

How to own the world in seven months: “Nicaragua and the completion of a mission”, D.
Lawrence C. Chin
Started June 2009. Finished March 2015. Corrected August 2018.

How to own the world in seven months:

Part I:

“Nicaragua and the completion of a mission”

I.

The birth of a “mission”

D.

July 25 – August 10, 2009

RESUME

The following records the details of my International Court of Justice trial process between July 25 and August 10, 2009, i.e. the two weeks after the establishment of my conspiracy with the United States and before my departure for Nicaragua.

Not being able to predict the future – not knowing that Russians would turn out to be my nightmare far worse than Michael Chertoff and the CIA could ever be – I continued to exert my best to save Russia.

Unfortunately, because the crisis situation was forcing the United States suit team to ever intensify its operation on me, the following documentation will have to continue to include the most trifling details – text-messaging, vagrants, ambulances and fire trucks. By now Mr former Secretary was also populating Pasadena – because I increasingly frequented this neighborhood – with vagrants and homeless people he had hired for his operation (“federal homeless vagrants”). Keep in mind that these trivialities were such only in daily contexts, but could very well determine the fate of nations in the secret world of the International Court of Justice. For this reason, these are not as trifling as they might first seem. In addition, I have decided not to omit from documentation such boring details as “my broken glasses falling off my face” and “scavenging cigarette butts from public ash trays”, because, you must understand, it is under such pathetic condition that this broken figure was able to “save Russia” – especially given that, later on, Russia would almost stab itself to death. How memorable such seemingly worthless details are, given how Russia would, nine months later, squander away, in a single stroke, the fruits of such hard labor on my part as well as their own. Thus, these pathetic and boring details are meant to convey something absolutely miraculous, and then regrettable.

Remember that we were still caught in some sort of “Zeno’s paradox”: on the level of the ICJ lower court, the United States had to continually produce the same evidences showing me conforming to its “David Chin legend” while its debate with Russia about whether I was really committing conspiracy with the CIA raged on in front of judge Higgins in her secret chamber. Meanwhile, the suit team continued to populate my environment with a vast number of vagrants carrying my characteristics – in order to continually present evidences showing that the “faulty surveillance Machine” was an accurate piece of surveillance device now that the Russians had poked so many holes in the stories it produced.

Be reminded, furthermore, that, as you see me filming myself throwing away every little piece of trash, this kind of details – worthless in daily life – was so important in international relations because these videos were proofs as to whether the US government’s surveillance over me was accurate at all.

There are, in the following, a certain number of this kinds of worthless details which might not have had the significance which I have attributed to them at the time. This must be noted. For instance, the phenomenon of my “spotting” by police cars, etc. This seems to have more to do with the sort of “false consciousness” (e.g. “conditioned paranoia”) which a “targeted individual” frequently develops after prolonged exposure to attacks and harassment whose origin is invisible. Only studies of the “targeted individual phenomenon” (in its pre-2000 “pristine state”) can elucidate the meaning of such details.¹

A most annoying, and troubling, development in this last episode before my departure to Nicaragua was the United States’ introduction into the ICJ (in both the upper court and the lower court, presumably) of “scratching” as a possible instance of “communication between spies”. Because one obviously cannot help scratching oneself from time to time – especially during the heated summer – this technique in *interpretation* would begin to cause me tremendous hardship which would last until the end of October. Namely, the United States had caused me to bear this tremendous burden – that, by scratching myself, or by witnessing somebody scratching himself or herself, I might cause a whole host of nations to be convicted of “conspiracy with a terrorist suspect to harm other nation-states” and lose half of their sovereignty. It’s not an easy burden if you, unlike most people, actually care about what the world looks like outside your little personal world of friends and career.

All terminology (the “suit team”, the “Machine”, “Mr former Secretary”, etc.) follows the convention previously established.

July 25 (Saturday)

My first video diary of the day is “[7_25_09_p1.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the day is: “[slp_wk_sm_7_25_09_559-913AM.WMA](#)” I woke up from the corner at the closed down Circuit City on 2:49:50 or so. Naturally I videotaped myself waking up, leaving, and leaving nothing behind (the first scene in the video diary). I continued to scavenge cigarette butts. On 3:02:00 or so I entered the Coffee Bean besides the Promenade, but an old lady with a MacBook was sitting at my usual seat. I walked out of the place on 3:04:30 because the only seat with an electrical outlet nearby was taken. The same old problem: I was perpetually looking for an electrical outlet. On 3:07:30, I reentered the Coffee Bean to use the restroom, and, on 3:12:50, videotaped myself after I finished shaving as proof that I

¹ It must be noted that, after the Internet has brought “targeted individual” phenomenon to a wider audience, so many people who have never been targeted in any way but who imagine that they have begin mis-interpreting their own irrelevant experiences as “targeting” under the influence of the testimonies of the previous generation of “genuine TIs”. These “fake TIs” now actually constitute the vast majority of the “TI community”, so that “targeted individual” as a phenomenon has today become purely a “fraud”. One must study the cases of the older generations of “TIs”.

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didn't make a mess here (1:00 in the video diary). Then I exited the Coffee Bean to continue looking for an electrical outlet.

My next recording is: “[wk_cfbn_sm_txtmssgr_7_25_09_917-1029AM.WMA](#)”. When somebody wanted light from me, I sternly told him to get away from me – fearing faulty surveillance (28:30). I came back inside Coffee Bean again looking for an electrical outlet, until I finally decided that it was too dangerous to stay here, and I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (58:00; 1:41 in the video diary). When I was at the Promenade, an Asian guy (perhaps Japanese) tried to surreptitiously take a picture of me, and I filmed him (1:05:00; 2:45 in the video). Now that a terrorist conspiracy had been established between me and the United States, various US allies must be scrambling to enter evidences into the ICJ lower court – and at the UN – to convince everyone that the US story about “David Chin” was true – no US ally could afford to have Russia win this trial. I would suppose that this Asian guy was a Japanese secret agent on such a mission to save the United States.

My next recording is: “[cfbn_wstwd_dbles_bus7_strbk_rbrtsn_7_25_09_1025AM-207PM.WMA](#)”. I then filmed a security guard writing down something on his log as soon as he saw me (1:00; 3:30 in the video diary). Presumably, he was doing what Mr former Secretary had instructed all security guards to do: to log the appearance of this problematic vagrant which I was, which itself would be intercepted into the International Court as evidence reinforcing the truthfulness of the United States’ “David Chin legend” in the lower court. I then, while still on the street, filmed the limousine which had driven past me (12:30; 4:06 in the video diary). Again, I have to suppose that this was one of those cronies whom Mr former Secretary had gathered around him in the Department of Homeland Security – here to take a personal look at the “traitor” who had just helped the enemy state to harm his own *patrie*. (It might be Mr former Secretary himself.) I was then waiting for the Santa Monica Blue Bus. But soon a bunch of children showed up, making the bus ride too dangerous! (30:00) It's of course not clear to me whether these children were “natural occurrences” or whether they were actually sent here by Mr former Secretary. But, in order to avoid danger, when the bus came, I decided to not get on and to walk instead along the Santa Monica Blvd. Suddenly, when I walked past a black man, his cellphone rang (38:00). It's certainly those thugs inside the Homeland Security control center who had suddenly called him up as they saw from their surveillance on me that I came near this man – just so that the faulty surveillance Machine may confuse the call as mine. When I came in front of the Santa Monica library, it was the same thing: I had to avoid all the people around for fear that they might be confused with me in surveillance (49:00). Every step of mine was fraught with danger for Russia. Then another ambulance (55:00; 4:36 in the video diary). I wondered whether my double was now having a heart attack and whether, according to official story, I was being carried away in an ambulance at the moment rather than walking the streets. I then shouted, out of horror, at a vagrant who attempted to give me a quarter: “Get away from me!” – and I filmed him too (1:10:00; 5:08 in the video diary). Presumably, it was the suit team which had instructed this vagrant to do this – he was actually a government operative – since, usually, homeless people are here to ask money from you rather than give you money! I tried to wait for the bus again, but, again, many children were getting on the bus as well (1:13:00). Then more children came in to frighten me. Then a black kid came very near me, and so I moved away from my seat (1:19:00). Then a black man was using his cellphone by the entrance of the bus (1:27:00). Too frightened to ride the bus, I got off and found a fast food place where I could eat while charging my laptop at the same time – my most important task every single day. When finished, I filmed myself leaving and leaving no trash behind (1:39:00; 5:42 in the video diary). I got on the bus for a third time on 1:46:00. But there was always trouble: a woman sitting in front of me was text-messaging. Was this a “natural occurrence” or was this suit team's work? Then another vagrant got on the bus to sit in front

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of me (1:54:30). Then a black woman with two babies got on the bus (2:02:00). That did it: I got off the bus because of this (2:04:30; 7:01 in the video diary). I came to Coffee Bean – I needed to use my laptop, as usual – and noticed my “double”, another vagrant, and filmed him (2:10:00; 7:52 in the video diary). He was my double because he was dragging a cart just like me. I then filmed another vagrant who was imitating me by picking out cigarette butts from the trash can, and he was dragging a cart too (2:13:00). I then noticed a car following me, and I got away (2:23:30). I then had to tell an Asian old lady who was taking out her cellphone to get away from me (2:27:00). Then a fat white girl was text-messaging, and another Asian girl was texting behind her (2:32:20). Too much is too much! I escaped onto the bus again, but more children got on the bus (2:39:00). I got off and tried to find refuge in a park, but there were children there too (2:42:30). I ran inside another Coffee Bean, and again discovered someone using a Toshiba laptop that was just like mine – as expected (2:43:00; 8:42 in the video diary). After using the restroom, I filmed my “new double” who was using a Toshiba laptop, seeing that he was pretending to work on a Word document (2:50:00; 8:42 in the video diary). Escaping outside while leaving my laptop charging inside, I filmed another black Cadillac with tinted windows on 2:52:00 (9:52 in the video diary). This must be Mr former Secretary or his cronies. If the former, he was again directing operations from inside his “mobile command center”. After charging up my laptop, I filmed myself leaving – my double had really made me want to vomit (11:21 in the video diary). Then I began filming this strange woman who was earlier at the bus stop waiting for the bus with me but who didn’t get on the bus with me but who now re-appeared on this bus – did she run over here from there? (3:02:00; 12:17 in the video diary.) While the bus continued its course on Pico Blvd, I continued to complain about children getting onto the bus (3:13:00). I finally had to get off the bus again, while telling the bus driver that I had left nothing behind on the bus (3:15:00). I went inside the Starbucks at Pico and Robertson, and – thank God – there was no Toshiba laptop in sight, only MacBooks. I began processing my videos (3:25:00), and was happy that a man was leaving with his little girl (3:30:00). I then filmed a bum doing push-ups on the sidewalk (3:38:00; 14:40 in the video diary). It was very likely that he was actually suit team’s actor, here to enable the Machine to intercept David Chin expressing his frivolous personality. (Recall that “David Chin” was practicing dancing in the Greyhound station on May 21.)

My next recording is: “[strbk_rbtrsn_vid_prklot_siren_7_25_09_213-801PM.WMA](#)”. I was then troubled by another woman text-messaging inside the coffeehouse (16:30). As I got online, I was furthermore troubled by the child who was in the distance using a black MacBook with his father (19:00). Then I discovered an email from Casa San Francisco, sent only a few hours ago, asking me whether my debit card was Visa or Master card, and how long I planned to stay there. Then the Konqueror on my Eee PC crashed (24:00). It crashed every time when I began writing emails – and so I was compelled to film myself writing my email (33:00; from 15:16 onward in the video diary). Presumably, this was “natural occurrence” (perhaps caused by a bug in the browser’s code) and not orchestrated by the suit team. I replied Casa specifying that I planned to stay for two to three months, but asked to make reservation for one month only – simply because I didn’t have the necessary funds. I then read more about Nicaragua on various websites. Unfortunately, two more children came in, and now the coffeehouse looked like Disneyland (50:00). Now this was obviously per suit team’s orchestration. Since I was done with my computer work – my laptops all charged up – I quickly left (51:00). I hid myself in the alleys behind the buildings, where usually nobody showed up (from 22:22 in the video diary onward), but I surmised that the suit team would soon send people here to “spot me”. Speaking of which, a BMW came in (1:03:00) – although this might be unrelated to the suit team’s, or Russians’, operations. I was at the time eating leftover food which I had scavenged from El Pollo Loco, and I would note down the license plate number of my “spotter” (1:07:00). I would also note down the

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number of people who came walking past (1:11:30). Two more passersby (1:20:00). No more cigarette butts, and two more men (1:22:00). Then two more cars (1:29:00). Then a man, a dog, a little girl, and a woman walked past, and the woman looked at me too (1:32:00). Then another pickup truck came passing by while I was editing my video diary (1:41:30). Then another black Cadillac came past; while the license plate of the earlier one was STAGE 10, this one was STAGE 57 (1:47:30). Presumably, a certain Homeland Security hotshot was inside this “mobile command center”. Another man going into his car on 1:59:30. Then another old van on 2:06:00. I filmed myself leaving on 2:15:30. At least one of these vehicles should be Russian surveillance. Meanwhile, I was sure that the United States’ surveillance on me at the moment was showing me sniffing crack cocaine when I had my laptop open in front of me and was importing recordings from my recorder and so on. “For this is USA, where everything is something else...” (2:17:30). Because the batteries in my Toshiba were running low, I came back to Starbucks. On my way, I filmed more paramedics in action (2:20:00). This was the first scene in my next video diary of the day, “7_25_09_p2.wmv”. Again, so many ambulances around me, most likely because the suit team was waiting for any opportunity to confuse the patient inside with me. Then I filmed two police officers on bicycle who had “spotted me” (2:22:30; the second scene in the video diary). I then discovered an electrical outlet inside the Subway next door to Starbucks – and the whole place was, happily for me, empty (2:29:00). While eating, I began charging my laptop as well. Around 6:40 PM (0:46 in the video), I filmed myself charging my laptop inside Subway. By which time, my Toshiba’s battery was all charged up. I then began charging my Eee PC. Then somebody came in and began text-messaging on my right side (3:15:00). This made me very angry. I can do no more than continue my work. I was then busy compiling the ISO image for my next backup DVD, but, for a while, my DVD burner was not responding (3:57:00). I then got online using Starbucks’ wireless network. I liked it much better here in Subway, for it was a lot quieter. I then talked to myself, partly acting – in case the Russians’ side was listening to me: “Unfortunately, when we go to a foreign country, our purpose will be to hide inside the house” (3:59:00). I then discovered another email from Casa San Francisco: they had already replied me (4:00:00).² The email came just two hours ago. Then, suddenly, my Internet connection was cut off (4:14:00). Was it the suit team? After charging up my Eee PC, I filmed myself leaving (4:21:00). To entertain myself, I wanted to download my favorite Silbermond music video, and so came to sit outside Starbucks to do so. I of course took care to film it too. This is from 2:03 onward in the video diary. I used Keepvid, but, for some reason, I just couldn’t do it. Instead, I could only listen to “Das Beste” repeatedly online. Then I said to myself: “It’s Saturday night, I’ll be happy if I can just find a place without people bothering me, and without my doubles getting into troubles somewhere else...” I then filmed myself leaving Starbucks’ corner without leaving anything behind (5:00:00; 10:42 in the video diary). It was now 7:18 PM.

While walking the street, I felt compelled to film the lunch box abandoned on the street corner – for, as noted, Homeland Security had the habit of leaving garbage around on the sidewalks in order for surveillance to confuse that as some Russian-made spy equipment or crack cocaine which I had supposedly forgotten everywhere (5:05:00; 11:26 in the video diary). I then filmed another freaky vagrant whom the suit team might have sent into my environment to be confused with me in surveillance (5:05:30; 11:44 in the video diary). Then, more fire trucks in the distance (5:08:00). I was worried: “My double will end up in the hospital again...” (5:11:00). I settled down in the alley behind the buildings again to import my new videos into my Toshiba laptop (5:19:00). More siren: apparently

² Maria from Casa replied: “Hello Lawrence, Thank you for your reply, we do not make any charge on your credit card, this is just to guarantee the apartment; starting August 10 for two or three months. Once you get here you can pay us either with the CC or cash. Best, Maria Malespin.”

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my double was having medical emergency again, I sighed (5:23:00). I continued: “For this is America: the land of medical emergencies...” Then another black Cadillac: it was the one I had already seen, with the license plate “STAGE 52” (5:39:00). I suppose the same Homeland Security hotshot – maybe even Mr former Secretary himself – was circling back around to direct the staging of phenomena around me. I then described the two persons who walked out of somewhere (5:41:00). Then another man who came out (5:43:00). I was then hiding in some corner behind buildings.

My next recording is: “[txtmssgr_bus7_sm_strbk_grl_lk_aprtm_dhs_mn_lft_bk_7_25_09_805-1019PM.MP3](#)”. I was, miraculously, able to find an electrical outlet outside on the street, and so I began charging my computers again. I noted down the license plates of all the cars which passed by while importing more videos from my camcorder. I sighed: “Everyday I have to worry about what my double is doing. Is he in the hospital? Is he in jail? Or is he flying to the moon perhaps?” (16:00). When I was done with importing videos, I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (20:00; 12:09 in the video diary).

I then got on Santa Monica bus 7 again. Soon, a woman got on the bus and began text-messaging (45:00). She wrote a message in which she mentioned “my dad” (49:00). Not knowing whether her message was confused as mine, I got very angry. She got off the bus on 54:00. I then filmed myself getting off the bus on Santa Monica beach on 1:10:30 (12:31 in the video diary). It was then 9:15 PM. I filmed myself withdrawing cash from ATM (1:17:00; 13:15 in the video diary). I took out only 20 dollars: there were only 40 dollars left in my saving account. I then came inside the Starbucks on Promenade, looking, as always, for an electrical outlet; and besides, I had new files to upload to my website. I finally found one, but a black man nearby told me to go away (1:36:00). I then filmed the woman who had just surreptitiously taken a picture of me (1:39:00; 15:42 in the video diary). Presumably, the picture would be “accidentally” intercepted and presented to the International Court as evidence. I got online and checked out Karin’s meetup messages (1:49:00). Apparently, she had a meetup scheduled for Sunday, which was tomorrow, at Memorial Park. Then I played more of Silbermond. I didn’t upload my files correctly, and felt it was a mistake to be here, and so began packing (2:05:30). Then, a black man purposely left behind two books, one of which was *Fahrenheit 451*. Presumably I was caught forgetting my books again. Meanwhile, a girl nearby was looking for an apartment for rent. I sighed – partly acting: “Everywhere I go, somebody is looking for apartment, it means something...” Of course I knew what it really meant: the suit team was continually collecting evidences showing me not really going to Nicaragua but planning to stay in Los Angeles. But, of course, I must act as if I didn’t know why. Soon, I settled down at the same corner by the closed down Circuit City, ready to sleep – and filmed myself doing so (16:07 in the video diary). Again, I felt it was a mistake to have come to Santa Monica (2:13:00).

On 10:35 PM (see 16:28 in the video diary), anxious about the girl who was looking for apartment online – my double – I returned to Starbucks to find her, only to discover that the two books which the Homeland Security vagrant had left behind were still there. Then, on 10:47 PM, I came back to Circuit City to sleep (17:13 in the video).

Let’s conclude. As you can see, during this first day after conspiracy was established, the United States (the suit team) was continuing its operations as usual: US allies continued to submit pictures to the ICJ lower court and the UN showing me not looking like Lawrence Chin but rather like David Chin. Then the Machine continued to intercept David Chin doing things that were consistent with the “David Chin legend” which the United States had developed so far: he was receiving text-messages and phone calls

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from his criminal buddies or fellow Russian spies; he was chasing after other people’s children; he was surfing online and forging documents with his Toshiba Satellite; he was doing exercises in public; he was searching for apartments on Craigslist because he wasn’t actually planning to go to Nicaragua but was only “acting” under Russian instruction; and, above all this, the Machine continued to offer itself as an accurate piece of surveillance device since, wherever David Chin was, it would print out an intercept saying a homeless vagrant was around dragging a cart and picking cigarette butts from the trash cans and so on. But we must wonder whether these operations still meant the same thing after a terrorist conspiracy had been established. You recall that, if the ICJ higher court really did issue a judgment declaring that the United States had been engaged in a terrorist conspiracy against Russia, Russia, following the law “letting the terrorist suspect finish his mission”, would be required to demand that the United States continue its operations as usual in order to “deceive the suspect” (that Russia hadn’t caught him trying to hurt Russia). For this reason, we simply cannot say whether the suit team’s operations today were actually designed to harm Russia at all – whether I had been busy all day long trying to avoid nothing. But, tomorrow, something would happen, such that the deadlock in the ICJ would continue between the United States and Russia – so that the mystery as to the meaning of the suit team’s operations would only remain for one day.

July 26 (Sunday)

My first video diary of the day is: “[7_26_09_p1.wmv](#)”, and my first recording of this day is: “[slp_sm_plc_harass_bch_gntg_7_26_09_513-813AM.WMA](#)”. The suit team would begin to strike back seriously today. While I was sleeping in the corner by the abandoned Circuit City, the suit team sent a female police officer over to harass me – it was around 6:50 AM. The suit team was evidently trying to generate a certain surveillance intercept as evidence for the International Court. Refer to 1:40:20 into the recording. As usual, the officer skillfully pretended not to know me at all, fooling the judges at the ICJ lower court that the police force was not “acting” when harassing me. “Why are you on the street?” she asked. “Because I spent all my money this month,” I replied. As always, since her acting felt like an impenetrable wall, I had to go along with it as well. “Are you working?” she asked me twice when I didn’t reply the first time. “Soon I will be, hopefully,” I finally replied perfunctorily. The interesting thing is that the officer immediately identified the content of the bottle I had left standing next to me to be urine. After the officer departed – having accomplished her “mission” beyond expectation – I departed too, my sleep having been spoiled, and walked toward the beach to sleep elsewhere. I was engulfed by an utterly uncanny feeling; I began to have an inkling that the suit team had just scored a major victory because of my slip of the tongue.

As I walked toward the beach, I murmured: “It makes you want to murder the police officers; they are the ones who have run most of the clandestine operations on me” (1:47:30). When I arrived at the beach, I had to film a blanket which someone had left behind on the beach, fearing that faulty surveillance might show that it was I who had left it there, in accordance with David Chin’s habit of forgetting his Russian-made spy equipment everywhere (1:52:00; 0:27 in the video diary). As I was getting ready to sleep under a tree, I muttered again: “You pretend you don’t know me, and I pretend too, for America is but a big theater where everybody pretends...” (1:55:30.) Thinking that the Russians might have surveillance around me, I acted: “Why are they doing this, they want to send me there, but then they bombard me with all this harassment... Is it the case that they just want to flush me there?” (2:02:00) More: “They want to send me there, but they also want to make sure that I have all this crap on me...”

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What had happened was presumably this. The CIA, terribly upset over the losses yesterday, motioned to judge Higgins once again that I must be fully aware of Russian involvement – and the fact that Nicaragua was Russia’s ally – and that I was only pretending to conspire with them while my true intention was to defect to Nicaragua. With my China trip in December 2007 as precedent, judge Higgins agreed that such was a possibility and permitted the Agency to have an opportunity to prove its case. Everybody knew that she was biased toward the United States, although her stern adherence to fairness prompted her to never neglect any legal requirement. The CIA therefore sent in this police officer to harass me, having instructed her beforehand to pursue me with questions about my “employment.” The Agency of course couldn’t predict what my response would be; they merely hoped that I might say something which could be interpreted as “my wanting to defect to the enemy side in order to find work in their intelligence business”, i.e. to “defect” just as I had supposedly done in December 2007. If I continued to make no reply to the police officer, then, of course, the Agency would have no case. But since I replied “Hopefully, soon I will be working”, the Agency must be exhilarated because they could then offer this to judge Higgins as “evidence”: “He must have said this because he was, deep down inside him, harboring hope that he would soon find work in the enemy’s camp”. Judge Higgins accepted that this was a possibility, and so admitted the evidence. Since Russia’s claim about my conspiracy with the CIA was based on an email from Agency’s operative – and not on any actual interaction with a person whom I believed to be a CIA operative – this evidence was as weak as Agency’s evidence for the possibility that I intended to defect (i.e. a mere slip of the tongue). In the higher court, therefore, in judge Higgins’ presence, the United States was on an equal footing once again with Russia. The deadlock had returned: now both sides were burdened with the task of proving their respective case. Thus, from this point on, we can safely assume that the suit team’s operations on me would have the same meaning as they did before, i.e. devices to harm Russia in the lower court.

My next recording is

[“slp_dhs_agnt_mk_fun_cfbn_drty_bus7_ambul_bus7_cfbn_nwrls_strbk_7_26_09_826AM-3PM.WMA”](#). After napping another hour or so, I woke up, and filmed myself getting up and picking up all the trash around me (1:13:30; 0:46 in the video diary). Suddenly, a Homeland Security guy jumped up to me, shouting at me while imitating me: “Don’t touch me... You fucking little bitch” (1:14:30). As he walked away, the inkling that I had suffered disaster further crystalized inside me. It seemed that, as soon as the suit team had saved themselves, this Homeland Security guy had got the news from the United States team inside the court house. Jubilant, he immediately came to me to make fun of me, to express everybody’s discontent with me (that I had almost damned the United States completely). Then, siren arose, and I filmed the ambulance speeding past on the street (1:16:30; 1:46 in the video diary). It was 9:43 AM then. I dragged my cart to the Coffee Bean near the Promenade (1:24:30). When I was ordering ice-coffee, the cashier used a napkin to wrap around the dollar I had produced before putting it into the cash register. She seemed to be trying to produce for the International Court evidence showing that I was so dirty that I carried communicable diseases. And she refused to confirm my comment that she was taking care to not touch the dollar bill which I had touched, as if she had been alerted about the fact that my recorder was turned on 24 hours a day. On 1:39:00, you can hear me uttering my goal again: “Hide inside the apartment in Nicaragua and never come out, then disappear into the forest... When meeting people, just say: I’m pretending to be able to speak Spanish...” (1:39:00). I walked back into Coffee Bean, but immediately departed because there were children inside (1:49:30). I came to the bus stop for Blue Bus 7, but the bus driver was terribly mean, yelling “It’s layover” (2:08:00). Annoyed, I filmed him (2:08:00; 2:00 in the video diary). It was of course not clear to me whether this was related to the suit team’s operation. I was then describing the black female who was carrying a Bible while also waiting for the bus (2:12:00). Was it related to the

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suit team’s operation? On 11:06 AM, or 2:24 in the video diary, when I was already riding the bus, I noticed my double, who was getting ready to lose his bag (his “mission”). On 2:42:00, I got off the bus leaving nothing behind (3:15 in the video diary). On top of all the hardship required to “save Russia”, I suffered an extremely bad headache today. I found a corner on the street to rest in. An ambulance soon came past me, and I filmed it (3:47:30; 4:19 in the video diary). I wondered: “Am I being carried off in an ambulance again?” Presumably, my double is being carried to the hospital, I murmured while continuing to film the fire truck and ambulance that were still here (5:51 in the video diary). I then got up, ran for the bus, but missed it (4:04:00). Then, another ambulance (4:13:00). I got on the bus and then got off on Pico and Beverly, and filmed myself doing so (4:29:00; 6:43 in the video diary). I picked up more cigarette butts, and resumed my perennial hunting for electrical outlets from one coffeehouse to another. I came inside Coffee Bean but couldn’t connect to the wireless network there, and so filmed myself leaving (7:23 in the video diary). On the bus again on 5:39:00 and off the bus on Pico and Robertson on 5:41:30 (8:18 in the video diary). Thus, in the end, I came back to the same Starbucks where I was yesterday. I saw another email from Casa San Francisco, merely telling me they would be waiting for me (5:52:00). The timestamp of the email did not make sense to me, however. I then began filming myself searching online for more tips about traveling to Nicaragua (I visited for example nika.com). I also looked up other cities in Nicaragua. At one point I surfed onto a suspicious-looking Spanish language webpage (6:02:30; 8:29 in the video diary). I also filmed the suspicious man near me who mentioned “CIA”. Presumably, the suit team had collected another piece of evidence for ICJ lower court showing David Chin obsessing over anything that had something to do with the Agency. I then began worrying about the guy sitting to my right, that he might be confused with me in surveillance. Why was he so interested in *Scientific American*? Then, suddenly, my internet connection was cut off, and my laptop ceased charging. Was it the suit team again?

My next recording is: “[strbk_rbrtsn_7_26_09_254-540PM.WMA](#)”. I was then processing my videos. I then filmed another woman text-messaging (21:00; 9:25 in the video diary). When I was changing seat because the electrical outlet had malfunctioned, I paid close attention to another suspicious guy (27:30). I began charging my laptop again on a different electrical outlet (29:30). I then began filming my things in order to have proof against any confusion of other people’s trash with mine (1:02:30; 9:46 in the video). I then laboriously filmed myself going to the restroom (1:08:00; 11:20 in the video diary) and leaving the restroom without leaving things behind (1:22:00). As soon as I walked out – it was 4:23 PM – I filmed another medical emergency (1:23:30; 12:40 in the video diary). I sighed that all that those vagrants had done would be attributed to me in the official records, except that they weren’t real vagrants. “That’s the whole point: pretending to be my brother pretending to be me...” (1:31:00). More: “That’s America, you have to pretend to be a horse pretending to be a pig, you can’t just be a pig...” Then I noted a woman inside a car nearby, for she was talking on her cellphone (1:43:00). Was this staged by the suit team? Did I get intercepted again? Then I saw another guy holding a cellphone. I shouted: “I really hate cellphones, iPods, or PDAs...” (1:54:00). I came inside Subway and began importing my new videos to my laptop.

My next recording is: “[prklot_strbk_rbrtsn_net_bus_olymp_afwm_dwnt_7_26_09_555PM.WMA](#)”. By 6 PM, I filmed myself cleaning up my things in Subway and throwing away trash into the trash can (the first scene of my second video diary of the day, “[7_26_09_p2.wmv](#)”). I then came inside the Starbucks. Karin had a meetup tonight: I regretted that I couldn’t check it out. When I was smoking outside, I noticed somebody staring at me in the distance, but I was afraid to film him (18:30). I came back inside Starbucks and rested on the sofa there with my eyes closed. After a while, the Starbucks employee came to warn me not to fall asleep inside the store (2:07:40). I came outside Starbucks, and saw another

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black Cadillac with tinted windows (2:25:00). I came to the empty corner behind the pharmacy across the street (1:22 in the video), but, because I didn't want to look conspicuous, I decided to move elsewhere, and I filmed myself doing so (2:26:00; 2:09 in the video). I was now editing my video diary in another corner near the pharmacy. Siren again on 2:32:00. Soon I was getting uncomfortable about the possibility that passersby might come around to “spot me”, and so I filmed myself leaving again (2:48:00; 2:28 in the video). I now wanted to go back to Starbucks. I filmed the vagrant across the street who had joined another vagrant woman (2:50:20; 2:52 in the video). They were now squatting by the street corner chatting happily. Obviously, they were actors whom Mr former Secretary had sent in to enable the Machine to intercept another piece of evidence showing David Chin having wide connections among the vagrant community in Los Angeles, in conformity to the United States' “David Chin” legend. I stood outside Starbucks and filmed its interior, wanting to go in to use the wireless Internet but feeling terribly scared (2:52:30; 3:25 in the video). Any of those people inside could easily be confused with me in surveillance: what should I do? Finally, I bit my lips and walked inside. I first checked my WAMU accounts. No, my mother hadn't yet deposited the money for my Nicaragua trip. Then, siren again on 3:19:00. I then moved to a different table to avoid proximity with other customers, and filmed myself after moving (3:22:00; 4:16 in the video). I then filmed myself checking the American Airline's ticket prices. What if I flew from San Diego: would it be cheaper? (3:35:00; 4:38 in the video) Price had gone up somewhat. I then checked the price for flights from Los Angeles (6:46 in the video). The price was now around 345 dollar; it was actually cheaper to fly from Los Angeles. After this, I began researching the latest camcorders online (4:13:00). Now that my JVC camcorder had begun malfunctioning, I wished I had the money to buy a new one, and thought I should research first in case I should decide that I did have enough money for this. Finally, all done, I filmed myself leaving Starbucks (4:43:00; 9:25 in the video). As I walked through the streets, I read the license plate of another suspicious vehicle (4:55:00). Perhaps it was doing surveillance for the Russian side. I came to the bus stop, and soon had to film another police car passing me by (4:59:00; 9:53 in the video). I got on the bus on 5:06:00, going toward downtown. Now there were suddenly a lot of African people on the bus, and so I filmed the composition of the passengers with my pen camera: “[bus_olympc_afmwm_7_26_09_1105PM.avi](#)”. What was going on? I supposed: either that Russia's African allies who had joined the battle in early June were here again, or that the United States was trying desperately to save some of its “African Plan” by creating, here, faulty evidences showing David Chin having after all African connections. Then I saw another police car outside the bus (5:29:00). Finally, I filmed myself getting off the bus on 5:32:00 (10:22 in the video). Then I filmed more police cars (11:03 in the video). I was now walking toward the parking lot on Grand Avenue right next to my old apartment building. I planned to sleep there tonight. While walking, I commented to myself sarcastically (could the Russians have heard this?): “When the United States conducts surveillance on somebody, it will consistently conduct surveillance on somebody else” (5:39:00). At a taco truck, I bought some chips and salsa for one dollar: it's all that I could afford (5:41:00). I came to Grand Avenue and 17th Street parking lot on 6:02:00. I then commented more: “They should tell your mother to give you money if they want you to go, right?” This was “acting”, but I had no idea if the Russians could hear me. After I laid out my blanket and was ready to sleep, I filmed it all for record (6:06:00; 11:23 in the video). I wanted to play “Das Beste” before bed time (the Youtube page was still open on my Eee PC), but there was no audio, and so I filmed it too (6:10:00; 12:08 in the video). This is probably not related to the suit team's operation. Then I saw another sheriff vehicle passing me by.

My last recording of the day is: “[slp_dwntwn_grnd_vgrnt_plce_7_26-7_09_1205PM-743AM.WMA](#)”: As I lay inside my blanket, I murmured one of my mottos: “The real evil is not evil itself, but evil that masquerades as good” (10:00). Soon, a black man holding up a cellphone came passing by.

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Presumably, those people on the bus earlier were indeed African agents, and here was another surveillance agent to ascertain where I was and what I was doing.

The sleep would not be uneventful. Around 5:06 AM, a vagrant came inside the parking structure. I was awakened and filmed him (12:23 in the video). He had earlier come out with a plastic bag, and now came in without it, which alarmed me. However, he was probably just a “real vagrant” and was unrelated to the suit team’s operation. But then I had to film another fire truck rushing past (13:05 in the video).

July 27 (Monday)

My first video diary of the new day is “[7_27_09_p1.wmv](#)” and my first recording is: “[wk_dwntn_grnd_bgrkng_7_27_09_747-832AM.WMA](#)”. I filmed myself waking up (7:19:00 in the previous recording). I used the restroom in Burger King, filmed myself leaving no mess behind in the restroom (7:36:00 in the previous recording; 1:00 in the video diary), bought ice coffee, and began scavenging for cigarette butts (5:00). I filmed, on 9:20, a police motorcycle which horrified me (1:30 in the video diary). Then another “Homeland Security artificial vagrant” on 19:30. The same thing: here to prove the “accuracy” of the faulty surveillance Machine. I then filmed another black guy text-messaging on 22:00. David Chin got intercepted again! Then another police car in the distance. I next filmed a Hispanic kid on bicycle who, following Homeland Security’s instruction, was buying LA Express from the newsstand on sidewalks (27:00; 2:30 in the video diary). Evidently, the Machine was printing out another intercept for the world to see saying David Chin was seeking pornographic materials again on the streets, in complete conformity with his degraded nature. You must then listen to my simulation of CIA’s would-be argument in the International Court as to how a horse is really a pig (34:00). “Both are just small dots when seen miles away...” Although the CIA lawyers (like Best Mommy) didn’t actually make such argument, such was their “spirit”: the abuse of process, really.

My next recording is: “[bgrkng_area_to_bus2_7_27_09_834AM.WMA](#)”. While I was outside Burger King using my laptop, alarm could be heard in the distance (32:00). It was suit team’s operation, presumably. That is, according to the evidentiary record of the lower ICJ court, I just got intercepted again trespassing some business establishment. It was time to go, and so I filmed myself leaving without leaving a mess behind (39:00; 3:00 in the video diary). I then filmed another police car in front of me on 1:03:20 (4:00 in the video diary): I continued to survey just how many police cars I would have to run into in a day. I began looking for a laundromat: it’s time to wash my cloth. Then, another police car “spotted” me on 1:05:20. As I waited for the bus, one came, but simply passed me by while the other black guy was yelling and screaming. It caused me tremendous anger because, presumably, he was doing so under the suit team’s instruction so that another episode showing David Chin causing public disturbance could be intercepted into the ICJ lower court as evidence (1:13:00).

I got on bus 2 to go to the Silverlake area to find a laundromat. An operation, however, was waiting for me. The suit team sent an Asian male actor onto the bus to sit in the seats in front of me and read a Times Magazine article on Dick Cheney (4:45 in the video diary).³ Once again, Mr former Secretary was trying to produce a piece of evidence for the ICJ lower court showing David Chin obsessing over Dick Cheney, 911, and neoconservatism, which would be circumstantial evidence for his motivation to

³ I also filmed him with my pen camera: “[1_bus2_mn_read_chny_7_27_09_10AM.avi](#)” and “[2_bus2_mn_read_chny_7_27_09_1006AM.avi](#)”.

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participate in a Sino-Russian covert operation to blame 911 attacks on the Emperor himself. This Homeland Security actor got off the bus on 10:22 AM, soon after he had accomplished his “mission” (5:54 in the video diary).

My next recording is: “[bus2_kidguatm_lndro_fxng_strbk_vrmnt_nap_7_27_09_1031AM-442PM.WMA](#)”: I located a laundromat on Sunset Blvd and filmed myself getting off the bus on 10:00 (6:30 in the video diary). When I began doing my laundry, I noticed just how much the place was full of children. I didn’t forget to film my laundry when it was ready (26:30 and 27:30; 7:48 in the video). I came out of the laundromat to wait outside, totally scared of all the children inside (29:40). I began editing my video diary – my never ending job (48:00). Then there was an operation again: a Hispanic man holding a bottle of beer appeared in front of me – obviously to enable the Machine to intercept me drinking alcohol in public places. I filmed him (58:30; 9:30 in the video). It’s just the United States’ never ending task of producing the same evidences showing that this “David Chin legend” was correct. I then filmed myself leaving my corner – to avoid my double was *my* never-ending task (1:00:30; 9:51 in the video). But I was immediately “spotted” by an ambulance. I filmed it (1:09:00; 10:02 in the video). But there came immediately another ambulance (1:12:30). Still waiting for the laundry, I noticed another Hispanic man who, smoking a cigarette, held it in such a way as to look like he was smoking marijuana (1:17:00). He was obviously here to enable the Machine to intercept me smoking marijuana, in conformity to the “David Chin legend”. Then, another ambulance on 1:18:00. Laundry finally done, I filmed myself leaving the laundromat on 1:37:00 (10:30 in the video). Then, another ambulance outside, and I was supposedly “spotted” by another police car on 1:46:00. I got on the bus on 1:51:00 and filmed myself getting off the bus on 2:12:00 (“[5_off_bus2_7_27_09_1230PM.avi](#)”). There came another police car! And I got on bus 2 again on 2:15:00. Soon I noticed somebody text-messaging on the bus (2:28:30). I filmed myself getting off the bus on Sunset and Vermont on 2:33:00 (“[6_off_bus2_7_27_09_1PM.avi](#)”). I took some money out of the ATM and then bought something at 711 – always remembering to describe to my recorder what I was doing or buying (2:42:00). I bought tacos on the street on 2:45:00 and began eating it at the street corner. Soon children began coming around me and I was thus forced to move elsewhere (2:57:00). When I was all done and leaving my corner, I couldn’t film myself because of all these children around me (3:10:00). I went inside the restroom in Starbucks to change my cloth and filmed myself leaving when I was done, in order to have proof that I didn’t make a mess here (5:01:00; 11:40 in the video). I came in and out of the coffeehouses and sandwich shops looking for an electrical outlet, and, finding none available, decided to stay outside Quiznos. Finally, I filmed myself packing up my things to go to a different place (5:39:00; 12:00 in the video). Soon I noticed a Metro police car seemingly following me, and so read its license plate to my recorder (5:46:00). I came back to Starbucks, and was finally able to find an available electrical outlet here (5:47:00). I researched online how to reach Casa San Francisco from Managua airport, and then looked up more websites providing information on Granada. Around 4:50 PM, what seemed to be my double appeared on Starbucks’ patio: a woman was dragging a cart. I filmed her immediately (12:33 in the video). The “accuracy” of the Machine was proven again!

My next recording is: “[strbk_vrmnt_net_grnda_ftp_lndro_7_27_09_437-751PM.WMA](#)”. While still in Starbucks, I browsed through more information on Granada, specifically information on how to travel between Managua and Granada. I read about the problem of frequent power outage in Nicaragua, which I would soon encounter. During breaks, I continued to listen repeatedly to Silbermond’s “Das Beste” (42:00 onward). I then filmed another ambulance which sped past me on 46:00 (13:35 in the video). I then filmed myself leaving Starbucks’ patio to go inside (13:47 in the video). Inside, I filmed myself uploading my files to my website on 1:05:40 or so because the upload speed was unusually

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slow (14:17 in the video). I was not sure whether it was the suit team which was obstructing it (since the Russians would be able to get their hands on more evidences about my true identity, etc.). Then again on 1:14:10 or so, when the connection speed had recovered (14:47 in the video). I then filmed the JPEG images of my old phone bills on 1:24:00 (15:10 in the video) all because I had discovered, to my surprise, that, in 1997, I had made phone calls to Nicaragua. I couldn't yet remember that, when I was going to Cal State Long Beach, I met a fellow student in philosophy, Domingo, who was from Nicaragua. I was extremely nervous because I wasn't sure whether I was producing evidence in favor of Russia or the United States. Siren outside on 1:50:50. I then videotaped myself leaving without leaving anything behind (1:54:00; 16:13 in the video diary). Now, because I didn't finish washing everything I wanted to wash in the morning, I took bus 2 to return to the Silverlake area to use the laundromat again (2:26:30).

As you can hear in the recording, when I first came inside the laundromat, there was barely anybody there. By 2:37:30 or so I had got the laundry machine working (and I of course filmed it: see the first scene in my second video diary of the day: “[7_27_09_p2.wmv](#)”) and, when stepping outside, noticed a woman inside suspiciously avoiding eye contact with me and then text-messaging. I was probably intercepted again. As always, I worked on my video diary while waiting for my laundry.

My next recording is: “[quzn_rugrp_svlfe_cnfrm_nothbhnd_psdnchrch_bus_7_27_09_755-1152PM.WMA](#)”. By 37:00 I was done and so exited and filmed myself outside the laundromat as proof that I had got all my things with me (1:23 in the video diary) – while concluding that the laundromat was indeed a “very dangerous place”. (The suit team would always send in many children.) “When you are good, forces of evil will try to get you,” I continued, “And that's the price to pay for being good, for evil's chief interest lies in the destruction of the good... *Evil hates good, and evil likes to make the good look evil and itself look good...*” (49:00).

By now I had begun suspecting that Mr former Secretary's purpose in continually instructing residents to come near me with their children was not just to produce evidences showing me wanting to be around children, but also, as he saw that I had developed the habit of videotaping myself entering and leaving places, to prompt me to accidentally catch the children around me in my videos so that the story might be further consolidated that I was a “pedophile”. I felt increasingly burdened with all sorts of precautions which normal people never had to worry about.

After the laundromat, while waiting for the bus to go back to Vermont and Sunset, I caught another ambulance on video (3:40 in the video). Then another vagrant was on the bus sitting next to me. At Sunset and Vermont, I walked into Quiznos and ordered a soup as my dinner (1:31:00). Then I “acted” on 1:37:30 – seeing that more and more children were coming into the sandwich shop – “The Agency wants me to go to Central America as a pedophile Russian agent so that Russian agents may from now on be prohibited from traveling... But what about me?” Hopefully, there were Russian surveillance agents around to pick up my “testimony”. Siren on 2:35:00. An occurrence which seems to have escaped recording is this. Two older females, unattractive and chubby, and one older male came into Quiznos and sat at the table some distance from me. They seemed to be speaking Russian. While exiting, one of the women said to the Quiznos employee: “You saved my life.” I wasn't sure whether she was a Russian secret agent trying to convey a secret message to me (that “I have saved them”). The employee came to inform me on 2:47:30 that the place was closing. On 2:48:30 I noticed him text-messaging outside. When I was packing up (2:52:40), he came in quickly to grab my things, so that I was unable to film myself leaving without leaving anything behind. I had to confirm with him verbally

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that I had left nothing behind, but he played with me, saying “It’s okay” (until 2:54:00). Apparently, he had been briefed by the suit team about the need to prevent me from obtaining proofs that I never left any mess behind or forgot my “Russian-made spy equipment”. As my last resort, I filmed the interior of the sandwich shop from outside to prove that I didn’t leave any trash behind (3:57 in the video).

I rode the bus to Pasadena planning to sleep on the streets there. As usual, I filmed myself getting off the bus without leaving anything behind (4:51 in the video). I came to the same Methodist church and saw that there were no homeless people sleeping nearby tonight, which made me worry. As I was getting ready to sleep, I simulated again the way in which the United States suit team would have argued in the International Court (3:47:30 or so): “The horse is really a pig, for, when you see the horse from afar, you see but a black dot, and when you look at a pig from afar, you also see but a black dot. The horse and the pig only look different when you stand too close to them. Both the horse and the pig are black dots, and therefore they must be the same thing: such is the American way!” I filmed myself, as usual, before I lay down to sleep (5:22 in the video). I murmured my last words of the day: “Forever Homeland Security... I’m married to them because I can never divorce them....”

My last recording of the day is: “[slp_psdn_vgrnts_7_27-8_09_1147PM-724AM.WMA](#)”. Soon, just I had predicted, homeless vagrants began showing up – certainly under the suit team’s instruction. I filmed them (5:30; 7:31 in the video). Now I had to leave – and had to film myself doing so (10:10; 8:08 in the video). As I walked the streets looking for another place to sleep in, another police car “spotted me”. I filmed it (13:20; 8:52 in the video). I came back to the other usual corner of mine in Pasadena, at Hudson and Colorado. I filmed myself getting ready to sleep here (9:25 in the video diary). It was now almost 12:20 AM. However, no sooner had I lay down than another vagrant came along. I had to dig out my camcorder to film him (25:20; 10:08 in the video).

July 28 (Tuesday)

My first video diary of the new day is “[7_28_09_p1.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the new day is: “[slp_wk_cnrcafe_txtmssgr_sxcrmrusagnt_7_28_09_728-945AM.WMA](#)”: I was still sleeping in my corner on Hudson when an “early morning emergency” occurred to wake me up. I filmed it (31:00; the first scene in the video diary). Still lying in my corner, I soon had to film another “Homeland Security vagrant” (34:00; 0:40 in the video diary). Then, across the street, a woman began text-messaging, and the man with her as well, and I filmed them (36:00; 0:55 in the video). Then another black vagrant (2:37 in the video). Then, another Homeland Security actor walked in front of me carrying a copy of LA Express. Upon walking past me, he stopped, opened it, and then walked away, in order to enable the faulty surveillance Machine to intercept me reading LA Express (56:00). I filmed him (3:00 in the video). Mr former Secretary was obviously trying to continue the narrative about “David Chin’s morning excursion into pornography” since yesterday morning. Then I filmed myself all packed up on 1:00:30 (3:57 in the video). I walked across the street into Corner Cafe, and bought my early morning ice coffee. I told the cashier: “It’s all empty here, but people should be coming in soon now that I’m here” (1:08:00). I rushed to the restroom, getting nervous because the cashier was answering a phone call: faulty surveillance might have just intercepted me receiving calls from my criminal buddies or Russian intelligence handler. I filmed myself after I had finished using the restroom on 1:11:00 (4:28 in the video diary). I then repeated to my recorder what I had theorized yesterday about the suit team’s purpose in framing me for disgusting sex crimes: to convict the Russian intelligence service as a pedophile organization (1:16:00; there will be more of this below). Then, outside Corner Cafe, this girl came, text-messaged, and walked away (1:18:00). I got intercepted again! I filmed her (4:50). I then

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filmed another police car rushing past me (1:21:00; 5:35 in the video). Then, around 8:59 AM, another man came to text-message near me outside Corner Cafe. I filmed him too (1:30:30; 6:04 in the video). As you can see, I was working on my video diary at the time. I then filmed another ambulance (1:33:30; 6:54 in the video). By 9:03 AM, I decided to move inside the empty Corner Cafe, and I began filming the interior because, soon, people would come in to text-message (1:34:30; 7:09 in the video). Speaking of which, an Asian girl came in to play with her cellphone device. I went up to her to film her with my pen camera and to ask her if she was playing video game on it. See the video: “[1_txtmssgr_crnrcafe_7_28_09_915AM.avi](#)”. But she said she was text-messaging (1:58:00). As you can see in the AVI video, she was clearly playing video games. Obviously, she was sent in by the suit team to enable the Machine to intercept David Chin indulging himself in his addiction to shallow video games again, and she didn’t want me to know about her “mission”. I murmured: “Thus people are coming in, and, as predicted, I’m bringing in business” (2:01:00). I filmed more of this “bitch” (2:03:30; 7:28 in the video), and followed her out as she walked away. It would seem that this “bitch” lived just around the corner: in other words, the suit team had prepared the whole neighborhood, just as I had noticed about Westwood Village (8:13 in the video). I then filmed more people coming into Corner Café, and the whole coffeehouse was at last full house – just as I had predicted (2:11:20; 9:44 in the video).

My next recording is: “[sxcrmusagnt_psdnlib_7_28_09_940-1144AM.WMA](#)”: While getting ready to leave Corner Cafe, I murmured my newly adopted motto: “The suit team are really mean people. There is nothing you can do about it. You’ve got to love your enemy and hate your friends. You must hate pleasure and love pain.” I then filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (1:30; 9:55 in the video). I continued to repeat my most likely incorrect comprehension of the suit team’s purpose: “As a pedophilic Russian agent, I can get the ICJ to issue a judgment to forbid Russian agents to ever travel in the world... That’s must be the suit team’s goal...” (5:30). Then: “I enjoy it, it’s nice to be destroyed... I’m now ever determined to go to Nicaragua, since I’m about to spend the rest of my life in jail as a sex-criminal... I’ll be raped there, but surveillance will show me raping others... That’s why they want you to go there: for Nicaragua has a very poor court system, and it’s easy to frame people there...” More: “It’s not possible to back up the entire 400 gigabyte of my data on my website...” This confession was quite important, for, if the Russians were listening to me right now, it would be further evidence to permit them free hand with my recordings and documentaries on my website – so far their most important saviors. I continued: “That’s my role in this society, to be the target of people’s sadism, all in order to provide others with pleasure, and that’s also Russia’s role in this world...” More: “If you can enjoy misery, then you’ll be happy... So you shall make that into the meaning of your life...” Again, if the Russians were listening to me right now, all this would be very important “confession”, since it basically explained the terrorist suspect’s motive for helping the United States to harm Russia: masochistic enjoyment of harm when it became impossible to avoid it. It would make Russians’ claim that I was conspiring with the United States more credible.

I had by now arrived in Old Town, and I soon had to film another ambulance (21:00; 10:25 in the video). I then filmed another woman text-messaging in my vicinity (25:00; 10:46 in the video). She fled as soon as she was done, as if fearing to be caught. I got intercepted again! Somehow, all the text-messages around me this morning must have added up to a picture of my activities since waking up, since the “David Chin legend” said that David Chin reported every one of his movements to his Russian boss insofar as he was mentally retarded and required constant tutelage. I then filmed somebody coming near me and taking out an Arabic language newspaper to read (28:00; 11:25 in the video). Was the suit team trying to produce evidences showing me knowing Arabic as well? Was the

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suit team trying to engulf a certain Arab nation in this lawsuit as well? I walked into the coffee place inside the Pasadena public library, and, behold, there was my “double”, also using an Asus netbook (37:40). I filmed her with my pen camera: “[2_my_pssbl_dble_psdn_lib_7_28_09_ca1045AM.avi](#)”. Whatever she was doing on her netbook would most likely be attributed to me. I waked into the library and discovered, and filmed, another double of mine, murmuring: “She would leave behind a lot of garbage...” (1:11:00; 12:33 in the video). It was a black woman, dragging a cart of blankets in imitation of me, and leaving behind trash was presumably her “mission” – all in order to convince the world that the faulty surveillance Machine was accurate. I sat down at a table and got busy clearing up the disk space in my Toshiba Satellite. My double, meanwhile, was over there, sneezing loudly in order to enable the Machine to intercept me sneezing (1:31:00). I then had to film her again, for she was about to leave more trash behind (1:46:30; 13:30 in the video). I then filmed a second vagrant who had shown up (1:52:00; 14:00 in the video). There had never before been so many vagrants in this upscale library!

My next recording is: “[psdnlib_vgrnt_7_28_09_1148AM-1232PM.WMA](#)”: I murmured something about the suit team’s tactic against me while reading from a webpage. I began feeling sick, and needed to leave the library. The text-messaging people all morning long had got me so angry (19:30). I then filmed another (third) Homeland Security vagrant on 30:00 (15:55 in the video). I left the library saying: “Other people’s business is my business, for they are *me*, and what they do reflects on *me*...” (33:00).

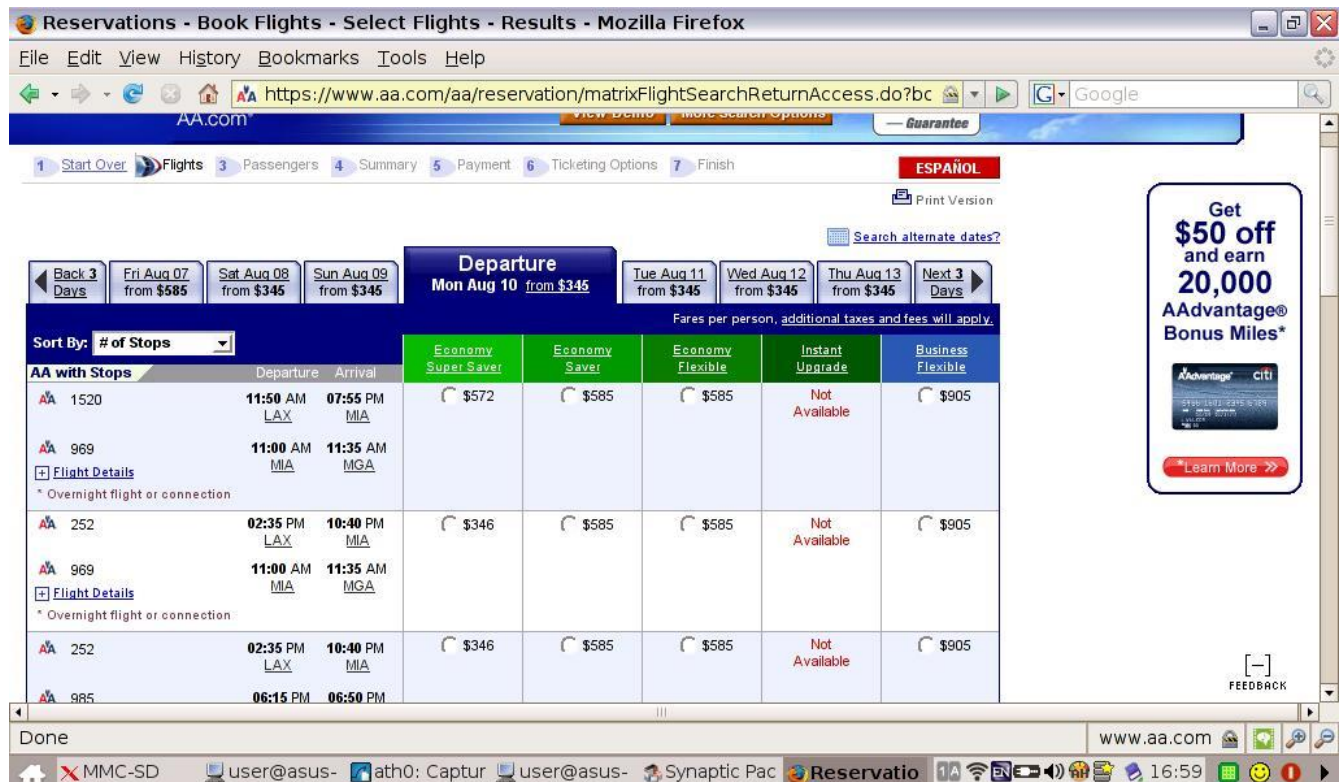
My next recording is: “[fmma_guys_tlk_go_mx_bs180_napwrt_7_28_09_1227-434PM.WMA](#)”. After getting out of the library, I bought food in Famima (9:00). I then filmed myself when I had finished eating on 23:00 (16:23 in the video). There was another medical emergency outside (25:00; 17:05 in the video). Ambulances and fire trucks were parked across the street, and emergency technicians went inside Saigon Noodle to fetch the patient. My double? It must be case that Mr former Secretary was constantly creating opportunities so that, as soon as the Russians looked away, I would supposedly be found in the hospital carrying Russian spy documents, etc. Meanwhile, children came around, so that I immediately put away my camcorder (27:00; 20:00 in the video). I sat down at a table outside Starbucks, but quickly moved away when two men suddenly came sitting down next to me to talk about Mexico (21:27 in the video). Because of Nicaragua’s involvement in my ICJ lawsuit, it’s indeed likely that Mexico had developed renewed interest in my case. I then filmed another woman who, when passing me by, remembered to do something on her cellphone: another sign that all the residents around had been instructed to text-message and so on when seeing me around (22:03 in the video). As I began waiting for the bus, something of tremendous import happened. This Hispanic man whom I thought to be a Homeland Security agent came to stand next to me and was about to do something on his cellphone. I thought he was trying to text-message for me. I happened to scratch myself before I moved away and filmed him (22:24 in the video). The importance of what had just happened for the future course of events cannot be underestimated – and you’ll soon see what I mean. I was on the bus by 58:30. I got upset when more children came onto the bus (59:00). I got off the bus on Vermont and Hollywood (filming myself doing so with my pen camera: “[3_off_180bus_7_28_09_ca230PM.avi](#)”), and hid myself in a street corner by the post office to rest (1:51:00). Suddenly, a Homeland Security actor came in to talk to me (3:06:30). He said, “I’m sorry to disturb you...” and then laughed. More evidence for my secret communication with Russian or Nicaragua agent? You’ll soon see what this meant. I then filmed another ambulance on 3:17:00 (23:02 in the video). I began writing. By this time I had noticed the problem that my Open Office liked to save itself periodically (3:36:00). I suspected – probably incorrectly – that this was the suit team’s work. Soon, I began editing my video diary (3:50:00).

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My next recording is: “[strbk_vrmnt_7_28_09_450-542PM.WMA](#)”: I began suspecting that I might be producing “bad surveillance” by hiding myself by the post office. I sighed: “I have the propensity to accidentally get into the wrong place at the wrong time.” I filmed myself throwing away my trash and leaving (5:30; 23:49 in the video). I continued to curse those people responsible for my current predicament – in which case I wasn’t really “acting”, but did mean it: “Now we know what sick people are inside the UN; they like to watch my sick TV show. I suffer for your pleasure!” (10:00) I came to the patio section of Starbucks on 14:00 to use the wireless Internet. Since, given that my money would come in within three days, I was about to order my tickets, I began checking American Airline’s website to keep myself updated on the airfare for flights to Nicaragua.



Checking the ticket price for flights to Managua, July 28 2009

My next recording is: “[strbk_vrmnt_wm_txtmssg_angry_7_28_09_537-613PM.WMA](#)”: I was specifically checking the price for flights for August 10 (to Managua, of course): I estimated that I would need ten days to prepare my flight. When I was ready to go inside Starbucks, I filmed myself carrying my things (5:50; 25:15 in the video). Once I was inside the coffeehouse, however, another person came in just to text-message (9:50). The suit team must be producing evidences showing David Chin phoning his Russian handler (as he always had to do because of his mental retardation): “I did it. I just pretended to check for ticket price”. I continued to check on American Airline’s ticket price. After that, I began researching on my JVC camcorder to understand the problems I was having with it (32:00).

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My next recording is: “[prklt_siren_wndy_sbwy_txtmssgr_angry_buybat_7_28_09_618-944PM.WMA](#)”. I was still inside Starbucks. Another woman – a beautiful blonde this time – then came in, text-messaged in my vicinity, and greeted me – saying Hi – before walking away. I began filming her while feeling increasingly angry, wanting to crack her skull with a baseball bat (4:00; 25:40 in the video). You see, I assumed she was working for the suit team. Only later, however, would I begin to suspect that this was in fact a Russian agent. Not yet suspecting, I tried to film her license plate as well (6DZV601) so that I could locate her and kill her one day. “Why is she so fucking happy?” I wondered. I then expressed the desire to murder both her and her boyfriend (9:20). As I became increasingly angry, I murmured: “These fucking ICJ judges, ICJ this fucking torture chamber...” (22:00). So angry that I decided to leave. I thus filmed myself cleaning up on 27:30. (This is in the first scene of my second video diary of the day, “[7_28_09_p2.wmv](#)”.) Meanwhile, I played Silbermond again, but Youtube soon froze on my Eee PC (37:00). I filmed myself all packed up and ready to leave on 43:00 (1:30 in the video diary). I began my “acting”: “You need to go to Nicaragua, because either nobody will text-message due to not having a cellphone, or everybody will be given a free cellphone to text-message around you; either way is fine for me, for I’ll end up helping some poor people, at least” (45:00). I settled down in a corner on the street to perform my daily tasks on my Toshiba laptop, naming files, editing my video diary, etc. Finally, I filmed myself when I was ready to leave, and then all packed up and leaving (1:51:00; 1:57 in the video diary). In the distance, a fat girl was ready to text-message, and I felt the desire to kill her (1:52:30). This was most likely the suit team. I then filmed another vagrant sitting outside Quiznos (1:54:40; 2:37 in the video diary). This “Homeland Security reality” created for the sake of some ICJ trial. I came inside Quiznos, but quickly left because another woman immediately followed me in to text-message. I took care to film her with my pen camera while leaving (1:56:30): “[4_qzno_txtmssgr_7_28_09_8PM.avi](#)”. I got intercepted again! Hungry, I came inside Wendy’s. Luckily, there was an electrical outlet here, but I got frightened because there were too many children around (2:03:00). I came inside Subway instead on 2:11:20 and bought a sandwich. Then another Asian woman came in to text-message (2:25:00). Oh my God, I wanted to decapitate her! I went outside to film this “bitch” through the windows (2:35:30; 3:05 in the video). “What are you? Filipino?” I then came inside Jons to buy batteries for my recorders (2:54:00). I then sat down in a quiet corner outside Jons and scavenged some cigarette butts (3:01:00). Then I noticed another Hispanic man text-messaging in his car. Got intercepted again! (Unless he was a Nicaraguan surveillance agent.) Angry, I noted down his license plate (5EUX244) and moved away, hunting for an electrical outlet again (3:02:00). I sighed: “I wish the world wouldn’t fall apart just because I have picked up this cigarette butt” (3:08:30). Then, two little girls were text-messaging while passing me by, and I was angry because I couldn’t film them given their underage status. “Fucking children,” I groaned (3:09:00). I came to the patio section of Starbucks once more to use the wireless Internet, this time to upload files to my website – the most important task I ever performed to save Russia. After which, I left.

My next recording is: “[prklt_upld_180bs_slp_clrdo_cig_ntions_7_28_09_939-1153PM.WMA](#)”. I continued to work on my video diary and my recording files in the street corner. Finally, work done, I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (27:00; 3:26 in the video diary). Then, luckily, I found an electrical outlet outside on the street (34:30). I then had to film the two bags which somebody (most likely the suit team’s actor) had abandoned on the sidewalk outside It’s A Grind (42:00; 4:27 in the video). I noted: “Very likely crack cocaine will be found inside...” Then: “If you tell Americans ‘You are harming me’, they will simply reply: ‘You are insane...’” (45:00). Soon, the police “spotted me” (52:00). I then filmed more police actions in the distance (54:00; 5:54 in the video). Presumably, Mr former Secretary was still staging police and ambulance actions whenever possible so that, if I fell

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out of Russians’ sight at any time, whoever was involved in those actions would be confused with me in the evidentiary record of the ICJ lower court. While I was wandering around, I got tremendously frustrated over not knowing what to do (1:00:00). My frustration was exacerbated when my lighter was no longer working (1:05:00). I then filmed another Homeland Security agent text-messaging for my sake (1:08:20; 6:13 in the video). I filmed him again on 1:10:20 (6:44 in the video). I got on the bus going toward Pasadena on 1:12:30. I filmed myself getting off the bus without leaving anything behind on 1:57:30, murmuring: “That newspaper on the seat isn’t mine...” (7:03 in the video). I then began looking for a place to sleep in. Finally, I filmed myself ready to sleep by an abandoned building (2:08:00; 7:36 in the video). Fearing, however, that this might be some sort of violation giving the suit team an excuse to send in the police to harass me, I moved to a different corner on the street (8:42 in the video). A little past 1 AM, however, another Homeland Security vagrant dragging a cart walked past me. I filmed him (9:20 in the video). An hour later, around 2 AM, the suit team sent in more homeless people dragging their luggage in imitation of me (9:49 in the video).

Now we have to explain what the event “of tremendous import” was which had taken place this afternoon. The “agent” who I thought was from Homeland Security was actually a Nicaraguan agent. Because I scratched myself while standing next to him – simply because I was feeling itchy – those in the CIA, now desperate, thought that they could make something out of it. They immediately argued before judge Higgins: “He’s trying to pass a ‘secret message’ to the Nicaraguans about his intention to defect!” Because my saying “Hopefully I’ll find a job!” was still considered too weak a piece of evidence for my intention to defect, the Agency wanted to consolidate their earlier argument with this new piece of “evidence” – even though they most likely knew in their heart that I was just feeling itchy. That was about 1:20 PM, you recall. Judge Higgins was almost willing to accept this argument, although, still, it wasn’t entirely clear that I knew that the agent in question was from the Russian side rather than from the US side. However, by 3:30 PM, judge Higgins must be leaning toward accepting the United States’ argument – and terrorist conspiracy would then be established between me and Russia instead. That’s why a Homeland Security agent came to mock me – he was happy that Russia was about to lose. Between then and 5 PM, however, the Russians must have responded: “We will test him to see if he knew that was a Nicaraguan agent.” They thus proposed to send their own agent to me to test me. Thus, this Russian blonde came to me around 6 PM. She was specifically instructed to text-message in imitation of the United States’ operation in order to confuse me. The Russians succeeded. Since I began cursing her assuming her to be text-messaging for my sake, that’s evidence that I didn’t always know who was from which side – or even know that the Russians had got me surrounded. Russia was thus able to escape committing terrorist conspiracy with me to harm the United States. Even though the situation had thus returned to a draw between the United States and Russia – while each side was trying to prompt me to conspire with the other side in judge Higgins’ chamber, the United States continued to use the Machine to produce evidences out of me in the lower court with the Russians continually debunking the United States on this level – the United States would from now on request, in judge Higgins’ chamber, that the Nicaraguans should be ordered to scratch themselves whenever in front of me so that, if I should ever show signs indicating that I understood that as “communication”, Russia might be convicted of terrorist conspiracy with me. This, as you shall soon see, would cause me tremendous hardship, since, in addition to text-messaging, even people’s scratching themselves would become the most horrifying sight for me, since Russia might disappear from planet Earth if I reacted to it “inappropriately”.

July 29 (Wednesday)

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My first video diary of the day is “7_29_09_p1.wmv” and my first recording of the day is: “wk_wm_gv_fd_aptte_plce_indy_7_29_09_840-1111AM.WMA”. As usual, I filmed myself waking up and telling people to get away from me – fearing they were here to produce evidences out of me (the first scene in the video diary). Specifically, an Asian woman came over and insisted on giving me food (3:30) and I filmed her and angrily commanded her to get away – I was sure that she was instructed by the suit team to pretend to show sympathy for me in order to enable the Machine to intercept more evidences to convince the world that Americans were wonderfully generous (0:33 in the video diary). I then filmed myself cleaning up and leaving nothing behind (8:30; 1:33 in the video diary). I murmured: “There is always a purpose, for there is no possible way that people will just give me food because they want to...” (12:00). Then I sighed: “There is a time when I was free, when people greeted me without any hidden agenda...” I came inside Appetit on 27:30. I filmed myself commenting on the place: “This place is absolute heaven, for there is nobody here” (38:00). I then went out briefly in order to film another vagrant whom the suit team had sent here to drag a luggage cart in imitation of me (40:00). Again, to prove to the world that the Machine was accurate. I came back inside Appetit and began editing and publishing my latest video diary. Then I imported more videos from my camcorder to my computer (57:30). Then I became concerned again with Open Office’s automatically saving itself, paranoid over the possibility that it was the suit team which was remotely controlling my software (2:00:00). As noted, this was probably not the case, but my paranoia would persist for many months ahead. Then I had to perform the perennial task of cleaning up my Toshiba Satellite’s disk space (2:08:00). Ambulance outside on 2:23:00. Then, around 11:15 AM or so, a series of police cars showed up and parked across the street from the café. It was obviously staged by the suit team. I went out to film the scenes with my pen camera: “1_plce_indy_7_29_09_1114AM.avi”, “2_plce_indy_7_29_09_1116AM.3gp”, “3_plce_indy_7_29_09_1118AM.3gp”, and “4_plce_indy_7_29_09_1130AM.3gp”. It must be the case that, because the Russians were at the moment unable to run surveillance on me – for reasons unknown to me – Mr former Secretary quickly ordered Pasadena police to stage a show near where I was in order to enable the Machine to intercept more evidences showing David Chin causing public disturbances and committing petty crimes.

My next recording is: “bus180_spnsh_pmphlt_tlk_vrmnt_wrk_strt_7_29_09_1133AM-349PM.WMA”. Looking at the police actions outside across the street from me, I wondered if the suit team was again staging it for the Machine to confuse that with me. I especially thought this was a possibility because, earlier, the camera on the street took a picture of me. Thus, that picture would later be used by Mr former Secretary as circumstantial evidence proving that the public disturbances and petty crimes about which the Machine was informing the world at the moment should indeed be attributed to me. Then I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (13:00; 3:00 in the video diary). I came to Café Bon to use the restroom here, and, after I was done, I made sure to film myself leaving the whole place completely clean (22:00; 4:00 in the video diary). I then filmed a Pasadena police forensic service vehicle passing by (23:30; 4:19 in the video). This must be one of the strangest sights in the city, even though it's entirely possible that the vehicle was on routine business and had nothing to do with suit team’s faulty surveillance. Then I noticed an Asian woman text-messaging on 29:30. Then, another Department of Transportation truck came by, with a camera on its roof (29:00; 4:36 in the video). I then got on the bus, and, behold, there were more children on board, so that I went to sit in the back (39:00). Then Gom Player on my Toshiba froze, and I was immobilized on the bus, because, if I moved, I had to film it, and yet there were children all over the bus (49:00). And two Hispanic men just had to sit five feet in front of me, and I couldn’t move (51:00). A total of eleven people had got on the bus since I got on (1:02:30). I managed to work a little more on “Karin’s meetups” (1:04:00). I then counted ten people and one child on the bus (1:15:00). I got off the bus on Vermont and Hollywood on 1:43:50 –

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now I was able to film myself doing so (5:14 in the video). I found more cigarette butts on the street on 1:46:00. I bought tacos from the Mexican grill (1:51:00), and, while I was eating, lo and behold, siren (2:05:00), and I filmed it: another fire truck, and then another ambulance (6:20 in the video). I sighed: “My double is having medical emergency again. My double has medical emergency about five times a day.” Then, another ambulance came to park in front of me, and I filmed it (2:11:00; 6:49 in the video). I groaned: “Why does it have to park in front of me? Maybe, according to surveillance, I am being carried away to the hospital at this very moment.” Then, another ambulance appeared, followed by a police car, and I filmed all this as well (2:14:00; 7:23 in the video). “My double is in trouble again.” I filmed myself leaving my table without leaving any mess behind (7:54 in the video). I came inside the restroom in Starbucks to brush my teeth, and filmed myself again when finished and leaving (2:42:00; 8:10 in the video). I filmed a vagrant woman – obviously sent in by the suit team in order for the Machine to confuse her with me – as she, dragging her cart, came to sit at my table, and then tried to buy cigarettes from strangers, something which I’d never do (8:49 in the video). And then another ambulance (2:46:00; 9:18 in the video). I filmed another Homeland Security agent who seemed to be walking the street for no particular purpose (2:56:30; 9:27 the video). You should hear my explanation: “How do you know that he is a Homeland Security secret agent? When, upon seeing him, you suddenly feel the desire to vomit...” I began working on my computer in the street corner while the Jazz festival was going on in the distance. I then filmed another ambulance passing by on 3:20:00 (11:33 in the video). I felt the need to defecate on 3:48:00, and filmed another ambulance on 3:50:00. I went inside Starbucks, but somebody was already using the restroom. You can hear somebody scolding me on 3:55:00. Finally, I was able to get inside women’s restroom, but, no sooner had I begun relieving myself than the Starbucks employee came knocking on the door to hurry me out (4:03:00). I nervously filmed myself leaving the restroom on 4:06:00 (11:58 in the video) – in case the employee had been instructed by the suit team to falsely rumor about me. I then came near the Center for Inquiry, very tired, gasping, and breathing heavily.

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Wamu Free Checking(tm) - 5294

Select an account: WAMU FREE CHECKING(TM) - 5294

Available Balance: \$5.95

Search by: Date Range From: To: SEARCH

Search for last: 30 days | 60 days | 90 days

Date	Description	Check#	Debit(-)	Credit(+)	Running Balance	?
7/29/2009	XFR/OLB TRANSFER FROM *****4619			+\$10.00	\$5.95	✉
7/29/2009	1600 N. VERMONT AVENUE HOLLYWOOD 0729 G		\$40.00		(\$4.05)	✉
7/27/2009	1600 N. VERMONT AVENUE HOLLYWOOD 0727 G		\$40.00		\$35.95	✉
7/24/2009	PAYPAL TRANSFER 5TB223SCTC VEE			+\$9.00	\$75.95	✉
7/24/2009	XFR/OLB TRANSFER FROM *****4619			+\$110.00	\$66.95	✉
7/24/2009	*OVERDRAFT CHARGE		\$33.00		(\$43.05)	✉
7/23/2009	Check - 000002280	2280	\$25.00		(\$10.05)	✉
7/23/2009	MC-CARL'S JR #86 Q81 CULVER CITY		\$6.68		\$14.95	✉
7/21/2009	MC-LIQUOR BARREL CULVER CITY		\$7.43		\$21.63	✉

My checking account balance around July 29 2009

My next recording is: “[vrmt_nap_wthdr_strbk_cry_quzno_7_29_09_353-811PM.WMA](#)”. I napped on the grass until 1:45:40 or so, upon which time, I filmed myself getting up. (This is the first scene of my second video diary of the day, “[7_29_09_p2.wmv](#)”.) Not a good place for a nap, for too many mothers had been coming past with their children. Siren – medical emergency again – on 2:03:00 (0:37 in the video diary). Was my double again taken to the hospital? I went inside Chase Bank to withdraw money from ATM (2:11:00). On 2:20:00 I came back to the patio section of Starbucks. Then I was unable to log into my online banking account. Wondering whether it was the suit team again, I moaned nervously – for Russia would very likely be harmed because of this. When I was at last able to log in, however, I burst into tears (2:26:30). You can then hear me crying, “My mom is not going to deposit the money I need” (2:41:00). Without the money, I would of course have tremendous difficulty once I should get to Nicaragua. I then went around looking for a restroom wherein to wash my hair and shave myself. I then filmed myself leaving Starbucks – and leaving nothing behind – on 2:48:00 (0:48 in the video). “I just wish I could be invisible,” I sighed, “Not seen and not known by anyone” (2:53:00). By 3:00:00 I came inside Quiznos to order a bowl of soup and use the restroom. I filmed myself, as usual, after I had finished using the restroom (1:16 in the video). While I was sitting inside the sandwich shop, an ambulance came to park right in front of me and I promptly videotaped it (3:25:00; 1:48 in the video). On 3:37:50 I noticed a woman text-messaging inside the sandwich shop and went up to ask her about it since she was most likely text-messaging for me. By now Quiznos was filled with people – per suit team’s orchestration, evidently – prompting me to film my environment briefly (3:45:50 or so; 2:13 in the video). As I was packing up (2:21 in the video), I murmured, “People will always believe what is false, otherwise it would just be too good to be true” (4:09:00 or so). A lot of wisdom in these words! I then went inside the restroom again. Just before I left the sandwich shop, however, I had to argue with the employee insisting that I had left no trash behind (4:12:00). I even filmed it as proof! After I came

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outside, I continued: “I left no trash behind, and have videotaped it all as proof; but people will still be complaining about my leaving too much trash behind. All the complaints are false!”

I decided to get on bus 180 to return to Pasadena. There was more operation waiting for me on the bus, however. Around 8:50 PM, the suit team sent in another actor to sit next to me on the bus, and he began carrying out his “mission”, which was to take out a padlock and to pick it with some lock-picking device. I went to sit in front of him in order to film him doing this with my pen camera (see: “[2030-02-24 16-46-44.AVI](#)” and “[2030-02-24 16-47-58.AVI](#)”). He “retaliated” by filming me with his cellphone, and I “retaliated” by filming him with my JVC camcorder as well (see 3:28 in the video diary). After a while, he went up to the bus driver to complain about my filming, and the bus driver said: “Just ignore him.” It thus seems that he had caused evidences to enter into the ICJ lower court not only showing me to be a skillful lock-picker (confirming the profile of David Chin as a “habitual thief”), but also showing me to be a “criminal videotaper” (both his reporting and his videos of my filming him would be intercepted into the ICJ lower court as evidences). I was so angry that, to calm myself down, I developed further the symbolism of my role as “true Jesus”: I slapped myself in the face. Out of anger, I got off the bus before reaching my destination on 42:30 (6:01 in the video). Then, immediately I was “spotted” by another ambulance (6:40 in the video). I was so angry that I began kicking over trash cans on the sidewalks (7:02 in the video). This went on for a while, and I filmed every single person who might have “spotted me” or “reported me” (until 10:38 in the video).

My next recording is: “[180bus_hitslf_fmima_ntbk_rgr_hitslf_rusext_7_29_09_934-1153PM.WMA](#)”. I was tremendously angered: “Everyday there are but operations to produce some TV show out of me, I hate this International Court of Justice” (20:00). Then: “Remember that you are angry only because you hate your enemy, you must learn to love your enemy, when you are hated by everyone, you must learn to love being hated...” (23:00). I got on the next 180 bus on 24:00 to continue my trip back to Pasadena. I hit myself in the face again, and thus had begun my new habit (10:55 in the video): “You must learn to love misery, to love injustice...” (41:00). “You are here to be the ‘True Jesus Christ’...” “Everyday, just hit yourself in the face a couple of times, so that you’ll learn to love misery...” And I hit myself in the face again on 43:00 (16:45 in the video diary). “You are chosen to be a saint, to be Jesus, to absorb all the sins in the world, even though all these sins are fake...” “These ICJ judges are sickos...” Finally I walked into Famima. I immediately had to film a notebook on the table, for it certainly looked like something which the suit team’s actor had abandoned there in order to enable the Machine to intercept me losing my things again (17:10 in the video). I immediately implemented my new procedure: “First ask yourself: ‘Why is there a booklet?’” I then struck myself in the face – for I had just allowed the United States to hurt Russia again. Now I decided that I couldn’t possibly work here – all because there was a notebook on the table! I continued to ponder: “This is serious, for there are a lot of phone numbers in it...” I went outside and began hitting myself in the face again (19:15 in the video), and then murmured: “Do that everyday a few times, then you’ll feel much happier...” I went back inside Famima to tell the employee about the notebook on the table (48:00). I noted: “The suit team must have heard me saying ‘Famima is better...’” That is, I presumed that the suit team, unlike before, was now listening closely to my talking to myself. Hence when I was still at the Quiznos and saying to my recorder that I preferred Famima, they immediately went to the Famima in Pasadena to plant this telephone book on the table next to the electrical outlet – the table I would always choose to use because of this electrical outlet – in order to make it look like I had lost it there as soon as I should enter the place.

I went outside to hit myself again on 50:30. Note that, as you can see in my video diary, a black SUV was at this time slowly pulling up next to me (21:53 in the video). This was most likely Russian

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surveillance. They were catching more evidences for the suspect’s motive to conspire with the United States to harm Russia. I continued: “Remember that, when people perpetrate sadism on you, that’s good, and you must learn to enjoy it. The ICJ judges like your TV show, so you must provide it... You must suffer for their pleasures... Suffering for others’ pleasure, that’s the purpose of your life...” As I walked away from Famima, I sighed: “Unfortunately you will not be able to work tonight” (54:00). Getting nervous that faulty surveillance would have after all caught me forgetting a notebook inside the store, I walked back inside Famima again to ask the cashier to remove that notebook (56:20). He did, and I went outside to film him doing all this (from 21:55 onward in the video). By this time the suit team had sent in another double of mine to use a Toshiba laptop inside Famima. I thus filmed him too (22:50 in the video). Knowing that I didn’t succeed in avoiding getting intercepted doing my “spy thing” inside the store, I got very upset, and began hitting myself in the face again (58:00). I hit myself so hard that I even broke my glasses. Note that I tried to explain myself in the video by admitting that the faulty surveillance process had crystalized into a form of phobia – and so it was that I couldn’t help myself (23:57 in the video). Such explanation was necessary because I would eventually upload my video diary to my website and, again, it would be strange if I tried to avoid the United States’ operations on me while trying to help the United States harm Russia. I then filmed myself leaving nothing outside and coming inside Famima to work – after I had hurt myself tremendously (1:01:00; 24:30 in the video). I did my “acting” – in case the Russians had agents near me: “Let’s get the fucking Russians...” (1:03:00). Then: “A torture chamber is the ICJ, your misery is their pleasure...” (1:05:30). Suddenly, “Jeremy” from Zona Rosa came inside Famima, and I quickly took out my camcorder to film him from outside the store (1:41:00; 24:37 in the video). This might not have much to do with the suit team’s operation, even though I thought at the time that the suit team had sent him here in order to have him rumor afterwards about seeing me doing such and such “David Chin thing”. Then, I began hitting myself again – because I thought I had just suffered another operation (1:42:30; 26:15 in the video) – and then murmured: “The ICJ judges like to see this... Salute to the torture chamber!” I had again caused myself severe pain. Then, all of a sudden, a woman came to talk to me, and I told her right in her face: “I’d have to videotape you just because you talk to me. Please just go away!” (2:04:00) Now, after all this, I clearly couldn’t work anymore, and I was increasingly upset (2:07:00). I continued to develop the symbolism for my situation: “I’m more Jesus than Jesus Christ, because Jesus Christ actually takes credits for what he has done, whereas I don’t get to do so... I make bad people look good...” By this time, however, the Russians had sent in a surveillance agent to sit at the table in front of me, wearing surveillance earphones and all. Meanwhile I continued my “testimony”: “I didn’t know that Russians are such trash that they need to be exterminated...” (2:11:00). Upon which, however, the surveillance agent immediately got up and left. Apparently, while I was busily engaged in my acting – acting like I was forced to conspire with the suit team to harm Russia – I had accidentally confirmed, by speaking of “extermination”, Mr former Secretary’s profile of David Chin as some sort of ardent follower of Nazism, such that the Russians immediately recalled their surveillance agent for fear of intercepting a piece of evidence that was unfavorable to them. I had yet to learn about all this “dead legalism” which governed the international justice system as well. (Namely, even though the “suspect” was speaking of the United States’ desire to destroy Russia and the “ardent follower” of Nazism was about the extermination of a particular group of inferior people, the superficial resemblance in words, despite the complete difference in meaning, could somehow establish identity between the two statements in the evidentiary chamber of the International Court of Justice.)

By the time when it was almost midnight, I filmed myself packing up and leaving Famima without leaving anything behind (27:37 in the video). Having developed the new symbolism, I would continue to practice it all night long. Thus another “salute to the ICJ” as I walked out (30:10 in the video). I then

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filmed myself picking up more cigarette butts in front of Playhouse 7 – again, the need to retain proofs when scavenging that I wasn’t fetching up some secret messages which the Russians had placed on the sidewalk for me to see, etc. (30:33 in the video). Then, more “salute”. Around 12:32 AM, I found a new place in Pasadena to sleep in, a corner next to the side entrance to the parking structure on Colorado Blvd (31:24 in the video). I acted more: “A new episode of the show ‘Jesus’ tomorrow, for the viewing pleasure of ICJ judges...” Before I lay down for good, more “salute” (33:48 in the video). Presumably all this “salute” was captured by Russian surveillance and used as evidence for the suspect’s “motive”. Then, within minutes after I lay down, around 12:39 AM, Mr former Secretary sent in another vagrant to walk past me (35:20 in the video). As usual, whenever I was, he would send in somebody bearing my characteristics in order for the Machine to confuse him with me – so that he may demonstrate to the rest of the world that this “Machine” was “super-accurate”.

The transformation I had gone through tonight might be captured thusly. Against Jean-Paul Sartre’s famous dictum: “L’enfer, c’est les autres,” I should say – because of my subjection to the faulty surveillance Machine: “L’enfer, c’est les autres, parce que les autres c’est moi.”

July 30 (Thursday)

My first recording of the new day is: “[slp_psdn_prklt_cmrn_dble_hppy_chat_7_30_09_420-634AM.WMA](#)”. Even before I woke up, the suit team’s operation had already begun. Around 6:30 AM, I was awakened by the loud laughter of my double chatting nearby with another female. What was going on? I filmed myself waking up (35:55 in the previous video diary) and then packing up and leaving nothing behind (37:00 in the video).

My next recording is: “[apte_chrg_lptp_fullhse_hspnwm_hngry_7_30_09_654-1141AM.WMA](#)”. My most urgent task was of course to film my double who had just awaken me with his laughter. I saw him, and filmed him, from some distance away (37:42 in the video). He was dragging a cart in imitation of me, by which characteristic he could cause the Machine to confuse him with me in surveillance; and he was happily chatting away with some woman. Evidently, his “mission” was to enable the United States to enter into the ICJ lower court another piece of evidence showing me to be the opposite of what I really was, namely, while I was so sad that I had to constantly strike myself in the face, the rest of the world was looking at the United States’ evidence showing me happy and excited all day long. It’s easy to guess that Mr former Secretary must be, again, arguing in the ICJ lower court that my outbursts last night were all “acting” under Russian intelligence’s instruction. As I walked around I was locating my doubles everywhere. I then came back and filmed my “original double” again (18:00; 40:12 in the video). The sight of my double’s extreme happiness caused me such rage that I wanted to strike him with a baseball bat: the world was not allowed to even know that I was sad! Then my broken glasses fell off my face again (25:00). I was very disgruntled, and very tired. Siren on 54:00. More vagrants showed up on 57:00. To give vent to my rage, I decided: “Today I want to hit myself more on the head... I want to make a bump...” I hid myself in the corner behind the old Washington Mutual bank on Lake and Colorado, and then imported the latest videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba Satellite. I enjoyed terribly the scene from yesterday in which I hit myself in the face (1:04:30). I pointed to my camera and DV tapes and – in imitation of the United States’ strategy – pronounced them “Russian” (1:20:00). I then filmed myself leaving this corner on 1:27:00 (the first scene in my video diary of the day, “[7_30_09.wmv](#)”). I murmured sarcastically: “I wish I could make a video showing me beheading myself... But that’s impossible” (1:31:00). Then more sarcasm: “Your (i.e. Mr former Secretary’s) TV

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show is too murky; my TV show is better, for here everything is crystal clear” (1:34:00). As I walked past cars, I murmured: “Again, urinating on people’s car is a very patriotic thing for me to do... But today I’m not in the mood for patriotism...” (1:38:00). Furthermore: “In order for urination to be patriotic, you have to be seen urinating...” I then filmed this man who parked his car next to me just in order to text-message (1:40:00; 1:15 in the video diary). It was then 8:39 AM. Then, a black man from nowhere pretended to angrily ask me why I was filming the people around (1:41:30; 2:40 in the video diary). I denied ever filming him. “I’m not stupid... Don’t be filming me,” he warned me (1:42:30). I assumed he was instructed by the suit team to make such frivolous complaints in order that the Machine might pick up more of people’s complaints about my “criminal videotaping” which Mr former Secretary could then use as grounds for excluding my documentaries as evidences from the International Court (lower court). This, of course, in continuation from what happened last night on the bus. I thus got very upset, and filmed myself hitting myself in the face to release my anger (1:44:00; 3:16 in the video diary). I groaned: “People are complaining about me because I’m ‘Russian’...” (1:51:30). I then filmed myself picking up more cigarette butts from the streets (2:02:00; 4:25 in the video diary).

I came back to the quiet corner by the side entrance to the parking structure to rest there, and woke up only on 4:14:00. Immediately, there was siren, and I wondered if I was being taken to the hospital again in “official records” (4:17:30). Then somebody came to “spot me” on 4:29:00. I next filmed myself cleaning up and leaving (4:30:00; 5:00 in the video diary). I repeated my “new version”: “Les autres, c’est moi...” (4:36:00). I came to Appetit, and filmed the homeless vagrant whom the suit team had installed in front of the coffee place (4:37:00; 6:28 in the video).

My next recordings are: “[apptte_ppl_come_7_30_09_1140AM-1205PM.WMA](#)” and “[aptt_knkprklt_txtmssgr_mn_scld_me_flm_waitbus_to_mmprk_psdn_7_30_09_12-428PM.WMA](#)”. As usual, I would be working on my Toshiba laptop inside Appetit. Suddenly, somebody brought in a little girl (15:00 in the second recording). I got very upset over my complete inability to avoid children. I was then editing my video diary. I got upset again when a woman began text-messaging inside the cafe (39:00). Another child then came in on 1:14:00. Then a suspicious woman came in asking the manager a lot of questions about the picture hanging on the wall in front of me. Was she meant to be confused with me in surveillance? (1:16:00). I thus filmed myself getting ready to leave, while catching in video as well the picture of the European city on the wall about which the suspicious woman was earlier inquiring (1:18:30; 7:21 in the video). Then I filmed myself leaving on 1:20:00 (7:59 in the video diary). My broken glasses continued to fall off my face. I discovered two more vagrants loitering by the door, and, knowing that they were meant to be confused with me in surveillance, I filmed them (1:23:00; 8:59 in the video). I was now dead tired, moaning continually, while my broken glasses fell off my face repeatedly. I then filmed another Homeland Security vagrant on the street on 1:39:00 (10:16 in the video diary). And then another police car came passing me by on 1:46:30. I then filmed the juice bottle and banana which another Homeland Security vagrant had abandoned on the streets as his “mission” (1:54:00; 10:36 in the video). I then filmed the man who had text-messed earlier when he passed me by (2:08:00; 11:00 in the video). I then caught up with the Homeland Security vagrant who had earlier accomplished his “mission” by leaving behind the juice bottle and banana and filmed him (2:12:00; 11:20 in the video). This Homeland Security vagrant, however, stuck around me at the bus stop on Colorado Blvd, as you can see further in the video. Since faulty surveillance could show me picking up anything, I had to film myself throwing away my trash and picking up two more cigarette butts – and my glasses fell off my face again (2:19:00; 11:48 in the video). I then filmed what looked like a detective car (12:15 in the video), and then another woman dragging a cart in imitation of

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me (2:22:00; 12:19 in the video). I even filmed myself smoking my cigarette butt on 2:33:00 (12:30 in the video). While resting, another police car “spotted me” (2:36:00). I then became quite suspicious of a car and read out its license plate (2:37:00). I continued walking, and finally filmed myself arriving at Memorial park. Now a child was throwing a bottle into the trash can – it freaked me out because it might be a beer can (12:58 in the video). But no (2:50:00). I rested in the park (2:54:00). Siren on 3:41:00. Was my double having medical emergency again? I then got up and began editing my latest video diary.

My next recordings are: “[mem_prk_7_30_09_432-455PM.WMA](#)” and “[memprk_vgrnt_7_30_09_5-514PM.WMA](#).” I was reviewing the recording of my time with Mireya on May 15 when the concert was about to start. At one point my Open Office broke down again. Then, siren in the distance on 12:00 in the second recording. I sighed: “It looks like my double is having medical emergency again.”

My next recording is: “[tfnycafe_chse_mryrcrd_callmom400_strbk_vgrnt_ftp_7_30_09_518-1136PM.WMA](#)”: Because of the concert I was ready to leave Memorial Park. I filmed the Homeland Security vagrant dragging his luggage in the distance – again, a black man – speculating that he was about to leave garbage behind (11:00; 13:58 in the video). I then filmed him again when he was making a call on his cellphone – presumably to enable the Machine to intercept me calling my criminal buddies in town (14:45; 14:43 in the video). I then filmed myself dumping away all my trash into the trash can as I was leaving (18:00; 16:12 in the video). As I walked on Colorado Blvd, I was soon “spotted” by another Sheriff’s vehicle. I filmed it (31:00; 16:44 in the video). I walked inside “Tiffany Café” on 34:00 and ordered a cheap sandwich. When I was done, as usual, I had to film myself throwing away my trash (1:00:20; 17:04 in the video). Nature called, and I used the restroom in Tiffany, and, when done, again filmed myself leaving as proof that I didn’t make a mess in here (nor forget any “Russian-made spy equipment”) (1:17:00; 17:57 in the video). I walked out complaining about my perennial duty (as a US government patsy) to “produce surveillance” (1:23:00). When I walked past the Pasadena Presbyterian Church, I noticed a vast amount of trash strewn across its lawn. I certainly filmed it – knowing that it was some Homeland Security vagrant who had made this mess in order to cause it to be attributed to me in the universe of the ICJ lower court (1:27:00; 18:35 in the video). I then noted that today was my first day of accepting being “true Jesus” (after last night’s transformation). Finally, I came back to the corner behind the Washington Mutual bank on Lake and Colorado, where I could charge my laptops and work. Soon, however, a woman walked past saying “Hi” to me, which made me want to kill her – because the United States had probably by her feat obtained another piece of evidence showing me receiving important signals from my Russian secret agent contact (1:45:00). As I was reviewing my recordings and working on my files, suddenly, there was more “emergency” nearby. I filmed it (2:33:00; 19:18 in the video). Overall, however, I was lucky. I murmured – “acting”: “I’ve been sitting here doing my videos and there is no operation... Has the suit team overcome some impasse in the ICJ?” (2:52:00) I called my mother on 3:11:00. (You can barely hear the conversation in the recording due to interference.) After working here in this corner for two hours, I filmed myself all packed up and ready to leave, having made no mess and forgotten nothing (4:16:00; 21:28 in the video). I began walking toward Old Town again along Colorado Blvd. I read the license plate of a Hispanic driver who was talking on his cellphone, and who, as soon as I walked past, started his engine (4:20:00). Perhaps he was doing surveillance for the Nicaraguan side (the Russian side). I came to Starbucks to use the wireless Internet, but, immediately, had to film the Homeland Security vagrant who was already here waiting for me: he also had a luggage cart like I did, and was wearing the same hat as I was (4:33:30; 22:37 in the video). I asked the cashier for a cup of water, and then came to sit outside. There was a table open but with other customers’ trash on it. I filmed what was mine on this

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table and what was not mine in order to have proof that I wasn't the person who had made the mess (4:37:30; 23:15 in the video). I also filmed the Homeland Security vagrant who was leaving dragging along his luggage cart (4:42:00). I then did something very significant. I uploaded the video I had shot of Mireya pulling out a knife on me on May 15. I created a special folder on my website, “Mireya”, and uploaded all my videos of Mireya to the folder – so that I would look like I was backing up files for sentimental reasons rather than feeding more evidences to the Russians. Suddenly, on 4:48:00, Wi-fi was cut off (24:11 in the video). Was this the suit team's work? But soon I was able to log into my WAMU (or Chase) account: I was, unfortunately, charged 33 dollar overdraft fee for something I didn't remember (4:53:00). Meanwhile, after reviewing the recording of my conversation with Mireya on May 15, I was ready to upload this file to my website as well: this, I thought, the Russians might need in order to establish definitively, in the ICJ, that it was Mireya who had pulled out a knife on me on May 15, and not the other way around. But I had to use Audio File Cutter to cut off the beginning of the file which contained “unpleasant materials” – and I had to film myself doing so in order to have proof that I wasn't manipulating audio-forging software to do something else than mere cutting (4:57:00; 24:34 in the video). Then, after finished with cutting, I had to film myself uploading the new file to my website (5:21:00; 31:19 in the video). While the file was being uploaded, I surfed around on Debian websites and checked out some Linux online magazines. This was of course bad, since it now looked as if I was indeed the computer hacker “David Chin”. All done, I began packing up my things, murmuring (“acting”): “In life you should always want the opposite of what you want, because others will always consider what you want ‘bad’, and what you don't want ‘good’... Because other people want to do bad to you...” (5:52:00). I then filmed another ambulance and fire truck speeding past me (5:55:00; 31:57 in the video). As I walked along Colorado Blvd, another car suddenly parked next to me, causing me to wonder: “Is he going to text-message?” I noted down his license plate: 5WAT729 (or something like that). It's however possible that this was surveillance from the Russian side (5:59:00). I then filmed another ambulance speeding past me (6:00:30; 32:32 in the video). While walking I kept instructing myself (“acting”): “You need to hate good people and love bad people...” (6:02:00). “The problem is that Americans just make you so angry because they are just so bad...” Suddenly, the Hispanic male walking behind me pressed a button on his cellphone (6:10:30). He might be Nicaragua's surveillance agent, though. “We must learn that Americans really do hate the Russians, and they want to exterminate the Russians...” (6:13:00). “And always do bad things to good people, and do good things to bad people...” (6:17:00). By “good people”, of course, I meant the Russians. I had by then come to the side entrance of the same parking structure behind Colorado Blvd. “It's because the world is always ruled by bad people, since only bad people want to rule; good people will just want to be teachers...” Before sleeping, I of course took care to film myself getting ready. It was 11:44 PM (32:42 in the video). “Another miserable day is over.” No “salute” tonight, because my head still hurt from last night's “salute”!

July 31 (Friday)

My first video diary of the day is “[7_31_09_p1.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the day is: “[aptt_trash_utsde_7_31_09_724-809AM.WMA](#)”: I filmed myself getting up from 2:30 onward (the first scene in the video diary). I then arrived at Apptit. I filmed the unusual amount of trash left outside the coffee place, since it seemed that it was the work of those Homeland Security vagrants in order to make it look like I had created this mess (1:00 in the video diary). When I turned on my Toshiba Satellite inside the coffee place, however, it went into automatic disk-checking. Surprised, and fearing that it might be the suit team's doing, I began filming it (16:00; 2:00 in the video diary). More

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evidences for my laptop being a Russian-made spy computer? After this I began importing videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba Satellite.

My next recordings are: “[apptt_7_31_09_823-838AM.WMA](#)”, “[apptt_7_31_09_838-847AM.WMA](#)”, and “[apptte_bstncrt_upld_7_31_09_853-1004AM.WMA](#)”. After I had worked for quite a while, an Asian male dragging a cart came inside the coffeehouse – obviously the suit team’s double for me. I went out to film him through the windows (7:00; 3:02 in the video diary). Even though I was hiding in the corner, the camera on the street flashed. Did it take a picture of me again? (9:00) Presumably, the suit team would use the traffic camera’s picture of me to argue in the ICJ lower court that, since I was seen here, the Machine’s vague description of an Asian male dragging a cart must then refer to me, in which case the “accuracy” of this piece of device was demonstrated again. I came back inside, and, because nobody else was now inside the coffeehouse except me, I began to worry that the suit team might plant something here afterwards and then cause the Machine to intercept the episode to produce evidence in the ICJ showing that I had forgotten it (26:30). I filmed my things before leaving on 40:00 (4:27 in the video diary). It was then 9:34 AM, and I was publishing my latest video diary on Windows Movie Maker. Finally, on 45:30, I filmed myself leaving without forgetting anything (5:00 in the video). Now, something went wrong with my camcorder. I would spend the next twenty minutes or so examining the problem. I came back to my corner by the side entrance to the parking structure (6:00 in the video), but decided to hide myself in another quiet corner across the street to use my laptop. But, nevertheless, there was passerby (6:30 in the video).

My next recording is:

“[upld_bstncrt_wmgv5dllr_yll_hspncasian_mmprk_dobadgdpl_7_31_09_1006AM-310PM.WMA](#)”. By 11 AM, I filmed myself leaving this corner without leaving anything behind (6:59 in the video). While walking the street, I filmed another man text-messaging near me (1:10:00; 7:44 in the video diary). And then the Homeland Security vagrant who had occupied my usual “sleep corner” in order to make a mess there (8:00 in the video diary). I then came inside Target and, while buying a hot dog, became terrified of the children around (1:15:00). I groaned awfully. I walked out, and was coming near Old Town when I noticed another man text-messaging. It was 12:04 PM then (9:03 in the video). Within five minutes, I had to film another black man who yelled profanity at me – I was then in the vicinity of Pasadena City Hall (10:03 in the video diary). Presumably, in the ICJ lower court, everybody had just witnessed (or read about) me messaging my Russian boss to tell him where I was and then yelling profanity at strangers. Then, suddenly, an Asian woman attempted to sneak up behind me to hand over a five dollar bill to me. Believing that this was another of suit team’s attempts to make the world believe that Americans were so innocent that they were unknowingly so kind to the cancer cell among them, I screamed at her loudly to hustle her away (2:02:00; 10:25 in the video diary). She pretended to look at me as if I were completely nuts. I then filmed another man dragging a cart like me (11:00 in the video diary). Again, to be confused with me in surveillance in order to demonstrate to the world that the US surveillance system was supremely accurate. I then had to film another woman talking to an Asian man in Spanish – were they also confused with me in surveillance? (11:22 in the video). Certainly, since the suit team was telling the world that I was also a Nicaraguan agent, evidence showing me speaking fluent Spanish was essential. When I came to the Memorial Park and discovered an abandoned blanket and so on, I again had to film it in case the Machine had just intercepted me forgetting my Russian-made spy equipment and other belongings (2:26:30; 12:12 in the video diary). I lay down under a tree, and of course took care to film it all as proof (13:00 in the video). Soon, a woman holding her iPod high in the air walked past me (2:30:00). Was she doing surveillance on me? If so, she must be from the Russian side. I sadly reflected on my being worth less than others such that

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I couldn't do onto others what others had done onto me, and then further on the “philosophy of being True Jesus” by which I must live: the principle of inversion, i.e. doing good to bad people and doing bad to good people – the “Chertoff Universe” (2:36:00). I then took a nap.

My next recording is:

“[mmprk_snrcntr_oprtrdg_strbk_aa_fmma_2dblc_emlcasa_vid_strbk_rsrv_rucpl_pass_7_31_09_305-1142PM.WMA](#)”. Even while napping, I filmed the residents nearby talking on their balcony, just in case the Machine might have confused them with me (14:00 in the video diary). Past 3 PM, I got awakened by a man talking on a cellphone behind me. He was definitely sent in by the suit team in order for the Machine to intercept me calling my various criminal buddies in the city. I thus filmed him (14:15 in the video). I continued to film him when he walked away (5:30; 14:52 in the video diary). I worked a little more on my video diary while I rested under a tree. On 25:00 I began filming myself leaving. However, I noticed a Homeland Security actor in the distance making gestures about smoking marijuana (15:12 in the video diary). He was also imitating me by picking up cigarette butts behind bushes (16:50 in the video diary). The United States had just intercepted more evidences to convince the world that David Chin was indeed a drug addict. As I walked away, I found an electrical outlet in the patio of the community senior center (36:00). I thus decided to work here while charging my laptop. I got very upset, murmuring, “I just want to die...” (43:30). After a while, I filmed myself taking account of my things and then leaving while leaving the patio completely clean (1:34:30; 17:20 in the video diary). On 1:36:30, just as I walked out, I was “spotted” by a police car (19:03 in the video). I then filmed two Hispanic guys walking into the senior center’s patio just after I was gone from there; they were probably going to make a mess there so that surveillance may show me having made a mess there earlier (1:38:00; 20:05 in the video diary). And, guess what, they were sitting exactly where I was sitting earlier. Then the same police car drove out in front of me just as I walked out again; I promptly filmed it (1:43:00). More siren on 1:52:20. As I strolled on Colorado Blvd, two Taiwanese girls pretended to accidentally take pictures of me (1:54:00). I filmed them (22:50 in the video diary). More evidences to show the world that I didn't quite look like myself. Now, you should check out, on 24:45 in the video diary, my explanation of the evidences which the suit team must have entered into the ICJ lower court. Looking for marijuana or crack cocaine in the bushes in memorial park today... and ambulance went inside the park, perhaps I was found overdose again... Within ten minutes, there appeared another ambulance for me to film (2:06:00; 26:15 in the video diary). As I continued walking, I even had to film another empty can abandoned on the sidewalk, since in surveillance it might be evidence for my leaving behind beer cans and so on (2:12:00; 26:32 in the video diary). Then my broken, taped glasses fell off again from my face (2:24:00). I sat down outside Starbucks wanting to steal the wireless connection. After sending the hash values of my latest files to myself, I was ready to access American Airline’s website again (2:35:00). However, I was soon frustrated because my Eee PC froze (2:42:00). Then, when I got on American Airline’s website, some weird message popped up on the computer screen telling me about some certificate problem. I was filming everything, of course (2:45:00; 27:00 in the video diary). It was very likely that the Machine had scrambled up my connection with American Airline’s website to end up with a piece of evidence showing the website to be a Russian fake. Then I was upset again when I discovered that the ticket price had gone up. It was then 5:52 PM. I continued to film myself searching and searching – I even tried STA’s website as well. But, in the end, of course, I couldn't order the ticket just yet: I had to wait for tomorrow, when money would come into my bank account. Suddenly, a vagrant dragging a cart came to bother me, and I angrily told him to go away (3:04:00). I filmed him too (31:25 in the video diary). It was 6:10 PM. Then, around 6:19 PM, I filmed myself leaving (3:08:00; 31:49 in the video diary). When I walked past the Methodist church, I discovered that the suit team had placed more vagrants there so that the mess

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they would be making could be attributed to me in “official records”. I thus filmed them (3:13:00; 32:27 in the video). I bought snack at Famima, instant noodles and corn dog, as my “dinner” (3:19:00). Then another person came in dragging a cart – per government’s orchestration (3:21:00). Outside Famima, there was another guy using a Toshiba laptop (3:23:00). Then another woman was text-messaging (3:27:30). Yes, I was caught doing all these things – my “self” was continually dispersed among these other disgusting figures around me. Finally, I filmed myself finishing eating and picking up my trash (3:43:00; 33:10 in the video diary). I continued to film to document how this city had been “polluted” by a vast number of homeless vagrants whom the government had sent in (3:48:30). This is in the first scene of my second video diary of the day, “7_31_09_p2.wmv”. Then, another man came to stand in front of me to text-message. I was instantly angered and angrily told him to go away (3:52:00). But another one soon came forward (4:04:00). As I sat outside Famima, I used the Wi-Fi of the place to check on the latest emails from Casa San Francisco, and then filmed myself replying Maria, specifying that I would most likely arrive on August 11 or 12 (4:06:00; 0:32 in the second video diary). I said to myself: “Every time when you are angry, just slap yourself in the face” (4:08:00). Scared of going inside Famima, I came to Corner Café instead (4:19:00). I first filmed the place to prove that nobody was inside at the moment. Soon a black man walked in carrying a fruit basket (4:20:00). I was astonished, not sure what surveillance this was supposed to produce: that I had stolen drugs here? See 6:27 in the video diary. Because of this, I withdrew, and settled down in the corner behind Washington Mutual bank, where I could charge my laptops. I was on my computer again, cleaning up disk space and then publishing my latest video diary. At one point I filmed the man who came passing by holding up his cellphone (7:32 in the video). I then filmed the fire truck which came to park in front of me (5:28:30; 7:57 in the video). Upset, I hit myself in the face (until 8:35 in the video), and then continued to edit my video diary. “Americans are so bad”, I murmured in Chinese (6:32:00). Finally, I filmed myself gathering all the cigarette butts and leaving on 6:39:00 (8:36 in the video). While walking, I even had to film a bottle of apple juice abandoned by the sidewalk (6:50:00; 11:00 in the video). It was so scary! Who knows how it would look in faulty surveillance! I again had to check my camcorder repeatedly as it continued to develop problems. I came back to the Starbucks on Colorado Blvd to use the wireless Internet. However, I couldn’t log into T-Mobile (11:42 in the video). After I successfully logged in, I checked my Gmail account, looking for the latest communication from Casa San Francisco (14:10 in the video). I then filmed myself writing an email to my mother to remind her again to deposit money into my account (15:23 in the video). I then filmed myself checking American Airline’s website again (16:18 in the video). I looked for the difference between the current display and the earlier display. I was checking out roundtrip tickets, leaving on August 10 and returning on October 10. What I was now doing was very important, as I shall soon explain. Note that, at one point, the AA website produced an error message. The roundtrip ticket I had eyed on cost more than 600 dollar (27:05 in the video). I placed a hold on the ticket I wanted. I then filmed the huge police car which came around me (7:47:00; 31:53 in the video). Finally, I filmed myself leaving while leaving nothing behind (7:59:00; 32:12). Note that I tried to catch in my video the guy sitting inside Starbucks using a huge external hard drive; it’s not clear whether he was sent here by the suit team to be confused with me in surveillance. I then filmed the helicopter which was circling above me – suit team’s op? – and another vagrant who was certainly Homeland Security (8:22:00; 32:50 in the video). As I was walking to my usual corner on Hudson and Colorado Blvd to sleep – it was around 11:35 PM – a sophisticated-looking couple walked past me speaking what sounded like Russian. I filmed them from behind (8:26:00; 33:23 in the video). Only years later would I realize that – just like the last time – this was Russian intelligence’s extremely subtle way of telling me “You have done right”. But what? I’ll explain this momentarily. And yet, the suit team’s operation wasn’t over for the day. Past 1:30 AM, as I was already sleeping, Mr former

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Secretary staged another emergency in the distance. I took out my camcorder and filmed it, as always (34:45 in the video).

Now I shall explain what was so important about my checking on American Airline’s tickets this evening. My action was important in the sense that I was checking the price for *round-trip tickets* – whereas, before, I only checked on one-way tickets. Because the United States had entered its claim that I was in fact flying to Nicaragua to defect, checking for one-way tickets only could be used by the suit team as evidence for my intention to defect. Although the United States didn’t succeed in claiming that my scratching myself while standing next to a Nicaraguan agent was my attempt to clandestinely connect with the Nicaraguan intelligence service, the fact that I had so far displayed no intention to return to the United States was certainly very suspicious. Earlier tonight, I had noticed this problem: I had only checked for one-way tickets so far because, as you can see, I didn’t have enough money. I had become aware of the fact that I might have given out the wrong impression, and so I decided to correct my actions. Thus I came immediately to Starbucks. Now, after I had checked the price for round-trip tickets, Russia had at last obtained evidence to support its claim that I was intent on helping the United States harm Russia – since I seemed to intend on coming back. It must be for this reason that the Russians decided to clandestinely tell me “You have done right” when I was about to go to sleep.

Let us then summarize my situation. By the end of tonight, the Russians had considerably improved their situation. They had just shown around in the UN my videos and recordings of what happened on May 15: when nations around the world saw the Machine’s description of two persons – a girl and me – one of whom pulled out a knife on the other person, they all believed the United States’ interpretation that it was David Chin who was threatening innocent girls with knives again. It was certainly easy to believe this given our preconceptions about gender relations and all the foregoing fantastic bullshit which the United States had manufactured about this imaginary “David Chin”. And now the Russians had shown all the nations that what had really happened was just the opposite: i.e. it was the girl who had pulled out a knife on Lawrence – although what had really happened was simply that she was playing with knife with another guy and that Lawrence was not even involved in their game. And now Lawrence did intend on coming back to the United States after he should be done with his “mission”. Both Mr former Secretary and the CIA were getting more desperate, and they were about to pull out their joker “scratching” once more to save themselves.

August 1 (Saturday)

My first video diary of the day is: “8_1_09_p1.wmv” and my first recording of the day is: “slp_cafe_hspncwm_behnd_targt_cshr_dontfrget_rstrm_wshhair_8_1_09_634-1009AM.WMA”. I filmed myself waking up from my corner on 1:33:00 (the first scene in the video diary). I came to Corner Café and bought my morning ice coffee (1:45:30). I checked my wallet, and saw that I had but nine dollars with me. I then had to film the three Hispanic women and one Hispanic man standing behind me speaking Spanish – for they might very well be enabling the United States to gather more evidences showing me speaking Spanish fluently – and two more vagrants as well (2:00:00; 1:00 in the video). I bought batteries at Office Depot and cleaned my wallet. I then filmed myself finding, and scavenging among, a large pile of cigarette butts (2:16:20; 2:07 in the video). After smoking my free cigarettes, I filmed myself leaving while leaving the whole place completely clean (2:35:30; 3:05 in the video). I then noted the black vagrant seen earlier on 2:38:00. I came inside the restroom of Sabor coffeehouse on 2:41:00 to wash my hair, and took care, again, to film myself after I was done (2:59:30; 3:20 in the video). I then noticed another woman who was text-messaging together with her husband

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and child (3:00:20). I then filmed another Homeland Security homeless vagrant on 3:02:00 (3:52 in the video). I was motivated to do such otherwise senseless things because, in addition to taking account of the suit team’s operations to prove my innocence, I also wished that one day I might be able to prove to foreigners that the US government had actually at one time instituted a program to recruit homeless people and send them into upscale neighborhoods just to make pretty places look really ugly. Then, while walking, I saw another police car (3:04:00). Then, I sat down somewhere to continue the most important task of eliminating duplicate files on my Toshiba’s hard drive in order to clear up more disk space (3:07:30).

My next recording is: “[psdn_prklt_upld_dvd_8_1_09_1013-1110AM.WMA](#)”: I was then working on my video diary again in this corner. I had to make sure to urinate into a cup in order not to make a mess in the area. Siren in the distance on 15:30. Then, a white female wearing sunglasses “spotted me”. (Was this surveillance for the Russian side?) I then filmed myself leaving the corner on 47:00 (4:15 in the video diary). I had to make sure to dump out the urine in the cup onto the grass before throwing the cup into the trash can – what I had to do to save Russia!

My next recording is: “[bs180_hllywd_8_1_09_1105AM-1247PM.WMA](#)”: Soon another ambulance was coming, and I filmed the man talking on his cellphone passing me by (4:00). I then filmed the same ambulance which came back around (5:00). I got on 181 bus on 6:40. Note that, as soon as I got on the bus, somebody began text-messaging. Then, a black woman sat down in front of me and started talking to herself (29:00). Was I intercepted again pretending to look crazy as part of my Russian intelligence assignment? Then, a woman with a child came to sit near me, making me extremely uncomfortable (37:00). Then, a police car outside. I got nervous when another Asian woman on the bus was playing with her cellphone (42:00). On 43:00 you can hear the beeping sounds from the cellphone of the man who was sitting next to me. Finally, the Asian woman I have just mentioned began text-messaging (46:00). Then, when I couldn’t help but scratch my face due to itchiness, I specifically made a note about it to my recorder (55:00). I had begun having an inkling that the suit team had tried to make something out of this innocent act on my part. Then, I filmed myself getting off the bus on Hollywood and Vine, and also made sure to film the Asian woman who was text-messaging earlier.

My next recording is: “[hllywd_knkos_buy_tckt_nap_8_1_09_1251-559PM.WMA](#)”. Because there were many tourists on Hollywood Blvd, I had to constantly worry about people taking pictures. I hid myself in a street corner instead (8:04 in the video diary). Then I filmed a homeless man making strange gestures, such as scratching himself in front of passersby (3:00; 8:28 in the video diary). *Presumably, this was the first instance of what I have just mentioned:* out of desperation, the suit team had made the request to judge Higgins that they be given more chances to prove that I was intending on communication when I scratched myself while standing next to a Nicaraguan agent. Their current attempt might have something to do with the fact that, almost two hours ago, I felt the need to record myself when I needed to scratch myself due to itchiness. Since, however, I had reacted only by filming the vagrant, this was not the “right response”, so that the suit team would have to try again later. Then, another man dragging a cart passed me by (7:00). I bought lunch at McDonald’s, then ate outside in the parking lot to avoid people. Soon I had to move away to avoid another vagrant (23:30). Then, a few people began arguing in front of me – over an accident, it seems. I filmed them, wondering if the suit team had staged this in order to make faulty surveillance show me causing more disturbance (26:00; 9:00 in the video diary). I then filmed another woman text-messaging while crossing the street in the distance (28:00; 9:28 in the video diary). I then filmed myself leaving on 32:00. I read the license plate of another suspicious car on 33:00. I came to the Kinkos across the street and sat outside to use the

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wireless Internet on my Eee PC. Now that it was August 1 – it was time for “Operation Ticket Purchase”! First, I checked my bank account balance, only to discover that I got charged 5 dollars for nothing again (48:00). Sighing, I got onto American Airline’s website to buy the ticket I had reserved last night (56:00). I would of course film the whole process – given that it was something this important! For a long time, however, the website was not working. I thought the suit team might be obstructing me, but in the end it seemed that I was simply not operating it correctly (9:55 in the video). Finally it was working. Just before the decisive act, I stopped for a second to think about the matter (1:00:30). Suddenly, this woman came to stand near me, holding a dog on leash, watching me doing my thing. She was a middle-age, Russian-looking woman. Alarmed, I filmed her, and told her to go away (1:12:00; 13:50 in the vide diary). She did so. It was now past 2 PM. Soon after the woman left, I realized what must be going on. She must be a Russian surveillance agent sent here to verify that I had purchased my ticket in order to carry out my “mission”. While it might be bad to disrupt Russian surveillance on me – they after all needed indisputable proof that it was I who had made the purchase – being suspicious of her and telling her to go away could be used by the Russians as evidence to prove that I was unaware of the fact that they were watching me – and therefore evidence against the suit team’s argument that I was “acting” under Russians’ instruction. I continued to film my activities on American Airline’s website and then filmed myself leaving my corner on 1:18:30 (14:40 in the video diary). I went inside Kinkos to make my purchase there instead while charging all my electronic equipment. On 14:57 in the video diary, you can see me filming a sock lying on the floor inside Kinkos. Was it left behind by some Homeland Security actor in order for surveillance to intercept me losing something again? I threw it away into the trash can to prevent such possibility. Then you can see in the video diary, from 15:38 onward – it was now 2:20 PM – how I had begun making the purchase of the reserved plane ticket, how I received an error message, how I tried again, how I entered my debit card information (on 23:30 in the video diary), and how the purchase was completed. How then, on 28:12 in the video, around 2:58 PM, I was taking screenshots of all the American Airline information regarding my ticket. And then my Gmail account on 29:37 in the video. And then how I was verifying all the information about the purchase I had just made – I filmed everything so that I would have proof against the United States’ faulty surveillance showing me doing something else on American Airline’s website. You can then see how I was entering my debit card information again on 33:00 in the video. Then, how I ran into the certificate error again on 35:30 in the video. Then, how, because of this, I went to “Domain Tools” to check the authenticity of American Airline’s website (36:30). All done by 3:07 PM, as shown in the video on 42:30. The purchasing was finally completed at the end of the video.

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The screenshot shows a PDF document titled "aa_ticket.pdf" in Adobe Reader. The document contains an American Airlines itinerary and a fare summary. The itinerary consists of four segments:

American Airlines Logo	Flight Number	Origin	Departure	Destination	Arrival	Cabin Class	Seat
AMERICAN AIRLINES	276	LAX Los Angeles	Aug 10, 2009 10:15 PM	MIA Miami	Aug 11, 2009 06:18 AM	Economy N	16F
AMERICAN AIRLINES	969	MIA Miami	Aug 11, 2009 11:00 AM	MGA Managua	Aug 11, 2009 11:35 AM	Economy N	30A
AMERICAN AIRLINES	970	MGA Managua	Oct 10, 2009 12:55 PM	MIA Miami	Oct 10, 2009 05:30 PM	Economy N	38A
AMERICAN AIRLINES	397	MIA Miami	Oct 10, 2009 08:15 PM	LAX Los Angeles	Oct 10, 2009 10:55 PM	Economy N	18F

Fare Summary

Average Fare per Person - 558.00 USD			
Passenger Type Used in Pricing	Fare per Person	Additional Taxes and Fees per Person	Total Price
1 Adult	558.00 USD	105.70 USD	663.70 USD
Total Price			663.70 USD

My flight to Nicaragua, August 11 2009

Now, after the purchase, I watched a video on the use of UNIX shell (3:07:00). My continual curiosity for computer matters was of course very bad for the Russians’ case. Finally I filmed myself leaving Kinkos on 3:44:00 (the first scene of the second video diary of the day, “8_1_09_p2.wmv”). Outside Kinkos, I logged into my Washington Mutual account to check the charge from American Airline (4:12:00). Siren in the distance on 4:15:00. I filmed myself leaving on 4:29:00 (0:35 in the video). As soon as I stepped out, I had to film another ambulance (4:30:30; 1:26 in the video). I then came inside the Kinkos again to use the restroom (4:32:00). It was occupied. Thus I went outside to conduct my business in the bushes instead. I then rested in a street corner until I woke up on 5:07:30.

My next recording is:

“brdr_cmput_nica_flm_me_bs2_blkbrry_crglst_wstwd_sptrr_bs2_dhs_brcn_8_1_09_554PM-1232AM.WMA”. I went inside Borders Bookstore looking for magazines on camcorders – all because I wished to replace my half-broken camcorder. Instead, I got hold of a magazine on computer security and began reading about digital certificate – all because of the troubles I had been having with American Airline’s website for two days. It’s very likely, again, that the suit team had used the faulty intercept of the certificate error in the ICJ as evidence suggesting that the American Airline website I was using was a Russian fake. I left the bookstore on 1:05:00. On the sidewalk, I filmed – while hiding behind my cart – the man (the Homeland Security actor) who caught me in his video (1:17:00; 1:34 in the video). Again, my glasses fell off repeatedly. I then filmed another police car speeding past me on 1:39:20 (3:35 in the video). I got on the bus on 1:51:00 to go to Westwood instead. In Westwood, I filmed another vagrant – the same vagrant whom the suit team had sent into the Village a while ago – sleeping on the bench by the sidewalk (2:29:00; 3:47 in the video). I looked for, and found, left over food in trash cans, which was my “dinner” (2:35:00). I then went inside Starbucks asking the cashier for water (2:47:00). She kindly gave me some. Done with my “dinner”, I came inside the university

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campus and found, near the stadium, a quiet corner where there was an electrical outlet and where I could thus work on my video diary while charging my Toshiba Satellite (2:49:00). I got very angry when somebody, given all the space around, just had to sit near me (2:55:30). “I have to be seen,” I moaned. I filmed my corner and the annoying guy – who was probably “Homeland Security” (2:58:00; 4:09 in the video). I soon had to film more people who came to “spot me” (3:59:00; 5:10 in the video). It’s likely, however, that they were just students walking by without having being instructed by the authority. I then filmed the fire truck which came past (4:04:00; 5:36 in the video). Fire truck! Recall that I was inside the university campus! Finally, I filmed myself leaving while leaving nothing behind (4:07:00; 5:46 in the video). On my way back to the Village I noticed another double of mine abandoning a cup of unfinished drink on top of the newspaper stand. I had to film myself throwing it away for him in order to avoid the possibility that the faulty surveillance Machine had already confused him with me (6:21 in the video). I came inside Starbucks on 4:13:00. Soon I saw another black Cadillac with tinted window (4:27:00). Presumably, either Mr former Secretary himself or one of his cronies was again directing “Operation ICJ” from his mobile fortress. I then found the same double of mine on the street again, and I made sure to film him (7:03 in the video): like most of my other doubles, he was a black man also dragging a cart, and he was on his cellphone trying to catch a taxi. It had now become very obvious that his “mission” here was to leave something behind in order to enable the faulty surveillance Machine to intercept me forgetting something again – and so I did the right thing by throwing away his trash for him (4:30:00). I then had to avoid the college students who came chatting loudly near me (4:41:00). Then I noticed another woman dragging a cart in imitation of me (4:48:30). I then filmed myself picking up more trash on the street and throwing them away – I had become the city’s janitor in my attempt to eliminate the possibility that the faulty surveillance Machine might intercept me forgetting my Russian-made spy equipment and Latin American crack cocaine all over the city (8:09 in the video). I then saw another limousine on the intersection of Le Conte and Westwood (4:50:00). Was Mr former Secretary or one of his cronies inside this one as well? I got on bus 2 on 4:53:30. Soon, a man came up on the bus to sit next to me to read some Thai language newspaper (5:12:00). Was I intercepted reading Thai? Was the United States, out of desperation, trying now to involve Thailand on its side in this lawsuit against Russia? Then, my Toshiba Satellite crashed suddenly on 5:24:00. More evidence for my computer’s being a Russian spy laptop? Then, another Homeland Security drunkard got on the bus, evidently to enable the faulty surveillance Machine to confuse him with me (5:34:00). And I noticed also a beer can on the bus (6:11:30). I began filming this beer can which some Homeland agent must have planted on the bus – in order to cause the Machine to intercept more evidences convincing the world that I was an alcoholic – and also the garbage which two other girls, obviously per Homeland Security’s order, had purposely abandoned on the bus (6:13:30; 9:01 in the video). Minutes later, I filmed myself getting off the bus and throwing away the beer can (6:20:30; 9:34 in the video). I was now at the same parking lot by Grand Avenue; I planned to sleep here tonight. I filmed it all (6:28:00; 11:46 in the video). It was now almost 12:30 AM. I also took care to film the homeless people already sleeping nearby on 6:31:30. Within minutes, however, another ambulance showed up – as expected. I filmed it (6:34:30; 12:38 in the video).

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The Russian surveillance agent here to verify my purchasing the ticket at American Airline’s website, August 1 2009.

August 2 (Sunday)

My first video diary of the day is: “[8_2_09_p1.wmv](#)” and my first recording is: “[brgrkng_iccffee_8_2_09_753AM-803AM.WMA](#)”. I filmed myself waking up in the parking lot on Grand Avenue. Immediately, I noticed my double, for he wanted to text-message (4:30). I walked north on Grand Avenue and came to the vicinity of the Starbucks coffeehouse on Grand Avenue and 11th Street. There were plenty of electrical outlets outside the apartment complex, and I used them to charge my laptops while editing my latest video diary (0:25 in the video). When my Toshiba was full of battery, I filmed myself leaving while leaving nothing behind (1:04 in the video) and then came to Starbucks to use the wireless Internet on my Eee PC.

My next recording is: “[dwntn_strbk_emlcasa_net_8_2_09_1007-1117AM.WMA](#)”. My most important daily task was of course checking the progress of my email correspondence with Casa San Francisco. They had written me to tell me they could provide me with transportation from Managua. I filmed myself replying them, giving them my flight number (AA 969) and my flight time (17:00; 1:25 in the video). At such juncture, I was aware that performing such simple task was of utmost importance since Russia’s continual survival depended on evidences streaming into the ICJ showing me being quite serious about flying to Nicaragua to help advance the United States’ agenda – until the day I could actually get there. I then filmed the man who was doing something on his cellphone right in front of me – obviously some sort of operation, the only question being “Which side?” (20:00; 2:42 in the video). Then I had difficulty in getting my Thunderbird to work. I then filmed the guy who came over to me to text-message – was I being intercepted again? – and my things as well, since I was now ready to leave

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(59:00; 2:57 in the video). After packing up, I filmed myself leaving while leaving nothing behind (1:00:30; 3:30 in the video). I used the restroom inside Starbucks and, again, after finishing up, had to film the whole place as proof that I didn't make a mess nor leave behind any Russian-made spy equipment (3:50 in the video).

My next recording is: “[strge_thngs_lft_tll_emplye_fmna_wmslftlk_bus14-485_dhsbeermn_8_2_09_1112AM-508PM.WMA](#)”. As I walked down Grand Avenue, I noticed another man text-messaging across the intersection. I filmed him (1:30; 4:10 in the video). I then settled down somewhere, getting my scotch tapes out to fix my glasses (23:00). I got on the bus to go toward the storage facility on 28:30. I sat in the back of the bus to avoid children, and got off the bus on 37:00. I was terribly worried that something would happen at the storage (39:00). When I walked into the parking lot of A-American storage, I saw a broken CD lying on the ground. Terrified, I filmed it (43:00; 4:57 in the video). Was Mr former Secretary trying to produce evidence showing me forgetting my discs filled with pornography and Russian spy documents? Then, I couldn't find my keys, and had to film myself looking for it, since I had to scatter the content of my bag all over the place and there was no telling what faulty surveillance might show me doing (51:00; 5:30 in the video). Then somebody “spotted me” doing all this, and so I began to worry that the suit team might plant things here afterward so that they might argue in the ICJ: “The subject was seen earlier by somebody scattering his things out, and now we find ‘this’ in the parking lot...” Namely, *this* bag of crack cocaine and *that* Russian-made spy equipment. Then another “spotter” came over, and I read out his license plate to my recorder (56:20). When I came inside the storage facility, there were children around, which made me extremely nervous, and I was furthermore alarmed by the fact that many people were coming to my floor (1:02:00). I began filming the person coming in (1:02:30; 8:55 in the video). It was just the cleaning person, but I was on high alert. I then filmed my storage unit and its surrounding, taking careful account of all the junk which other people had left behind – obviously the work of actors whom Mr former Secretary had sent in, in order that all this garbage might be mistaken as my work in the evidentiary record of the ICJ lower court (1:15:00; 10:26 in the video). The suit team was smart: for the junk in question today was all heavy material which I couldn't lift and throw away myself: apparently Mr former Secretary had become sufficiently concerned with my counter-strategy of constantly cleaning up the mess which he had ordered my doubles to make in my environment. I then filmed myself fetching and wrapping up the dual layer DVDs I was planning to use tonight (1:18:20; 11:15 in the video). I continued to film myself in order to have proof as to what I had done with the rest of my DVDs (1:27:00; 13:35 in the video). As I have predicted, somebody soon came to open his storage unit near me (1:30:00). I then filmed my keys (the duplicates I had made for A-American's padlock; 1:36:00; 19:50 in the video). I then filmed myself leaving, but took careful survey of the whole floor in order to take account of all the junk which the suit team's actors had scattered about (1:40:00; 21:05 in the video). Note that, suddenly, my camcorder couldn't focus. I then carefully noted that my doubles had left behind furniture parts between unit 552 and unit 553, that is to say, quite near my unit. I then took account of the junk which was found between unit 506 and unit 504 (1:45:00). I lamented that I could no longer throw away the trash which my doubles had taken care to “forget” around me, because this time it was all cement and too heavy for me (1:48:30). I came downstairs and told the manager how a lot of people were lately leaving behind a great amount of garbage on my floor, and repeated to him what I had seen: tables, cement blocks, business cards, etc. (1:53:00). I left the facility extremely annoyed by the increasing necessity to document every minute detail of my environment (1:56:00). When I came out of A-American, I still had to document the abandoned CD I had seen earlier – and I was absolutely afraid to touch it (1:57:30; 24:00 in the video). I started my “acting”: “If the suit team turns this into the ICJ as evidence – where it will have certainly morphed into child-pornography – so

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be it... Screw the Russians!” When I walked into the food court, behold, there was filming in progress (2:00:30). It was hard to tell whether this was staged by the suit team or whether this was “natural”. In any case, I had better not get close to it. For a while I began wondering why my mother didn’t deposit the money (2:04:00). Finally, I got on bus 38 and got off it on 2:21:00. But, the moment I got off the bus, I saw a beer can standing on the sidewalk. The suit team’s work? I had to film it (25:14 in the video). I had now merely three dollars in my pocket. I got on the bus again and then argued with the bus driver (2:27:00). There was on the bus a Chinese woman with strange toes (2:30:30). Wow! Could the Machine be showing me having strange toes? I was then on bus 14 (2:35:00). I soon noticed a suspicious black man who, I was certain, would purposely forget something – and I warned myself not to videotape him because there were children around (2:37:30). I got off the bus in the middle of downtown on 2:41:00. Somebody came to ask me if the library was open (2:42:20). Again, I quickly avoided him. I entered the Famima on 6th Street on 2:45:00. I was terribly afraid to look at the magazines on the stand, such as *The New Yorker* or *The Economist*. The Machine would definitely make something out of it, such as “David Chin showing great interest in international affairs because he was a Sino-Russian agent.” But I couldn’t help but read an article in *LA Weekly* which had caught my attention (2:56:30). I then filmed another black man crossing the street dragging a cart – my double (3:18:00; 25:50 in the video). I then noticed another vagrant woman who was sitting outside Famima talking to herself – obviously another actress whom the suit team had sent in to imitate me, in order to enable the faulty surveillance Machine to confuse her with me (3:22:00; 26:05 in the video). Presumably, Mr former Secretary wanted another piece of evidence showing me pretending to be crazy in order to reinforce the same evidence he had “collected” yesterday when I was on the 181 bus going to Hollywood. Then, when a girl was taking pictures of her two friends, she “accidentally” took a picture of me – it was all acting: she was obviously instructed by the suit team to do this, so that more evidences would later enter into the ICJ lower court to prove that I didn’t quite look like myself. (Presumably, it would also be used as evidence to prove that the Machine had indeed intercepted me talking to myself when it intercepted the Homeland Security actress talking to herself outside Famima, which would be further evidence to prove the “accuracy” of the Machine.) I filmed the girl in question (3:29:30; 26:50 in the video). I then happily discovered another mine field of cigarette butts (3:33:20). I got on the bus again on 3:39:00 and got off soon afterwards. While I was stranded in a street corner, I was “spotted” by a security car (3:50:20). Then, the bus I was waiting for simply passed me by, causing me tremendous frustration (3:56:00). Finally, I got on the bus again on 3:57:30. There were only four people on the bus – how lucky was I! Suddenly, the bus stopped, and an ambulance can be seen turning around outside (4:11:00; 27:52 in the video). I was quite aware that a surveillance agent – Hispanic, probably from the Nicaraguan side, wearing surveillance earphones – was sitting in front of me. But I pretended not to notice him, and began describing the operation: “The bus stopped for no reason... Well, according to surveillance, I’m actually on another bus, and am at this moment being carried away by the ambulance, that’s why the bus is stopping...” I decided to get off the bus, and, guess what, the bus driver then got a call, saying: “It’s okay to go? Okay.” And he started the bus again. Obviously, what had happened was that my (more or less correct) description of the operation was entirely intercepted by surveillance from the Russian side, so that everyone in the United Nations would soon find out how this imaginary story about David Chin was pieced together from those murky intercepts in which nothing could be clearly seen and in which every description was so vague in order to protect people’s “privacy”. Thus Mr former Secretary and the Agency had to immediately call off the operation. I had to however further explain myself, lest the Russians still have surveillance around me – why was it that I kept resisting the suit team’s operation if my intention was to help the United States? “I don’t like this game... Every time I ride the bus, something will happen, and I can’t get to my destination... It wastes my time...” (4:16:00). Another Homeland Security vagrant then got on the bus

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with a beer can (!), and I filmed him (4:33:30; 29:17 in the video). It was clearly “acting” because carrying alcohol onto the bus was illegal in the United States and yet the bus driver didn’t say anything at all. I murmured: “He’s going to leave his beer can behind on the bus...” Then two children got on the bus as well – to prevent me from filming further? (4:39:00) I then filmed myself getting off the bus in Pasadena and leaving nothing behind (4:50:00; 30:09 in the video). While walking, I filmed another paramedics which seemed to be waiting for me (4:57:30; 30:49 in the video). When I came to the same old corner behind Washington Mutual – I was in need of free electricity again – and found a major cache of cigarette butts, I filmed it too (5:00:00; 31:10). Then I opened up my blanket and began working here, creating ISO image for DVD 37 while editing my new video diary.

My next recordings are: “[bhnd_wmu_dvd_8_2_09_512-557PM.WMA](#)” and “[bhnd_wmu_dvd_8_2_09_553-725PM.WMA](#)”: I got frustrated because, soon, both ImgBurn and Windows Movie Maker froze (21:00 in the first recording). Then, more operation. I began filming a vagrant walking his bicycle in the distance (9:00; 31:40 in the video). He was trying to leave his T-shirt behind on the ground, but, because I was filming him, he hesitated, and eventually picked up his shirt. He had failed his “mission” all because he saw that I was filming him! I returned to my corner continuing to work on my files and video diary. Then, suddenly, there were people shouting across the street: it was several women arguing, as if over a traffic accident. I was alarmed: they were very likely suit team’s actresses here pretending to cause disturbances in order to enable faulty surveillance to intercept me arguing and getting into fight with people again (53:00). I began filming them arguing. This is in the first scene of my second video diary of the day, “[8_2_09_p2.wmv](#)”. Note that, on 0:27, a Russian surveillance agent, wearing surveillance sunglasses and all, came walking past my corner, and that I quickly turned my camera away without saying anything but simply continuing to comment on suit team’s operation, all in order to hide the fact that I knew that Russians were watching me. (Presumably, the Russian officers inside the Homeland Security control center and the ICJ court room could notice that I was being very careful about hiding my knowledge about their operation, so that they were learning that I could be counted on.) Finally, work done, I filmed myself leaving while leaving nothing behind on 1:01:00 (1:18 in the video). Soon, I saw another black Cadillac with tinted windows (1:04:30). Homeland Security hot shots’ directing “Operation ICJ” from their mobile fortresses, if not Mr former Secretary himself. Because I needed to get online to check my progress with Casa San Francisco, I walked down Lake Avenue and came to the patio section of Borders Bookstore where I could use wireless Internet. I saw a fat girl sitting there by herself, and then a guy coming over who, when seeing me, immediately text-messaged. It thus seemed that all the residents around had indeed been instructed about what to do when seeing me (i.e. text-message this and that in order to create the impression that I was constantly communicating with my Russian boss and the criminal elements in the city). I filmed them (1:49 in the video). I then got online with my Eee PC and discovered an email from Casa San Francisco. It merely read: “Thank you very much...” (1:29:00).

My next recording is: “[dvd38_prblm_8_2-3_09_803PM-345AM.WMA](#)”. You can hear me narrating to my recorder the process of downloading the needed support driver from Toshiba’s website (2:00). Soon, what seemed to be another operation from the suit team: a Hispanic guy was talking in Spanish to a white guy who was not fluent in Spanish (6:00; see 2:27 in the video). Presumably, the United States had just obtained another piece of evidence showing me speaking Spanish fluently – and thus likely to be an agent of Nicaragua as well. Having used the Internet, I decided to leave quickly to avoid further operation, while taking stock of what I had suffered so far: one text-message, and a conversation in Spanish (26:30). I filmed myself shutting down my things, getting ready to leave, and then leaving without forgetting anything (from 28:00 onward in the recording, and from 3:08 onward in

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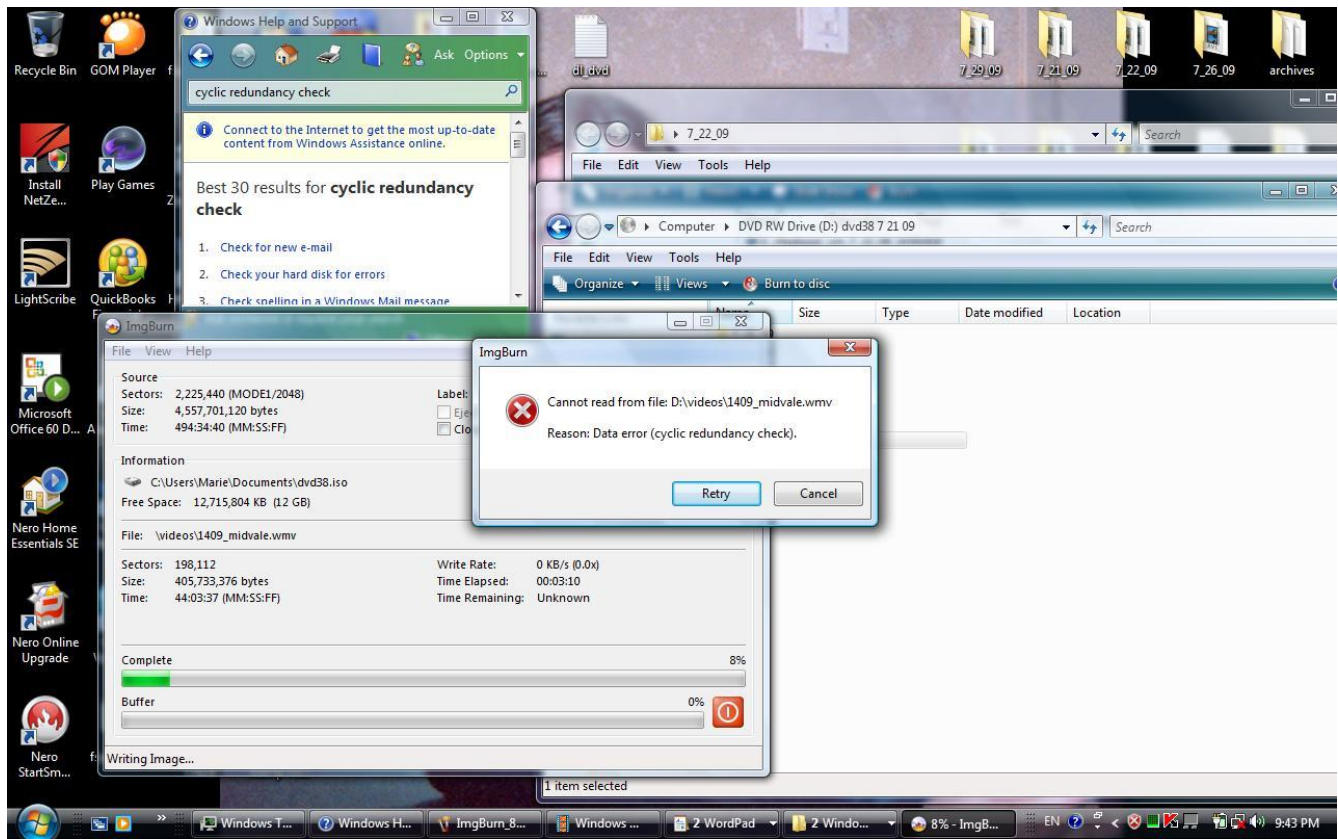
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the video). It was such a mistake to have come to Borders Bookstore, I concluded. Passing by Corner Bakery, I filmed myself picking up and eating left-over food from a table (48:00; 3:42 in the video). I came back to the quiet corner behind Washington Mutual bank, where I could charge my laptops and work in quietude (58:00). Now, a frustrating night was about to begin: I wanted to see if I could succeed in burning the DVD image onto a dual layer disc (DVD 38). But no. ImgBurn soon produced a message, “data error” (1:26:00). I began filming the problem (checking the DVD content from 4:12 in the video onward): there seemed to be problems with one specific file, for which ImgBurn produced “cyclic redundancy error” notice (1:35:00; 5:48 in the video). This would occur repeatedly, so that, eventually, I decided to try Nero instead (1:54:30). Thus I had to recompile the DVD project. Then, another “cyclic redundancy error” (2:44:00). Soon, even my external hard drive was not connecting to my Toshiba (2:51:00). Was the hard drive dead? I began crying because of all this malfunctioning – and it’s not clear if this was the suit team’s work (3:14:30). After all this frustration, I filmed myself and my things – how I had spent two hours trying to fix DVD 38 (3:25:00; 7:52 in the video). Then you can see in the video diary how, as soon as I clicked on Windows Explorer, all the data in Nero which I had compiled just disappeared (3:31:00; 8:28 in the video). You can then see on 9:10 in the video how the whole process on Nero just broke down. I was now forced to retry using ImgBurn again (3:34:00). Then, I accidentally removed all items from the compilation in ImgBurn, and so must compile the whole thing again. I moaned and groaned and screamed out of frustration (3:37:00). Eventually, I completed the ISO image (3:50:00) but, when I began burning it onto the dual layer disc, there was another error message informing me that the burning had failed (3:59:00). I tried again, and it was the same “input-output error” (4:37:00). I shouted in absolute horror: “Oh my God, it’s been three and a half hours...” I tried again, but, as you can see in the video (9:28), the finalization of the disc simply continued forever, so that, finally, I had to shut down my laptop and take the DVD out (4:58:00). As you can see, it seemed that everything just broke down (10:08 in the video). Still the computer just wouldn’t shut itself down properly, and all the lights were still on even though it should have been shut down already (5:04:30; 11:25 in the video). I had to forcibly shut down my Toshiba, and then reboot it. I tried to burn DVD 38 again, but had to cancel burning one more time (5:18:00). “It looks like it’s the image file which is broken.” Then I had to stop another try using ImgBurn (5:37:30). I tried to do it one more time on Nero, and the whole process broke down again. I filmed this (5:45:00; 11:59 in the video). It was not the suit team, but it’s simply that my Toshiba Satellite didn’t have the capacity to burn dual layer discs – but, at the time, I didn’t quite understand this. Thereupon I filmed myself publishing my latest video diary and getting ready to leave (6:31:00; 12:56 in the video). Finally, I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind in this quiet corner 6:44:00; 13:23 in the video). It was now 2:37 AM: really, it’s time to sleep, and I had wasted the whole night. Then I filmed myself taking out money from the ATM at Washington Mutual (6:46:00; 13:44 in the video). I came inside a donut store on Lake Blvd to buy *one* donut and ask for water – I had no money for anything more. I left making sure that I had left no trash behind (7:13:30). Finally, I came to the same corner by the side entrance to the parking structure behind Colorado Blvd and filmed myself getting ready to sleep (16:06 in the video). It was now 3:39 AM.

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ImgBurn's failure to burn dual layer discs, August 2 2009

August 3 (Monday)

August 3 would be a most intense day filled with operations. My first video diary of the day is:

“[8_3_09_p1.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the day is:

“[appt_accus_pdph_dble_bsstp_rcrd_bs_dble_711_strbk_8_3_09_912AM-248PM.WMA](#)”. A little past 9 AM, I woke up from my corner by the parking structure and filmed myself leaving the place completely clean (first scene in the video). On 9:00, when I came near Appetit, I began filming all the garbage which Mr former Secretary had instructed his homeless actors to leave around (0:42 in the video) – evidently in an effort to make it look as if I had caused all this mess. On 14:20, when I entered the café, I noticed a little boy sitting at my usual seat, in front of a Toshiba Satellite which was virtually indistinguishable from mine. He was looking at a video featuring Angelina Jolie. Then the owner of the café gave me an angry look, groaning, “You are looking at my son” (15:40). I tried to get him to confirm orally that his son was sitting at the very spot where I always sat, and was using the exact same laptop as mine (16:40). The man had obviously been instructed by government agents to falsely accuse me of looking at his son in order for the Machine to intercept another instance where strangers were suspecting me of pedophilic tendencies: thus more circumstantial evidences confirming that the United States’ “David Chin legend” was correct. I quickly left the café. And yet, outside, some vagrant asked me for change (22:00; 1:33 in the video diary). Did I look to you like somebody who could offer monetary help to homeless people? Obviously these were fake vagrants whom Mr former Secretary had sent into the neighborhood to confuse up the surveillance over me. “Americans are so bad,” I murmured on 25:50, referring to these two dirty operations I had just suffered.

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I filmed another vagrant on 31:25 (2:16 in the video diary). Mr former Secretary had planted this one in my usual spot on Hudson Avenue in order for surveillance to confuse him with me. I began thinking about Mr former Secretary’s portrayal of me – which he would certainly have instructed the residents around to rumor for the sake of being intercepted into the ICJ as evidences: a vagrant, a dangerous pedophile who left behind tons of trash everywhere he went... “I must get out of Pasadena,” I said to myself (37:00). “People are so scary, the way they want to talk about me while under surveillance...” (38:30). I filmed another vagrant on 39:00 (2:57 in the video). Around 46:00, while I was waiting by the 180 bus stop on Colorado Blvd, another Homeland Security actor was pretending to be angry with the bus that had just passed by ignoring him and yelling he was going to “report it with his computer”. He was obviously sent here in order for the Machine to confuse him with me. Thus, another piece of evidence confirming that the “David Chin legend” was correct (that David Chin was a “vexatious litigator”). I promptly filmed him (3:22 in the video). I then filmed the other vagrant who had helped me the other day and who had somehow miraculously reappeared in front of me today (51:30; 3:43 in the video). I was on the bus by 1:04:00. On 1:08:00 I noted another Asian male text-messaging on the bus. I filmed him with my pen camera: “[1_txtmssgr_bs181_8_3_09_1005AM.avi](#)”. Soon another black female – athletic looking – got on the bus to sit near me and then began manipulating her hand-held device which was all wired up with her Macbook, thus making herself look very suspicious. I filmed her too: “[2_blkwm_txtmssgmcbk_bs181_8_3_09_1020AM.avi](#)”. I got off the bus on 1:24:00, filming myself doing so with my pen camera: “[3_off_bus181_8_3_09_1030AM.avi](#)”. I was now in Eagle Rock. I settled down in a street corner to continue working on my computer, specifically to burn the impossible DVD 38 one more time (1:33:00). I then filmed the person who walked past me talking on the phone about real estate deals (1:44:00; 4:13 in the video). It’s not clear whether this was an operation from the suit team – whether the Machine could make anything out of it. I named some files, and studied why DVD 38 broke down last night. Meanwhile, children were shouting in the distance (1:55:30). I began burning a dual layer disc again, but soon the DVD burner was making weird noises, as you can hear (2:15:00). I then read the license plate of another suspicious SUV with an Asian woman inside (2:19:00). I should have learned my lesson last night: “Input-Output error” again (2:30:00). I then read the license plate of another suspicious car on 2:47:30. Then, I got “spotted”: a woman came over, saw me with my laptop, took out her cellphone, and walked away (2:58:00). What was this about? She surely behaved like one of those residents who had been alerted about me by the suit team. I continued to read the license plates of nearby cars, in case any of them were here for operational purposes (2:59:30). Then, another Asian female drove in, “spotted me”, and drove away (3:01:30). I filmed myself leaving my corner on 3:02:00 (4:53 in the video). Soon, I was “spotted” by police, and I read out the police car’s license plate (3:07:00). Immediately afterwards, I was “spotted” by an ambulance, and I filmed it (3:07:40; 5:19 in the video). Thinking that the reason why I couldn’t burn dual layer discs might be that the dual layer discs I had long ago bought were defective, I came inside Walgreen to buy another spindle of DVDs (3:10:00). I walked out of the store, and, lo, the alarmed went off (3:18:00). Same as usual: David Chin seemed to be stealing again. I then saw another woman dragging a cart by the bus stop. There were also three men all wearing dark sunglasses, which made them look like surveillance agents (3:24:00). I got on the bus by 3:26:30. The woman who was wearing dark sunglasses and dragging a cart was also on the bus with me. I couldn’t help but suspect that she was doing surveillance for the Russian side, but of course I’d make no move which might suggest my suspicion. But she was a freaky 60 year-old white woman, and was now sitting in front of me continually staring at me, making me extremely uncomfortable. In the end, I felt compelled to film her with my pen camera: “[4_wm_strng_gstr_8_3_09_ca_140PM.avi](#)” and “[5_wm_strng_gstr_8_3_09_ca_145PM.avi](#)”. There was on the bus also a Hispanic female doing sign language. Remember what happened in May? This was evidence that David Chin was also versed in

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sign languages. Then, when children came onto the bus, I quickly moved to the back (3:30:00). Just then, a Hispanic male sitting next to me opened up one of those Spanish classifieds (*Clasificados*) (3:44:00). I began to be terribly angered by the 60 year-old woman sitting in front of me with her cart (3:55:30). Finally, I filmed myself getting off the bus on 4:21:00 ([6_off_bs181_8_3_09_ca_2PM.avi](#)). I was now in the Hollywood/ Western area. Immediately, I was “spotted” by a fire truck, and I filmed it (4:23:00; 5:36 in the video). I came inside 711 to buy a hot dog – that was my “lunch” (4:27:00). I had to film my hot dog and water, however, for a Hispanic guy immediately came in after me to buy a bottle of beer (Coors) and, seeing me buying a hot dog, he bought one too (4:29:00). He was obviously instructed by the suit team to follow me into the store and imitate me in whatever I did in order to enable the Machine to confuse him with me. I came out of the store, read out his license plate, and filmed him driving away (4:31:00; 5:52 in the video). I then noted the license plate of another suspicious pretty white female, about 25 to 30 year-old (4WYL269) (4:39:00). It could be unrelated to the suit team’s operation, though. Then, a Korean (or Thai) couple parked right in front of me, even though there were so many spaces around (4:43:00). That’s suspicious, but maybe it was mere coincidence. I then filmed another guy who, dragging a cart, came toward me, and then text-messaged (4:48:30; 8:33 in the video). I came inside Sabor coffeehouse (4:50:00) but immediately departed because of the text-messaging going on inside. Then another black Cadillac with tinted windows appeared in front of me, and I read out its license plate (4:52:40). Quite likely it was Mr former Secretary himself or one of his Homeland Security cronies directing operations on me from his mobile fortress. When I came inside Starbucks, lo, I spotted a Toshiba satellite – a brand new one (4:58:00). I filmed it with my pen camera (5:00:30; [7_my_ca_dble_tshiba_8_3_09_ca_230PM.avi](#)). I thus again immediately departed. I began, once more, looking for electrical outlets. Then I noticed another man, very “Homeland Security looking”, who was text-messaging. Then I had to film a white guy who handed over a 100 dollar bill to a Hispanic guy (5:15:00; 9:54 in the video). David Chin had surely been intercepted again doing drug trafficking outside a Starbucks in Los Angeles – in broad day light! As I continued walking on the street, I began to feel desperate, for I just didn’t know what to do and where to go. On 5:16:10, I filmed another person text-messaging. No sooner had I settled down in a street corner to continue working on my computer than another person near me was heard threatening to punch another guy (5:25:00). Here you go again: David Chin was causing public disturbances once again. Finally, I filmed myself leaving my corner on 5:29:00. Then, Metro police “spotted me” (5:34:00). Suddenly, another stranger (a Hispanic man) came out of Subway and tried to hand over his sandwich to me. I angrily yelled at him, “Get away from me!” I filmed him, and continued cursing him (5:35:00; 11:36 in the video). I then filmed another girl text-messaging in the distance on 5:36:30 (12:30 in the video).

My next recording is: [“strbk_cadble_ftp_docu_mngvfd_vne_knko_dble_8_3_09_244-925PM.WMA”](#). I then filmed another (evidently Homeland Security) vagrant making a cellphone call (13:00; 12:57 in the video). I was then filming the vagrant who took something out of the trash can and was holding a strange piece of equipment (15:30). I filmed him again on 17:20 (13:29 in the video). Since he had just imitated me, making my international audience who couldn’t see me believe that he must be *me*, his subsequent actions would certainly be attributed to me in the eyes of the world. As you can see in the video, as he walked away, he began making strange gestures, as if he were trying to communicate “secret messages” to whoever was inside the Homeland Security control center conducting surveillance on me (i.e. the Russians). It was now evident to me that the United States would continue to grab onto their bizarre argument that I was trying to communicate with the Nicaraguan agents around me if I should ever scratch myself in front of them. The United States was certainly trying to make the world believe that David Chin was staging a show trying to make all nations believe the false scenario that a

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terrorist suspect was conspiring with the United States to harm Russia. Alarmed, I could do no more than continue to film this actor (14:10 in the video). Then, another Homeland Security actor walked past me making strange gestures to me with his hand. Evidently, as the United States continued to make the argument that hand gestures (including scratching oneself) were indeed a form of secret communication between spies, if I reacted inappropriately in any way, Russia would be convicted of “conspiring with a terrorist suspect to harm the United States” – the most serious crime for a nation-state – dragging Nicaragua down the water with itself. I thus filmed him (14:46 in the video). I walked inside the Starbucks on Western and Hollywood to use my computers (25:00). And, voila! The same Toshiba Satellite was still there! It was my “double”, evidently – she was gone for the moment, leaving her laptop unattended, in order to enable the faulty surveillance Machine to intercept David Chin being careless with his expensive Russian spy computer again. In accordance with my routine, I began uploading files to my website on my Eee PC. Soon, however, I had to film my netbook malfunctioning (32:00). I also began filming my double – who had by now come back to her Toshiba laptop. See my video diary, from 18:44 onward. It was now 3:23 PM. It turned out that my double, on this special occasion, was one of Agency's pretty girls. Once again, she was looking for apartments on Craigslist on her laptop. It's evident that she was doing so in order to produce surveillance intercepts showing me looking for apartments in Los Angeles and so not intending to go to Nicaragua. I was so angry that I videotaped her throughout while being busy with uploading files to my website, including the email receipt of my plane ticket: I thought the Russians might need this as evidence to counter those other evidences showing me looking for apartments on Craigslist (21:30 or so in the video). On 3:37 PM or so, or 19:58 in the video (and 48:00 in the recording), my pretty CIA double was text-messaging in order to enable faulty surveillance to intercept me communicating with my criminal buddies here in Los Angeles – and probably expressing intention about not leaving for Nicaragua at all. Then, on 3:45 PM, it must have been Mr former Secretary who, seeing that I had been videotaping the Agency's girl again, sent in a Korean guy to sit between me and her so as to block my view of her. Certainly, he didn't want to repeat his mistake of July 6 – letting the nations see that the person who was caught chatting with a Russian spy was actually a CIA agent! Now this Korean guy would be watching a baseball game on his laptop the whole time (23:33). Finally, on 25:50 in the video, or 1:26:00 in the recording, when all the files had been uploaded and I was ready to leave, I decided to bypass the “Korean blockage” and film this beautiful CIA girl with my pen camera right in her face. She obviously knew what I was doing: she looked up at me for a second, and, out of embarrassment, smiled. I went out and walked down Western Blvd, and then filmed another cigarette butt which I had scavenged (1:32:00). I kept filming while walking, watching out for any “text-messagers” (1:35:00; from 27:00 onward in the video). I was extremely discomfited by all the passersby busy pressing buttons on their cellphones. I then filmed the stranger who wanted to shout profanity to me (1:40:00; 29:10 in the video). That would be more evidence showing David Chin causing public disturbances. I then filmed another guy who tried to talk to me (1:41:30; 29:30 in the video). Finally, I found a corner on the street to rest and work (1:43:00). I then filmed another man who drove off after text-messaging in front of me (1:53:00; 29:50 in the video). I got on the bus on 2:10:00 and got off on 2:16:30. I was on Vine and Hollywood again, and you should from now on refer to my second video diary of the day, “8_3_09_p2.wmv”. I was able to catch in my video the Asian guy who text-messaged on the bus earlier (2:22:10; 0:42 in the video). I then filmed another alcohol bottle which I had discovered on the sidewalk (2:18:20; 0:58 in the video). I found another hidden corner where I could work, and began using ImgBurn to burn a new backup disc while naming my files. Suddenly, however, another “bitch” from the CIA surreptitiously text-messaged near me (2:52:00). Angered, I filmed myself leaving and filmed everything indiscriminately in my vicinity while looking for the “bitch” (from 1:22 onward in the video) – but of course she was nowhere to be found. I groaned angrily: “I'm gonna look for that ‘bitch’ from the CIA” – and then siren

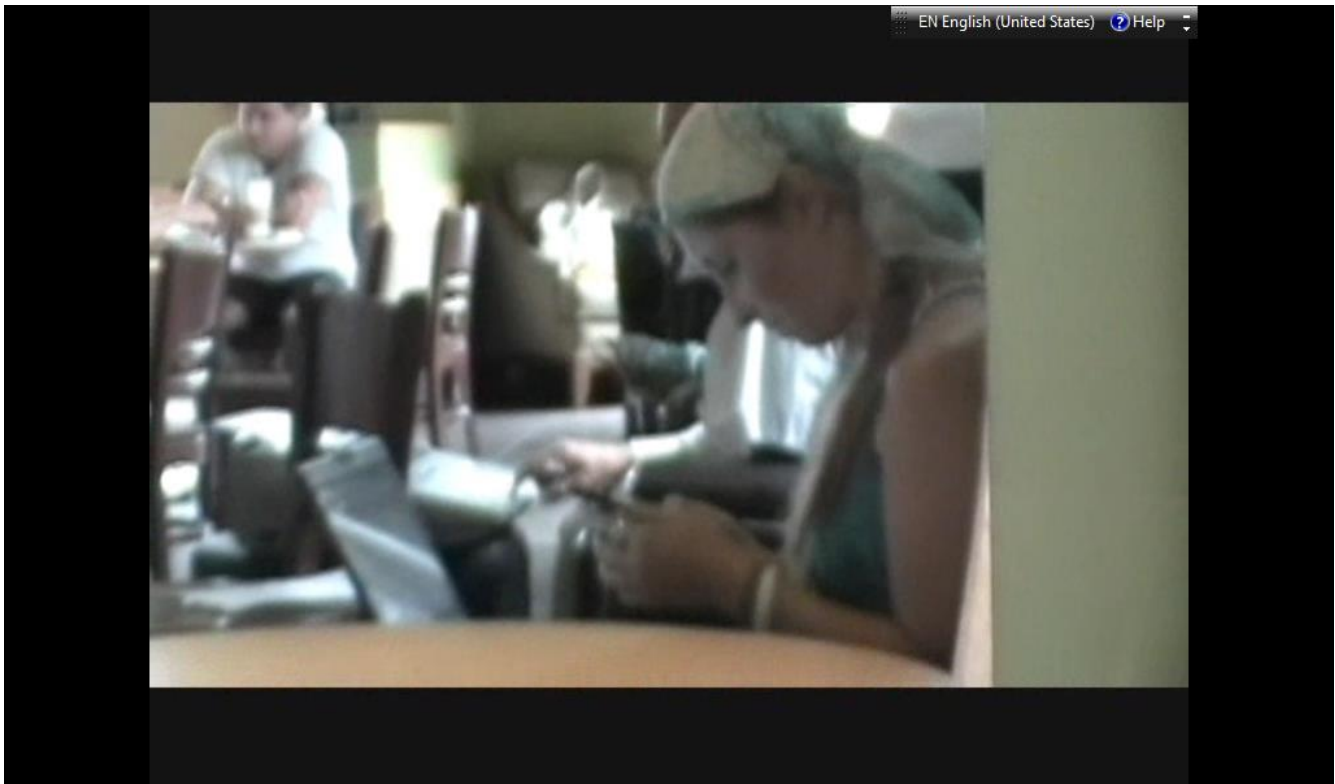
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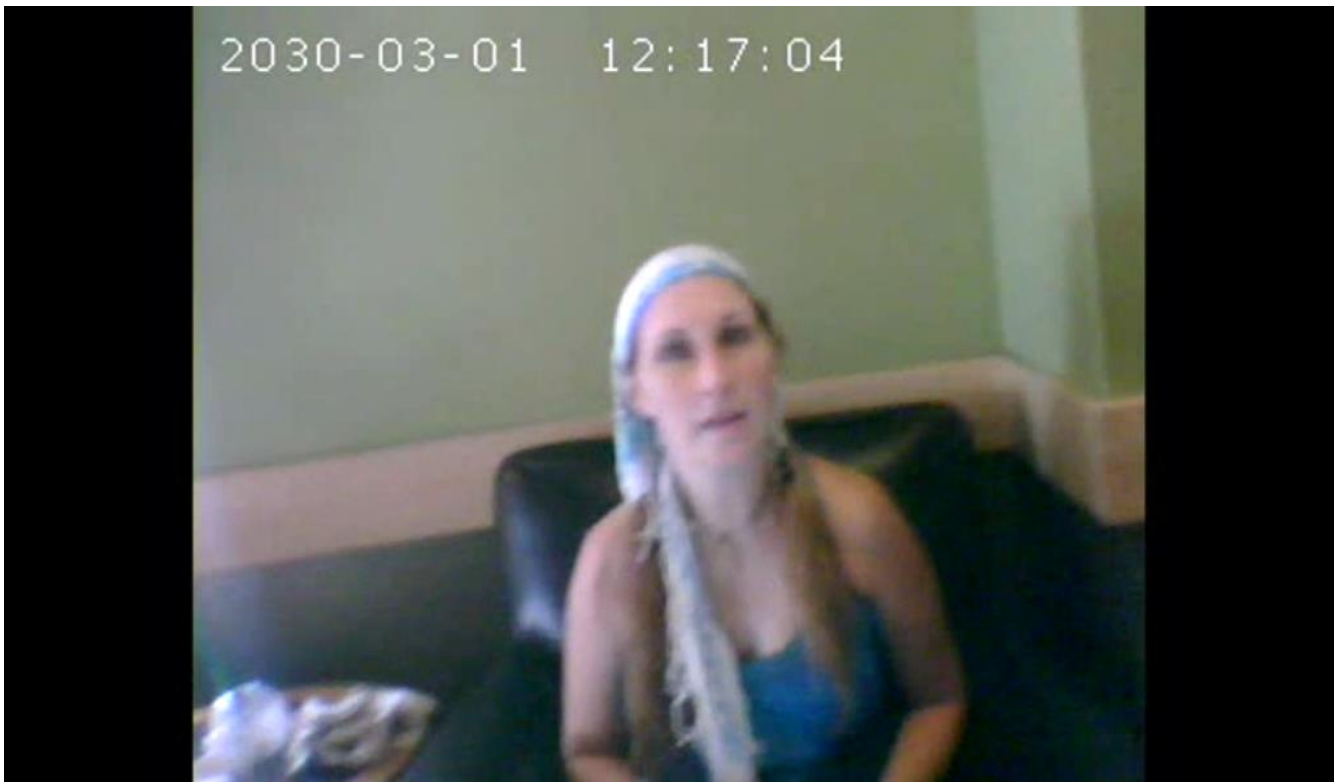
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on 2:54:20. I was angry to the point of wanting to beat her up. Then another woman came, text-messaged in front of me, and quickly ran away (4:18 in the video). I murmured: “If any female text-messages, I will smash her skull...” (3:03:30). I then filmed another person making strange gestures to me with his right hand (3:14:00; 4:33 in the video). I then filmed the same man coming back on 3:14:20 (4:55 in the video) – this time, however, he wasn't making gestures anymore. The “bitch” who texted and then ran away now came back – I got to film her (5:15 in the video). I filmed myself leaving and while walking, in case anyone should make strange gestures to me (3:16:00; 5:30 in the video). Finally, I came to a corner where I could perform what I would later specially designate as “Russian intelligence covert operation” to calm myself from extreme anger: hit myself in the face (10:10 in the video). “My daily salute to the International Court of Justice.” Then I had to film myself moving away when a security guard came to throw me out (3:26:00; 10:37 in the video). I had to stop ImgBurn in the middle of its operation. I tried to persuade a stranger on the street: “Com'on, admit it, how many times have you seen my picture?” (3:27:00) I then caught in my video another person holding a strange hand-held device (3:33:00). I then filmed another man who was having his cellphone wide open in his hand (3:41:00; 11:30 in the video). Settling down in another corner not far away and continuing to work on my computer, I began filming another suspicious guy, gangster-looking and reeking of “Homeland Security” (11:50 in the video). I caught his license plate too in the video. “He is producing surveillance showing me doing drugs” (3:43:00). “Here’s another person I hope to murder one day.” I filmed the guy again on 3:44:30 (12:58 in the video). He was smoking some sort of substance in order to cause the faulty surveillance Machine to intercept me smoking marijuana. ImgBurn operation was at last successful (3:50:00). I then filmed another person holding a cellphone passing me by on 4:04:45. I then had to film the car which had come in front of me and just parked there – for no purpose whatsoever: suspicious! (4:08:00) I then filmed another ambulance rushing past: was I taken to the hospital again? (4:22:00; 13:17 in the video). Finally, I filmed myself leaving my corner on 4:25:20 (14:05 in the video). I then filmed another medical emergency on 4:26:20 (14:10 in the video). I filmed myself fixing my computer on 4:28:00. When I came inside a store to look at camcorders, the employee was very rude to me (4:37:00). Was he “affected” by the suit team? I then filmed somebody who kept pressing the button on his cellphone when passing me by (4:39:00). I came inside a coffeehouse looking for electrical outlets again (4:41:00). I then noticed somebody text-messaging on 4:53:20. I left on 5:01:00 and came to a corner outside Kinkos to use its wireless Internet. My Internet connection was suddenly shut down, and I began filming it (14:30 in the video). I assumed it was Homeland Security who had shut down my Internet connection, murmuring that the suit team didn't want me to use the Internet probably because they wanted to claim that I was in the hospital somewhere at the moment. But, then, suddenly, I was allowed to log into my T-Mobile account. I went onto the website of the Nicaragua consulate – I wasn't looking for anything in particular, but just thought that this might help Russia's case. I got upset because I had difficulty controlling my computer. I then filmed somebody text-messaging on 5:28:00. I called my mother on 5:29:30 to ask her about the deposit which she should have made already. She said she'd try. This was becoming a serious problem for me, for, as you have seen, I had already spent the vast majority of my Social Security deposit on a roundtrip ticket to Nicaragua. I then filmed the food I had just found in the trash can on 5:33:00 (16:00 in the video). This was my “dinner”. Then I noticed another woman taking a picture of me (5:39:00). The debate in the ICJ lower court about what I looked like raged on! I filmed myself leaving my corner and going inside Kinkos on 5:42:00 (16:48 in the video). Unfortunately, soon, a child came in just to shout (6:27:20).

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The Agency's girl text-messaging as my double



The direct view of the Agency's girl on August 3 2009

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My last recording of the day is: “[kks_thrwsb_wrlss_slpslf_8_3-4_09_929PM-126AM.WMA](#)”. I sat down on a table inside Kinkos and began charging my computers. More Silbermond. On 12:03 Kinkos’ employee came to ask me if I needed help. Meanwhile, children continued shouting inside the store (48:00). I got increasingly angry: “You sick people...” (1:15:45). When I was leaving and wanted to use the restroom – and I filmed myself leaving my seat (see the first scene of my next video diary of the day, “[8_3_09_p3.wmv](#)”) – I noticed something quite alarming: a USB flash drive was lying around on the cashier counter (2:29 in the video). I asked the employee why this was so and instructed him to throw that away (1:19:45). I then went inside the restroom. After finishing, I filmed myself leaving the restroom to prove that I didn’t make a mess here at all (1:34:00; 17:00 in the previous video diary, “[8_3_09_p2.wmv](#)”, in the last scene). When I came out, I realized that it was a mistake to have asked the cashier to put away the USB flash drive. He would have hidden it somewhere so that it could later on be intercepted into the ICJ as evidence. I thus asked the cashier to show me the USB flash drive that was on the counter earlier (1:36:00; 3:10 in the third video diary). When he took it out of the drawer – so that’s where he had hidden it – I grabbed it against his protest and told him I’d throw it away for him. I came outside and, hiding myself in the street corner, filmed it first (1:38:00; 4:29 in the video diary). Meanwhile, since I was most likely under surveillance right at this moment, I had to put up an act and explain to myself why, even though I wanted to help the United States hurt Russia, I seemed to be doing just the opposite: “I don’t care... But this kind of tactic from the suit team is just so irritating...” (1:43:00). You can thus see me throwing the flash drive into the trash bin after carefully examining all the marking on it. I then began looking for cigarette butts. I then had to film another broken DVD lying next to a copy of LA Express abandoned on the street (8:05 in the video). (Recall that I had seen my double carrying LA Express three times already.) I was sure that faulty surveillance would have shown me losing these things (thus evidences for the United States’ claim that I was only burning garbage onto DVDs and that I was a sex pervert). I should definitely throw these away too, but I was too afraid to touch them – who knows how my act of touching them would appear in faulty surveillance (1:45:30)? But I threw them away anyway. I murmured: “Because I’m true Jesus, it’s my duty not only to be bad, but also to clean up other people’s trash; but all the trash is ‘staged’...” (1:50:30). I came to the corner by Coffee Bean on Sunset Blvd and immediately reviewed the video I had just shot of my grabbing away the USB flash drive from the Kinkos employee (2:02:00). I then began clearing the disk drive of my Toshiba Satellite (2:40:00). While examining DVD 38, I noticed what might be wrong with it (why I just couldn’t seem to burn it). Just then these two white guys came over and stooped over me, saying: “We live in a technological world, don’t we? You are stealing Internet connection from Coffee Bean, aren’t you?” (2:50:00). Immediately cognizant of the fact that they had been instructed by the suit team to say this imaginary bullshit to me in order to enable the faulty surveillance Machine to intercept another circumstantial evidence indicating that my Toshiba Satellite still had Internet capability, I took out my camcorder to film them, and they, laughing, pretended to run away in horror (11:55 in the video diary). I explained: “Actors sent here to produce evidence showing my Toshiba Satellite still having wireless connection after all. Remember, you are ‘true Jesus’, try not to want to smash others’ head, but just smash your own head.” I left this corner on 2:58:00. I began filming myself (12:15 in the video) – and my glasses fell off my face again – for it was time to hit myself in the face (3:02:00; 12:45 in the video). I did it for two rounds, and was happy that blood came out. (Note the suspicious pickup truck with its lights turned on: 14:40 in the video. This might be surveillance from the Russian side.) I finally found another corner with an electrical outlet on 3:08:20. I began working on my video diary again, and then checked over the newly burned DVD 41. I was suffering from such terrible “computer fatigue” that I sighed: “I really can’t work anymore, I work too much” (3:37:00). I was also upset over the fact that I had so many more DVDs to burn if I wanted

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to leave behind a complete backup of all my data in my storage unit here in the United States. “But I can’t do it at this moment...” (3:46:00). Then, another double of mine had shown up (3:50:00).

My next recording is: “[kks_ftp_slbrmd_8_4_09_121-204AM.WMA](#)”. Then, siren on 10:30. Another ambulance – was I taken to the hospital again? (15:56 in the video.) I filmed myself picking up all the trash around and throwing it into the trash can, and leaving while leaving nothing behind (17:00; 16:06 in the video). I urinated in a dark corner on the street, but, suddenly, the street lamp above me was turned on to put me in the “spotlight”. Obviously, the suit team wanted a clear and distinct image of my urinating on the street in order to use it to convince nations around the world that their “David Chin legend” was real. I was quite angered by this, as you can imagine. Soon, when I walked past where I urinated, I filmed this street lamp which was suddenly turned on to light up my “act” (21:00; 17:06 in the video). But, of course, now that I was filming it, it wouldn’t turn on any more. I then had to film the unknown homeless woman who waved at me for no reason whatsoever (23:00; 19:09 in the video). She said to me: “You don’t even remember me, I’m Amy...” She was obviously a Homeland Security actress: all these strangers acted as if they remembered me from somewhere, even though I had never met them before. I noted that this was the United States’ evidence that I was widely known in the vagrant community in various cities, and that such was the “twilight zone.” Now I came back to Kinkos and sat down at the corner outside to use the wireless network to upload the recording of what had just happened inside Kinkos to my website: what most worried me was the business with that flash drive, and I had to enable the Russians to intercept evidences showing that it wasn’t mine. I filmed the uploading process too (33:30; 20:36). It was now about 2 AM. Then, a little more of Silbermond’s music.

My next recording is: “[slp_hllywd_tld_car_leave_grbge_trck_8_4_09_157-913AM.WMA](#).” Suddenly, a van drove past and stopped next to me, and the driver inside text-messaged and then drove off. It was just so obvious that another intercept showing me text-messaging my criminal buddies or Russian intelligence boss had just entered the ICJ lower court. I quickly filmed the driver (18:00; 21:50 in the video). (It could very well be that the text-message read: “Guess who I just ran into?” so that it would seem to the world that the United States’ story about David Chin’s widespread criminal connections was indeed true.) Then a few minutes later, that “Amy” came around the street corner and began staring at me. I began filming her (25:00; 22:10 in the video). Without doubt, surveillance would show me continuing to interact with my buddies in the vagrant community. Finally, after staring at me for minutes, this “Amy” walked away. I continued to read up on computer matters on my netbook (postgre, SQL data base backup, etc.). Finally, the upload was finished, and I filmed myself cleaning up. But I got worried again, wondering whether another police car had come to “spot me” (38:00; 24:00 in the video). I was then upset because the electrical outlet which I had earlier seen outside on the street had disappeared. So the suit team wants me to go inside Kinkos? (49:30) By 3 AM, I was ready to sleep in the street corner just around this neighborhood, but a car suddenly came to park next to me with its head lights shining brightly. I was terribly alarmed, approached the car with my camcorder turned on, and filmed myself telling the two guys inside to go away (24:33 in the video). They actually did drive off, and I read out loud their license plate. I concluded that they were here to text-message, even though the shining head lights suggested they were part of Russians’ surveillance team (54:00). Finally, I was ready to sleep again. No sooner had I rested than another person walked past holding a cellphone. I grabbed my camcorder and filmed this person too (1:06:00; 26:30). It was a blond hair woman. It was possible that she was just doing surveillance for the Russian team.

August 4 (Tuesday)

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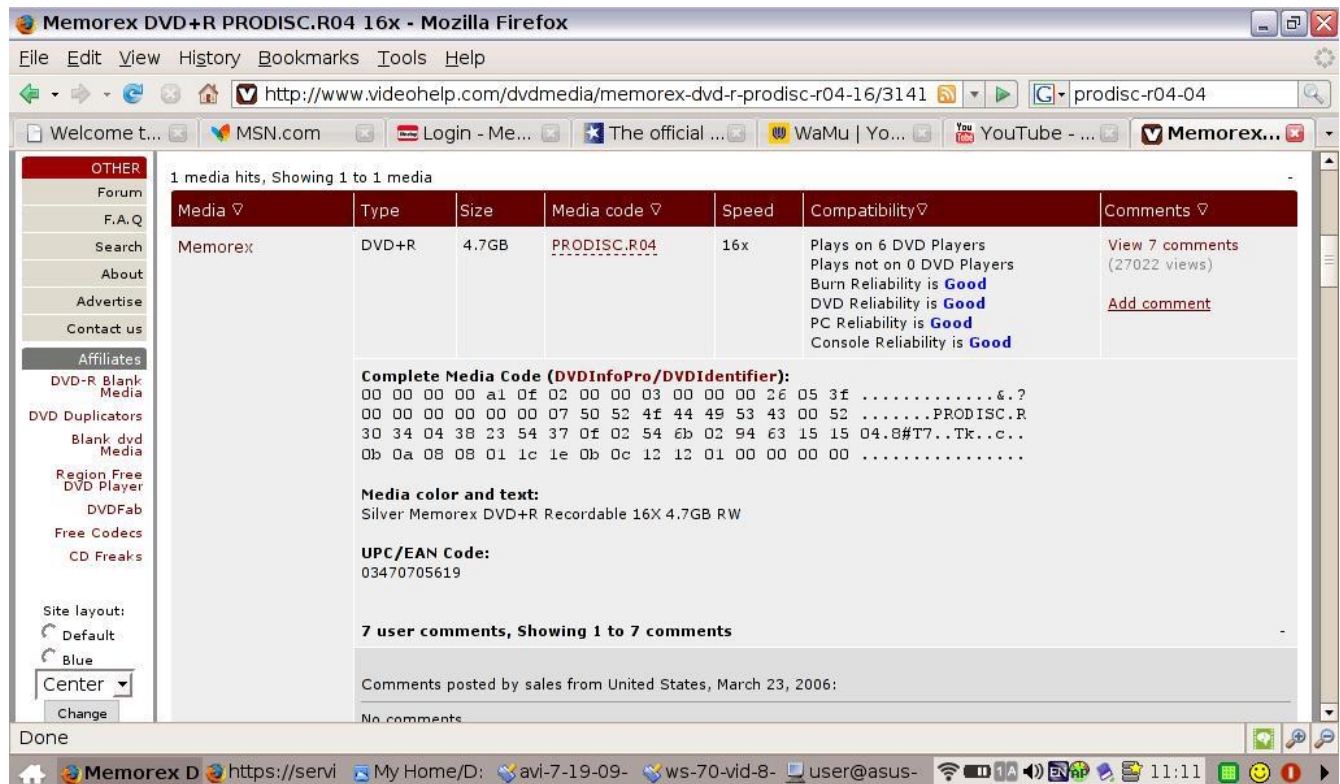
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My first video diary of the day is: “[8_4_09.wmv](#)”. As you can see in the video, when it was merely 6 AM, the garbage truck came right in front of me and parked there for a long time. This was probably just routine (“natural”), i.e. not part of the suit team’s operation. Nevertheless, I felt compelled to film it, just in case! Now my first recording of the day is: “[kentkyfrd_wkr_ask_mk_movie_8_4_09_908-1103AM.WMA](#)”: As soon as I woke up a man came walking past me and text-messaged. I filmed him (14:00; 0:55 in the video diary). I then had to film another woman who, upon passing me by, pressed a button on her cellphone (16:00; 1:55 in the video diary). This, remember, was a typical Homeland Security surveillance method. I filmed myself getting up – and my glasses fell off my face again – and leaving without leaving anything behind (21:00; 2:15 in the video). I then filmed another Indian-looking man doing something with his cellphone from across the street (22:00; 2:35 in the video). Was this an Indian agent doing surveillance on me? (Recall that India was on Russia’s side.) Unfortunately, I had to urinate on the street again – it was simply a necessity, even given last night’s debacle (28:00). I filmed the street lamp again which was suddenly turned on last night just to light up my despicable act (28:30; 2:58 in the video). When I came in front of McDonald’s, another woman took a picture of me. I filmed her (32:30; 3:03 in the video). I then filmed another black man walking toward me looking at his cellphone. Not sure if he was doing surveillance (35:00; 3:25 in the video). I came inside Kentucky Fried Chickens, bought cookies and coffee, and began working on my latest video diary on my computer. Then, through the window, I saw a white guy holding an open beer can walking past. So early in the morning! This is illegal! He was obviously sent here by the suit team to be confused with me in surveillance. I filmed him (43:00; 4:10 in the video). I was also working on making another backup DVD, but I got very upset when the disc malfunctioned, and I smashed it on the ground. Soon a group of construction workers came in (56:00). They had all been instructed by the suit team, as you shall see. I was in the middle of hashing files and burning DVDs when the construction workers were ready to run operation on me (1:28:00). Thirty minutes after I had come inside Kentucky Fried Chickens, it was now full house.

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An example of my intense study of DVD properties today

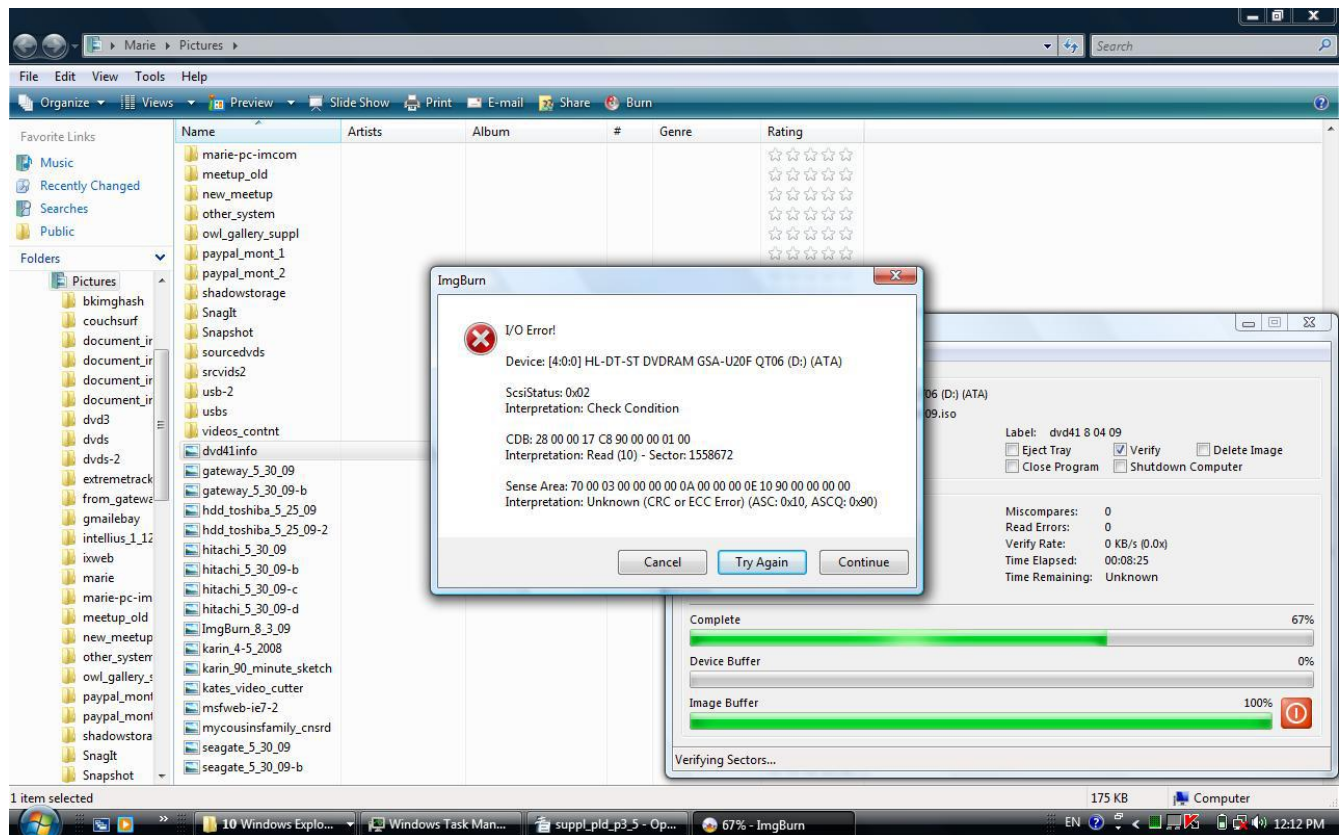
My next recording is: “kks_dvd_bs2_grms_wstwd_8_4_09_1108AM-201PM.WMA”: Behold, the construction workers tried to talk to me. I thus filmed them with my pen camera and then filmed myself leaving KFC without leaving anything behind (9:00; “ktcky_frd_8_4_09_11AM.avi”). I walked out of KFC murmuring: “American people are just so bad...” One of the construction workers came to me again to ask me: “Hey are you making a movie?” Of course he was saying this in order for faulty surveillance to intercept another piece of evidence indicating that David Chin’s video diaries were all forged with computer graphics. I thus filmed him (14:00; 4:44 in the video). Note that I was so angry that I commented: “Find out who they are. One day, murder them.” I thus tried to catch their license plate in the video as well. I filmed them again on 16:00. Then, I went into severe anger because all the files in the ISO project I was just compiling simply disappeared (21:00). I now had to recompile the entire DVD ISO project again. I was screaming and yelling: “Sometimes I just want to burn down this ICJ torture chamber” (26:00). I was now outside Kinkos going online on my Eee PC using its wireless network. I filmed myself withdrawing from the San Francisco Spanish meetup group (35:30). But the Konqueror on my Eee PC crashed. Meanwhile, I tried to burn another backup DVD using the new dual layer discs I bought yesterday. Once again, I had to smash my DVD box in order to open it. A black man then came to imitate me, and I yelled at him, “Shut the fuck up”, and filmed him (48:30). I listened to Silbermond on Youtube continually. I began filming the people that were passing by – in case they made any strange gestures – and was counting the number of bums on the street (53:30; 6:24 in the video). One guy opened up his cellphone as he walked past me. I was also reading Internet forum postings on DVD discs – because, you see, I was frustrated with my Toshiba Satellite’s inability to burn dual layer discs – and learned about “disc ID”. I filmed my double entering Kinkos on 1:06:00. Suddenly, ImgBurn produced another “input-output error” message (1:10:30). This should have convinced me that my Toshiba was simply unable to burn dual layer discs. I hurriedly logged out of the

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AT&T network, shut down my Eee PC, and filmed myself leaving this corner outside Kinkos (1:19:00; 6:45 in the video). I was extremely upset: “Everybody has access to the ICJ records except me, for I have to guess, which is not very detailed...” (1:20:00). I then filmed the man text-messaging in front of Borders when I was about to cross the street (1:23:00; 7:04 in the video). I was getting extremely frustrated because even my cart began falling apart (1:26:20). I then filmed another man text-messaging in front of me on 1:35:30 (7:42 in the video). I then found myself standing next to somebody who was wearing earphones (1:40:20). I came inside a department store, continued to study DVD properties, and bought another spindle of Maxwell DVDs, this time single layer (1:53:00). I came out, and, while waiting for the bus, couldn’t help but complain – I was not acting: “When Americans speak, will any reality actually come out of their mouth? That’d be unbelievable” (2:02:00). I got on the bus on 2:03:20, and there were sixteen people on the bus, among whom, I noticed, a Taiwanese girl (2:10:20). Then, several German-speaking females got on the bus as well (2:15:30). Because I believed they were here for operational purposes, I moved away from them. It might have something to do with my recent obsession with Silbermond’s music, I thought. (Recall that the Russians must have argued that “Das Beste” was my secret communication with the CIA: “Du bist das Beste was mir je passiert ist...”.) On 2:47:00, I filmed myself getting off the bus in Westwood Village while counting all the materials on the bus (8:00 in the video). I then had to film another man who came around me just to text-message (2:50:00; 9:12 in the video). He was some sort of doctor, and I wanted to know his name. According his name tag, his name was “Leonard Goldstein”.



Input-Output Error on my ImgBurn

My next recording is: “[wmgvfd_ucla_cmpsplce_prk_brdrs_pc_bus12-33_8_4_09_156-1111PM.WMA](#)”: I then noticed another white female who, when walking past me, took care to press

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buttons on her cellphone. I filmed her (3:30; see 9:43 in the video diary). I was so angry that I wanted to smash her brain out. I then filmed another guy continually pressing on his cellphone buttons when passing me by (6:00; 10:18 in the video). I was then looking for left-over food in the trash cans, and a woman suddenly came to ask me: “Do you want something to eat?” Terribly offended by her hypocrisy – for she was presumably staging a show here for our international audience to convince them that Americans were such a kind-hearted people that they would even be so nice to this cancer cell “David Chin” in their midst – and I shouted back: “Shut the fuck up”. I was then terribly angry over the Asian guy who was holding an iPod in front of me (18:20). I read out loud more license plates of suspicious cars as I walked in and out of the UCLA campus (26:00). Then I filmed another person text-messaging as he walked past me (29:00; 12:00 in the video). As I walked out of the UCLA campus, I saw, in front of the UCLA Medical Plaza, the same attractive woman dragging a cart similar to mine (36:00). I didn’t film her because I suspected that she was in fact a Russian agent sent here to conduct surveillance on me. As noted, I had been seeing her repeatedly in this area. Meanwhile I was terribly hostile toward everyone around me. I was so angry that I wanted to kill people: the entire society was ganging up on me, framing me in order to harm Russia. I then came inside the UCLA campus again, and soon had to film a black girl imitating me – obviously per suit team’s instruction: she was squatting on the bench like I always did and text-messaging at the same time (52:00; 12:29 in the video). Obviously, when the Machine printed out an intercept describing a person exhibiting my demeanor while text-messaging, it was all the more believable that it must be I who had text-messed. Unfortunately, my camcorder was out of focus again. I began looking for left-over food in the trash cans inside the UCLA campus (1:02:00). I came outside Ackerman to use the electrical outlets. Then: a “fucking attractive bitch” in front of me, why? (1:08:00) I wanted to burn more backup DVDs, and, because of all the problems I had been having with ImgBurn, I decided again to use Nero. I began burning the new disc, but the electrical outlet here was suddenly not functioning. Did the suit team not want me to charge my laptop here? (1:21:00) I began also editing my latest video diary. Finally, work done, I filmed myself leaving my table while leaving nothing behind – I was terribly upset over the malfunctioning of electrical outlets here (1:52:20; 13:50 in the video diary). I continued to murmur: “Americans are very bad, so be careful” (1:56:20). I moved to a different table, where the electrical outlet was actually functioning (1:58:00). I began also reading up on Blue Ray discs while importing my latest videos to my laptop (2:13:00). What was I going to do? The number of my discs continued to increase, and yet I just couldn’t succeed in burning dual layer discs. I then got very upset when I suddenly discovered that, all this time, I hadn’t imported anything at all (2:27:30). I tried again, and was furthermore annoyed by the sunlight which was shining right in my face. Then a bunch of UCLA student police came by to pretend to investigate something (3:23:20). Alarmed, I decided to pack up and leave. I filmed them as well (3:27:00; 15:34 in the video). Finally, work done, I filmed myself leaving, very upset because “this place is totally unsafe” (3:32:30). I settled at a different table, and then had to film another suspicious person who was smoking cigarettes in the distance (3:35:00; 17:25 in the video). Then the UCLA student police showed up again (3:46:00). I was now ready to pack up my things to move away from here as well (3:51:00). I filmed the student police again on 3:52:10 (17:40 in the video). I then filmed myself leaving on 3:59:20. Then, behold, my double in the distance. He was talking on his cellphone about “having a lot of videos inside his laptop” – obviously in order to enable the faulty surveillance Machine to confuse him with me. I filmed him as well (18:45 in the video). Nervous, I came inside Ackerman and, behold, somebody had abandoned his backpack here, and I couldn’t film it because this was inside Ackerman. “It’s danger zone,” I noted to myself (4:02:30). I brushed my teeth inside the restroom, and then filmed myself leaving while leaving the restroom completely clean (19:55 in the video). I came outside and scavenged a large number of cigarette butts from the ash trays (4:13:30). Then, outside Ackerman, I noticed another bag of trash –

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probably left behind by other Homeland Security vagrants in order to make it look like I had forgotten it – and filmed it (4:16:00; 20:18 in the video). Then, when I was walking out of UCLA campus, behold, another girl surreptitiously took a picture of me, and I filmed the “bitch” (4:26:00). I got on the bus on 4:28:00. Then, another double of mine on the bus (4:37:00). Then I noticed a girl text-messaging in front of me on 4:40:00. I filmed her with my pen camera (4:41:30). When I was getting off the bus, I couldn’t film myself doing so because too many people were on the bus (4:45:00). I found a spot under the tree that was presumably “safe”. I began working on my new video diary and a new backup DVD ISO image (single layer this time). I then filmed another vagrant whom the suit team immediately sent in (5:11:30; 20:44 in the video diary). He was picking trash from the trash cans in imitation of me – again, in order for faulty surveillance to confuse him with me. I began burning a new disc with Nero (5:35:00). Then, behold, there was a suspicious van nearby (5:44:00). Then, another fat woman showed up in the distance, leaning against her car and text-messaging ferociously. I filmed her (6:02:00; 22:38 in the video diary). I then filmed another “emergency” in the distance on 6:07:00 (23:05 in the video diary). I then filmed another double of mine who came over to imitate me by picking food out of trash cans (6:08:00; 23:08 in the video diary). Then, I noticed another criminal who was looking for cans on the street. “He’s pretending to look for cans... What’s the meaning of it in the ICJ evidentiary record?” I continued to edit my videos. Then, a truck came to park right in front of me, tremendously angering me. I filmed it (6:21:00). Finally, work done, I packed up. With two stacks of backup DVDs and my external hard drives, my bag was all full. But I had to wait for the truck to leave first, for I had to make sure the truck driver wouldn’t leave anything behind (26:00 in the video diary). Finally, I could film myself leaving while leaving nothing behind, all the while picking up cigarette butts and letting my glasses fall off my face (6:32:00). I then filmed another stranger who text-messaged. Mr former Secretary evidently remembered to immediately send someone in to text-message (6:34:00; 27:44 in the video diary). While I was walking, I recalled to myself the art of “hermeneutics”: “Only the deep meaning behind the appearances is real. What is apparent is never the reality – otherwise it would be just too good to be true...” (6:38:00). This is one of the most important lessons you should carry away from reading this *Secret History*! Then, another woman nearby took a picture of me. I quickly filmed her (6:42:20; 28:27 in the video diary). I tell you – this woman really looked like a CIA girl. Angry – since she was obviously here to convince the world that I didn’t look like myself – I followed this “bitch” while continuing to film her – until she arrived “home”. I filmed the house number, “1419 Bengley”. This is important because this might very well be another CIA “safe house” (see 29:40 in the video) – just as there must be one around Olympics and Sepulveda. Then another double of mine, a vagrant black man, walked out of this wealthy neighborhood – as if this happened normally (6:52:00). I filmed him (30:38 in the video). I came inside Borders Bookstore on 7:07:00. When I walked into the patio section upstairs, I filmed the whole place: for there was one vagrant woman among other people (31:00 in the video): all the upscale neighborhoods were becoming increasingly unreal as Mr former Secretary sent in an increasing number of homeless vagrants to wander around the streets. Who would have believed that the US government had this “program” of filling up wealthy neighborhoods with ugly and dirty people paid to wander around homeless? It was now time to import videos again from my camcorder to my laptop, which was my purpose here – my never-ending task (7:17:00). Then, work done, I filmed myself leaving without leaving anything behind (7:41:00; 31:57 in the video). Then, another homeless vagrant inside Borders. Then another one (7:45:00). There were so many that I couldn’t even film them all. I then read the license plate of another suspicious car (7:52:20). Then, I got on the bus wanting to go toward downtown (7:59:00). Ready to get off the bus, I filmed myself having nothing around me on 8:20:00 (32:52 in the video). Stepping off the bus, I filmed myself again. Then, behold, another person surreptitiously took a picture of me, and he tried to do it the second time (8:27:00). I filmed him and the people he was with

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(8:28:00; 33:28 in the video diary). I got on the bus again, absolutely terrified (8:30:00). Then, another man was text-messaging (8:44:00). Finally, I filmed myself stepping off the bus and leaving nothing behind on 8:55:00 (34:11 in the video diary). Then, when I came to the large parking lot next to my old apartment building on Grand Avenue – where I planned to sleep tonight – the street lights were suddenly turned off. I filmed myself as I was ready to sleep (9:05:00; 34:55 in the video diary). Past 4 AM, however, the street lights would suddenly turn on again – and I would film it as proof (35:46 in the video). This, of course, was probably unrelated to the suit team’s operations.

August 5 (Wednesday)

My first video diary of the day: “[8_5_09_p1.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the day is:

“[slp_bgrkrng_txtmssgr_plce_harass_scared_8_5_09_715-1108AM.WMA](#)”: I woke up in the parking lot on 12:00. While walking to the Burger King nearby, I couldn’t help but complain, “There is in fact no such thing as a Russian agent pretending to be a terrorist suspect... It’s all made up...” I came inside Burger King to use the restroom and then bought my morning ice-coffee. Suddenly, somebody was waving at me, and I filmed him (43:00; 1:00 in the video diary). He was obviously a Homeland Security actor charged with the mission of creating the false impression that I had wide connections among the vagrant and criminal community in Los Angeles. I immediately left Burger King yelling, “Scary place!” – in view of all the possible Homeland Security actors (vagrants) who might have filled up the whole place. Now I began my perennial search for an electrical outlet. Then, when two nurses walked past me, one of them immediately remembered to text-message. I filmed them both (52:30; 1:06 in the video). Siren again. I walked up Grand Avenue, and came to the open air parking lot on Grand and 12th wanting to work here. I filmed the place first, commenting: “People will soon come to text-message...” (57:40; 1:28 in the video). I then filmed the security guard who began walking toward me after noticing that I was here (1:00:20; 1:42 in the video). Evidently, he wanted to throw me out. I thus decided to leave. Seeing me leaving, the security guard walked away. I came back to Grand Avenue and wanted to use the electrical outlets on the sidewalk in front of the big apartment complex to charge my laptops (1:09:00). Then, in the distance, this black man dragging a cart like me was coming toward me with a black woman. I immediately knew he was my “double” and so filmed him (1:14:30; 2:10 in the video). I then filmed another Homeland Security agent who walked past me (1:16:00; 3:05 in the video). My laptops charged up, I hurriedly filmed myself leaving without forgetting anything – too many people were walking past which tremendously worried me: my laborious and hard life due to the faulty surveillance over me (1:25:00; 3:19 in the video). As I continued strolling north along Grand Avenue, I lamented over the physical exhaustion from homelessness: “I’m so tired... There is just nowhere to hide...” Then three police cars appeared, which frightened me. I moaned out of physical exhaustion. Finally, near 7th Street, I lay down on the street corner to rest, amidst all the other homeless people (1:45:00). Around 8:30 AM, those downtown purple shirt security guards came to cite me, but didn’t bother with the other homeless people around (2:14:30). They were obviously instructed by Mr former Secretary to do so, in order to enable the Machine to intercept the security company’s communication about me into the ICJ lower court as evidence with which to convince the world that this “David Chin” was of really bad character. I filmed the purple shirts (3:40 in the video). I then got up and left. Mr former Secretary would from now on instruct all the security personnel around to “sight me” as much as possible. Note that I murmured: “You have to be a genius to recognize a genius” (2:30:00). This was, indeed, very true: how could you, short of being a genius, have ever thought that this homeless bum on the street was some sort of genius who was about to save the world from neocons’ evil plans? To get away, I got on the bus (2:34:00). No sooner had I sat down than another police officer got on the bus, seemingly to “spot me” under Mr

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former Secretary’s order. I filmed him too (2:37:00; 4:51 in the video). I then got off the bus a minute later. I became very upset because I just didn’t know where to go. Still in the downtown area, I then filmed another police car which had “spotted me” (2:41:20; 5:11 in the video). Another police car then “spotted me” again just three minutes later (2:44:00). Nature was then calling me, and I began looking for a restroom. Anybody else in my situation would just urinate in some street corner, but I had to however take extreme caution, for, if I “let myself go”, then the United States might rule the whole world over Russia’s dead body. The enormous trouble caused me to groan in pain. I was now in the vicinity of Pershing Square, and I filmed another vagrant who was dragging a cart like I was, and another Homeland Security “agent” sitting inside Subway, who was kind of retarded looking (2:56:00 in the recording and 6:05 in the video). Two minutes later, I filmed another cart-dragging “double” of mine, this time a fat black man (6:37 in the video). Again, the absurdity of the US government program of populating the city with a vast number of vagrants imitating me by dragging a cart and so on. Soon, I began crying because of my urgent need to use the toilet (2:59:00). Life was just too hard for a homeless person who had to carry the fate of Russia on his back. At long last, I decided to “let myself go” and urinated in the street corner, and I ended up peeing all over my pants, my jacket, and my shoes (3:03:00). I was then “spotted” by another police officer on motorcycle (3:07:30). You can hear me read out his license plate to my recorder. I then filmed more police activity by the Pershing Square (3:09:00 in the recording and 6:54 in the video). Then, I got frustrated when the bus I was waiting for just passed me by. Then, when a pair of father and son walked past me, the father put up a show about protecting his son from me: certainly more evidence to convince the world that the United States’ “David Chin legend” was accurate (3:11:20). I then filmed two more downtown security guards on bicycles who had “spotted me” (3:16:00 in the recording and 7:08 in the video). Then, more siren, and massive disturbances on the street, ambulance and detective cars rushing past (3:20:30 in the recording and 7:31 in the video). Suddenly, a woman clandestinely took a picture of me – evidently per the suit team’s instruction – and I filmed her (3:25:00; 7:48 in the video). There would be more evidence for the United States to convince the world that I didn’t quite look like myself. I then filmed another man who had text-messaged near me while carrying a big sign (3:26:30 in the recording and 8:27 in the video). I was then “spotted” by another “purple shirt”, and I filmed him (3:30:30; 8:55 in the video). He was, again, writing down information about me. I got on the bus again on 3:32:00. Suddenly, an Asian old lady tried to give me a dollar: it was the suit team’s actress. I yelled at her angrily: “Get away from me, you fucking bitch” (3:36:00). Then, I was frightened by another child who just stood in front of me (4:14:00). I tried to make use of my time by working on my video diary on the bus.

My next recording is:

“[bs60_pdrobs_dble_strbk_lb_dble_elsvdr_dhs_lght_cryng_8_5_09_1112AM.WMA](#)”. I got off the bus leaving nothing behind on 1:00. Then I discovered somebody seemed to be text-messaging near me, and I tried to check him out (4:30). I got on the bus again and hid in the back of the bus. I was now in the neighborhood of San Pedro (7:20). There was children’s singing on the bus. I got off the bus on 24:00, on Avalon and Del Amos. This was, of course, totally unfamiliar neighborhood for me: I was thinking that I shouldn’t stay in the same parts of the city all the time to make the suit team’s operations on me easier. I didn’t know that I was making things harder for myself by trying to make things harder for the suit team. I went inside a fast food place to order food, and there were more children (28:20). When I discovered that I had no cash with me, I left. I went inside another place, which was also bad, and so I departed again (33:00). Then I discovered another guy text-messaging near me. Having no money on me, I murmured: “I guess you’ll just have to go hungry...” (36:00). When I walked into a Starbucks, I found, just as I had predicted, a woman using a Toshiba laptop – even though she was the only person here. (She was a black woman.) The suit team was evidently constantly sending people to

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coffee houses carrying a Toshiba laptop wherever I was. (In other words, I had hardly made things harder for the suit team.) I wanted to film her, but I couldn't get my camcorder to work at that moment, and so I left. Since I was in unfamiliar neighborhoods, I had totally exhausted myself, moaning: “Oh my God... I have nowhere to go...” At a loss, I thought about going back to Starbucks. Then another ambulance appeared on 40:00. I shouted: “Forget it!” I settled down in the street corner for a smoke break, but then discovered I had no cigarette butts left (45:00). I came back to Starbucks determined to film the interior from outside in order to catch the woman with a Toshiba laptop (47:00; 10:09 in the video). Then ambulance again. I murmured: “My double got carried away by the ambulance again” (49:20). Then I filmed the people who tried to talk to me for no reasons whatsoever (52:40; 12:35 in the video). It's a fat immigrant couple. By now I had finally decided it was a mistake to come to unfamiliar places, and so I got on the bus that would take me to nearby Long Beach on 1:09:00. I barely had money for bus fare. I got off the bus on 1:24:00. I was still in unfamiliar neighborhoods. I began crying: “I don't know what to do...” (1:25:00). I was crying really hard. I came to the Metro station and noticed that people were gambling there (1:33:00). Amazing! I filmed these weird people, and, then, somebody was text-messaging (1:37:00; 12:40 in the video). When I got on the metro train, I saw more children around (1:39:00). I got off the train in the middle of Long Beach on 1:48:00. There, another ambulance “spotted me”, and I filmed it (1:50:00; 12:58 in the video). I then purchased food using my debit card (1:53:00). Fortunately, I found an electrical outlet somewhere in front of a store in the large mall next to the Metro station (1:54:20). Then I discovered somebody making a phone call near me. “Am I caught making a phone call again?” (1:55:00) And more children came around, and the electrical outlet I had just discovered was not working. I ate, and began looking for another electrical outlet. None around, so that I decided to walk into Starbucks again. I predicted that I would see there another Toshiba laptop (2:15:00). Suddenly, a Hispanic female who was walking behind me holding a cellphone scared me. I then filmed another Homeland Security vagrant whom the suit team must have just sent in. Obviously, I wasn't able to make it harder for the suit team to run operations on me by escaping to Long Beach. This Homeland Security vagrant also had a urine bottle with him, obviously imitating me (2:17:00; 13:11 in the video). I sighed: “The urine bottle might get intercepted into the ICJ, and traces of illicit drug might be found in it, all this to be attributed to me...” (I was probably exaggerating the matter here: the suit team just needed a continual stream of “evidences” demonstrating that the Machine was accurate.) I came inside Starbucks, and, indeed, somebody was using a Toshiba laptop. At long last, I found an electrical outlet (2:20:00). I filmed the other Toshiba laptop (2:21:20; 14:14 in the video). As I sat down and began working, behold, there were more troubles awaiting me. My computer was not detecting my camcorder (2:25:30). I was terribly frustrated, for I tried several times without success. Although this was probably unrelated to suit team's operation – it was “natural” malfunctioning – I began begging: “I'm having a nervous breakdown, and my double is too scary...” I rebooted my laptop (2:35:20). And then my Eee PC froze. Finally, I broke down into tears on 2:37:30. Still no use: it seemed that my express card was simply not working (2:41:20). I tried to get around the problem by rebooting my laptop again. Then, on my Eee PC, I discovered more emails from Casa San Francisco. Now two police officers came in to “spot me” (2:44:20). Now the reply from Casa San Francisco made no sense, for it was very bad English. And then more children came in on 2:48:00. Then two persons – one man and a fat woman – came sitting next to me to start a conversation about El Salvador, which meant, supposedly, that El Salvador was also about to become a party to the lawsuit (3:24:00; from 14:28 until 23:27 in the video). This was of course very troublesome to me, and yet, I couldn't move away from them because I had to use the electrical outlet. I sighed: “Just because I need to use this damned electrical outlet, the world has to change...” I then suffered another Input-Output error on my ImgBurn (3:29:20). I was so upset that I began crying, and more bad things: I accidentally erased a file (3:31:00). I was now crying and screaming, for my entire computer had broken down

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(3:34:30). I would cry for a long time. Then another black woman walking past began text-messaging. I moaned in despair: “Oh my God...” (3:45:00). I felt that I had to film her (23:27 in the video), and yet my camcorder malfunctioned, incessantly taking pictures instead. I then managed to film another fat woman using a netbook, who thus might be my double as well. By now my camcorder had recovered (3:48:00; 23:51 in the video). Soon, several police cars and an ambulance showed up in the parking lot. I tried to film them, but my camcorder malfunctioned again (24:30 in the video). I was alarmed: Were they trying to detain me? (3:51:00) I called my mother again, but she was not answering the call (3:56:00). I then discovered that I’d received more weird 800 number calls. Who knows what faulty surveillance had made of these. Then, just as I was leaving, Mr former Secretary sent in this Homeland Security guy to intercept me and ask me for a light – evidently to enable the Machine to intercept me dealing drugs here. I filmed him while shouting at him: “Do not attack me” (3:58:00; 25:05 in the video). I sighed: “This place is so scary!” I began groping for air, was in pain, and needed to use the restroom (4:00:00). I came inside a burger store nearby to use the toilet, and yet I found another bag abandoned in the hallway. I tried to film it, but my camcorder again malfunctioned (4:01:30; 25:49 in the video).

My next recording is: “[bluln_bs20_chldrn_cnfsn_no_brdrs_ppltlk_mkvid_8_5_09_332-609PM.WMA](#)”. I had by now realized that coming to Long Beach was a very bad idea, and tried to buy a Metro ticket on the platform to go back to downtown, but even the ticket machine malfunctioned – and my camcorder malfunctioned too when I tried to film the malfunctioning of the ticket machine (36:00; 26:16 in the video). When I was about to film myself getting off the train and leaving nothing behind, my camcorder malfunctioned again, continually taking pictures instead of filming (39:00; 27:28 in the video). As I had decided to return to downtown Los Angeles, I felt unsafe and scared, for security guards would “spot me” in preparation for “something scary” (42:00). I sighed further that my laptop could hardly burn DVDs by now because it was so heavily used. Then I was worried: “You just have to risk being confused with other vagrants” (44:30). I got on bus 60 to return to Los Angeles on 49:30 and sighed: “Long Beach is not a good place.” I began groaning in pain and discomfort. Then again: “I want to use a baseball bat to smash the head of anyone who dares to text-message...” And more children appeared on the bus, and there were my doubles too. I made use of my time by reading more about the various DVD burning software and so on (1:26:00). Then I wanted to edit my video diaries, but the Windows Movie Maker on my Toshiba malfunctioned (1:31:00). I moaned: “I can’t stand children anymore”, and moved to the front of the bus to avoid them. “Homeland security uses children to run operations on me” (1:34:20). Then, even more children came on the bus. In particular, a fat white female brought onto the bus two extremely active children, a boy and a girl, almost certainly per suit team’s order. The girl started harassing me by overlooking me while I was working on my laptop. The little boy then pointed his finger at me, saying something about “the guy with a laptop” (1:43:00). The suit team had indeed sent these children here, having instructed them what to rumor about me in order to be intercepted. I got so frightened that I moved away from my seat by the back door and came to the front of the bus. The boy and the girl then went to look at a man with black hair who was about 35 year-old and who was text-messaging. The suit team had certainly devised this operation in order to produce a surveillance intercept showing me both text-messaging and playing with children (and thus more evidence confirming that David Chin was a pedophile). It’s “doubly scary” because I couldn’t videotape the operation – since I obviously wouldn’t dare point my camcorder in children’s face – and thus couldn’t preserve definitive evidence proving that I wasn’t doing any pedophilic things.

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By now the bus ride had truly become a nightmare. I complained: “I’ve got to get off the bus, and I won’t be able to film myself doing so because of these children around me; maybe that’s the point” (1:53:00). I continued: “It’s not an easy job to be ‘Jesus’, for you also need to be a pedophile...” I began groaning intensely, and I felt like vomiting when getting off the bus (1:59:30). “These children are so disgusting...” And then I made a tally for today’s operations: “Surveillance has shown me today getting together with an agent from El Salvador, then a Homeland Security agent asked me for a light, which would be surveillance showing me dealing drugs, and then children harassed me, which would be surveillance showing me molesting children on the bus... I’m sorry, I know it’s my patriotic duty to be a thief and a rapist and so on, but – pedophilia is just too much” (2:02:20). I continued: “Sometimes you don’t want to be ‘True Jesus’, you just want to smash these text-messaging people’s skull... But you can’t, even though that’s a patriotic thing to do...” (2:08:00). By now I had come inside the Borders Bookstore in Westwood (2:11:00). I came up to the patio area, and I was so angry that I began kicking the chairs around (2:12:30). I then fell down on the floor, groaning in pain. I soon became worried about faulty surveillance confusing the conversation of the people near me as mine, especially since they were talking about DVDs and making videos with computers (2:27:00). They were certainly my doubles. I filmed them – meanwhile, you can hear another medical emergency outside (2:35:00; this is the first scene in my next video diary of the day, “[8_5_09_p2.wmv](#)”). I called my mother again, but she was still not answering (2:37:00). My “doubles” discussion about making videos was so scaring me that I decided to leave Borders at once. You can see me film myself leaving on 1:20 in the second video diary. However, no sooner had I walked out of the bookstore than another police car rushed past in front of me (1:40 in the video).

My next recording is: “[bus6_jffrsn_wthdrw_wrkally_tnner_plcespot_8_5_09_642PM-1251AM.WMA](#)”. I got on bus 6 going south on Sepulveda Blvd. “Everyone knows what to do in front of me, in front of surveillance, except me...” I kept murmuring (7:00). Then I filmed the homeless man who, sitting in front of me, kept touching his beard and eyebrows and scratching his face – obviously another Homeland Security vagrant (8:30; 1:51 in the video). He was obviously sent here by the suit team to try out their current joker card one more time – that hand gestures, and even scratching oneself, was a form of secret communication between spies. Again, both the CIA and Mr former Secretary were waiting for my reaction to this – just anything, for as long as I reacted in some way, they might be able to make something out of it. But, once again, my reaction was to film him – and, before the stern justice of judge Higgins, you just can’t make something out of this! Beginning on 12:00 I reflected thusly while still on the bus: “The root cause of my problem is that I care about myself while other people don’t care about me but only care about themselves – hence they don’t care about what happens to me as long as they can benefit from it, but I on the other hand don’t like it when others benefit from my misery because I care about myself. This ‘True Jesus’ however is someone who doesn’t care about himself, and therefore I have hardly accepted being ‘True Jesus’. It’s indeed hard to accept being a pedophile filmmaker – and the operations this afternoon must have been devised to portray me as such entity in the evidentiary record of the International Court of Justice” (until 14:00). Again, if there were Russian agents around to intercept me, this would be important evidence in their favor, since it sort of explained why, even though I intended to help the United States harm Russia, I seemed to be resisting the United States’ operations on me half of the time. The Russians must be arguing in front of judge Higgins: “He really goes along with the United States because he couldn’t possibly resist, and so he has become masochistic. But, as you see, the United States’ operations are so disgusting that he very often can’t overcome his natural instinct, which is to resist disgusting things.” In other words, the Russians might say: “I want to eat shit because I can’t resist the United States which is forcing shit down my throat, and so I tell myself I’d better enjoy it. But – sorry – I don’t quite know how to enjoy eating

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shit!” The argument was valid, and this was why judge Higgins was tolerating it. By now my bus was filled with people, making me extremely uncomfortable. Then another woman got on the bus bringing with her a little child (22:00). I got off the bus on 30:00. I was now in Culver City.

I began looking for an electrical outlet again in all the stores nearby. Again, my perennial search for an electrical outlet. I again murmured to myself: “Let’s just kill people. Let’s kill people” (44:00 or so). As you can see, I had developed tremendous hatred toward Americans in this “Truman Show”. I withdrew 80 dollars from a Chase bank ATM (46:00). I then filmed another ambulance rushing past (48:00; 2:14 in the video). Perhaps I was being carried away by the ambulance again according to the evidentiary record of the International Court of Justice. I came to hide in a small alley in Culver City’s residential area to work on my laptop. “Americans are so bad,” I murmured in Chinese (1:00:50 or so). I then continued working on my video diary. On 1:18:00, I tried videotaping my “corner” so as to leave behind proof (2:36 in the video), though my camcorder malfunctioned again. When the battery of my Toshiba ran out (1:29:30 or so), I began packing up. I tried videotaping myself leaving on 1:31:00, but my camcorder continued to malfunction (3:28 in the video). On 1:39:00 or so, I tried videotaping, with my malfunctioning camcorder, another ambulance which had just parked in front of the McDonald’s across the street (4:13 in the video). I entered Tanner Coffee on 1:48:00 or so and, amazingly, saw no one using a Toshiba laptop (!). There was someone who was continually text-messaging, though. On 2:03:00 or so, I went to the counter to buy croissant. The cashier – a blond hair girl – asked me, “And a glass of water?” I said “Yes”, since that was just what I was thinking according to my habit. I asked the cashier girl rhetorically, “How do you know I want a glass of water?” “Everybody wants a glass of water,” she answered. Normally I would just think it was because she was an operative who had already been briefed about me or an ordinary person who had been instructed as to how to act in front of me, but in this case I somehow suspected that she was a “real” Russian agent. She was in her late 20s or early 30s. Her perfect English, you must remember, was no indication that she was not Russian since Russian agents operating in America usually speak perfect English without any accent at all. I found a seat near an electrical outlet and began working on my laptops – mostly on my files, hashing them and sending the hash values to myself and so on. I also continued to clear up more disk space in my Toshiba Satellite (2:33:00). I then began reading up on computer matter on the Internet (some in French). All this was terrible evidence for the Russians, of course, and the motor for continual debate about whether I was Lawrence Chin or David Chin. On 2:51:00 I went outside for a break. “I can’t believe it,” I murmured to myself, “there don’t seem to be operations in this coffeehouse today...” (2:52:00). When I re-entered Tanner, I counted every laptop that was seen in this place: two MacBooks, and several other PCs. Then, during another break, I began searching for information about truth-serum on the Internet while my Eee PC was uploading files to my website (2:55:00). Then, the Windows Movie Maker on my Toshiba malfunctioned (3:08:00). From the way in which it happened, I determined that it was the broken DV tape which had caused the problem – it was not suit team’s obstruction. By 3:27:00 I walked out of Tanner Coffee, still saying to myself, “I can’t believe there is no operation in the coffee house!” I settled down in a corner across the street from Tanner, and opened up my Toshiba once more. I still wanted to succeed in importing my latest videos from my camcorder to my computer. As I watched myself slapping myself in the face in the video, I called this “Russian intelligence covert operation” – here lies the origin of this “special terminology” (3:42:40 or so). “Why does anyone do anything? To feel good, right? So isn’t it strange that you get to feel good by hitting yourself?” I asked myself (3:45:20). Then I continued: “Evolution has a strange way of doing things!” (3:45:50) The importing of video from the camcorder then failed once more – the Movie Maker’s import wizard was not working (3:55:20). As remedy, I began reading up on Nero, thinking that the only way to import the video was to import it through Nero as a large AVI file. After import, I came

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back to Tanner Coffee – it was already closed – because there was an electrical outlet on its wall outside (4:31:00). As I began charging my Toshiba Satellite, I noted to myself that this would be evidence in the International Court for my stealing electricity. By 4:42:00 a police car drove past me – supposedly, in order to “accidentally videotape me stealing electricity”. I thus began videotaping the police car, which had gone into the neighborhood pretending to be responding to emergency (4:43:00; 5:35 in the video). On 4:52:40 (6:35 in the video diary) I filmed myself leaving my corner outside Tanner Coffee, especially since a police car had just come by and filmed me – that might very well be the United States’ evidence in the International Court tomorrow demonstrating that I had indeed been here so that, when they sent operatives in the morning to plant things in the vicinity in order to enable the Machine to intercept it, their argument that *I was the one* who had forgotten the things planted may be credible. While I was walking away I kept repeating to myself: “I’m an inferior human being... Americans are so bad...” (5:06:45 or so). I walked a long way and finally arrived on 5:20:00 at a convenient store to buy hot dogs. I walked out and ate the hot dogs on the street corner. But, still hungry, I went back inside the store to buy donuts and so on (5:31:00). Just then a police officer came in. “Hello officer,” I greeted him sarcastically. “Hello,” he replied. “I’m just here committing crimes,” I continued my sarcasm. When I walked out, I remembered to say goodbye to the police officer, “Bye officer, I’m going to commit more crimes now” (until 5:32:50 or so). On 5:39:50, someone across the street – my double, evidently – was pretending to be yelling profanity – evidently in order to imitate my yelling at the Asian old lady this morning so that, when the Machine intercepted his yelling and Mr former Secretary interpreted it as my doing it, it would be more proof that the American (faulty) surveillance system was an accurate piece of machinery. I thus promptly filmed him (7:59 in the video). Then the bus came and I quickly got on (5:41:00). While on the bus, the same operation occurred: the suit team sent onto the bus an actor who came to sit behind me to make strange gestures, in order to produce “evidence” demonstrating that scratching one’s head and so on was indeed a form of secret communication between spies (see 8:24 in the video). Well, whether it was evidence or not really depended on my reaction to it. Since my reaction was to film him, it’s not the “evidence” which judge Higgins wanted; but it might be “evidence” for all nations which had only access to the ICJ lower court, though. I got off the bus on 6:00:00 in Santa Monica beach, and immediately filmed a Vietnamese woman who was getting off the bus together with me (9:02 in the video). She was extremely suspicious because she had appeared on the bus before, sitting next to me and leaning her head against me while having her face entirely covered. Now that was 2008, soon after my return from China. I had to take account of her because, in that ancient time, she might very well have produced out of me some evidences damning China or Vietnam. “Expect to be harassed by the police while on the bench by the beach,” I repeated to myself continually (6:03:00). Finally I filmed the bench on the beach on which I planned to pass the night (6:05:30; 9:32 in the video).

August 6 (Thursday)

My next recording is: “[slp_smbch_plce_id_slflslp_8_6_09_1251-624AM.WMA](#)”. As I was getting ready to sleep on the bench. I sighed: “According to surveillance, I already know Spanish, but according to myself, I don’t know Spanish and need to learn it in order to survive.” I fell asleep eventually, but, around 3:30 AM, or 2:14:00 in the recording, the city park rangers suddenly came to me, and, waking me up, began interrogating me. I begged them not to flash their light on me. “You’ve got any weapons?” they demanded. Then, “ID, please.” I knew it was the suit team which had sent them here, in order to produce some evidence to be intercepted into the International Court. I begged: “I don’t know... Is it a problem? I’m leaving...” But the park ranger still demanded to see my identification, saying he needed it to write me a ticket. I was only willing to produce my expired bus

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pass. “Your name?” he shouted at me. “It’s on the card...” Then I protested, “It’s not like you don’t know me...” He continued to demand to see my California ID and so on. I was unwilling, and begged him to write the ticket with my bus pass, shouting, “Com’on, it’s not like you don’t know who I am...” He then shouted at me: “You got any ticket before?” “Yes...” He demanded to know my date of birth. Helpless, I finally gave him my correct date of birth. “If you want to arrest me, just do it. If you want to plant evidences, just do it... I don’t want this drama.” Then I murmured to myself: “The suit team needs a positive identification of me as evidence; oh my God.” Then I protested more to the park ranger: “You’ve got me identified, so, when I go to the airport, they can slap me around...” (2:21:00). Amazingly, the park ranger said, “No ticket.” Somehow, the Agency decided they only wanted the evidence for the ICJ; they didn’t want to provoke me any further. (The Machine had probably intercepted me giving out a different ID or different information; or, it could be that, since it had already been established in the minds of government officials around the world that I was born on May 6 1968, giving out my true date of birth would make me look like I was lying!) I sighed: “Of course, you just want me identified...” Then I read to my recorder the park ranger’s ID number: 1253934. I walked away so very angry, knowing that the United States must have just obtained a very important piece of evidence to condemn both me and Russia to the black hole of extreme infamy. I soon began crying (2:27:00). I was crying harder and harder. I dropped down on a street corner on 2:32:00 and was crying and screaming on the grass. Then I lay on the grass quietly (2:36:30). I tried to imagine to myself what the rumor would be which would be intercepted into the ICJ as evidence: “The vagrant child-molester identified at last...” I continued: “They want to send me away as a child-molesting Russian agent, and they’ve got it, yes, ‘True Jesus’ must be a pedophile” (2:38:00). According to my new routine, whenever I was angry or saddened because I thought the suit team had triumphed, I should perform (the newly designated) “Russian intelligence covert operation” to calm myself down. I thus filmed myself slapping myself (2:41:30; 10:59 in the previous video diary) and then broke down crying again. I then lay there quietly. Soon I was crying again (2:54:00). “I don’t want to be Jesus anymore...” Then I theorized that the suit team would confuse my laptop with somebody else’s in which there would be found child-pornography, so that the ICJ could issue an judgment saying that Russian intelligence was a pedophile organization (3:04:00). As I began sleeping, I murmured again at some point: “The pedophile thing has to do with videos...” (3:27:00) And then: “This torture chamber called the ‘International Court of Justice’...” (3:30:30). Soon I was disturbed in my sleep, for somebody suddenly came to “spot me” in his car (3:32:00). I filmed it (13:00 in the video). Then I went back to sleep.

You should see this recurring pattern on my part: whenever I “suffered” an operation from the suit team, I would go into such despair, thinking that all that the Russians and I had gained had been lost forever, and that the United States was destined to triumph. And yet, the next day, the Russians would be still up and fighting – until we would at last triumph completely six months from now. My melodramatic behavior was due to my overestimation of the United States’ position.

My next recordings are: “[wk_wrkrgvmny_8_6_09_628-706AM.WMA](#)” and “[wk_sm_wrkrgvmny_8_6_09_730-802AM.WMA](#)” and my video diary of the day is: “[8_6_09.wmv](#)”. When I woke up, around 7:04 AM, some of the construction workers nearby attempted to give me change. I yelled at them, and filmed them (the first scene in the video diary) for I assumed that they were just here to produce surveillance intercepts showing Americans being so kind and generous to this cancer cell in their body. I was then leaving. I came to the Coffee Bean near the Promenade, and, there, discovered my “double”. (See 0:34 in the video.) It was now 7:15 AM. He was sitting at my usual seat, charging his thing in imitation of me, but his “thing” was some strange electronic device: obviously

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here to enable the Machine to intercept me charging my Russian-made spy equipment. Getting scared, I therefore left. Then, around 7:24 AM (see 1:04 in the video diary), somebody passed me by while text-messaging in front of the parking structure. I sighed: “The child-molesting, drug-dealing Russian spy got ‘spotted’ again...” By 3:00 in the second recording, I was on the bus. Suddenly, the bus driver got off the bus. I even had to film this, even though he probably just had to use the restroom (4:30; 1:34 in the video diary). I then filmed the woman on the bus with me (13:00). Soon three Hispanic kids came to sit down in front of me (21:00). I got off the bus on 29:00 on Venice and Sepulveda. I decided to try out Culver City again today.

My next recording is: “[tnnr_plce_imbad_ellstrge_lrch_hstrychnnl_8_6_09_807AM-323PM.WMA](#)”: I was then walking south on Sepulveda. I filmed a Homeland Security vagrant holding a beer can and drinking from it (2:17 in the video diary). Because, again, it’s illegal to drink alcohol on the streets in America, this was obviously a “Homeland Security operation” (7:00), i.e. faulty surveillance had caught me drinking alcohol in broad daylight again. I then filmed the police officer who was pretending to write tickets to a Mercedes driver (12:30; 4:22 in the video diary). I soon entered Tanner Coffee. I went inside the restroom (19:00), and then ordered croissants and water. The cashier girl said something to me, and I responded: “Fuck you bitch” (27:00). When I turned on my Toshiba Satellite, it went into automatic repair of file system errors (33:00). This worried me tremendously. Did the Machine intercept more evidences showing my computer performing magical operations – and therefore evidences proving that this must be a “specially made Russian spy computer”? I began working on my latest video diary, and soon, some police officers came in – to identify me? (42:00) As I continued working on my files, I noticed that somebody was, again, using a Toshiba laptop, or something similar (57:00). I was of course at the same time uploading my latest recording and documentary files to my website, and I filmed it briefly, on 1:06:50, to have proof (5:25 in the video diary). What I had to do daily to save Russia! I murmured: “I’m so bad, so disgusting, the worse criminal, and – Russian...” (1:22:00). There then occurred errors in the transferring of files (1:33:00). And FTP transfer stalled again on 1:36:00. Siren outside on 1:42:30. Luckily, the express card was working today. While I continued to work on my computer, somebody took a picture of me (2:38:00). Then two other Culver City police officers came inside to “spot me”, one white female and another black male (2:41:00). Angered, I went up to the female officer and burst out in sarcasm: “Officer, I got identified last night, I’m very upset about it...” Both officers looked awfully weary, but said nothing, and I continued: “I’m doing my criminal activities over there, wish me luck...” and walked away. Presumably there were Russian and Nicaraguan agents right here in the coffeehouse watching over me, and it was for this reason that the officers looked worried: they were aware that the United States had been caught in front of all nations. However, while I continued working, my camcorder malfunctioned again (2:46:00). I got up and circled around the two officers to read their name tags. The black male officer’s name was “Griffin”, and the female, “Sperling”. However, Officer “Sperling”, upon hearing me reading her name to my recorder, said emphatically that that was not her name (2:47:00). Obviously, she didn’t want her name to be recorded, both in my recorder and in the Machine’s intercept. I groaned to her again: “I was so upset last night... Criminals don’t like to be identified, I would like to do my criminal activity in secrecy... And usually it’s the police who harass me, but today I’m gonna harass you!” Officer Sperling said to me: “Why don’t you go sit at your place doing what you are doing?” She was looking more worried than ever. I continued my sarcasm: “Oh, you mean my criminal activities?” She replied: “Yes...” (2:48:00). Then these two officers promptly got up and left – not without my saying Goodbye to them, however (2:50:20). One of the coffeehouse cashiers was laughing at the sight of all this; because of this, I presumed he was actually a Russian agent, even though he looked virtually indistinguishable from Americans. Soon another female came in pushing her

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baby cart (3:25:00). I murmured to myself – presumably for the Russians to hear? – “It’s still scary, just a baby cart, for even the shadows of children scare me...” Finally, when all the files had been uploaded and my laptops recharged, I filmed myself leaving (3:29:30). Because, however, a pretty white female was sitting next to me so that I couldn’t avoid filming her, I eventually edited this scene out and framed it in a separate video.

Sitting outside on the grass by the sidewalks, I called A-American storage repeatedly, and was finally connected with them on 3:44:30. I noticed that they hadn’t charged me for this month’s rent, and I wanted to ask them why, but difficulties in connection exhausted my patience and caused me to hang up. This would become an important issue later. Suddenly, another Hispanic guy walked past holding up a magazine into the air, acting extremely suspiciously, such that I began filming him while following him (3:51:20; 5:43 in the video diary). I lay down on the grass in the street corner to rest on 4:04:00. Out of depression, I would be crying from time to time. I woke up on 5:14:00. I called A-American storage again on 5:17:10. But the same problem persisted. They said that they had problems with the charging system. I was truly frustrated: I can’t leave for Nicaragua without taking care of my storage. Siren on 5:19:00. I then saw an Inglewood police car parked by the street, even though this was Culver City! I filmed it (5:31:00; 6:12 in the video diary). After this I went inside a fast food place to eat (5:33:00). You can hear me murmuring something about Eugene Ionesco’s play on 5:42:00. I walked out of the fast food place on 6:06:00 and napped somewhere on the grass again on 6:21:00.

My next recording is: “[wrk_sepulvd_8_6_09_318-514PM.WMA](#)”: But, then, I got up, and began working on my video diary – the never ending task – in my corner. Just then, another Homeland Security guy walked past. I filmed him (28:00; 6:35 in the video). It was 3:51 PM. Then, a suspicious white sedan slowed down as it approached me, stopped in front of me, and then drove off (1:01:30; see 6:58 in the video). What was this about? Was it the suit team’s actor here to text-message for my sake, or was it an agent from the Russian side here to ascertain my whereabouts? Finally, on 1:53:00 in the recording, I filmed myself leaving this grassy corner without leaving anything behind (7:19 in the video).

My next recording is: “[tnnr_callmom_ampm_limo_plce_8_6_09_518-932PM.WMA](#)”. Walking back to Tanner, I saw the lighter I had lost earlier on the sidewalk, and I even filmed *this*, in case that faulty surveillance had shown me losing my Russian-made spy equipment (5:00; 7:56 in the video diary). I came back inside Tanner on 10:00. It was now past 5:30 PM. Unfortunately, children were here. Perhaps Homeland Security had sent them here in order to make me look like a pedophile in the eyes of the world. (The usual operation by now.) I also noticed that the whole atmosphere of the coffeehouse had changed; it’s now definitively “Homeland Security”. I went outside to film the transformation of Tanner (12:45; 8:30 in the video diary). Fat, ugly Homeland Security actors outside. I sighed: “I will be discovered to be a pedophile, there is no way out of it...” (13:30). After a while, I found an open table outside Tanner and sat down. Some time later, a white female walked past me covering her mouth with her hand and then touching her hair a few times, as if making gestures (44:00). When she came around again, I filmed her (55:00; 9:00 in the video diary). Why did she do that? It’s an op... Probably: evidence that covering one’s mouth and touching one’s hair was indeed “secret message”. Here you go again: if I reacted to this in any way “inappropriately”, Russia would sink. The Russians must be thanking me in their heart since my response was always the same: film it. Then another woman asked me for a cigarette on 1:06:00. Again, evidence for my drug-dealing. I turned on my Eee PC and was ready to upload files to my website. But I began having problem connecting via FTP (1:08:00). I filmed it (9:37 in the video diary). I was finally able to connect, but the FTP connection would stall from time

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to time. I began working on my video diary also. I called mother again on 1:18:00. She still claimed to not have money to deposit. This, along with the problem with the rent for my storage unit, would become an increasingly serious issue. Meanwhile, FTP transfer continued to stall (1:28:00). I filmed the stalling again (1:36:00). I also filmed the error in transferring (1:37:30). Siren on 1:41:20. I then filmed something scary which I downloaded (1:45:00). Silbermond on 2:08:00. Soon, children around again (2:17:00). Then Youtube froze. Finally I filmed myself leaving Tanner’s patio and leaving the whole place clean (2:24:00; 12:45 in the video diary). I used the restroom inside Tanner.

As I walked down the street, I even had to film the two trash bags which somebody had abandoned on the sidewalks; it was very disconcerting, for they would very likely be attributed to me in faulty surveillance (2:36:30; 12:57 in the video diary). While walking, I continued to look for cigarette butts (2:41:00). When I came to an intersection, I was terribly worried that the guy in front of me might text message, and so I filmed him (3:00:00; 13:32 in the video diary). And he did. When he was done, he crossed the street. I was certainly intercepted again communicating with my Russian boss (in the universe of the lower court, of course). Then I filmed another ambulance on 3:01:00. While walking, I continued to mutter: “I’m the real Jesus, the true Jesus” (3:08:00). I then came inside AM/ PM to buy a cheap sandwich and ask for water (3:11:00). Then I noticed another Asian female text-messaging. I then noticed a suspicious black Cadillac with tinted window stopping by the gas station across the street. I read out its license plate (3:14:00). And I filmed it too (14:00 in the video diary; note the license plate in the video). You cannot but notice that Mr former Secretary and his Homeland Security cronies are directing their operations around you from these mobile fortresses when you are everyday surrounded by limousines and black Cadillacs. I filmed also the attractive Asian girl who was text-messaging earlier inside AM/ PM. Then I saw another limousine on 3:23:00. Then another black Cadillac with tinted window on 3:23:30. Then a sheriff vehicle passed me by (3:26:00). I filmed it too. Then another black Cadillac with tinted window on 3:34:30. Then I began filming a very suspicious happening: many cars came to park in front of the Radio Shack (3:35:00). I then filmed the police chasing somebody (3:40:00). I then filmed the man who was staring at me (3:45:00). I had to admit that this was not a good place to work in. Soon I filmed myself leaving without leaving any trash behind (3:50:00; 15:20 in the video). As I walked south on Sepulveda Blvd, I noticed more police actions in front of me. I filmed it, and thus decided not to go forward but turn north instead (3:53:00; 15:50 in the video diary). Soon I had to film another black man, most certainly my double, wearing sunglasses in this darkness and dragging a cart like me. He would soon be pretending to create disturbances – obviously to create more intercepts showing me causing public disturbances again (3:57:00; 16:20 in the video diary). I then filmed more police action on 4:04:30 (17:07 in the video diary).

My next recording is: “[prklot_splvda_8_6_09_927-942PM.WMA](#)”. Around 9:50 PM, I hid myself in a quiet corner on Venice and Sepulveda to import recordings from my Olympus recorder to my laptop. While I was doing this, on 9:57 PM, a SUV suddenly pulled up behind me and just parked there until I finished importing and put away my Toshiba. I assumed that the suit team had probably sent this man here to produce intercept showing me communicating with my Russian boss using my laptop (see 17:26 in the video). Unless, of course, it was actually surveillance from the Russian side. Around 10:10 PM, when I was all done, I filmed myself leaving this quiet corner (18:25 in the video). I came to the bus 33 stop, planning to take the bus to the parking structure on Grand Avenue next to my old apartment building to pass the night there. As soon as I was by the bus stop, however, people began gathering around me (see 18:38 in the video).

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My next recording is: “[bus33_grnd_krnchreh_8_6_09_1017-1136PM.WMA](#)”: I got off the bus on 29:00 and came to the parking lot on Grand Avenue. To my surprise, it was closed because some special activity was going on in the Korean church across the street (“Korean Mission”). I filmed it for record (31:00; 20:00 in the video). Now, I had to hide in the building’s corner to wait for the “Korean Mission” to finish – and of course I filmed myself for record (43:00; 20:35 in the video). And, as you can see in the video, another vagrant showed up. Two minutes later, I filmed another ambulance speeding past me (45:00; 21:00 in the video). Finally, the Korean Mission was all done, and I moved into the parking lot as everybody began driving out (1:08:00). After I had chosen my corner and prepared my blankets, I filmed it as usual (1:13:30; 21:18 in the video). Then, around 11:33 PM, I filmed another ambulance which had shown up, and kept track of another homeless man who was wandering around in the area (1:16:00; 21:58 in the video). Finally, on 11:42 PM, another suspicious car came circling around me, and then another one came to park right in front of me, but it soon drove away (from 23:08 in the video onward until the end). Was this a Russian (or Nicaraguan) surveillance agent coming to verify where I was?

August 7 (Friday)

My video diary of the new day is “[8_7_09.wmv](#)”. Something would happen this morning before I woke up. See the recording of my sleep in the Grand Avenue parking lot this morning:

“[slp_grnd_krnmsn_plce_wk_8_6_09_1131-656AM.WMA](#)”. You can hear the police waking me up on 7:18:30. He interrogated me, asking me for my name. “Larry.” I was trying to be vague, knowing that it was really the suit team which had directed him here, only in order to enable faulty surveillance to intercept me pretending to be myself and so on. (That is, I knew that he already knew who I was and was only pretending to not know me.) He shouted at me: “Spell it.” “L-A-R-R-Y.” I had to repeat it several times. And I began packing up my things wanting to get away. The interrogation was not done, however. I just kept saying: “I don’t know... I don’t know...” Luckily, this was enough for suit team’s purpose: the police officer didn’t detain me. The suit team must have wanted a new piece of evidence to reinforce the evidence which they obtained yesterday when they sent park rangers to harass me on Santa Monica beach. I left quickly, terribly angered. “Never got harassed in this parking lot before,” I murmured. When the police was leaving, I filmed the aftermath (7:22:00; see the first scene in the video diary). I was terribly angered over the fact that everyone had to pretend not to know me – as usual: the unbearable “Truman Show”.

My next recording is: “[brgrkng_8_7_09_7-836AM.WMA](#)”: I came inside Burger King on 3:00. I filmed myself, with my ice coffee and cigarette butts, on 7:00. When I came back inside Burger King the second time, children had already come in (25:00). I was then working on my DVD project while children were shouting around me (41:30). I left on 1:05:00 (“[1_leav_brgrkng_8_7_09_ca_9AM.avi](#)”). I got on the bus to go to A-American storage facility: I needed to deposit my new backup DVDs into my storage unit. I then noticed some guy taking pictures on the bus (1:15:20). When I came to the storage facility, my cart began falling apart (1:21:00).

My next recording is: “[fdmall_dble_rstrm_strge_bus33_711_mtl_8_7_09_831AM-259PM.WMA](#)”. Still enormously sleepy, I napped on the bench by the front entrance to the food mall. Suddenly I was awakened, because a Homeland Security guy with a bicycle was standing behind me (18:00). I then napped more. After filming myself waking up (0:52 in the video), I went inside the food mall to use the restroom (1:17:00). There I discovered a Homeland Security actor sitting on the toilet talking to himself and groaning in imitation of me (1:19:45). I left extremely upset over the fact that “operation” was now

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taking place in the restroom. I was almost sure that my “restroom double” would be doing child-pornography and so on, and, since it was in the restroom, I couldn’t film him to prove that it wasn’t me (1:31:00). I came inside A-American storage and discovered a whole pile of concrete left on the floor (see 1:21 in the video). Obviously another operation of the suit team’s. I of course filmed the content of my storage unit upon opening it (1:32:00) and would film what I was doing with my things from time to time (from 2:03 to 4:06 in the video). When I was done, I of course filmed myself leaving (2:15:00; 4:06 in the video). I noticed more junk (tables) abandoned on the floor. I came back to the restroom in the food mall where my double was earlier, and – now that there was no one here – filmed the whole place to make sure that he didn’t forget any child-pornography and so on (2:24:30; 6:22 in the video diary). When I came out, I even filmed myself fetching and devouring pieces of bacon which somebody had left uneaten on his plate (2:26:00; 6:52 in the video). When I walked to Jefferson and Grand, another ambulance rushed past blowing its siren. I filmed it (2:34:30; 7:11 in the video). As I continued onward, I murmured about our “American way”: “You need to do good things to bad people and bad things to good people” (2:36:00). I then sighed: “The documentary of my life will be banned by international laws” (2:39:00). I got on the bus by 2:42:20 and got off the bus on 2:49:00. Somebody had left behind a water bottle on the bus, and, fearing the power of the faulty surveillance Machine, I picked it up and threw it onto the street when I got off the bus – and filmed myself doing so (2:50:00; 7:28 in the video). I was then on the bus again, and took care to sit quietly in the back of the bus (3:04:00). I continued to murmur: “I’m the ‘true Jesus’: I’m the Truth, Light, and Life... Life for you, not for me” (3:10:00). Then I whined: “I don’t want to be Jesus anymore...” Then the black man sitting in front of me began text-messaging on his cellphone (3:23:00). Was I intercepted again? I got off the bus on 3:45:00 and came inside 711 on 3:47:00 to buy fast food. I ate outside on the street, hiding in a corner, as usual.

I had come to Sepulveda and Venice because I needed the quietude and stability in a motel room in these last days before my departure to finish up the necessary work: creating backup for the rest of my data. I walked down Sepulveda Blvd toward the rows of motels. I had difficulty in dragging my cart because it was all broken up. I came to the Chinese-own motel on Washington Blvd and asked the lady if I could get a room. But she replied angrily: “We have no vacancy!” (4:09:00) At a loss, I got a room at another motel – the same one, also Chinese-owned, from which I had always been able to obtain a room (4:14:20). I filmed the room upon entry, and it was the same room I was always assigned, number 2. I was still angry over “my double in the restroom” – I thought I had fallen into a trap and become a “criminal videotaper” – and thus decided to perform my “Russian intelligence special covert operation” to calm myself down – i.e. to hit myself in the face (see 7:40 in the video). A little later (8:55 in the video), I hit myself a little more (4:18:20). Feeling better, I got to work, and began importing my latest video into my laptop (4:27:00). The cable TV still worried me: it was playing “Bourne Ultimatum” (5:22:00). Did Mr former Secretary again instruct the cable network (like HBO) to play this movie seeing that I was looking for a motel (in order to intercept David Chin obsessing over the CIA)? Probably not, since I had just come inside this room. Then, siren outside around 2:40 PM. Later, on 3:41 PM, as you can see in 9:20 in the video, a truck appeared outside my window, alarming me. Was this suit team’s work?

My next recording is: “[mtl_brne_hbo_buydnr_dble_dstrbnce_8_7_09_339-953PM.WMA](#)” The cable TV was still broadcasting “Bourne Ultimatum”. As usual, I was editing my latest video diary. On 5:10 or so I made mention of my “double” in the room to my left: Mr former Secretary had sent him in to be confused with me in surveillance. I watched a few tutorial videos on computer matters on Youtube while importing more videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba satellite. During break time,

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Silbermond’s “Symphonie” (47:00). I continued to study computer matters on the Internet while letting the published video diary run its course to make sure that my Windows Movie Maker had published it correctly (1:15:00 whereabouts). I listened to Silbermond’s “Symphonie” repeatedly.

On 1:59:00 (or 5:20 PM), I was ready to buy dinner outside and so I filmed the current state of the motel room (10:17 in the video). I continued picking up cigarette butts while walking. I bought fast food at the Chinese place and then a pack of cigarettes at the liquor store. After I walked out, I continued to murmur my sarcasm: “I’m so bad, I’m so bad...” (2:12:00). I came back to my motel room on 2:15:40 or so. Soon I became skeptical of the cable TV again: “Why does TV keep showing this kind of stuff?” (2:36:20) It was a movie about the CIA, a sniper, and his assignment to assassinate the president. This time, since I had already been inside this motel room for several hours, the movie might very well be broadcast on suit team’s order (to intercept David Chin obsessing over the CIA and wanting to assassinate the president). Soon I resumed working on my latest video-diary. On 4:35:40 or so someone was knocking on my double’s door (to my right). I supposed faulty surveillance had again intercepted me receiving my drug-dealing partners into my motel room. Note that, at the end of the movie, on 4:39:00 or so, the senator mentioned that the Iraq War was after all about oil. Again, Mr former Secretary would want me to watch this movie because he could not give up pinning onto me the characteristic of an angry liberal. Then, a little past 9 PM, there was disturbance outside – certainly staged by the suit team. Apparently, Mr former Secretary had sent in another double of mine to pretend to argue about something with the motel owner – all in order to enable the faulty surveillance Machine to intercept David Chin causing another round of public disturbance out of bad temperament. I began filming him from my window (10:33 in the video). As usual, my double was carrying a guitar in order to accentuate his shallow character (呲里啷当的样子). Only years later would it occur to me that, for some reason, Mr former Secretary had added “guitar-playing” to the myriad of bad and perverse characteristics he had appended onto David Chin. After argument, my double carried his things to his room. I then continued working on my video-diary. Then, suddenly, my Toshiba satellite malfunctioned while I was working on my video in Windows Movie Maker (5:38:27). I began filming it (14:49 in the video). It’s possible that the malfunctioning was “natural”: i.e. it might simply be because Nero had used up too much CPU and memory. On 6:10:00, during break time, Silbermond’s “Irgendwas bleibt”.

My next recording are: “[mtl_tnt_8_7_09_948-1144PM.WMA](#)” and “[mtl_strngs_cm_netfleshre_8_7-8_09_1148PM-330AM.WMA](#)”. I continued to study computer matters (file system and peer-to-peer file sharing). Around 11:49 PM, I came out of my room to buy snack at the vending machine inside the motel office. A gangster-looking black man immediately drove in and came out of his car to cross path with me (see 17:39 in the video). Was he sent in by the suit team to enable faulty surveillance to intercept me getting into contact with my drug-cartel partner? Nervous, I came back to my room and was then reading about computer matters online (59:00). As usual, I was also uploading my new video diaries to my website. Problem soon occurred with FTP upload (while I was uploading “[7_29_09.wmv](#)”). I began filming it (see 18:28 in the video). The file wasn’t entirely transferred, but my GFTP told me: “Transfer complete”. I tried again. This large file should require three hours for uploading. Again, “Transfer complete” within an hour. I finally decided to download the file to see how much of it had been uploaded. It’s quite possible that, because the Russians continued to show my videos around in the UN to discredit the United States’ “faulty surveillance Machine”, the suit team had indeed obstructed the FTP upload. Then, during break time, I continued to play Silbermond, MIA, and Wir sind Helden.

August 8 (Saturday)

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My video diary of the day is: “[8_8_09.wmv](#)”, and my first recording of the day is:

“[wk_mtl_cfee_rnewrm_knck_8_8_09_957AM-1204PM.WMA](#)”: I woke up and filmed the state of the room, ready to go out to get my morning coffee (23:00). On the street, my glasses fell off my face again. I got my coffee and donuts at the donut store (29:30) and paid for another day at the office (1:12:00). Then, somebody was knocking on my door, tremendously alarming me, and I began filming (1:47:00; the first scene in the video diary). It was just the cleaning lady. She kept knocking, but I just wouldn’t open my door. Later, when I came out of my room, I saw a police car driving into the motel parking lot (2:02:00). It was 11:55 AM. I was terrified. Presumably, the police officers were pretending to be responding to something in order to generate the impression in surveillance that I was conducting criminal activities with my crime partners in the motel. I came back inside my room very upset because, for a while, I couldn't find my keys.

My next recording is: “[mtl_wrkng_strngtv_8_8_09_1159AM-601PM.WMA](#)”: Note that the cable TV would be reporting all day long on a plane crash on the Hudson River. I called A-American storage on 8:00 to ask them why this month’s rent still hadn’t yet been charged. But they said it was already charged, and yet no charge had shown up on my bank account. Did they charge my older debit card? I called up Washington Mutual bank instead (17:00). The banker assured me that the charge should go through (24:00), after which I instructed her emphatically not to close my old card. The call ends on 27:30. As I reflected on the matter – getting ever more nervous – I murmured: Something would go wrong with the storage’s charge. In hindsight you should be able to guess that the suit team had obstructed the charge because they wanted to produce a piece of evidence showing me using a different bank account (perhaps even a fraudulent one); but at the time I merely thought that they wanted to find a reason to evacuate my storage unit so that faulty surveillance may confuse its content with someone else’s, thus obtaining evidence showing me hiding child pornography and Russian-made spy equipment and so on in my storage unit (44:00). This turned out not to be the case, of course. I began working on my files and uploading new ones onto my website. Then, on 1:43:00, I suddenly heard my double yelling outside pretending to cause disturbances (1:43:00). (The world was seeing David Chin manifesting his anti-social personality disorder again.) During breaks I continued to listen to *Wir sind Helden* and *Silbermond*.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door (2:14:30). It was the cleaning lady again, and I came out yelling “What do you want?” and then shouted: “Get out of here!” I used the break to continue writing Karin’s meetups (“faulty surveillance”). I had lately barely any time to make progress on my *Secret History* (“Karin’s Meetups”) because the suit team’s operation was so intense that I had to spend the entire day everyday working on my video diaries – the substance on which Russia’s life depended every single day. When I turned toward the Cable TV for a break, there was “*Bourne Supremacy*” on TNT! I couldn’t help but conclude that the suit team had orchestrated this (3:40:00). Note that CNN was now reporting the latest news about those terrorists killed in Indonesia (3:41:00). It was then reporting on the return of two Americans from North Korea (4:25:00). When I got a break from work (backing up my data and so on), I began watching more videos on computer matters in order to prepare myself for my plan to hide in Latin American jungles (4:48:00). (Again, these were very bad evidences for Russia.) Now I continued to study the mechanisms for downloading materials from the Internet, e.g. using Bit Torrent – which I presumed would be the skill I would desperately need by then. (Stupidity.) But, suddenly, the Youtube video froze (4:50:00). I began watching another video on Nicaragua on Youtube, and it froze too (4:52:55). I tried playing it again, but was not allowed to watch beyond the point at which the video presentation froze. Was the suit team doing this, or was it just “natural”

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malfunctioning? Note that, meanwhile, the cable TV was broadcasting a program on the situation in Afghanistan (5:06:00). Then, when I was reading a Wikipedia article on Eee PC, it froze too (5:07:50). Instead, I began reading online articles about Bit Torrent while importing videos from my camcorder to my laptop, and I made sure to change my TV channel to Spanish news. Then my Eee PC froze again (5:42:00).

My next recording is: “[mtl_strngtv_8_8_09_606-751PM.WMA](#)”: I continued to study computer matters, e.g. Bit Torrent. That is, ways to pass on my *Secret History* without government detection once I should successfully disappear in the backward regions in Latin America. Some time after 7 PM, I was ready to go out to get something to eat, and I decided to drag my cart with me. I filmed myself getting all ready (1:07:00; 5:00 in the video). On the street, I filmed another suspicious man who was conspicuously touching his beard in a strange way and so on, evidently in an effort to enable surveillance to intercept me receiving secret messages from my criminal buddies or Russian intelligence agents (1:08:30; 5:10 in the video). Hopefully, you have understood by now that this was only for the universe of the lower court; in the upper court, judge Higgins was watching carefully for my reaction. I got food at the Chinese fast food place and came back to the motel by 1:21:00. Given the strange behavior of my cable TV earlier, I was still convinced that Homeland Security (or the suit team) was controlling it. Soon, Argentina was mentioned on TV. “Is Argentina in the lawsuit too?” I wondered (1:24:00). Soon CNN began broadcasting a news program on “Los Zetas” (1:30:00). Was evidence entering the ICJ lower court at the moment showing David Chin exhibiting profound interest in Mexico's drug war because he was, himself, a major link between the Latin American drug lords and the Russian intelligence service?

My next recording is: “[mtl_vid_8_8-9_09_747PM-257AM.WMA](#)”: I began switching channels on my cable TV, and I found another movie on bank robbery. I sighed: “I don’t think there are programs on TV that don’t involve the CIA, crimes, and drugs...” (15:30). I continued to change channels, and now the cable TV was showing a program on the Afghan war. Finally, I settled with CNN’s Larry King’s Show. Tonight, Larry King was interviewing General Collin Powell. This should be okay. I merely needed some noise, and I continued to play MIA’s “Mein Freund” during breaks. I also began uploading some old video documentaries of myself to my website. Note that, on the show, General Powell was talking about North Korea’s being a good negotiator, and then about Iran (2:04:00) There was then the news item about the plane crash over the Hudson river again (2:35:00). I was then checking and editing my video diary (2:40:00). Soon, CNN was re-broadcasting the program on Mexico’s drug cartels (“Los Zetas”, 2:43:00). Note that it was being reported that President Obama would meet with the Mexican and Canadian leaders tomorrow. My quiet night spent working on my documentaries and backup DVDs was interrupted on 4:54:00 when I heard my double yelling outside. The Machine continued to generate surveillance intercepts showing David Chin behaving erratically with his criminal buddies in his motel room. Meanwhile, I got a chance to write a little more on “Karin’s meetups”. More music from MIA, “Tanz der Molekule” and “Atman”. I then continued to research for Internet tricks by which I naively believed I would be able to circumvent government’s surveillance. This time, the Linux version of Freenet. I would eventually download the Freenet installation package, getting ready to test it tomorrow.

August 9 (Sunday)

My first video diary of the day is: “[8_9_09_p1.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the day is: “[slp_mtl_wk_cfeednut_gotextra_8_9_09_647-1034AM.WMA](#)”: I woke up by 2:19:00 in the recording. Then I filmed myself getting ready to leave to get coffee outside (2:24:00; the first scene in the video

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diary). Note that you can hear me reflecting a little while in the donut shop on the thermodynamic meaning of life and my theory on the origins of religions (2:38:00). I came back to my room on 2:46:00. I then had to film myself – for the Chinese owners at the donut shop had apparently given me three extra sugar balls, completely for free (2:48:00; 0:29 in the video). You can be sure that what had happened was that the CIA, at a loss at the present, ordered the Chinese intelligence service MSS to take over the donut shop in order to find a chance to give me free food. All this would then be intercepted. The United States would then present the intercept (showing David Chin receiving “secret messages” from the Chinese intelligence) to the UN to convince everybody there that there was at least some truth in the “David Chin” legend and that this “mission” of “flying to Nicaragua” was in fact a Sino-Russian intelligence operation to frame the United States. This is why I must film it – to prove my innocence in the end. Note then that, as I had turned on the TV, Hilary Clinton was talking about North Korea on Sunday morning news (3:17:00). I then tested my electrical shaver (3:28:00). Note then that the news was now about the negotiation with Iran (3:31:00). Then, more Silbermond on Youtube: “Etwas das bleibt” (3:38:00).

My next recording is: “[mtl_outbnkmrkt_mtl_angry_slf-slp_8_9_09_1039AM-447PM.WMA](#)”. I examined again my electrical shaver while playing MIA’s “Mein Freund” on Youtube at the same time (3:00). I came out of shower on 28:00. I then went to the office asking for one more night. I then filmed the state of the room before going out to do my errands (1:01:00; 1:23 in the video diary). Although I tried to stay indoor as much as possible in order to avoid faulty surveillance, I needed to get certain things done. I came to the bus 33 stop, and filmed my double before getting on the bus myself (1:06:30; 2:03 in the video). My double was also dragging a cart in imitation of me, but he didn’t get on the bus. While on the bus, I was getting increasingly nervous, for more and more children had got on the bus. And of course I couldn’t film the scene. I got off the bus at the Mitsuwa Marketplace on Centinela Avenue and Venice Blvd (1:12:00). On 1:15:00, I found this cigarette butt which didn’t look real, and filmed it (2:17 in the video diary). This is probably not one of suit team’s tricks, but I wasn’t willing to let anything suspicious fly over my head. Now I needed to get more cash from the ATM. As I waited in line, one guy opened the door, took a peek inside the bank, and left. I don’t know if that was surveillance agent from the Russian side – I should be under watch by the Russians at all times. I got 60 dollars out of my account, and, when I came out, I noticed another double of mine: he was Hispanic, with a beer can on his side and charging his cellphone on the electrical outlet on the wall in order to produce evidence for my drinking beer. (The charging of electronic equipment would be the identification marker to ascertain that he was *me*.) Soon my Hispanic double was calling somebody – to produce evidence for my communication (2:34 in the video). I was then inside Mitsuwa Market looking for contact lens solution and cheap food and so on. (Since I couldn’t go to Nicaragua wearing my broken glasses, and since, yet, I had no money to fix my glasses, I planned to use the unused contact lenses I had in my possession from a long time ago.) Another Hispanic guy then came near me to text-message (1:38:20). Evidently per suit team’s instruction, to produce evidence for my text-messaging. Suddenly, a Japanese girl took a picture of me, and I tried to catch up with her in order to film her as evidence (1:45:00; 4:08 in the video diary). I assumed that she took my pictures because, when they should be intercepted into the ICJ as evidences, they would prove that I was indeed here – the proof needed to match the faulty intercept of the earlier police business. (They presumably would also prove, again, that I didn’t quite look like myself.) When I came out of Mitsuwa, my earlier Hispanic double was gone (5:16 in the video). Angered by the Japanese girl’s picture-taking, I kicked over a trash can – I of course filmed myself doing so (1:47:30). However, I murmured to myself: “You should hit yourself when others do terrible things to you...” Then: “I *will* be discovered to be a pedophile...” I then filmed another man on the sidewalk holding a cellphone, for he terribly frightened me (1:50:20; 5:55 in the

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video diary). I imagined to myself what surveillance would have shown me doing here: causing public disturbances, molesting children, and finally the police came... (1:51:30). Soon, however, I was able to catch the Japanese “bitch” in video (1:53:30; 6:04 in the video). I was so angry, and wanted to kill her. But, instead, “I shall hit myself in the face”. On 12:33 PM, a woman immediately came to text-message next to me (6:20 in the video). After all this turmoil, I finally got on the bus to go back to my motel room. I came back inside the motel room on 2:17:20.

Now I was shocked because I discovered that the cleaning lady had cleaned the room while I was gone. Angered, I filmed it (6:37 in the video). This was very bad, and I was very upset. I shouted: “I’ll just have to go as a child-pornographer and a drug-dealing Russian agent... I’m not allowed to be just a simple Russian agent...” (2:27:00). I was so angry that I smashed the lamp (2:29:00). There would be more upsetting things for me once I began working on my computer again. As usual, I began importing my newest videos into my Toshiba laptop. Suddenly, video import failed, and I had to redo the whole thing. I was so angry that I even cried (2:58:20). Then, FTP transfer stalled (3:03:00). MIA’s “Mein Freund” during break (3:06:00). Meanwhile, “Saving Private Ryan” was being shown on cable TV. I then got very upset on 3:41:00 when I discovered that, while I was gone for errands, I had forgotten to take my external hard drive Passport with me. I had left it in the room while I wasn’t here! This is the first time I had ever left my computer equipment out of my sight. The suit team might very well have profited from this opportunity by sending in Homeland Security agents to download all my data inside it. I immediately began checking the content of my Passport to make sure that no files had been deleted. And then more frustration because video import failed again (4:12:00). I was then angered and frustrated again because I had difficulty in ascertaining the content of my Passport (4:20:00). So many frustrating incidents, and I began crying. Since I couldn’t ascertain the content of my Passport with precision, I murmured in despair: “We simply have to assume that Homeland Security has obtained all my data since March 9, and since May...” – since it was after March 9 that I began using it to back up my recordings and documentaries. You can hear me crying so very sadly (4:26:00). Soon I was shouting in the room to express my anger and frustration; and then I began smashing things (4:35:00). You can see in 7:35 in the video how upset I was over the possibility that Homeland Security might have download my documentaries inside my passport – and also the results of my outburst. And then my “special Russian intelligence covert operation” on 9:15 in the video. And then how FTP upload was stalled again on 4:06 PM (12:18 in the video).

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Date	Description	Check#	Debit(-)	Credit(+)	Running Balance
8/10/2009	XFR/OLB TRANSFER FROM *****4619			+\$45.00	\$176.72
8/7/2009	MC-BURGER KING # 2119 Q07 LONG BEACH		\$5.70		\$131.72
8/6/2009	CITIFINANCIAL LOAN PAYMT 670501090114694		\$152.70		\$137.42
8/5/2009	AT&T 8666083007 1265101968		\$16.00		\$290.12
8/4/2009	POS GOWER GULCH/GOWER GULCH HOLLYWOOD 0804 M		\$21.45		\$306.12
8/3/2009	PAYPAL TRANSFER 5TB223SSZ8KSE		\$5.00		\$327.57
8/3/2009	MC-AMERICAN 00123083090553 AA.COM/AA RES		\$663.70		\$332.57
8/3/2009	XFR/OLB TRANSFER FROM *****4619			+\$220.00	\$996.27
8/3/2009	860 E. COLORADO BLVD. PASADENA 0803 G		\$20.00		\$776.27

My checking account balance as of August 9, 2009

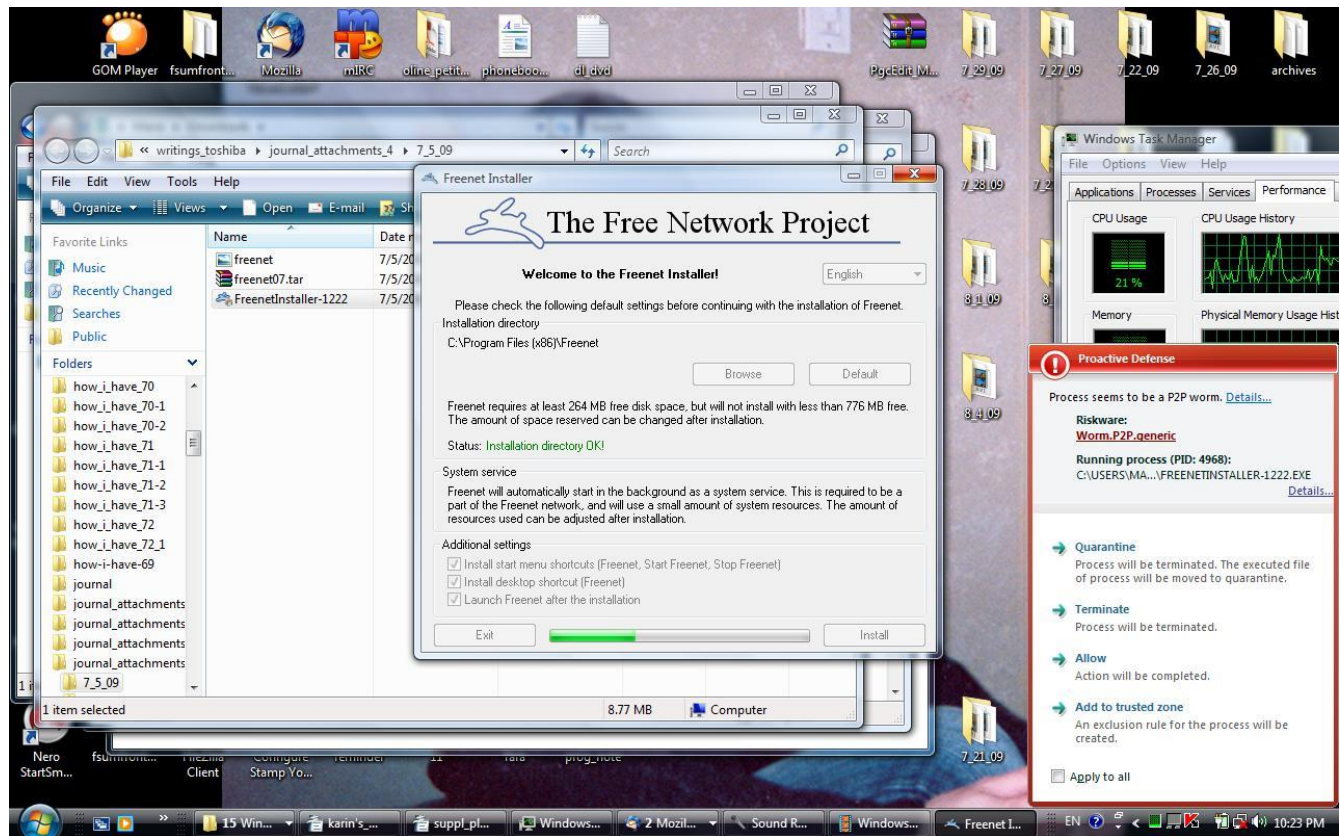
My next recordings are: “[mtl_vid_angry_8_9_09_442-543PM.WMA](#)” and: “[mtl_vid_dvd_haircut_svprvryan_8_9_09_712PM-138AM.WMA](#)”. You can hear me smashing up TV’s remote control on 21:30 in the first recording. Then the phone was ringing on 5:00 in the second recording. Evidently, the owner was calling me. Maybe he had heard my outburst. I didn’t answer it, of course. The motel owner then came knocking on the door. I still wouldn’t answer his call. Take note of the news item on TV (13:00): it’s about placing electrodes into the human brain. This is the mind-control agenda which forms the background to this story of mine. I then tested my electrical hair-cutter again, but still wasn’t ready yet to shave my head. Then the phone was ringing again on 37:20. Still, I wouldn’t answer the call. The owner called again on 1:19:00. And then more knocks on the door on 1:55:00. I ignored it all. I had spent the whole day on my computer either checking my Passport or getting my backup data ready before my departure, and finally took a shower on 2:09:00. MIA’s “Mein Freund” on Youtube during break (2:50:20). Then, I began preparing for my future again: I began installing Freenet on my Toshiba Satellite to see how it worked (even though there was no Internet connection on this computer). Suddenly, I broke down into tears on 3:13:20. There were more problems: Kaspersky seemed to have intercepted a virus (a worm) in Freenet’s installation file. I was then crying out loud on 4:10:30 because my computer malfunctioned again. I eventually became so angry because of all this machine malfunctioning, shouting “I don’t understand computer” and crying loudly (4:15:40). I continued to cry for a few minutes more (4:18:00): “I can’t do it...” I bought snack from the vending machine on 4:26:00 and listened to MIA’s music again on 4:48:00. I was furthermore unable to upload files to my website: all the files I had uploaded were half-broken (5:11:00). It’s now very likely that the suit team had obstructed my uploading in order prevent the Russians from showing more of my documentaries around in the UN. I had to delete all the broken files. I was angry all night,

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more so while looking for my lighter (6:08:00). After 2 AM, I was still studying the Freenet Network Project while working on my video diary. All this until I was going to sleep.



Kaspersky’s detection of “virus”
in Freenet’s installation package
(probably a “natural” occurrence)

August 10 (Monday)

My video diary of the day is: “[8_10_09.wmv](#)” and my first recording of the day is: “[slp_wk_cfee_hrcut_8_10_09_640-1118AM.WMA](#)”: I got out of bed early, on 1:31:00 in the recording. I went out to buy coffee at the Carl’s Jr nearby. There, another Asian girl text-messaged, and I filmed her with my pen-camera (“[3_crlosjnr_asianwm_8_10_09_850AM.3gp](#)”). I came back to my motel room by 1:53:00. Interestingly, the cable TV was now showing Steven Spielberg’s “Artificial Intelligence”, one of my favorite movies of all time. The business of shaving my head couldn’t wait any longer, and I began doing so on 2:25:00. As noted, I needed to fundamentally transform my appearance just before going to Nicaragua in order to minimize the effect of the “alert” – the Homeland Security Department would certainly alert the entire population of Granada and Managua about this dangerous schizophrenic coming from America – independently of any International Court trial. Then I put on my contact lenses: ready to look normal when going to Nicaragua. You can hear the motel owner knocking on my door again, and I continued to ignore him (3:37:00). I then began burning one of the last two backup DVDs I needed to leave behind in California. At the same time, I imported the new videos inside my camcorder to my laptop. All this work had to be done before my departure. It was now past 11 AM, it was check-out time, and the owner knocked on my door again. Again, I didn’t

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answer. Instead, having packed up my things, I was filming the state of the motel room and every little corner of it as proof that I didn't leave behind any “Russian-made spy equipment” (4:19:20; from 0:36 onward in the video diary). Then the phone rang on 4:20:30. Again, I ignored it. I simply continued to film myself leaving. Now the owner simply broke in and yelled at me (4:23:00). Of course he was angry; he simply couldn't fathom the reason why I wouldn't respond to him: my fear for faulty surveillance. I walked out, murmuring again: “You cannot avoid being a child pornographer or drug dealer, it's your patriotic duty...” (4:24:30). Walking to the bus 33 stop, I counted a bandana which somebody had abandoned on the sidewalk. Who knows what this would look like in faulty surveillance? I was on the bus by 4:33:00, going toward downtown.

My next recording is:

“gdwl_bus33_strge_trnsctn_pss_nthnglft_strbk_dwntn_bnk_trnsctn_8_10_09_1122AM-640PM.WMA”. I was again alarmed, and terrified, when a Hispanic man near me began speaking Spanish, for it's quite likely that he was doing so to produce surveillance intercept showing me speaking fluent Spanish. (More circumstantial evidence showing me to be a Nicaraguan agent as well.) I got off the bus leaving nothing behind on 5:00. I predicted to my recorder “A lot of bad things will happen today”. I came first to the Goodwill store, wanting to buy cheap pants for my Nicaragua trip. But I couldn't find anything of my size, and then a strange man tried to talk to me. Alarmed, I yelled at him: “Don't talk to me!” (21:00) Finally, I bought something that could somewhat fit me, and left (24:00). I got on the bus on 26:00, and soon children got on the bus as well (35:00). Then, more of them on board on 40:00. By now the entire bus looked like a kindergarten, with seven or eight children on board. Then, another “medical emergency” outside on 46:00. Then, a Chinese guy sat down in front of me speaking Chinese – cause for concern (48:30). I got off the bus in downtown on 1:02:00. While I was waiting for a different bus to take me to A-American, the sheriff showed up, presumably to “spot me”, so that I must change place (1:05:00). I filmed it. And then another ambulance “spotted me” (1:09:40). Then another passerby pressed a button on his cellphone – the typical Homeland Security surveillance method (1:19:00). Save, of course, that he was probably doing surveillance for the Russian side. Then another young Hispanic/Asian girl came over to do some serious work on her cellphone (1:21:00). I couldn't film her because she was too young. Finally, I was on the bus on 1:22:00 and got off the bus on 1:26:00. Then I noticed another Hispanic female pressing buttons on her cellphone (1:32:00). I came inside the food mall neighboring A-American, and it was full house; even the parking lot was filled up. “You have to urinate on the street, for I have never seen so many people here...” I murmured to myself. Then I noticed another Hispanic fat girl text-messaging in my vicinity (1:36:00). Finally, I came inside the storage facility, and filmed myself opening up my storage unit (1:42:00; 4:33 in the video). I began putting in all the backup DVDs I had burned in the past few days. With my camcorder, I took careful account of what I was going to leave behind in California: I put my cellphone in my storage box, but filmed the serial number (5:48 in the video). And also the SIM card. Then the important documents (6:35 in the video). When I was leaving, I also inspected the surrounding areas with my camcorder turned on in order to take stock of what others (i.e. suit team's actors) might have left behind to frame me (8:24 in the video). I even came out to the emergency staircase to make sure there wasn't anything suspicious left around here (2:41:00). I then came to the office, wanting to register my new billing information because I feared that A-American's failure to charge my rent might have something to do with the change of my debit card (2:42:00). I of course filmed the whole process with my pen camera: “4_strge_office_8_10_09_2PM.3gp”. This was so important – since the issue of A-American's failure to charge me must be resolved before my departure from the country. I then went back to the food mall to eat. While burning my last backup DVD, I filmed again all the things I would take with me to Nicaragua (3:20:00; 9:13 in the video). I murmured to myself: “You know, crack

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cocaine will be found in my bag, because that’s the ‘script’.” I then had to film my laptop for it was suddenly unable to shut itself down (3:31:00). Finally, I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (3:35:00). I came back to A-American, first asking the manager (Christina) for a receipt (3:39:00). I then went upstairs to find my storage unit again – while more children came inside the elevator to ride with me (3:46:00). With my pen camera, I filmed myself opening up my storage unit again – my “standard operating procedure” (3:57:00; 13:34 in the video). I put in the backup DVD I had just burned. I had by now burned a total of 48 backup DVDs. To my surprise, I also discovered that my “double” had come in and left behind a lot of garbage, and that I had forgotten to lock my second padlock. Soon, more people came in, to my annoyance (3:59:00). I went downstairs to talk to Christina again (4:02:30). I waited for her, and, when she came, told her that people upstairs were trying to leave garbage all around my storage units, and instructed her not to confuse these other people’s actions with mine. “Lately, a lot of garbage, including concrete,” I explained (4:17:20). When I came out, I made the same complaint to my recorder, about not being allowed to be *just* a Russian agent but required to be *also* a child-pornographer and a drug-dealer (4:20:00). I came inside the restroom inside the food mall to film my “new look” in the mirror (4:25:00; 22:16 in the video). As you can see, I had shaved my head and was wearing contacts. Coming out, I bought a new pouch at a souvenir shop. I would keep my external hard drives and so on inside my new pouch. I got on bus 38 on 4:38:00 and got off on 4:46:00. Then I noticed a Hispanic male taking out a cellphone in front of me (4:59:00). Was he a surveillance agent working for the Russian side? I came to the Starbucks on Grand and 11th to do some last minute online work (5:07:00). I immediately noticed a Japanese girl using a white color netbook that looked just like my Eee PC. To avoid proximity to all the people bearing resemblances to me, I sat outside instead. Then a vagrant came over, and I warned him not to touch my things (5:18:00). Then, the suit team sent in more children to the coffeehouse to create the impression in surveillance that I was a pedophile. Now I was frustrated for a while when my Eee PC couldn't detect Starbucks' wireless network (5:27:00; 22:41 in the video). I then filmed a man across the street who, while waiting for the green light, text-messaged (5:34:00). Now, after I changed my seat, my Eee PC *was* able to connect to the wireless network (5:54:00). I logged onto my WAMU account, and, behold, there was but 165 dollars in it. My mother didn't make the deposit she had promised, and, worse, A-American hadn't charged me as yet. I was terrified: “Something is going to happen at the storage!” I rushed to the Washington Mutual branch that was only two blocks away to check up on the problem (6:08:00). The place was full of people, and, as I was waiting in line, the cellphone of the Hispanic woman standing behind me was continually making noises (6:21:00). “I wanted to smash her head...” I murmured. I was tremendously angered for, obviously, surveillance was at the moment showing my Russian boss or criminal buddies trying to contact me. Then the white man standing in front of me was looking at the text-message he had just received: “I know you are busy, but Juliet asks you to...” He began responding: “I don't know... a good fa... I'll ask around...” (6:30:00). Then more: “I'll call you...” I couldn't immediately see how this was relevant to me. It could of course be that he wasn't instructed by the suit team at all, but, even in that case, it's still possible that the suit team would make something out of it (i.e., my communication with my criminal partners and Russian intelligence). Then, another Asian guy standing near me began text-messaging (6:33:20). Finally, it was my turn with the banker – obviously, I needed to check my transactions (6:38:00). “Is there an impending transaction from A-American Storage, in the amount of 54 dollar?” But the banker replied no – even though the tele-banker from two days ago said it was pending. Eventually, we had to speak to the branch's manager about it, and I had to trick the banker to put the phone call on speaker in order that I could record it (6:54:00). After some checking, the manager confirmed that the merchant (A-American) had charged three times but that the transaction didn't go through, and that the problem didn't stem from my card but came from the merchant's side. It was obvious that it was the suit team which had found ways to

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obstruct the transaction – except that, at this moment, I wasn’t sure why. I left on 7:02:00, terribly worried that the suit team would not permit the transaction to go through after all, so that A-American might find an excuse to vacate my storage unit in order to enable faulty surveillance to confuse the content of somebody else’s storage unit with mine. But, at this last moment, there was nothing I could do – my flight was within hours. I thus hopped onto the Metro Blue Line and headed toward the Los Angeles International Airport. When I arrived at Aviation Station (near the airport), I filmed myself one last time (23:21 in the video).

As I was about to leave for Nicaragua, I should at this juncture take stock, as I do periodically, of the profile which Mr former Secretary had compiled of me thus far and which would be the information the United States would share with the international community via the International Court of Justice. Now, as you have seen, quite a few new elements had been added to the profile. Other than the never-changing core of the story that I was a pretender of myself who was not really myself but my own twin brother and a secret agent of Russia and China and a dozen other nations with which Russia attempted to get cozy: pedophile; sex-pervert; rapist; pathological liar; habitual thief of other people’s identity, property, and intellectual property; robber; forger of documents, videos, audio-recordings, and currency; anti-Semitic white-supremacist; member of unknown Nazi organization and ardent admirer of Hitler; alcoholic, drug-addict, and agent of Mexican and other Latin American drug cartels; smuggler of drugs and distributor of child-pornography for the Russian intelligence service (and thus the missing link between the Russian intelligence service on the one hand and Latin American drug cartels and a certain worldwide network for the distribution of child pornography on the other); snooper and criminal videotaper; computer genius; super-multilingual speaking over 15 different languages; physically violent and constantly threatening the life and safety of other people; party-animal; member of international gangs and organized crime groups and the “king of vagrants” in every country I had gone to. In addition, I was also gravely mentally disabled and confused and possessed of low IQ, frequently hallucinating but also pretending to be a schizophrenic, developmentally arrested and so lazy as to spend my whole day, day after day, watching cartoons and playing video games, incessantly text-messaging my Russian intelligence contacts and hundreds of my other fellow drug-dealers, and always forgetting on the bus and everywhere I went my Russian-made spy equipment and the heroine and crack cocaine which I was sniffing and selling. And of course, I was also an ardent student of theater and performance and an angry anti-American liberal – hating America purely out of jealousy of its goodness and power – and I ungraciously attacked my family members and friends who just wanted to care for me. For some bizarre reason, I also enjoyed being homeless. And, for some other reason, I also carried a guitar with me all the time – I don’t know why this was bad, however. You might think that Mr former Secretary was not a good liar at all because – who could possibly believe that such disgusting villain unprecedented in human history could exist at all? And yet he had made everybody in governments around the world – and even many high officials in the UN judicial system – believe just this.

Appendix **“Stride-2009”**

As usual, at the end of this chapter we shall present an analysis of the noteworthy geopolitical events occurring at the same time which might be consequent upon our ICJ trial. In this chapter we shall consider China’s “Stride-2009” military exercise which was taking place on about the same day when I would be arriving in Nicaragua, i.e. August 11 2009. As background information we shall also mention briefly China’s turbulent relationship with Russia ever since it has established a strategic partnership

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with Russia in 2001 to counterbalance the American intrusion into both nations’ sphere of influence in Asia Pacific and Central Asia.

For the below analytic, we rely principally on Margaret Klein’s “Russland als euro-pazifische Macht” (Stiftung Wissenschaft und Politik, July 2014)⁴ and Marcel de Haas’ “Russian-Chinese Security Relations: Moscow’s Threat from the East?” (Clingendael, March 2013).⁵ The “Stride-2009” was the largest military exercise which the Chinese Liberation Army had ever conducted to date, and was particularly perceived to be testing its offensive capability against Russia.⁶ What was going on? Why

⁴ At: http://www.swp-berlin.org/fileadmin/contents/products/studien/2014_S12_kle.pdf.

⁵ At: http://clingendael.info/publications/2013/20130327_rc_securityrelations.pdf.

⁶ For the details of this military exercise, we can cite B. Raman’s “Stride-2009: China’s largest ever long-range military exercise” (August 13, 2009: <http://intellibriefs.blogspot.com/2009/08/stride-2009-chinas-largest-ever-long.html>): “Four Divisions of the People’s Liberation Army (PLA) of China with a total strength of about 50,000 troops and drawn from the Shenyang, Lanzhou, Jinan and Guangzhou military regions have embarked on a military exercise code-named Stride - 2009 since August 11, 2009. The exercise is due to last for two months. The exercise has been projected by the Global Times (August 12, 2009) as China’s largest ever, long-range military exercise. Under this exercise, a Division of the Shenyang Military Region in the North-East will move to the Lanzhou Military Region in the North-West and a Division from the Lanzhou Region will move to the Shenyang Region. Similarly, two Divisions from the Jinan and the Guangzhou military Regions will exchange places. It is not clear from available details carried by the Government and Party controlled Chinese media whether the four Divisions will remain in their new place of deployment after the exercise or they will move back to their original place of deployment. The objective of the exercise has been described as[:] to test the ability of the Divisions to move rapidly from an area where they were raised and trained to an area to which they were not used. The objective is also to train the troops to fight anywhere, anytime and under any conditions. The exercise will also test the ability of the troops to deal with natural disasters in any part of the country. Another important aim is to test the new road-rail and air infrastructure raised by China in recent years and examine their capacity to support such large-scale movements without causing much inconvenience to the civilian population. The Lanzhou Military Region – one of the seven military regions of China, has under its jurisdiction Xinjiang, Qinghai, Gansu, Ningxia, and Shaanxi and the Ali area of northwest Tibet. The Shenyang Military region covers the Liaoning, Jilin, and Heilongjiang provinces. It plays an important role in the security of Beijing as well as of the areas bordering on the Russian Far East and North Korea. The Jinan Military region covers the Shandong and Henan provinces. It is responsible for security in one of the most heavily populated and industrialized areas of China. The Guangzhou Military region covers the Guangdong, Guangxi, Hunan, Hebei and Hainan provinces. Inter alia, it is responsible for the security of Hong Kong and its Divisions are specially trained for possible military operations against Taiwan. The three Regions not participating in the exercise are the Beijing, the Nanjing and the Chengdu Military Regions. The Beijing Military Region covers Beijing city, Tianjin city, the Hebei province, the Shanxi province, and the Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region. It is mainly responsible for defending China from Mongolia and Russia, and also provides security to Beijing. The Nanjing Military Region covers the Jiangsu, Zhejiang, Anhui, Fujian, and Jiangxi provinces. It is the principal Military Region responsible for operations against Taiwan in the event of a military conflict. Most of the missile units facing Taiwan are believed to be under its control. The Chengdu Military Region covers the Chongqing, Sichuan, Yunnan, Guizhou provinces and the Xizang/Tibet Autonomous Region. It is responsible for security in Tibet and for protecting the border regions with India, Nepal and Myanmar. Thus while the Military Regions responsible for security in Tibet and Beijing and for military operations in Taiwan have not been disturbed during the exercise, the Military Region responsible for security in the recently-disturbed Xinjiang province has been. One would have thought that the Chinese would be interested in testing the capacity of the newly-laid railway line to Lhasa and the road infrastructure in Tibet to support large-scale and rapid military movements. While the non-participation of the Nanjing Military Region has been seen by Chinese commentators as a confidence-building measure at a time when Beijing’s relations with Taiwan are improving, no explanation has been forthcoming for the non-participation of the Chengdu Military Region. One is tempted to speculate whether this has been motivated by a desire not to cause undue alarm in India. Citing the Government-controlled Xinhua news agency, the Global Times reported as follows: ‘This is the first cross-region long-range training maneuver involving troops from four military area commands,’ an anonymous (unidentified) officer at the PLA Headquarters of General Staff was quoted by Xinhua as saying. ‘The exercise is to test the overall combat capability and long-range mobility of our army in information-based situations,’ he said. According to the plan, 80 per cent of the 50,000 troops and 60,000 weapons, equipment and vehicles will be transported to the target area by railway and motorized maneuvers. Civil passenger and cargo aircraft will be deployed for the first time to transport troops and weapons. The drill marks a huge breakthrough in the

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was China provoking Russia just at a time when they most needed each other in order to defend themselves against American aggression? Our hypothesis is that this “Stride-2009” had a lot to do with the current International Court of Justice trial.

We recall that, ever since China re-established diplomatic relationship with the USSR in 1989, it has formed a strategic partnership with Russia – usually within the formats of SCO and BRICS – solely because of the pressure exerted by the United States on both countries. Even given the priority in warding off a common enemy, China and Russia could nonetheless not help but compete with each other and attempt to contain each other’s influence at the same time. Merely four years after the formation of strategic partnership, de Haas notes, the Sino-Russian relationship has begun to deteriorate. In response, both sides began to conduct military exercises with the other side as the imagined adversary. First, Russia’s “Vostok-2005”. Then China’s 2006 exercise in response.⁷ The scholars at think tanks typically conceive of “Stride-2009” as a continuation of China’s 2006 exercise. We must contest this sort of interpretation.

In scholarly literatures (such as the two particular references cited here) we will have read about how, although China and Russia have decided to form a strategic partnership since 2001 because their common “enemy”, the United States, surpasses them each in power by a huge margin, China and Russia have nonetheless been struggling for power against each other within the two principal forums in which they implement their strategic partnership, SCO and BRICS. This is a most sorrowful situation, for this again demonstrates that United States surpasses Russia and China in virtually every domain – in military hard power, in economic prowess, in cultural attraction (“soft power”), and now even in the domain of friendship with allies: there is no similar struggle for power (or over leadership) either in the United States’ alliance system in Asia Pacific nor in NATO. It would seem that the inferiority of Russia’s growing camp – especially in regard to its strategic partnership with China – is

history of Chinese military training, in which the armies are crossing geographical boundaries to fight in unfamiliar areas, a military specialist in Beijing surnamed Chen told the Global Times. ‘The capability for greater coordination, joint operations and long-range force projection will be tested,’ Chen said. The paper added: ‘Nanjing Military Area Command, one of the seven military commands in China and covering areas close to Taiwan, was not included in the drill. Military expert interpreted the absence of Nanjing Military Command as ‘the mainland showing goodwill to Taiwan,’ Taiwan-based newspaper China Times reported. ‘This is a friendly gesture from the mainland toward Taiwan and shows cross-Straits relations have further eased up,’ Li Daguang, a military expert from the National Defense University told the Global Times. Unlike previous military drills, this exercise has not prompted wild speculations by military watchers.’ It further said: “Since early May, when the PLA Headquarters of the General Staff publicized the information on the planned military drill, foreign media carried factual reports on the military drill, a change from their previous critical or speculative tone. ‘As the Chinese army is more and more open to the outside world, the mysteries of the army will be unveiled. And there will be fewer and fewer false reports to speculate on the threatening effect of Chinese military drills,’ Li said. In addition, the drill aims to test the army’s capacity to cope with large-scale natural disasters. It is not merely for military purposes,’ he added.”

⁷ Marcel de Haas summarizes (ibid.): “In July 2005, the Russian Armed Forces conducted the command-post exercise ‘Vostok-2005’ in the Far East region. These war games focused on opposing threats from separatist, radical, religious–national movements and international groupings. One of the major aims of the exercises was coordination of action between Russia’s Ministry of Defense forces and the troops of the other law-enforcement departments, the so-called ‘power ministries’, such as the FSB (Federal’naya Sluzhba Bezopasnosti, or Russian Federal Security Service), the Ministry of Internal Affairs and the Emergencies Ministry. Given the emphasis on action by the power ministries, the Russian Armed Forces only participated with 5,000 military, whereas the other law-enforcement departments brought in 14,000 troops. Interestingly, another essential aspect of the exercises was cooperation with similar security agencies of China, including the armed forces. Such bilateral cooperation with China was presented as a new concept of security policy... In 2006, China’s PLA held an exercise in its Shengyang military district, featuring a 1,000 kilometre-long march of its troops. This scenario resembled operations similar to what China could conduct if invading Russia, raising concerns in Moscow with Russia’s security elite about how the PLA might plan an offensive against Siberia...”

caused by two factors in particular.

The first is the growing disproportion between Russian elites’ expectation for themselves and the reality of Russia’s strength (in both “hard power” and “soft power”). There is something which we must consider here, something psychological, i.e. a nation’s expectation of itself. We know from our personal experience that an individual forms his/her expectation of him- or herself – and thus his or her life-goals – on the basis of what s/he has had before or what others around him or her have at the present, rather than on the basis of (or in comparison with) what others in other countries or in other epochs have or had. Nations are the same. I suppose that the Russian ruling elites are so concerned with gaining for Russia an influence in world’s affairs befitting a “superpower nation” because they have come to expect such thing for Russia given – when they recall to their mind – the fact that such power and influence is what Russia (as USSR) used to have. It’s because Russia used to have such prestige and power in the world that the Russian elites, at present, urgently expect Russia to be better than its current condition of disrepair and weakness and enthusiastically formulate a goal for Russia to become a superpower once again. Thailand does not expect itself to become a superpower and does not strive for such goal because – it has never been such in the past. The attempt to gain a “superpower status” thus colors Russia’s entire foreign policy as it desperately searches for allies around the world to counter American and European aggression. In SCO and BRICS, thus, Russia has tried to assert a leadership position. This quickly runs into conflict with China, currently the strongest member in both formats. It’s not just because the Chinese leadership has developed the same expectation for China as the Russian elites have for Russia – this time on the basis of China’s past status as a “superpower” in its region in the two preceding millennia. This is also because hard facts simply so dictate. It’s obvious to everyone that China has surpassed Russia by a wide margin in both economic prowess and social development. While China, in the beginning of the second decade of the twenty first century, still needs some help from Russia in the modernization of its military, its military industrial complex has already reached parity with Russia in most domains. Culturally, China is also more attractive to foreigners than Russia is – even if it’s mostly because China has a better “niche” (as “Orientals”) than Russia has (as a “deviant, underdeveloped Westerner”). Thus, in East Asia, China naturally considers Russia as only a “junior partner”, while Russia’s persistent assertion of itself to gain leadership position appears completely unrealistic in the eyes of Chinese leadership. In other words, after the collapse of the USSR, and despite Putin’s success in stabilizing Russia’s condition, Russia today really has only a small fraction of its former strength (perhaps ten percent!), with hard and soft power no more than that of a medium size nation, like France, Italy, or South Korea, so that its attempt to “lead China” in China’s own region must appear quite absurd. And yet, how can you expect the Russian leaders to be content with playing a subordinate role to the Chinese when they can recall where they were merely two decades ago, and when they have grown up in an age where they were the big brothers to the Chinese? The “partnership” was formed solely because of the pressure from the United States; otherwise it’s the worst match possible. And yet the Russian elites can only see their difficulties increase since, soon, India, their next most important ally, shall have also developed the same expectation for itself as Russia and China do. India, too, like China, has a long history of being a glorious civilization – on the basis of which a grander expectation for itself is inevitable. With all these struggles for power, how, then, can the SCO and BRICS alliance possibly be as effective as NATO and so on? (Presumably, India will eventually become more than an “observer” in the SCO.) And yet the United States has no such problem in view – certainly not in regard to Japan, and not in regard to its European allies either, especially since it has already carefully removed, and transformed, the Gaullists in France and the leftists in Germany (the two traditional forces in France and Germany who have contemplated resisting the formation of the United States’ unipolar world after the end of the Cold War).

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Note that we have not yet even begun mentioning the other internal strife in the “Russian camp” which is also not present in the American camp, e.g. the rivalry between China and India, between China and Vietnam, etc.

The second problem is caused by China’s own ambition in view of Russia’s tremendous weakness – in view of the tremendous disproportion between Russia’s brokenness and weakness and its vast territorial size. We have seen that United States and its European allies have been launching a clandestine invasion of Russia since the last days of the Cold War because, as Peak Oil approached, they have been coveting Russia’s vast reservoir of natural resources in Siberia. It has turned out that China, because it is increasingly running short of raw materials and energy supplies to fuel its massive and swift industrialization, has also been coveting Russia’s “Siberian treasure pot” not any the less. What other options does it have? Consistent with its overall strategy of distinguishing itself from Western imperialism, China has been employing a rather low-profile, slow, and underhand, method when intending on swallowing up all the treasures in Russian Siberia. The economic collapse of Russia in the 1990s has resulted in the massive depopulation of its Siberian provinces (immigration to Russia’s European centers) and the growing disrepair of infrastructure in these eastern regions. To survive, the remaining Russian elements in Siberia have developed greater economic ties with their counterparts in China (and South Korea and Japan) than with their own compatriots in Europe. Siberia is increasingly integrated with Russia’s Asian neighbors (especially with China) than with Russia itself. China welcomes the trend, and in fact hastens it by encouraging illegal immigration into Siberia. As Chinese immigrants in Siberia outnumber European Russians by hundreds to one, “local Chinese, instead of the Russian authorities, are determining the future of Russia’s Far Eastern province” (de Haas, p. 27). This is how China is ready to swallow up Russia’s “Siberian treasure pot” before the Americans and the Dutch and the British do – insofar as the Russians themselves clearly lack the means to hold onto it. China’s 2006 exercise was most likely devised in view of Russia’s possible collapse in its Siberian provinces, and Russian authorities’ increasing attempt to “contain China” – its otherwise “strategic partner” – is certainly partly in response to this.

The same with China’s increasing authority in Central Asia, to replace Russia’s traditional influence there. (There are also so much natural resources in the former Soviet republics there.) Because of China’s greater economic might than Russia’s, it offers much better payment for Central Asia’s oil, natural gas, and other raw materials. The Russian elites naturally resist this trend, so that this becomes another point of contention between Russia and China, the two “strategic partners”. Russia’s relationship with China has become, overall, a strangely ambiguous one, both “partnership” and “competition” at once.⁸ Such situation (i.e. Russia’s position toward China as “hedging”) is most sorrowful since it significantly weakens their common defense against their much greater, and scarier, enemy, the United States. And, yet, we must see that the ultimate cause of the whole matter – for both factors just named – is Russia’s tremendous weakness (both economically and militarily) in contrast with its former time. Russia doesn’t even have enough power to hold onto itself, let alone projecting its power outward, as the Russian elites are constantly trying to do.⁹

⁸ Thus, Klein (ibid., p. 15): “Die russische Führung verfolgt gegenüber Peking eine Mischung aus Anbindung (engagement) und indirekter Gegenmachtbildung (balancing), die in der Forschung als »Absicherungsstrategie« (hedging) bezeichnet wird.”

⁹ Russia’s response to increasingly becoming China’s “junior partner” in Asian affairs is “diversification”, i.e. building strong relationships with China’s Asian competitors who are not formerly in Russia’s alliance system, such as Japan, South Korean, and the ASEAN (Association of South East Asian Nations) forum. This, of course, is sorrowful in the sense that it

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Recognizing the importance of Russia’s “Siberian treasure pot” and its increasing neglect, Putin has since the beginning of his term tried to shift the focus of Russian economy from Europe to Asia, thinking of modernizing Russia’s eastern provinces through increasing commerce with Russia’s Asian neighbors. And yet, because of Russia’s fundamental weakness (here, especially in the economic domain), trading with China, South Korea, and Japan only further weakens Russia’s position, reducing Russia to a mere exporter of raw materials, energy, and weaponry and yet an importer of everything manufactured. Russia simply has no ability to compete in world’s market. Its newly developed ties with its Asian neighbors actually further weaken Russia’s position in respect to them; even as a supplier of energy, raw materials, and weaponry – the only things Russia can possibly deliver to the world – has Russia hardly gained an inch in influence in Asian affairs.¹⁰ Thus, in this world, truly, “the weaker can only get weaker”, and “the stronger stronger”, just as “the richer gets richer, and the poorer poorer”. Without any nation therein being able to exercise decisive leadership by obvious dint of sheer power, the “Russian camp” is hardly an effective hedge against the American alliance.

This trial at the International Court of Justice has made Russia’s situation even worse. We have noted that the conviction of China as a “terrorism-sponsoring state” has rendered China increasingly an “American colony”, leaving Russia bereaved of its most important “strategic partner”. The second half of 2008 and the first half of 2009 must be the nadir of modern Russia’s condition: it is completely isolated in the international sphere, having lost both China and Iran. I believe that the “Stride-2009” has more to do with this, America’s increasing colonization of China through the secret ICJ judgment, than with the traditional rivalry between China and Russia over the status of Russian Siberia and leadership question in SCO and BRICS. We see that “Stride-2009” was first planned in May 2009. We recall the intense antagonism between Russia on the one hand, and United States and EU on the other, during April 2009 because of Russia’s conviction in this ICJ case in late March and its fighting back, on the basis of my videos and documentaries, in early April. As the Russians began bringing into the UN sessions more and more “clear and distinct” evidences proving the imaginary nature of United States’

further weakens the effectiveness of Russia’s strategic partnership with China against the United States. Russia’s attempt to join the “six party talk” over North Korea’s nuclear question – in order to raise its influence in East Asian affairs – is probably the only instance in its “diversification” strategy where it has actually enhanced the effectiveness of its alliance system against the United States.

¹⁰ Klein adds (ibid.): “Die engere wirtschaftliche Verflechtung der fernöstlichen und sibirischen Gebiete mit den nordost-asiatischen Nachbarn hat bislang aber nicht die erhofften Modernisierungseffekte gebracht. Insbesondere im Handel mit China werden Wirtschaftsstrukturen, die Russland Nachteile bringen, eher perpetuiert als überwunden. Das zeigt ein Blick auf das 2009 vereinbarte Kooperationsprogramm zwischen den östlichen russischen und den nordöstlichen chinesischen Grenzregionen. 70% der für die russischen Gebiete vorgesehenen Projekte betreffen die gemeinsame Erschließung und Ausbeutung natürlicher Ressourcen wie Öl und Holz. Dagegen sind 90% der in den chinesischen Regionen geplanten Projekte industrieller Natur. Dies widerspricht den von der russischen Führung formulierten Zielen...” Klein concludes: “Ein Blick auf die drei Dimensionen russischer Ostasienpolitik offenbart ein gemischtes Bild. Bisher kann Moskau seine Großmachtambitionen in der Region nicht mit entsprechenden Fähigkeiten untermauern. Zwar besitzt Russland ein großes, vor allem nukleares Abschreckungspotential, aber seine Fähigkeiten zur militärischen Machtprojektion sind zu schwach, um einen nennenswerten Beitrag zur regionalen Sicherheit jenseits der eigenen Grenzen zu leisten. Dass Moskau dennoch gerne militärische Macht demonstriert, hat weniger mit dem Erfolg dieser Strategie zu tun als mit dem Mangel an Alternativen. Politisch ist Russland nämlich weder in der Lage, die Interaktion der ostasiatischen Staaten untereinander oder mit den USA spürbar zu beeinflussen, noch bei der Lösung regionaler Probleme zu helfen. Obwohl Moskau eigene Initiativen zur Nordkorea-Problematik entwickelte und der Vereinnahmung durch Peking bei dessen Territorialstreitigkeiten widerstand, fehlt es ihm an politischer Kraft, seinen Forderungen Nachdruck zu verleihen oder eine Vermittlerrolle einzunehmen. Am brüchigsten ist der ökonomische Pfeiler der »euro-pazifischen« Ambitionen. Mit Ausnahme von Energie und Rüstungsgütern ist Russlands Wirtschaft kaum wettbewerbsfähig, und selbst die Zusammenarbeit in diesen strategisch wichtigen Bereichen bewirkte nicht, dass Moskaus politischer Einfluss wuchs.”

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“David Chin legend”, you can just imagine how the “Boss”, annoyed, wanted to send Russia a hard signal. He could have simply ordered the Chinese president to conduct a large scale military exercise demonstrating that the Chinese military was now on America’s side and ready to invade Russia on America’s signal. The Chinese leadership cannot but side with the United States given the myriad of constraints that had been placed on it since its early 2008 conviction. By the time the military exercise was actually carried out, on August 11 2009, the timing was even more important, since the “signal” to the Russian elites was now even more necessary: “Are you serious about resisting us and debunking us in front of everybody?” “Stride-2009”, thus, in our view, is an instance of the (temporary) complete disintegration of Russia’s alliance system in general, and strategic partnership with China in particular, devised with the sole intention to counter American aggression.

We must make a note of caution about both “under-interpretation”, frequently seen in our sources, of geopolitical events in the context of our “Secret History”, and “over-interpretation” which could be occurring in the narrative of this “Secret History”. Scholars at think tanks (or “foundations”, “Stiftungen”) like Marcel de Haas and Margaret Klein do not usually have access to national security secrets like the details of this ICJ trial. Occasionally, even when they are given such access because it is required for their contract assignment with governments, they are obliged to not mention it in their publications. As a consequence, their interpretation of causes of events might derail and become incorrect. The scholars in question are likely to interpret the vicissitudes in Sino-Russian relationship in the past 15 years entirely in terms of the traditional rivalry over leadership or over the “Siberian Question”, whereas, in reality, China’s disconnect with Russia in regard to the Russo-Georgian War or “Stride-2009”, and its subsequent reconnect with Russia in 2011, might have been more caused by China’s loss in this ICJ trial and the trial’s subsequent dismissal in late 2010 than by any struggle for power in the SCO, etc.

On the other hand, “over-interpretation” refers to the possibility that I have thought events which are in fact unrelated to my ICJ trial to be consequent upon it. This occurs, of course, when the ramification of the ICJ judgment or course was actually narrower than I thought. Hopefully I have carefully eliminated this possibility in all the preceding chapters.