watch the video for now. What if it was suit team's trick? Then, suddenly, on 2:14:30, the FTP transfer was stalled, and Internet connection was cut off (40:15 in the video diary). I was sure that my FTP connection was being remotely controlled by Mr former Secretary and his Homeland Security thugs. This was very likely the case, for Mr former Secretary did not want the Russians to obtain another piece of indisputable evidence disproving the entire array of evidences on the basis of which he had today confirmed "David Chin's" extraordinary sloppiness and forgetfulness. Finally, Internet connection came back on, but this recording file was skipped over by GFTP. I had to finish uploading the AVI videos of my double from this afternoon before I could resume the upload of the recording of my prediction. I then filmed the website of Casa San Francisco which I had visited earlier today (42:00 in the video diary). I was paranoid over Maria's email because she included in it a different URL for the website of Casa San Francisco. The one she provided was www.hotelcasasanfrancisco.com, whereas the website I found today on search engines was www.csf-hotel-granada.com. Why was it that every institution I was referred to in Granada had two websites? From 45:30 onward in the video diary, you can thus see me searching the WHOIS records on both websites to confirm their authenticity. (You can see that hotelcasasanfrancisco.com was registered to a certain Nancy Bergman, whereas csf-hotel-granada.com was registered to the hotel's actual owner, Terry Leary, or Nancy's sister.) Unable to clear my head of suspicions, I began, once again, searching the web for customers' reviews on Casa San Francisco (2:31:40; 52:00 in the video diary). Finally, by 12:15 AM, the FTP transfer had completed (2:39:30; 58:00 in the video diary). I read a little more reviews on the hotel, and, by 1:45 AM, was ready to sleep in the street corner (1:00:05 in the video diary). Amazingly, another police car "spotted me" on 2:02 AM (1:00:30 in the video diary). It was the 27th police car I saw today.

⁷ Namely, "[strge_prdct_dble_ambul_guy_ask_cig_7_15_09_203-618PM.WMA](#)".

July 16:

My video diary of the day is “7_16_09.wmv” and my first recording of the day is: “sweep_dble_hunt_key_fail_brdrs_dwtwn_dhs_code_strng_mssg_7_16_09_733AM.WMA” Around 7:40 AM, I was awoken by a street sweeper who hustled me away. I had to suspect him to be under instruction from Homeland Security because there was just nothing to sweep around here (“1_dhs_sweeper_wk_me_7_16_09_725AM.avi”).⁸ Siren at the same time (7:00). By 16:00 I had walked to Starbucks – walking past another Homeland Security actor who was holding a beer can in this early hour in order to confirm Mr former Secretary’s story about my alcoholism⁹ – to get my morning coffee, burn my new DVD, and upload files to my website. As usual, I was alarmed by a lady – a frequent face in this Starbucks – whose laptop was too similar to mine. “Don’t stay inside Starbucks. It’s too dangerous!” I thus stayed outside on the patio to do my work. I filmed my surrounding on 35:05 (the first scene in the video diary), ready to document the orchestrated changes which would surely occur soon. I filmed, on 57:00, my first Homeland Security guy of the day who came to sit in front of me (0:37 in the video diary). Note also, on 0:50 in the video diary, the first of the Homeland Security vagrants whom Mr former Secretary was now regularly planting in my environment. Then, on 1:06:00, it seemed that Homeland Security had blocked my internet connection again; but, as soon as I began filming it, they allowed me to connect (1:06 in the video diary). “My computer is just being shy...” I said to myself. Siren on 1:11:00, and a police car passed in front of Starbucks (1:45 in the video diary). On 1:24:00, I began filming my first double of the day: he pretended to throw up and then began folding his blankets in imitation of me (1:24:00; 2:21 in the video diary). He also had a big cart with him. Again, Mr former Secretary had obtained another piece of evidence to confirm the accuracy of the Machine. I continued to film my “double”, watching him closely to make sure that he was not going to leave his garbage behind in order to make it look like I had left it behind. And, guess what, he began digging the trash can in imitation of me (1:31:30 or so.) I then filmed another vagrant coming by (4:20 in the video diary). On 1:37:30 I began filming myself packing up and leaving my table, worried that, insofar as the second vagrant had just gone inside the Starbucks, he might be going inside the restroom to leave something behind there so as to make it look like I had left it behind. I thus decided to go inside the restroom, my new pen camera in hand, to check it out myself, despite the danger involved – that I would really produce an intercept showing me going inside the restroom. But it turned out that my “double” was neither in the restroom nor in the Starbucks at all, and had left nothing behind anywhere (see the video “3_look_for_dble_strbks_7_16_09_9AM.avi” and 4:58 in the video diary).¹⁰ I walked

⁸ Filename : 1_dhs_sweeper_wk_me_7_16_09_725AM.avi
MD5 : 31228052414a77e85d9706f963e35ca4
SHA1 : 12d4fc7b2fd7fa94f2e258e5f20934d154242369
File Size : 53,431,516

⁹ Filename : 2_beerman_wstwd_7_16_09_735AM.avi
MD5 : 54403dc021e937f73163bcdbe5e51283
SHA1 : 6419393e21ea5edcde3126e861b0b75d24b41efb
File Size : 30,866,478

¹⁰ Filename : 3_look_for_dble_strbks_7_16_09_9AM.avi
MD5 : 34eda40968cbab7da7799ba32264f6e1
SHA1 : 294e94ea65d711079d49876694a91e5f137dd9b2
CRC32 : 8122319a
File Size : 18,026,726

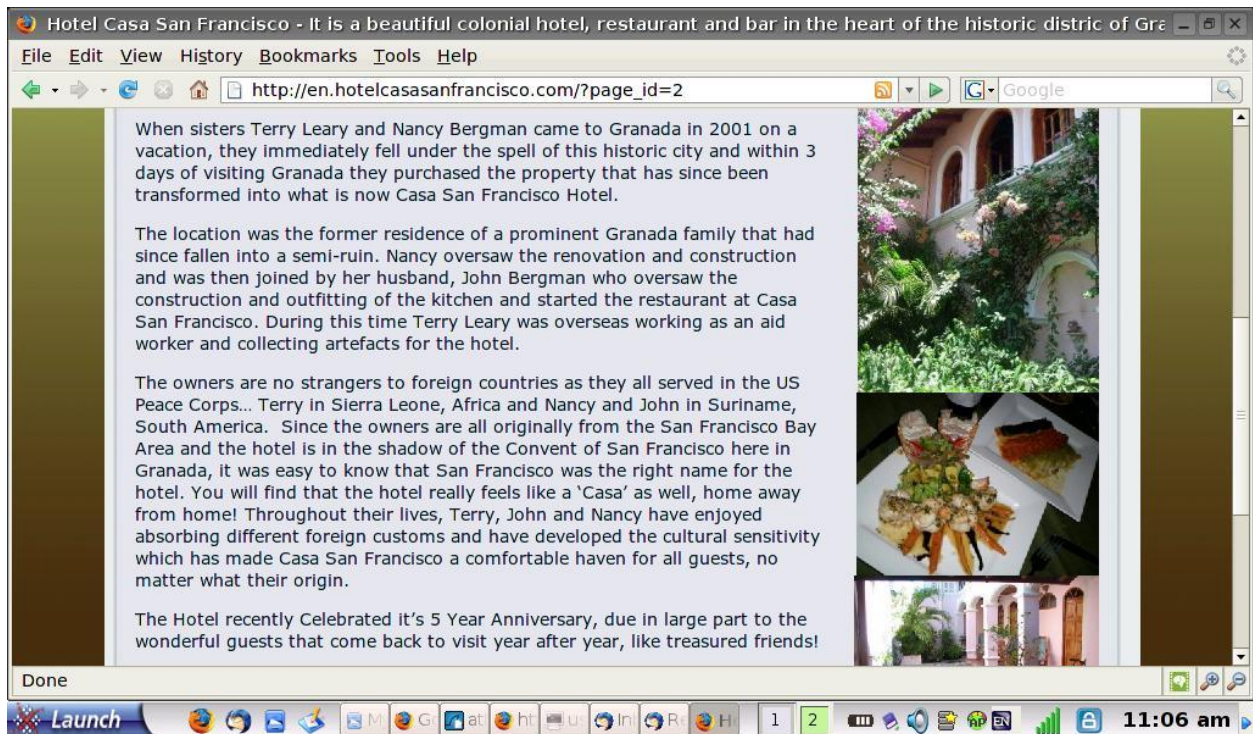
out quite relieved, murmuring, “I have to take care of my double, for he is quite dumb...” Then my sarcasm that the United States was like the world of subatomic particles, where a person – namely me – could be at two places at the same time, and where when my momentum was known my location was indefinite and when my location was known my momentum was indefinite, etc. (Heisenberg’s “uncertainty principle”; 1:51:30). Only when I videotaped myself and my things, did my things and I suddenly become definite, just as the subatomic particle only acquired a definite position when it was being observed and its wave function collapsed. Before I took out my camera, it could never be determined whether I was my double over there or myself over here; as soon as I videotaped myself and my double, however, it was as if the wave function had collapsed and it suddenly became known that I was here and not over there where my double was. (This was indeed the situation: the United States could maintain that I was “over there” until the Russians proved, such as by intercepting my documentaries into the evidentiary chamber of the ICJ, that I was “really here”.)

I walked to the key store in Westwood Village (2:22:00) wanting to duplicate A-American’s key to the pad lock they had placed on my storage unit. As I began planning to go to Nicaragua, I thought it wise to have a copy of A-American’s key just in case that, when I came back, I needed to access my locker unit without recourse to the A-American office. Thus, while I was in the storage facility yesterday, I secretly kept the pad lock’s key with me when I left. The key store owner however told me he couldn’t duplicate it “because it was made in China”. I walked away skeptical. Then, siren in the distance on 2:34:00 or so. I came inside Borders Bookstore and settled down in the patio area upstairs. There was no one around at the time, but, soon, since I was there, people and Homeland Security homeless vagrants began streaming in. I made my tour with my pen camera in hand; note especially the vagrant woman in the corner whom Mr former Secretary had sent in to accompany me.¹¹ I was then editing my video diary and checking my Gmail account. I began studying this “Casa San Francisco” on its website (www.hotelcasasanfrancisco.com) and learning about the sisters, Nancy Bergman and Terry Leary, who owned the hotel. Remember that this pair of sisters had been recruited by the CIA – probably before they even purchased the property that would become their hotel, namely, when they were still serving in Peace Corps (which was the definitive “CIA hub”). A surveillance agent soon showed up – for the Russian side – and I briefly caught him in the first few seconds of my video: “brdrs_7_16_09_1110AM.avi”. By 4:44:00 I filmed myself, as usual, packing up and leaving. As I walked inside Borders, I counted every laptop that I saw on the tables. I then went to read more about Nicaragua in the travel books section. This time I found Moon’s *Living Abroad In Nicaragua*, by Joshua Berman and Randall Wood.¹²

¹¹ Filename : 5_brdrs_7_16_09_1036AM.avi
MD5 : 22f2d5a10711cd3a25f98ed51776d9fe
SHA1 : 4f4a1553b71d3b286659ea6f31856b09b21f7a31
CRC32 : 653efd0d
File Size : 8,057,078
And:

Filename : 6_brdrs_7_16_09_1110AM.avi
MD5 : a2014aa2570b4ce0db310fd81360ed68
SHA1 : 071934db44251b7108007fa89e923261d8732670
CRC32 : 4f2ca2f0
File Size : 12,390,536

¹² Filename : 7_brdrs_nica_7_16_09_1223PM.avi
MD5 : 8e60eb418e70d322602adf33474be90b



Introduction to the sisters who owned Casa San Francisco

I went inside Kinkos on 5:18:00 to make copies of papers, taking note of someone text-messaging while walking out (5:25:50 or so). I then went inside 711 to buy hot dogs, and the place was filled with children's noises just as Kinkos was (5:28:30 or so). On 5:39:00 or so, another limousine appeared in front of me, with the license plate EZZT1911 (if I have noted it down correctly). Ever since Russia submitted its claim to judge Higgins in the "upper court", limousines had been appearing in front of me daily. Guess who was inside? I then got on the bus going toward downtown. While on the bus, I filmed another woman text-messaging in front of me: she sure looked like she was doing so under suit team's instruction.¹³ Then another black man text-messaging.¹⁴ Siren on 6:47:30 or so. When I got off the bus in downtown on 6:48:00, I

SHA1 : 1aac9eec8f57a36ab1946d0d4dc9680ce1ee7ef

CRC32 : 33fe0caa

File Size : 1,176,208

And:

Filename : 8_brdrs_nica_7_16_09_1227PM.avi

MD5 : 51fc46f03ba15a9867260c9ccdca0898

SHA1 : 3d96f2b4ac945d26d2732a6cbf087864ffa4b5f3

CRC32 : c08249b1

File Size : 3,847,064

¹³ Filename : 13_bus20_dwntwn_7_16_09_153PM_txtmssgr.avi

MD5 : ee3adce34b2d4a338051047faaf08811

SHA1 : 4da05c9f76b14866a322684d46f0cca401a9e2eb

CRC32 : c73fd769

File Size : 9,955,292

¹⁴ Filename : 22_txtmssgr_bus20_7_16_09_505PM.avi

MD5 : 9475b2e8894607f65a49be35b68f4925

promptly videotaped its source (6:49:00). “So much pretending,” I remarked, while noting another person talking on cellphone next to me. Then another Homeland Security bum came near me to use his strange electronic device, continually pushing on its button – obviously to enable the Machine to intercept me using some specialized spy equipment to communicate with the Moscow headquarter. It looked so funny because he looked like he was generating something like Morse code. Unfortunately, I missed filming him (6:53:50 or so). Then, I filmed another stranger who for no apparent reason tried to greet me (7:06:00 or so). “It’s so dangerous,” I remarked to myself, because it was obviously another attempt by the suit team to create a piece of evidence showing me secretly meeting with my fellow Russian intelligence agents. When I walked into a liquor store to buy something to drink (7:09:00 or so), another Homeland Security vagrant began shouting “Boom boom boom” inside. On 7:17:00 or so I filmed another person who tried to take pictures of me. I then got on the bus going toward my storage facility, filming another police car passing me by on 7:41:20.

When I began worrying that going to the storage facility might be too dangerous a trip, I checked my voice mail on my cellphone and discovered a strange junk message which a child had left for me (7:48:10 or so). I was in shock. The suit team, in addition to filling up my environment with underage elements, had also instructed some child to call me in order for the Machine to intercept a better piece of evidence suggesting that I was a pedophile. I then filmed another suspicious stranger standing in front of me on 7:51:35.

My next two recordings are: “[mail_citi_acs_la_mall_7_16_09_336-409PM.WMA](#)” and “[la_mall_bus20_thai_rstau_filw_dble_brdrs_7_16_09_438-934PM.WMA](#)”. Given all these operations, I definitely decided not to go to the storage facility, and began retreating to downtown. I put up my act when I reflected on the message which the child had left in my voice mailbox: “Why does the suit team want me to go to Central America as a pedophile? Is it easier to get more concessions from Russia if Russia’s secret agent turns out to be a pedophile?” (3:00) Then I pretended to be pleading to the suit team: “Can you remove this pedophile thing?” (14:30) Again, I was preparing to have the Russians intercept my recordings some time soon, and thus the acting – the delicate purpose of which I will soon explain. When I came back to downtown, I took a break in JCPenney and worked on my documentaries a little bit. But I then had to film another Hispanic man who came in front of me to especially text-message.¹⁵ When I was waiting

SHA1 : bb99b746b0a815b36e292cf91f161be2f410561f
CRC32 : 452a2e72
File Size : 45,864,128
Filename : 23_txtmssgr_bus20_7_16_09_515PM.avi
MD5 : 8ae4dc6e226e2ad5d17e862cd08e6539
SHA1 : 150e33df27a3762e2d411e5d0d9c2e8959055ef6
CRC32 : 8ec9b3e5
File Size : 50,303,076

¹⁵ Filename : 17_txtmssgr_7_16_09_427PM.avi
MD5 : c11e56b7b498fdfaece4300898cce5ea
SHA1 : 575ca0e05c3211ba17bf6fe2bb3450f04f0f699d
CRC32 : 0873b23f
File Size : 9,178,688
And:

for bus 20 to return to Westwood, a Hispanic couple with their little child came to stand next to me. Mr former Secretary had begun instructing the residents to approach me with their children whenever opportunity arose: every citizen had the obligation to save the *patrie* by making me look like a pedophile. Disgusted, I moved away from the couple, and filmed them too (23:00).¹⁶ Then, when I was on the bus, a group of young girls also intentionally sat down next to me – per the order of their Department of Homeland Security (30:00). I moved away again. Siren on 1:28:30 and 1:36:30. I filmed it, and there was a police car as well. I then filmed my surrounding again, taking note of the many people who were text-messaging (1:43:00). I then walked into a Thai restaurant on Westwood Blvd to have my dinner (1:50:00). The restaurant was empty at the time, but I predicted that a huge crowd would soon be sent in (1:52:00). Just as I had predicted, the first two persons showed up on 2:05:00. Then my “double” showed up, opening up in front of him a laptop indistinguishable from mine, and he also took out a comic book, from which he began copying things (2:10:20). He also made sure to drink beer. I began filming him (7:14 in the video diary).¹⁷ I was angry: “I want to smash this piece of fucking shit into pieces... Such a

Filename : 18_txtmssgr_7_16_09_430PM.avi
MD5 : ca1bbc151c1dc02e07c8e7088d444456
SHA1 : b6d739e1f6a3048a91502a9f957ce95f564bddd3
CRC32 : 92846c5b
File Size : 17,463,482

¹⁶ Filename : 20_wait_bus20_hspnc_fam_7_16_09_445PM.avi
MD5 : 6535c6d36b26955bad61496b230bc01a
SHA1 : 1b0ac0326db9378ff5643c5e40a464b537bcfc8d
CRC32 : 1a51e5fa
File Size : 4,285,560

¹⁷ I had also filmed him with my new pen camera:
Filename : 25_thai_restau_dble_7_16_09_610PM.avi
MD5 : 137bf82388d47714da4e2a5256b01f3b
SHA1 : 7f07a7a00728ef61109f827aadee27ff2206626f
CRC32 : 0f2b9b29
File Size : 3,646,104

And:
Filename : 26_thai_restau_dble_7_16_09_625PM.avi
MD5 : 55012132a1666da9749bb59596f3a80a
SHA1 : 38baa5414d240c3ba57617ff0b3613a2c7bc5a89
CRC32 : 491e5d7b
File Size : 8,945,880

And:
Filename : 27_thai_restau_dble_7_16_09_630PM.avi
MD5 : 2ce6d79783bc0c2955d762c649a61080
SHA1 : 3c993e33532ee27c35d60726ad2c02e144dc0da2
CRC32 : 26f58f3c
File Size : 20,301,590

And:
Filename : 28_thai_restau_dlbe_7_16_09_646PM.avi
MD5 : 56b3f780993624b7df94debe18dc5791
SHA1 : 856dae287454524a3c03d65822f733024df8aa1b
CRC32 : cfe018ad
File Size : 14,920,786
And:

piece of trash; why does he even exist?” (2:13:00) Then, another “bitch” began text-messaging (2:31:00). I wanted to murder her too. I decided this time that I was going to investigate how Mr former Secretary was always able to send in a double within twenty minutes wherever I went to confirm the accuracy of the Machine, and so I began waiting for my “double” outside the restaurant (2:38:20). When he came out, I followed him, filming the process at the same time. It turned out that he lived right inside this neighborhood, entering into the apartment building at 1409 Midvale (Midvale and Wilkins; 2:46:00). I would soon lose this video of my trailing behind him, but I managed to preserve the video I shot of this apartment building and the neighborhood (see the video diary). I muttered: “I have a dream: to kill all my doubles, so that I can be myself!” Thus it seemed that Mr former Secretary had installed this massive “system of doubles” around me by recruiting someone in every single neighborhood all over the city – the army of doubles thus must have numbered several thousands – so that, whenever I went, the “double” nearest my location could be called to service within minutes. I then went inside Borders Bookstore (2:58:00) and, after filming my surrounding,¹⁸ continued to edit my video diary on its patio. Children could be heard shouting in the distance on 3:43:00 and 4:56:30. After enjoying a moment of quietude, on 4:41:00, a man came to join me on the patio: highly suspicious. I thus began filming him (10:47 in the video diary). He was soon joined by another man, who pretended to hold some sort of interview with him (11:40 in the video diary). It was not clear to me whether it was the suit team which had sent them in to confirm that the “David Chin legend” was correct or whether it was the Russians who had sent them in to conduct surveillance on me.

My next recording is: “[brdrs_chk_dble_mv_mkr_why_plnt_7_16_09_930PM.WMA](#)”. On 15:40 I filmed myself leaving my table and leaving nothing behind (12:47 in the video diary). I went inside Borders to continue reading travel books on Nicaragua, until the bookstore was about to close. Thereupon I went inside the restroom to make sure no double of mine had left behind anything there – I had now taken on the responsibility for my doubles’ proper behavior – and I filmed all this in: “[32_brdrs_leaving_chk_dble_7_16_09_10PM.AVI](#)”.¹⁹ When I exited, a

Filename : 29_thai_restau_dble_7_16_09_650PM.avi
MD5 : aa91e2c90596c87e46b3cf1d2cccd8f
SHA1 : 3b33ace648bede3c672021f89be56f9101bd7009
CRC32 : 63010d2d
File Size : 3,462,440

And:

Filename : 30_thai_restau_dble_7_16_09_7PM.avi
MD5 : 62dc6dde20162e0964530c5a2cadd06c
SHA1 : 45d9bbe22e101a9725c543082e973ffad9f37d45
CRC32 : 4ad1285d
File Size : 21,038,700

¹⁸ Filename : 31_enter_brdrs_7_16_09_720PM.avi
MD5 : 5cbc9ef3d38232497ca5b370c7c43526
SHA1 : e7267575298d977bd1ab455bcaea11734c376433
CRC32 : 06d8f91f
File Size : 27,126,326

¹⁹ Filename : 32_brdrs_leaving_chk_dble_7_16_09_10PM.avi
MD5 : 70668cb04cd4f04a1c1444170aec5bd8
SHA1 : 54ae7119c33c2f15c410b5348003aeaf4393b240

Borders employee girl saw me, paused to press a button on her cellphone (see 0:49 in the video), and then started whispering to the microphone tagged on her chest as she walked past me. Seconds later she walked out and whispered something again to her microphone. I knew what was going on – all the employees in Westwood Village had been contacted by the Department of Homeland Security per the request of the Russian diplomatic service on account of my “threatening email” to them.

When I was about to cross over Wilshire Blvd, a woman suddenly drove her car to park next to me and begin talking on her cellphone (36:50) – she was obviously trying to get the Machine to confuse her phone call as coming from me. I therefore promptly videotaped her while quickly walking away (13:33 in the video diary). Even after I had crossed Wilshire Blvd, she was still there in her car talking on her cellphone. When I came back ten minutes later, she was finally gone (48:50 or so; 16:18 in the video diary). Then I found another “fucking bitch” text-messaging on 58:00. I put up my act: “I don’t really like this TV show... Just going there is enough... Go there and then hide in the apartment...” (1:00:00). To avoid people, I hid myself in a street corner to edit my video diary on my laptop. Siren on 1:47:30 or so. Suddenly, a man came to me and said “Hi” to me with an evil smile (16:48 in the video diary). I guessed I was “intercepted” again receiving secret messages from my fellow Russian secret agents. On 2:16:00 onwards, when I had finished my work, I began “acting” to my recorder, intentionally misinterpreting suit team’s operation: that the suit team was going to plant things in the restroom, arguing in the International Court that I was the one who had lost them, and that the woman in the car was probably saying over the phone that she had lost something so that, when her call was confused as mine in surveillance, it would lend support to the argument that I lost the things planted. *The suit team would have to plant something here first before they could send me to Central America to play out the script they had prepared for me...* Finally, I pretended to complain that my flight to Nicaragua would probably not be so smooth, and that I didn’t really want to go. But then, I expressed my true intention: “Perhaps I will just disappear into the jungle...”

July 17

My first video diary of this day is: “7_17_09_p1.wmv” and my first recording is: “sec_grd_wk_me_biomed_rstrm_shve_krn_ownr_eatout_sm_bch_7_17_09_635AM-258PM.WMA”. I slept in the street corner across the street from Denny’s. Around 7 AM in the morning, I was awoken by a security guard: “It’s 7 AM, you need to go!” (35:20) I thus filmed myself getting up (38:50; the first scene in the video diary) and moved to the empty area in front of the trash bin just a few feet away to continue sleeping. Then, on 1:26:00, I filmed myself getting up again (2:30 in the video diary) and departing without leaving anything behind (1:31:30; 2:54 in the video diary). Then, another security guard walked past and, as soon as he saw me, he murmured something on his Walkie-Talkie (1:35:00; 3:23 in the video diary). Again, this was probably in response to Russian diplomatic protection service’s request. I dragged my

heavy cart to UCLA Biomedical Center and, there, ran into Mr former Secretary's "double" for me, "Man Z" (1:42:00; 3:45 in the video diary). After using the toilet in the Biomedical Center, I had to film myself leaving the restroom in order to have proof that I had left nothing behind (2:02:00; 4:13 in the video diary). Today, I decided to settle down in the quiet Botanical Garden to use my Toshiba laptop (2:11:00). But I was not going to enjoy any break. First, I was alarmed by a sedan which came inside (2:16:00). Then I filmed a surveillance agent on 2:20:00 (5:00 in the video diary). Then, three Taiwanese ladies, when they walked past me, immediately took out their cellphones (2:21:00). Siren on 2:23:00. I filmed another Asian girl walking past on 2:23:30 (5:34 in the video diary). Then another man who paused in front of me... (2:26:50; 5:50 in the video diary). Then another man, looking very much like "Homeland Security", came near me (2:31:20; 6:02 in the video diary), and as soon as he was in front of me, his cellphone rang (8:12 in the video diary). I had to assume that Mr former Secretary had sent him to me so that, when his cellphone rang, the Machine could intercept my Russian intelligence boss calling me on my cellphone. I filmed myself leaving my corner (2:37:00; 8:37 in the video diary). Immediately, however, a man came and just stood in front of me motionlessly (9:30 in the video diary). I had to wait for him to leave first before leaving myself in order to make sure that he wasn't going to leave behind trash as a way for the Machine to intercept me forgetting my expensive Russian-made spy equipment and high-value Latin American crack cocaine. I then had to film myself pursuing another "spotter" (someone, perhaps, instructed by the suit team to pretend to "discover" me the vagrant and to rumor bad things about me for the purpose of being intercepted: 2:39:30, or 10:00 in the video diary). I then filmed another suspicious guy passing me by on 2:42:30 (10:35 in the video diary). I then filmed myself getting "spotted" by another actor (2:47:00; 11:00 in the video diary). Finding a new corner in the Botanical Garden, I began reviewing my video diary "[6_18_09_p2.wmv](#)" – just to fantasize, for my own pleasure, the shock which the ICJ judges (but in fact the world's diplomats in the United Nations) were experiencing yesterday when the Russians showed them my home-made video diary. I filmed another guy passing by on 2:58:40 and then myself leaving on 3:12:00 (11:50 in the video diary). I went inside the restroom in the Biomedical Center again and, when finished, filmed the whole restroom as proof that I did not leave anything behind (3:26:45; 12: 12 in the video diary). Sitting outside the Biomedical Center, I then filmed another janitor who, strangely, just had to look at his cellphone perpetually while pushing his trash cart (3:34:00; 13:35 in the video diary). It was not clear to me whether he was running surveillance on me for the Russian side or whether he was pretending to be receiving messages under instruction from the American side – or whether he was just looking at his cellphone for his own personal purpose.

Walking out of the Biomedical Center, I came to Profetta Coffeehouse. There were seven people in the patio (3:53:30). As soon as I settled inside, however, children came in to make noises – under Homeland Security instruction (4:00:00). I began, as usual, editing my latest video diary while burning my new backup DVD. Siren on 4:19:00. While a man continually stared at me – most likely a surveillance agent from the Russian side – my new pen camera began breaking down intermittently. This alarmed me tremendously, for I didn't know whether Mr former Secretary had also the ability to control my pen camera. Siren outside on 5:01:30, and then on 5:10:00. When I came inside the Korean fast food to order my lunch, the owner specifically asked me to eat outside (5:24:30). I suspected that he might have been instructed by the suit team to purposely treat me like a piece of unwanted trash in order to confirm Mr former Secretary's story about David Chin, but it was quite likely that he really did find me too dirty. I complied

and hid myself in an inaccessible corner on the street to eat my food, and then filmed myself leaving and throwing away my trash into the trash can (6:03:50; 14:16 in the video diary). I then filmed another vagrant dragging a cart outside Best Buy – another one from the army of dirty and worthless vagrants whom Mr former Secretary had sent into the Westwood area (6:14:30; 15:22 in the video diary). I then got onto the bus to go to Santa Monica (6:24:00). Mr former Secretary directed another Hispanic woman to sit next to me with her child – angering me tremendously – so that he may obtain more evidences to confirm his story about my pedophilia (6:26:00). I then filmed another text-messaging “bitch” on the bus on 6:37:10 (15:49 in the video diary). Then an ugly DHS agent came to sit next to me (6:43:00). I thus filmed myself changing seat (6:43:45; 17:00 in the video diary), and then briefly filmed the enormously crowded condition of the bus (6:54:00; 17:55 in the video diary) which smacked of Mr former Secretary’s “Homeland Security operation”. I then filmed myself getting off the bus on 7:21:00 (18:38 in the video diary). Stepping onto the fresh ground of Santa Monica beach, I murmured: “While I’m here, the government, on the basis of its surveillance on me, might claim that I’m fishing in the Atlantic Ocean at the moment” (7:28:00). I hid myself in another street corner to avoid people while working on my video diary (7:31:00). However, I was tremendously frustrated by the bright sunlight which made it impossible to clearly see what was on my computer screen, so that I had to move way. I filmed another police car passing me by on 8:08:30 (19:14 in the video diary) and then myself leaving my corner on 8:18:00 (19:42 and 20:09 in the video diary). I made sure to even pick up all my cigarette butts.

My next recording is:

“[prdct_novl_strbks_eee_crsh_bch_dble_flm_nvl_eqpmt_stbks_wrlss_cut_plug_frny_7_17_09_302PM.WMA](#)”. Siren on 3:30 while I set out for Novel Cafe. On 9:00, upon approaching Novel Café, I made my prediction that I would see there someone using a Toshiba laptop or Eee PC or charging strange electronic equipment or watching cartoon or reading comic books. I walked inside Novel on 9:50 and exclaimed: “See what I’ve told you?” for there was someone using a laptop very similar to my Toshiba Satellite. I then spotted another Eee PC on 11:00. I thus quickly departed from Novel Café after merely using the restroom. I approached the Starbucks on Main Street and wondered whether I was about to see the same things: Toshiba laptop, Eee PC, cartoon and comic books. But no, thank God – or rather Mr former Secretary. I began charging my Toshiba Satellite in this Starbucks. Siren in the distance on 23:40. I then noticed that, inexplicably, the electrical outlet was draining power away from my Toshiba rather than charging it (28:00). Could this be Mr former Secretary’s work? Or was it “natural”? Children’s noise on 35:00. I sighed that there would always be children around me. Sirens in the distance on 50:40. I set my Toshiba Satellite to work on publishing my latest video diary. I was then mysteriously logged out of my T-Mobile wireless account on my Eee PC and was unable to log in again, such that I was compelled to videotape it (1:22:30). See the first scene in my next video diary of the day: “[7_17_09_p2.wmv](#)”. Note in the video that a woman was holding a cellphone, and that, behind her, another woman who was sitting in front of her laptop was talking on her cellphone. I theorized that I was prevented by the suit team from logging onto my T-Mobile account probably because the woman who was sitting in front of her laptop was online and Mr former Secretary wanted to make sure that the Machine could confuse her Internet connection with mine without there being counter-evidence. Finally, I was allowed to get online, probably because I was filming it. I brushed aside another person who tried to talk to me on 1:29:00 – who knows if he was merely instructed by his government to produce some damaging evidence out of

me. Today, with my Internet connection, I would perform another major stunt to help Russia. I began uploading the first three videos of my conversation with the pretty CIA agent “Amanda” on May 17 (1:50:30 or so). Recall that I filmed my interaction with her in five separate clips. I didn’t however upload the fourth and fifth clips (“[spn_stdnt_p3_5_18_09.3gp](#)” and “[spn_stdnt_p4_5_18_09.3gp](#)”) because I wasn’t sure whether my “confession” in the last clip would really help the Russians. I played safe: the first three clips, showing me happily coveting Amanda, would, when intercepted into the International Court as evidences, definitely help the Russians establish that I had conspired with the CIA to frame Russia. In my mind, I was picturing the ICJ judges incensed by my home-made videos: so the Latin American secret agent with whom this supposedly Russian secret agent David Chin was colluding was actually an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency? In reality, whether it was the new judges brought into the lower court on June 19 or whether it was judge Higgins herself in the higher court, nobody was surprised by the “revelation” that there was never any “Ecuadorian” (or whichever Latin American nation’s) secret agent but that, all along, there were only CIA agents. What was important was that the Russians were able to enter my videos into the evidentiary record to further substantiate, entirely in the legal sense, their claim that I had conspired with the CIA. It was all a matter of legal formality.

I thought about the Youtube video which Maria Malespin sent to me – per International Court order, to be sure – and finally decided that, this being probably no trick of suit team’s, I really should take a look at it. I was however cautious enough that I filmed myself watching it (2:17:00). By watching the video I would in fact help the Russians, for this would be more evidence for my “intention” to conspire with the CIA. See 2:10 onward in the video diary (note the young black couple standing in front of me). But Youtube froze halfway into the video – and Wireshark couldn’t be stopped either (2:19:00; 4:25 in the video diary). I presumed that my Eee PC was simply having the same problem again: when its memory was full it would freeze up and the entire Operating System would have to be reinstalled. I was very upset, because my entire Thunderbird mail folder would be lost upon reinstallation. See 6:37 onward in the video diary: nothing – the mouse pad, the arrow key – was functional, and there was no movement on Youtube. I rebooted; meanwhile a suspicious man was holding up his cellphone in front of me. Russian surveillance agent? If so, he was just here to gather evidence that it was indeed I myself who was watching the Youtube video. And so you see me next trying to reinstall the Linux OS from hard drive partition. The whole thing crashed, and the computer screen went flashing like crazy. Having difficulty in rebooting, I pressed the power button repeatedly. I frustrated myself further by forgetting which combination of keys I had to press in order to reinstall the OS from hard drive partition. “Oh my God, this is so bad!” I kept repeating to myself, and filmed the last moments of my Eee PC’s crashing (2:31:00; from 13:00 onward in the video diary). Note in the video that a surveillance agent was sitting across from me. I felt like fainting and muttered desperately: “I cannot handle machine malfunctioning...”. I began suffering nervous breakdown and had to leave immediately. “I can’t deal with machine malfunctioning...” (until 2:38:00). I filmed myself leaving Starbucks in a delirious state (2:40:40 or so; 13:43 in the video diary). I wandered like a zombie to the beach and lay down on the grass to rest (2:50:00; 14:28 in the video diary). Siren in the distance on 3:03:40 or so (15:05 in the video diary). On 3:12:00 or so I began videotaping a black man who was videotaping my surrounding (from 15:30 onward in the video diary). I wasn’t sure whether he was filming me; I just knew that I had to film anyone who was filming because that person was very possibly my “double”. “He’s making a phone call...

And so in surveillance it's 'me' who was making a phone call..." (3:19:00; 23:43 in the video diary). "My double always behaves very strangely..." Note, on 28:30 in the video diary, that another Homeland Security vagrant came to pick trash in the public trash can – even taking the trash bag out – in imitation of me. Finally, on 3:34:00, as I continued filming my possible double, I began moving toward him, wanting to find out what he was about. But soon I paused, worrying about the danger that my "double" might cease being my "double" upon my approach and begin instead to pretend to complain about my videotaping behavior in order for the Machine to intercept me "criminally harassing people with my camcorder" (my double's "change of mission": 3:37:40). As I have mentioned, this is the "new tactic" which Mr former Secretary had begun employing in response to my videotaping of his operations. Then, on 30:00 in the video diary, my "double" met up with a pretty blonde. Since my "double" spoke typical American black English, he shouldn't be a surveillance agent working for the Russian side. I concluded that Mr former Secretary had just obtained another piece of evidence showing me meeting with my "Russian secret agent girlfriend". The first time on July 11, and now a second time on July 17. Now, after my "double" was gone, my second "double" showed up, a white guy, a typical Homeland Security bum. He sat down by the tree near me in order for the Machine to continue to identify someone else as myself (34:06 in the video diary). Working on my video diary on the grass, I filmed another Russian-speaking woman passing me by on bicycle, never knowing whether she was a Russian agent, suit team's fake Russian agent, or just some Russian tourist or immigrant who happened to be enjoying the beach (34:52 in the video diary). On 7:42 PM (4:38:30) I videotaped myself packing up and leaving the beach (from 35:17 onward in the video diary).

When I walked into Novel Café to use the public computer station to search for information on how to reinstall the Linux OS on an Eee PC (4:51:00), my "Novel Café double" – you recall that he was charging strange electronic devices on July 11 – quickly showed up to manipulate the same strange devices (5:02:00). I began filming him (from 5:03:40 or so onward in the recording and from 36:11 onward in the video diary). I went upstairs just in order to get a clearer view of "my Russian-made spy equipment" (38:00 in the video diary). After this, fearing proximity to my "double", I quickly left Novel Café. And, so, according to Mr former Secretary, I had, in the past two hours, not only met up with my Russian secret agent girlfriend, but also sat around the beach vegetating (not working hard on my video diary) and then come to Novel Café to charge my "Russian-made spy equipment".

While strolling on Main Street, on 8:05 PM, I filmed a series of ambulances which had streamed into the neighborhood now that I was here (40:00 in the video diary, until 5:10:00 in the recording). I went inside the other Starbucks on Main Street and began filming myself reinstalling my Eee PC's OS from the hidden partition on its hard drive (41:00 in the video diary and 5:20:00 onward in the recording). I succeeded, after I had learned that I needed to press the F9 key. (You can hear children's noises throughout my time in this Starbucks.) After my Eee PC was functional again, I followed the link in Maria's email and watched the rest of the Youtube video on Casa San Francisco (5:28:30; 45:00 in the video diary). Suddenly, I discovered, again, that the electrical outlet here was draining away power from my Toshiba Satellite rather than charging it. And then, while downloading Wireshark onto my Eee PC, my wireless Internet connection was suddenly cut off (5:42:00; 49:30 in the video diary). I turned off my Eee PC, rebooted it, connected to the wireless network, and tried downloading Wireshark for the second

time (52:20 in the video diary). Just then my wireless connection was cut off for the second time (53:00 in the video diary). I presumed it was because Mr former Secretary didn't want me to download Wireshark; in reality, he was probably just angry with the fact that I had watched Casa San Francisco's introductory video on Youtube. Together with my videos of "Amanda", my watching this video – which was evidence that I had indeed intended to conspire with the CIA – had just allowed the Russians to further substantiate their claim to judge Higgins in spite of the ambiguity and indecisiveness which I had earlier demonstrated about my "mission". Now, because the electrical outlet was draining power out of my Toshiba laptop, I packed up and left, filming myself doing so (until 6:03:50; 54:40 in the video diary). During all this time, the Russians had a surveillance agent in the coffee house watching over me – they needed to confirm that I did watch the Youtube video – but I pretended to not have noticed him. While walking to the burrito place across the street to get my dinner, I filmed another "Homeland Security broken leg" (6:09:00 or so; 55:13 in the video diary). After eating, I filmed a fat woman who purposely came out of Starbucks to text-message near me (56:48 in the video diary), and then hopped onto the shuttle to go back to the Promenade (6:46:00). While on the shuttle, I had to film the conversation between the bus driver and another Homeland Security "double" of mine (again, a black man): the conversation was obviously staged to be confused as mine in faulty surveillance (until 6:51:30 or so; 57:12 in the video diary). More evidence in the "lower court" in favor of the United States. I got off the shuttle on the Promenade by 6:54:00. I was going to try the Starbucks on Wilshire and the Promenade. From outside the Starbucks, I filmed another man inside using a strange audio software on his laptop (6:58:50; 57:44 in the video diary). Evidently, the Machine had been continually intercepting me using exotic computer equipment everywhere I went: after being caught charging my Russian-made spy equipment, I was now discovered using sophisticated audio software to forge those recordings of myself which had been intercepted into the International Court as evidences. Using the T-Mobile wireless network of this Starbucks, I tried to download first GFTP, and then Wireshark, onto my Eee PC (7:06:00; from 58:12, especially 1:01:20, onward in the video diary). I still couldn't get Wireshark installed on my Eee PC (1:03:40 in the video diary), which thus reinforced my impression that Homeland Security did not want me to install any packet-sniffer.

While squatting outside Starbucks and videotaping all this with my JVC camcorder – I was afraid to go inside because of my "audio-forging double" – I discovered that I had already taped over the latter part of my DV tape which had registered the episode where I followed my "Thai restaurant double" to his Midvale dwelling (7:14:30 or so). I was enormously angered by the permanent loss of this precious video. As if this weren't bad enough, I then discovered that, even in this Starbucks, the electrical outlet was draining power away from my laptop rather than charging it. I thus suffered my second nervous breakdown of the day. I desperately needed electricity so that I could import my latest video from my JVC camcorder to my Toshiba Satellite (given that I had only one DV tape left for my camcorder at this time). I was going frantic (7:24:00: "I can't stand machine malfunctioning!"; from 7:32:45 onward: "I don't know where I am... Oh...") when I ran from the Starbucks in Promenade to another coffeehouse, only to find that it was full-house with no room for me. On 7:36:00, you can still hear me running, crying, and moaning, "Oh my God, Oh my God..." I then became hysterical on 7:39:00 when I saw my next "double" on the sidewalk; I filmed him of course. Still hysterical, I dropped by Kinkos on 6th and Wilshire, only to find, again, that the electrical outlet there was draining power away from my Toshiba Satellite. I developed the impression that Homeland Security had remotely

altered the entire electricity system of Santa Monica in order to prevent me from using my computers (such uploading videos of my fraternizing with CIA agents and watching videos which the CIA was required by court order to send me) – for reasons which you can surely guess. I was horrified for I could no longer videotape myself entering and leaving places and retain proof that I had never left anything behind wherever I went. I began crying profusely while walking out of Kinkos (7:55:00). And my new pen camcorder was also not functioning. The insecurity I felt due to my inability to film myself and my surrounding was so devastating that I simply couldn't calm down. Although I had this notion that going back to Westwood was a trap, I had no choice because I needed to use the electrical outlets on the sidewalk there. Then, while going frantic I lost my hat. Who knows what it will morph into by the time it was intercepted into the International Court as evidence? While I was waiting for the 720 bus going back to Westwood, a Hispanic man came to squat down next to me and started moving his six packs of beer into his backpack. I immediately suspected that he was my “double” sent here in order for the Machine to intercept me drinking again, just as Mr former Secretary had always done. He was most likely going to argue, before the ICJ judges in the lower court, that I was going frantic because I drank too much.

While on the bus, I noticed another “double” of mine continually smiling at me (8:07:00). Getting off the bus on Westwood (8:23:00), I was extremely distraught because I supposed that “All the people are going to walk past me on the sidewalk and rumor about seeing me manipulating strange electronic devices on the street, but that’s what I’ll have to put up with...” Unfortunately, those electrical outlets on the sidewalk of Westwood Village were still draining power away from my Toshiba Satellite rather than charging it (8:33:30 or so). I went frantic again and rebooted my laptop. The same thing. (Note, on 8:37:30, that another Homeland Security vagrant came to harass me, and I yelled at him: “Get out of here!”) My pen camera, meanwhile, remained non-functional. But I suddenly decided to experiment with charging my laptop while it was turned off. I did so, and, when I turned on my laptop ten minutes later, guess what, it was actually charging! What was going on? Perhaps the Russians had intervened, requesting to judge Higgins that the terrorist suspect be allowed to “finish his mission” undisturbed.

My next recording is: “[dup_dhs_blk_mn_harass_wrt_diary_tapeover_7_17-8_09_1158PM-209AM.WMA](#)”. Siren on 17:34. Around 12:25 AM, while I was charging, on the sidewalk, both my Toshiba Satellite and my JVC camcorder and importing my latest video, a black man wearing a dark jacket and pretending to be drunk suddenly sneaked up behind me and started harassing me. My reflex: “Get out of here!” (27:17) This black man, obviously a Homeland Security actor (your “federal agent”), pretended to go into a rage – “Do not fuck with the man!” “Get your stuff and get the fuck out! Do you understand what I’m saying?” – and unplugged both my laptop and my camcorder from the electrical outlets. “I really don’t give a shit. Get all your shit out!” he yelled (27:50). While walking away, he continued yelling, “You are the one with a fucking problem... I have a God-damned problem? It has nothing to do with my black ass. I don’t have a God-damned problem...” I couldn’t film all this because my camcorder was in the process of exporting video to my laptop. I quickly packed up my things, rewound my DV tape to the beginning, and chased after this “Homeland Security agent” with my camcorder. But he had already disappeared by then. I documented the rest of the happening in my next video diary, “[7_18_09_p1.wmv](#)”. As expected, this “Homeland Security” agent left behind his jacket by the

sidewalk in order for the Machine to intercept me losing my jacket again after drinking too much and becoming drunk. I thus thoroughly filmed this abandoned jacket (the first scene in the video diary). I came around to ask the security guard to remove the jacket for me. Since I knew that the United States would argue in the International Court that it was I who had lost this jacket, I didn't want to touch it – lest the Machine could lay claim to supreme accuracy when it showed me having something to do with the jacket. The security guard, however, adamantly refused. At a loss, I checked the jacket myself – filming myself doing so, of course – and, sure enough, I found Advil and a cup of juice inside its pockets: these were supposed to turn into crack cocaine, marijuana, and hard liquor when the jacket was brought into the International Court as evidence. I filmed myself throwing everything away into the trash can – the “threat” was thus presumably neutralized. I then filmed myself obtaining the security guard's admission that it was *he*, the Homeland Security vagrant, who had bothered me, and that it was *he* who had forgotten the jacket there.

My last recording of the night is: “[upld_vid_wstwd_strt_7_18_09_213-323AM.WMA](#)”. I spent the next hour or so quietly charging my equipment and importing my latest video from my camcorder, and it was only on 3:48 AM that I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (7:33 in the video diary). But, just then, I noticed another “double” of mine, sitting on the bench not far from me and sipping his beer. Again, as the Machine would show me enjoying my alcoholic beverage instead of working on my documentaries in the past hour, it was more evidence to confirm that Mr former Secretary's story about David Chin was correct. I was only afraid that my new “double” would soon leave behind his beer bottle. Now this “double” was Asian, and, by wearing a hat, was certainly imitating me. By 4:14 AM, I filmed myself finding a corner in Westwood Village to sleep in (11:28 in the video diary). But all was not yet finished: on 4:34 AM, a suspicious car came to park in the distance with its head lights turned on, and then, minutes later, sped off (12:10 in the video diary). Today I would assume this was Russians' surveillance; at the time, however, I wasn't sure, and would have pretended not to know about Russian involvement in any case. Somewhat startled by this vehicle, I moved away and eventually decided to sleep in the public park behind the Federal Building.

July 18:

My first video of the day already noted, my first recording of the day is: “[wk_wstwd_prk_flm_dble_wait_thairstau_dble_7_18_09_930AM-109PM.WMA](#)”. Note immediately the siren in the distance on 3:30. I woke up and filmed myself ready to leave on 24:00. I noticed that a dirty and worthless vagrant was also sleeping on the grass just a few feet away from me. Obviously, it was Mr former Secretary who had sent in this “federal vagrant” to sleep near me so that the Machine could confuse him with me and thus confirm its own “accuracy”. Angered – somehow, in the eyes of the world, I must always be someone else – I went to film him (from 28:00 onward; 16:08 in the video diary). I angrily tore off the newspaper he used to cover his face and filmed this piece of trash right in his face (17:42 in the video diary). As you can see in the video, he was pretty shocked himself by my daringness. I then filmed someone in the distance making a cellphone call on 37:40 (20:26 in the video diary): he could very well be confused with me in surveillance. I also filmed another vagrant who was following me on 39:00 (20:55 in the video diary). I came around to the apartment building of my “Thai

restaurant double” from yesterday and decided to stake outside to see if he would come out (21:11 in the video diary). I had to move because I noticed more beer cans in a shopping cart nearby (55:00; 22:05 in the video diary). A car then came to park next to me, and I began filming it just in case the driver was sent here with the “mission” of “making a cellphone call near me in order for the Machine to confuse the call as coming from me” (1:02:00; 22:22 in the video diary). It turned out, however, that he was not making calls, but was just waiting for his girlfriend. While waiting for my “Thai restaurant double”, I began editing my video diary. Siren in the distance on 1:31:30, and then on 1:35:30. I filmed another suspicious individual on 1:45:30 (24:02 in the video diary), and this time he *was* making a cellphone call. I then filmed another girl coming out onto her balcony for fear that she was instructed by her government to “spot me” – in order to pretend to complain about me for the sake of being intercepted (1:53:00; 25:47 in the video diary). Given all these activities in the neighborhood, I decided to leave, my “Thai restaurant double” nowhere seen. Then, another car came to park in front of me and its driver, a Hispanic man, stared into my face (1:56:30). I noted down its license plate for future references. I then filmed myself leaving on 2:00:15 (27:15 in the video diary), picking up all my cigarette butts, etc., so as to avoid confirming Mr former Secretary’s profile of David Chin. I even had to film the vodka bottle that was abandoned on the sidewalk for fear that it was Mr former Secretary who had sent in his federal agents to leave it here in order to confirm his profile of “David Chin” as an alcoholic (2:03:40; 28:15 in the video diary). I filmed more on 2:07:00, and then the girl I walked past on 2:14:35. While I was waiting for the Santa Monica bus, I filmed another pretty “bitch” who was pushing a bicycle and stopped in front of me to text-message (2:18:40; 28:41 in the video diary). She looked suspiciously like a CIA agent – if so, it was then simply Mr former Secretary who was directing another CIA agent to text-message near me in order to confirm the Machine’s accuracy and his story about David Chin’s continual text-messaging to his foreign intelligence bosses. I “acted”: “Once I get to Central America, I’ll be nicer to my doubles, for they are poor people, and I want to benefit them by letting them crucify me...” (2:22:00). Now, since I was preparing my recordings to be intercepted into the International Court as evidence, I needed to explain why I hated my doubles so much even though I “wanted to help the CIA”. When this diary comes to an end, I’ll explain in more detail the principle and motivation for my “acting”.

I then got on the bus to go to Santa Monica beach (2:25:00). Some child, probably per suit team’s instruction, was crying loudly on the bus (2:49:00). I filmed myself getting off the bus on 2:55:00 (31:36 in the video diary), ate at a fast food place, and then filmed myself again when I had finished eating (3:21:20; 32:13 in the video diary). I sighed: “My enemy is everybody” (3:24:15). I found a small, isolated park by the beach where I decided to take a short nap, and filmed myself again on 3:36:00 (33:10 in the video diary).

My next recording is:

“[smbch_nap_wm_pic_me_dble_dhs_bcycl_n_pic_me_cafe_vid_dble_susp_mn_cllphn_wthdrw_limo_7_18_09_113PM.WMA](#)”. Pretty soon a security guard came to “spot me”, talking about

me on his Walkie-Talkie (33:42 in the video diary). By now, I could no longer determine whether he was “spotting me” for the Americans or for the Russians. Then, my “double” appeared, hiding himself in the bushes a few yards away from me to manipulate some electronic device (34:13 in the video diary). Again, since the Machine had registered him as me, its “accuracy” was confirmed again. He then slept on the bench to imitate me sleeping (35:00 in the video diary). Then, two pretty white women came around to this empty place – this time I was pretty sure that they were CIA agents (35:30 in the video diary). They were pretending to be walking their dog. Around 1:26 PM, another Homeland Security actor came to greet my double who was sleeping on the bench – so that the Machine could intercept me distributing marijuana to those dark elements of society (35:56 in the video diary). I fell asleep, and woke up a little past 3 PM, and the two pretty CIA women showed up again (36:37 in the video diary). When I saw one of them talking on the phone, I couldn’t help but groan: “Who knows how many secret messages the government has intercepted me texting while I was sleeping like a pig.” She then started taking pictures – and accidentally took a picture of me – so that more pictures showing me not looking like myself may be entered into the International Court as evidences (37:51 in the video diary).

I filmed my surrounding before leaving (2:05:00; 38:46 in the video diary) and recorded my theory as to why the CIA woman was taking pictures of me: it’s because she was trying to “accidentally” catch me in her pictures and then have the pictures “accidentally” intercepted into the International Court as evidences demonstrating that I had indeed slept here at one time, so that when the suit team, after I was gone, came here to plant evidences, it could be argued all the more plausibly that it was I who had left behind the Russian-made spy equipment or Latin American crack cocaine. The theory was probably incorrect, for, as noted, the suit team usually just needed more evidences showing me not looking like myself. After making proof that I had left nothing behind, I went to check on my “double”. I filmed the surrounding of the bench where he had passed out (40:43 in the video diary), and discovered that he did leave behind socks and pants (41:07 in the video). Well, the Machine’s accuracy, and Mr former Secretary’s story about me, were just confirmed again, for the Machine had again intercepted me forgetting things all over the place just as Mr former Secretary had always asserted. Walking along the Santa Monica beach, I carefully constructed my “testimony” in case it would be intercepted by the Russians: that I was being flushed out of America by the suit team through these scary tactics to frame me (2:11:00). I then commented that I felt extremely uncomfortable with suit team’s perpetual attempt to plant drugs or spy-equipment in my environment in order to frame me. Again, I will presently explain the principle and motivation of my particular “acting”. For the moment you should be able to notice that I was trying to make Russians’ victory in the lower court look like an accident, the result not of my helping them but of my phobia toward the grotesque story which the United States was inventing about “David Chin”.

I squatted on the sidewalk to work on my video-diary, but, in this busy environment, I would of course have to constantly document “suspicious” occurrences (those which might become evidences in the International Court). I first filmed a pizza man coming near me (2:29:25; 41:24 in the video diary). Suddenly, on 2:33:00 or so, a Homeland Security actor on bicycle came to me to ask me – in his vulgar, vomit-inducing tone of voice: “Hey, homeless guy with a laptop,

do you want to buy a bicycle?” I could do no more than film him getting away (41:49 in the video diary). I then filmed more people – adults and children – appearing in front of me to play baseball (2:36:20 or so; 42:32 in the video diary) lest it might be another “operation”. Because children had begun showing up around me, I decided to leave (2:43:17; 43:51 in the video diary). This place was just too dangerous! I went back, on 2:46:50 or so, camcorder in hand, to the empty grassland where I was sleeping earlier, just to do a check-up (44:25 in the video diary). I was getting increasingly worried about the “evidences” which I assumed the suit team was going to plant. I put up my act: The suit team might be planning on planting evidences in preparation for my Latin American trip; even though, I continued, I knew the purpose of the upcoming show, namely, sending me to Latin America in order to sue Russia, I didn’t yet know the content of the show, and therefore could not guess what evidences they might want to plant. I lamented: Why does the suit team have to plant anything *before putting me there*? I confessed that *I was getting very uncomfortable about the planting of evidences*. Great acting!

On 2:51:00 or so, I noticed two guys pretending to “accidentally” photograph me, this time right in my face. Camcorder in hand, I chased after them to film them as well (from 46:35 onward in the video diary). Confrontation ensued. As you can see in the video, we ended up pointing our cameras at each other’s face while shouting profanity. It was quite obvious that the suit team had an urgent need today for evidences showing me not looking like myself. I was so enraged by them, and filmed them intermittently. Confrontation again on 2:54:00 or so. “You follow me around, man!” “I’m just walking behind you!” “You know, I don’t like it when you just take pictures of me right in my face...” “I don’t even know who you are, and you already know who I am.” Recall that this was the most painful part of this Homeland Security prison house, this government-sponsored “Truman Show”, where everyone was told funny lies about me and was then instructed to play pranks upon me, and where, yet, I knew nothing about anyone and nothing about what everyone was told about me.

So enormously angered, I squatted down on the sidewalk to smoke my cigarette butts to calm myself down. “Americans are such bad people! Americans are such bad people!” I kept repeating to myself. “I do want to go to Central America, for, when Homeland Security shall instruct everyone there to play pranks on me, at least it will be poor people playing pranks on me, people who could not be as bad as the American people!” (until 3:00:09) I was “acting” even while venting my frustration and anger! I then moved away and settled down under a tree (3:10:17), repeating: “Americans are very evil people... very evil people...” I then filmed another ambulance rushing past me and blowing its siren under Homeland Security’s order (3:12:00; 49:25 in the video diary).

By now I had learned that it was actually safer to work inside a coffeehouse. I began scouting for a coffeehouse where electrical outlets were available. I came inside the Coffee Bean near the Promenade on 3:26:20 or so (49:48 in the video diary). Note that a baby was crying inside. On 3:27:50 or so someone came to ask me if he could take the chair in front of me; fearing that he might be producing intercepts, I ignored him. No sooner had I started working on my video diary than I had to film someone text-messaging (3:35:00; 50:08 in the video diary). Then, another “fucking bitch” suddenly came to stand next to me to text-message (4:20:00). I was intercepted two times within an hour. I went outside Coffee Bean to film the “bitch” (50:31 in the video diary). I videotaped another suspicious guy on 4:25:40 or so. On 4:26:40 I barely missed

videotaping another white female – who seemed very much to be a CIA agent – who was intentionally holding a camcorder upside down in her hand in order to “accidentally” videotape me when she walked past me (51:28 in the video diary). What was going on inside the International Court that the suit team today needed so many evidences showing me not looking like myself? More noise from baby crying on 4:28:40. When I came back inside Coffee Bean (4:36:00), I immediately videotaped another “double” of mine who had just come in to use a Toshiba laptop. It was 5:43 PM. I went outside to film more of him, depressed over the fact that, wherever I went, someone would soon show up with a Toshiba laptop (52:00 in the video diary). I filmed him more on 4:45:00 or so when I noticed him playing video game on his Toshiba laptop, which was definitive indication that he was especially sent here to be confused with me in surveillance (53:08 in the video diary). Then, another ambulance sped by blowing loud siren (4:52:00; 54:26 in the video diary). On 5:03:00, a good-looking white guy, holding a cellphone in his hand, came to stand in front of me. I hesitated to film him because I began suspecting that he was doing surveillance for the Russian side. He took a look at me, and just walked away (5:04:00). I was by now, remember, increasingly careful in not making any gestures suggesting that I knew I was surrounded by Russian agents – that might expose my “act”. When my Windows Movie Maker finished publishing my latest video diary and my laptops were charged up, I filmed myself packing up and documented my table as proof that I had left nothing behind (from 55:04 onward in the video diary). After using the restroom, I again had to videotape the interior to obtain proof that I had not made a mess in here (56:16 in the video diary). I then filmed myself withdrawing money from Chase’s ATM machine as proof that I did not have another bank account (3:30:00 or so; 57:05 in the video diary). It was 6:40 PM then. My mother had still not deposited the money she had promised me.

Now tonight would be the “night of limousines” – another indication that there was major upheaval today, either in the International Court or inside the United Nations. While on the streets in Santa Monica, I spotted, and filmed, the first limousine on 5:35:00 or so. This is in the first scene of my next video diary, “7_18_09_p2.wmv”. It had a license plate of ESS-21. Note that it was followed by a black SUV – the surest sign that very important people were inside the limousine (the SUV was the Secret Service). I then filmed a couple passing me by seemingly speaking Russian (5:39:30). It was suspicious enough because the woman, mysteriously, said to me with her heavy European accent “Broadway” (0:34 in the video diary). Then another person text-messaging while crossing the street on 5:47:08 or so. I filmed two other girls text-messaging on 5:48:45 or so (1:22 in the video diary). I bought dinner at McDonald’s and, when I spotted an attractive woman, I sighed to myself that I was now “beyond that” since by this time I would be happy just to have a room of my own where I could work on my video diaries and my writings on my laptops. After picking up my food, I went to find a deserted corner on the street where, under normal circumstances, no one would show up, so that anyone who showed up would therefore have to be an “operative” (see 2:07 in the video diary). Soon, on 5:58:00, another black Cadillac with tinted windows appeared in front of me (2:45 in the video diary). And so I found my corner where I shouldn’t be bothered or “accidentally” photographed. But of course my wish would not be granted.

My next recordings are: “eat_mcdnld_brgr_cnr_7_18_09_707-720PM.WMA” and “eat_brgr_cnr_7_18_09_720-740PM.WMA”. Then, as expected, another Homeland Security agent on bicycle crossed the street to ask me for a cigarette in order to produce more evidences

showing me selling crack cocaine in Santa Monica (2:00 in the first recording; 3:05 in the video diary). Loud siren in the distance on 7:00: fire trucks and ambulances. Another limousine on 8:30. Then siren immediately in the second recording. Then, on 7:21 PM, I filmed another long, white limousine passing me by (4:33 in the video diary). Then, on 7:29 PM, another limousine (3:28 in the second recording; 5:12 in the video diary). One minute later, on 7:30 PM, another limousine (4:50; 5:52 in the video diary). On 7:32 PM, another limousine (6:32 in the video diary). Siren on 6:40 in the first recording. I filmed the ambulance which, as soon as it had come in front of me, ceased to blow its siren (6:47 in the video diary). Then, a “real” vagrant, not a “Homeland Security fake vagrant” (11:30). On 7:39 PM, another long white limousine (7:19 in the video diary). On 7:42 PM, I filmed another family passing me by and speaking some unintelligible Eastern European language (16:20; 7:34 in the video diary). Car alarm on 18:30.

My next recording is: “[buy_bat_knkos_7_18_09_746-818PM.WMA](#)”. On 7:45 PM, another limousine (8:01 in the video diary). On 7:51 PM, after I finished eating, it was time to leave, and so I filmed myself leaving nothing behind (3:00; 8:20 in the video diary). I walked to Kinkos to buy batteries, etc., while the helicopter continued to circle the sky above me in response to “emergency” (17:30). On 8:13 PM, as soon as I stepped out of Kinkos, there was another police car waiting to “spot me” (25:30; 8:49 in the video diary). I came to the bus stop planning to go back to Westwood.

My next recording is: “[wait_bus_prklot_wrk_dble_drg_knkos_vid_7_18-9_09_814PM-254AM.WMA](#)”. Soon people (Homeland Security actors, etc.) started to come around to bother me. A man looked at me as if he wanted to talk to me (5:00). Another man then came and made gestures to suggest that my smoke smelled really bad, in order for the Machine to intercept another piece of circumstantial evidence indicating that I was smoking marijuana (8:00). I was becoming increasingly impatient at the bus stop because the bus never came. I continually murmured my motto: “I’ll learn to love my enemies and hate my friends, although I don’t have any friends” (16:40). I filmed another police car appearing in front of me on 20:30 (9:14 in the video diary). I then filmed another black Cadillac with tinted Windows passing me by (22:00; 9:33 in the video diary). Another one on 29:00 (9:52 in the video diary). Another black Cadillac on 34:00 (10:18 in the video diary). I filmed another person making a cellphone call in my vicinity, even though I knew that some of the callers were *real* residents who were *really* trying to call somebody (who were not instructed by their government to pretend to call people; 37:00). I filmed another black Cadillac with tinted windows on 39:00 (10:38 in the video diary). Then two pretty blondes speaking an unintelligible language (42:30). As I had become increasingly frustrated over the fact that the bus never showed up, I began, moaning and groaning, walking elsewhere, muttering bitterly: “I just want a corner with an electrical outlet” (55:00). Siren on 55:20. I found a dark, deserted corner in a parking lot which was all empty by this time of night, and decided to work on my laptop here. I filmed my new location to prove that there was absolutely nothing around (1:01:00; 11:06 in the video diary). I filmed another limousine coming toward me on 1:03:30 (10:50 in the video diary). I began importing my recordings and editing my latest video diary while documenting every movement around me. Another vagrant came over on 1:13:00 (11:41 in the video diary). I filmed another woman passing by on 1:16:10 (12:05 in the video diary). I filmed another person coming by on 1:29:20 (13:09 in the video diary). Siren on 1:32:00. I filmed another suspicious car coming to park next to me on 1:38:00. I filmed another guy passing by on 1:39:00 (14:25 in the video diary). Then another car coming past on

1:41:30 (15:38 in the video diary). I then filmed the security guard installing the gate on the entrance of the parking lot on 1:46:30 (16:04 in the video diary). Note the vagrant on 16:48 in the video diary. I filmed another person coming to identify me on 2:07:00 (16:58 in the video diary). I filmed another vagrant and another person talking on his cellphone on 2:12:30 (17:30 in the video diary). I filmed my things on 2:20:00, and then another Homeland Security vagrant on 2:23:20. I then amused myself by thinking about what my mother had said to me: “I thought you like to be homeless...” I laughed: “That’s why I don’t like America, for everyone suffers from schizophrenia” -- and yet accuses me, the only sane person, of suffering from schizophrenia! (2:44:00) I then filmed the security guard who came back to move the gate he had earlier installed by a few inches (2:53:10; 18:06 in the video diary). Soon, Homeland Security operations started. I began filming a Homeland Security gangster who came by with his “Homeland Security girlfriend” (from 18:34 onward in the video diary). He purposely came to the parking lot to urinate onto the wall in imitation of me – thus causing me to be “intercepted” urinating in public places and confirming the accuracy of the Machine (3:00:50). He then began using drugs – this was his “mission” (3:02:40). Terrified that I was again caught using drugs while under “surveillance”, I filmed myself packing up and leaving (3:08:30; 24:00 and in the video diary). I remembered to put up my act: “I don’t like this kind of stuff...” While on Wilshire, I filmed another guy who looked at his cellphone upon seeing me – while two more ambulances were pretending to respond to emergency (3:15:00; 27:10 in the video diary). I do not know whether this “cellphone man” was working for the American or Russian side. The bizarre electronic equipment he was carrying in his hand seemed to indicate that he was suit team’s double for me. I then filmed another Homeland Security vagrant carrying a large pack of beer (3:17:30; 28:30 in the video diary). I was caught drinking again. Since there was no bus taking me back to Westwood, I came back to Kinkos to charge my laptop and do my work (3:24:20). Some guy then came in, was ready to make a phone call, but suddenly departed: it was definitely a Homeland Security operation (3:28:00). Incredibly, I was permitted by Mr former Secretary to charge my laptop. I whispered to myself: “They are letting me charge my laptops; once they have produced the surveillance they have wanted, they will let me charge my laptops. If they don’t produce it, they won’t let me charge it...” (3:33:20). I began editing my video diary. Then, Mr former Secretary sent in another Homeland Security agent to print out a Word document on a computer station close to me. Since I knew he was likely to be confused with me in surveillance, I tried to film him with my pen camera, and he pretended to look toward me continually acting like he was annoyed that I tried to snoop on him (3:52:00).²⁰ Again, this was Mr former Secretary’s new tactic: he would send in his “double” for me, and, if I resisted by filming him, his “double” would change his “mission” and complain about me so that, at the very least, a piece of evidence indicating that I was a criminal videotaper could enter the International Court. I also did some writing and burned my latest backup DVD (6:05:00). I filmed myself leaving nothing behind on 6:18:00. This is in the first scene of my next video diary, “7_19_09_p0.wmv”. I then filmed another vagrant on the street, this time a white woman (6:22:15). I however suspected that she was a Russian surveillance agent. I found a street corner

²⁰ See my video: mn_mk_call_confus_w_me_7_18_09_1142PM.avi 9ce7b843e61bb42fd9fa6f75c691c8fc
c0777f5a47cff0b2aedeb62597fe323a4cca7339 1d25a33a
f799c63f4a2cba5bc3dce5f7bc667cc767c15d2d5afc5fe45ea8c26334a59ac0
54571b4e9fe35d68ebde261a33ec051273ddc9da1944d8ed4e82ffbef23ff655e161d6521d3391abfe39d055c3
cba242bd5c9c7e06bc9f6a07ce59c7b7d5c11d
da10949a01b1fea23f3542b292cb75dfc5fd3f8fb0d1ed1487199b01dfe5f3861fbd8b8b810e0a40fa3df83c055
194c8 44,070,328

nearby to sleep (7:50 in the video diary). A security guard however soon came to throw me out, and I still had to videotape myself leaving without forgetting anything behind. I came instead to the beach to sleep on the bench (8:33 in the video diary).

Now let us think about the reason why there were so many limousines around me tonight. I uploaded my video diary “6_18_09_p2.wmv” on the morning of the 14th, and today was the 18th. The Russian diplomatic service would have shown my video diary to the whole United Nations assembly on the afternoon of the 14th. They would then ask the United Nations to deliberate something on its basis on the 15th, 16th, and the 17th. What? The Russians’ greatest worry was that, once they had lost either in the lower court or in the upper court, or in both, lies would come out of the International Court making the world believe either that Russia was really responsible for sending this grotesque David Chin on a grotesque mission or that it had also participated in China’s scheme in arming terrorists around the world with nuclear bombs – or both. And yet they could not explain that these lies were the result of the enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 – they could not, because they needed to enforce UN Resolution 1373! As I have noted, although they were forbidden to explain themselves, the Russians had decided on the strategy of leaking as many clues as possible as to the origin of these lies and the strange evidences which came out of the International Court of Justice, so that somebody might actually be able to guess *that* these were lies and *why* the International Court of Justice had sanctioned these lies. After the Russians had announced in the UN assembly, supported by this new piece of indisputable evidence (my video diary), that the United States was trying to frame them with this “David Chin story”, they, again, retreated into silence and said nothing more – unable to explain themselves because forbidden to do so by UN Resolution 1373. Of course, everyone in the UN could not help but notice something very strange had been going on: my, and Russians’ own, predictions as to what evidences might turn up the next day (the June 19 incident); all the documents proving my identity which I had myself emailed to the Russian consulate in San Francisco and which the Russians had also been distributing around inside the UN (they can do this because the incident was outside the parameter of the agreement they had concluded with the United States back in 2008 eliminating from their possession all documentation they had received from the FBI about me in 2006); and, just a few days ago, the interception of my phone conversation with my mother in which my mother admitted that the “Lawrence” in her past conversations was really referring to her husband and not to her son... Confronted by the mystery of International Court of Justice’s continual reliance on the “Machine” despite its obvious inaccuracy, and now also by Americans’ blatant attempt to cheat with impunity, somebody, by July 17th, at last figured it out, and explained to everyone else the mystery *on this afternoon* (July 18th): suppose I was really “Lawrence Chin”, and suppose the description of my anti-Americanism (found very early on in Mr former Secretary’s alert about me to diplomatic services around the world) was somewhat correct, then – I would have purposely fled to China to allow the United States to be sued, in which case, the enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 would mean.... Once the origin of the lies was exposed, they would no longer have any force. When it came time to vote on sanctions on Russia on the basis of its conviction in the International Court of Justice, no nations would give a damn about it. The situation was now extremely embarrassing to the United States – triggered, at last, by a mere home-made video of mine. This is why Mr former Secretary, and all his Homeland Security and neocon cronies, were so angered this afternoon when they had received the latest news from the UN assembly that they had to hop into their mobile fortresses to come check me out. This is also why the United States suddenly had an urgent need to collect more

photographs of me in which I did not look like myself (the Chinese would airbrush them for the Americans to enforce UN Resolution 1373). No, he really *is* David Chin, look at these pictures, fresh from an hour ago! That's all the United States could say in response in the United Nations at the moment.

July 19

My first video diary of the new day is: “7_19_09_p1.wmv”, and my first recording of the day is: “wk_sm_bch_wrk_good_cnr_bch_dhs_mn_gstur_pnck_7_19_09_946AM-121PM.WMA” I filmed myself waking up on Santa Monica Beach (the first scene in the video diary). As usual, Mr former Secretary had sent in one of his vagrants to sleep five yards away from me in order for the Machine to confuse him with me (0:19 in the video diary). Around 9:09 AM I filmed an old couple – wearing huge surveillance sunglasses – passing me by on the beach. They were, strangely, speaking Russian (0:37 in the video diary). Conducting surveillance on me for the Russian side? I then filmed myself leaving my corner, proving that I had left nothing behind (1:28 in the video diary). In the process I also took a close shot of my double, noting that he was wearing the same hat as I was – and concluding that, “when Homeland Security conducts surveillance on me, they will always make sure to end up conducting surveillance on the person next to me.” On 4:18 in the video diary, I filmed again the strange-looking Russian-speaking old couple who had earlier passed me by. At the time I was having tremendous difficulty in distinguishing between “real” Russian surveillance agents and Mr former Secretary’s “fake” Russian agents – and so I just filmed everyone indiscriminately. On 9:26 AM, I caught sight of another limousine on the road (5:19 in the video diary). Mr former Secretary or his Homeland Security hot shots, still in hangover because of yesterday’s embarrassment in the UN, were busy directing new operations on the beach from the comfort of their limousine. I came to Starbucks for my morning coffee, and, immediately, I noticed a typical Homeland Security vagrant inside using a Toshiba laptop (6:29 in the video diary).

Wandering around in the Promenade area, I discovered a corner inside a building where I could hide without the possibility of my double coming within my vicinity (37:50). I filmed it (7:40 in the video diary). I then filmed myself leaving it on 39:40, as proof that I had left nothing behind save two cigarette butts. Similarly, after I had used the restroom inside the food mall at Promenade, I would have to videotape the place to prove that I had left nothing behind (1:09:45; 8:48 in the video diary). I came back to the hidden corner I had earlier discovered on 1:16:00 or so. Then, because I was worried that someone might be inside the building and instructed by the suit team to flush me out, I got up and filmed myself leaving on 1:29:00 (9:19 in the video diary), heading toward the beach instead. On my way I filmed more ambulances rushing past and blowing their siren (1:36:30 or so; 9:46 in the video diary). After some resting, I began editing my video diary. Then, suddenly, a black man – another Homeland Security actor – began for no apparent reason waving at me (2:24:00; 10:21 in the video diary). He was obviously trying to enable the Machine to intercept me receiving “secret messages” from my fellow gang members and drug dealers. Then an old lady came to set herself up behind me, wearing what seemed to be surveillance sunglasses. I began videotaping her (or her reflection on my computer’s screen: 11:30 in the video diary). Meanwhile, the Homeland Security actor continued to make strange gestures to me (from 11:57 onward in the video diary). The old lady behind me was probably a surveillance agent from the Russian side, trying to gather evidence demonstrating that I was

mystified by the “secret messages” rather than receiving them. I videotaped another possible double of mine on 2:39:00 or so (11:57 in the video diary). Increasingly uncomfortable with this Homeland Security actor’s “secret messages” to me, I decided to move. I filmed myself leaving my place and the gesture-making Homeland Security agent one more time on 2:52:00 (12:50 in the video diary). By 3:05:00 or so I was in a restaurant or some sort, where there were children’s noise, and I noted on 3:06:00 or so an Asian male reading newspaper and another person text-messaging. On 3:09:40 or so I noted the woman sitting behind me who was talking about medical and dental plans. Because she could very well be confused with me in faulty surveillance, she scared me. Children’s noise on 3:17:20. On 3:21:00 or so I finished my noodle, and, desiring a quiet place, departed. On my way I filmed another woman who took a picture of me with her cellphone (3:22:00; 13:40 in the video diary). Since she was very beautiful, I suspected she was a CIA agent. The picture would then be edited to prove that I did not look quite like myself: the uproar in the UN was still going on. After all these dangers, I came back to the hidden corner I had discovered in the morning (3:32:00; 13:59 in the video diary). Upon seeing dog shit on the ground, I couldn’t help but admit: “Dog shit is more pleasant than people”.

My next recording is: “[thrnw_sec_grd_cmr_bus_brdrs_ashtry_vid_read_7_19_09_143-503PM.WMA](#)”. Although there seemed not to be surveillance cameras around, a security guard came to me to throw me out (4:30). I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (15:00 in the video diary). As I walked through the Promenade area, I kept filming the stream of people coming toward me, noting especially anyone who was using a cellphone (8:45; 15:06 in the video diary). After a while, I decided to go back to the Borders Bookstore in Westwood (18:20). While on Santa Monica bus 1, I continued to film all the people who seemed to be wearing surveillance sunglasses (16:02 in the video diary). If they were, these surveillance agents should be working for the Russian side. Then a vagrant tried to talk to me on 37:30 – Homeland Security certainly – and I just brushed him aside. I filmed myself getting off the bus on 40:00 (17:00 in the video diary). Immediately upon arriving in Borders, I filmed the composition of people in the patio so that I could have a measure against which to assess suit team’s alteration of my environment which was certain to happen soon (48:00; 17:07 in the video diary). I then filmed myself reinstalling all the software which I had been using on my Eee PC – recall that I wasn’t allowed to do this in the past few days (from 1:00:30 onward in the recording; and from 17:55 onward in the video diary). First thing, Wireshark. Yet, even after all the changes were applied (19:00 onward in the video diary), it was still not working. I was certainly not going to use the Internet without logging my packets, and so, this time, I installed T-Shark instead. T-Shark was working well (20:10 in the video diary). Then Thunderbird. For some reason, Thunderbird was also malfunctioning, and I couldn’t configure it (1:19:00). (Note, from 23:00 onward in my video diary, how I was unable to make any POP setting-change in my Gmail account.) At last, I succeeded in establishing connection between my new Thunderbird and my Gmail account (26:00 in the video diary). Then I began filming my Internet activities (1:29:40). Siren in the distance on 1:32:30. I would also film every person and vagrant who came to the patio (1:36:30; 1:40:20; and 1:49:20; from 27:00 onward in the video diary). As I was publishing my latest video diary on my Toshiba Satellite, I began filming the continual malfunctioning of my Windows Movie Maker (1:54:25). CPU usage (which should be 100% during the publishing

process) dropped precipitously and the video couldn't be published (28:20 in the video diary). I then filmed another woman coming in while siren could again be heard in the background (2:05:30; 31:40 in the video diary). Siren again on 2:10:40. I then filmed another guy acting strangely with his cellphone (2:14:00; 32:15 in the video diary) and the helicopter which was circling above me (2:18:00). I filmed the same guy again on 2:18:40 (32:55 in the video diary), another person coming in on 2:26:00 (36:00 in the video diary), and a girl going inside on 2:26:50 (36:20 in the video diary). Then a scary-looking man wearing (surveillance?) sunglasses on 2:34:10, and another vagrant talking on cellphone on 2:35:20. Some of these people were doing surveillance for the Russian side, some my "doubles", and some, I suppose, just ordinary residents. When I was ready to go inside, I filmed my things in order to have proof as to what I had been doing (2:39:00; 36:25 in the video diary). I then filmed myself going inside the bookstore on 2:47:00 (36:40 in the video diary). I would continue to read Moon's *Living Abroad in Nicaragua*.

Soon, I noticed, and filmed, a Homeland Security homeless man sent in to read a comic book on the sofa in order for the Machine to confuse him with me (39:40 in the video diary). Around 8:07 PM, when I bought hot dog in 711 and was eating it outside, I filmed two Homeland Security vagrants sitting outside as well in imitation of me (the first scene in my next video diary: "[7_19_09_p2.wmv](#)"). I knew very well that they were here to be confused with me in surveillance: the accuracy of the Machine had still to be perpetually confirmed in the lower court, even though the United States was now obliged to come up with new ideas in the UN. Then, around 8:18 PM, I filmed another double of mine wandering around on Westwood Blvd (1:11 in the video diary). It was a black guy again: his Homeland Security "mission" was to shout loudly to pedestrians and passing vehicles: "What do you want? What do you want? You mother fucker... Why are you in my fucking business?" I continued to film him on 8:23 PM, or 4:06 in the video diary. I followed closely behind him while he was shouting insanely at random persons and traffic, because he seemed poised to throw away his jacket – I knew he would do it because I knew Mr former Secretary's "script" (7:11 in the video diary). The lost jacket, this time, would not only be intercepted into the International Court as evidence, but also, presumably, brought into the United Nations to contest everyone's new "discovery". Note that, on 7:46 in the video, I turned around to film a car which came to park carefully behind me but which kept its headlights on. This is the sort of Russian intelligence surveillance which I would encounter *en masse* in October when I returned from Nicaragua. I then located my "double" again on 8:28 PM (8:17 in the video diary). On 8:35 PM, I filmed another man who, upon seeing me, quickly pressed a button on his cellphone and then put it back into his pocket (8:37 in the video diary). Surveillance per Russian request.

My next recording is:

"[bus_sm_cfeleaf_no_wrlss_brsh_tth_prmnd_rstrm_pers_pic_me_7_19_09_833-1139PM.WMA](#)". I then got on the bus to go to Santa Monica and filmed myself getting off the bus near the Promenade (33:00; 8:54 in the video diary). I walked into Coffee Bean and immediately noticed a woman text-messaging (44:30). I wasn't able to get online with my Eee

PC (46:30; 9:30 in the video diary) and, after asking the coffeehouse employee about this, I could do no more than reboot it. I left Coffee Bean on 1:34:30 (10:57 in the video diary). While I was walking on the Promenade, someone quickly took a picture of me (1:38:30 or so). I then couldn't help but videotape another man among the crowd on Promenade on 2:00:00 or so (11:29 in the video diary) because so many people, upon seeing me, would immediately press a button on their cellphone. (Note another woman pretending, under Homeland Security instruction, to hop about with a broken leg on 12:04 in the video.) "What's Homeland Security doing with it?" I pretended to ask myself. Deep down, however, I had an inkling that many of these suspicious people were in fact Russian intelligence surveillance agents. But, since I didn't yet understand the embarrassment which the United States had just suffered in the UN, I couldn't guess that the Russian agents were not just taking pictures of me for the International Court case, but were also going to bring them into the UN to contest the United States' new pictures of me. Another woman then took a picture of me on 2:23:00 or so, and I filmed her too (12:20 in the video diary). I hid myself in a street corner (2:30:30) and, as usual, had to constantly brush aside Homeland Security actors who tried to talk to me (2:31:00 or so). I filmed another car passing me by on 2:40:00 (12:45 in the video diary). I was working on my video diary when someone came around to shout profanity at me. I filmed him too in case he was my "double" (2:42:00; 13:34 in the video diary). I continued to film people, bicyclers, and cars which were coming too close to me (from 13:46 onward in the video diary).

My next recording is: "[wrk_alley_dhs_left_trsh_pckup_knkos_srf_nic_lnx_7_19-20_09_1150PM-506AM.WMA](#)". Siren in the distance on 3:00. I filmed my computer's screen – with ImgBurn creating the ISO image of my next backup DVD – on 10:00 (15:40 in the video diary). I then filmed another pickup truck coming near on 11:00 (15:49 in the video diary). Then youngsters skate-boarding on 12:00 (16:23 in the video diary). Then another operation from the suit team: a man and a woman came by, dropped a bag of trash on top of the trash bin rather than disposing of it inside, and then walked away (19:35 or 16:46 in the video diary). I immediately understood that they were instructed by Homeland Security to do this in order to make it look as if I had dropped it. I made no move for the moment, but filmed another woman walking past, who, upon identifying me, said "Hi" (23:00; 18:20 in the video diary). I was terrified – I might have been caught again receiving secret messages from Russian secret agents! I quickly packed up and filmed myself leaving on 26:20 (19:14 in the video diary). Before I departed, however, I made sure to investigate what exactly my "double" had earlier placed on top of the trash bin. See the video diary: junk and food stuff. Well, this might not mean anything in the real world, but the United States had just offered evidences in the International Court showing me forgetting my Latin American crack cocaine and marijuana. And so I threw away my "double's" trash into the trash bin myself, always having to clean up after my double. Moreover, I had to continue putting up my act for my recorder: "I don't like this; why do I have to be an alcoholic and drug-addict Russian secret agent? Why can't I just be a 'regular' Russian secret agent?" While I was walking on the streets in Santa Monica, a car suddenly parked next to me, the woman inside began text-messaging, and she then quickly drove away (37:25; 21:42 in the video diary). It couldn't be more obvious that she was sent here by the suit team to cause me to be "intercepted" again communicating with my Russian and Latin American partners. I settled down in Kinkos by

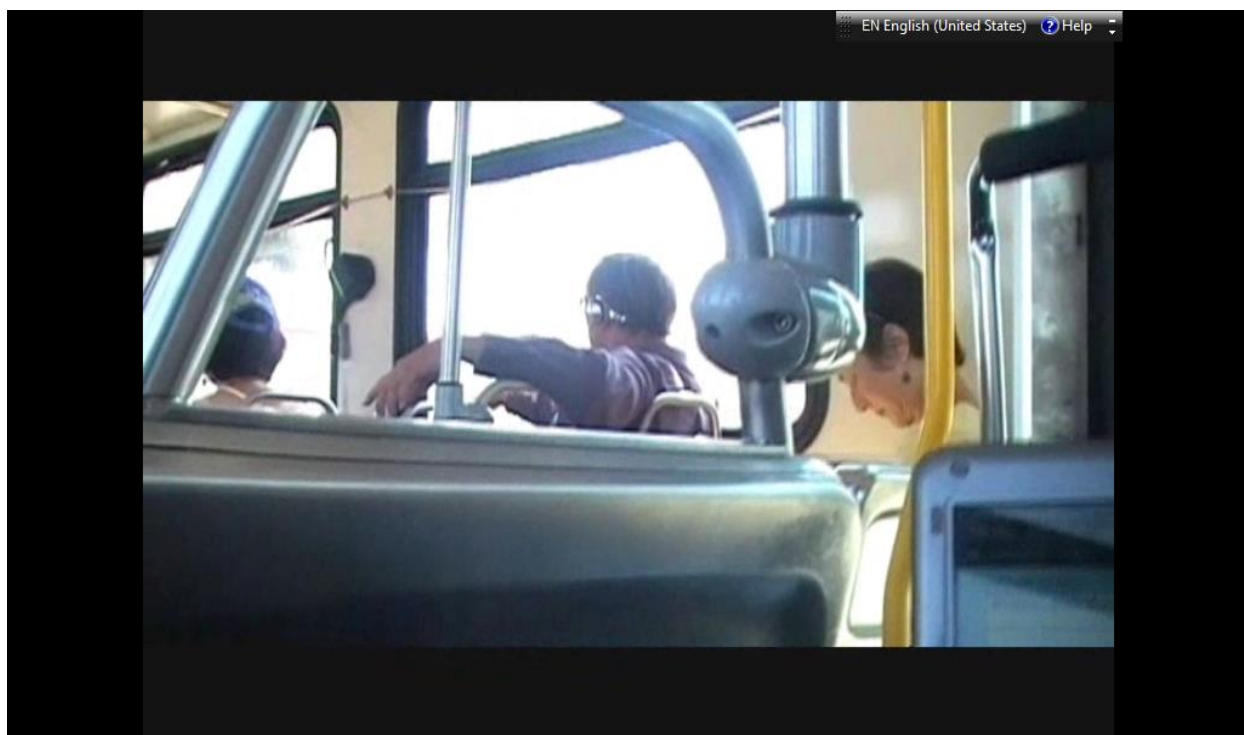
52:00 to continue trying to install Wireshark and GFTP on my Eee PC. Nevertheless, I still couldn't install GFTP (1:00:00). I carefully filmed myself deleting the original depository on my Eee PC and adding a new one (1:09:40). I finally succeeded in installing GFTP and discovered what the problem was, namely that, instead of connecting to ftp.debian.org, I should have used http://debian.org (4:26 in the video diary). I was however surprised by the fact that there was no operation in Kinkos so far. I even asked the cashier why there was no one here tonight (2:02:00). Under this precious quietude I imported my latest video from my half-broken camcorder, wrote more on my Supplemental Pleading, and surfed the web a little (heritage.org, cryptom.org, Wikileaks, and my email account on 126.com). Unfortunately, out of curiosity, I also visited www.linux.org.ni and www.ubuntu.org.ni: just because I wanted to understand a little about the hacker culture in this new country called "Nicaragua". An extremely bad idea! By 4:30 AM, a slander, good-looking Hispanic woman suddenly came in, after going around the store with the employee for a long while (5:56 in the video). She was definitely a secret agent of the Latin American sort. I quickly got it: Mr former Secretary was sending in his fake Latin American (Nicaraguan or Ecuadorian) secret agent to produce evidence showing me getting in contact with the Latin American intelligence service in question. It was probably in direct response to my visiting Nicaraguan Linux websites: Mr former Secretary wanted to stage another "secret agent episode" in order to be able to interpret my surfing Nicaraguan websites as evidence for my intention to conspire with Nicaragua to harm the United States while defecting there at the same time. By 4:40 AM, I filmed myself leaving (6:46 in the video). Ten minutes later, while looking for a corner on the street to sleep in, I ran into another vagrant who was dragging a cart just like I was (7:38 in the video diary). Presumably, this was another piece of evidence confirming the accuracy of the Machine in the lower court. Then, on 4:56 AM, I was "spotted" by another police car (7:55 in the video diary). It was not until 5:07 AM that I had found a nice corner on the streets of Santa Monica to sleep in (8:29 in the video diary).

July 20

My next video diary is "[7_20_09_p2.wmv](#)", and my first recording of the day is: "[slp_pssrby_afrc_a_bus1_hspnc_wm_tlk_ciawm_dv_bus6_wm_left_laxprs_7_20_09_756AM.WMA](#)". I filmed myself waking up on 0:20 but then quickly went back to sleep. I was aroused again by a man who walked past me with a cellphone on 1:31:20. Then a fat woman, when walking past me with her companion, paused and said, "I want to go to Africa". Alarmed, I filmed her immediately (1:41:00; until 2:30 in the second video diary). It required no brain work to guess that she was instructed to do this by her government in order for the Machine to intercept me saying "I want to go to Africa". "Some nation's foreign policy would have to change now because of this," I said to my recorder sarcastically. Of course, what the suit team was aiming at here was to obtain a piece of evidence which would contradict my increasingly evident intention to go to Nicaragua – the same old attempt to obstruct Russia's attempt to substantiate its claim with judge Higgins. It may be that the "evidence" was also designed to cancel out the earlier evidences (found in the "jacket" of June 19) which had established the

United States' intention to frame those three African nations which had weeks ago joined Russia in this lawsuit. I then noted a homeless man dragging a cart (1:48:00): another "me". I filmed myself all packed up and leaving – without forgetting anything – on 1:58:20 (from 2:30 until 3:06 in the video diary). I came to a coffee stand on the Promenade for my morning coffee (2:06:10). A Hispanic man, upon walking past me, pressed a button on his PDA (2:21:00). While I mistook him for Homeland Security, he may have been a surveillance agent from the Nicaraguan side (which is to say, from the Russian side). I filmed myself having my cigarette break on 2:27:00 and then filmed myself leaving on 2:36:00: I carefully documented myself throwing away my coffee cup into the trash can and cleaning up my mess (until 4:35 in the video diary). Another person tried to talk to me, saying he was Bulgarian. Terribly frightened, I brushed him aside (2:42:10). Had Bulgaria now joined the lawsuit as well? On whose side? This "Bulgarian man" went to talk to another woman instead, who claimed to be from the UK. While I was waiting for the Santa Monica Blue Bus to return to Westwood, a pickup truck came to park in front of me even though this was a bus stop (2:54:50; 4:37 in the video diary). Suspicious. No sooner had I got on the bus than a Hispanic woman came to sit in front of me speaking Spanish loudly (3:10:00; 5:10 in the video diary). Amazingly, a pretty, tender-looking white lady, somewhat older, then appeared on the bus. I immediately identified her as a CIA clandestine operative. The Hispanic woman suddenly turned around to ask this "CIA older lady" about the necklace she was wearing (3:13:00, 5:57 in the video diary). Curiously, she was then writing something on a notepad just like Best Mommy did on April 15 (7:04 in the video diary). More of this pretty "CIA older lady" on 7:28 in the video diary. I then filmed her getting off the bus (8:07 in the video diary). I filmed myself getting off the bus on 3:33:10 (8:46 in the video diary). Siren in the distance on 3:35:00. I had to come to Best Buy to buy more DV tapes for my camcorder. As I have noted, I had been taping over the old tapes so many times that this had caused my Windows Movie Maker to malfunction. Siren again on 3:51:00. After I made my purchase, I got on the Culver City bus heading south: I was so physically exhausted that I had decided to permit myself another comfortable day inside a motel room. A Hispanic woman, per Mr former Secretary's order, soon came on the bus with her loud and noisy children, thus scaring me the "most infamous pedophile in the United Nations" (4:10:00). I filmed another vagrant carrying a big suit case onto the bus on 4:20:00 – in imitation of me. I was increasingly nervous: everywhere there were either my "doubles" or "children", and nowhere was I safe (4:21:00). Suddenly a black woman came on the bus holding a copy of "LA Express", which she then carefully, and clandestinely, placed on the seat beside her, allowing another woman who got on the bus to sit her child right on top of it (see 9:04 in the video diary). Obviously, Mr former Secretary had sent in this black woman so that the Machine may collect more evidences confirming my wild sexual impropriety and blatant pedophilic behavior in public places. I said to myself angrily – making sure, of course, that, when my "testimony" was intercepted, it would help the Russians: "I'm not going to pick things up after my 'doubles' anymore. I videotape my own mess, and clean up my own mess; that's good enough" (4:23:45). By now you should have acquired a notion as to how convoluted my "testimony", or my "acting", was: it's all because I

needed to create a profile of myself which would explain why, if I was trying to help the CIA to harm Russia, I was resisting their operations at the same time. I'll elaborate on this still later on. I filmed myself getting off the bus on 4:24:20 (11:06 in the video diary). I first came to the Chinese motel on Sepulveda and Washington. "No rooms available," the Chinese lady said to me rudely as soon as she saw me (4:29:20). I was thus forced to check in at the motel next door (4:30:20). The manager (also Chinese) refused to let me put down my driver license number on the registration card despite my insistence (4:32:30). I wanted to make sure that I had left evidence behind demonstrating that I wasn't using a fake identification, and his refusal only reinforced my suspicion that he had received prior instruction from the suit team as to what to do with me. Like always, as soon as I entered the motel room, I began filming the interior so as to have proof as to what was in it and what was not (4:44:30; 11:40 in the video diary).



The older CIA lady, 7/20/09

My next recording is: "[mtl_vid_ftp_nap_dnr_vid_7_20_09_1246-924PM.WMA](#)". As usual, I was working on my computers in the motel room, sending hash values of my files to myself and editing my latest video diary. Soon I began videotaping the argument which erupted outside. Apparently, an Asian woman was accusing a white man of "freeloading" and drug problems (see 12:31 in the video diary; I would be videotaping the argument intermittently until the end of the video diary). It was certainly staged by Mr former Secretary in order for the Machine to confuse the white man with me. Mr former Secretary would enter the argument in the lower court: You have all heard our suspect's mother constantly berating him for "freeloading" and "swindling" people's money, and you have seen endless evidences demonstrating that our subject is a drug-

addict. Now you see the Machine printing out a description “An Asian woman is accusing another man of ‘freeloading’ and drug-addiction”. The Asian woman is certainly talking to our subject. This surveillance system (in which we can never identify who is doing what) is accurate and trustworthy. (Note the siren on 14:45 in the video diary.) I then discovered, but ignored, another email from my “pal” Angelo – he was still complaining about his name appearing on my “My experience...” (47:30 or so). After working on my video diary for such a long time, I took a break by enjoying Sibermond’s “Das Beste” on Youtube (1:45:00). I then called up my mother on 1:55:00 or so, asking her why she still hadn’t deposited the 200 dollar she had promised me. “No money,” she replied. Again, I drifted into my worries. How was I supposed to go to Nicaragua without money?

At this time you shall consult my third video diary of the day: “[7_20_09_p3.wmv](#)”. Around 2:58 PM, as I was uploading my recording from this morning to my website, my FTP connection stalled (the first scene of the video diary). I was a nervous wreck: I wanted the Russians to obtain evidence proving that I didn’t say “I want to go to Africa” this morning, that it was someone else who had said it. But it was probably precisely for this reason that Mr former Secretary was shutting down my Internet connection. Then, on 3:03 PM, I was temporarily unable to log into my IX Web Hosting account (4:03 in the video diary). It again probably had something to do with the fact that Mr former Secretary needed to prevent the Russian diplomatic protection service from intercepting another piece of evidence confirming something about my *real* website. Around 3:30 PM, before I took a nap, I videotaped another suspicious white man wandering outside my windows (7:22 in the video diary). My FTP connection was again stalled then. Meanwhile, I just didn’t know what the Machine had made of this man. My double? My foreign secret agent contact? I woke up on 5:20:00 or so and, on 5:53:00, was ready to buy food outside. I had to videotape the room before I left in order to have proof as to what I was leaving behind me – just in case the motel manager would be instructed to come in and pretend to find Russian-made spy equipment or three bags of crack cocaine and so on (8:33 in the video diary). Because it was too “dangerous” to be around people, I, as usual, carried my food back to my motel room to eat in my solitude. On 6:09:50 or so, I noticed that a Homeland Security vagrant was coming out of the motel building and so immediately videotaped him (9:33 in the video diary). Again, he was my “double”, here to be confused with me in surveillance and confirm the Machine’s accuracy. I also noticed that the room to my left, with its door slightly open, had a lot of suit cases inside, and immediately realized that this room was confused with mine in the Machine’s surveillance (9:56 in the video diary). Indeed, Mr former Secretary had planted another vagrant in this room in order for the Machine to confuse him with me. By leaving his door half-open, this Homeland Security vagrant was also producing evidence for my sloppiness to confirm Mr former Secretary’s profile of David Chin.

My next recording is: “[mtl_rm_vid_slbrmnd_7_20_09_919PM-1217AM.WMA.WMA](#)”. Note the BBC news in the background (13:00) while I continued to work on my video-diary. Around 9:29 PM, a car was parked by my window for a long time, alarming me (11:03 in the video diary). Then, on 9:56 PM, I decided to check the price of flight to Nicaragua at American Airline’s website. I was smarter this time: I knew that I had better choose an American airline rather than a foreign airline. Gone was my stupidity which, the last time, prompted me to choose China Eastern. I chose the date of August 3 – when I presumably would have *some* money. But

my Eee PC froze to frustrate me (15:01 in the video diary). The significance of what I was doing lay in the fact that the Russians were certainly monitoring my Internet connection; they could use my checking the ticket price as further evidence to substantiate their claim for my intention to conspire with the CIA – and this was probably why my computer malfunctioned. The cable TV was now broadcasting a program about a “terrorist suspect” (terrorism organizer) living on asylum status in Norway who was being sought by the United States for connections with Iraqi insurgents (1:20:00 or so onwards). I would be so interested in this kind of news under normal circumstances, but here I had to fear that I was harming Russia by watching it, and so quickly changed the channel. Around 10:10 PM, I filmed a SUV outside (16:09 in the video diary). It would suspiciously park in front of my windows for the next five minutes. I had to wonder if the suit team was simply trying to produce more evidence for my drug-dealing. Then, on 10:21 PM, a vagrant woman came to chat with the person staying in the room next to mine (20:55 in the video diary). Two minutes later, she walked away. It was becoming more and more evident that the suit team was in the process of getting the Machine to produce erroneous surveillance intercepts which could add up to a picture that I was selling crack cocaine from this motel room. Then, on 10:38 PM, my Eee PC malfunctioned again, its GFTP froze, enormously frustrating me because the entire fate of Russia depended on my uploading the relevant files to my website. On 10:45 PM, I filmed from my windows another white man getting out of his SUV (24:56 in the video diary). Again, I had no idea if this had any significance; but, since the Machine had the power to make something out of nothing, every “nothing” was suspicious and had to be documented. On 10:47 PM, I filmed this man wandering around the premise (25:33 in the video diary). Again, the same suspicious “nothing”. By 2:06:00 or so I was taking a break and surfing Wireshark’s website, where, among other things, I watched a video introducing Cace Technology’s new software “Wifi Pilot”.²¹ Since the entire fate of Russia, and myself, depended on my computer activity, I would always try to learn as much about computer matter as possible. I noted on 2:26:00 that another “double” of mine was outside my window. I would continue to edit my video diary and check its final product – taking breaks here and there to listen to Silbermond’s “Das Beste” – well into my next recordings: “[mtl_vid_playback_wrt_kmu72_7_21_09_1221-236AM.WMA](#)” and “[mtl_wrt_vid_plybck_7_21_09_232-331AM.WMA](#)”. Then, around 1:26 AM, I checked the price of tickets to Managua once again (25:41 in the video diary). The cheapest was 345 dollar (American Airline). Only by 4:49 AM was I ready to sleep. Like before, I put my bag below my pillow to prevent Homeland Security agents from ever coming in and burglarizing my things, and filmed it all as proof (29:01 in the video diary).

July 21:

My first video diary of the day is “[7_21_09.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the day is: “[chkout_mtl_wstwd_nap_rstrm_knck_bus2_psychbbl_7_21_09_811AM-526PM.WMA](#).” I slept until almost 11 AM, the check-out time. I filmed myself packing up my things on 3:05:00 and leaving on 3:11:00 (first scene in the video diary). I made sure to carry my food trash with me rather than leaving it inside the motel room – lest the Machine intercept the cleaning lady discovering me leaving behind Latin American heroin and crack cocaine – and filmed myself dumping it into the public trash can on the sidewalk of Sepulveda Blvd (3:16:50; 3:50 in the video diary). I even made sure to thoroughly film the content of my trash before dumping it –

²¹ CACE Technology is now Riverbed: <http://www.cacetech.com/>.

lest the Machine intercept some stranger discovering Latin American crack cocaine inside the trash can on the street! I ate a burger in Carl's Jr, where I filmed another man text-messaging (on my behalf?).²² When I was exiting, a woman ambushed me at the entrance and smiled at me (3:47:00). This was very bad, for the suit team was probably trying to "collect" evidence showing a "Russian secret agent" signaling to me by smiling to me – with which they might be able to re-interpret the "July 6 smile" as evidence for Russia's conspiracy with me. While waiting for the bus, I filmed a man and a woman passing me by and speaking Russian (3:49:40; 4:30 in the video diary). Worried, I also quickly filmed the "bitch" who smiled at me earlier (3:53:00; 5:10 in the video diary). I was worried. Although I did not respond to the smile, I didn't know if Mr former Secretary would be able to successfully establish "conspiracy" between me and the Russians and interpret my upcoming flight to Nicaragua *not* as a conspiracy between me and the CIA, but as a conspiracy between me and the Russians. (In hindsight, I know that he didn't succeed: the evidence was "insufficient".) In any case, like the broadcasting of "Red October", this was the United States' attempt to win in the upper court. I got on the bus going toward Westwood and carefully filmed myself getting off the bus, pointing the camera away from the bus in order to avoid catching the children whom, certainly, Mr former Secretary had sent onto the bus (4:15:40; 5:26 in the video diary). Note that a man was standing in front of me smoking a joint, most likely sent in by Mr former Secretary to be confused with me in surveillance. I filmed myself withdrawing 100 dollars out of Chase's ATM, while having to shout at another man (probably a Homeland Security actor) for standing too close to me (4:21:00; 6:38 in the video diary). I then ran into a Muslim woman whose entire face was covered in *niqab* (4:24:00). It must be Mr former Secretary who had sent this "Muslim woman" to me (an actress) in order for the Machine to "collect" a piece of evidence confirming the accuracy of his story about my frequent meeting with my "Muslim friends". Siren on 4:25:30. Still tired and sleepy, I took a nap in a quiet corner next to a building. Siren on 4:50:00. Although there were no surveillance cameras around, somehow the building security guard had learned I was here and came out to ask me to leave. I filmed him and the corner from which I was thrown out (5:01:00; 7:37 in the video diary). I came to the grassland in front of the UCLA Medical Center and filmed myself getting ready to nap here instead (5:16:00; 8:00 in the video diary). A few minutes later, two women came to chat near me (8:25 in the video diary). I just couldn't successfully avoid people! Siren in the distance on 5:20:00. I woke up on 5:51:00 and took out my Toshiba Satellite to work on my never-ending series of video diaries. Mr former Secretary's Homeland Security team then directed a child to my vicinity – to make me into a pedophile, as usual (8:57 in the video diary). I thus moved away. By this time, the SVR had also sent in its own surveillance agents to watch over me to gather "counter evidences", and, out of a desire to preserve these precious "secret agent moments", I tried to videotape one agent's reflection on my laptop's screen when he was sitting behind me (6:03:00; 9:45 in the video diary). Siren on 6:23:00, and I filmed the ambulance which was rushing past (10:04 in the video diary). I then filmed another man dragging a cart per Homeland Security's order (6:37:20; 10:40 in the video diary). Then, another man was sent in by Mr former Secretary to sleep near me in order to be

²² 1_seemng_txtmssgr_7_21_09_12PM.avi 2ae1be316ab59ad5a4253410d61c8a31
8954dc1599bf84403b3310f5129282a824e284fb 3862f7c6
4e158be7f199c611e20fd49ff3b08eea8ae30802ffe97eceed2c920febb633af
f68161ef6c8fd26ae8b15ddb2418b2d509f6487080a3a76649df13f821162d3a9d79c941a958a9b56e0a17b0b
aa87e4acddddee529bc71c98f6e5d81d051cf2c
6cc0665eb1e321e23b04bbb48ba0f22ba017f38de82744ab39362195e401ec1424f9f564f060751d00fbc810d
17214c0 10,947,304

confused with me in surveillance and confirm the Machine’s “accuracy” (11:20 in the video diary). All this was quite enough, and I thus filmed myself leaving (7:02:00; 12:20 in the video diary).

Surprised to see a Santa Monica police car in Westwood Village, I filmed it too (7:03:30). I used the restroom in Coffee Bean – and someone was immediately instructed by Homeland Security to knock on the restroom door (7:14:20) – and had to film myself leaving without leaving anything behind (7:15:40; 12:50 in the video diary). I filmed another person text-messaging in front of Bank of America’s ATM on 7:19:40 (13:15 in the video diary). Siren on 7:20:00 and I filmed the ambulance on 7:21:50 (13:30 in the video diary). On 7:33:00, I filmed another Homeland Security gangster agent on skateboard taking pictures (14:43 in the video diary). At the same time, another Homeland Security vagrant came to ask me for cigarettes. Finally, I decided to get on the bus to go to the Vermont district. Again, when I was getting off the bus, I couldn’t film myself because Mr former Secretary had placed too many children on the bus (8:31:00). While on the street, I filmed another Homeland Security bum agent riding on bicycle and wearing large earphones while making weird gestures to the tune of his music (8:39:00; 16:03 in the video diary). I had difficulty in finding a coffeehouse to work in, because inside every coffeehouse I would encounter someone using a Toshiba Satellite almost identical to mine – thanks to Mr former Secretary’s “fixing”.²³ I filmed another ambulance attending to “emergency” on 8:53:00 (16:30 in the video diary). At last I came to Psychobabble on 9:05:30, and, surprise, there was no Toshiba laptop in sight. As soon as I sat down, however, a Homeland Security homeless man – whom Mr former Secretary had already installed in this Bohemian hangout – began talking loudly on his cellphone near me. He was my “double” – for he was pretending to be looking for apartments for rent.²⁴ After the United States’ embarrassment in the United Nations, Mr former Secretary and the CIA had decided to try harder to dissolve the claim which Russia had submitted to judge Higgins. Since judge Higgins had ruled that the United States was permitted to use faulty evidences, and since I had generated a few pieces of evidences confirming that I did intend to fly to Nicaragua (my checking the airline ticket price this early morning) and did not seem to vacillate in my intention any longer, the suit team resorted to using “doubles” to artificially produce evidences suggesting that I was still not quite sure about leaving the United States. Here the United States had just “collected” another piece of evidence showing me not intending to fly to Nicaragua but wanting to stay in Los Angeles. Judge Higgins would accept the evidence and allow the United States to thereby cancel out Russia’s evidence (my

²³ See, for example: 3_cafe_snst_vrmnt_toshiba_7_21_09_5PM.avi 695e5eb2591a15312a4232e3acefffa2
92fdc6ec95bc7ad5da208ee8e384be7c3435d8f0 b7f8416b
ffa0008289fd453ccbe8eba07b21551056a583cb07cabe5d75381830d542e61f
e3e9fe60b873230f384171dffecbe2cd4437bc4f5627eb4a9c3e33382c6de494bec007c8d7f5c4cf34be5b6278c
f45f3de3f19ebce03ee9f0c067c594981e163
da649a0f96526e6589b4e32af6ad3c7cd561ba34257aa1b1cfa6f44658b1263d80d0cdb48c9456917a8ea7d3a
9504c1910,912,606

²⁴ See the video I shot of the interior of Psychobabble as soon as I walked in:
4_psychobbl_inital_state_7_21_09_530PM.avi dfdc7ba464cfbe4ee356db00f1876219
a0ba088f292321b4f70d8a31f923c2df79cfa4d 93135d3f
2502fcc748804fbc6237230c690bb86082998970c811e24909f5a2e6b3e51b54
e3d88e311eac76cbabd79ce67cf20d11b2f748621b4d96a6ed4016199846e7f883fe3cb83a97c84c5d21a75baa
7d45a88fcf431deedf9bb59ba15c3d4143752e
65682f01491e2a2d5f831cfb2b66b0c9d776fe24833366376c399afac9c10c0b61fb6b013e3649cf1b32c9a459
7ce5c5 14,100,590

checking the airline ticket price hours ago) even though she knew this evidence was manufactured: until Russia's claim was substantiated, she was still required to regard the United States as the "victim" of my "terrorist harm" and to permit the United States to cheat as a way to neutralize my "terrorist harm".

My next recording is: "[psychobbl_dble_aprt_physc_mn_7_21-2_09_531PM-1227AM.WMA](#)". Now that I had settled down in Psychobabble, within ten minutes, five people had come in.²⁵ Ten more people by 18:00. Mr former Secretary was making Psychobabble into a full house. I then missed filming a guy who, per Homeland Security order, paused in front of me just to text-message and then quickly walked away (27:00; 17:07 in the video diary). I was then working on my video diary, as usual. Another person text-messaged per suit team's order on 51:30. Then, suddenly, a white limousine passed in front of Psychobabble on 1:07:30. Siren on 1:22:00, I filmed the ambulance (17:47 in the video diary). I also began writing a little more of my "China and Europe"..... Then, incredibly, the "Bostonian physicist" whom I met on December 27 last year showed up – I filmed him because I still suspected him to be a CIA operative, even though I would never find out if this was indeed the case (1:55:40).²⁶ In any case, he was acting quite suspiciously, looking at me from time to time as if waiting for me to talk to him. At the same time, he took out his Toshiba Satellite which was identical to mine. CIA agent or not, he had certainly received instruction from the suit team about what kind of intercept he should produce with me. Sensing this, I ignored him. Then my Windows Movie Maker failed to publish my video diary again, frustrating me tremendously (1:57:00).²⁷ Then another limousine passed in front of Psychobabble, and I missed filming it again (2:11:20; 18:10 in the video diary). It was, I guessed, just Mr former Secretary and his Homeland Security cronies making their daily sighting of me and directing operations from their mobile fortresses. I "made my round" on 2:28:20 with my pen camera to document my environment, checking to see whether there was any other operation of suit team's. Sure enough, I discovered, and filmed, another "double" of mine: he

²⁵ See: [5_psychobbl_10_mins_later_7_21_09_540PM.avi](#) 95cd09cb4957c3258f63fd5af0a7d7b8
fab4a0a770db0d29e9590b6a77575164bd2717f8 2bf8c254
ee4b923cbd00414718975fe5de5fc7be7d01f37c4718d9794bcac86e86f63ef0
b6c7eb45795fbb404a79ff95d71bef487ee633775d73646dfb928ca46485cf7bb0bca56c71f4ecf876622b6dc8
a91941d4f3db558f95368e02954b9a27485642
4d6b5fd9eda7849643132e75212657d3c836febbd657209ea86bd868a5d1163d9aeec6219820789af1d74a18
70224672 63,414,368

²⁶ [7_psychobbl_7_21_09_721PM.avi](#) 14f3de0597928c20b1cc29c48db29740
d8cf11e7e2040ea97f6dfcedcf93b3ae4887b28d c5a71897
371cc23d49522faa5d30b9097067c7aeed61cfd5258c6ee5c413b2d634f34fb8
9839b3d568bb4189ffd687f18ec50ebc4d7f2114a3a120b3675b8415bc6f11bc11e2674f08b5c457a61c157f32
acefdb98bf263eb42623f8abc12fabf2ab2692
89b8d9b7e1dfd5f4a1baa4be2538536595dbf18c28b7a8432f01087c1c2543c16fa98fe3f886fbc9c83cdc1dbec
74e68 18,051,964

²⁷ [6_psychobbl_lptp_malfunct_7_21_09_7PM.avi](#) d7815fa6d7232deaf6d19d14dbdf43b3
e90d34f20e0d7be124445c27c5a0d0b06c095fd9 90ad2073
84642c2f7c72807c2c075ce83dc2b5e958c601b0a220b7588004f64fd2b87818
700acfc66f1f2663c6ef5c692c1c3bb9185e38d7d1e23553321a272b75d0ba61acc9ed8b20e0624aaf9688c80f
ca285773eb0fb6b79c57ae7041a1215946151
ed6c8f67cede97519a66d319271e5fe0c97dccc4800c6a44e82a77b67d10065add077d8b02b5b6ae997670fc0
938b04618,771,698

was reading the comic book “Mouse” (2:33:00).²⁸ Insofar as the Machine had again intercepted me reading comic books – with Nazi symbolism too! – both its “accuracy” and Mr former Secretary’s “David Chin story” were once more confirmed. Then an European couple dragging along their 5-year old boy came inside Psychobabble (2:53:30) but left within minutes (2:56:40). I mention this because they were very likely “secret agents” from either the Russian side or America’s European allies. I then filmed another guy stopping by the entrance of Psychobabble just to text-message in front of me (3:22:00; 19:16 in the video diary). More children were sent into this coffee house by the Department of Homeland Security on 3:42:40. Then, another one of my “doubles” appeared in the coffeehouse – this time a black man – pretending to be looking for apartments for rent on Craigslist and on his cellphone (3:47:00).²⁹ Again, the same thing: evidence for my not intending to go to Nicaragua. My laptop charged up and so on, I quickly filmed myself leaving this ugly and frightening “Homeland Security coffeehouse” (4:07:00; 19:47 in the video diary). As I dragged my bag of electronics on the street, I couldn’t help mock my situation again: my “problem” in life was just so strange, namely, that government’s surveillance on me was of such nature that I could never be found in it – it was always someone else – causing me so much hardship. Thus, for example, I had to film myself arriving at my destination – “I’m here,” I noted to my camera – in order to make up for the deficiency in government’s surveillance system (4:15:30). I came to Starbucks so that I could use the Internet in a different coffee house. I filmed myself replying to Casa San Francisco, telling Maria that I accepted Casa’s 400 dollar per month rent (4:21:40; 20:39 in the video diary). Bizarre, however – for I was prevented from sending my reply, obtaining instead an “Error” message” (21:05 in the video diary). Evidently, Mr former Secretary had blocked my Internet connection because he didn’t want the Russians to intercept a new piece of evidence which might cancel out the evidences he had just produced showing me wanting to stay in Los Angeles. I had to re-send my email. Although I was allowed to do it this second time, Google produced a “July 22 4:53 AM” as the time-stamp for my email. (It was around 10 PM, July 21.) I thus have to assume that the Russians didn’t get to intercept the evidence they desperately needed at the moment. Then I discovered that Angelo had complained to me again, saying I still hadn’t deleted the reference to him in my story “My experience...” I was absolutely mystified as to why the change I had made to my Feefee blog’s setting had never come through, and thus filmed myself Googling for my own blog (4:34:20; 23:48 in the video diary). My blog had indeed disappeared from any public view: what was Angelo complaining about? What evidences was he instructed by the suit team to produce here? When I checked my bank account, I saw that I had only 16 dollars left in my checking account. My God! I then filmed a law enforcement officer coming to Starbucks to “spot

²⁸ 8_psychobbl_7_21_09_753PM.avi cc926b9b4ad8634f7393e855ce06d106
bc42f8f3e4ec874e7b0a6c3da42919aa54ea8bcf f13c8fe4
c2a50cef0739ddb69e1142be0a914212f1bb8482f4de0e0a46104fdcf0c699c1
fdd0c003ca79826d247394f4fed84f25ea69725a60882a7869409f7164443c2d0b6734aee1b7c4398806bf624f
402dcc7482518f72a8ddc4fdd624ef46ba35f7
1b607a320c5ed2479b0674c275a67ae966e24998a69c8006c0a2022e3f5740cb848945bb813615691c8c553b
a1d4d7d3 11,244,834

²⁹ 9_psychobbl_mn_aprt_7_21_09_915PM.avi 3fcd59413a28d55cbca9f5fb4775e6c5
6f9ddb455afb10309bdb7913ef322255d45d5bc4 fb43e24f
dbdc188817f3dc1a850718e8ef35c08f490c4a05d74f93e5ef6529442bed2088
fcbc9629f677e0007f4ea3e948d95e3b35fde6c39d4f22649c0d8e6047125470cb4bd227f6309a278cedb15b7f
1c267911125c37269508de287795899eabae15
d78d3ebe4a9e70249593c22232b5026142f96932067ba000cd9e43bc606527f1d7a3b8a2347d939b9c3d6bb9
9f06e12d 35,068,362

me” (4:58:30; 25:50 in the video diary). Starbucks is too dangerous! I therefore filmed myself leaving on 5:00:00. I came back to Psychobabble; the “Bostonian physicist” was gone, but my “Homeland Security Mouse double” was still there (5:06:30). Immediately upon seeing me coming back, he text-messaged: I was “intercepted” again. There were furthermore three persons here who were using Toshiba laptops. Scared, I thus departed (5:10:00). As I walked and walked, I was increasingly frustrated by the fact that there was just no place for me to hide in. I found a corner in some parking lot where I could work on my video diary away from people (5:27:00). I filmed another ambulance rushing toward some “emergency” on 5:36:00 (26:47 in the video diary). My Toshiba Satellite froze up again on 5:38:00. Siren on 5:41:00, and I filmed it (27:30 in the video diary). The ambulance purposely came inside the parking lot to be close to me. I filmed another ambulance which came to park in front of me (5:52:00; 28:00 in the video diary). Terrified, I filmed myself leaving the parking lot as well on 5:55:00 (29:00 in the video diary). Again, I was frustrated over the fact that there was just no place in this society where I could do my work in quietude. I then filmed another limousine on 6:03:30 (29:55 in the video diary). Mr former Secretary and his Homeland Security cronies would never leave me alone. I shouted: “There is just not enough time in a day!” (6:05:30) I finally gave up, decided that I was not allowed to work today, and went resting in a street corner (6:15:40). But then I decided to go to Santa Monica to pass the night. I came to the Metro station, but was frightened by two persons using their PDA and iPod. Hand-held electronics are so scary! When I got onto the 720 bus, however, I was so euphoric over the fact that there was no one on it that I couldn’t help but film it all (6:55:30; 30:55 in the video diary). I filmed myself getting off the bus and leaving nothing behind, as usual (31:23 in the video diary). When I came to the beach side, however, I discovered another Homeland Security vagrant loitering suspiciously on the crosswalk, waiting to be confused with me in surveillance (32:15 in the video diary). (Note that two more police cars rushed past me at this point.) I did a little more work on the beach side, and filmed myself leaving the corner where I had worked (32:57 in the video diary).

I came to Kinkos, wanting to use the electrical outlet there to charge up my laptop and publish my latest video diary, but discovered that Homeland Security had planted more beer cans in my usual computer station so that the Machine could intercept me indulging in my alcoholism once again (33:29 in the video diary). Absolutely terrified, I decided to leave – not being able to do my work at all! It was 1:35 AM, and I could do nothing other than sleep – in my usual corner on 4th Street. No sooner had I settled down, however, than a car quickly parked in front of me. The driver text-messaged, and drove off (the last scene in the video diary). The mentally retarded Sino-Russian secret agent David Chin always remembered to text-message his Russian boss to report that, although he wanted to use the computers in Kinkos, he couldn’t help but get drunk there, and that, therefore, he left to sleep on the sidewalk on 4th Street in order to continue his strange mission of “pretending to be homeless” – the purpose of which he had never really understood.

July 22:

My video diary of the new day is “[7_22_09.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the day is: “[wk_jke_drg_cfebn_ruslke_vid_7_22_09_931-1148AM.WMA](#)”. Early in the morning, I was awakened by a white van which came to park in front of me, seemingly to “spot me” (the first scene in the video diary). It was then 7:30 AM. I went back to sleep, but, on 8:29 AM, a black

sedan just had to park in front of me again (1:08 in the video diary). I got up, and videotaped myself leaving my corner and leaving nothing behind (7:00; 1:57 in the video diary). I came to the Coffee Bean near Promenade to enjoy my morning coffee, humoring myself with sarcasm about Mr former Secretary's story about me: "Within my Eee PC there is a solid state hard drive, but if you want to claim that it's really 50 pound of crack cocaine, I'll admit that. It's made in Taiwan, but if you want to say that it's made in Russia, I'll admit that too" (24:00). I then went to use the restroom. As I stood outside the restroom waiting, a pretty woman came to me asking, "Are you waiting for the restroom?" "Don't talk to me," I was terribly alarmed (31:00). The Machine might very well confuse her innocent question into a secret message which a Russian spy was communicating to me. When I came out of the restroom I videotaped a man who had dropped a bag on the floor (35:30; 2:24 in the video diary), and then the woman who had attempted to talk to me (2:57 in the video diary). Every little thing had to be filmed for you'll never know how the Machine had interpreted a simple instance of a man dropping a bag onto the floor. I then filmed another man text-messaging (49:36; 3:18 in the video diary). When I was outside smoking the cigarette butts I had scavenged, I filmed another ambulance rushing past (1:19:00; 4:05 in the video diary). And then a fire truck two minutes later (4:32 in the video diary). A man who had been using a Dell laptop inside the Coffee Bean was now standing next to me making a cellphone call (1:26:00 or so). Presumably, I was intercepted again calling one of my many gangster friends in the city. I then went inside the coffeehouse to begin working. A baby was crying on 1:48:50 or so. On 1:56:00 or so I noticed a woman near me was speaking an unintelligible European language. Russian? If so, she was probably just a Russian surveillance agent.



Russian agents text-messaging on my behalf, 7/22/09

My next recording is: "[sm_dtctv_car_lrch_bch_psslib_7_22_09_1151AM-359PM.WMA](#)". As I began publishing my latest video diary, I filmed a young couple text-messaging a few yards

away from me (3:40; 4:48 in the video diary). These were Russian agents. This was very strange, isn't it? Even at the time I had some inkling of what might be going on. Even though Russia's claim that I was conspiring with the CIA had been further substantiated when I had "entered" a few more videos into the International Court as "evidences" and watched the Youtube video on Casa San Francisco, the SVR was, as of now, unable to get judge Higgins to rule that "conspiracy had been established" because she demanded to see me communicating with the CIA *in real time after* my (supposed) meeting with the CIA on July 8 in Borders Bookstore. One communication with the CIA *before* the conspiracy was hatched, and one *after* – only then could the "terrorist conspiracy" be substantiated by international law. Well, the fake CIA agent in Borders Bookstore was supposed to do the job, but I avoided him. Then, either because I only videotaped the CIA agents running operations on me, or because the CIA was able to avoid its "mission", so far there was no such instance of conspiracy *after* July 8. The SVR thought of a way to artificially create the evidence which was needed to cause the "conspiracy" against them to be established. By now ample evidences for my conspiracy with the United States had existed such that Russia was in a position to claim that the enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 should allow them to use Americans' tactic against the Americans themselves. In this case, they should be allowed to use the faulty surveillance Machine to generate evidences in their favor. Thus, the Russian agents were authorized by judge Higgins to text-message garbage near me in order for the Machine to confuse the text-messages as coming from me. Although I couldn't see what they were texting, I could be sure that they were texting the same sort of vague references which, back in the court house, could be interpreted as my "secret communication with the CIA about harming Russia". The SVR would then submit this piece of garbage to judge Higgins, oblige her to admit the evidence even though everyone knew it was a piece of garbage, and request that she rule that the "conspiracy" was "established" because "I was intercepted at last communicating with the CIA in real time about conspiring to harm Russia". This is how the SVR thought they could bypass the requirement for a "real time communication *after* the conspiracy was hatched". While I might be giggling inside me, however, I had to pretend to lament about "being intercepted again" in order to hide my knowledge that the Russians had already had me surrounded. I then videotaped myself packing up and leaving nothing behind (36:00; from 6:02 onward in the video diary). I used the restroom and filmed myself leaving nothing behind in the restroom as well (9:07 in the video diary). When I was squatting outside the coffee house, a man suddenly came in front of me with his dog to hustle me away (56:00). I promptly videotaped him (9:37 in the video diary). He was probably not instructed by his government to do this, but I filmed everything – lest suit team's trick escape me. When I was wandering about amidst this bustling tourist hotspot, I passed by Hostel International and noticed a bag was suspiciously abandoned on the street corner. I filmed it immediately, knowing that it was Mr former Secretary who had instructed his agents to leave behind this piece of garbage in order to confirm the Machine's "accuracy" – "Everywhere I go now the Department of Homeland Security would leave around bags of all sorts waiting to be confused as mine in surveillance" (1:06:00; 10:05 in the video diary). On 1:10:00 a Homeland Security vagrant suddenly walked past me murmuring, "You know you know, it's the end of the world." "Fuck you," I replied him, and promptly videotaped him (10:38 in the video diary). Evidently, the United States had just gathered up another piece of evidence showing me receiving secret messages from my fellow partners in crime. I then filmed another ambulance which was parked on the street. I bought food in the food court on the Promenade and ate it on the street corner in order to avoid being confused with other people in surveillance, and, while eating, I videotaped a police car which came to park near me,

the police officers walking inside the bank (1:36:00 or so; 11:14 in the video diary).³⁰ By 1:43:30 the proximity of this police car had made me so uncomfortable that I decided to leave; just when I was videotaping myself leaving, another police car rushed past me (until 1:45:05 or so; from 11:54 onward in the video diary). I hid myself in another street corner, and soon videotaped another man text-messaging (1:57:40; 13:08 in the video diary). Then another suspicious man on 2:35:40 or so. I then went to use the restrooms on the beach, but, no sooner had I walked into a booth than I found trash inside and had to videotape it as proof that “it wasn’t me” (2:41:00; 13:58 in the video diary). Well, I was indeed in the midst of the strangest government operation in modern history: “federal agents” were leaving trash and luggage bags everywhere in this chic town of Santa Monica in order for the Machine’s surveillance to confuse them as mine. I then settled down under a tree on the beach, and filmed more ambulance and “medical emergencies” (14:22 in the video diary). I also called up my stepmother to ask her why she hadn’t deposited the money into my bank account (2:54:00). I was getting increasingly worried: how was I supposed to go to Nicaragua when I was homeless and had no money at all in my bank account? And since the CIA and Department of Homeland Security controlled my family members’ behavior, why would they let my parents pay for my Nicaragua trip in view of the fact that it was going to help Russia and hurt the United States? I would be surprised that my step-mother would eventually deposit the money for me – I wouldn’t know that she was ordered by the International Court of Justice to do so in order to let me “finish my mission” – although she refused again to let me stay at her house. Siren nearby on 3:00:30. I then videotaped myself leaving “my spot” on 3:20:00, leaving nothing behind. I walked and walked and finally entered the Santa Monica Public Library on 3:37:00 or so – I was concerned to not let sand and dust get into my laptop. But the library was filled with children making noises, and so I immediately left. I walked around and around and was becoming increasingly frustrated: I just don’t have a place to work in, I lamented (3:51:00 or so). I filmed another police car on 3:59:30 or so (15:24 in the video diary). On 4:04:40 or so another Homeland Security vagrant came to harass me, and I yelled at him to hustle him away. I finally decided to get on the bus to go back to Westwood.

My next recording is: “[smbus1_rslf_tkr_7_22_09_354-440PM.WMA](#)”: While I was on the bus a bizarre man sat down in front of me and began talking to himself in Russian (from 16:55 onward in the recording; 15:50 in the video diary). He was wearing, at the same time, what looked like surveillance earphones. He would be talking to himself in Russian throughout my entire bus ride. At the time I thought it was the suit team which had sent him onto the bus in order for the Machine to intercept me talking in Russian – it would be supporting evidence for Mr former Secretary’s story about David Chin as a Russian agent and multilingual; in reality, he was most likely sent in by the SVR to once again test me on my “Russian language ability”. Recall SVR’s March 28 attempt to prove to the ICJ judges that I knew no Russian: that I showed no reaction to the extremely significant things their agent was speaking in front of me. This time, however, the SVR was not just collecting evidences to counter American offenses in the lower court; the Russians were also trying to rebut the Americans in the United Nations itself, where new pictures showing me not looking like myself had been circulating. While I was on the bus, the entire UN Assembly was probably watching me filming this weird Russian guy on their large screen TV and being persuaded by the Russian diplomatic service that I could not possibly be a Russian agent or David Chin or anything like that since I obviously didn’t understand Russian. This bizarre-looking Russian guy himself was another one of those highly sophisticated SVR

³⁰ The police car had a license plate of 1272686.

“illegals” furrowing deep inside the American society. I wanted to go to Borders Bookstore, but this Russian self-talker was however also getting off the bus at Borders. I thus had to detour, get off the bus at the next stop, go around the neighborhood, and then return to Borders. (I of course filmed myself getting off the bus and leaving nothing behind on the bus; 16:55 in the video diary.) I was wasting my time avoiding what I thought to be Mr former Secretary’s operations. But the self-talker was waiting for me by the entrance of the bookstore (40:30; 17:46 in the video diary).

My next recording is: “[brdrs_cnfsn_slftlk_rwm_vid_7_22_09_454-710PM.WMA](#)”. As soon as I came up to Borders’ patio, I said to my recorder: “As I was saying to myself, if you talk to yourself, don’t come near me; if you talk to yourself in Russian, then definitely don’t come near me; it’s good enough that I talk to myself, and I do that because I need to make a log...” I knew that, at any time, there was probably a Russian surveillance agent in my vicinity intercepting everything I said to my recorder. Here, at the end of this diary entry, I shall explain at once the structure of, and motivation for, my “testimony”, or my “acting”. I needed to continue to express my intention to help the CIA to harm Russia so that the Russians could collect the evidences they needed to win the trial. But I needed to enter a reason as well into the evidentiary record – so that it wouldn’t appear to the judges that I was putting up an act to secretly help Russia. I thus, once again, invented this reason that “I needed to log my activities with my recorder”. I then confessed further to my recorder my “motive” in filming suit team’s operations on me: “The suit team doesn’t want me to videotape their operations, but videotaping has become part of my very existence...” (3:30). The problem is that it was through intercepting these videos from my website that the Russians were able to beat the Americans in this game where they were otherwise not allowed to win. I was worried about the obvious argument the CIA was going to put forward to judge Higgins: “If the suspect is really intending on helping us, why is he filming our operations to frame him? He should be cooperating with us by not keeping any records which could prove that our evidences are fraudulent. He is obviously just putting up an act to secretly help Russia.” If judge Higgins was convinced, then Russia would be convicted of conspiring with a terrorist to harm the United States. Russia would thus lose in the “upper court” *and* in the “lower court” and get convicted for sponsoring nuclear terrorism *and* sending David Chin on his grotesque mission. And yet, given the way in which the trial was set up (that the United States was allowed to convict Russia *in the lower court* using evidences which even the judges knew to be faulty, unless these evidences were expressly contradicted by Russians’ counter-evidences), I couldn’t just *really* cooperate with the United States – to the fullest extent, that is – without leaving behind these “backdoors”. If I were to *really* help the United States, Russia would lose – in the lower court, in which case Russia would at least be convicted for sending David Chin, though not necessarily for sponsoring nuclear terrorism. The only possible way for Russia to win was to utilize my “backdoors” which would allow Russia to defend itself *in the lower court* but which Russia could then re-employ *in the higher court* to defeat the United States there as well. Thus, I was, without knowing, hitting on the *only* possible way for Russia to win – to pretend to help the United States *while ruining my own help* at the same time – and I would need a cover for my “ruining my own help”: otherwise the United States could claim I

was acting and use my “help” (my pretending to help, that is) to defeat Russia in the higher court. *I had to act as if, although my heart was on helping the United States, I was inhibited at times because I was attached to certain of my “bad habits”, like videotaping or fearing my status as a pedophile, which, without my knowing, were “flaws” in my “help” which the Russians could somehow exploit to save themselves.*

At Borders’ patio, I quickly set myself to work. When I began importing my latest videos to my Toshiba Satellite, however, the laptop was not detecting the express card, frustrating me again (5:00).³¹ Siren outside on 6:30. On 25:00, my express card finally worked. Siren briefly again on 1:32:40. Then the wireless connection on my Eee PC was cut off between 1:47:00 and 1:51:40, again frustrating me.

My next recording is: “[brdrs_slbrmnd_rwm_prk_dhs_mn_ask_cig_7_22_09_705-1003PM.WMA](#)”. I would continue to feel frustrated because, soon, the Windows Movie Maker on my Toshiba Satellite broke down again and could not import videos from my camcorder (9:00). I had all the reasons in the world to be angry with machine’s malfunctioning because the entire fate of Russia depended on the functioning of my computer equipment. I tried again and again, while reading the lyrics of Silbermond’s most popular song, “Das Beste”, which I played continually on Youtube on my Eee PC. As you have seen, I was falling quickly in love with Silbermond and Stefanie Kloss’ most popular *Lied*. I was quite aware that there were one or two Russian surveillance agents around me. Now that the Russians were allowed to play upon the Americans those same tricks which the Americans had played upon them, certainly they were going to argue in the ICJ that “I was passing a secret message to the CIA under the cover of a popular German music video”: “Du bist das Beste was mir je passiert ist” was my way of telling the CIA how much I loved them and wanted to help them harm Russia. Soon a man came out with a cellphone (33:30). Russian or Homeland Security? I couldn’t even tell. Fearing all these cellphone connections, I decided to go inside, and filmed my things before I got up on 38:00 (18:30 in the video diary) and then filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind on 44:30 (18:43 in the video diary). When I came to the travel books section, I noticed that a black man was sitting and reading right in front of those travel books on Nicaragua which I had been reading in the past weeks (46:00). Obviously, it was the suit team which had sent in this actor in order for the Machine to confuse him with me and confirm its “accuracy”. After I bought food outside, I came back to Borders’ patio, not having any other places where I could use my computers. But the four people that were on the patio so scared me that I went back inside Borders, and then finally decided to leave. When I had just exited Borders, a man ambushed me

³¹ See: 4_brdrs_mv_mkr_malfunct_7_22_09_5PM.avi b999acbd2b5bdf6ae153e4fdfe746c7c
58e2a2208edf6f42b9406df180442e635382f1a8 c3a11a62
72403a8e8825758ae4ba43eed33a07999df9b0cc762db0b940eeac2683f9e4d5
724f2d1462f50ae376c0415946e4637c485de7b282973fa9c567bdda5154b151eb7f2be2d983b19fc3b16bc77
f0197c4dacf91df85db479534214f11cd7967c5
670bea79e2b0e693f94efb159c75d6ef559a26bb0e540451d18dd77b5176f3c41a1b994b97281e9d6d04c4f93
60585ff 80,131,700

and asked a Russian woman something, and the latter kept shouting “Russki” – they were obviously suit team’s actors trying to stage a show in front of me in order for the Machine to intercept me shouting “Russki” (1:28:20). I was truly angered. It was obvious what was going on: two hours ago the Russians had collected a piece of evidence demonstrating, once again, that I didn’t know Russian; thus, here the suit team responded by staging another piece of faulty evidence which “proved” that I did speak Russian. It was not just that evidence and counter-evidence canceled each other out in the lower court where the stalemate thus continued, but also that, since the faulty surveillance Machine was still legally in effect (the UN votes to dismantle its use were continually overruled by judge Higgins as a matter of enforcement of UN Resolution 1373), the United States had the right to present its print-outs to the UN Assembly to contest Russia’s claim about the non-existence of David Chin. The Machine’s surveillance might not be believable anymore, but legal formality, which the UN Assembly could not ignore no matter what everyone believed, was, by now, the best the United States could hope for. I was truly amazed by the fact, the like of which I had repeatedly witnessed, that, when asked to reduce her own *patrie* to ruins, this Russian woman, some ignorant Russian immigrant in the United States, had no qualms about it at all. Other people simply didn’t feel that instinctual aversion which always surged inside me toward a mean bully’s conquest of “last man standing”. Siren on 1:37:20. While looking for a deserted place in the neighborhood where I could use my computers in quietude, I filmed another Homeland Security vagrant who, per suit team’s instruction, was waving at me. This vagrant was wearing the same hat as I was so that he could be confused with me in surveillance (1:39:00; 19:12 in the video diary). Evidently, the United States had just collected another piece of evidence showing me connecting with my fellow gang members on the streets and confirming the authenticity of the life-story which Mr former Secretary had made up about “David Chin”. Finally, I decided to settle down at the park behind the Federal Building. I began editing my video diary, but, soon, to my dismay, people started showing up and passing me by. I filmed the first guy on 1:54:00 (21:04 in the video diary). Then a second guy, who was pointing his cellphone right at me (1:55:20; 21:39 in the video diary). You should by now be able to tell that this was either the United States’ collecting more evidences showing me not looking like myself or Russia’s collecting more evidences showing me looking like myself – the discussion inside the UN continued to midnight. I filmed the third guy on 2:00:00 (22:30 in the video diary). Finally, a Homeland Security vagrant came to me to ask me for a cigarette (23:00 in the video diary). I was so angered by such acting: why would anyone beg a homeless person for food, money, or cigarettes? Obviously, the suit team had sent this piece of trash to me in order for the Machine to intercept me selling marijuana in a public park. “Get away from me,” I shouted at him. “Nice camera,” he replied sarcastically, having accomplished his mission (2:03:00). I then filmed another guy who, upon walking past me, quickly opened his cellphone (2:15:20; 23:45 in the video diary). It was just another surveillance agent working for the Russian side. I then filmed a “bitch” coming toward me in her car (2:17:00; 24:08 in the video diary). Finally, I had enough, and I filmed myself leaving and forgetting nothing behind (2:21:30; 24:28 in the video diary). There was a group of Iranians still demonstrating in front of

the Federal Building in regard to the election crisis in Iran (2:26:00). I then saw the same cart-pushing Homeland Security homeless man who had waved at me earlier, and I filmed him again (2:35:30; 25:24 in the video diary). A police car then came to park in front of me to “spot me” (2:37:35). I walked back into Westwood Village looking for a coffeehouse to settle in. All the other coffeehouses were too crowded, and so I came back into Starbucks – but I immediately saw someone using a Toshiba laptop: my unavoidable “double” (2:43:20). Then another guy came in front of me to take out his cellphone: either surveillance for the Russian side or I was just “intercepted” again in my secret communications (2:48:20).

My last recording of the day is:

“strbks_guy_sit_nxtme_lk_for_slpspt_vgrnt_720bs_dble_crt_7_22_09_1006PM.WMA”. I sat silently until 38:30 or so when a stranger wanted something from me. “Don’t talk to me,” I said to him mercilessly, but when it turned out that he was simply going to sit next to me to eat, I thought I had better leave (25:51 in the video diary). As I was leaving, I had to watch my “double” carefully for fear that he might leave things behind. I videotaped myself settling in another corner (46:00; 27:30 in the video diary), upset that Mr former Secretary had always managed to fill up my environment with criminal-looking and scary vagrants and instruct them to make all sorts of nonsensical gestures to me. I videotaped my double’s corner once more around 50:00 or so (28:02 in the video diary) and packed up my things because Starbucks was closing. While walking, I saw another “Homeland Security vagrant” (54:36), and videotaped him (28:52 in the video diary). I muttered: “Homeland Security has filled up my environment with so many vagrants so that, when people complain about them, the interception of their complaints would, in the evidentiary record of the International Court, give the impression that these complaints are about me” (until 56:10 or so). By 1:01:10 or so I had come to my usual “sleeping spot” across the street from Denny’s, and saw a drinking party going on there – obviously staged by Mr former Secretary in order for the Machine to intercept me drinking with my buddies. I videotaped it from afar and walked away (29:38 in the video diary). It was a bunch of Hispanic guys. On 1:07:30 or so, while I was walking back to the public park behind the Federal Building, I saw another ambulance (license plate “889758”). “They just have to park here and ‘spot me,’” I whispered to myself. Arriving at the park, I discovered that another one of Mr former Secretary’s “Homeland Security vagrants” was waiting for me (1:17:50 or so). I filmed him (31:19 in the video diary). Not wanting to be confused with him in surveillance, I moved away. I filmed another vagrant on 1:26:30 or so (32:22 in the video diary), the trash on the street corner where I planned to sleep on 1:29:00 or so (33:00 in the video diary), and then another vagrant (33:46 in the video diary). All this prompted me to decide to get out of Westwood, this “land of the vagrants”. While on the bus, on 1:51:50 or so, I filmed another “double” of mine who, dragging a cart just like I did, was getting off the bus (35:15 in the video diary). As I had expected, he left something behind, then quickly picked it up (probably because I was filming him), but in the end he did leave behind a cup. Well, you see, Mr former Secretary had just obtained another piece of evidence confirming that David Chin was indeed a very forgetful person. I filmed myself getting off the bus on 1:55:20 (37:21 in the video diary). As you can see in the video, outside the bus, in the distance, there was another Homeland Security actor dragging a cart in order for the Machine to confuse him with me.

“Burn down the International Court, this fucking torture chamber,” I kept screaming as I walked on the streets of Santa Monica (1:57:00). I filmed another police car which appeared in front of

me on 1:59:40. This is in the first episode of my next video diary, “7_23_09_p1.wmv”. I then filmed another vagrant who wanted cigarettes from me (0:49 in the video diary). “Don’t attack me, don’t attack me...” I shouted at him (2:01:30). Then on 2:14:20 I filmed the bench by the beach side where I planned to pass the night (1:20 in the video diary). Sleeping on the bench, I still had to film another “double” of mine whom Mr former Secretary had sent in to be confused with me in surveillance (1:45 in the video diary). Curiously, as soon as I began filming him, he departed. On 4:43 AM however the park ranger appeared and asked me to move.

July 23

My next recording is: “[thrnw_by_prkrngr_slp_strt_sm_wk_bus1_indn_slftlkr_7_23_09_436-1153AM.WMA](#)”. I got up and videotaped the park ranger before leaving (1:15; 2:38 in the aforementioned video diary). I then videotaped the bench on which I had slept in order to preserve proof that I had left nothing behind (3:06 in the video diary), murmuring that it was suit team’s tactic to have me identified by every police officer and security guard in town (5:00). I stopped and videotaped another Homeland Security vagrant whom I’d earlier seen (10:00; 4:34 in the video diary). At a loss, I came back to my old corner on 4th Street, videotaping myself also (37:00; 5:42 in the video diary). I would have only four hours of sleep, waking up around 4:40:50 or so. I videotaped myself getting up (4:53:30; 6:24 in the video diary). It was 9:34 AM. And then once more on 4:56:40, proving that I had left nothing behind (7:10 in the video diary). I came to the coffee stand in the middle of the Promenade for my morning coffee (7:42 in the video diary). I filmed a man taking pictures with a large camera (8:00 in the video diary). Perhaps he was conducting surveillance on me for the Russian side; perhaps he was just a tourist. I couldn’t tell. I then filmed another “Homeland Security broken leg” on 5:39:20 or so (8:14 in the video diary). I filmed myself leaving and throwing away my trash on 5:50:00 or so (8:32 in the video diary) – again, to prove that I had made no mess here, unlike David Chin. Similarly, when I finished using the public restroom, I filmed it too (9:13 in the video diary). I got onto the Santa Monica bus to go back to Westwood. No sooner had I sat down, however, than an Indian man began talking loudly to himself, at first in Hindi, as it seems (see 9:36 in the video diary).³² Note that he said, at one point, that he “lost his luggage”. The bus driver then pretended to want to throw him off the bus, but this Indian man – Homeland Security actor no doubt – shouted in English that he was not bothering anyone. On 6:26:00 or so another Homeland Security actress, an old lady this time, got on the bus and pretended to ask the bus driver about what the Indian man was saying. Our “Homeland Security bus driver” replied to the effect that the man was speaking an Indian language and saying he was a “terrorist”, etc. In any case, it was pretty obvious that Mr former Secretary had staged this episode so that the Machine could confuse his Indian actor with me, allowing him to argue in the lower house of the International Court: “The Machine has picked up a man rambling to himself in Hindi and saying he is a ‘terrorist’. Surely, the rambling man is our subject – who else has the habit of referring to himself as a ‘terrorist’? – and this is evidence that he does speak some Indian language and is therefore an agent of India.”

³² See also: 1_bus1_indn_slftlkr_7_23_09_11AM.avi b1cad7b3172c9688af4b9021588f018
40148502ac1ee761deffb298266596442146286c 38feb33d
1672cf3d5cc7ca305245d50f7af10572147f0cad4fa247001dfe849bed7ea2c4
f8ca147c233585e88c48ba9747e6f0ba92ee7a579ce1ae7efcde6c35aa86b0bc9942f036f58cafd25e65619f94b
36bdba2300532af45f12b95d1f404b5d21e5f
3efa3bc64f34051e170831b6ca692938a6adb3bdee63c46b656a35cd5281685284b4e8d7cb4aa3d286772b4a1
06f0384

It is of course also likely that the United States was distributing the print-outs from the Machine in the UN to fight its case. Since both sides were doing this, the “lower court” was in effect open to nations around the world; it was judge Higgins’ “upper court house” whose existence was unknown to the entire United Nations. After I got “intercepted” again, I filmed myself getting off the bus (6:44:00; 15:37 in the video diary). I came inside the Starbucks on Westwood Blvd and Santa Monica Blvd, again, to charge up my laptop.

My next video diary is “7_23_09_p2.wmv” and my next recording is:

“strbks_smbldvd_nap_chld_cfebn_wm_me_5dllr_dhs_drgdeal_7_23_09_1157AM-823PM.WMA”. I tried to get online on my Eee PC, but was prevented from logging into my T-Mobile account. I cleared all browser history and cookies on my Firefox, but my log-in was still rejected. I switched to using Konqueror. Just then, a stunningly beautiful middle-age blonde walked in to sit right behind me. While I was filming myself attempting to log into my T-Mobile account, I couldn’t help but whisper to myself, “She’s so attractive, she’s so attractive...” (13:00 or so). You can see me struggling with my log-in problem while this “super blonde” sat behind me quietly working on her papers in the videos:

“3_strbks_wrlss_cutoff_prttywm_7_23_09_12PM.avi”;

“4_strbks_wrlss_cutoff_prttywm_7_23_09_1215PM.avi; and

“5_strbks_prttywm_left_7_23_09_1230PM.avi”³³. By then I had determined that my Internet connection was definitely cut off by Homeland Security – my “double” was either somewhere using the Internet or was arrested and in jail at this time, such that Mr former Secretary did not want the Russians to intercept evidences (Internet connections coming from *my* Eee PC) contradicting his evidences showing me arrested or surfing the Internet elsewhere. I was however at the time completely overwhelmed by the tremendous attraction which this woman was exerting on me. I tried to call T-Mobile Tech-Support, but dialed the wrong number, reaching a certain “George”. Only on 47:30 did I manage to connect with a T-Mobile operator, asking her to help me log-in. The operator, however, told me that T-Mobile was having problems with all Starbucks’ routers. Bullshit. Then I was suddenly struck with diarrhea and went inside the

³³ 3_strbks_wrlss_cutoff_prttywm_7_23_09_12PM.avi bbc8b4a21300a97ec7e6efa9e1731a93
c5bacfc9443750383d9babafc17455ded4c8f3d9 e6958b05
1a14178dada091248cb33009a546b5160c6418d9f72041c2669a60c1f71d3699
fed8f6cda0743a64c1554dd78d09ec2c1ddd99909e21fdce15a634fada452c0fb59009f88da07e204d8c26e6a7
b36888b07b01c6cbaaa73441bd51c3cb7591ba
6bf9a88f1996604105d85061b481db5a80dc3665035bacab0729d1f596fb20e7fb4b170387e55965b9a57674e
b0ac0ebD:\n\7_23_09\3_strbks_wrlss_cutoff_prttywm_7_23_09_12PM.avi
4_strbks_wrlss cutoff_prttywm_7_23_09_1215PM.avi c028240f3f1085db92c01f9f6f743bb9
3121bd2eb82ebbe4f2d246844118aab97c0b1f2 e10ea0d7
cee44d16ddfc735c86235fb99e9afc9436c0ec26327f62c122d16f4134cde5ee
c6eeba210375b76b4e566b408cf03375b3ce9fd08b16c63dfc575d2b46a9920e03ae3273c0bb3787117099455
9cf801433b16f1a56751100b7041105f37c1b7d
007f696e2b654b8889c15b859bb1899fcc1ceaa32997cae644b569036487db63fd6a4b0ccb8f4c477019c4043
964306bD:\n\7_23_09\4_strbks_wrlss cutoff_prttywm_7_23_09_1215PM.avi
5_strbks_prttywm_left_7_23_09_1230PM.avi 56a44aefe36752844c8441f523a936e5
ea7b6f2e2c03043848de3f8bdd87a8c0833a2473 5c88f5c7
52c7e9bae2281e137c7571567abbecb46ba66ecd9f4210d4327da10e53b5fdaa
cc37efb4f5d475499b4dbc865b7e8c7fa6016128c7dac98656f416cec35fed5f415830978bfeaed370392ef0939
7e93581b43254b8b3a71d54f4d04b43c58ce2
a615c7d613332cd0418c40949e0bb9ccba45dd49f4654c69dc424b0d98d73921350eea2914e492e8e0349e41
438fce3fD:\n\7_23_09\5_strbks_prttywm_left_7_23_09_1230PM.avi

restroom, while complaining to my recorder that it was really no fun being this “Jesus Christ” because all the sins which I had absorbed of others were “fake sins” (58:30). However, someone just had to cut in front of me before I got to the restroom. I waited outside the restroom and moaned. Thank God this man came out within a minute and I got in 1:02:30 or so. But someone else just had to knock on the restroom door on 1:08:00 – and again on 1:09:30 – to hurry me out. I presumed it was my “Homeland Security knocker”. Annoyed, I quickly finished and exited on 1:11:30 – not without filming the interior of the restroom to prove that I had left nothing behind (0:24 in my second video diary).

Now this super-beauty who sat behind me in Starbucks was a CIA agent. Judge Higgins had rejected the evidence for my “text-messaging the CIA” which the SVR couple had created for me yesterday as “insufficient” for establishing definitively my conspiracy with the CIA, on the ground, probably, of “circular reasoning”: Russia was not yet allowed to use faulty evidence sanctioned by the enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 to establish the violation of UN Resolution 1373, which would be like using the egg which the chicken had laid to give birth to the chicken which had laid it. Judge Higgins demanded that, insofar as the issue was the substantiation of a “terrorist conspiracy”, it could only be done by a piece of *real* evidence, not by some fake evidence sanctioned to neutralize the terrorist conspiracy. At a loss, the SVR commanding officer had to try again by obtaining another International Court order for the CIA to send another “secret agent” to me in order for me to identify her in one second. The SVR commanding officer thought he should be able to succeed in his “sting operation” since I was “legendary” in being able to identify a CIA agent by mere sight. Although this time the Russians were able to order the CIA to send in, at last, a pretty white female, there was still something wrong with the whole thing. Somehow, this “super blonde” looked kind of “Eastern European” to me. Although I knew I was expected to fraternize with a CIA agent in “real time”, I still couldn’t be sure that this woman sitting behind me was an American and not a Russian (that this was not suit team’s trick). Perhaps it was again due to CIA’s “cheating” that, although they agreed to send in a white woman instead of a man, they purposely chose a white woman who didn’t look completely stereotypically American. Again, when I wasn’t sure, I simply wouldn’t act. I had made no attempt to talk to this “CIA super blonde”. Besides this, I had also become extremely shy by now. My prolonged isolation had caused me to shy away from all direct confrontation with the CIA. The Russians’ “sting operation” had failed again. The commanding SVR officer must have been extremely puzzled as to why I wasn’t actualizing my famous ability for identifying a CIA agent in one second. He didn’t know that, if he gave me a pistol and ordered me to shoot a CIA agent, I would have to close my eyes or only shoot her with her looking the other way. I had become so timid that I could only harm the CIA by remotely uploading videos to my website, and never by pointing my finger directly in a CIA agent’s face.



The most beautiful CIA agent “super blonde”
7/23/2009

I went inside the restaurant next door to eat. Immediately I had to brush aside another Homeland Security actor (a black man) who attempted to harass me (0:43 in the video diary). While I was eating, on 1:29:00, a couple speaking some European language came near me and then went into their car. Were they secret agents as well? Another Middle-Eastern looking man came near me to text-message (1:35:20 or so). When I finished my noodle, I of course wouldn't forget to videotape my table as I left so as to preserve proof that I had left nothing behind (1:04 in the video diary). Siren outside on 1:56:50. I used Starbucks' toilet again on 1:59:00 or so, masturbated with the videos I had just shot of the “CIA super blonde”, and filmed the restroom before leaving as proof that I didn't make a mess (1:38 in the video diary). I then walked to the grassland across the street to take a nap. Within minutes, however, I would have to film my “double” shouting loudly in the distance (2:12:00 or so; 2:26 in the video diary). After I got up and when I was about to cross the street, somebody drove past me and attempted to hand over something to me. Terrified, I backed away and tried to film him in his car as he quickly drove away (3:00:00 or so; 2:53 in the video diary). He was just some resident who was instructed by Homeland Security to come to me and produce an “intercept” showing me “receiving secret material from a foreign agent”. After walking for a while, I became very upset and lamented that I had nowhere to go. I came to the Coffee Bean on Pico Blvd, didn't find anywhere to sit, and so sat at the tables outside. But my Toshiba Satellite broke down again (3:28:00). After rebooting it, I began working on my video diary. Operations soon started. A car full of children came, on 3:49:00, to park right in front of me. I still had to act: “I don't like it when the suit team sent cars filled with children to park in front of me so as to cause me to be ‘intercepted’ coveting other people's children as pedophiles do.” By 4:23:00 or so, my Toshiba Satellite was running out of

battery power, and I walked inside the coffeehouse. Just then a woman suddenly tried to touch me. “Don’t touch me! Go away!” I shouted at her, utterly terrified over the possibility that she might have been instructed by the suit team to produce another piece of evidence showing me coming into contact with another foreign secret agent. I ran outside the coffeehouse, murmuring in hatred and terror: “Watch out for American people. They are extremely deceptive. When they want to harm you they will always come to you with a smile...” (4:58:30). On 5:07:00 or so another old lady carrying a child in her arm tried to come close to me. I was now very upset, for I couldn’t even videotape this kind of dirty tactic to frame me for pedophilia: filming people trying to frame me for pedophilia would itself cause me to become a “pedophile videotaper”. Coming back to the Internet, I filmed myself replying to Casa San Francisco (5:00 in the video diary). By this time, a certain “Elizabeth G” had emailed me from Casa sending me various pictures of the 400 dollar room which they would have available for me, and I thus wrote her back expressing my satisfaction with it. Again, this was evidence for the Russians to substantiate their claim: my intention was becoming increasingly indisputable. On 6:11:30 or so I filmed myself sending an email to my mother, urging her to deposit the money she had promised me (5:58 in the video diary). I had been calling her but couldn’t get her to answer my calls. I then received on my cellphone another junk call from an 877 number (6:38:00). I didn’t answer it, of course, but murmured to myself, “Do not leave your cellphone turned on. It’s too dangerous.” Who knows what the Machine had intercepted this time? When I went outside to take a break (6:45:30), I filmed my table inside and then another person text-messaging outside (6:55 in the video diary). On 6:54:40, a Homeland Security bum, dragging a cart in order for the Machine’s surveillance to confuse him with me, came over to obtain a cigarette from another Homeland Security agent who was sitting in front of me. I promptly videotaped them because I knew that the Machine sitting inside the International Court had just made out of this another episode showing me selling marijuana in this Coffee Bean (7:28 in the video diary). Again, the Machine’s accuracy, and Mr former Secretary’s “David Chin legend”, were confirmed by another piece of evidence. On 7:23:00, sitting outside Coffee Bean, I began uploading to my website various files which included the screen shot of Jennifer Day’s email to me on July 11 (see 8:48 in the video diary). This was extremely important: for the Russians would seize upon my communication with Jennifer Day as the sought-after “communication after the conspiracy was hatched”. Soon after that, on 7:43:30, I got frustrated again because Coffee Bean’s wireless connection had timed out – it was Coffee Bean’s procedure to time you out every two hours (9:15 in the video diary). On 7:46:45 or so, another Homeland Security bum came asking me for cigarettes, and I filmed him right in his face while yelling profanity at him and commanding him to go away (9:30 in the video diary). I continued to film myself uploading more screenshots (10:03 in the video diary). When a bunch of people came gathering for a meeting, I definitely had to go to avoid being confused with them in surveillance. I thus filmed myself packing up and leaving (8:11:00; 10:36 in the video diary). On 8:14:30 or so I noticed that my underpants which I had tied around my waist had fallen off, and I quickly ran back to Coffee Bean to find it, fearing that it might morph into something else in the evidentiary record of the International Court. When I found it (8:17:00), I even videotaped it (11:08 in the video diary). Only then did I go inside a sandwich store to buy my dinner.

My next recording is: “[7_23_09_819-1046PM.WMA](#)”. After eating, I of course filmed myself throwing away my trash as proof that I did not leave any mess behind (16:20; 12:26 in the video diary). I then filmed another guy text-messaging on the streets and a SUV that was parked in

front of me in which the driver was also text-messaging (19:30; 12:49 in the video diary). I tried to figure out where to go: not even the public park was good because of all this text-messaging. Just then, a group of children passed me by, alarming me (25:20). I lay down on the sidewalk, feeling awfully sick (28:00). To avoid cars passing me by, I finally came back to Coffee Bean to burn my latest backup DVD (39:00). Worried about money, I called up my step-mother (44:40). She said she would deposit my money tomorrow. I then filmed the white sedan which came to park in front of me. There were three persons inside, and the Asian guy among them came out (47:30). Another SUV then came to park in front of me, and the driver inside immediately text-messed (52:00; 13:10 in the video diary). After he was done with texting, he quickly drove off (14:00 in the video diary). It couldn't be more obvious that he was especially here to text-message in order for the Machine to intercept me clandestinely communicating with my Russian boss and so on. I then filmed another woman who made sure to text-message when passing me by (14:39 in the video diary). I was outraged. And then another man came to text-message (15:15 in the video diary). While I was writing this very diary, I filmed another suspicious car which came in front of me. It was a white man inside, about 40 year-old, and I read out loud his license plate (1:27:20). This white man was behaving very suspiciously: he sat down at the table next to me and opened up his laptop, without ordering any drinks. He looked kind of British. He must be a secret agent from one of the myriad countries that were involved in this lawsuit right now. I filmed myself packing up on 1:34:20 (16:13 in the video diary) and then filmed myself finishing brushing my teeth and leaving the restroom on 1:39:40 (17:10 in the video diary). The suspicious white man was by this time gone (1:41:00; 17:43 in the video diary). I left Coffee Bean and began looking for an abandoned building nearby where I could sleep in; suddenly, a SUV approached me, slowed down in front of me, and then sped away (2:01:00). Was this surveillance? Especially since the driver did not seem to have text-messed. If so, then he was working for the Russian side. Then, another Hispanic guy walked past me holding a bottle, thus causing me to be "intercepted" again indulging myself in my drinking habit (2:06:20). I filmed him, and also the spot I had decided to sleep in (17:58 in the video diary). Even while sleeping, I had to film another vagrant who was coming too close to me and who was very likely charged with the mission of making a mess in the neighborhood so that the Machine could again intercept me making a mess (2:09:30; 18:38 in the video diary). I commented to my camcorder: "What am I supposed to do about my doubles? Do I tell them: Behave well, for you reflect badly on me? Why would they listen to me?" This was not even the end of it. Around 12:13 AM or so, Mr former Secretary sent in another vagrant woman to collapse by the bus stop a few yards away from me so that the Machine could always have somebody to confuse with me and thus prove its accuracy (21:05 in the video diary). More than an hour later, around 1:38 AM, I approached the vagrant woman at the bus stop to film her again (22:27 in the video diary). Then, around 1:50 AM, Mr former Secretary (or his Homeland Security cronies) sent in another mean-looking, white male vagrant to drag a cart across the street from me so that the Machine could again mistake someone else for me and thus prove its accuracy (22:57 in the video diary).

July 24

Ich, ich wünscht ich könnte schwimmen
Wie Delphine, wie Delphine es tun
Niemand, niemand gibt uns eine Chance,
Doch wir können siegen, für immer und immer
Wir sind dann Helden für einen Tag
Wir werden Helden sein, wir werden Helden sein,
Wir werden Helden sein,
Wenn das so weiter geht,
Wenn das so weiter geht!³⁴

Παλιν δε λεγω υμιν, ευκοπωτερον εστιν
Καμηλον δια τρυπήματος ραφιδος διελθειν η
Πλουσιον εισελθειν εις την βασιλειαν του θεου.³⁵

My first video of the day is “7_24_09_p1.wmv” and my first recording of the day is: “wk_wstwd_strbk_dctr_txtmssg_wrk_in_slp_spt_7_24_09_910-1128AM.WMA”. I woke up from the street corner around 9:07 AM, and immediately filmed myself (the first scene in the video diary). I walked into the Starbucks nearby, thinking of buying a drink and leaving quickly to avoid “danger”. And “danger” there was as soon as I got in line for the cashier: a UCLA doctor (who could very well be a CIA operative) sneaked up behind me to text-message something to the effect: “Andrew try this!” (20:00)³⁶ Terrified, I quickly ran back to my street corner and filmed myself and my drink (31:00; 0:45 in the video diary). Then an old man parked his car in front of me and came out (42:30; 1:08 in the video diary). I had no idea if he was sent in by the suit team, but I filmed him just in case... A few minutes later, the old man came back and drove off (1:54 in the video diary). Then, another man appeared in the distance and looked at his cellphone when passing me by – the typical behavior of a surveillance agent (49:00). If so, he was most likely working for the Russian side. Then – suit team’s operation without doubt – a Homeland Security vagrant came to pick trash in the trash can near me (56:30; 2:35 in the video diary). It was just Mr former Secretary trying to confirm the “accuracy” of the Machine. I then filmed another car which came in front of me on Westwood Blvd: the driver was talking on his cellphone (1:06:30). Then an attractive woman smiled at me when she walked past me (1:15:00). This was not normal; the United States was still trying to convince judge Higgins that the Russian agent’s smile to me on July 6 constituted “conspiracy”. Then another man wearing sunglasses walked past (1:22:50). Surveillance agent? When the woman who smiled at me

³⁴ MIA’s “Heroes”.

³⁵ Mathew 19:24.

³⁶ 1_ucla_txtmssgn_dctr_wstla_7_24_09_930AM.avi e2b1c31a14e2fe467f8561c5fbd75955
204e1243ab60a9b5449f810c92dbf5034bc7544b 7a2e2316
301b9b1fb6a542cdf3f048b2450a2be621735df8e36c8cbae08ae194e26668f8
b91fc08a68cc6a13ae2f9c5d1e048c1ecef7455d1f2f54a75117da9d940eecbce609bc6356905cb5fa342f426c
46cf6452cc7110da969413efa8fe3d64fb6f3
07728f4dc10981aa2ed764fba89e05e95930bff53fef1183e873383530e0eb3c8869455c30a36b9456daa55001
36a0d5 20,228,450

walked past me again, I chased after her to film her (1:32:20; 3:06 in the video diary). Actions like this might seem stupidly paranoid, but it would have saved Russia by allowing the Russians to argue that, judging the matter on the basis of my behavior, no one could say I had thought of the woman's smile as "spy communication". Then another man, when he walked past me, took out his cellphone and pressed a button on it (1:35:40; 3:36 in the video diary). Again, the typical behavior of a surveillance agent. I then had to film another car without a license plate that had parked in front of me (1:36:30; 3:47 in the video diary). Within a minute, this car sped off (4:22 in the video diary). Soon, another suspicious pickup truck came to park in front of me (1:46:00; 4:40 in the video diary). I next filmed a fat woman running with her cellphone (1:51:20; 6:03 in the video diary). And then another pretty blonde across the street wearing sunglasses and looking at her cellphone (6:15 in the video diary). Then, another guy came around talking on his cellphone, startling me: "Please don't harass me" (1:55:50; 7:52 in the video diary). Then another man walked past saying "Hi", terrifying me (1:57:40). On 11:09 AM, or 1:58:50 in the recording, a security guard on bicycle spotted me from across the street and quickly set himself to communicate on walkie-talkie about the matter (8:18 in the video diary). Then another black hair woman just had to dial her cellphone when passing me by (2:17:00). Another police car then passed me by on 2:17:30. I then filmed another suspicious man who was text-messaging inside the restaurant across the street (8:48 in the video diary). It was 11:32 AM. A minute later, another man walked past talking on his cellphone (9:15 in the video diary). I then filmed a scary white man walking past me carrying beer (9:30 in the video diary). I got intercepted again indulging myself in my alcoholism! Three minutes later, a SUV stopped in front of me, and the driver inside quickly text-messed and then drove off (9:40 in the video diary). After all these actions – I couldn't stop getting caught doing these "David Chin things" – I knew I'd better go away (2:03:10). On 11:50 AM, a limousine and a fire truck then showed up together (10:15 in the video diary). The most scary combination! And so, on 11:52 AM, I filmed myself leaving and forgetting nothing behind (10:49 in the video diary). On 11:54 AM, I filmed more ambulances (11:11 in the video diary). Then, for inexplicable reason, my recorder shut itself down. Was it due to Homeland Security's remote-control?

My next recording is: "[ambul_limo_bus7_pzza_dupkey_7_24_09_1149-248PM.WMA](#)". I sighed: "I wish I could have a day when I wouldn't be bothered..." (5:00). I filmed another "Homeland Security vagrant" (here to confirm the Machine's accuracy) on 15:30 or so (11:39 in the video diary), and then another girl who insisted on text-messaging near me, causing me tremendous anger and nervous breakdown (17:00; 11:56 in the video diary). I came back to the Coffee Bean across the street from Westside Pavilion, thinking of working here instead. But I immediately discovered a Homeland Security setup (12:14 in the video diary), and so decided to leave this neighborhood. I got on Santa Monica bus 7 going toward Santa Monica Beach. Soon, Mr former Secretary sent an Indian security guard onto the bus to talk on his cellphone in some Hindi language so that the Machine could intercept me talking in Hindi (12:35 in the video diary). Mr former Secretary was repeating his feat from yesterday and, of course, would use this as circumstantial evidence to support his story about David Chin as also a secret agent from India

(which, you recall, was on the Russian side). I made sure to film this Indian security guard getting off the bus after he finished talking on his cellphone (13:35 in the video diary). Mr former Secretary next sent a bunch of children onto the bus to produce evidence for my pedophilia. Terrified, I immediately got off the bus (40:30). I was now stuck in the middle of Pico Blvd, in the vicinity of Santa Monica College. I decided to buy food in a pizza place instead, and was euphoric to discover that there was an electrical outlet in this tiny fast food store. Although the place was completely empty, soon after I sat down here a pair of Asian girl and Asian guy came in, whose accent immediately betrayed their Taiwanese origin (52:00). Then another female came in wearing sunglasses (1:33:20). I could never tell whether those were surveillance sunglasses. When the bread sticks I ordered were ready, I filmed them – as proof that I wasn't here to procure heroin and crack cocaine – and then myself packing and leaving – as proof that I didn't leave behind any Russian-made spy equipment or Latin American crack cocaine (1:58:00; 14:09 in the video diary). My continual sleeplessness – for weeks now – prompted me to nap in the neighboring park before moving on. When I got up (around 2:15 PM), I of course filmed myself leaving the park as proof that I had not forgotten my wondrous Russian-made spy equipment, etc. (2:22:20; 17:10 in the video diary). To my surprise, there was a key store just across the street. I went there (2:26:30) and succeeded in duplicating the key for A-American Storage's padlock. I began walking toward the Santa Monica Beach along Pico Blvd. Another police car passed me by on 2:34:00, and I filmed myself kicking an abandoned bag on the sidewalk (2:44:00; 17:31 in the video diary) – just in case the Machine had intercepted me forgetting my Latin American crack-cocaine on the sidewalks of Pico Blvd.

My next recording is: “[wlk_pico_7_24_09_252-320PM.WMA](#)”. Around 3 PM, I filmed more ambulances which Mr former Secretary had ordered to circle around me (6:30; 18:09 in the video diary). Then the same ambulance was parked in the shopping mall, allowing the emergency technicians to take a break from their pretending (9:35; 18:29 in the video diary). As I rested on the sidewalk, a girl came around playing with her iPod, and another text-messaging; frightened, I resumed my long trek toward the beach (16:25).

My next recording is:

“[sm_strbks_dble_aprt_bch_pic_me_eml_casa_camssg_txtmssgr_711_rzr_7_25_09_346-1043PM.WMA](#)”. (This file should have been named “... [7_24_09_346-1043PM.WMA](#)”). I had come near Santa Monica Promenade. I was moaning and groaning, totally exhausted. I quickly noticed a girl who wanted to take pictures of me (2:20) and then filmed a Homeland Security vagrant pretending to hold a conversation with a businessman in suit and tie (18:42 in the video diary). I came to the Starbucks on Promenade and logged onto the wireless Internet, but was terribly worried about anyone who might be text-messaging around me – the coffee house was filled with people. When I checked my bank balance, I discovered that I had overdrawn my bank account again. How was I supposed to go to Nicaragua? I began filming myself replying to Casa San Francisco (18:58 in the video diary). But, suddenly, my Eee PC malfunctioned: Firefox crashed (20:34 in the video diary). I had to log into my Gmail account again and rewrite my

email. I was asking Casa San Francisco whether I could reserve my apartment first and pay the first-month rent later (since I didn't have any money left). But my Gmail account froze up again and the email could not be sent (24:20 in the video diary). Well, Homeland Security blocked it because this would be more evidence in Russia's favor, demonstrating that I was determined to go to Nicaragua after all. I had to reload my Gmail account in basic HTML and write the same email again – for the third time. I finally succeeded in sending my inquiry. I then began uploading my files to my website using GFTP on my Eee PC while my Toshiba was publishing my latest video diary (26:48 in the video diary). I also filmed a pretty girl text-messaging with her guy three feet away from me. The suit team was still busy producing the same evidences. It was during this upload that I finally uploaded the PDF print-out of the source message of Jennifer Day's July 11 email. This act was so incredibly important, history-making, as you shall see. Throughout, however, I continued to moan and lament over the malfunctioning of my computers and my inability to locate Thunderbird's folder on my Eee PC's hard drive. Then I noticed that my "double" of the afternoon had shown up, sitting just a few feet away from me and using a Toshiba Satellite that was virtually identical to mine (1:33:40; 27:18 in the video diary). She was a black girl. Guess what, she was searching for apartments for rent on Craigslist. Thus she was here to produce more evidences in the United States' favor showing that I wasn't going to Nicaragua after all but was planning to stay in Los Angeles. Minutes later, my double was watching cartoon, in conformity to Mr former Secretary's story about David Chin (1:36:00). Terribly alarmed by my "double", I quickly decided to leave this Starbucks and filmed myself doing so (28:46 in the video diary). I lay down on the grass by the beach, complaining bitterly about my "doubles" (1:48:00). I suddenly noticed that, behind me, a woman – French looking, probably a French agent – was taking pictures of me. I filmed her and her male companion (2:04:00; 29:50 in the video). Without my knowing, now that the United States was in serious jeopardy – nobody in the United Nations believed the "David Chin legend" anymore – it had also asked France to join its side. I then filmed another one of Mr former Secretary's ambulances rushing through the streets and blowing its siren (2:06:00; 30:11 in the video diary). I then filmed myself leaving my spot on the grassland (30:30 in the video diary). I bought dinner at McDonald's and quickly walked to a deserted corner to eat it by myself. I filmed another ambulance rushing past me to attend to "emergency" on 2:28:20 (30:58 in the video diary).

When I finished eating, I of course filmed myself dumping the leftover trash into the public trash can. This is in the first scene of my next video diary of the day: "[7_24_09_p2.wmv](#)".

Complaining that, whereas I used to wish to have friends, now I wished simply to have an apartment in which to use my computers, I came back to the Starbucks on Promenade on 3:05:10 and, getting online, noticed that Maria Malespin had already replied me saying Casa San Francisco would not charge my debit card upon reservation. (I didn't know that "Casa" was ordered by judge Higgins not to charge me in order to allow me to "finish my mission".) I thus filmed myself writing another email to Casa San Francisco, giving them my credit card information (3:11:00; 0:51 in the video diary). On 3:48:12 or so I filmed myself leaving Starbucks.

I came to 4th Street and settled down in a quiet corner by the closed down Circuit City. I continued my act – the act was perpetually necessary because, at any time, there might be Russian surveillance agents around me – by complaining to myself that the Agency’s “message” (referring to Jennifer Day’s email) was barely comprehensible. I then noticed a girl sitting on the bench by the bus stop and text-messaging – definitely for my sake – and so I went up to her to film her with my new pen camera (4:17:00). The acting was very necessary at the moment because I noticed that a Russian agent, dragging a suitcase on wheels, was also standing by the bus stop conducting surveillance on me. (Recall that the SVR girl from March 28 was also dragging a small luggage: perhaps “surveillance luggage” was standard Russian intelligence surveillance technique.) It was a good-looking man of approximately 40 years of age, wearing a pair of thin glasses. I of course pretended to not know that he was Russian and that he was watching over me, but purposely engaged myself in my usual manner – namely, filming my “double” – so that the Russians could collect direct evidence demonstrating how all the videos they had intercepted from my website were produced. I pretended to ask the girl about bus schedule and routes, etc., and this “Homeland Security girl” just answered me perfunctorily, “Yeah... Yeah...”³⁷ – while the Russian intelligence officer, seemingly very satisfied with my performance thus far, lowered his eye-glasses in order to take a better look at me, the “legend” who was about to save Russia. After filming my double thoroughly, I packed up my things and left.

There being a throng of people everywhere, I did no more than turn around in the neighborhood and resign myself to staying at the same corner next to Circuit City (4:26:00 or so). I began working on my latest video diary. On 4:43:50 or so, a woman came to me trying to give me the pizza she was eating. I was terribly alarmed, yelling at her, “Don’t talk to me, go away, go away!” – who knows how this would appear in the evidentiary record of the International Court? (I didn’t film her because she looked barely 18 year-old.) In fact, however, the suit team was probably just trying to show the UN Assembly how generous American people were in dealing with me. I then noticed another black woman text-messaging on 4:57:00 or so. On 4:59:00 or so, I briefly filmed myself writing and publishing my video diary (6:50 in my second video diary). Minutes later, I filmed another “double” of mine harassing a beautiful blond hair lady sitting at the bench by the bus stop (7:12 in the video diary). I was caught again shamelessly harassing beautiful women! On 5:27:30 alarm was sounding in the distance. Was I caught stealing again? When my latest video diary was published, I filmed myself leaving this corner and forgetting nothing behind (5:51:30; 7:44 in the video diary).

³⁷ 4_txtmssgr_7_24_09_755PM.avi 937f36d4f20bcc483e651d4293ff291d
b97b6451bea9083cef56a20398d77290c8726937 8ac1c069
eae7dbdd66225517841341addb9d2c721a449d8381e6ac61afaaf0042eb73d
ed2ac19a0e41d435cfb92525ccf0df18a039adf4b18d0627e86cd560e33c96e2215963a4a57a0044ac14b8deea
9b5e425d96f8c9635166c9412378f2fc92d094
fc54c718a7503da88d697bb14627f40816e016c8711f24d2449f966de62f29bd36a6ad1aafed2e8d95aa4eb95c
fb40c7 11,746,882
6_txtmssgr_7_24_09_8PM.avi a05f779ca72f0fe7b1393445fc76756d
d22237664f2d667e64cf12601cee17a2a9e126b3 76187ab7
e421c300f5335eba41b10c6b8714d3e567a99f248c5852e18b692bf6f19e96c5
0325f4ef325d80f7f266a5c7ccbce54ee7d67a0900f916ee697a2a17a891eb599313ccdbb09cb61fe4c4f0a1f8d
2531e72e65d5c70e1346b212f48f923ef8e46
bbfb2f068486ed4be40489ea0a3c466587763db781bfdf1b736fe2a582b98f6c2ba9a94ed3f85820100f562dd0
7d7baa 15,221,426

However, I noticed that a Homeland Security vagrant, also dragging a luggage cart, was sitting by the bus stop seemingly waiting for me to leave (5:56:30; 8:20 in the video diary). I was concerned: he seemed to be waiting to be confused with me in surveillance; hence I was hesitant about leaving. “When my double doesn’t behave well, I get nervous”, I confessed to myself (6:02:10 or so). On 6:04:00, or 9:51 PM, I videotaped another ambulance (9:01 in the video diary). I wondered whether my “double” was having another medical emergency for my sake. Finally, my “double” by the bus stop was getting on the bus, and he purposely “forgot” his luggage cart – just as I feared – in order to produce evidences showing me forgetting my bag full of Russian-made spy equipment and Latin American crack cocaine. I shouted at him: “Please don’t forget your luggage, Mr double of mine!” I carefully filmed him getting into the bus (6:06:00 or 10:16 in the video diary).

I walked to the 711 convenience store on Wilshire and 6th Street to buy shaving razors and other necessities (6:16:00 or so). Just when I was paying at the cashier, another *Ereignis* erupted. A very beautiful Russian secret agent with golden hair, in her late 20s or so, tall and athletic, suddenly walked in wearing a mysterious smile on her face. She was happy with me. Because I immediately understood that she was a *real* Russian agent, I didn’t videotape her – for fear that I might tip off the suit team that I knew I was followed by Russian agents. My *Ereignis* pretended to fetch a bottle of juice from the refrigerator and then got in line behind me. I thought at the time that the SVR had sent to me this pretty agent of theirs in order to signal to me that my earlier upload of the source message of Jennifer Day’s email had at last enabled them to “nail” the suit team – it was supposedly a “signal” under the disguise of surveillance, hence it was a stereotypically attractive girl just as it was so on July 6. I was a nervous wreck, however, terrified that I might sink Russia with the slightest wrong move – any slightest movement could be interpreted by the CIA as my attempt to signal to the Russian agent and entered as evidence for my conspiracy with Russia – and could not understand why the Russians were taking such great risk just to communicate their happiness to me. I can tell that you have succeeded by observing Americans’ reaction; you do not have to signal anything to me yourself, I wished I could say to them. I didn’t know that I had completely misunderstood the situation, as you shall see. I thus continued my usual routine, reading to my recorder the bar code of the shaving razors, and withdrew quickly from the store pretending to not have noticed this pretty Russian agent. When I walked out, however, I glanced over my shoulder and saw the pretty Russian agent driving away in a silver sedan. I was so lonely that I felt a terrible urge to be her “friend” – and yet I must not talk to anyone. On my way back to 4th Street I videotaped another Homeland Security vagrant who was wearing the same hat as I was (6:23:20; 10:40 in the video diary). By 6:55:00 or so I had settled down in a desolate corner on 4th Street and videotaped the corner where I planned to pass the night (11:00 in the video diary). It was now 10:47 PM.

My next recording is: “[slp_limo_chng_spot_mn_try_gve_me_fd_7_24-5_09_1047PM-603AM.WMA](#)”. I would not be allowed to rest undisturbed, however, on this special night. No sooner had I squeezed into my blanket than a white SUV showed up and two suspicious persons, a guy and a girl, came out, both staring at me (0:40). Presumably, they were from the suit team, upset with the “stunt” I had just pulled tonight. Then a limousine came around on 14:00 (see 11:47 in the video diary). It was parked about 20 yards in front of me. Then another sedan, with the license plate of 4CJD529, came to stop besides me, and a man in red shirt and with grey hair,

about 50 year-old or so, came out (23:00; 12:29 in the video diary). He pretended to look at the street for a few seconds, and then drove off. His behavior seemed to indicate that he was here to make sure I was sleeping on this street corner, in which case he should be working for the Russians. Then another sports car came by (32:00). Six minutes later, three young pretty women and two guys came around me (38:30). I knew immediately they were young CIA agents. A blond hair girl among them was looking at her cellphone with an angry face. This guy sold us out, she seemed to be saying to me. When she walked past me, she pressed a button on her cellphone. In effect, both the Russian and the Americans had to make sure that this bum that was sleeping in this street corner was indeed "Lawrence". When I began filming them from behind, I noticed that the limousine which had come by earlier had in the meantime circled around the neighborhood to park behind me so that the VIPs inside could study me through the front windshield instead of having to turn around (39:00; from 13:05 onward in the video diary). The driver inside shined its head lights directly upon me – making me extremely uncomfortable in the process – in order that the VIPs in question could get a clear view of me in the darkness. The limousine driver then turned on the light inside and began eating. Frightened – I was now sure that Mr former Secretary was inside this mobile fortress – I would not take my camcorder off it. Red light then flashed inside the limousine for a brief moment (47:00). The guy and girl who stared at me earlier now drove away in their SUV (49:30). Clearly, this young couple were Mr former Secretary's "scouts" – making sure I would not pose any threat to Mr former Secretary when he chose to station himself within 20 yards away from me. By 11:42 PM, the limousine finally moved away (20:03 in the video diary). I was so scared by Mr former Secretary's "stalking" that I finally decided to change place. I filmed myself leaving nothing behind in this corner (57:46; 20:30 in the video diary) and began searching for another deserted corner which I could call "my bed". While crossing the street, I noticed a surveillance van parked less than 100 yards away from the limousine. This had to be a surveillance team working for the Russian side. I was really surprised: the Russians and their allies must then know that the opponents with whom they were still dealing face to face until one hour ago were now sitting a few yards away from me studying me like a lion studying its prey. What did they make of this? Then, on the street, I ran into another Homeland Security surveillance agent who was wearing sunglasses at this dark hour (1:01:30). Since there really wasn't any other quiet corner, I came back to Circuit City to sleep in the same corner where I had filmed my "doubles" and edited my video diary earlier tonight (1:06:30). I filming myself in this corner on 1:07:30 (21:18 in the video diary). It was now 11:55 PM. I rested, and, within 15 minutes, another police car passed me by (1:20:50). Then, one Hispanic guy rode his bicycle to the bus stop, stopped, and began text-messaging continually (21:48 in the video diary). Scared, I moved away again (22:30 in the video diary). This text-messenger was so blatant that he simply would not stop text-messaging. Finally, he was gone and I went back to my corner to sleep. Another girl passed me by with a cellphone on 1:29:00, although she might very well be an ordinary pedestrian unaware of the turmoil which had secretly engulfed the Santa Monica beach. Another SUV came by, paused in front of me for a few seconds, and then sped off (1:52:45). Then another sedan did the same (2:04:45). Another

detective car came around on 2:19:00. Another vagrant, obviously Homeland Security, came to harass me on 2:24:00. I angrily shouted at him, telling him to go away. Only then was I permitted to sleep.

Let us now return to the situation behind the scene, inside the International Court house. As you have seen, the Russians were lacking no more than a single piece of evidence showing me communicating with the CIA in real time. When I, yesterday, uploaded to my website the screenshot of Jennifer Day's email to me, the SVR team immediately seized upon that as the long-awaited instance of such communication. Judge Higgins however still ruled it was "insufficient" because it was no more than a screenshot. When I then uploaded, this afternoon between 5 and 5:30 PM, the source message of the email itself, this was quite enough because the email header contained all the IP addresses from which the email originated and through which the email transited, etc. It was proof that the email was sent from Jennifer Day's Microsoft account. The SVR team, having received the intercept of the email from the Russian diplomatic protection service inside the Homeland Security control center, quickly presented it to judge Higgins asking her to establish, at last, that I was conspiring with the United States to harm Russia. "This guy is just who he is. He has no twin brother. He has been a CIA recruit, his cousin is a CIA agent, his best friend is a CIA agent, and his mother has married a CIA officer. His aunt and uncle work in one of the biggest contractors for the Department of Homeland Security. He has threatened us, he has been seen fraternizing with CIA agents, he has accepted the CIA's offers [Casa San Francisco], and now the evidence is 'in' that, three days after he has decided to harm us by going to Nicaragua, the CIA sent him a 'message' secretly giving him the 'go-ahead'. This is a conspiracy against us. A terrorist suspect has conspired with the United States to pretend to be his own twin brother and a Russian agent in order to frame us for trying to frame the United States for violating UN Resolution 1373. Such conspiracy with a terrorist suspect to harm another nation-state is a violation of UN Resolution 1373." "Conspiracy established," so judge Higgins would have declared thusly, "and the Court thus orders that the United States shall furnish the terrorist suspect with the necessary resources to help him 'finish his mission'..." This must have happened between 6 PM and 7 PM – just a short while before the Russian intelligence officer lowered his eye-glasses to study me approvingly by the bus stop on 4th Street.

As I have mentioned, the CIA instructed Jennifer Day to send me an email, most likely not in order to signal to me "Go-ahead", but, just the opposite, to signal to me "Don't do this!" The SVR team themselves were probably aware of this. Certainly, nobody was stupid enough to do what would cause himself to lose. Deep inside her judge Higgins probably also didn't believe that Jennifer Day's email was CIA's encouragement for me to "go harm Russia". But none of this mattered. Since the day when I met "Ms Congenial" on the train to Frankfurt, judge Higgins had ruled that, in such espionage case intertwined with terrorism, a wave of the hand or a passing of cigarette could indeed be admitted as evidence for "conspiratorial communication". As long as I had been seen fraternizing with CIA agents several times before – fully conscious of the damage I was doing to Russia – it was legitimate to interpret Jennifer Day's email within this

context as “secret communication to conspire”, even though, in reality, the message might have been entirely an accident. The United States had, in the past, been afforded such advantage in making something out of nothing; now the Russians were determined to profit from such advantage – from such lowering of evidentiary standard – and make something out of nothing as well. Thus judge Higgins ignored her own thoughts about the email and ruled that “conspiracy had been established”.

The entire SVR was thus in a state of euphoria – their misfortune of falling under US command had suddenly been reversed, and this under the most impossible condition: the chance to win had come within grasp in this game whose principal rule was that they were not allowed to win. *How can you win a game where the rule is that you are not allowed to win?* Hence I quote, in the beginning of today’s entry, the lyrics from the German pop music group MIA’s “Heroes”. Now, as the next step after judge Higgins’ ruling, the SVR team quickly requested, and obtained, the ICJ order allowing the SVR, as a matter of enforcing UN Resolution 1373 (forcing its violator to comply with the Resolution), to take command of the CIA clandestine service and Homeland Security’s operational resources. Between 7 PM and 10 PM, everyone on both sides was busy with the opening of CIA’s “secret box” and the transferring of command to the Russians – even while Homeland Security operations, like a running horse which no longer knew how to stop, were continuing around me. (Perhaps the Russians had ordered them to continue in order to create the illusion for me that they had not won.) Almost 10 PM, when the bureaucratic procedure was completed, the CIA, tremendously upset, argued to judge Higgins one last time that the Russians were conspiring with me because I had clearly understood the “July 6 smile” as a signal for me to go to Nicaragua. The SVR commanding officer, in response, decided on a radical procedure. He decided to gamble that I would be cautious enough not to respond if he were to send in another agent to smile to me – which would be evidence that I didn’t see any signal in the “July 6 smile”. He directed one of his “illegals” – the prettiest among his agents who were circling around in the Santa Monica neighborhood – to the 711 convenient store where I was seen going in on the pretext of conducting surveillance on me. Ms *Ereignis* was informed, by phone, that “conspiracy” against Russia had just been established, and that she was going to close the “last remaining loop” by smiling to me. At the moment when she came into the store with a smile, I was shocked because I had apparently misunderstood the situation as the Russians’ signaling to me their appreciation for my “job well done”. In reality, since I didn’t respond, the SVR had established their case with judge Higgins. It is not clear to me how much the commanding SVR official was surprised by the inconsistency that, while I was supposedly so smart in knowing what precisely to do to save Russia, I had missed every chance of actual contact with a CIA, or fake CIA, agent, and was only able to furnish Russia with the necessary evidences for conspiracy which he so desperately sought in the “second-hand” form of videos and emails. He obtained his evidences entirely from the Internet; he had failed every one of his “sting operations”. That should have taught him how vague a notion I had of his operations – how much he had overestimated the “legend” – such that, to play safe, I had shrunk my universe entirely to my computers, where I could be more or less certain of the effects of my actions.

Thus, returning to the mystery: How do you win a game where the rule is such that you are not allowed to win? Well, there was simply a loophole in this game which the CIA had set up – and I found it entirely by accident. It’s not just that I had to pretend to help the United States, but my helping, as noted, had to be flawed. Lacking a thorough knowledge of how the entire mechanism worked – the secret upper court and the open lower court as a matter of enforcing UN Resolution 1373 – I found the flaw because I was, in final analysis, *too timid*. I was *afraid* to help the United States all the way without remainder, but could only do it half way – I was *afraid* to pretend to be a pedophile, for example. It was of course also the case that, because I was too timid, I was afraid to harm the CIA in a blatant manner when face to face with them, and was only comfortable about uploading files to my website so as to harm them “behind their back”, so to speak. Although my timidity had allowed the loophole inherent in the whole game to be exposed, it had barely helped Russia to win. The source message of Jennifer Day’s email was just barely enough to cross the threshold of the evidentiary standard for “conspiracy”. The Russians had – I can’t help but say this – barely “squeezed their camel through the eye of the needle”.

Now, it was because Mr former Secretary and his Homeland Security and neocon cronies were so shocked by the sudden reversal of their fortunes that, when they were finished with the transferring of command, they rolled out of the Court house in limousines and came to Santa Monica beach to study me in person. Mr former Secretary simply couldn’t believe what had happened in the past month. Everything since the beginning of this year had not been happening according to his plan and schedule; he should have convicted Russia again and again by now – and yet he was now on the path of losing the United States itself. Sometime past 11 PM, his limousine had traversed the city between downtown Los Angeles and Santa Monica and arrived in front of me; he now ordered his driver to pretend eating and drinking as if taking a break. As he stared at me angrily from behind the veil, he whispered my treason (for the second time) to his other cronies in the limousine (which perhaps included some CIA clandestine service officials as well). I knew that, but thought: Yes, this is the second time! The first time I did it unintentionally, but this second time I did it entirely intentionally. Fuck you! The CIA girl walking past me with a sullen face was holding a surveillance cellphone, not texting on my behalf. During this time of bureaucratic recess, everyone had shown up to ascertain the whereabouts of the “terrorist suspect” – on whom, once again, the entire future configuration of international relations depended. The Russian side had also sent in a team of Nicaraguan agents in a white van to watch over me while I slept.

Today, the day when the United States was ruled to have conspired with a terrorist suspect to harm Russia, was indeed a momentous day. I cannot understate to you the turmoil and controversies which had been engulfing the entire UN Assembly since June 19. What exactly was going on? Was there no David Chin after all? The Russian plan had been to leak clues to every other government so that, should Russia get convicted in the end, the damage could be kept to the minimum: Russia was truly a “dying horse doing its last twitch” through this International Court trial. When its fortune began turning after July 8, the “plan” gradually became a backup plan, until today, when it might actually be able to hope for something better than the “minimization of damage”. Any nations which wished to know what was really going on might have sent their secret agents to Santa Monica in the past few days. Meanwhile, both Russia and the United States began calling up as many friends as possible to join the lawsuit on

their side: in the case of the Russians, it was because they couldn't help but let others "in" on the secret of how the United States had legally obtained the right to cheat with impunity; in the case of the United States, it was because, now that the faulty surveillance Machine and the "David Chin legend" had been exposed, when it should win the lawsuit and produce more lies through the ICJ about David Chin, Russia's magnificent ability to fool people, and its sponsoring of nuclear terrorism, those allies on its side could confirm in the UN: yeah, we have seen it too, the story coming out of the ICJ is not lies fed to us to "neutralize some terrorist threat", they are true... All these new comers would also have to send their secret agents to Santa Monica beach. It was no wonder that Santa Monica beach, on July 24 2009, as you have seen, was turned into a mad house of secret agents from all around the world: Homeland Security vagrants to serve as my doubles; CIA agents; "illegals" and surveillance agents from the side of the Russians and their allies (Nicaraguan, Indian, and African); agents from the United States' allies here to rescue the United States: Germany, France, Mexico, China... And maybe agents from other nations which wished to see for themselves whether I did look like myself! Meanwhile, the residents and tourists were simply pacing through all the festivities on the beach side unconcerned with the secret agents lurking among them and those activities of these strangers which were about to determine the future configuration of the world's power structure. What a contrast!

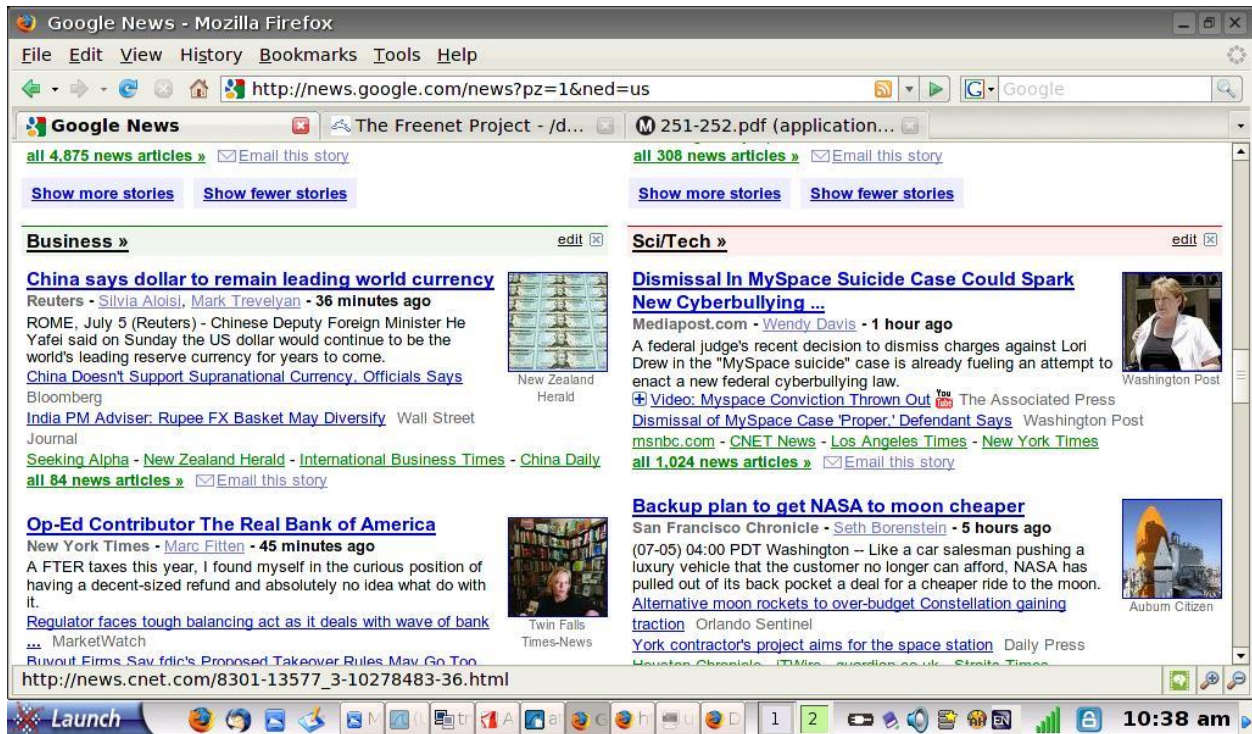
Finally, a word on judge Rosalyn Higgins in the secret "upper court". As you have seen, she had gone out of her secret chamber since September 2008 when she sanctioned the set-up of the current "lower court" for the United States to sue Russia, had publicly retired from the International Court of Justice business in February this year, just a few days before Mr former Secretary was prepared to convict Russia, and had suddenly re-appeared in the secret "upper court" on June 19. Nobody knew that she had never really retired but had had to work secretly, without anyone knowing, as a matter of enforcing UN Resolution 1373. You have also seen that Dick Cheney had duped her to accept brain chips into her head in order for the United States government to secretly monitor her thoughts. Now you have just seen how she had never changed – she was still exerting her utmost to "enforce the law with impartiality". Although she had completely come to the side of the neocon United States in 2008, as soon as Russia had submitted a claim for my conspiracy with the United States, she was still enforcing UN Resolution 1373, "objectively" as it were, without regard to her personal distaste for Russia and beliefs about my real motivations, etc. Without knowing so, when she ruled "conspiracy established", she was about to embark upon a journey which would completely change her *modus operandi*, as it were. She would gradually discover *what wrong idea it was to enforce the law with impartiality – without regard for consequences for the world at large*. She was about to discover that, by enforcing the law impartially, she had almost permitted genocide and nuclear holocaust to happen – and to happen legally! She was about to discover Dick Cheney's psychopathology and extraordinarily evil plan – and conclude that judges, as humans, must rule, not with impartiality like a computer, but with a view to the long-term consequences of their judgment. For her personally, it would especially be a journey toward the development of a new theory of international jurisprudence – among other things!

APPENDIX

US NATIONAL DEBT AND THE NUCLEAR NON-PROLIFERATION ISSUE

Now it is time to examine some of the important world events of the same period whose meanings cannot be understood without reference to this International Court of Justice trial. There are two events in particular which I want to discuss at this juncture: the controversies surrounding the US dollar as world's principal reserve currency, and the nuclear non-proliferation agenda.

In the BRIC meeting from June, one of the issues under discussion was the BRIC nations' wish to exit from the US dollar world system. Now what had come out of that? In the end, however, as I saw on Google News on July 5, the Chinese government announced that it would not back out from the US dollar reserve system.



The Chinese government made the decision, and the news reported it, but you will never know why the Chinese government had made the decision. Since maintaining US dollar as the principal reserve currency in the world was one of Boss Cheney's most important agendas, I can almost guarantee to you that the decision of the Chinese government was due to Dick Cheney's secret insistence from behind the scene. When Cheney and his necon cliques came to power in 2000, they had already decided upon a particular US dollar agenda: to inflate the US debt to the maximal degree possible. When the Bush administration began cutting taxes while increasing government spending – thus squandering away the budget surplus inherited from the Clinton era and increasing the national debt burden of the United States – Dick Cheney was doing this on purpose. When the liberal critics shouted insanity and accused the Bush administration of squandering away America's future, they did so without understanding Cheney's hidden intention.

Cheney had understood that national debt was nothing but an imaginary problem: the debt you owe is only a problem if you intend to pay it back. If you, like me, just ignore your creditors who call you everyday, then you don't have any "debt problem" at all. Cheney had no intention of ever paying back to the creditors the money which the United States had borrowed from them. (The most important creditors of the United States are, of course, China and Japan.) As long as the US dollar remains the world's principal reserve currency, there is absolutely nothing which the creditors can do about it. In effect, when you don't pay back the debt you owe to your creditor, the situation is merely that your creditor is paying for whatever you have spent your loan on. Like how your father paid for your school and your car, for example. Cheney's plan was to increase military spending, invade one nation after another, and build up his American empire, while making the creditors pay for all this. (The Chinese and Japanese were thus actually paying for almost half of the cost of the US invasion of Iraq.) In this way, Cheney could build up the American empire, not with Americans' money which Americans didn't have, but with the whole world's money, while his constituencies, the big corporations whose tax burden was lessened, could make money from the building of the empire. One stone two birds. (You obviously should understand that American has the technology, but not the money, to build up the New American Century Empire which Cheney has envisioned.) As the bubble of US national debt kept inflating, his plan could then enter its second phase: causing the bubble to burst in order to bring down the world's economy altogether. He wished that the collapse of the world's economy might coincide with the inception of World War Three and nuclear holocaust, so that his secret plan to exterminate most of humanity could "look even more natural". Thus, he would not allow the United States to default on its loans until the "right moment".

The second issue concerns the issue of (nuclear) Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT). We need a proper understanding of the true motivation behind this treaty in order to fully understand the issue of Obama's expressed intention to rid the world of nuclear bombs, discussed in the previous chapter. Some of the basics first. In the study by Michael Paul and Oliver Thränert previously cited, some of the controversies surrounding the NPT have already been discussed extensively. For a speedy understanding of both the basics and the same controversies, I shall utilize, here additionally, the introduction by Otfried Nassauer (from BITS, or Berliner Informationszentrum für Transatlantische Sicherheit: www.bits.de), "Der Atomwaffensperrvertrag – Oder: der nukleare Nichtverbreitungsvertrag (NVV)" (22 April 2004: <http://www.bits.de/public/articles/nvv.htm>). The NPT's signing began on 1 July 1968 and the treaty entered into effect on 5 March 1970. All the nations of the world are signatories since then, except Israel, India, and Pakistan. Also North Korea, at first a party to it, withdrew from the treaty in 2003. The treaty's ostensible purpose is to oblige nuclear powers to not transfer nuclear weapons to other states and not help other states to develop or to acquire nuclear weapons. It then obliges non-nuclear nations to not attempt to develop or acquire nuclear weapons. The treaty permits non-nuclear nations to develop and acquire nuclear technology for peaceful purposes.

It is important to note that Article IX of the treaty includes a definition as to which nation constitutes a "nuclear power nation": namely, nations which have built nuclear weapons in one form or another before 1 January 1967, thus, US, Russia, UK, France, and China. Israel, India, and Pakistan have had to withdraw from the treaty because they developed their nuclear bombs after the said date.³⁸

The enforcement of NPT is delegated to the International Atomic Energy Agency. During the 1995 Review Conference it was decided, in accordance with the wish of the United States, that the treaty shall be valid indefinitely. The Review Conference since 1995 has been taking place on a five-year-cycle, in 2000, 2005, and 2010, with preparatory conferences in between the five-year conferences.³⁹

NPT has been controversial because it seems to the non-nuclear nations that the treaty merely validates the nuclear powers' imperialist ambition. While the expressed goal of the treaty is the elimination of nuclear weapons from this world, the nuclear powers themselves which have imposed the treaty on the world have been able somehow to always find loopholes in the treaty to delay, or avoid, their obligation to disarm themselves of nuclear weapons. Non-nuclear nations' complaints to this effect do, in fact, touch on the real motivation behind the creation of the NPT – which chiefly belongs to the United States. The issue may be examined in this fashion. The evolution of the Non-Proliferation Treaty consists of three stages:

(1) Inception, 1966: the goal of the United States, with which other "imperialist powers" (nuclear powers) were in agreement, was to maintain dominance by prohibiting other nations from developing nuclear weapons and achieving parity with the "imperialist powers". The "imperialist powers" thus have no intention to disarm. In fact, the "imperialist powers", especially the United States, have tried to violate Non-Proliferation clandestinely. For example, the US Secretary of State Dean Rusk (1968) has drafted a letter in which it is specified that United States has the

³⁸ "Artikel IX enthält die Beitrittsregeln für den NVV, die Depositarmächte und die Definition, dass als Nuklearwaffenstaat nur gilt, wer 'vor dem 1.1.1967 eine Nuklearwaffe oder einen anderen Nuklearsprengsatz gebaut und gezündet hat'. Nuklearwaffenstaat im Sinne des Vertrages können also nur Frankreich, Großbritannien, Russland, die USA und die Volksrepublik China sein. Israel, Indien und Pakistan besitzen heute nukleare Waffen, haben diese aber bis 1967 nicht getestet. Sie könnten dem Vertrag nur beitreten, wenn sie ihre Atomwaffen zuvor wieder abschaffen würden. Diesen Weg gingen Südafrika und – nach dem Zerfall der Sowjetunion – Weißrussland, die Ukraine und Kasachstan."

³⁹ "Seit 1995 werden NVV-Überprüfungskonferenzen durch Sitzungen eines Vorbereitenden Ausschusses geplant und vorbereitet. In der Regel finden diese im 2., 3. und 4. Jahr des 5-Jahreszyklus statt. Im zweiten und dritten Jahr entsteht jeweils fast automatisch ein Abschlussdokument, weil der Konferenzvorsitzende autorisiert ist, die Konferenzergebnisse persönlich zusammenzufassen. Im vierten Jahr ist dies anders, weil für ein Abschlussdokument der Konsens der Vertragsstaaten erforderlich ist, dieser aber gerade in Fragen von Substanz ein Jahr vor der Überprüfungskonferenz oft kaum zu erwarten ist, weil – noch – niemand bereit ist seine Position zu modifizieren. Diese Problematik gilt auch für das PrepCom 2004."

right to allow non-nuclear NATO members to use US nuclear bombs in times of war (for example, non-nuclear NATO countries, when war comes, could dispatch their own planes carrying American nuclear bombs to strike the enemy). The US position was that, when nations sign onto NPT, they understand that US right to share nuclear bombs with its allies is implied in the treaty. Most signatory nations of course do not understand this, and in fact have never heard of this.⁴⁰ NPT thus means simply: while US can build, and share, nuclear bombs, the rest of the world cannot.

(2) Bush administration, 2001: Since the neocon administration has decided on the goal of breaking parity even among the “imperialist powers” – chiefly between the United States and Russia – by curtailing Russian nuclear strike capability through treaty mechanism, the US new position on NPT was to continue enforcing Non-Proliferation among non-imperialist powers while denouncing all intention for “nuclear-free world”. In fact, during this period, the United States has accelerated the development of newer types of tactic nuclear weapons (mini-nukes, bunker-busters) which it was planning to actually use soon in combat:

“Ein zusätzliches Problem stellt jedoch inzwischen die Nuklearpolitik der Regierung Bush – und mit Zeitverzögerung zunehmend auch die Reaktion anderer Nuklearwaffenstaaten darauf – dar. Sie signalisiert, dass die Eliminierung der Atomwaffen in diesem Jahrhundert für die USA keine Option darstellt. Wer aber heute – wie die Bush-Administration im Nuclear Posture Review 2001 - Atomwaffen in die Planung einführt, die erst um 2050 in Dienst gestellt werden würden, gibt das falsche Signal für Abrüstung im Rahmen des NVV ebenso ab, wie derjenige, der in die Erforschung neuer, besser einsetzbarer

⁴⁰ “Ein Brief des damaligen US-Außenministers Dean Rusk, der dem US-Senat 1968 zusammen mit den Unterlagen zur Ratifizierung des NVV zugeleitet worden aber, von Washington bei Ratifizierung des NVV aber nicht als formelle Reservation hinterlegt wurde, komme einer solchen gleich. Der Brief erläutere, dass und warum die Teilhabe zulässig sei; seine Einführung in den öffentlichen Ratifizierungsprozess der USA komme einer Bekanntgabe an alle Vertragsstaaten gleich und stelle zugleich öffentlich dar, dass die USA den NVV in einer Weise interpretiere, die die Teilhabe für rechtens erkläre. Etliche nicht-nukleare NATO-Staaten haben sich bei der Hinterlegung ihrer Ratifikationsinstrumente für den NVV auf den Brief bzw. Inhalte des Briefes in allgemeinen Formeln bezogen. Wenn die westliche Interpretation begründet sein sollte, müsste argumentiert werden, dass alle Vertragsstaaten bei der Unterzeichnung den NVV vom Inhalt des Briefes Kenntnis hatten und wussten, was er implizierte bzw. was damit gerechtfertigt werden würde – die nukleare Teilhabe. Dies war allerdings nicht der Fall, denn der Inhalt und Wortlaut des Briefes wurde nur mit einigen wichtigen Staaten vor Beginn der NVV-Unterzeichnung konsultiert. Öffentlich im Sinne einer begrenzten Öffentlichkeit – die Teilnehmer der Senatsanhörung – wahrnehmbar wurde er erst mehr als eine Woche später, als bereits mehr als 50 Staaten den NVV unterzeichnet hatten. Das von der damaligen US-Administration gewählte Vorgehen hielt selbst der damalige Völkerrechtsberater des US-Außenministeriums, Meeker, für so heikel, dass er vor ihm warnte und es als ‘negotiating under false pretenses’ kennzeichnete.”

Nuklearwaffentypen einsteigt (Mini-Nukes, Bunkerbuster) oder die
Notwendigkeit der Wiederaufnahme von Nuklearwaffentests für möglich hält.”

And so also changes in the concept of “nuclear free zone”. Originally, the US (or what will later
be called the “Bilderberg Majority’s”) position, such as seen in President Clinton's pledge of
April 6 1995, is:

The United States reaffirms that it will not use nuclear weapons against non-
nuclear-weapon States Parties to the Treaty on the Non-proliferation of Nuclear
Weapons except in the case of an invasion or any other attack on the United
States, its territories, its armed forces or other troops, its allies, or on a state
towards which it has a security commitment, carried out or sustained by such a
non-nuclear-weapon state in association or alliance with a nuclear-weapon state.⁴¹

Now Bush administration's new policy (or Cheney’s):

The text of this guarantee [Clinton's pledge] makes no exception for non-nuclear
states which however possess chemical and biological weapons. It also does not
recognize weapons of mass destruction. This, for some nations, amounts to the
annulment of [Clinton's] guarantee, since, under President Bush in the secret
document NSDD 17, the possibility is explicitly mentioned of nuclear strikes
against biological and chemical weapon attacks and since the politicians of this
administration are considering preemptive and preventive strikes using nuclear
weapons against state or non-state actors which are in possession of, or want to
use, non-nuclear weapons of mass destruction.

Der Text dieser Garantie macht keine Ausnahme für nicht-nuklear, aber chemisch
oder biologisch bewaffnete Staaten. Auch kennt er den Begriff
Massenvernichtungswaffen nicht. Deshalb kommt es einer Aufkündigung der
Garantie für etliche Staaten gleich, wenn unter Präsident Bush in dem geheimen
Dokument NSDD 17 die Möglichkeit der nuklearen Vergeltung gegen den
Einsatz biologischer und chemischer Waffen offen erwähnt wird und wenn
Politiker dieser Administration auch ein präemptives und präventives nukleares
Vorgehen gegen staatliche oder nicht-staatliche Akteure die sich im Besitz von

⁴¹ See: <http://www.fas.org/nuke/control/npt/docs/940405-nsa.htm>. Nassauer: “Die Vereinigten Staaten bekräftigen,
dass sie Nuklearwaffen nicht gegen Vertragsparteien des NVV einsetzen werden, die nicht über Kernwaffen
verfügen, es sei denn, ein solcher Staat verwirklicht oder unterstützt gemeinsam mit einem Kernwaffenstaat oder als
dessen Verbündeter eine Invasion oder einen beliebigen anderen Überfall gegen die Vereinigten Staaten, ihr
Territorium, ihre Streitkräfte oder anderen Truppen, ihre Verbündeten oder gegen einen Staat dem gegenüber sie
Sicherheitsverpflichtungen hat.”

nichtnuklearen Massenvernichtungswaffen befinden oder sich in diesen bringen wollen, erwägen.

Cheney, as shall be understood by now, was trying to come up with every pretext possible (e.g. self-defense against terrorism) for using nuclear bombs in warfare, principally because he thought in this way Russia could be provoked into launching nuclear first strike against the United States. Humanity could then be exterminated in a nuclear holocaust while it looked as if it were Russia's fault.

(3) After the conviction of China in the ICJ in 2008, Cheney had decided to change the strategy for breaking parity between US and Russia: nuclear terrorism now became the pretext for eliminating Russia's nuclear strike capability. If he should succeed in planting brain chips into Russian leaders' head through the International Court of Justice, then he could orchestrate a show in which Russia was provoked to launch nuclear first strike against the United States, not because the United States was forced to use nuclear bombs against terrorists, but because Russia was too attached to its nuclear bombs. In this way, nuclear holocaust could happen within a more realistic scenario, while Russia could look even worse (unwilling to sacrifice its nuclear bombs for the sake of humanity). Cheney would program a super computer to remotely control Russian leaders to play out this "script". Obama's proposal for a nuclear-free world thus must be seen in the framework of this new "script" in order for its meaning to become intelligible: it was the first act in the historical movement leading to the nuclear destruction of human civilization.