

## **The Secret History of the International Court of Justice**

### **How to own the world in seven months: Part I:**

#### **“Nicaragua and the completion of a mission”**

##### **1. The Birth of A “Mission”**

**A  
June 3 2009 to June 19 2009**

##### **LEGEND:**

Mr former Secretary (of Homeland Security): Michael Chertoff  
The “Agency”: CIA (Central Intelligence Agency)  
The Russian intelligence service: SVR  
The “Machine”: the faulty surveillance Machine  
Wes: my best friend  
Location: San Francisco, Berkeley, California  
“Boss”: Dick Cheney

The following records the crucial episode of the International Court of Justice trial about me in early June 2009 during which the tide would begin to turn and Russia would begin to see the light of salvation. I apologize for once more preserving the cumbersome format of a diary entry, enumerating in a chronological order each and every piece of evidence that has ever entered the evidentiary record of the International Court. I apologize also for listing almost all my recordings and documentaries with which I can prove every single second of my waking life during this crucial period. During this episode Mr former Secretary of Homeland Security Michael Chertoff continued using me as a patsy against Russia, now adding US agenda toward Africa to the original agendas regarding Latin America and India. He continued writing out a “script” about me as a retarded, schizophrenic, and anti-social secret agent of Russia and its conspirator nations, then sending actors and actresses to my vicinity to act out the “script”, and counting on faulty surveillance to confuse them with me as a way to prove to the International Court and the United Nations that the “script” he had written about me was really my life. As the Russian intelligence service increased its surveillance on me on the streets of San Francisco and then Los Angeles, the recordings and video diaries I have made of this period become filled with images of secret agents from all sides: CIA operatives; Homeland Security operatives; fake Russian agents (former Russian spies now working for the Americans); and real Russian secret agents. For this reason, and others, I consider these documentaries my most precious possessions.

To recapitulate the immediately preceding episode: the trial was in deadlock at the moment. While the Russians were holding onto my recording from May 15 as evidence that the faulty surveillance Machine was inaccurate, Mr former Secretary was trying to demonstrate that I was

still following Russian orders by coming up to the Bay Area. Since I hadn't filed my Supplemental Pleading, Mr former Secretary hadn't yet obtained the definitive evidence for this. In his desperate position, he had temporarily dropped off his efforts to produce evidences proving my connections with Russia's Latin American partners, and the authenticity of the "spy equipment" he had forged on May 31 was being disputed. While they had not yet reversed the ICJ judgment against them from late March, the Russians were arguing vehemently that the "device" intercepted into the Court on May 31, the other "spy equipment" intercepted into Court on May 13, the "spy laptop" intercepted from the bus on May 1, the "spy hard drive" intercepted from Best Buy on May 3, and the documents, equipment, and cash which the police had found on "David Chin" on May 11 were all forged; that the Machine was inaccurate; that I had never lost anything on the bus on May 1, never exchanged anything on May 3, never been arrested on May 11, and never lost anything on May 13; and that I had never had anything stolen from me on May 31. This was all proven by the recording from May 15 and the videos from May 31, thus argued the Russians.

### **June 3 (continued from The Second Supplemental Pleading):**

My next recording is: "[sf\\_cryng\\_buy\\_dv\\_slp\\_bart\\_6\\_3\\_09\\_115PM.WMA](#)". As I have noted, after I left the donut shop, I went inside the San Francisco Public Library to surf the Internet with my Eee PC. As usual, I uploaded my recordings to my website via FTP. Around 1 PM or so, FTP connection stalled, and I filmed it (14:00 in the video diary "[6\\_2-3\\_09.wmv](#)"). I don't know if Mr former Secretary was preventing me from uploading a recording file which, when intercepted by the Russians, may constitute evidence damaging his case. From 48:30 onward I became so distraught that I began crying. When I exited the library, wind suddenly blew away some of my papers (1:08:00). I became tremendously worried that what I had lost might turn into something else (Russian or Spanish documents proving United States' case) when they arrived at the International Court as evidence. The same thing when someone asked me for a cigarette: I was terrified that faulty surveillance would turn this episode into my narcotic dealing with street criminals (1:27:00). I thus ran away. I rode the bus to Ocean Beach, cried loudly for a while out of depression, slept in the bushes, woke up, rode the bus back to downtown, and bought Tylenol for headache (4:30:00), for I was feeling tremendously sick. I finally went back to Berkeley on BART. I tried to exit without paying, but was caught. The BART personnel knew I was receiving disability payment, and said to me, "You have disability" trying to offer me a discount. "How do you know I have disability?" "I'm saying: if you do" (5:23:30), she tried to cover herself. Another sign that everyone had already been briefed about me!

My next recording is: "[berkly\\_peets\\_wrt\\_ftp\\_dylan\\_6\\_3\\_09\\_646PM.WMA](#)". I dragged my heavy cart up the hill to Telegraph and came to Peet's Coffee, where I uploaded to my website, among other files, the recording from May 13: "[cgi\\_to\\_aclu\\_lawlib\\_angel\\_no\\_rus\\_agnt\\_snd\\_fara\\_5\\_13\\_09\\_1035AM.WMA](#)". This recording, you recall, contains my deadly conversation with Angel on May 13. Then my Toshiba Satellite was frozen.

After I exited Peet's, I saw this hippie begging for money on the sidewalk. Although this was a common sight on Telegraph Avenue, I was so desperate for human interaction that I began talking with him. His name was Dylan (from 2:20:00 onwards). I was worried that he might be

acting with me under Mr former Secretary's instruction like everyone else in order to damn Russia to hell and me to infamy, and so I made my way with him cautiously. It turned out that he was a highly educated engineer from Stockton and a graduate from UC Davis and had fallen into depression and homelessness because his brother, who suffered from schizophrenia, had killed himself. He also talked about being arrested by police the two nights ago. These details alarmed me, since they could be devised so that the Machine may confuse him with me and produce evidences demonstrating that I had killed my twin brother Lawrence and was again arrested in accordance with the degraded personality of "David Chin". I parted with him on 3:11:00. I was very surprised, for he really didn't look like he had been briefed about me and instructed as to how to interact with me. I started having the desire of finding him tomorrow just because I was so in need of human company. But I soon sighed: "If I go find him tomorrow, the suit team would definitely recruit him then, and tomorrow he will be different..." (3:12:30). Although no evidences were produced here, I mentioned all my paranoia and caution about dealing with people just to give you a notion about how much pressure I was operating under – at every moment I feared making a wrong move.

After this, I walked a long way to Au Coquelet where I would spend the night writing this diary. The physical exhaustion resulting from homelessness and boredom from computer use all day long caused me to sigh: "I'm so tired, I need to die; I simply cannot do it anymore" (4:06:00). And I moaned and moaned.

#### **June 4:**

My video diary for the next three days is: "[6\\_4-7\\_09.wmv](#)". Today would be a quiet day. The only significant thing that happened is recorded in my first recording of the day: "[slp\\_berkly\\_strngr\\_sandwich\\_6\\_4\\_09\\_6-9AM.WMA](#)". While I was still sleeping in the street corner on Shattuck in Berkeley, a woman came to me on 2:33:10 and dropped a sandwich on my bag, saying: "Here you go sir". I would spend the whole day reflecting on the purpose of this – she was obviously instructed to do this by the suit team. By the end of the day I would realize what was going on. My innocent FTP upload the previous afternoon had saved the suit team – as I went about with my normal routine, one day I would save the Russians, the next day I would save the United States suit team. Recall that, when, on May 13, I couldn't find the AC charger for my Eee PC and asked Angel if someone had turned it in ("Without the AC charger I couldn't surf the Internet"), Mr former Secretary had indeed used the intercept of this asking as an opportunity to forge another Russian-made spy equipment and claimed in the International Court that it was what I had lost. Recall then that the Russians had been using my recording from May 15 to argue that the Machine's surveillance was inaccurate, that all the Russian-made spy equipment which I have enumerated above must have been forged by the United States, and that Machine's intercept showing me losing "something" in the law library on May 13 was probably inaccurate as well, just like that for May 15. Now the suit team could offer my own recording from May 13 to confirm that I had indeed lost "something" just as the Machine's intercept had shown. The woman who gave me food was actually a CIA operative whom the suit team had sent to me to reward me for "job well done". What I don't understand is the fact that the same recording from May 13 also contains the episode of my finding my AC charger an hour after I had asked Angel.

Other than this episode, there were no signs of operations at all for the rest of the day, and no sign that the residents and students of Berkeley had been shown my pictures and trained to do “acting” in front of me. Obviously, things had changed because the Russians had brought up enough evidences to convince the judges at the International Court and everyone in the United Nations that the surveillance which the US suit team had been presenting might be no more than a TV show. The lack of signs of course didn’t mean that the students and residents were never briefed about me. It just meant that, even if they had been, they had been told to temporarily “put on hold” their acting because their international audience were getting suspicious.

I spent the whole day in coffeehouses writing this diary entry, learning Spanish on [www.learn-spanish-online.de](http://www.learn-spanish-online.de), processing my recordings and videos, complaining about this International Court trial: “I can’t stand being in this country, people are so confused!” and filming all the people who text-messaged near me (like the first scene in “[6\\_4-7\\_09.wmv](#)”). By night fall, when I was in Au Coquelet, strangers’ text-messaging got me so angry: “I can’t take it anymore... I want to punch their face, just because they text-message...” “United States is so powerful, it can produce surveillance of a reality that does not exist...” “If I don’t fart right, the United States will interpret it as my passing secret messages to the Russians...” “The evidentiary rule is such that evidences in favor of the United States will be admissible in court, evidences not in favor of the United States will not be admissible in court!” “Russians are space aliens who should be expelled from planet earth!” It should be noted that, when I came to the park behind Telegraph Avenue, some youngsters were accusing me of smoking weed out of the blue. I am not sure if they were instructed by the suit team to so falsely accuse me so as to cause the Machine to intercept more confirmation from others of my drug addiction (3:09:00 in “[kreaan\\_shop\\_med\\_wrt\\_prk\\_ppl\\_ask\\_wd\\_carson\\_strbk\\_6\\_4\\_09\\_127PM.WMA](#)”).

## June 5:

After a quiet day, Mr former Secretary would run a ton of operations on me today. When I, after waking up from the street corner in Berkeley, went to the Royal Ground Coffee to publish my videos on my Toshiba and to upload recording onto my website using my Eee PC, he sent in someone to imitate me by using as well two laptops at the same time, one Mac and one PC (3:06 in the video diary). Then my FTP connection stalled (4:38 in the video diary). Was it due to Mr former Secretary’s obstruction? When I then came to Starbucks, another actor appeared to use two laptops at the same time: he used his MacBook to surf the Internet while installing Windows XP on his Dell PC (7:58 in the video diary). Just when I had wanted to install Ubuntu on my Toshiba Satellite! Upset with Russian losses, I escaped to San Francisco instead.

I would spend the whole afternoon pondering on the purpose of these two “doubles” of mine. It occurred to me that both of them had the common characteristic of using a Mac. It seems that Mr former Secretary was trying to produce surveillance indicating that I was a Mac user even though, in reality, I had never owned a Mac. His purpose seemed to be connected with his staging of the theft of iPhone on May 31. What he had forged on this occasion was indeed an iPhone device filled with suspicious text-messages seemingly to Russian intelligence and my Latin American criminal buddies and installed with a special software for forging audio recordings, such as the recording from May 15. Apparently, while the Russians must have used the documentaries and recordings I had uploaded on the morning of June 1 to argue that this

iPhone was forged, they must have also pointed out that I was a PC user, as seen in all my documentaries and in SVR's own surveillance on me. Machine's surveillance on me on May 31 could not be correct. Now that the accuracy of the Machine was suddenly confirmed by my own recording from May 13, Mr former Secretary wanted to exploit the opportunity. He thus set out today to produce surveillance showing me to be a Mac user. This could then strengthen his argument that my recording from May 15 (Howard's confession) was forged using special software.

My time in San Francisco is recorded in:

["bart\\_sf\\_laundro\\_rus\\_wm\\_wrt\\_smpl\\_plsur\\_bum\\_wm\\_bus\\_trnsfr\\_6\\_5\\_09\\_3PM.WMA"](#) and ["no\\_mu\\_dnnr\\_not\\_opn\\_frtne\\_cokie\\_ask\\_wm\\_why\\_on\\_strt\\_knkos\\_dvd\\_6\\_5\\_09\\_823PM.WMA"](#)

". I rode the BART and the bus to the western tip of the peninsula and came inside the Laundromat next to Simple Pleasure coffeehouse to wash my cloth (2:13:00). At some point a Russian old lady came inside. Fearing that the suit team was producing faulty surveillance showing me meeting with my fellow Russian secret agent, I left my camcorder on the counter to film the entire scene as proof that I had had no interaction with her (9:15 in the video diary). After doing some computer work in Simple Pleasure (publishing my video diary), I rode the bus back to downtown San Francisco and stopped by a Chinese restaurant to dine. I made sure to never open the fortune cookie that came with the bill, and even filmed myself not opening it, so as to have proof that he I had never opened the fortune cookie! I simply would not provide Mr former Secretary with another opportunity to get the Chinese intelligence to pass me a "secret message". When I came to the Financial District, however, something unnerving happened. I saw a Russian woman standing in the middle of the street and, without thinking, asked her, "Why are you standing in the middle of the street?" She hesitated, and then replied calmly, "I'm waiting for my husband..." (47:00 in the second recording). I immediately began to worry that I may have made a mistake – for she may be a Russian agent here to conduct surveillance on me. In fact, because of this intense battle in the International Court of Justice, the Russian consulate protection service had mobilized hundreds of SVR agents to fill up the streets of San Francisco. Some time later, I would run into the same bumpy nose Russian surveillance agent whom I had met two days ago, on June 3, this time in a Starbucks in the Financial District. She was pretending to be chatting with a few other Russian guys and girls, probably all SVR agents. Then, around 11:40 PM or so, on bus 31, I would run into more Mexican kids who seemed to be conducting surveillance on me (17:27 in the video diary). Again, since the suit team was aware that I planned to escape south, the Mexican intelligence had been invited to watch me in order to ready themselves for this lawsuit in the International Court of Justice.

## **June 6:**

This morning I slept inside the San Francisco Greyhound station. There would be no operations today until tonight. My activities in the day time are recorded in:

["wk\\_cafe\\_near\\_gryhnd\\_mailbox\\_strt\\_fair\\_strngr\\_icecream\\_bnk\\_wrt\\_on\\_bill\\_6\\_6\\_09\\_1026AM.WMA"](#). I woke up, went inside the coffee house to work on my video diaries and writings, checked out my mailbox at Postal Chase, and then came to the Richmond district on Geary Street. I wanted to stay at Royal Ground to work on my computers, but the Russian newspapers lying on the table outside scared me off. I filmed it (18:15 in the aforementioned video diary) –

just in case it was suit team's trick to produce evidences for my receiving "secret messages" from the Russians. That was 4 PM. I came instead to Peet's Coffee one block away.

My next recording is:

["sf\\_peets\\_spnsh\\_lsn\\_brders\\_strngr\\_ask\\_cmput\\_drw\\_no\\_film\\_6\\_6...802PM.WMA"](#). Soon there would be actions in Peet's. The Russian consulate protection service sent a Russian man to conduct surveillance on me. I filmed him (18:47 in video diary); that was 4:12 PM. Then there were two more Russians (15:00). Evidently, after the Russians were unable to refute the forged spy-equipment from May 13, they sent their surveillance agents to take more live images of me, confirming that I was using no more than consumer laptops – and a PC and a Linux Eee PC. I was looking over more videos on Mexico on Youtube, this time on the crime situation. I then continued my Spanish lesson on learn-spanish-online.de. After that I rode the bus to the Borders Bookstore south of Financial District. I was exhausting myself with the overwhelming amount of work I had given myself: I still had to re-send to myself the hash values of my writings to prove that I had written them myself.

On 7:22 PM one of the several Russian youngsters hanging out at Borders pointed to my Eee PC and asked: "What is this?" (3:27:00) "Don't ask me about my computer", I responded in horror. "You are crazy man," the Russian kid said and walked away. Mr former Secretary had just obtained another piece of circumstantial evidence indicating that I was using some strange Russian-made spy equipment – it was his counter evidence against the live images which the Russians had obtained of me three hours ago. It is ironic that Mr former Secretary would employ the Russian immigrants of San Francisco to produce faulty surveillance intercepts for use against the country of their origin.

After I studied a little more Spanish on the same website, around 9:10 PM, I discovered someone drawing in my vicinity (5:13:00). Mr former Secretary had sent in another double of mine to produce evidence showing me attempting to harm the United States by pretending to draw like my supposed twin brother Lawrence – and, as usual, it was a black guy. When I began filming him, the Borders employee yelled at me for filming in the interior of the store (5:13:30). I was angry. It was obviously a deliberate attempt by the suit team. The suit team, again, was instructing people to complain about my filming so that the intercept of these complaints could be brought to the International Court as justification for suppressing my documentaries as evidence on the ground of my being a "criminal videotaper". At the same time, I was prevented from gathering proofs as to what I was really doing. When I connected my camcorder to my Toshiba Satellite, the employee complained again. "I'm not filming..." I shouted to her (5:19:00). I couldn't film my double with my pen camera because it was malfunctioning (5:25:30). I was unable to concentrate on my study of Mexico (I was reading about Oaxaca this time, thinking about escaping there) because I was so angered by my double. I finally went outside the store to film him through the windows (5:42:00). This is in the last scene of my aforementioned video diary (from 21:30 onward). Then, because the security guard had come around to harass me, I had to hide myself in a different corner of the street to import the videos from my camcorder to my laptop, and, further exacerbating me, my camcorder was making strange noise. It had better not break down: my life depended on it.

I was so upset by this episode that I would be angry and murmuring hatred all night long. I then went back to Berkeley. As soon as I exited the Berkeley BART station, however, the suit team sent in an ambulance to park in front of me in order to produce surveillance showing me being taken away to the hospital. I filmed it. I then stayed in Au Coquelet until 1 AM or so writing this diary and the earlier parts of my “Secret History”. Supposedly my “double” was in the hospital at the moment and more Russian-made spy equipment would be found on him. But the happenings in the following days seemed to indicate that the Russians had escaped this episode. I’m not sure how it happened.

### **June 7:**

I woke up from the street corner in Berkeley around 10 AM, and I would spend the morning in Tully to use my computers. This is recorded in:

“[tully\\_crazy\\_grl\\_surv\\_spnsh\\_issn\\_chat\\_bst\\_frnds\\_6\\_7\\_09\\_1043AM.WMA](#)”. As usual, I filmed the Tully employee’s text-messaging as proof that I didn’t text-message to my “Russian intelligence contacts”. Nonetheless, under suit team’s instruction, the Tully employee had just produced another piece of circumstantial evidence for my continuous secret communication with my Russian boss. I then continued to learn Spanish on the same website. I was so lonely and so thirsty for human interaction that I tried to have a conversation with a schizophrenic girl whom I would see everyday in the coffeehouses in Berkeley. Unfortunately, she was unintelligible. When I was resting on the benches on Shattuck, I dared to start a chat with the two women who were sitting in front of me – I was risking Russia’s safety because I was just too lonely. At the time they were trying to connect to the wireless Internet in Peet’s Coffee which was in front of us. Suddenly, when one of the women heard me talk about something, she pretended to mistake what I said for something else. “I got confused...” she apologized. I couldn’t help but exclaim: “You are confused again... America is the axis of mental confusion, do you know that?” (4:52:30) They laughed. We chatted a little more, and they departed on 5:24:30. I had a feeling that I had fallen into Mr former Secretary’s trap, and I would be correct. These two women were suit team’s actresses. Although the suit team was able to retain the forged spy equipment from May 13 as evidence, they apparently had difficulty in explaining Howard’s mental confusion in the recording from May 15. They were not able to discredit my videos from May 31 against Russians’ insistence, so that they now tried a different method in order to avoid the Russian accusation that they were defrauding the Court. They wanted to convince the judges that they did not instruct Howard to put up an act; they had instructed these two women to put up a show of mental confusion in order to demonstrate to the judges that Americans, indeed, were frequently “confused”!

My next recording is:

“[telegrph\\_bst\\_frnds\\_txtmsg\\_med\\_cocqu\\_rev\\_k\\_3\\_6\\_7\\_09\\_421PM.WMA](#)”. When I was wondering around Telegraph, as soon as I walked into a department store, the alarm sounded (22:00). More evidences showing me stealing! As the Russians concentrated on discrediting the faulty surveillance Machine in their effort to reverse the earlier International Court judgment against them, now that the United States’ scenario was strengthened by my recording from May 15, Mr former Secretary proceeded to consolidate the accuracy of the Machine in the evidentiary record by producing, in the following days, all sorts of evidences to re-confirm every one of the characteristics he had hitherto attributed to David Chin. First, David Chin as a habitual thief. Still

on Telegraph Avenue, I then wanted to film a girl text-messaging while she was talking to her friend. As soon as she saw me raising my camcorder, however, she put away her phone – the surest sign that she was instructed by the suit team to text-message on my behalf (2:04:00). I then came inside Peet’s Coffee to use the Internet to continue my Spanish lessons and to learn more about Mexico. There I discovered someone had sent me a junk email through Hostmatrix forum two days ago: “Hi I’m new here, how is it going?” (4:15:00) I would naturally never reply her. If I did, the suit team would obtain another piece of evidence showing me secretly communicating with my fellow Russian intelligence agents or my foreign criminal buddies using coded language. Then, Mr former Secretary sent in a double to sit in front of me and talk loudly in Spanish. I filmed him. Insofar as the Machine’s surveillance had definitely confused him with me, Mr former Secretary had just re-confirmed my ability for fluent Spanish! After I walked out of the coffeehouse, a police car came to “spot me” (5:19:00). This would be a tactic which Mr former Secretary would repeatedly employ from now on. After the Russians had some success in persuading the ICJ judges that the surveillance coming out of the Machine was inaccurate, he began ordering his Homeland Security thugs to direct, from their control center, police cars to pretend to “accidentally” pass in front of me so that I would be filmed by the cameras installed on the front of the police car. When the police officers returned to the station, they would then pretend to do something to result in the film in which I was caught being “accidentally” intercepted into the International Court as evidence. Since I was homeless, I looked terrifyingly sloppy. Mr former Secretary would use these vomit-inducing, ugly images of me to disgust the judges so as to persuade them that the Machine’s bad description of me could not have been inaccurate.

I would spend the rest of my night in Au Coquelet to write my “Karin’s Meetups”. This is recorded in: “[berkly\\_cocquelet\\_rev\\_k\\_mu\\_3\\_mx\\_surv\\_6\\_7\\_09\\_1024PM.WMA](#)”. On my way there, I complained about this government game in which I was caught: “Let’s find someone we don’t like, and let’s make him into an agent of the nation we want to sue... Well, any country can do that!” Finally, when I was settling down in the street corner around 2 AM ready to sleep, another police car stopped a driver on the road in front of me. Most likely, the Machine sitting in the International Court had just “intercepted” me being detained by the police again!

## **June 8, Monday**

My video diary for the next two days is: [6\\_6-9\\_09.wmv](#)”. (The first 24 minutes of the video pertain to scenes left over from the previous two days.) My first two recordings of the new day are: “[wk\\_strbks\\_read\\_dvd\\_6\\_8\\_09\\_1044AM.WMA](#)” and “[brkly\\_lib\\_read\\_zapat\\_dvddl\\_upld\\_6\\_8\\_09\\_1253PM.WMA](#)”. I spent the morning in Starbucks, and the early afternoon in the public library, reading information on Ubuntu in order to get ready to install Ubuntu on my new Seagate hard drive. I then returned to Starbucks to upload more recordings to my website. My FTP connection stalled frequently. I don’t know if this was thanks to the suit team.

My next recording is:

“[brkly\\_strbks\\_spnsh\\_lssn\\_oas\\_mn\\_ask\\_eeepc\\_angry\\_6\\_8\\_09\\_439PM.WMA](#)”. I then began learning Spanish on the Internet, this time on BBC’s website. At some point I sighed: “All I can do is use the internet; I’m so alone...” I have mentioned (in the Second Supplemental Pleading)



that I have since May started documenting all the broken arms and broken legs I saw everywhere around me. In the preceding narrative I have not bothered to mention the dozen videos I had already filmed of people with broken arms and broken legs within a mere few days in Berkeley and San Francisco; nor will I do so in the following. I will take stock of these “video surveys” at the end of this diary. Mr former Secretary had truly turned America into a “land of broken arms and broken legs”! What was so amazing was that, around 7:20 PM, when I surfed onto Terra’s website, I saw a news clip featuring Ms Sonia Sotomeyer in a broken leg cast. I was shocked by the comedy; and I filmed it, of course (23:30 in the aforementioned video diary).

Just then, a freaky old man sitting behind me asked me about my Eee PC as if it were a piece of wonder which had shocked his soul out of him (2:45:00). He was obviously just another actor whom Mr former Secretary had sent in to produce more circumstantial evidences indicating that I was indeed using a special, Russian-made spy laptop. Mr former Secretary wanted greater quantity of these circumstantial evidences proving that all these forgeries sitting inside the International Court right now were genuine. I replied angrily: “Don’t talk about my computer... It’s a piece of junk”. He pursued: “If I know what it is, then I know what to buy...” “Don’t talk about my computer,” I repeated. And I filmed him. Amazingly, he was using a Toshiba – perhaps Mr former Secretary was at the same time able to present his Internet activities as mine in the International Court. This simple episode had enormously upset me. I couldn’t help but interrogate him: “Who asked you to ask me about my computer?” “I do,” he replied (2:47:00). “Everybody asks me about my computer when everyone has one like mine,” I sneered at him. “Don’t ask me about my computer or I will fucking kill you,” I added (2:55:00). After I left the Starbucks, some stranger asked me on the street, “How are things working out, man” (2:56:30). Then another stranger tried to talk to me. “Shut the fuck up!” I shouted at them (3:01:00). The stranger continued, “... military and government threat...” (3:01:45). It seemed to me that these few residents of Berkeley had indeed been instructed to talk to me in a definite way, this time in order to produce surveillance intercepts re-confirming that I had widespread connections among the criminal street elements in every city I had ever been to. The fact that I was only surrounded by poisonous people trying to harm me was gnawing painfully at my psyche. When I came inside the Vietnamese restaurant to dine (3:14:00), no one was there. But soon, perhaps because I was there, a large number of people began coming in with their laptops (3:21:00). Perhaps in order for the Machine to confuse their computer activity with mine? I left quickly.

I came to Au Coquelet. Having so little money, I called up my mother (3:59:00) – it turned out that my mother had at last deposited 300 dollar in my bank account. But she started scolding me, e.g. how she wanted me to become “independent”. “You really believe I can survive in America?” I was dumbfounded, for she surely knew that Mr former Secretary of Homeland Security had turned the entire population around me into actors, and had decided that disposable “patsy” (bad-to-the-bone Russian secret agent) was my only function in American society (like Lee Harvey Oswald or Timothy McVeigh). But she yelled at me instead: “Even people who can’t speak English can survive in America...” “But other people are anonymous, nobody is alerted about them...” “You can gather all the excuses in the world, and it won’t help you...” (4:02:30) I asked her: “Where in the world I can escape to where I can be independent?” My mother started cursing me, saying the only thing I thought about each day was how to swindle money from people. “That’s the only thing you do well in the world... If you take this skill apply it to becoming independent, then you will be very successful, because your skill in swindling

money from people is so great! You are telling the biggest lie, because if you use your skill in swindling money to make money, you will have no problem becoming independent...” I said: “Sorry, I didn’t know I have swindled money from people... I thought all I have done is extend my hand and ask people for money...” My mother hanged up in anger on 4:05:25. I went back to my computers, but I was increasingly suffering from “computer fatigue”: I was feeling sick just by staring into the computer screen. Then someone – perhaps another actor from the suit team – came to bother me. “Get out of here, don’t talk to me,” I yelled at him. “Hey hey,” he yelled back.

My next recording is: “[call\\_wes\\_wes\\_mom\\_wrt\\_coqult\\_6\\_8\\_09\\_906-1052PM.WMA](#)”. Feeling incredibly lonely, I called up my best friend Wes, even though I knew the suit team would instruct him to harm me by producing faulty intercepts to harm Russia. But he was not home. I murmured: “American people are so good at deception... They are so unbelievably bad... I want to have a machine gun to gun down all these American people, all they ever do is acting and acting and acting...”

Instead, I called up Wes’ mother (46:17). I was rather unsure whether Wes’ mother might also have been instructed by the suit team to talk to me in a definite way in order to produce evidences to harm Russia. She told me that Wes had gone to Brazil to meet with Alexandra and wouldn’t come back until a month from now. She also told me that it was the American side which was putting up obstacles to Alexandra’s immigration to the US. I began unloading myself onto Wes’ mother: “It’s hard talking to Wes, he’ll screw me up...” I was referring to the fact that Wes would be instructed by the government to say certain things to me which, when our conversation was intercepted into the International Court as evidences, would make me look like this bad-to-the-bone Sino-Russian agent never ceasing to carry out foreign powers’ orders to harm the United States. Wes’ mother replied, “Yes, I don’t have time to talk to him either...” Disappointed, I said, “I don’t think you are responding to what I say, but that’s okay...” (54:00). I then talked about how I would rather that Wes stay in Peru, for I wanted to go to Peru. I then referred her to my last conversation with her (in late 2008), telling her how sick and depressed I was at the time: “I don’t know what is going on... I don’t know what the government is doing...” But she suggested that computer might help. I explained to her that I was already sitting in front of my computers all day long, that computers gave me a headache. Wes’ mother insisted: “If you are on the computer, you can communicate with strangers...” I was shocked: “It’s dangerous...” “Don’t meet them in person, just chat...” she continued. I shouted: “That’s why it’s dangerous, even talking to Wes is dangerous... Government’s surveillance is going to turn my chat into something else, I will end up becoming more isolated...” But Wes’ mother continued to encourage me. It was by now obvious that Mr former Secretary had also already sent operatives to instruct her as to what to say to me. He wished that I would chat with strangers in foreign countries on the Internet so that the Machine could scramble my chat into “secret communication” with foreign (Russian, Latin American, and, soon, African) agents. Since the last time Amanda had failed to persuade me to this effect, Wes’ mother was trying it again. She suggested again that I find a penpal to write to. I explained: “Everything around me is poisonous, I want people, but they scare me, they will say strange things to me...” Wes’ mother then suggested I do some volunteer work, and comforted me by agreeing that “people *were* scary”: “... they are pretending, pretending to be something they are not... It *is* scary, I don’t want physical contact with people either...” She was simply not responding to what I was saying at

all, and so I hanged up in disappointment (1:11:00). There was simply nobody to talk to. Everybody was only interested in either luring me to some trap or speaking some pre-scripted garbage to me in order to produce an intercept confirming my identity as the disgusting and evil Sino-Russian agent David Chin. I sighed: “People in America just don’t make sense... Why did she say ‘People are pretending to be something they are not’? You want to talk to people, but then they don’t make any sense... In America, everything just turns into something else...” (1:16:00).

As if I wasn’t disappointed enough: around 11 PM or so, my Toshiba Satellite crashed again while I was writing my Supplemental Pleading. See 28:30 in the aforementioned video diary. My Open Office Writer had to go into recovery mode, causing all that I had written earlier to disappear. The unbearable loneliness I felt caused me to attempt another short chat with a girl outside Au Coquelet around 12:15 AM. I was so surprised that she was responsive to me – how bizarre that an attractive female would initiate a conversation with someone as ugly and disgruntled as I was. Her name was Stephanie, a graduate of English from UC Berkeley. This would only be my third conversation with strangers since coming to the Bay Area on June 1. This is recorded in “[coquelet\\_chat\\_w\\_engl\\_studnt\\_6\\_8\\_09\\_1140PM.WMA](#)”, 34:00 in the recording. The most amazing thing was that she did not seem to have been briefed by the government about me at all: again, Mr former Secretary did not inform every single person in the Bay Area about my TV show for the International Court of Justice.

### **June 9:**

My first two recordings of the new day are: “[slp\\_cafe\\_spnsh\\_clss\\_came\\_6\\_9\\_09\\_824-1123AM.WMA](#)” and “[lib\\_txtmssg\\_spnsh\\_issn\\_rstrm\\_no\\_hman\\_beng\\_caltrain\\_6\\_9\\_09\\_1...WMA](#).” After I woke up from the street corner, I came, for a change, to an Arab-owned coffee house near the university campus for my morning coffee and computer-use. Within an hour a Spanish language class came inside the café. I was alarmed and took out my pen camera to film them: thanks God my pen camera was working again. The resultant videos are: “[spnsh\\_clss\\_came\\_p1\\_6\\_9\\_09.3gp](#)”; “[spnsh\\_clss\\_came\\_p2\\_6\\_9\\_09.3gp](#)”; and “[spnsh\\_clss\\_came\\_p3\\_6\\_9\\_09.3gp](#)”. I immediately understood that Mr former Secretary was trying to obtain more evidences showing me secretly meeting my Latin American contacts under the cover of Spanish language class, etc. Or perhaps it had something to do with my comment about “Peru” last night with Wes’ mother. In fact, what was going on was that, now that Mr former Secretary had salvaged somewhat the accuracy of the Machine and had set out to produce a new set of evidences to confirm every one of the elements of his “David Chin” scenario, he wanted to reinstate his Latin American agenda. Machine’s “interception” of my meeting with Latin American agents this morning would serve to confirm that all the earlier evidences he had produced for my conspiracy with Latin American criminals and secret agents were accurate. The “meeting” this morning under the cover of Spanish class was all the more believable to the judges since everyone knew that I had been learning Spanish online. I then spent the early afternoon inside Berkeley’s public library. After my daily Spanish lesson, I filmed a text-messenger (55:00 in the second recording and 35:20 in the aforementioned video diary). More evidences showing me secretly communicating with my Russian intelligence contact, etc.! I tried hard to capture the content of her text-messaging: she was writing something like “... write me about... salida del sol... late June...”. My Latin American contact? Indeed, Mr

former Secretary would surely argue soon to the judges in the International Court that this text-message came from me and that it was evidently a coded message that followed upon the “agenda” of my meeting with my Latin American contact this morning. When I was using the toilet inside the restroom, the security guard suddenly burst in to interrogate me (1:26:00). When I came out, I was so angry that I shouted to him: “I’m not really a human being, I was created in a test tube by a foreign intelligence agency and sent here to harass the good people in the United States, so people have to complain about me when I use the restroom. I’m a strange monster and there is nothing I can do about it...” (1:31:00). The security guard smiled and said nothing more. He of course knew that I was being sarcastic. I then rode the BART to San Francisco. I already had the intention of returning to Los Angeles (above all, I needed to go to my storage unit), but I wanted also to go to San Jose to find my brother. Somehow I felt that this was necessary given that, in official record, I was really my brother. I thus got on the bus to go to the Caltram station south of Market.

While on the bus, I filmed another text-messenger (2:54:00), which is in the first scene of my next video diary, “6\_9\_09.wmv”, and then, at the Caltram station, checked the schedule for the train for San Jose. I wasn’t ready to go yet, but just came to the Borders Bookstore which was nearby. While in the burger store across the street from Borders, I tried to film another text-messenger (0:35 in “6\_9\_09.wmv”), but he quickly put away his cellphone when he noticed me filming him (4:03:45). Again, a sure sign that he was instructed by the suit team to text-message on my behalf. Mr former Secretary must have designed these text-messages in such a way that he could interpret them as either following upon my previous “messages” and “meeting” or prefiguring the subsequent activities he was going to attribute to me (e.g. drawing with a partner), so that he could gradually re-convince the judges of the accuracy of the Machine by impressing upon them the consistency of the scenario he was making out of these vaguely intelligible intercepts.

Mr former Secretary was thus ready for me at Borders. He sent in two young Americans, a guy and a girl, to do drawing so that the Machine may intercept me trying to harm the United States again by pretending to draw like my twin brother. Apparently he wanted me intercepted drawing with a “partner”, so that I may appear to contradict the loneliness I had expressed in my Letter of Petition – thus discrediting the Russians’ scenario that I wrote the Petition and the lawsuit myself. This time, now that my pen camera was functioning again, I approached them with it and started talking to them. I must film them as proof that I wasn’t attempting to harm the United States by pretending to draw. See 1:00 in the video diary. I filmed them drawing for 12 minutes while making them laugh with my commentary on their drawing activities, and, when the guy asked me why I had stopped drawing, I told him that “it would look ‘bad’ in government’s surveillance”. The girl ended up drawing a portrait of me. Clearly, Mr former Secretary’s new “evidence” demonstrating that I was still ferociously carrying out the instruction from the Russian intelligence service to do drawing was also designed to re-convince the judges that all the earlier intercepts which he had interpreted as showing *me* drawing were interpreted correctly.

By 7 PM, I had returned to Berkeley. The past two months of homelessness had so exhausted me that I was determined to spend the little bit of money I had (thanks to my mother’s deposit of 300 dollars) to find myself a motel room just for tonight. Besides, I needed a room where I could work on installing Ubuntu on my new hard drive. When I got on the bus at University Avenue, I happened to be sitting next to a black girl, who, however, took out her cellphone, dialed a 408

area code number, and started talking in an African language. This is in 3:30:00 in my recording of the night, "[brdrs\\_read\\_mx\\_drawers\\_brkly\\_bus\\_grl\\_408\\_afrcan\\_lang\\_ck\\_htl\\_6\\_9\\_09\\_338-806PM.WMA](#)". Listen carefully, for her talk is only slightly audible. I immediately became concerned because 408 was the area code for San Jose and I had just checked the schedule of Caltrans train for San Jose three hours ago. Mr former Secretary had just learned from his "true" surveillance on me that I had intention of going there; since the ICJ judges did not know the reason for my plan to go to San Jose, they could be very easily convinced by Mr former Secretary when he should manage to get the Machine to intercept me "communicating with my African intelligence or criminal partners in San Jose". As you can hear me commenting to myself in the recording, it immediately seemed to me that Mr former Secretary was planning to enlarge the "conspiracy of sending my twin brother to pretend to be myself, etc." to include also some African nations as conspirators. I inferred immediately, even given my ignorance of current geopolitics, that United States now had plans to shut Russian influence and interests off from Africa through an International Court order as well as from Latin America. This is the beginning of the US "African agenda" which I have mentioned earlier. I will explain momentarily what exactly was going on between Russia and Africa at the moment such that Mr former Secretary suddenly had to add conspiracy with African nations to the repertoire of crimes and evil deeds he was attributing to me and the Russians.

I checked into a motel on University Avenue by 7:30 PM, and my night is recorded in: "[711\\_joke\\_agnt\\_wrt\\_mtl\\_k\\_mu\\_6\\_6\\_9\\_09\\_810PM-1219AM.WMA](#)". Within 20 minutes, I went to the 711 store across the street to buy my "dinner". I was so sarcastic over the ridiculous "International Court trial" that, when I left my motel room, I murmured: "I'm going to leave my hat in the room, and DHS agents will discover Russian made spy equipment in my hat..." (22:30). Then, while inside 711, I confessed to the employee: "Every time when I see people text-messaging, I just shout, damn, I'm caught communicating with foreign intelligence again... How can I stop it?" (30:30)

Since I had not filmed myself writing for more than a week, I wanted to use the quietude which this motel room afforded me to film myself writing once more. As noted, I also wanted to at last install Ubuntu on my new Seagate hard drive. The quietude was important because, then, no one could see me changing hard drive and installing OS and then rumor about me (per suit team's instruction) falsely to create the impression in surveillance that I was manipulating strange and complex Russian-made spy equipment. I thus filmed myself writing "Karin's Meetup": "[wrt\\_k\\_mu\\_6\\_6\\_9\\_09.wmv](#)". However, I would not succeed in installing Ubuntu tonight because my Toshiba lacked the wireless Internet capacity to download some extra packages. As things stood, I couldn't even watch any Windows Media files on this Ubuntu. I filmed my try at installation in: "[ubuntu\\_1.wmv](#)" and "[ubuntu\\_2.wmv](#)". At one point when I was playing around with the sample files in the live DVD, a most frightening thing occurred. Suddenly, Open Office started initiating itself – I had touched nothing – and a document in Russian popped up on my computer screen. I was then almost sure that it was the suit team who had controlled my computer to produce this Russian document in order for the Machine to "intercept" me manipulating my new Russian made spy equipment. Only years later would I realize that the Russian document really *was* part of the sample files on Ubuntu live DVD.

**June 10**

My first recording for the new day is: “[slp\\_mtl\\_worry\\_wsmom\\_lib\\_ubuntu\\_6\\_10\\_09\\_811AM-151PM.WMA](#)”. I woke up on 3:01:00 and it was check-out time. I Filmed myself leaving nothing behind – no spy equipment, etc., just in case Mr former Secretary would plant something in the room after I left and then claim in the International Court that I had forgotten it. This would later become my most characteristic habit. As soon as I got on the bus (3:27:00), I found someone text-messaging. I quickly got off the bus to avoid being in his vicinity. After some time in the coffee house and sandwich shop, I came to the Berkeley public library. I found an isolated room with two tables where no one came near. There I tried fixing the Ubuntu again, and also burned a new DVD of my documentaries. Of course I didn’t succeed in my Ubuntu project: even when I reinstalled the wireless card on my Toshiba Satellite, it could no longer work.

My next recording is: “[lib\\_ubuntu\\_wheelchr\\_grl\\_mn\\_tk\\_pic\\_of\\_me\\_6\\_10\\_09\\_155PM.WMA](#)”. Around 1:22:30, a man dressed in business shirt and ties suddenly came in front of me to pretend to take pictures of the library’s ceiling with his cellphone. Obviously, this was the typical Homeland Security surveillance and I knew immediately that he had just clandestinely taken a picture of me. While I assumed at the time that it was just the suit team who needed more pictures to edit to prove to their international audience that I did not look like myself, I have to suspect now that this might actually be the Russians. What had in fact happened was that, while the United States was able to once again consolidate the accuracy of the Machine with my recording from May 13, and therefore the correctness of the “David Chin” scenario, the Russians needed more evidences to confirm the inaccuracy of the Machine and the incorrectness of the “David Chin” scenario. Once again, the Russians’ strategy was to go to the heart of the matter: to prove that I was in fact Lawrence Chin. Within the coming week the SVR team would concentrate on gathering more images of me in real time to prove to the judges that I had never looked differently from Lawrence Chin.

My next recording is: “[exit\\_lib\\_moan\\_tully\\_kaza\\_strngers\\_6\\_10\\_09\\_548PM.WMA](#)”. After the library closed, I came to Tully to continue to work. While walking, I moaned: “I’m so tired of being alone...” (1:17:00). Then: “I have nowhere to go...” (1:19:00). Just to make my life harder, my cart broke down (1:25:00). After I re-assembled the “damned thing” back together, I sighed: “Whatever lies are truth and whatever truths are lies... because this is America...” (1:39:30). At Tully, I switched back the hard drives between my hard drive enclosure and my Toshiba satellite. And of course I would have to film this (0:54 in the misnamed video diary: “[6\\_11-12\\_09.wmv](#)”). Suddenly, another Homeland Security actor came to me to comment on my “amazing activities” (1:45:30). Obviously, he was trying to get our Machine to intercept another episode which seemed to suggest that I was the computer expert David Chin manipulating highly complex spy equipment. Mr former Secretary was looking for every opportunity to produce more circumstantial evidences confirming that all the electronics sitting inside the Court house right now were genuine. I told him to “fuck off”. Then another homeless guy in front of me wanted to talk to me. I was bedazzled by the comedy: “He has a laptop even though he is homeless, well, because the Department of Homeland Security has given him a laptop” (1:48:00). Then I began to worry over the fact that a Korean girl nearby was also using Toshiba Satellite: my double? Was Machine’s surveillance going to confuse her with me? (2:20:00) I was then importing videos from my camcorder to my laptop, and the operation failed, further frustrating me (2:28:30).

My last recording of the day is: "[tully\\_wm\\_cancer\\_coqult\\_fail\\_vid\\_6\\_10\\_09\\_834-1039PM.WMA](#)". When I left the coffee house, my cart broke into pieces again, hurting me in the process. Enough was enough, and I shouted loudly (40:00). A woman came to my aid. I said to her: "My life is awful." She replied: "Awful? Let me tell you about *my* life. I'm dying of cancer." I retorted that my past and present were in the process of being erased by the government and replaced by some other disgusting story, which caused her to walk away thinking I was a lunatic (41:00). At least she was not acting! (Again, plenty of people in Berkeley had actually not been "touched" by the suit team.) "I just wish I were dying of cancer. It's easier that way..." I noted (47:00). I came to Au Coquelet, where I still couldn't import my videos (1:40:00). That was my day: all sorts of malfunctioning on top of my worry for the International Court trial. And, after 1:30 AM, I retired to the street corner on Shattuck to sleep.

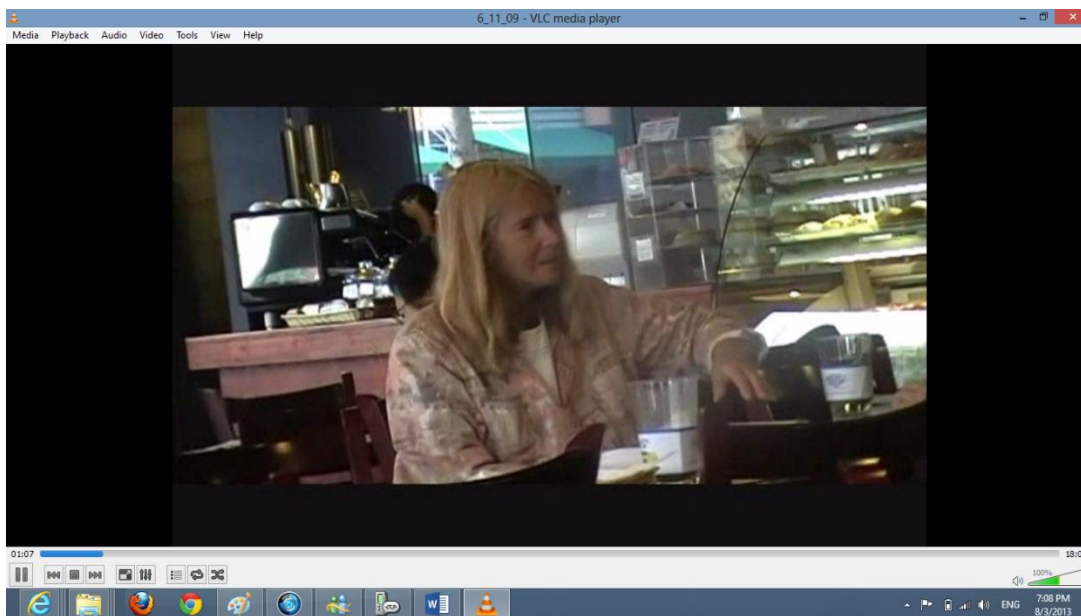
## June 11

My first recording of the day is: "[slp\\_chng\\_spot\\_police\\_wk\\_confsn\\_pic\\_icj\\_6\\_11\\_09\\_504-8AM.WMA](#)". While I was still sleeping on Shattuck, around 7:30 AM, a police car came to park in front of me and the officer came out to wake me up (2:23:09). "Good morning," he said, meaning I was being thrown out from my spot. The officer had obviously been instructed to do this so that the camera on his car may "accidentally" take a picture of me which would then be "accidentally" intercepted into the International Court as "evidence" demonstrating (upon being edited by the Chinese) that I didn't look exactly like "Lawrence Chin". Refer to 2:24:00 in the recording and the first episode in the video diary of this day, "[6\\_11\\_09.wmv](#)". This was how the suit team was going to respond to the clear image which the Russians had taken of me yesterday.

My next recording is:

"[ryal\\_grnd\\_upld\\_vid\\_rus\\_tutor\\_lib\\_upld\\_vid\\_surf\\_tutr\\_6\\_11\\_09\\_8AM.WMA](#)". I then, following my routine, came to Royal Ground coffee house to use my computers. When I was working on my daily Spanish lessons from the same website, around 9:30 AM or so, I suddenly noticed that an older Russian woman was giving Russian language lesson to another man. I was immediately alarmed, knowing that such ordinary scene was in fact Mr former Secretary's attempt to produce some evidences for David Chin's callous acts. I began filming the "lesson" (from 1:00 onward in the video diary and 1:34:00 in the recording). What I didn't yet know was that I was obtaining some very precious images, for this older Russian woman was another one of those former Russian spies who had been caught in the West and whom now Mr former Secretary had dragged out of prison house to work for his trial at the International Court of Justice. Although I did have some inkling that this Russian woman was my "double", I wouldn't just yet know what the purpose of the operation was. What was going on was that, in order to prove the accuracy of the Machine and consolidate the "David Chin" scenario he had hitherto constructed, Mr former Secretary needed to further discredit those of my documentaries which were already taken inside the International Court as evidences. From this day onward he would produce a series of evidences seemingly suggesting that I was putting up an act of homelessness, etc., in order to deceive the ICJ judges – all under Russian instruction, of course. You will see the full explanation later. What happened now was that, when the Machine had picked up the old Russian lady, it would automatically access the personnel files of the SVR and signal to the Court that a match had been found there. It would not identify who it was, though: the same old proven technique of Mr former Secretary's. He would then argue to the judges that, even though

the rule of the Court did not permit direct identification of the SVR agent in question, everyone can be sure that it was me, “David Chin”, who, having been recruited by the SVR, must be present in the personnel files. For, everyone had earlier seen me walking into the coffee house, right? No one could have guessed that the SVR agent whom the Machine had identified was in fact a former SVR agent who, although captured in the West, still had records left in the SVR’s “secret box”. Mr former Secretary would thus advance his interpretation of this intercept: it seemed that I, David Chin, was tutoring Russian to some Berkeley student. It was not yet known why I was tutoring, Mr former Secretary pretended, but at least here was another piece of circumstantial evidence indicating that I was a Russian agent and spoke Russian fluently. Saddened, I murmured bitterly: “It’s USA, where everything is something else...” After I left the coffee house and when I had walked into the Berkeley public library, I was still complaining to myself: “I am all these other people... The only person I’m not is me...” (2:47:00).



Former Russian spy working for the Americans, 6/11/2009

My next recording is: “[lib\\_mx\\_clssfds\\_sndwch\\_strbks\\_ftp\\_6\\_11\\_09\\_146-745PM.WMA](#)”. At the public library I would be uploading my files to my website, publishing my video diaries, reading up on Ubuntu, studying more on the situation in Mexico (room and board, language school, etc.), and learning Spanish in the same empty study room. Soon, however, Mr former Secretary sent in two guys to stage another episode of “tutoring” at the table next to mine. It seemed that the “teacher” was tutoring the “student” on either critical thinking or analytic philosophy (5:10:00). Not yet understanding what Mr former Secretary was up to, I filmed them (7:35 in the video diary). Obviously, the Machine was going to confuse the teacher with me, and Mr former Secretary would, looking at its print-out, assert to the judges that I seemed to be tutoring another student: purpose not yet known.

My last recording of the day is:

“[dner\\_viet\\_coquilt\\_engl\\_grad\\_girl\\_job\\_chldrn\\_wrt\\_k\\_m\\_6\\_6\\_11\\_09\\_749PM.WMA](#)”. As usual, I spent the final portion of the day at Au Coquelet, organizing my files and writing “Karin’s Meetups” on my Toshiba. So enormously desperate for human contact, I chatted with another



girl who was studying in this coffee house – knowing full well the danger involved, that she might very well have been briefed about me and instructed as to how to interact with me. It turned out that she was “Stephanie”, an English graduate from UC Berkeley, and that she did not seem to have been “touched” by the suit team at all, just like Dylan. As noted, Mr former Secretary had not broadcast any mass alert among the UC Berkeley student population instructing them about how to act in front of me in order to deceive the judges in the International Court of Justice. He had not done this in order to discredit the Russian claim that the population around me were putting up an act just as I had claimed. Nonetheless, I decided to clandestinely film this “Stephanie”, just in case... (8:35 in the aforementioned, misnamed, video diary: “[6\\_11-12\\_09.wmv](#)”).

## **June 12:**

My first recording of the day is: “[slp\\_lib\\_wk\\_tully\\_6\\_12\\_09\\_748-1128AM.WMA](#)”. After waking up, I went to Tully to continue publishing my video diaries with Windows Movie Maker and do my daily Spanish lesson on BBC’s website, etc. I filmed one girl text-messaging while she was talking to her friend (11:20 in “[6\\_11-12\\_09.wmv](#)”). It was not clear to me whether she was instructed by the suit team to text-message on my behalf. Then a black guy, who was certainly my double and who was using a laptop similar to my Toshiba Satellite, was sent in by the suit team to sit next to me (11:50 in the video-diary). He was watching a movie on his computer; I immediately got it: in Machine’s surveillance, I was so lazy that I was caught watching movies again; I was never busy about with my recordings and videos and writings. Mr former Secretary just needed more evidences to confirm that the story he had made up about me – this time my perpetual engrossment in brainless entertainment – was correct.

My next recording is:

“[upld\\_vid\\_spnsh\\_issn\\_strng\\_mn\\_teleq\\_lawr\\_enkl\\_wm\\_gv\\_food\\_6\\_12\\_09\\_1132AM.WMA](#)”. As you can see from the aforementioned video diary, by noon time I was entirely surrounded by strange-looking black guys – those favorites of Michael Chertoff’s (22:30). Those vulgar characters were obviously not natives of Berkeley but came from Homeland Security – here to be confused with me in Machine’s surveillance. After I left Tully, I ate lunch at a Korean restaurant on Telegraph Avenue. When I finished around 3 PM and stepped outside, lo and behold, Lawrence and Enkel suddenly appeared walking past me. This had got to be the strangest sight: even when I was 400 miles away from Los Angeles, I would still have to run into this couple! I immediately picked up my camcorder to film them: see 24:08 in the video-diary “[6\\_11-12\\_09.wmv](#)”.



Lawrence and Enkel in Berkeley, 6/12/2009

A few minutes later, another woman walked past me and suddenly asked me if I wanted the food she was carrying in a plastic bag. I was suspicious enough – what would the Machine’s intercept say I was doing with this woman? – that I didn’t take it; I instead filmed her from behind (27:40 in the aforementioned video-diary). Probably, Mr former Secretary and the CIA were just, once more, trying to impress their international audience with the spectacle of how wondrously generous and innocently gullible the American people were – in that they all tried to help this foreign agent without knowing he was here to harm them. But the sighting of Lawrence and Enkel in Berkeley was so bizarre that I would spend the whole day theorizing the purpose for which the suit team felt the need to fly the couple all the way from Los Angeles to Berkeley, all just in order for the Machine to intercept one instance of my proximity with them. My theories were recorded, for instance, in my next two recordings:

“[confsn\\_run\\_into\\_lawr\\_enkel\\_6\\_12\\_09\\_336PM.WMA](#)” and “[cnfsn\\_lawr\\_enkl\\_dvd-dl\\_k\\_cafe\\_6\\_12\\_09\\_339-419PM.WMA](#)”. These theories were not quite correct. In reality, Mr former Secretary was simply trying to produce more evidences to convince everyone in the United Nations that the faulty surveillance Machine was accurate and that the “scenario” which he had “inferred” from those barely intelligible surveillance intercepts which the Machine had produced (the stories about the lives of the twin brothers Lawrence and David which he had invented) was correct. Again, this was in response to the Russian effort in showing everyone in the UN once more that in the picture they had taken of me I did not fail to look like myself. Although what had really happened was merely that Lawrence and Enkel had passed me by – a two second occurrence – the Machine’s surveillance of this episode would be so confused and vague as to allow Mr former Secretary to convince everyone that I was caught here “stalking” the couple. Thus his story about how “David” was jealous of “Lawrence” because he also liked

the BND girl “Enkel” would be confirmed once more: I was willing to travel 400 miles to track down my twin brother and his girlfriend! Very likely, the text-messages which Mr former Secretary had instructed the few people around me to send earlier also contained some vague references which Mr former Secretary could plausibly interpret as “I’m going to track them down today!” This would further convince the judges and everyone in the UN that the Machine’s surveillance was accurate and that the “David Chin” story was real.

My next recording is:

“[cybrfe\\_hsh\\_prbl\\_strbks\\_viet\\_rstau\\_pay\\_coqult\\_drwrs\\_2\\_x\\_wrt\\_orthdx\\_6\\_12\\_09\\_414PM-132AM.WMA](#)”. I did some coffee house hopping and came to Starbucks, spending a lot of time on the problem with sending hash values of my files to myself. This business occupies the major portion of my next video diary, “[6\\_12\\_09.wmv](#)”. While on Telegraph Avenue, I filmed a suspicious guy on bicycle: when he saw me, he stopped, and text-messaged (4:16:00; 37:00 in the video diary). Probably some follow-up on the previous evidence (e.g. “I found them earlier!”). Then my cart was breaking down again, frustrating me. I published my video-diary while eating at the Vietnamese restaurant, and then came to Au Coquelet (5:43:00). I was writing chapters in “Karin’s Meetups”, and, after a while, I noticed people drawing in my vicinity again; it was a guy and a girl. I filmed them from outside the café (7:14:00; 38:55 in the video diary). They were evidently sent in by Mr former Secretary. According to United States’ evidences, I was again caught pretending to be my twin brother and harming the United States by pretending to draw.

A second pair of “drawers” then showed up at Au Coquelet around 1 AM. Refer to my next video-diary: “[6\\_13\\_09.wmv](#)” (from 0:30 onward until 6:30). A boy-and-girl pair. The girl was “drawing” on her laptop using some strange software. I approached her to ask her what that was. “Photoshop”, the guy replied for her. It did not look quite like Photoshop to me. The Machine would of course confuse her with me, and Mr former Secretary would argue to the ICJ judges that, although I tried hard to learn to draw in order to pretend to be my twin brother, I was so lacking in artistic talent that I finally resorted to using my computer to do it for me. Furthermore, the coolness of the pretty girl in the pair indicated that she was not a local resident; she was probably a CIA operative, in which case the vulgar guy with her would be a Homeland Security agent. I was thoroughly mystified: Mr former Secretary had established enough control over the ICJ judges that he was able to convincingly present instances of my being myself as “evidence” for “my receiving instructions from the Russian intelligence service to pretend to be my twin brother Lawrence Chin”. (Of course, so much so that I had to avoid being myself and that he would have to send in doubles *to pretend to be me pretending to be myself*.)

## June 13

My first recording of the day is: “[slp\\_lib\\_mn\\_w\\_quran\\_clsfsds\\_publ\\_vid\\_hsh\\_6\\_13\\_09\\_741-1153AM.WMA](#)” and “[6\\_13\\_09.wmv](#)” continues to document my new day. After I woke up from the street corner in Berkeley, I came to Peet’s Coffee on Shattuck. It was around 10:30 AM. An Asian girl in the coffee house was using a Toshiba Satellite that was exactly like mine. No! Her Internet activities would definitely be confused with mine in Machine’s surveillance. I then came inside the Berkeley public library (3:28:00). I was going to use my computers in the private study room on the second floor, but Mr former Secretary had already set something up there in

wait for me. A vulgar-looking actor from Homeland Security was sitting at one of the tables reading *The Encyclopedia of Qu'ran*. Without doubt he was confused with me in surveillance. I filmed the scene in: "[berkly\\_lib\\_mn\\_w\\_quran\\_6\\_13\\_09\\_1115AM.3gp](#)" and "[berkly\\_lib\\_mn\\_w\\_quran\\_p2\\_6\\_13\\_09\\_1130AM.3gp](#)". As Mr former Secretary continued to produce a whole set of evidences demonstrating that every one of the characteristics of this entity "David Chin" he had made up was correct, today he needed to have the Machine intercept me pretending to be a Muslim again. I moved to a table far away in order to avoid being confused with this DHS actor in Machine's surveillance. I continued my Spanish lesson on BBC's website, among other things.

My next recording is:

["lib\\_vid\\_spnsh\\_shaolin\\_uc\\_rest\\_read\\_guatem\\_salvdr\\_6\\_13\\_09\\_1157AM.WMA"](#). While I continued to labor on my computers in the library, my Eee PC froze on 1:12:00. Its malfunctioning was preventing me from making and sending to myself hash values of my recording files and writings (1:18:00). As you have seen, I had been repeatedly encountering this problem. I was provoked to extreme anger. When I was leaving the library, a black man speaking Chinese was then escorting a group of Shaolin monks into the library (2:22:30). I have never figured out whether this was orchestrated by Mr former Secretary to produce a piece of evidence (such as my secret meeting with Chinese intelligence under the cover of martial art performance) – it certainly could be just part of the library's regular program for the day. In any case, the scene was so strange that I had to film it (6:45 in the video diary). Meanwhile, my cart was breaking down again, further frustrating me. When I was eating at a fast food restaurant on Shattuck, another guy walked to my vicinity, stopped, and made a call on his cellphone. He was obviously sent in by the suit team to make a phone call in my vicinity in order for the Machine to confuse his call as mine. I was caught communicating with my foreign agent partner or criminal buddy again! I thus filmed him (8:50 in the video diary). (Again, the seemingly quotidian content of the call would be interpreted by Mr former Secretary as coded reference either to the previous events – such as my secret meeting with Chinese intelligence – or to the upcoming Russian intelligence operations which Mr former Secretary wanted to attribute to me.) When I was exhausting myself dragging my cart to UC Berkeley, some stranger greeted me on the street. I shouted: "Why are you saying Hi to me?" "You look familiar," he lied (3:18:00). This guy was obviously just another actor from Homeland Security. I was furthered angered: Mr former Secretary had just obtained another piece of evidence showing me having wide connections among the criminal elements roaming the street in the Bay Area. Around 4 PM (4:10:00), I came to the UC Berkeley library to use the public computer there. My purpose was to study more about the situation in Latin America to get ready for my escape there. I found on the computer a certain "Business Intelligence Review" and I read materials especially on Guatemala and El Salvador. For example, on the type of electricity in use there (to make sure I would not need any adapter for my laptop). Again, as you can hear in the recordings, when I read something on the computer, I would have to read it out loud to my recorder so as to retain proofs of what I was doing on the computers insofar as I couldn't videotape every single moment I spent in front of the computers or reading books or newspapers. I then came back to the Starbucks by the entrance to the university. Exhausted, I sighed: "The Russians cannot win because they want to defend the truth; truth has no place in a world dominated by the United States..." (5:24:30).

My next recording is: “[strbks\\_lst\\_lghter\\_angry\\_tape\\_6\\_13\\_09\\_707PM.WMA](#)”. In Starbucks I would be publishing my video diary on my Toshiba Satellite, among other things. I then discovered another pair of tutor and student (a white guy and a white girl) coming to my vicinity to do their lesson. Alarmed, I filmed them (10:00 and 18:30 onward in the video diary). I knew that the tutor would be confused with me in Machine’s surveillance; but, again, I did not yet know why Mr former Secretary wanted evidences showing me tutoring all these UC Berkeley students. I was then uploading files to my website, looking for information on Ubuntu, etc. When my Eee PC froze, I became so angry that I smashed it (44:00). Fortunately, it didn’t break. I shouted: “Something is wrong with all the machines in America...” After I left, I was still kicking things on the street (1:09:20). Complaining about how people kept remembering a reality which had never existed (1:12:00), I noted how I preferred to be shot dead instead. This twilight zone – depriving me of the ability to share a common reality with other human beings – really *was* torture! On Shattuck, I filmed another person text-messaging on the street corner (31:30 in the video). Most likely, I had just been “caught” again texting my African or Latin American criminal buddies or Russian boss (in regard to the previous tutoring or whatever upcoming operation I was supposed to carry out). Then my cart broke into pieces again, reinforcing my anger (1:13:30). I angrily threw my scotch tape into the middle of the street, and I had to film myself doing so: “I’m sure it will transform into a piece of Russian made spy equipment or some such thing” (1:22:00).

My next recording is:

“[strbk\\_strngr\\_tutr\\_angry\\_tape\\_strbks\\_wrt\\_vid\\_hmlss\\_cllphn\\_enkel\\_looklke\\_wrt\\_coqulet\\_6\\_13\\_09\\_834PM.WMA](#)”. I shouted angrily: “I just want to run to a different country, then I won’t be disabled again” (1:00). “You cannot live in a world where everyone is confused... You must run to a different country” (6:00). I was also yelling and screaming at passerbys for whatever reason. When I came to another Starbucks to write my Supplemental Pleading, I filmed another text-messenger behind me. After I came out of MacDonalD, an Asian guy and a white girl walked past me. I immediately filmed them, knowing they were “doubles” of Lawrence and Enkel (2:30:00 and 33:20 in the video diary). Apparently, Mr former Secretary, in order to consolidate his story that “I came to Berkeley to stalk my twin brother and his girlfriend”, needed the Machine to intercept (or “distort”) another episode of my proximity to the couple. But he was afraid that I might get too suspicious, and so, instead of sending in the real Lawrence and Enkel, directed a pair of strangers to appear to me. The Machine’s surveillance over us would be so confusing and vague anyway that he could convince the judges that the “Asian guy” and “white girl” printed on Machine’s intercept *were* Lawrence and his BND girlfriend Enkel. He thought I wouldn’t notice, but I did. On my way to Au Coquelet my cart broke down again and flipped over, angering me (2:43:00). At Au Coquelet, I sighed: “I’m turning on my laptop. Everyday is just the same thing: turning up the laptop” (2:46:00). My misery and boredom were reinforced by my sinus allergy. After I left, I was kicking the newsstands on the sidewalks (4:54:00). “I have all these doubles... I cannot control others’ behavior, but only my own...” (4:57:30). “This constant need to record is becoming a huge burden... It has now exceeded 400 GB in size...” (5:01:00). “Are there any people in the world who can lie as much as Americans do? Or as well as Americans do? This is why Russians cannot win...” (5:08:00). Again, I slept on the street corner on Shattuck.

**June 14**

My first video diary for the day is: “6\_14\_09.wmv”. After I woke up in early morning, I came to Peet’s. Among other things, I was downloading the Ubuntu packages for VLC Player and Windows Media codex onto my Eee PC (first episode in the video diary, until 16:20). Since my Toshiba Satellite’s Internet capacity cannot be restored, I decided to download the needed packages on my Eee PC and then transfer them to my Toshiba. I didn’t know that I would never be able to get them to work on my Ubuntu – besides it was delusional belief to think that, by using an open source Operating System, you can escape government’s monitoring and control of your computer. Suddenly, I noticed on my Wireshark capture that someone in the coffee house was visiting the website: [www.wehrmacht-awards.com](http://www.wehrmacht-awards.com). (My Wireshark was set on promiscuous mode.) The URL was scary enough; of course I wouldn’t dare to go onto the site to see what it was about. Years later I would see that this website was devoted to “the awards, decorations and militaria of the German Armed Forces during the Third Reich era”. It was clear what was going on: As Mr former Secretary had to re-convince his international audience that his story about the “Sino-Russian secret agent David Chin” was correct, he needed the full range of David Chin’s criminal characteristics to reappear in Machine’s intercepts: today, it is that David Chin was an ardent Nazi. More were to come: when I stepped into the BART station wanting to go to San Francisco, I saw some Asian guy doing break-dancing (17:30 in the video). For sure it was Mr former Secretary who had sent in this actor so that the Machine’s surveillance may confuse him with me. Now he had just produced another intercept to confirm his story that David Chin was a lover of drama and performance.

My next recording is:

“bart\_mn\_advs\_mailbx\_clsd\_mstrbt\_spnsh\_twl\_cart\_train\_6\_14\_09\_122PM.WMA”. I got off BART on Powell Station. Amidst the street performance I noticed that a strange man was filming me with a camcorder (1:28:00). Assuming that it was suit team’s operation, I filmed him too (18:45 in the video diary). What I didn’t know was that he was actually from the Russian side: while the United States was re-consolidating its scenario about “David Chin” and re-confirming the accuracy of the Machine, the Russians continued to concentrate on gathering real-time images of me as counter-evidence demonstrating that I was Lawrence Chin and not Lawrence Chin’s twin brother. I then rode the bus to Postal Chase, to check on my mails, but Postal Chase was closed, frustrating me. On the street corner there on Fillmore, I filmed another person pretending to use his cellphone. Again, I assumed him to be suit team’s actor text-messaging on my behalf; in reality he was actually a Russian agent running surveillance on me, for the same purpose (3:00:00 and 19:36 in the video). I continued my Spanish lesson on BBC’s website in a nearby Starbucks (3:56:00). When I was leaving, a stranger enthusiastically reminded me that I had forgotten my towel on the sofa I was sitting on (the stranger was obviously “Homeland Security informed”). I regretted terribly, for I had just created a very “bad surveillance”: either the Machine or the Russian consulate would have caught this real instance of my “forgetting things” – with which the United States would argue: “See, our subject has really the habit of forgetting things; he must have *really* left behind these pieces of spy equipment: we did not forge them!” I then filmed another person text-messaging (4:17:50): this might very well be suit team’s operation to cause the Machine to intercept me texting my Russian boss while the Russians were not watching me for a moment. When I rode the bus back to downtown, I angrily smashed my cart into pieces, in front of everyone. As you can see in my video diary, my cart had been breaking down intermittently for the whole day, and I was unable to find a new cart on sale on Market Street. I was just fed up – with this as well as with United States’ enslavement of me to

harm Russia. Just then a Hispanic woman took several pictures of me with her camera (23:00 in the video and 5:01:30 in the recording). This time it was obvious that she was doing so for the United States: Mr former Secretary needed more pictures of me showing me not looking like myself to answer the Russian charge that *their* images of me showed me looking like myself.

Tonight I would carry out my plan of going to San Jose before returning to Los Angeles. I came to the Caltram station on time to catch the train to San Jose. The recording of my night is: “caltram\_sj\_restau\_bar\_gryhnd\_3\_afrcn\_wm\_blk\_guys\_harass\_6\_14\_09\_8PM.WMA”; and my next video-diary is: “6\_14\_09\_2.wmv”. While on Caltram, around 8:30 PM or so, I noticed that a surveillance agent was sitting next to me. I filmed him with my pen camera: “dhs\_agnt\_caltram\_sj\_6\_14\_09\_830PM.3gp”. At the time I assumed, again, that it was “true surveillance” from Homeland Security – notice that he was wearing surveillance sunglasses which supplied the control center with real time images of me. Now I have to suspect that he was actually from the Russian side – for the same purpose again. I arrived in San Jose just before 9 PM, and – surprise! – a group of San Jose sheriffs were already gathering in downtown pretending to attend to disturbances (1:49:30; first episode in the video diary). I filmed them. Obviously Mr former Secretary, seeing that I was about to arrive in San Jose, instructed the sheriff there to stage more activities on my way in order for the Machine to confuse these as if these were about me. He now had more evidences to confirm to his international audience that his story about David Chin’s perpetual criminal activities was correct. After eating at a restaurant, I came to the Greyhound station to charge my laptop. Because I had thrown away my cart, I was exhausting myself dragging my bag and carrying my blanket. When the Greyhound station closed on 11:30 PM, I decided to sleep outside the station. I would look for my brother tomorrow, I thought. But Mr former Secretary had planned his operations already.

When I was resting, a car filled with three African women – the woman driving was wearing a white Muslim head dress – came parking itself right in front of me (3:57:30). I immediately had a bad feeling and so got up and walked to another street corner about 40 feet away. Just at this time, one of the African women came out of the car and pretended to try to open the Greyhound station’s front door. Since the door was locked, she turned to me and asked, “Where’s the entrance?” (3:58:47) I ignored her. Then six black persons came over to another car parked near me. By this time, my recorder had run out of battery, so that the following episode was not recorded. Sensing that something was wrong, I took out my camcorder and tried to film these people from under my blanket, but I forgot to press the record button until the last moment. (The little bit of the episode I was able to film starts 1:00 in the aforementioned video diary.) One guy among these strangers walked to me and in a very rude manner threw a dollar bill on my face. The frightening final episode – definitely suit team’s operation – starts on 3:00 in the video diary. By that time I had already moved to another street corner about 50 yards away from the station. A car with two guys in it came over to park in front of the Greyhound station. They waited in the car for around 15 minutes, then came out, one guy pretending to be homeless and the other guy filming the first guy. This is the last long episode of the video diary. Listen carefully to my commentary while I was filming it as to Mr former Secretary’s purpose in staging this episode. My concurrent audio recording of this episode is: “blk\_guys\_bthr\_me\_double\_flmng\_slp\_sj\_6\_15\_09\_1230-246AM.WMA”.

As you can hear, with Machine's surveillance of the last episode Mr former Secretary would argue in the International Court on the next day that my entire documentary of my life was staged – mere acting designed to deceive the ICJ judges. The black hair guy that was doing the filming was, again, a former Russian spy who was captured and whom Mr former Secretary had pulled out of prison to run his TV show. What I didn't know immediately was that even the three African women and the six black guys were actresses and actors sent in by Mr former Secretary. By talking to me and throwing me a dollar bill, they had allowed the Machine to produce a print-out describing me clandestinely meeting with African secret agents and receiving a large sum of payment from them. (The Machine's print-out would read: "The subject meets with three African women and another six African men gave him money" and this Mr former Secretary would interpret as "my meeting African secret agents who then paid me".) This followed upon the evidence which Mr former Secretary had created on June 9 showing me calling my African secret agent buddies in San Jose. Again, Mr former Secretary was trying to demonstrate to the ICJ judges that the Russian SVR was running this conspiracy against the United States – recruiting Lawrence Chin's twin brother David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin and fraudulently suing United States for violation of UN Resolution 1373 – not just with China, not even just with Russia's Indian and Latin American allies, but also with Russia's new partners in Africa. For the latest operations I had performed since my return from Washington DC, the SVR had got the agents of its African friends to meet me and pay me. How much? Probably ten thousand dollars and so on. What I didn't know was that Russian president Medvedev was due to visit four African countries within ten days: Egypt, Nigeria, Namibia, and Angola. This would be an important trip: Medvedev would be accompanied by a delegation of 400 representatives from Russia's most important enterprises, for example Rosatom (Russia's premier nuclear energy corporation: <http://www.rosatom.ru/en/>), Lukoil (Russia's premier oil company), and Gazprom (Russia's premier natural gas company, its biggest star, or "national champion").<sup>1</sup> In Egypt, Medvedev would sign the contract allowing Rosatom to construct for the country the nuclear power plants which had been stipulated in a March 2008 agreement; he would also persuade Egypt to participate in the summit on Middle East peace process which he wanted to hold in Moscow toward the end of this year, and in which, what was really important, Russia and Egypt would sign accord on strategic partnership. In Nigeria, Medvedev would sign agreement allowing Gazprom to construct the trans-Saharan pipeline for delivering Nigerian gas to Western Europe. In Namibia, he would sign agreement allowing Rosatom to help the nation develop further its uranium mines, which had currently been, in terms of productivity (not reserve), the fourth largest in the world. In Angola, he would sign agreement to allow Russia to construct two new hydroelectric plants in the country (in addition to participating in its diamond extraction

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<sup>1</sup> Alexandre Billette, "La Russie reprend pied sur le continent africain", *Le Monde*, June 26 2009: "Cette semaine, le président Medvedev était accompagné d'une délégation de 400 hommes d'affaires et représentants industriels, parmi lesquels les dirigeants des géants des entreprises d'Etat : Rosatom pour l'industrie nucléaire, Lukoil et Gazprom pour le secteur énergétique."



business).<sup>2</sup> This is simply the latest round of Russia's *diplomatie des matières premières*.<sup>3</sup> As Russia's special envoy to Sudan, Mikhail Margelov, had announced in the beginning of the year: "We are coming back to Africa", Russia was still striving to become a power rivaling the United States through domination of world's natural resources market. It was because our secret boss hiding in the darkness, Dick Cheney, had just got wind of Russia's latest move in Africa that he informed, in the beginning of this month, his protégé Michael Chertoff fighting inside the International Court that the latter should do something to blackmail or convict these four African nations just as he had done earlier in regard to India and the several Latin American nations. Mr former Secretary, then, while trying to restore the confidence of his international audience in his "David Chin" story, proceeded to embed a new story about my African past in the process. You have seen that, ever since United States had taken away China from Russia in 2008 because of this International Court trial, Russia, to break out of its isolation, had been strengthening its ties with its Latin American allies and reinforcing its cooperation with nations which held important natural resources, to the consternation of the Boss. Hence Georgia's invasion of South Ossetia, Mr former Secretary's attempt to frame Russia for smuggling South American heroin and cocaine into the United States and to convict BRIC member India of participating in my conspiracy, etc. Now it was time to shut down Russia's re-engagement with its former allies in Africa. I will discuss further, at the end of this chapter, the geopolitical situation in Africa in 2009 in order to impart on you a better understanding of Mr former Secretary's purpose here.

## June 15

My first recording of the new day is:

"[sj\\_strbks\\_map\\_eee\\_malfunct\\_angry\\_busdrvtr\\_txtmssg\\_jcpnny\\_6\\_15\\_09\\_537AM.WMA](#)". Since I had not been in contact with my brother for many years, I was not confident about his positive reaction if I just knocked on his door. My plan was to find his address and to hide in the bush to film him as a first step. After I woke up from the street corner – it was just after 5 AM – I came to a Starbucks to look up the map of the city on the Internet. My brother's divorce file listed his last address at "Cheri Place", which Google Maps showed it to be located in "Villages". Then, for no particular reason, I came to "Russia for Human Rights" website ([www.zaprava.ru](http://www.zaprava.ru)) again and downloaded another PDF document in English. I filmed it all (in the first episode of my first video diary of the day, "[6\\_15\\_09\\_p1.wmv](#)"). An hour later, a strange man appeared and sat down at a table a few feet away from me, staring at me continually. He had nothing with him, merely holding his cup of coffee. I didn't know what this was about; I sort of realized that this guy – he was 30 something, not particularly mean looking – was a Russian agent whom the Russian consulate protection service had sent in to conduct surveillance on me. What had happened was that the Russians woke up today to a disconcerting news: the intercepts from the International Court this morning indicated that "I had met with some African agents last night", which was hard to dispute because I had supposedly called some African person and spoke some

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<sup>2</sup> Billette, *ibid.* See also Stéphane Ballong, "Medvedev signe le retour de la Russie en Afrique", June 23 2009, at Afrik : <http://www.afrik.com/article17033.html>; and Tanguy Struye de Swielande, *La Chine et les grandes puissances en Afrique : une approche géostratégique et géoéconomique*, Presse universitaire de Louvain, 2010; p. 149 – 153, where the author comments on the general background of Russia's return to Africa around 2009, including energy deals in Algeria and mineral deals in South Africa which I don't mention here.

<sup>3</sup> Billette, *ibid.*, "La présence du gotha de l'industrie russe auprès de Dmitri Medvedev à l'occasion de cette tournée confirme l'importance de la 'diplomatie des matières premières' pratiquée par le Kremlin par le biais de ses grandes entreprises comme Gazprom, parfois qualifiée de cheval de Troie de la politique étrangère du Kremlin."

African language with her (or him) on June 9. The Russians were nervous; things were definitely not going well for them. They didn't have any legal right to conduct surveillance on me to see for themselves – to prove to the ICJ judges – what exactly I was doing in San Jose: I was not anywhere near their consulate. But by visiting Mr Ponomarev's "For Human Rights" website, I had suddenly given the Russians a reason for requesting surveillance on me, for this Russian human rights activist had himself come under Russian intelligence investigation some time earlier. Human rights work in Russia automatically engendered authority's investigation because so many of the so-called "human rights" and "democracy-promoting" organizations in Russia were being covertly or overtly supported by United States and Europe with the aim of destabilizing Putin's rule. Russia's treaty with the United States did provide the Russian diplomatic service with the legal right to request surveillance on someone who was not only already on their watch-list but who also was attempting to connect with someone under investigation in Russia. The Russian diplomatic service thus requested the Department of Homeland Security to allow them to send a SVR agent to watch over me, and then contacted one of their "illegals" who was "a sleeper" in the San Jose area. (Since, because of SVR's conviction in March, the United States had already established access into its "secret box" and known the location and identity of every SVR "illegal" in the United States, there was no longer any point in hiding them.) After this, another ugly man came inside the coffee house conspicuously taking pictures. His rude manner caused him to be thrown out by Starbucks employee. Since I assumed he was sent in by the suit team in order for Machine's surveillance to confuse him with me, I filmed him while cursing him (1:45:00; 3:50 in the video diary). In reality, I have no idea for which side he worked. Perhaps Mr former Secretary wanted evidences showing me to be a perverted videotaper (as he had already produced some); perhaps he had instructed this vagrant to take pictures of me and then pass them in communication channels in order for them to be intercepted into the International Court; or perhaps it was actually the Russians who had sent him in. (As I have noted and as you will see, many SVR "illegals" looked so Americanized that you can never tell they weren't Americans but were Russians.) In this case, the Russians simply needed more real time images of me to counter Mr former Secretary's picture of me intercepted yesterday (from the Hispanic woman in downtown San Francisco). Then, from 3:19:00 onwards, my Eee PC malfunctioned continually to prevent me from doing my hash values and sending them to myself. Again! I don't know if this was because Mr former Secretary was instructing his Homeland Security thugs to remotely obstruct me from the control center; I was so angered that I kept swearing: "Everyday machine malfunctions!" and I kicked over chairs in the coffee house. The Starbucks employee thus threw me out as well (3:38:30). When a stranger on bicycle greeted me on the street, I shouted at him "Fuck you" (3:46:00). I was angry; although it was indeed strange that random strangers would be smiling at me – perhaps he was Mr former Secretary's actor who greeted me in order for the Machine to intercept more evidences showing me having wide connections among the criminal elements in every major city in America. I then filmed the Hispanic janitors who were making fun of me and kicked over several newsstands in anger.

Having looked at the map of San Jose thoroughly, I was now making my bus trip to find "Cheri Place". As soon as I got on the bus, the bus driver took out her Blackberry to text-message. "You shouldn't be text-messaging while driving the bus," I pointed out to her. "I'm not," she responded. "You shouldn't be checking your email while driving the bus," I then noted. "I'm not," she replied, getting really annoyed. "I'm allowed to check the time," she lied (4:11:00). Her behavior and lie clearly indicated that she had been instructed to text-message upon seeing me in

order for the Machine to intercept me once more secretly communicating with my Russian boss or Latin American buddies or African partners. I filmed her, and then another man on the bus who was text-messaging behind me: "[surv\\_bus\\_to\\_estrdrge\\_sj\\_6\\_15\\_09\\_950AM.3gp](#)".

The bus stopped at Eastridge mall (4:41:00) where I was supposed to transfer to another bus to go to my destination. I frustratingly dragged along my heavy bag around the shopping mall to see if I could buy a new cart. Almost two hours of wandering and no luck. My frustration mounted, and I thought again of suicide, but I would always refuse to die in this country, for, then, my dead body would for sure be confused with someone else's, causing Russia to be conquered and the truth about me to be buried forever. I then finally got on the little bus headed for the "Villages". The little bus went all the way to the end of the line and then turned back, all without my being able to find a "Cheri Place" along the way. I decided to give up, for two reasons. First, I was just too tired. Second, I had the feeling that I was producing very bad surveillance. Since Mr former Secretary had already produced evidences for my text-messaging to my African partners in San Jose and for my meeting them in front of Greyhound station, etc., meeting my brother, under faulty surveillance, would definitely become evidence proving that Russia and its conspirator nations had created a fake older brother of mine from scratch in order to deceive the world. While the bus was coming back from the Villages, there was at one point only a Hispanic or Filipino girl riding it with me, and I suddenly realized that my change of plans should have caused the suit team to produce some intercept of communication to such effect. And so I went to the back of the bus to check on that girl, and she was indeed text-messaging! I filmed her: "[grl\\_txtmssg\\_bus\\_to\\_villages\\_sf\\_6\\_15\\_09\\_1150AM.3gp](#)." Apparently, knowing from the monitoring of my Internet connection this morning that I was going to Cheri Place, Mr former Secretary had indeed placed an actor there, so that, when I got off the bus and crossed path with him, the Machine may produce an intercept of the episode that was so vague as to allow him to make out of it another instance where I met up with my African partners or some such thing. The text-messaging by the bus driver and so on earlier must have been intercepted and interpreted in accordance with this scenario ("I'll see you in Cheri Place!" etc.). Thus, when I changed my plans, Mr former Secretary's interpretation would be disrupted; to save it, he would have to produce another intercept showing me texting something like "You know, I change my mind because...".

After I came back to downtown San Jose, I walked into a Chinese fast food place to eat lunch. When I sat down at a table after ordering my food, I noticed a Chinese newspaper lying on the table on whose front page was printed the headline that the leaders of the four BRIC nations, China, Russia, Brazil, and India were holding their first summit meeting in a castle outside Moscow. The meeting, the paper reported, concerned the proposal to set up an alternative world organization and an alternative world reserved currency in order to escape from United States' unipolar domination of the world. (At the same time, the news reported that the presidents of Russia and China were also meeting in regard to agendas concerning the Shanghai Cooperation Organization.) Suddenly, I understood why on May 17 Mireya mentioned she was going to India – and, thus, also, why Wes on May 8 told me to go to Brazil with a 400 dollar ticket. So, since a month ago, Mr former Secretary, to please his "Boss", had wanted to produce evidences showing me to be also an agent of India and Brazil and India and Brazil to be also participants in this evil conspiracy to use Lawrence Chin's twin brother to harm the United States. United States could then prevent the creation of an alternative, non-US-controlled world system through an

International Court order. I had begun to understand that this trial about me at the International Court of Justice had caused China to lose, and Russia to risk losing, so much that they began dreaming of disentangling themselves from United Nations and its justice system altogether. As usual, I read the news item out loud to my recorder in order to preserve proof that I was reading this newspaper and not something else. This is in my recording of this afternoon:  
“[bus\\_back\\_to\\_sj\\_dwntwn\\_chnse\\_newsppr\\_nap\\_6\\_15\\_09\\_1222PM.WMA](#)”.

I then took a nap on the bench outside. When I woke up I immediately noticed some vulgar looking vagrant – typical Homeland Security operative” – moving about in my vicinity wearing the same kind of hat as I did. Clearly, he was going to be confused with me in surveillance: when the judges saw Machine’s print-out specifying “a person wearing a round-shape hat with rim” they would accept it as describing me, and Mr former Secretary would enter that as another piece of evidence demonstrating the Machine’s accuracy. I filmed my “double”: 7:45 in the video diary. I then went inside an ice cream shop where I wrote down today’s happening on this very diary. My next recording is:

“[icecrm\\_wrt\\_strbks\\_vid\\_strngr\\_intrvw\\_no\\_flm\\_bum\\_attck\\_me\\_6\\_15\\_09\\_422-915PM.WMA](#)”.

When I exited the place an hour later I noticed that one of the employees was interviewing someone applying for a job. After repeated instances of tutoring around me, I became suspicious: I commented to my recorder wondering if this interview was set up by the suit team to be confused with me.

I then came to a nearby Starbucks. I had by now spent so much of my waking life in Starbucks that I had developed “Starbucks fatigue”. But I simply had nowhere else to go given my homelessness. While I was publishing my video diaries and writing my diary entries, lo and behold, a pretty white girl and two Indian men came in to sit at the table next to me and started staging a job interview. It was immediately clear to me that it was another episode staged by Mr former Secretary in order for the confused Machine to “intercept” me applying for a job – for the second time in San Jose. The white girl was thus my “double” this time. I was therefore right that the job interview in the ice cream shop two hours ago was staged for Machine’s surveillance on me. I turned on my camcorder and started filming them as evidence. One of the Indian men got up and asked me if I was recording them. Just as it had happened in Borders on June 6, my impression was that the suit team had instructed his actors to complain about my filming in order to discourage me from accumulating more evidences. Although I had to turn off my camcorder then, I continued to film them with my pen camera. This staged interview was thus preserved as the first, long episode in my next video diary, “[6\\_15\\_09\\_p2.wmv](#)”. I knew that something was terribly wrong because I had just seen the news about the BRIC meeting going on outside Moscow and realized why Mireya said she was going to India. Clearly, Mr former Secretary was creating evidences for my meeting with two Indian intelligence agents to stage a show of job interview to deceive the judges of the International Court. He needed these evidences to discredit all my documentaries sitting on the docket inside the International Court: he was producing evidences to support his new claim that, even though I got paid a lot of money by the intelligence services of the conspirator nations, I was instructed by the Russians to pretend to be homeless and film myself looking homeless – hence I had my Russian intelligence friend film me looking homeless last night. I then went around tutoring students and applying for jobs in order to pretend that I had no money and had to make money. The Russians instructed me to film myself thusly and to put up the act because they knew my acts and my films would be intercepted into

the International Court as evidences, and they would pretend to argue, based on these intercepts, that I could not be their agent because I was homeless and had no money. In other words, Mr former Secretary was simply arguing that the Russians were instructing me to put up an act to deceive the ICJ judges – which was exactly what he himself was doing – while I, because I was retarded and could not understand what was going on inside the International Court, was only following Russians’ orders blindly without comprehending the purpose. According to Mr former Secretary’s evidences, the Latin American nations, the African nations, and India – they were all in on this Sino-Russian conspiracy to harm the United States using Lawrence Chin’s twin brother. Mr former Secretary was then going to use the ICJ conviction of India to break up the BRIC agenda. Given the court rule – that the United States should be allowed to employ the same technique which the conspirators have used to harm the United States in the neutralization of the “terrorist threat” – the pretty blond hair girl you see in the video could not just be anybody but must be a CIA operative: and she does look like a typical CIA spy!

Since I had given up the project of connecting up with my brother, it was time to return to Los Angeles. When I was dining at the same restaurant, a freaky Hispanic man continually stared at me. Since he was wearing sunglasses, it seemed that he was running surveillance on me (“surveillance sunglasses”). I began filming him with my pen camera: [“strange\\_hspnic\\_guy\\_restau\\_6\\_15\\_09\\_830PM.3gp”](#). Even when I asked him about his purpose, he continued to stare at me with an evil smile. I’m not sure which side he worked for. Perhaps he was actually watching over me for the Russian side, gathering evidences to show that I did look exactly like Lawrence Chin. Or perhaps he was from the Mexican intelligence, since Mexico was getting ready for my crossing the border at any time. Afterwards I came to the Greyhound station and bought a ticket for Los Angeles. I of course made sure to film my purchase with my pen camera: [“buy\\_gryhnd\\_tckt\\_sj\\_6\\_15\\_09\\_930PM.3gp”](#). Note in the video that I kept asking the ticket officer if the bus was going to break down causing everyone to switch bus, etc., because I was expecting the suit team to run another operation like they did on May 1. When I was smoking outside the station, a taxi driver parked his car in front of me and took a series of pictures of me with his camera. He then pretended to be jokingly taking pictures of the two other taxi drivers standing near me in order to cover up his act. I of course filmed him too (30:22 in the video diary). It was quite obvious what was going on. The taxi driver was under suit team’s instruction; he would then be instructed to send the pictures he just took through communication channels so that they could be intercepted into the International Court. Mr former Secretary would then argue: “This taxi driver was playing around with his colleagues and taking pictures of them. It seems that he has ‘accidentally’ caught our subject in the pictures. Look, our subject looks slightly different from Lawrence Chin. He is David Chin.” The pictures were of course airbrushed by his Chinese helpers, and this was how he was going to counter the series of real time images which the Russians had brought in as evidences in the past few days. When I was inside the station around 10 PM, I noted that there were only two persons standing in line for the Los Angeles bus. I took care to film it as proof (34:00 in the video). I noted that the suit team had about an hour to plan their operation – since I had so far given out no hint that I would go directly to Los Angeles from San Jose. I predicted that, within an hour, Homeland Security would send in an entire army of actors and actresses to fill up the bus. Around 11 PM, when the bus was departing, my prediction was confirmed. I counted two dozen people riding the bus (34:40 in the video). These were all Homeland Security actors. Clearly, there was going to be an operation on the bus: Mr former Secretary was going to forge a piece of luggage or something

like that and attribute it to me – in which evidences would be found linking me to my imaginary African, Latin American, and Indian partners and proving that my recordings and documentaries were forged with computer software. This was his final step: since those confused and vague intercepts from the Machines were only circumstantial evidences, he needed something physical from me (supposedly) to be intercepted into the International Court to establish once and for all and beyond reasonable doubts that the “interpretations” he had thus far imposed on the intercepts were correct. Fearing this, I decided to skip the trip, return my bus ticket, and go sleep on the street corner. I did not want to ride such crowded bus anyway.

## June 16

An extremely frustrating day was about to begin. My first recording is: “slp\_sj\_sec\_grd\_leave\_confus\_train\_bus\_caltram\_to\_sf\_6\_16\_09\_544AM-221PM.WMA”, and my video diary for the day is: “6\_16\_09.wmv”. I was going to try to return to Los Angeles once more, where homelessness was less physically exhausting. I didn’t know that, because of the situation in Africa, Mr former Secretary was not going to leave me undisturbed. Just because I had escaped the operation last night, it didn’t mean he wouldn’t try it again today. After I woke up on 2:59:00, I came to the metro station, intending on going to the San Jose Amtrak station (3:29:00). This would turn out to be a difficult task beyond my comprehension. I asked several strangers at which stop the Amtrak station was. The last person told me “Tamien.” (3:37:00) When I came to Tamien, however, I found not the Amtrak station, but Caltram. The Caltram personnel told me to jump on the train to go to the next stop. I had to buy a 7 dollar ticket just for this short trip, and the train just had to close its door in front of me (3:52:00). I banged hard on the door, knowing that I would definitely miss the daily Amtrak train to Los Angeles. I went into such rage that I was throwing things in the station (3:55:00) and crying (4:00:00). When another train came, I was yelling at the Caltram personnel, “Where does this train go?” (4:07:00) Everyone ignored me, and I just got on the train anyway. When I turned on my Toshiba Satellite, it just had to be locked on “facial recognition” mode. And, for 30 minutes, the train was not moving, as if testing my patience even further. When I finally arrived at the San Jose Amtrak station, the Amtrak officers of course told me that no more train was going to Los Angeles until tomorrow. They advised me to use the bus. I interrogated them: “Will the bus break down in the middle of the road so that we’ll have to switch bus?” I was getting it: the government was determined to use my trip home as an opportunity to produce more evidences to harm Russia. “I don’t know...” the officer replied me. And so I bought a ticket for the Amtrak bus to Santa Barbara (5:01:30). Soon several officers came to hurry me onto the bus, as if terrified that I might not get on (5:43:00). “It’s strange,” I noted, “it’s as if they were afraid that I might not get on the bus...” Now the bus driver insisted that I put my bag into the luggage compartment beneath the bus. This was highly unusual, for my bag was of carry-on size. Now I was sure: “The suit team is trying to forge something.” I thus went back to the counter and returned my ticket: I simply couldn’t stand the thought that the whole world was forever going to know me as David Chin and Russia as this grotesque being in Mr former Secretary’s imagination, and that United States would control everything on the planet unopposed. Now even the ticket officer at the counter told me that I should be allowed to carry my medium-size bag with me onto my seat (5:46:00). I then rode the Caltram train to go back to San Francisco. I sighed: “So I can’t get on the bus last night, nor today... It’s just too dangerous...” (6:00:00) I slept on the train and arrived in San Francisco on 7:34:00. After I had urinated on the street, a security guard came “advising”

me to not do so (7:43:00). He was so nice to me that I realized: “I must have just accomplished another ‘mission’ for the United States....” Well, obviously, for everyone was happy when I behaved in accordance with David Chin’s profile and made Russia look bad in consequence. I rode the bus to Postal Chase to check on my mails – one last time before I set out for Los Angeles tomorrow. While on the bus I filmed another stranger text-messaging (the first episode in the video-diary). It was 1:44 PM. I discovered another mail from the appeal court demanding “the respondent pay cost”. For some reason, this was the trigger, I had had enough: I finally broke down, started moaning and groaning and panting, then crying, as if I were retarded. (My nervous breakdown at Postal Chase was in the second episode in my video diary, from 1:45 onward.)

My next recording for this terrible day is:

“[sf\\_crying\\_plce\\_brkly\\_buy\\_cart\\_viet\\_rstau\\_mn\\_drnk\\_beer\\_6\\_16\\_09\\_217PM.WMA](#)”. While I was moaning and mumbling like Big Foot, I got on the bus to return to downtown. I soon began crying loudly (14:00). I was just so lonely and so discontent with my status as a patsy who was to be used for purposes opposite of my desires and then discarded. Because nobody in the world cared about how sad I was, I began filming myself crying with my pen camera, in order to preserve my misfortune for future witnesses who might care: “[sf\\_bus\\_p2\\_6\\_16\\_09.3gp](#)”, “[sf\\_bus\\_p3\\_6\\_16\\_09.3gp](#)”, and “[sf\\_bus\\_p4\\_6\\_16\\_09.3gp](#)”. In the second video, what seemed to be a Russian surveillance agent wearing surveillance sunglasses came up the bus. It was a woman with long blond hair. The SVR officials inside the Homeland Security control center monitoring my movement in real time must be frowning as he watched me filming myself crying. The Russians were already finding me erratic and bizarre in manner – “So our fate is supposed to depend on this guy? This homeless, nose-picking, tantrum-throwing, wildly dramatic...” – but what particularly troubled them at this moment was the fact that, on midnight June 15, the United States had just produced evidences showing me putting up an act of homeless desperation in front of cameras, and that, now, their own surveillance caught me filming myself crying: this over-dramatic behavior could be interpreted as confirmation for Mr former Secretary’s story about David Chin the master performer.

Now that I had come back to the Bay Area, I was going to pass my extra day in Berkeley, of course, where homelessness was less tiring. When I was at the Powell BART station, I lay on the ground continuing to cry and moan and mumble. A Homeland Security agent – easily distinguished by his ugliness – came over and, pretending to be a stranger concerned with my wellbeing, asked me: “Are you okay?” (54:50) I was instantly alarmed by this typical American way of pretending to care about you while cooking up ways to harm you behind your back. There was clearly going to be another piece of evidence in the International Court showing Americans to be supremely generous, caring, innocent, and gullible in that they would want to care for this evil foreign agent who was here to harm them. I tried to film the Homeland Security agent but didn’t catch him. Then security guards were coming to take me to the hospital – it was 3:18 PM. I ran away. I was quite aware of the fact that, as soon as I ended up in the hospital, Machine’s surveillance would show doctors finding all sorts of spy equipment and documents linking me to Russian, Latin American, African, and India intelligence services. (Mr former Secretary would send in a “double” to the same hospital carrying what was to be found on me, and the Machine would confuse that person with me.) This was in fact Mr former Secretary’s goal: as he saw me acting out and throwing a tantrum, he wanted to exploit the opportunity. He

could claim in Court that I was carried to the hospital after drinking too much and becoming overdosed on cocaine. I came inside the Burger King on top of Powell Station to hide (1:10:00), while police cars were circling around looking for me. It was then 3:30 PM (see 2:13 in the video diary). I came back to the BART station on 2:00:00. Still babbling like Big Foot and moaning intensely, I rode the BART to Berkley. And, moaning and babbling, I was able to purchase a new cart at a shop. At least I wouldn't have to drag along my heavy bag and blanket anymore.

When I came to Vietnamese restaurant to eat (3:10:00), the whole place was empty, but, as soon as I started my meal, a group of people came in. It was then 5:35 PM (2:37 in the video). From 3:22:30 onwards, while still in the Vietnamese restaurant, I tried to import the videos inside my camcorder into my Toshiba Satellite. But when I plugged the express card into the laptop, the laptop was not detecting the camcorder. I murmured repeatedly, under enormous depression and looking ever delirious: "The camcorder is broken... The camcorder is broken... It's broken..." I rebooted my Toshiba Satellite, but when the laptop was restarting, it went into "check disk". I was ever more baffled by such mysterious behavior of my computer: was it remotely controlled from the Homeland Security control center in order for the Machine to intercept my laptop behaving in a way unlike ordinary consumer machines? I filmed this whole episode of malfunctioning with my pen camera: "[toshiba\\_problm\\_6\\_16\\_09\\_530PM.3gp](#)". I began crying. Then a man came in – a middle age white man with gray hair and carrying a guitar – buying only a bottle of beer (5:08:00). He was certainly my "double" sent in by Mr former Secretary to be confused with me in Machine's surveillance: "Your honor, you have just seen that our subject this afternoon was delirious. He's probably drunk. Then you saw him going into a Vietnamese restaurant. Now a man is spotted having a beer in the restaurant. It's most likely our subject. He's indeed an alcoholic. The surveillance is accurate." Thus Mr former Secretary had obtained more evidences to confirm another characteristic of this "David Chin" whom he had invented. Even in the recording I note: Mr former Secretary's purpose is to make my earlier hysteria look like drunkenness... (5:14:00).

On 9:14 PM, I was buying blank DVDs in a pharmacy on Telegraph Avenue (3:00 in the video diary). As soon as I came out of the store, ambulances rushed past me (6:48:30). It was now only a few days before Medvedev's trip to Africa; Mr former Secretary thought he could exploit my deliriousness today to at once accomplish his African agenda. The Machine's surveillance would be so vague as to allow him to argue in International Court tomorrow that I was the one who was carried by the ambulance to the hospital. In reality, the person carried to the hospital was just a Homeland Security actor, and the doctors would have been instructed to pretend to find audio-forging equipment, cash, and documents proving my connection to the Russians, the Africans, and the Latin Americans. Mr former Secretary would argue to the judges: "As you have seen, our subject was drunk and delirious all day long. Apparently he passed out in Berkeley and was taken to the hospital. And the doctors found these things on him and did not know what they were. But we know: these are proofs that the Africans have indeed been working with the Russians, and that the recording from May 15 was forged..." More on this later.

Although I couldn't comprehend this whole scenario at the time, I had enough inkling about the new agenda about Africa that I decided to quickly leave Berkeley in order to disrupt Mr former Secretary's operation. My next recording is: "[to\\_oaklnd\\_st\\_moan\\_6\\_16\\_09\\_930PM.WMA](#)". On my way to the BART station, I of course ran into another police car (3:40 or so). Out of



depression I continued groaning and babbling deliriously on the BART (19:00 on ward). I came to Oakland and was heading toward the Oakland Amtrak station. When I was getting on the bus, I kept pestering a guy nearby who was text-messaging (27:20 or so). What was going on was clear: because my location had changed, Mr former Secretary had to abandon his original plan. To cover up his earlier mistake, he had sent in one of his actors to text-message on my behalf. When the text-message was intercepted into the International Court, he would interpret it as my telling my buddies that I had recovered my drunkenness, got almost taken away by ambulances, and now came to Oakland looking for a place to pass the night. After using my computers a little bit inside the Amtrak station, I was ready to sleep outside. It was 11:30 PM (4:30 in the video diary). Then I noticed that a vulgar-looking guy was wandering around the station waiting for something. Knowing that he was my double, I began filming him (the last episode in the video diary). After the operation in Berkeley was abandoned, Mr former Secretary had to create a new episode in order to demonstrate the accuracy of the surveillance system over me. It was then 11:45 PM, and my double made sure to imitate me by urinating into a store. A pickup truck then showed up to pick him up (7:23 in the video diary). Mr former Secretary had changed the “script”. Instead of being taken to the hospital, David Chin had gone to Oakland to meet his secret agent friend or criminal buddy and gone home with him: this is what he would tell the ICJ judges tomorrow.

### **June 17:**

My first recording of the day is: “[slp\\_oaklnd\\_buy\\_train\\_tckt\\_414-707AM.WMA](#).” (It should be named “[slp\\_oaklnd\\_buy\\_train\\_tckt\\_6\\_17\\_09\\_414-707AM.WMA](#)”.) I woke up just before 7 AM, and walked into the Amtrak station to buy a ticket for Los Angeles. I bought the ticket with mere 44 dollar (2:44:00). Since I was using my debit card, I of course took care to film my transaction: “[1\\_buy\\_train\\_tckt\\_6\\_17\\_09.3gp](#)”. I was immediately suspicious: why is the ticket so cheap? The suit team wants me to get on the train today... Some operation is about to happen... (2:47:00) “My double... I need to get away from my doubles!” (2:49:00)

My next recording is: “[mdcl\\_emrgncy\\_train\\_lst\\_dvd\\_moan\\_bart\\_6\\_17\\_09\\_703-1054AM.WMA](#)”. While I was waiting for my train, someone, most likely another Homeland Security actor, came up to me for something. “Get the fuck away from me,” I yelled at him. “Alright,” he backed away. I commented to myself: “We’ve got this faulty surveillance thing; all we do is walk around, and faulty surveillance would make ‘some secret agent material’ out of it...” I hoped I had just prevented Mr former Secretary from obtaining another piece of evidence showing me secretly getting in touch with a Russian secret agent in this train station. I then bemoaned the futility of petitioning official organizations: the United States had already controlled the entire United Nations and the entire International Court of Justice... (11:00). When I noticed on Amtrak’s website that the train fare was normally 65 dollar, my impression was further strengthened that the suit team was encouraging me to get on the train, which meant that they were planning an operation with my train ride. I would certainly be right!

On 1:46:40 or so Amtrak suddenly announced that, due to a medical emergency in Emeryville, the train to Los Angeles would be delayed. After confirming it with the ticket officer, I said to myself, in a tiresome mode, that there was indeed going to be foul play – after I had ditched the bus ride preferring Amtrak instead. Mr former Secretary’s objective, I speculated correctly, was

to get me “discovered” in a medical emergency room – and then to have doctors pretend to discover me carrying Russian made spy equipment, audio-forging software, and documents linking me to African intelligences services, Latin American drug lords, FARC, etc. I hadn’t figured out that he also wanted to get “African cash” discovered on me. I began walking away now that I had comprehended the operation. The guy transported to the emergency in Emeryville was my double, and that was why the suit team wanted me to go on this trip (1:50:13). I began thinking of more ways to disrupt My former Secretary’s operation: if I stay in San Francisco for another day, then he would have difficulty in arguing in the International Court that the person caught in the emergency room was me – for I couldn’t be found in two places at the same time, right? Then I realized how Mr former Secretary was going to make the ICJ judges believe the “evidences” he would discover today: following upon his interpretation of my moaning and groaning in the BART station yesterday as drunkenness and drug overdose, he would have little difficulty today in arguing that I had at last passed out and got transported into the emergency room while trying to ride the train. The United States was desperate to produce the evidences today as Medvedev’s trip date approached. Finally the train arrived on 2:00:00 or so, and I didn’t get on. *The fate of Russia depended on my decision here.* I finalized my decision to go to San Francisco now and return to Los Angeles tomorrow. On 2:15:00 or so I predicted that, if I should leave tomorrow, the train will break down again – or some such accident will happen. And I would be right again! I murmured bitterly: “Everyday is just medical emergency, ambulance, medical emergency, ambulance...”

Unfortunately, when I was in the BART station, I discovered that I had lost, inside the Amtrak station’s restroom, the spindle of dual layer DVDs which I had bought in Berkeley a few days ago (2:38:30). I was terribly upset, for, even though the discs were blanks, if there existed an intercept showing me losing the discs, the suit team would forge a spindle of DVDs containing all the incriminating material and attribute it to me. I went back to the station and found nothing. I cried: “I want to commit suicide...” (3:02:00). Russia would be so fucked today! I groaned and moaned while dragging my cart back to downtown Oakland, picking up cigarette butts on the way. I would cry sporadically and moan like a Big Foot throughout the morning. Like this I came to San Francisco on BART.

My next recording is: “[moan\\_sneeze\\_to\\_sf\\_lib\\_6\\_17\\_09\\_11AM-717PM.WMA](#)”. When I came up onto the street level, somewhere between the Montgomery station and the Powell station, something of tremendous import happened. While I was squatting on the street corner, a blond hair Russian female agent, wearing a long coat, spotted me, and took a picture of me with her surveillance cellphone. She then immediately got onto the bus that had just arrived. Babbling and crying like an infant, I came to the public library by the Civic Center. It was almost noon. After a short nap, I walked into the public library – groaning and moaning – around 1:30 PM. I found a seat and, while groaning like a retard, began working on my videos. When I began videotaping myself writing this very diary, a Russian girl – a Russian surveillance agent – came to sit across the table from me, using a surveillance MacBook to conduct surveillance on me. I didn’t dare to videotape her, and just pretended to not notice her. Instinctively I knew that the Russians were watching me right now and that it was not a good idea to show signs that I knew they were watching me. Due to allergy, I was also sneezing continuously – as if my life weren’t hard enough.

After I exited the library on 8 PM when it closed, good signs started appearing. Between 8 PM and 11 PM, I saw at least 14 limousines and three black Cadillacs with tinted windows passing me by. I tried to film as many of them as I could: “6\_17\_09\_night.wmv”. At least four outside the public library between 8 and 8:30 PM (in the beginning of the video) and eight outside the Greyhound station around 9:30 PM, and two more around 11 PM. (After I exited the library, I immediately retreated to the Greyhound station to sleep on the sidewalks outside.) As I have already noted, Mr former Secretary and his Homeland Security cronies usually came riding on their limousines to see me only when their attempt to frame the Russians encountered problems. Although it was harder to distinguish them in San Francisco because limousines were a more frequent appearance in this rich town than in Los Angeles, the fact that one of them when passing me by (around 8:45 PM or 3:15 in the video) was trying to avoid being filmed was a sign that the fleets of limousines this night were indeed carrying Homeland Security hot shots. (Recall what happened on February 8.) What had happened was this.

Now that Medvedev was about to embark on his African trip, Mr former Secretary was truly in a hurry to produce a piece of evidence demonstrating that those “African friends” of Russia’s were also “in” on this conspiracy of using David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin. Since the ambulances missed me yesterday, Mr former Secretary decided to use a double instead. He had programmed the faulty surveillance Machine to be sufficiently confused as to mistake the Homeland Security actor in Emeryville for me. Needless to say, when the Machine’s surveillance followed the actor to the hospital, the doctors pretended to discover on him a large bundle of cash and documents and Russian made spy equipment which they pretended to not understand. Of course, Mr former Secretary, then, standing beside the Machine inside the International Court – inside the federal control center underneath San Francisco downtown – put up an act of understanding what those documents and cash and equipment were about. These were evidences demonstrating that David Chin had indeed got paid by the Africans on midnight, June 15, that the audio-forging software found inside the spy-equipment proved that the recording from May 15 was forged and the other videos inside it, that my documentaries were planned acts, and that the documents indicated unambiguously my ties to the Russian and Indian intelligence services and Latin American drug cartels. Mr former Secretary then put forward the scenario he had prepared: that, because of my drunkenness, which everyone had “witnessed” the day before, I had passed out in Amtrak station today and was taken to the hospital – thus exposing the Russian-African-Indian-Latin American scheme. The Russian team was furious; and the word quickly reached the Russian consul general in San Francisco as well. The SVR official in charge of the Russian consulate protection service, nervous and desperate over the fact that the ICJ judges were about to be convinced by the Americans’ tricks, had a hunch that I might show up in San Francisco in order for him to find me. He sent out surveillance agents all over the city, and, within two hours after Mr former Secretary had made his argument, one of his agents found me near Powell station. Then, around 2 PM, the Russian consulate protection service tracked me down in the public library. The consulate’s surveillance was quickly passed to the Russian team inside the International Court as counter evidence to rebut United States’ argument. With all the United Nations having access to what was happening inside the International Court, the Russians angrily protested that the United States was trying to frame them because of Medvedev’s African trip. United States quickly apologized – it was all a mistake. Apparently the guy in the hospital in Emeryville was someone else! The Machine had been too vague! It was all a coincidence that the guy was carrying all that cash and strange

computer equipment and Russian and Spanish and Portuguese and African language documents. Because the whole United Nations would get wind of this, the United States was truly embarrassed, so that Mr former Secretary came out of the underground court house to point me out to his cronies. Perhaps the Russian consul general was also in the limousines; for the argument of the Russian diplomatic service had been that the troublesome guy on their watch list – whom the United States had the treaty obligation to warn them about – was found in consulate’s vicinity while the United States told them he was in a hospital in a neighboring city. This was also a blatant violation of the diplomatic protection treaty! In the United Nations, the Russian diplomatic service was making its protest on a double ground. But, because the “evidences” had not yet been intercepted from the hospital into the International Court, the United States could escape the conviction of outright fraud. That United States had made a mistake had been accepted by the ICJ judges as a valid explanation.

## June 18

Today was going to be a very important day. A homeless woman woke me up from my sleep because street cleaning was about to start. I now had to implement again my plan to return to Los Angeles – despite the enormous danger involved. My recording of the first half of my new day is: “[sf\\_to\\_oaklnd\\_exchng\\_tckt\\_prdct\\_oper\\_train\\_6\\_18\\_09\\_618AM-105PM.WMA](#)”. And so I rode the BART to downtown Oakland. When I exited the BART station, there were a ton of police cars parked on the streets. I suspected that Mr former Secretary, knowing that I would have to come to the Oakland Amtrak station again, was staging more crimes in downtown Oakland so that, when the police communication was intercepted into the International Court, it would look to the judges as if I had been causing disturbances again. (Again, the point was to confirm the accuracy of the Machine and the “David Chin” story.) I thus filmed the scene of wild profusion of police presence (1:19:30 or so; see the first scene of my video diary: “[supplemental\\_clips\\_6\\_18\\_09.wmv](#)”).

And so I came to the ticket counter in Amtrak station to exchange my ticket (1:58:00). The Amtrak officer charged me 25 dollar more for today’s ride. I felt as if the suit team was trying to discourage me from not getting on the train again. Indeed, the ticket officer immediately asked me, “Are you getting on the train today?” “If nothing happens I’ll ride the train,” I said. She then warned me that, if I got off the train, it would be another 25 dollar penalty (2:01:00 or so). Obviously those Amtrak officers were well aware of the situation: that United States was in need of a piece of evidence from me to get Russia – insofar as Medvedev was already embarking on his trip to Africa – so that I was expected to ride the train to facilitate this. People were angry with my disruption of Russia’s conviction yesterday. I have of course filmed my interaction with the Amtrak ticket officer: “[exchng\\_tckt\\_6\\_18\\_09\\_8AM.3gp](#)”. When I was getting on the train on 2:19:00, I noticed someone taking pictures of me. He was obviously a Homeland Security actor; afterwards he would send the pictures he took of me through communication channels so that they would be “accidentally” intercepted into the International Court as evidences confirming that I was indeed on this train. All this confirmed for me that an operation was about to occur on this train. I was however rather speculating that the suit team wanted to forge my luggage, intercept it into the International Court, and claim to the judges that I had left it on the train, and that the luggage would of course be found containing Russian made spy equipment and so on (2:25:00): the same old technique. But I could do nothing other than ride the train.

Around 10:36 AM, after the train had passed San Jose, the conductor suddenly announced a lost jacket found in the lounge cart (4:15:11). This was it! I immediately commented to my recorder that this was suit team's operation which I had been expecting. The conductor was instructed by his Homeland Security handler to announce that someone had lost a jacket on the train in order for the Machine to intercept into the International Court an indication that a jacket had been found on the train. In reality, it was Mr former Secretary who had forged a jacket that resembled mine, ready to attribute it to me. Amtrak officers would then pretend to find in the jacket strange things like Russian made spy equipment containing audio-forging software and documents which linked me to Latin American criminal groups, African, Brazilian, and Russian intelligence services, a large bundle of cash, and so on. Again, the conductors would, under instruction, pretend to not understand what those things were. No one would claim the jacket. The Amtrak officers' "reaction" to the "strange things" ("acting") would be intercepted by the Machine as well, by which Mr former Secretary, inside the International Court, would pretend to be alarmed. When the train ride was over, he would then send agents to intercept the jacket from Amtrak's lost-and-found to the International Court, so that, next morning, he could argue to the ICJ judges that the jacket belonged to me – since pictures had been intercepted which confirmed that I was on the train and no one else on the train other than "David Chin" could be expected to belong to Latin American criminal groups and foreign intelligence services. I said to my recorder: "See, I've told you that something is going to happen on the train. Just as yesterday the suit team was arguing that the guy having an emergency in Emeryville was me, so today they have the conductor create the impression that I have lost a jacket on the train" (until 4:18:00). Then I started filming myself wearing my jacket (4:18:50). I then commented more on 4:23:00 about Mr former Secretary's tactic: when I forgot my towel at Starbucks on June 14, that incident would have been picked up by surveillance and presented to the International Court as indication, in United States' favor, that I did indeed frequently forget my things, so that, this time, when the suit team should present the jacket which they had themselves forged to the International Court and claim that I had forgotten it, the judges would find it believable. Then, around 11:06 AM (4:53:00), I described to my recorder what would happen at the International Court the next day: the United States would bring up a "lost jacket" containing a certain incriminating object – a piece of Russian made spy equipment, some document linking me to Latin American and African criminal groups or intelligence services, or some audio- and video-forging software, etc. – and argue to the ICJ judges that it most likely belonged to me. (The only thing I missed was the bundle of cash.) I then commented that I was afraid to go into the snack lounge to eat because I would then create a surveillance intercept showing me going into the snack lounge, which intercept the suit team could then take to International Court to support their claim that the jacket they had forged indeed belonged to me (4:56:00 or so).

After a while I commented further on how I was discouraged by the suit team to get off the train through the 25 dollar penalty fee. This meant that the suit team was not successful yesterday in claiming in the International Court that the actor they sent to the emergency at Emeryville was me, so that they would have to forge the same thing again today. On 5:28:10 or so I began counting all the incidents where the suit team had forged things and attributed them to me. "This would be the 8<sup>th</sup> time that the suit team has forged things in my name" (5:31:10 or so). On 5:56:00 or so I finally decided to go into the snack lounge to eat. I filmed my trip: "[to\\_snack\\_cart\\_6\\_18\\_09\\_1220PM.3gp](#)". I commented to myself on 6:04:20 that I must film myself at regular intervals in order to have proofs that I had never lost anything. On 6:38:20 I

came inside the game cart because I needed an electric outlet for my laptop. I was glad that no one was there. But, as soon as I came in, a group of children appeared. Was this directed by the suit team? Why is it that, every time when I came to an empty place, it would soon be filled up with people?

My next recording is: “[train\\_game\\_cart\\_ppl\\_id\\_me\\_cndctr\\_see\\_my\\_tckt\\_6\\_18\\_09\\_1-747PM.WMA](#)”. While I was importing my videos from my camcorder to my laptop, a pretty woman came down with her little son (around 7:00). She hid behind the video game machine and then surreptitiously stuck out her camera to take pictures of me (13:30 or so). I quickly hid myself behind another video game machine, but she had probably succeeded in getting one picture of me – after which she quickly retreated to the seating area upstairs. She was clearly a secret agent. Since she was obviously not from Homeland Security, she must be from the CIA. This meant that this picture-taking had unusual importance. It was more than to produce more evidences proving that I didn’t look like myself. This CIA beauty was going to pass around my picture in communication channels in order for the Machine to intercept it, so that Mr former Secretary could present this “accidentally intercepted” picture of me in the International Court as evidence demonstrating that I had indeed come inside the game cart (which was directly below the snack cart). Because Mr former Secretary’s orchestration of “my medical emergency” yesterday wasn’t successful, the accuracy of the surveillance system was in doubt again, so that he needed a lot of “accidental” confirmations this time. I was instantly angered and tried to find this “CIA bitch” so as to film her, murmuring how I wanted to compile a hit list of who I wanted to kill (18:30 or so). “I need to cover my face,” I murmured further.

When I came back to the game cart, a second army of children would continually stream in. I began feeling increasingly uncomfortable, as if I were an animal in a zoo. “Homeland Security sent down all these fucking people and children to identify me as some sort of monster... These fucking Americans...” I said to myself bitterly (1:40:00). Why was it that no children were here when I wasn’t here? When the train conductor came to check on my ticket (1:45:00) I also suspected that the purpose was to identify me and to rumor about me in order to produce an intercept as evidence in the International Court showing that I was indeed here. I was getting upset, very upset. Maybe the children were sent here to produce surveillance of my flirting with children, I wondered. “Fucking children,” I complained. To have proofs that something abnormal was going on here, I filmed myself and the happenings in the game cart at regular intervals.<sup>4</sup>

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4 =====

```
Filename      : game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
MD5           : 4fa61ad3012480d270bf4215fc14decc
SHA1          : a2e76e44344cd24cb90396afbea33596df610d71
CRC32         : 76120505
Full Path     : E:\pen33\game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 9:18:10 PM
Created Time  : 6/27/2008 9:18:10 PM
File Size    : 3,475,348
Identical     : 1
```

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```
Filename      : game_cart_6_18_09_p2.3gp
MD5           : 96124a8e6099181ba6ab9bbcad32ce3c
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SHA1 : 3b085333bc8699bf5e097bec42a7bf008155f725  
CRC32 : 95fd813a  
Full Path : E:\pen33\game\_cart\_6\_18\_09\_p2.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 9:26:08 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 9:26:08 PM  
File Size : 3,698,705  
Identical : 2

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Filename : 1\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
MD5 : 0c738b78acf4a9d3a3b7741836853b5e  
SHA1 : be15e2fefe9cfab421cfcfe44d893df1513a0eb6  
CRC32 : 333c182a  
Full Path : E:\pen34\1\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 9:05:10 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 9:05:10 PM  
File Size : 3,769,258  
Identical :

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Filename : 2\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
MD5 : 4fa61ad3012480d270bf4215fc14decc  
SHA1 : a2e76e44344cd24cb90396afbea33596df610d71  
CRC32 : 76120505  
Full Path : E:\pen34\2\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 9:18:10 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 9:18:10 PM  
File Size : 3,475,348  
Identical : 1

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Filename : 3\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
MD5 : 96124a8e6099181ba6ab9bbcad32ce3c  
SHA1 : 3b085333bc8699bf5e097bec42a7bf008155f725  
CRC32 : 95fd813a  
Full Path : E:\pen34\3\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 9:26:08 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 9:26:08 PM  
File Size : 3,698,705  
Identical : 2

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Filename : 4\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
MD5 : f3be60f58e87ef77f3131fbb63474f26  
SHA1 : be1de6d9414b021c8885ecdfcb0979f59bc0b74d  
CRC32 : cedb92e3  
Full Path : E:\pen34\4\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 9:41:54 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 9:41:54 PM  
File Size : 3,111,190  
Identical :

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Filename      : 5_game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
MD5           : 2034f2a6d753eb2d7c3660f59aed3c87
SHA1          : 5f4a959e3901cd6b4be239395d109220934b801e
CRC32         : f17f4abc
Full Path     : E:\pen34\5_game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
Modified Time  : 6/27/2008 9:44:38 PM
Created Time   : 6/27/2008 9:44:38 PM
File Size     : 11,802,762
Identical     :
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Filename      : 6_game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
MD5           : 6547846414072bf6c80d46e5b5db3316
SHA1          : dcc7d282994c7cfb27c8716a42005aed650c54b8
CRC32         : d9b1d47f
Full Path     : E:\pen34\6_game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
Modified Time  : 6/27/2008 10:05:30 PM
Created Time   : 6/27/2008 10:05:30 PM
File Size     : 3,771,847
Identical     :
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Filename      : 7_game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
MD5           : 244446d39769888fec6140a0bf1f1344
SHA1          : ba23c6585f4979b6787eb3d26a545b02ecf9b58b
CRC32         : 31026fea
Full Path     : E:\pen34\7_game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
Modified Time  : 6/27/2008 10:13:44 PM
Created Time   : 6/27/2008 10:13:44 PM
File Size     : 2,941,097
Identical     :
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=====
Filename      : 8_game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
MD5           : cc030fbc6877fa9f0836faaf33342025
SHA1          : 8dfccb4b77e766dae4cb40828ec0278b13eef8a0
CRC32         : 0abe5780
Full Path     : E:\pen34\8_game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
Modified Time  : 6/27/2008 10:19:16 PM
Created Time   : 6/27/2008 10:19:16 PM
File Size     : 9,526,579
Identical     :
```

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=====
Filename      : 9_game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
MD5           : 7fa0f0ee45472c0a4b8e2d9db3e90439
SHA1          : 1e2284ea36280bef239c72a15cef3c84c84e1e1d
CRC32         : 61c06190
Full Path     : E:\pen34\9_game_cart_6_18_09.3gp
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Modified Time : 6/27/2008 10:22:50 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 10:22:50 PM  
File Size : 3,372,640  
Identical :

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Filename : 10\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
MD5 : 774d5394af40f0cedbb0899cde26b198  
SHA1 : a95bbecca5ac5c6211b97817d5bc4f872f540ed4  
CRC32 : 82d2f03f  
Full Path : E:\pen34\10\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 10:27:04 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 10:27:04 PM  
File Size : 3,759,803  
Identical :

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Filename : 11\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
MD5 : 8ac60731ce146c6dfa83a2546a4fc786  
SHA1 : 6215c81eadc53facf088f2cc6437d886732f9200  
CRC32 : 6980b35b  
Full Path : E:\pen34\11\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 10:29:06 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 10:29:06 PM  
File Size : 1,529,902  
Identical :

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Filename : 12\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
MD5 : 50fd1204c8db172353d61b3099822c64  
SHA1 : 9f566118ec8c6ccb59c3a34202504197e7fc6ec1  
CRC32 : 14e26ae0  
Full Path : E:\pen34\12\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 10:32:30 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 10:32:30 PM  
File Size : 8,514,928  
Identical :

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Filename : 13\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
MD5 : 970e3f24e4133777a14481d3406a1578  
SHA1 : 3a56c538a3bd2cf600aa14d0beb79934f8d0ea23  
CRC32 : cda0c6a7  
Full Path : E:\pen34\13\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 10:37:46 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 10:37:46 PM  
File Size : 7,600,831  
Identical :

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Filename : 14\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp

My next recording is: “[off\\_train\\_mtro\\_gld\\_crwded\\_slp\\_chrch\\_psdn\\_6\\_18\\_09\\_750-1057PM.WMA](#)”. The train arrived in Los Angeles (Union Station) just before 9 PM. I had to film myself exiting the train in order to preserve proofs that I had always been wearing my jacket. I got on Metro Gold Line to go to Pasadena, where I planned to pass my night. Again, the Metro was unusually full of people; I filmed it all (“[metro\\_gld\\_in\\_flld\\_w\\_ppl\\_6\\_18\\_09\\_930PM.3gp](#)” and “[metro\\_gld\\_in\\_flld\\_w\\_ppl\\_6\\_18\\_09\\_p2.3gp](#)”), and wondered what Mr former Secretary’s purpose could be here (1:35:45). When I arrived in Pasadena, I even filmed myself using my debit card to buy food at Famima (1:58:00 in the recording). This is in the first scene of my second video diary of the day: “[6\\_18\\_09\\_p2.wmv](#)”. It was 9:46 PM. Then, after I finished eating in the street corner, I had to film all the trash I left behind (1:00 in the video). I scavenged all the cigarette butts I could find and began walking to the Methodist church where I planned to sleep. On my way I filmed another person text-messaging for me (2:22:00 in the recording and 1:30 in the video diary). I sighed: “I really wish to know what the content of the text-messaging is so that I can know what evidence will be presented tomorrow in the International Court for my communication with foreign elements...” In hindsight we can guess that the content of this text-message was probably something like “I’ve lost something...” I came to the church on 2:29:00. Just when I was ready to sleep, a man and a woman appeared at the corner, just standing there in

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MD5 : bcd5ef3a387ba01aafdaafe39287ff53  
SHA1 : 96e5ababa95cb597c97059ffbe085cad0c9c0332  
CRC32 : c2886a62  
Full Path : E:\pen34\14\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 10:42:12 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 10:42:12 PM  
File Size : 3,984,798  
Identical :

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Filename : 15\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
MD5 : 265cf648232906129a5df479e18d6948  
SHA1 : 297991d898cfeeb76d57d94ccabad9ed16574a7d  
CRC32 : 53cefc70  
Full Path : E:\pen34\15\_game\_cart\_6\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 11:46:48 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 11:46:48 PM  
File Size : 24,755,536  
Identical :

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Filename : 16\_game\_cart\_1\_18\_09.3gp  
MD5 : ee479213fb63d8c05e1cdbc3ee86870c  
SHA1 : 7b46a0532303be6bef2f05cbe08da555a66ef36f  
CRC32 : 479f332e  
Full Path : E:\pen34\16\_game\_cart\_1\_18\_09.3gp  
Modified Time : 6/27/2008 11:53:42 PM  
Created Time : 6/27/2008 11:53:42 PM  
File Size : 11,149,298  
Identical :

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the darkness. It seemed that they were sent in by the suit team so that the Machine could produce an intercept showing me meeting with my foreign intelligence or criminal buddies in the darkness where there was no one around. I filmed them, sighing, “I just won’t be left alone for even one moment...” (2:35:00 in the recording and 3:50 in the video). Soon after I went back to sleep, I began reflecting on all the operations on me, the jacket and everything (3:01:30). I became increasingly angry, and got up from my sleep. It was around 11:38 PM, and I started walking toward Kinkos. I had to do something about Mr former Secretary’s operations. As I walked I began making guesses as to what evidence exactly Mr former Secretary was trying to forge today. This is in my next recording:

“[confsn\\_txtmssgr\\_knkos\\_hlywd\\_sec\\_grd\\_upld\\_surf\\_6\\_18-9\\_09\\_1138PM-509AM.WMA](#)”.

Consider what evidences had been produced in the past few days: those demonstrating that I was pretending to be homeless, pretending to not have money, and pretending to look for a job... Mr former Secretary must have argued that I got paid by foreign intelligence... Thus Russians must have been arguing that, since I was homeless, I couldn’t be their agent... Thus Mr former Secretary must have wanted some evidence showing that I was in fact paid, that I was only putting up a show of being homeless in order to deceive the ICJ judges... Money, my pay, would thus be found in the jacket (6:00). I had got it! I murmured bitterly: “There are no people in this world more evil than Americans... People don’t know how deceitful Americans are...” (11:00). When I came to Kinkos (on Colorado and Lake), however, the employee told me to leave. I was now even more angry. After Mr former Secretary had slandered me, he made sure that I had absolutely no place in this evil society. Standing outside Kinkos, I filmed the employee who threw me out (4:55 in the video diary). I was ever more determined to do something to disrupt Mr former Secretary’s operation against Russia.

And so I waited for the 180 bus to go all the way to Westwood to find another Kinkos. Now when the bus came I was still using my Eee PC to capture Kinkos’ wireless Internet from outside the store, so that I had to hurriedly put everything into my bag and get on the bus. In the ensuing confusion, my heavy bag flipped over on the cart and my blanket spread out all over, so that I had to drag everything up the bus in a hurry, frustrated and disoriented. (Refer to 42:00 in the recording.) Then, within 15 minutes, a Homeland Security agent came on the bus as my double. He made sure to be dragging a cart just like I was so that he could be confused with me in the vague description being printed out by the faulty surveillance Machine at this moment inside the International Court. Sure enough, he started text-messaging on his cellphone. I immediately moved to the seats behind him in order to film the content of his text-messaging: again, I was desperate to see what “my secret communication with foreign intelligence or criminal groups” consisted of. He immediately put his cellphone away when he heard the beeping of my camcorder: this was the surest sign that he was there to text-message on my behalf. But then he had to complete his “mission”, and so I did manage to at last capture the content of his text-messaging. See 5:26 in the video diary. It was all the more remarkable that he immediately texted: “It came right away. I had to run as fast as I can”. Now my earlier disorientation while getting on the bus must have been captured in “true surveillance”, probably caught in satellite imaging, which Mr former Secretary, carefully watching my actions in the control center, had decided to submit to the International Court as evidence in the morning. He could then better convince the judges of the accuracy of the Machine – that this Homeland Security double was indeed myself – when he instructed him to text a message that seemed to describe my earlier disorientation while getting on the bus. My double then texted: “But I made it so it’s all good”

(9:12). It is really not clear to me whether Mr former Secretary was trying to create evidences for my communication with foreign intelligence services or with my criminal buddies in the local area. Most likely it was with my African intelligence partners. Then, suddenly, the bus driver stopped the bus and stepped off for a walk. Thus my Homeland Security double texted: “Now the driver is lounging outside. Fucker!” I made sure to film him all the way until he got off the bus. Although nothing important was said in the text-messages, Mr former Secretary’s purpose was accomplished in the first text-message which seemed to correspond to my actions: to convince the ICJ judges and his international audience in the UN, after his debacle in San Francisco yesterday, that the whole surveillance system did describe reality. When I passed by Hollywood and Vine – it was around 1:10 AM – I remembered that another Kinkos was in the neighborhood and got off the bus. Two guys immediately appeared to speak Russian next to me. I filmed them as they walked away (11:30 in the video diary). Most likely, the Machine had printed out another vague description which Mr former Secretary would interpret in the morning as my secret, brief, meeting with Russian intelligence agents after my assurance to my African partners through text-messaging. When I came to Kinkos, Mr former Secretary had already sent in a security guard to spot me. I knew why he was there: he was going to rumor on his security communication channels that he had seen this homeless man wearing a hat and dragging a cart coming into Kinkos. The rumor would be intercepted into the International Court so that Mr former Secretary could argue to the judges in the morning that I was indeed here and attribute to me the happenings he was about to orchestrate in this store. I thus said to the security guard: “You are looking for me?” He laughed, humored by the fact that I had recognized his purpose, and denied it with a devilish smile (12:00 in the video diary). When he left I followed him outside with my camcorder and succeeded in getting him to admit on camera that he was, indeed, looking for me (14:20 in the video diary). That was 1:30 AM.

I settled down inside Kinkos and took out my computers to get to work. My subsequent activities were captured in my next video diary, “6\_19\_09\_p1.wmv”. What I had in mind was to upload the first recording of my train ride (the one in which I had predicted that Mr former Secretary was going to present a forged jacket as evidence in the morning saying I had lost it on the train) to my website, hoping that the Russians may intercept it as they had done before. This was the only thing I could do, and I was unsure of my success since (1) I had to predict correctly and (2) the Russians had to intercept it. Neither was certain. Worried that the Russians might not know where I was, I surfed onto Mr Ponomarev’s Zaprava website once more and randomly downloaded a PDF document. I assumed (wrongly) that the server for this website was based in Russia, which would allow the Russians to trace the visit to me through my IP address. This is in the first scene of my video diary. It was now 2:06 AM in the morning. Soon Mr former Secretary sent in another one of his actors. This weird looking middle-age white man shouted to the employee that he was Russian although he didn’t speak Russian... (3:50 in the video diary). For sure, he was confused with me in Machine’s surveillance – mostly to establish for the judges the accuracy of Mr former Secretary’s description of me as vulgar, street-wise, and “Russian”. You can then see in the video diary how I was using GFTP to upload the recording of my train ride to my website (7:50 in the video diary). It was 2:36 AM then. After the job was done, I watched several videos on Youtube about the durability of hard drives. Then, around 4 AM or so, my Internet connection was suddenly cut off (8:45 in the video diary). Something had happened and Homeland Security officers had remotely shut off my Internet connection from their control center. Not too upset, I packed up and went to sleep on the street not far away from Kinkos.

**June 19:**

... Ach! Ich sehe wohl,  
Ich muss mich leiten lassen wie ein Kind.  
Ich habe nicht gelernt zu hinterhalten  
Noch jemand etwas abzulisten. Weh!  
O weh der Lüge! Sie befreiet nicht  
Wie jedes andre, wahrgesprochne Wort  
Die Brust; sie macht uns nicht getrost, sie ängstet  
Den, der sie heimlich schmiedet, und sie kehrt,  
Ein losgedruckter Pfeil, von einem Gotte  
Gewendet und versagend, sich zurück  
Und trifft den Schützen.

...Alas! I see  
I must consent to follow like a child.  
I have not learn'd deception, nor the art  
To gain with crafty wiles my purposes.  
Detested falsehood! It doth not relieve  
The breast like words of truth; it comforts not,  
But is a torment in the forger's heart,  
And, like an arrow which a god directs,  
Flies back and wounds the archer.<sup>5</sup>

My first recording of the new, most important, day is:

“[wk\\_rus\\_drvr\\_took\\_cafe\\_bus2\\_drvr\\_laugh\\_me\\_slp\\_strge\\_6\\_19\\_09\\_813AM.WMA](#)”. And my video diary for the rest of this day is “[6\\_19\\_09\\_p2.wmv](#)”. While I was still sleeping on the road side, a limousine style black Cadillac came parking itself next to me and, guess what, the driver was Russian; he came out, stood around the car, and talked incessantly in Russian on his cellphone. It was a little past 8 AM and I had slept only four hours. He woke me up from my sleep. I found it so suspicious – was he sent here by the suit team to produce an intercept showing me talking Russian to my Russian intelligence contact? – that I took out my pen camera to film him: “[rus\\_drvr\\_near\\_me\\_wnh\\_slp\\_6\\_19\\_09\\_8AM.3gp](#)” and “[rus\\_drvr\\_near\\_me\\_wnh\\_slp\\_6\\_19\\_09\\_805AM.3gp](#)”. Meanwhile I felt that I needed to run away from this guy as quickly as possible. When I got up and packed up my things, this Russian guy, who had gone inside the car to chat on the phone, hurriedly got out of his car to continue talking on his cellphone. I went inside the MacDonald across the street to have breakfast. After I finished my food, I came back to videotape this “limousine driver” with my JVC camcorder: I felt that I needed some clearer images of him. This is in the first scene of the aforementioned video diary (until 0:51).

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<sup>5</sup> Goethe, Iphigenia, Act Four; translation by Anna Swanwick.



The Russian limousine driver, 6/19/09

What I didn't know was that this Russian guy was actually a "real" Russian surveillance agent whom the Russian consulate protection service had sent here to conduct surveillance on me. Again, they had to work within the Homeland Security system, so that the agent, disguised as a limousine driver, was using a surveillance iPhone to film me. Tired of waiting for me to get up, he went inside the car. But when I was getting up, the SVR officer inside the Homeland Security control center quickly ordered this idiot to come out of the car to film me with his iPhone – in order to obtain evidence that *I was still wearing my jacket*. Soon afterward, I got on the bus to go toward downtown. On the bus, another suspicious and freaky Russian old man appeared (1:24:00 in the recording, and 0:52 in the video diary). While I thought the suit team was playing some tricks again, this was in fact another "real" Russian agent sent here to confirm once more that I was wearing my jacket. I fell asleep on the bus, and a new bus driver came up and made fun of me: "Good morning, good morning! How are you?" He said it with such a devilish smile, and faked such a courtesy when I was getting off the bus, that I wanted to punch him (2:00:00). The Russian driver and the sarcasm of the bus driver would cause me to spend half of the day assuming that the United States had succeeded in its forgeries and to wonder what the suit team had forged.

What I did not know until later was that I had in fact caused a major upheaval in the world behind the scene. The Russians sent this limousine driver to obtain the "most important piece of evidence" because I had in fact succeeded spectacularly this early morning with my FTP upload. The recording file of the first half of my train ride was immediately picked up by officers from the Russian consular protection service who were working side by side, ironically, with the Homeland Security personnel inside a Homeland Security control center. My Internet activity was in fact being tracked by the consular protection service far more carefully than I thought at the time. As soon as I logged onto my T-Mobile account on my Eee PC, the consular protection

service officers would have received a “flag” from the Homeland Security surveillance system they were renting. The two audio-recording files were thus immediately picked up and fed into a specialized software which could produce a transcript of the entire content of a several hour long recording within merely 10 minutes. Now, when this software produced the transcript of the recording of the first half of my train ride, the consular protection service officers, well informed of the intense battle at the International Court, must have been instantly surprised by my “prediction” that Mr former Secretary was about to bring into the International Court a forged jacket as “evidence”. They immediately believed me and notified both the SVR team inside the International Court and the Russian diplomatic team in the United Nations. Everyone believed me because the entire Russian government was expecting something to come up: everyone knew that the United States was trying to hamper Medvedev’s trip to Africa, and Mr former Secretary’s failure yesterday to obtain Russia’s conviction meant that he was going to try again. Just like me, the Russians were suspecting that something would go wrong with my train ride to Los Angeles. Now this must be it! At the same time, the Homeland Security officers who were working side by side with the Russian consular protection service were also well aware of their boss’ agenda and, getting nervous, thus right away shut off my Internet connection. That, remember, was 4 AM.

When the SVR team inside the International Court received the recording from the consular protection service warning them about the upcoming evidence of the forged jacket, they quickly went to the ICJ judges and requested that the US suit team (Mr former Secretary and the CIA lawyers – “Best Mommy” among them) be insulated from any corresponding notice from the Department of Homeland Security in regard to the business of the protection of the Russian consulate. They were invoking the same emergency rule which the Americans had used against them, an ex-parte hearing with the ICJ judges and in camera examination of special evidences without their opponents’ knowledge. This was the only way to catch Mr former Secretary lying in front of everyone and see him embarrass himself. The judges, after reviewing the recording and hearing the prediction, accepted the Russian argument that the United States might be staging the whole evidentiary process, and proceeded to lock the audio-recording file in the evidentiary record. Concurrently, the Russian diplomatic service inside the UN quickly summoned none other than the Secretary General Ban Ki-Moon himself. It was now past 7 AM in New York. They had been trying forever to convince the Secretary General and everybody else inside the UN that the United States was playing fraud with this International Court case, that the intercepts coming out of the Machine did not describe reality. Because the Russian government could not divulge the entire details of how the requirement for neutralization of a “terrorist threat” stipulated by Resolution 1373 had permitted the Americans to compartmentalize the International Court of Justice and stage a show trial for UN access, nobody believed them. Now the Russians had a chance to prove that the whole trial was a staged show without violating the earlier order from judge Higgins: they were confident that I had guessed right because they themselves had heard the conductor’s announcement in the recording and had already an idea as to how the faulty surveillance system worked. Of course, if I guessed wrong, they would be terribly embarrassed themselves. But too much was at stake; they were going to take risk.

When morning came and the International Court resumed its course, Mr former Secretary happily presented the forged jacket to the ICJ judges saying that the Machine had produced an

intercept about some “lost jacket” on the train on which I was riding, that he had a hunch, that he had thus sent agents to intercept it from the train station’s lost and found section, that it certainly belonged to me because, at last, a large bundle of cash was found inside the pocket of the jacket – plus, of course, documents linking me to African, Brazilian, Russian, Indian, and Latin American intelligence services and criminal groups and a piece of Russian made spy equipment on which were installed a specialized audio-forging software and in which several half-forged recordings were also found – and that the characteristics of the cash was such that it could be none other than definitive proof that the Russians were sending their African partners to pay me for running this fraud against the International Court of Justice. Although the cash-carrying person from two days ago turned out to be someone else, this time he couldn’t be wrong. “Not just bad to the bone,” Mr former Secretary would have said of me to the judges, shaking his head, “but this David Chin is also extraordinarily stupid. He picked up tens of thousands of dollars in cash from Russians’ African partners in the San Jose Greyhound station but lost his pay just a day afterwards on the train so that we may catch the Russians standing in front you red-handed!” Mr former Secretary then re-emphasized the accuracy of the Machine because the text-messages which it had intercepted last night fitted well with the scenario that I had lost something – in addition to reflecting my “fluffy” character – and therefore confirmed both its accuracy and the claim that the materials in front of everyone belonged to me. Now Mr former Secretary proceeded to request the judges to rule that my recording from May 15 was forged, that my other recordings and videos which the Russians had obtained from me – including those which they had stolen from my USB flash drives – were all likewise forged, that Russians’ interception of my files (including sending agents to steal them directly from my USB flash drives) was all but an act (“pretending”), that it was now irrefutable that it was I who had texted all these vulgar and coded messages, that all the specialized electronics and hard drives I had supposedly lost and which were now sitting inside the Court’s docket were genuine, and that his scenario was correct that the Russians, even after their conviction in March, were still directing me to carry out operations to deceive the judges in order to get their earlier conviction reversed. United States requested a second conviction of Russia. But the SVR team inside the International Court and the Russian diplomatic service in the UN were jubilant: I had guessed right, although, when I enumerated what would be found in the jacket, I missed the bundle of African cash. Inside the International Court, the judges shook their head, telling Mr former Secretary that the Russians had already told them that he was going to bring up the jacket because “I had been intercepted as predicting so”. Not only did the judges reveal the recording which had been submitted into evidence just hours ago – demonstrating that I had predicted, almost a day ago, what was to take place this morning amongst all the important people right here; but the SVR team revealed as well that their consulate protection service had just tracked me down in Los Angeles and sent in an agent to run surveillance on me: they presented the surveillance video which showed me just waking up from the street corner and *still wearing my jacket*. “The jacket over there is forged by the United States to frame us,” the SVR team thus entered their argument to the judges. They used my recording as the definitive evidence to establish the scenario for which they had been arguing all along, that Mr former Secretary and the CIA were putting up a show in the International Court, that they were able to program the Machine to make just the sorts of mistakes which they had wanted so that the series of mistakes could add up to a scenario of “David Chin pretending to be Lawrence Chin under instruction from Russian intelligence”, and that this “scenario” which the Americans were pretending to “infer” from the evidences that were “accidentally” intercepted was actually decided upon by them beforehand from behind the



scene. The Russians' scenario was further strengthened by all my other inferences in the recording, such as my comment about what Mr former Secretary must have argued about my forgetting my towel on June 14: I had again guessed correctly. Everything I mentioned in the recording had taken place; I floundered only in this, that I had not yet figured out that I was supposed to get paid: the subject's understanding of United States' scenario was rather vague. Nonetheless the judges ruled that this single piece of evidence intercepted today (my recording) indeed confirmed Russia's scenario. They were now leaning toward issuing a judgment convicting the United States of fraud! Both Mr former Secretary and "Best Mommy" were shocked, standing speechless for moments until they called a recess to think of new ways to cheat. Meanwhile, inside the UN office, Ban Ki-Moon almost dropped his jaw to the ground. The case was getting ever stranger. Last time (on February 13) when surveillance intercepted the suspect's Skype call just when "his computer" was supposedly inside the Court house, Americans were able to convince everyone in the UN, a month later, that this was thanks to Russian intelligence's trick. How could you possibly explain what happened this time? How could the suspect know in advance what evidences the United States was going to present the next day? Were the Russians able to predict what evidences the United States was going to present and then instruct David Chin to make the prediction? The Russians were right! The United States was putting up a show to deceive everyone. When the latest course of the trial started its round in the UN Assembly, everyone was convinced by the Russians.

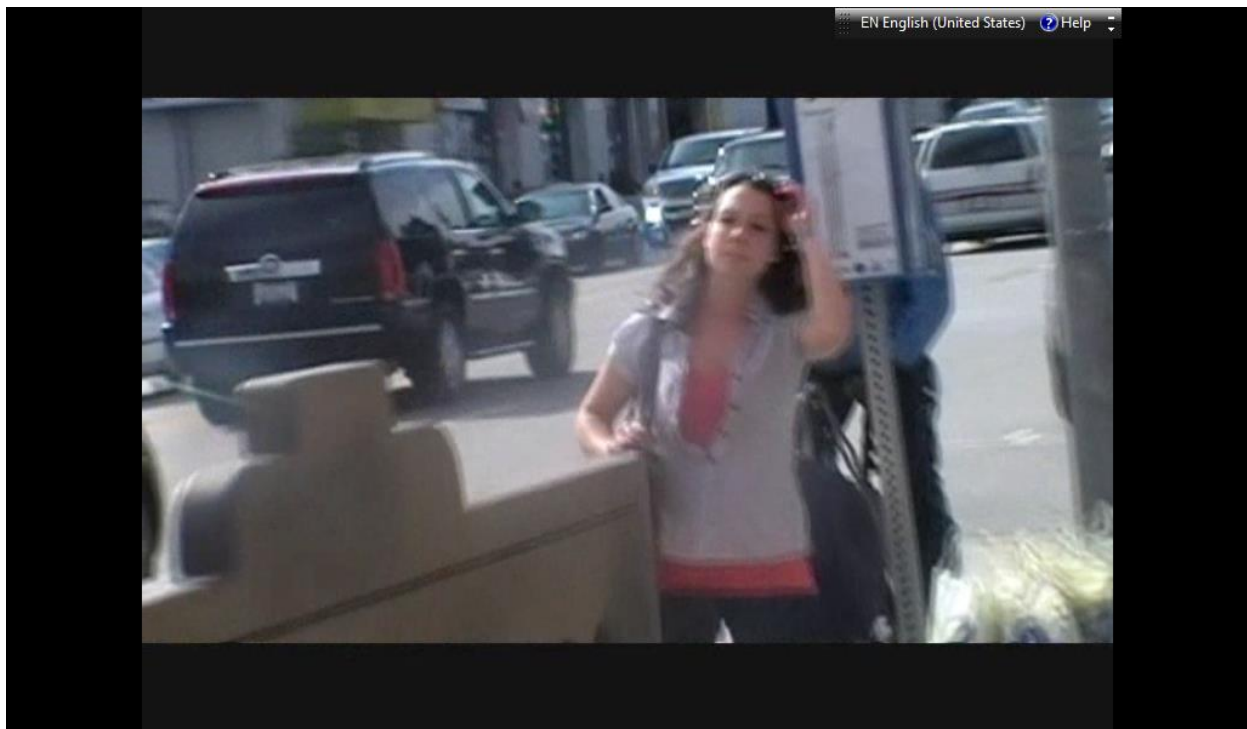
What is so interesting about this episode is that I visited the Zaprava website because I was worried that the Russians might not know where I was, and yet by doing so I had probably given the Russian consulate protection service a legal reason to run surveillance on me in the morning: "He is trying to connect up with Mr Ponomarev again; we need to watch over him", the Russian diplomatic service would have argued to the Department of Homeland Security just as they did on June 15. The SVR team may very well have thought that I had planned the whole thing to secretly help them, in which case they would have given me too much credit. From now on the SVR officials would consistently overestimate my ability until October (just like the MSS had done). In reality it was just a lucky shot.

My next recording is: "[strge\\_scan\\_bus4\\_call\\_stpmom\\_money\\_6\\_19\\_09\\_112-315PM.WMA](#)". I came to my storage unit to take out my scanner to scan the Chinese newspaper I found on June 15. I sighed: "I am spending my whole life documenting my life, and I also document myself documenting myself..." (12:00 or so) While on the bus going back to downtown, on 1:08:00, I videotaped myself throwing away a piece of something I no longer needed (2:10 in the video diary). I was reduced to having to videotape any trash that left my hand because I knew that, in the evidentiary record of the International Court, it might turn into something else, like a piece of Russian-made spy equipment. Then I videotaped another person text-messaging (1:09:00 in the recording and 2:30 in the video diary). When I was getting on bus 4 in downtown to go to Westwood, I filmed another Homeland Security surveillance agent (1:18:50 in the recording and 3:08 in the video diary).

My next recording is: "[bus4\\_jday\\_like\\_ucla\\_lib\\_6\\_19\\_09\\_319-625PM.WMA](#)". While on the bus, I filmed another instance of stranger's text-messaging, and then two more surveillance agents (3:28 and 4:13 in the video diary). Again, I thought these were Homeland Security agents. What I didn't know was that these surveillance agents were all sent in by the Russian consulate

protection service. Now that the SVR team inside the International Court had caught the United States committing fraud, the Russian diplomatic service had even more legal reasons to request that the United States allow them to watch over me: “How did he know what evidence would be presented this morning? We need to investigate...” I got off the bus on 1:15:00 or so at the corner of Westwood and Santa Monica Blvd. I then saw a limousine passing by, with the license plate of 5NQJO95. Was it Mr former Secretary coming out of the Court house to check on me again after his spectacular embarrassment this morning?

When I was waiting for the Santa Monica buses on Westwood Blvd, strangely, a girl who looked so much like Jennifer Day appeared and came to the bus stop (1:23:30 or so). She was younger and fatter than Jennifer, though. Something was up; I didn’t dare to talk to her and simply filmed her (5:16 in the video diary). Then I began my sarcasm: “We Americans are just confused... When we NSA and DHS conduct surveillance on someone, we will always end up conducting surveillance on someone else...” (1:27:00). I got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus together with this new “JD-look like”. When I passed her by on the bus, she looked at me but then quickly turned her head away to avoid eye-contact. I was becoming sure that this was Jennifer Day’s little sister. I then filmed her text-messaging on 1:37:50 or so (about 6:40 in the video diary).



Jennifer Day’s little sister, I bet

I came to the UCLA Biomedical Library to use the computers. I continued my Spanish lesson and checked my new discs. A surveillance agent wearing surveillance earphones immediately appeared to sit at the computer station next to mine. I was beginning to comprehend that these surveillance agents were from the Russian side. When the library was closing and I was exiting, as usual, the alarm went off (2:45:50 or so). I was the “perpetual alarm-triggerman”.

It is only after a day of reflection that I would come to realize that my encounter with Jennifer Day's youngest sister actually constituted an important sign – that the suit team was trying to suppress a certain piece of evidence by sending in another of Jennifer's little sisters in the hope that I might be lured to talk to her. What had happened behind the scene was apparently this. During the recess (around 10 AM or so) Mr former Secretary and Best Mommy were informed by their Homeland Security thugs that the Russians had requested that they not inform the US team inside the International Court when my recordings were first intercepted this morning. They (Mr former Secretary and Best Mommy) then learned that the news about their embarrassment was going around the UN Assembly at this very moment. The ICJ judges would convict the United States of defrauding the International Court of Justice. This was the repetition of the same disaster of February 13. Mr former Secretary and the CIA could, of course, avoid the conviction by simply revealing to the judges that their "fraud" had been secretly authorized by judge Higgins more than a year ago as necessary for the neutralization of a terrorist threat in compliance with Resolution 1373. But, just as on February 13, they chose not to pull out this wild-card unless there was absolutely no other way out: for, this wild card would only save them at the cost of letting the entire United Nations know that the whole story about China's sponsoring of nuclear terrorism and MSS director's recruitment of Lawrence Chin's twin brother was made up. But how do you explain away the suspect's prediction in the UN this time? By 4 PM the CIA had decided that the United States should repeat its old tactic again. They appealed to judge Higgins' "higher compartment", saying I was trying to harm the United States again. A secret order from no-one-knew-where thus suddenly came down to the International Court (the "lower compartment") stipulating that the conviction of the United States be halted and that the trial from now on be shut off from observing nations. Furthermore, the order noted, the judges were to be relieved of their duty. Thus, all of a sudden, everyone in the United Nations was told, again, that nobody was allowed, for now, to know what was going on inside the International Court in my case. More than government officials around the world, the judges themselves were absolutely mystified. As soon as the Russians showed them that this whole trial was an American set-up, they were thrown out of the court house! Moreover, they were gagged for life: they could never talk about this to anyone. Try to imagine what was going through their mind as they packed up their things and went home. They had never figured out that their job was to secretly enforce UN Resolution 1373 *without knowing so*, which meant that their *real* job was to get duped by the Americans – what they thought they were doing was actually *not* their real job! – and that, now that they had been enlightened that they had been duped, they had just failed to do their job and must be fired! Again, this strangest situation in the history of human legal affairs was due to the fact that the CIA had successfully established in the International Court of Justice that telling the truth constituted "terrorist attack".

The CIA's next step was to suppress the evidence of my recording by proving that I had intended to secretly deliver my prediction to the Russians in order to help them harm the United States. If they could prove this, then the United States could use Resolution 1373 to oblige Russia to help United States neutralize the threat I was posing to the United States by convicting itself and helping United States lie out of its latest embarrassment: the exact same technique which the CIA had used on China and attempted to use on February 13. For this purpose, judge Higgins in the "higher compartment" was called to service again. Although she believed that here I was trying to harm the United States again – I just couldn't get rid of this bad habit! – she needed to see some evidence, as usual. Thus, to prove that I had intended to harm the United States, the

CIA decided to repeat the tactic they had used on me in Shanghai back in January 2008 and in San Francisco on February 13. The Agency was hoping that I would talk to Jennifer Day's sister and correctly identify her as a CIA girl – while she would most likely deny it and call me crazy – so that they could then pull out the old argument that, if I could identify a CIA operative by one sight, then there was no way that I would not have known that the Russians were intercepting the files I was uploading to my website, in which case the files I uploaded to my website could not be admitted as evidence into the International Court on ground of conspiracy. My intention for the Russians to intercept my “prediction” could also be used as evidence for my intention to harm the United States. Unfortunately for Mr former Secretary and the CIA, I had changed into a freak, thanks to them, in the past year and a half: my pathological fear of people certainly wouldn't cause me to talk to someone who looked like a CIA agent I used to know! If they couldn't get me out of my cocoon on February 13, what made them think they could on June 19, when I had become even more isolated? Judge Higgins thus did not issue the judgment the United States needed. Now the operation itself was a message: because of my pessimism of the time, however, I would realize only slowly that Jennifer Day's sister's appearance was a sign that I had succeed spectacularly this morning, and that I had made the supremely correct decision not to get close to her.<sup>6</sup>

The last portion of this most important day is recorded in:

[“ucla\\_wrt\\_upld\\_vid\\_fnd\\_memo\\_slp\\_ppl\\_drnkng\\_6\\_19\\_09\\_913PM.WMA”](#). I would spend the

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<sup>6</sup> I'm rather hesitant to add this detail, and so I shall append it in the footnote. When the Russians presented my recording of my prediction to the ICJ judges, they must themselves have added their own predictions, since they were more aware of the geopolitical situation in Africa and with BRIC than I was – and hence understood better than I did Mr former Secretary's motive – and could thus make better, and more accurate prediction than I could. Since United States was truly embarrassed in the UN on June 17, Mr former Secretary must have also stuffed into the forged jacket some evidence which would indicate that US embarrassment that day was, again, due to Russians' trick. The evidence would indicate that, since the Russians knew that their master agent David Chin was mentally retarded and could lose all his important stuff at any time, they decided to play a trick to frame the United States for trying to frame them. They thus sent in another agent of theirs, carrying almost identical material to those which David Chin was carrying, to get drunk and taken to the hospital, knowing that United States, because of the properties of the Machine's surveillance, would confuse him with David Chin. They then instructed David Chin to go to San Francisco for them to find him. This would not only embarrass the United States, making it look as if United States were trying to frame them, but also pre-empt the credibility of new evidences if David Chin indeed lost anything on his way which then got intercepted into the International Court. In this way, Mr former Secretary could explain away his embarrassment two days ago; he had to do this for his flounder was making people extremely suspicious: how could someone else happen to be carrying all these foreign language documents and cash and strange electronics? The Russians expected United States to play precisely this trick, so that they, when they conversed with the judges before the United States presented its evidences, predicted also that there would be found in the jacket just this evidence blaming the strange coincidence two days ago on the Russians. In addition, they also of course told the judges that African cash would be found in the jacket, even though I didn't predict that. Needless to say, both Mr former Secretary and Best Mommy were completely shocked by the 100 percent accurate prediction which the Russians and I had together made about what “evidences” they would “find”.

If Mr former Secretary and the CIA could prove to judge Higgins that I did intend to harm the United States, presumably they would oblige the Russians to neutralize the threat I posed to the United States precisely by framing themselves for playing just this sort of trick, except for a second time: they would force the Russians to admit that it was they (the Russians) who had instructed David Chin to lose his jacket with all those evidences in it in order to make it look like United States was trying to frame Russia – for a second time: for they would also force the Russians to admit that the guy in the hospital on June 17 was indeed another Russian agent. This was the only possible way to recover United States from its (by now) “double” embarrassment before the UN. Complicated, no? Hence I prefer not to embed this detail in the original narrative.

remainder of the day working on my laptop on the tables outside Ackerman. There was nobody around, and nobody would come by. Perhaps it was because the CIA and Mr former Secretary were busy discussing what to do next that they left me alone for the time being. I would use the precious quietude to import my videos and write my “Government’s investigation of a schizophrenic”. At one point, I sighed again: “I am getting really bored with uploading and editing videos and recordings all day long... I want to watch a movie, talk to somebody; I have to leave this country” (1:08:30). “There is no one here to support me, to direct me... I’m so lonely that I want to die...” (1:12:00). “The American people are playing on me the greatest prank in human history...” (2:22:00). “I have to also record silence... because every second of my life has to be accounted for...” (2:29:30). When I came to my usual spot in Westwood Village across the street from Denny’s, I discovered a group of Hispanic people drinking and partying there. I filmed them. Apparently this would be the only show which Mr former Secretary would direct tonight, something he had already been doing: letting the Machine intercept me partying and drinking with friends. I had to sleep elsewhere tonight.

I shall now make a few comments at the end of this episode. First of all, I ask that the readers forgive me, when watching my attached documentaries, for filming so much of my computer activities. You might find it boring, but these videos of my computers were enormously important historically because so much of United States’ arguments in the International Court consisted in my using specialized spy electronics to carry out my clandestine assignments and forge audio recordings. These videos were my most important proofs that I was not a Russian spy at all. And yet, my video diaries in the coming months will contain even more boring details. This episode of the forgery of my jacket was so traumatic for me that, for now on, I would practice regularly the habit of videotaping myself entering and leaving a place – whether on the bus or in open space or in a public building – in order to have proofs that I didn’t leave anything behind when I left. (You have already seen me doing this for the first time on June 10.) And I even had to film trash. Furthermore, I would have to not touch anything which other people had left behind – anywhere, whether on the street or inside a building – just in case the Machine would distort my action in its surveillance on me into my leaving my Russian made spy equipment behind. I would also from now on become increasingly fearful of crowded public places because this would offer opportunities for my doubles to show up using a similar laptop to mine or text-messaging in order for Machine’s surveillance to confuse them with me. And yet, when I was homeless, I couldn’t help but constantly end up in public places with many people around – especially when I always needed an electrical outlet to charge my laptops. My most urgent wish would increasingly dwindle to simply having a room of my own with an electrical outlet and Internet connection where I could hide all day long working on my computers.

It is from this point on that I began actively helping the Russians beat the United States. It is thus starting from the crucial episode of June 18 and 19 that I became, in a sense, a “Russian agent”. As Mr former Secretary Michael Chertoff and the CIA incessantly presented me as a Russian agent to their international audience, fine, I would then *really* work for Russia. From this point on I would become the greatest gift, the greatest benefactor, which a single person could be to Russia in the entire Russian history. As yet, I had no idea just how bad, just how evil, the United States was. I had as yet no idea that United States’ (or Dick Cheney’s) ultimate objective was to eliminate free will from humanity altogether, and to make sure all human beings outside the small circle of the ruling elites forever live in the state of falsehood and delusions. I had as yet no

idea that United States was working to make sure that its super government can control everything on planet earth, even the weather, even natural phenomena, even the falling of leaves, that all human beings, all animals, and even all insects shall not escape its thorough control and centralized planning – and that it will do so without anyone’s knowledge through the most thorough deception possible. What I did know was that United States was an incredibly shameless bully and, according to my first-hand experience, the most ingenious hypocrite in human history, as measured by its skill and love for lying to make itself, the victimizer, look like an innocent and moral victim and its victim, like Russia, look like the lying victimizer (which means, its real self). I was throughout 2009 driven by the determination that this bully cannot be allowed to rule the entire world without remainder – if only because, then, the truth about who was evil and who was good would never be known. While I was revising this diary entry for the last time in the summer of 2013, I was reading Genrikh Borovik’s *The Philby Files*.<sup>7</sup> Toward the end of the book, Borovik describes a conversation he has had with Yuri Ivanovich Modin, the KGB officer who worked as the controller of the “Cambridge ring”<sup>8</sup> from the Moscow Center, about Philby and his Cambridge fellows:

“[Speaking of Philby’s formative period at Cambridge University before World War II:] I’m not even talking about the influence of their professors on them. But among the instructors at Cambridge and among the students there were many people who believed in the Communist restructuring of the world. They believed wholeheartedly in it. It was for that cause that Philby, Burgess, Maclean and the others worked. They did not work for Russia. They worked for the idea of world revolution, whose vanguard by historical caprice was tied geographically to Moscow. And they were shocked by the quality of life in the USSR. They were certain that it was the fault not of the ideas but of the people executing the ideas. People are not immortal, others would come and do a better job. But the ideas of a scientific reorganization of life in this world to make it just would not vanish. They would live forever.”<sup>9</sup>

In the same way, I was not helping Russia beat the United States because I loved Russia. How could I? I knew nothing about this mysterious country. Like Philby and other defectors, I was fighting for an universalist cause, and Russia happened to be the embodiment of this cause (other than the fact that I was fighting for being known as who I really was and what I was really about). I was worried about Russia not just because, if Russia lost, Michael Chertoff’s disgusting fiction about me would definitively replace my life; but also because Russia was the last obstacle to American domination of the whole earth and the last agent in world history standing for truth. My sense of fighting for a “cause” was tremendously reinforced by my ever growing resentment toward the American people as I watched them intentionally put up an act under Machine’s surveillance to deceive the ICJ judges: victimizing me while making me look like I was victimizing them. This whole country called the “United States of America” was just so disgusting and evil and must not be allowed to have what it wanted: the whole world. I

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<sup>7</sup> Genrikh Borovik, *The Philby Files: The Secret Life of Master Spy Kim Philby*, translated by Antonina W. Bouis, edited and introduced by Phillip Knightley, Little, Brown and Co., 1994. This work was a most excellent account of the life of the “spy of the century” Kim Philby, the British SIS officer who spied for USSR throughout World War II and after and then defected to USSR in the 1960s. The account is balanced, objective, and non-propagandist.

<sup>8</sup> The ring of British officers who spied for USSR throughout World War II and after and to which Philby belonged. Namely, Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, Anthony Bunt, John Cairncross, and Philby himself.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 368.

continually uttered in my recordings – what I have not always recorded in the preceding narrative – how I wanted to kill all Americans, gun them down, or compile a hit list of all those people who had helped Michael Chertoff to slander me. I also have not tried hard enough to give you a notion of how enormous the depression was which had struck me during this period and under which I had to fight – depression that was caused by my complete isolation from friendly human beings and reinforced tremendously by fatigue and physical exhaustion which accompanied living on the street.

### NOTICE

#### The background to the US African agenda

The sudden interests which the Great Powers showed in Africa in this post-Cold War period were primarily engendered by the natural resources (either energetic or mineral) which could still be found in abundance on the African continent. In this respect I want to return to the most useful analysis, cited earlier, which has been recently published on the “African Question”, Tanguy Struye de Swielande’s *La Chine et les grandes puissances en Afrique*. As he sums up:

À ce propos, le continent possède des réserves pétrolière et gazière, estimées à plus de 10 % des réserves mondiales. Les principales réserves prouvées de pétrole se trouvent en Libye (35 %), au Nigéria (31 %), en Algérie (10 %) et en Angola (8 %). Pour la production de gaz, quatre pays se partagent la part principale du gâteau (plus de 85 %) : l’Algérie, l’Égypte, le Nigéria et la Libye. Les plus grandes réserves prouvées se situent par contre au Nigéria, en Algérie, en Égypte et enfin en Angola. Un peu plus de la moitié du gaz produit est exportée, principalement vers l’Europe. Pour d’autres matières premières, les chiffres concernant les réserves mondiales sont bien plus impressionnants : platine (90 %), cobalt et chrome (60 %), manganèse (50 à 60 %), or (30 à 40 %), uranium, bauxite et titane (25 à 30 %) et cuivre (10 à 15 %).<sup>10</sup>

(In this regard, the continent possesses oil and gas reserves, estimated at more than 10 % of world’s reserves. The principal proven reserves of oil are found in Libya (35 %), Nigeria (31 %), Algeria (10 %), and Angola (8 %). As for the production of gas, four countries share the principal part of the cake (more than 85 %): Algeria, Egypt Nigeria, and Libya. The largest proven reserves are located on the contrary in Nigeria, Algeria, Egypt, and finally Angola. A little more than half of the gas produced is exported, mostly to Europe. As for the other natural resources, the numbers concerning world reserves are much more impressionable: platinum (90 %), cobalt and chrome (60 %), manganese (50 to 60 %), gold (30 to 40 %), uranium, bauxite and titanium (25 to 30 %), and copper (10 to 15 %).)

In this post-Cold War period when, because of globalization and consumerism, the world-wide demands for energy and minerals had surged while the reserves of resources themselves (especially oil) were shrinking, the Great Powers suddenly all rushed to Africa as the last unexploited frontier (whereas before only France was specifically exploiting its former African

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<sup>10</sup> Ibid. p. 21 – 22.

colonies for their natural resources). The biggest exploiters remained the European Union and the United States; China came in third. Then, Japan, India, Russia, and Brazil. Coming in fifth were the Persian Gulf nations, Iran, Turkey, and South Korea, although of these countries only South Korea was specifically looking for *matières premières*. (The Arab countries were looking for arable lands.) The most important commodity which China was seeking in Africa was oil, since a third of its oil import came from Africa.<sup>11</sup>

Dans la relation commerciale sino-africaine, 80 % des exportations africaines vers la Chine concernent le pétrole. Plus au moins 90 % du pétrole importé par la Chine vient de quatre pays : l'Angola (51 %), le Soudan (18 %), le Congo-Brazzaville (13 %) et la Guinée équatoriale (11 %), ensuite viennent loin derrière le Nigéria (3 %), le Gabon et le Tchad (1 %). L'Afrique est le second fournisseur de pétrole (26 % en 2007), après le Moyen-Orient (39 %).<sup>12</sup>

(In the Sino-African commercial relation, 80 % of the African export to China concerns oil. Around 90 % of the oil imported by China comes from four countries: Angola (51 %), Sudan (18 %), Congo-Brazzaville (13 %), and Equatorial Guinea (11 %), then come, distantly behind them, Nigeria (3 %), Gabon, and Chad (1 %). Africa is the second [largest] provider of oil (26 % in 2007), after the Middle East (39 %).)

Au-delà du gaz et du pétrole, les ressources minières deviennent donc également une priorité pour la Chine. Si, en 2000, celle-ci n'importait que pour 286 millions de dollars en ressources minières, en 2006 on atteignait déjà 2,6 milliards de dollars. Les importations concernent principalement le diamant, le platine, le cuivre, le cobalt et le manganèse.<sup>13</sup>

(Beyond gas and oil, the mineral resources are also becoming a priority for China. If, in 2000, China imported only 286 million dollars in mineral resources, in 2006 the number reached already 2.6 billion dollars. The imports concern mostly diamond, platinum, copper, cobalt, and manganese.)

China was also looking for cultivable lands in Africa, given the shortage of arable lands and water in its interior. Nevertheless, China was distantly behind United States and European Union: "En 2007, Pékin importe 12 % du pétrole exporté par l'Afrique, alors que les États-Unis et l'Union européenne importent chacun plus de 30 %. La part chinoise devrait toutefois fortement croître dans les prochaines années".<sup>14</sup> In the domain of minerals, South African, European, American, and Canadian companies were far bigger players than China was in Africa.

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<sup>11</sup> Ibid., p. 28.

<sup>12</sup> Ibid., p. 30.

<sup>13</sup> Ibid., p. 34.

<sup>14</sup> Ibid., p. 30.



India came to Africa only from the year 2000 onwards, specifically wanting to diversify its energy import.<sup>15</sup> India was also interested in African minerals, the continent's infrastructure market and manufacturing opportunities. Brazil's approach to Africa at first sight seemed ideological, in view of its emphasis on South-South cooperation, its initiation of South Atlantic Peace and Cooperation Zone (1986), and its creation of the Community of Portuguese Language Countries (1994) in regard to establishing relationships with African nations. Brazil had a particular agenda in forging a common identity between South America and African nations, which, as you shall see in the following, was about to climax three months from now, in September 2009, in the summit in Venezuela, which would bring together eight South American and twenty African nations. Nevertheless, Brazil also had a hidden agenda in gaining a footing in the expanding African market for energy<sup>16</sup>, coals, and other minerals.

While the European Union remained the largest economic partner of Africa principally because of its severe energy dependence on foreign sources and its urgent wish to diversify its energy import away from Russia, the United States had returned to Africa in late 1990s mostly in reaction to the entry of, first China, and then India and Brazil, and finally Russia. United States was certainly not too concerned with Japan's or South Korea's thirst for hydrocarbon energy in Africa, but it felt its unipolar world-dominance threatened by the BRIC emerging powers and therefore the need to counter their economic advances on the last frontier, Africa. While competition existed between these emergent powers in Africa, especially between India and China – note also that India, South Africa, and Brazil had formed their own alliance, IBSA<sup>17</sup> – their common interest in forming a counter-weight to US power over-rode their idiosyncratic

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<sup>15</sup> Struye de Swielande summarizes India's energetic exploit in Africa: "L'Inde importe aujourd'hui 60 % de son pétrole et ce chiffre devrait passer à 90 % d'ici 2025. Les multinationales indiennes essaient donc de se faire une place sur le marché. La société nationale indienne Oil and Natural Gas Corporation (ONGC) a investi en Libye, en Afrique de l'Est et dans le Golfe de Guinée. Concernant ce dernier, le consortium indien ONGC-Mittal Energy Ltd. et le gouvernement nigérian auraient conclu un accord d'un montant de six milliards de dollars pour construire une raffinerie, des voies ferrées et des centrales électriques; en contrepartie la société aurait accès à différents blocs dans la zone d'exploitation commune entre le Nigéria et Sao Tomé. En Afrique de l'Est, l'Inde a construit l'oléoduc de la raffinerie de Khartoum à Port-Soudan (740 km) et a obtenu des contrats de prospection. ONGC a encore obtenu des contrats en Côte d'Ivoire, au Ghana et un contrat d'exploration dans la zone économique exclusive de l'île Maurice. D'autres sociétés pétrolières indiennes ont investi au Gabon, en Libye et en Égypte. La compagnie gazière GAIL porte un certain intérêt pour les projets de gaz naturel liquéfié en Angola et au Nigéria. En quête d'uranium, New Delhi prospecte le marché en Namibie et début septembre 2009, les deux pays ont signé un accord permettant à l'Inde d'acheter de l'uranium et d'investir dans l'exploitation minière. Actuellement le nucléaire civil produit 3 % de l'électricité en Inde, qui voudrait atteindre les 25 % d'ici 2050. En RDC, l'Inde est présente dans les secteurs de l'agriculture et du transport, mais surtout dans la construction des barrages hydrauliques (Katende, Katebola)" (ibid., p. 140).

<sup>16</sup> Struye de Swielande summarizes: "Derrière cette apparente politique de solidarité Sud-Sud se cache des intérêts économiques importants. Les échanges commerciaux entre le Brésil et l'Afrique sont passés de trois milliards de dollars en 2000 à vingt-six milliards de dollars en 2008. Cet engagement économique correspond à la volonté brésilienne de diversifier ses partenaires commerciaux. Les partenaires commerciaux les plus importants sont l'Angola, l'Afrique du Sud, l'Algérie et le Nigéria. On retrouve Petrobras en Angola, au Nigéria, en Tanzanie, en Guinée équatoriale, en Libye, au Maroc et au Sénégal dans le cadre d'accords d'exploration ou d'exploitation. Depuis 1998, Petrobras a par exemple investi plus de 2,2 milliards de dollars dans l'exploration et la production au Nigéria. L'intérêt est également gazier, à travers la conclusion de contrats entre Petrobras et des pays comme l'Algérie et le Nigéria pour la fourniture de gaz au Brésil" (ibid., p. 154 - 5).

<sup>17</sup> The trilateral India/Brazil/South Africa (IBSA) Dialogue Forum was established by the three countries in Brasilia in June 2003 for the purposes of pursuing increased South-South collaboration between three of the hemisphere's largest and most prominent democracies and representing three of the world's five continents.

interests. The “African Question” thus in fact reduced to the competition between BRIC nations and United States for Africa’s natural resources. The BRIC nations wanted Africa’s resources, while United States wanted to control Africa’s resources in order to prevent the rise of BRIC nations. Even though commerce with Africa constituted only a tiny portion of the total trade volume of each of these emergent powers (usually less than 5 percent), Africa was most important because the trade with Africa involved strategic natural materials not easily found elsewhere.<sup>18</sup>

While remaining the second largest economic partner of Africa and here also seeking energy exploitation in order to diversify its energy imports,<sup>19</sup> the United States’ approach to Africa was distinctively different from that of all other powers, in that it proceeded to establish military bases and installations (such as listening centers) in strategic places on the continent, in central Africa like in Congo, in eastern Africa like in Djibouti, and in western Africa like in Ghana. AFRICOM was created in 2007 and became operational in October 2008 – just eight months ago – but this new regional command had the specific novelty of a “holistic approach”, engaging itself in public diplomacy as well as in military actions. This meant that the US military would aim for development goals on the continent and take on a support function rather than “domination stance”. This was to develop “new capabilities to shape the security environment in ways that obviate the need for military intervention in the future”, in the words of Robert Gate.<sup>20</sup> As Medvedev was about to embark on his African trips, the United States was actively training the military of various eastern and western African nations on counter-insurgency and running joint military exercises with some of them.<sup>21</sup> I don’t know if the US military strategy shift from hard power to soft power, first manifested in Africa, was encouraged by the aftermath of its victory over China in the International Court of Justice; the United States was specifically trying to avoid the appearance of neocolonialism intent on securing Africa’s natural resources. What is

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<sup>18</sup> Thus Struye de Swielande: “Si pour les puissances, les échanges commerciaux sont encore très limités par rapport à leur échange avec d’autres régions, il ne faudrait pas s’y tromper, l’Afrique est primordiale en raison de certaines de ses matières premières, indispensables dans certains secteurs de haute technologie. On peut penser au coltan, tungstène, chrome, cobalt ou uranium par exemple. Ces minerais ont donc une valeur stratégique, alors qu’ils n’occupent qu’une partie minime dans le commerce mondial” (ibid., p. 168).

<sup>19</sup> Struye de Swielande notes: “Près de 80 % des importations (plus ou moins septante-deux milliards de dollars) viennent du pétrole et cela monte à 92 % dans le cadre des échanges AGOA” (p. 95). And: “Sur 41 pays éligibles, 4 pays – le Nigéria, l’Angola, l’Afrique du Sud et la République du Congo – concentrent près de 84 % des importations américaines et trois pays concentrent près de 70 % des exportations américaines : l’Afrique du Sud, le Nigéria et l’Angola” (p. 95). And: “À l’heure actuelle, plus de 20 % des importations de pétrole des États-Unis proviennent de pays africains” (p. 96). And: “Pour Philippe Copinschi et Pierre Noël: ‘La politique pétrolière internationale des États-Unis est une politique de diversification de l’offre mondiale; dans ce cadre, le regain d’intérêt pour l’Afrique vient de la contribution potentielle de cette région à la croissance et à la diversification de l’offre mondiale, et non à la possibilité d’en faire un fournisseur privilégié du marché américain...’ ” And: “Le Nigéria et l’Angola figurent déjà parmi les dix principaux fournisseurs de pétrole des États-Unis” (p. 97). Then: “Toutefois et contrairement au secteur du pétrole, la présence américaine dans le secteur minier reste plutôt limitée, certainement par comparaison avec celle de l’Afrique du Sud ou du Canada” (p. 100).

<sup>20</sup> See Philip Seib, “America’s New Approach to Africa: AFRICOM and Public Diplomacy”, 2009, at: [http://uscpublicdiplomacy.org/CPD\\_Perspectives.pdf](http://uscpublicdiplomacy.org/CPD_Perspectives.pdf). Seib cites Ryan Henry, principal deputy undersecretary of defense for policy: “AFRICOM, at its core, is about public diplomacy, which is critical to its mission and how we as a nation compete not only in Africa but in the wider marketplace of ideas concerning governance and security facing key regions, critical indigenous peoples, and global stakeholders throughout the world today.”

<sup>21</sup> On the myriad of US military support and training programs and non-military development programs in Africa, again refer to Struye de Swielande, ibid., Chapitre II: Washington, retour gagnant?

certain is that AFRICOM's goal was to maintain control over important African nations through "soft methods" lest they fall entirely within the sphere of influence of BRIC nations. Now that United States was in control of so many important departments of the Chinese governments (MSS, its nuclear forces, etc.), it is not clear to me to what extent China could continue to pursue its plans in Africa in contradistinction to US strategic interests (which consisted in controlling Africa entirely, of course). But Russia, Brazil, and India were still gobbling up Africa independently of US desires. Mr former Secretary Michael Chertoff, in this episode, was seeking none other than a short-cut for accomplishing US agenda: the jacket he brought forward on June 19 in the International Court was supposed to not only shut off Russia from Latin America, but also close off Africa from Brazil, India, and Russia altogether, in addition to making inroads into the interior of Russian, Brazilian, and Indian governments. The ambition which he had packed into this single piece of (forged) evidence was truly enormous.

There was other turmoil going on in the world in June 2009. The most significant was the "Green revolution" which was sweeping through Iran. The "revolution" started when, on June 13, the Iranian government announced Mahmoud Ahmadinejad to be the winner against his moderate conservative rival Mir Hossein Mousavi in the presidential election. Mass protest by millions of partisans of the latter then followed, engulfing Iran in the color green which had become the symbol of freedom and democracy among the protesters.<sup>22</sup> I mention this here because it had something to do with my trial at the International Court of Justice: the "revolution" was obviously stirred up through a CIA clandestine operation within Iran – just like all the other "color revolutions" in Georgia (2003), Ukraine (2004), Kyrgyzstan (2005), and many other Eastern European nations. ("Color revolution" had almost become CIA's indisputable signature.) What must have happened was that, although Boss Cheney had got Iran convicted as a "terrorism-sponsoring state", he wanted to take further steps to take Iran completely away from Russia. The conviction had merely disabled Iran, but the country, with its massive energy reserves, was still allied with Russia. Persuaded by the CIA to use clandestine techniques rather than brute (military) force, the boss authorized the CIA to take Iran by staging a "color revolution" coinciding with Iran's latest presidential election. (If the "revolution" succeeded, the Iranian opposition groups, presumably, would produce a regime that was friendly with the United States instead of with Russia.) See the propagandist, although still educational, documentary which the leftwing French journalist Manon Loizeau has made of the "Green Revolution" for ARTE: "Chroniques de l'Iran interdit" (2010; German version: "Stimmen aus dem Iran"). She documents the scenes of the turmoil well, but intends to denounce the Iranian regime for election fraud and suppressing, by force, the resistance of the freedom-loving Iranian people. The Iranian government was of course telling the truth: there was no fraud, and the protest was stirred up by "Western intelligence agencies". Although Manon Loizeau was receptive to this harsh ugly truth behind all the "cries for democracy" in her 2005 documentary "États-Unis à la conquête de l'est" (in which she tells the truth that all the democratic revolutions in eastern Europe and Kyrgyzstan were orchestrated by the CIA), she isn't so anymore in her 2010 documentary. She has gone to the side of "official story" (of the West). It's not clear to me what has happened to her between 2005 and 2010; perhaps she was recruited by the CIA. I don't know. The strangest scene in her 2010 documentary was Ayatollah Ahmad Khatami's speech in which he accused the "Western intelligence services" of orchestrating the "Green Revolution".

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<sup>22</sup> See the chronology at Le Point: <http://www.lepoint.fr/actualites-monde/2009-12-28/iran-les-dates-cles-de-la-contestation-depuis-la-reelection-d/924/0/408711>.

He was simply telling the truth to his people; yet, when Ms Loizeau lets him speak the truth in her documentary, it looks as if he were saying a ridiculous lie. The same with the famous death of Neda Agha Soltan on June 20. While images of her death were circulating in Western medias as iconic of Iran's brutal suppression of the noble freedom-loving citizens of Iran, Khatami clarified that it was the protesters themselves who had killed her in order to create propaganda making Iran look bad. Iranian government's response has since been that it was the CIA or its associates who had purposely staged (or caused) Neda's death in order to make Iran look bad and help the "revolution" succeed. Of course, the Iranian government was simply telling the truth, and, yet, by telling the truth, they have made themselves look bad, as if they were telling a ridiculous lie.<sup>23</sup> This was how effective the CIA was in slandering its enemies: which was exactly what the Russians were going through in this International Court trial about me.

In this respect, I should perhaps clear up some possible misconception about my "cause": Americans are such lying bastards that they must not be allowed to have what they want, and I must help Russia because Americans want Russia. I'm different from Kim Philby in that my "cause" was of a "negative" sort. It is not clear to me why Philby and his kind could ever believe that they were making the world a better place by helping the Soviet Union achieve "socialism" in the world when this was all during the Stalin era. After reading through Issac Deutscher's three-volume classic *Trotsky*, I have had to agree with him – and with Noam Chomsky as well – that the Bolshevik revolution simply had not much to do with "Marxism", "socialism" or "revolution of the workers"; the Bolsheviks had merely borrowed the name. It is strange that anyone with a functioning brain would mistake Lenin and Stalin for "Marxists". I must say that Philby was wasting his life until he defected to USSR. I, however, at the moment when I made the decision to help Russia in June 2009, could never be wasting my life. It might be that Putin's Russia was not such a great country just because it was the victim of "American evil", but it could never be as bad as America, or even as bad as Stalin's USSR for that matter. This makes sure that the nobility of my "cause" lies not in helping the good but in making evil people miserable: I consider it of *universal validity* to make Michael Chertoff and Dick Cheney cry and frustrated and disappointed with themselves when they were just not allowed to swallow Russia and the whole world.

#### APPENDIX

##### My survey of people with broken arms and broken legs, May, June, and July 2009

I have earlier mentioned that, between May and July 2009, I have tried to document that particular element of the "Homeland Security Reality" which had been following me since 2007, people hopping about with broken arms and broken legs. During these two and a half months or so, I have tried to film as much as possible the instances of this particular aspect of "Homeland Security reality" in order to prove to anyone that there had indeed been an abnormal increase of people with broken arms and broken legs in my surrounding. Here I shall list the videos that constitute my survey of this strangest aspect of "Homeland Security reality" between May and July 2009 – while I was in Washington DC, San Francisco, Berkeley, and Los Angeles,

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<sup>23</sup> See, for example, also, the BBC documentary, "This World: An Iranian Martyr", aired on November 24, 2009, and produced by Monica Garnsey.

remember. I have uploaded these survey videos onto my Youtube account; next to the video I shall therefore give its URL on Youtube. Hopefully foreigners can at least be convinced that America is indeed a strange place: not just the “land of mental confusion”, but also the “land of broken arms and broken legs”.

Although, as it seems to me, the purpose of the Department of Homeland Security in instructing the residents around me to pretend to have broken arms and broken legs back in 2007 was to create decoys for their surveillance agents (some of whom wore arm casts and leg casts), I have never figured out why they instructed the residents of Berkeley, San Francisco, and Los Angeles to pretend to have broken arms and broken legs in the middle of 2009. What I can tell you here is that the US government has a long tradition of playing inexplicable pranks on ordinary people. For example, the US government has been staging UFO sightings and sending disinformation agents to propagate the myth of aliens visiting the earth in order to create a sub-culture of UFO enthusiasts. (I’ll discuss this in later volumes.) My survey here merely documents a particular US government operation in staging broken arms and broken legs in the target’s environment. I am not the first person ever to have attempted such seemingly ridiculous project. The US government mind-control victim whom I have cited earlier and will cite later, Cheryl Welsh, has attempted the same thing before. Recall that part of her victimization consists in “street theater”, namely, that the government controls, or instructs, everyone around her to perform a thousand insults on her daily... simply in order to test her reaction to this kind of orchestrated environment.<sup>24</sup> She has also noticed that there has been an unusual increase of certain elements in her environment, so much so that she has become aware that her government has been manipulating her environment making it look abnormal in order to negatively impact on her sanity. To prove this, she has done the same thing which I have done here: “In my case, I have videotaped evidence of this effect. A report by a university statistics professor confirmed an extremely high amount of red and white cars on two separate occasions when compared with normal car color populations....”<sup>25</sup>

### **May 2009:**

When I started my “survey” in late April and May 2009, I was rather tentative in my effort. I didn’t film every one of the broken arms and broken legs which the Department of Homeland Security had ever staged in front of me. I collected eight instances on video, but the actual number I have seen is at least twice this number.

- (1) “man\_w\_brkn\_leg\_4\_30\_09.3gp” (<http://youtu.be/6APpVFt2EGI>);
- (2) “grl\_w\_brken\_leg\_5\_1\_09\_2PM.3gp” (<http://youtu.be/BqYhx7l0eIg>): girl with broken leg, San Francisco;

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<sup>24</sup> Ross Blackstone which appeared on KOVR 13 News, Sacramento, California, CBS television, on November 17, 2000, <http://youtu.be/K2k4KESfCNY>.

<sup>25</sup> Welsh, “Nonconsensual Brainwave and Personality” at: <http://www.hiddenmysteries.org/mind/research/re073001d.html>.

- (3) “[toledo\\_st\\_dhs\\_brkn\\_leg\\_5\\_5\\_09.3gp](http://youtu.be/iP_LBUnz7xo)” ([http://youtu.be/iP\\_LBUnz7xo](http://youtu.be/iP_LBUnz7xo)), broken leg in Toledo station;
- (4) “[wm\\_w\\_brkn\\_foot\\_5\\_8\\_09\\_230PM.3gp](http://youtu.be/9cAN7VvorPg)” (<http://youtu.be/9cAN7VvorPg>);
- (5) “[wm\\_brkn\\_leg\\_5\\_20\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/4lqELA02hYc)” (<http://youtu.be/4lqELA02hYc>): a woman with broken leg, Vermont and Prospect, Los Angeles;
- (6) “[5\\_21\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/ylebQfIPcYg)” (<http://youtu.be/ylebQfIPcYg>): another man with broken leg on 1:00, in Los Angeles;
- (7) “[wm\\_brkn\\_leg\\_5\\_23\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/ilHHV4F1XYg)” (<http://youtu.be/ilHHV4F1XYg>): a woman pretending to have broken leg, Westwod, Los Angeles;
- (8) “[man\\_brkn\\_leg\\_5\\_28\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/DuGU6maU61o)” (<http://youtu.be/DuGU6maU61o>): broken leg in Los Angeles.

### June 2009:

In the month of June, however, I had become more daring in my survey. While I was in Berkeley, San Francisco, and Los Angeles in this month, I collected in total 36 instances on video of people pretending to have broken arms and broken legs. The actual number of instances in June 2009 where DHS had staged a broken leg or broken arm in front of me is certainly slightly higher, perhaps between 40 and 45.

- (1) “[bstbuy\\_dv\\_tapes\\_wm\\_brkn\\_leg\\_6\\_3\\_09.3gp](http://youtu.be/9GHc3AZ6wmo)” (<http://youtu.be/9GHc3AZ6wmo>): at Best Buy in San Francisco;
- (2) “[brkn\\_legs\\_6\\_3-4\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/nPevRAUPWvs)” (<http://youtu.be/nPevRAUPWvs>): six instances of broken leg and one broken arm on June 3; one broken leg on June 4;
- (3) “[brkn\\_legs\\_6\\_4-6\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/qpSNiMjhCR4)” (<http://youtu.be/qpSNiMjhCR4>): one more broken leg on June 4; one on June 5; one broken foot on June 6.
- (4) “[6\\_6-9\\_09.wmv](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/6-6-09/)” (see folder [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06\\_09/6-6-09/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/6-6-09/)): Ms Sotomeyer with a broken leg on 23:30 (June 8);
- (5) “[broken\\_legs\\_6\\_9\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/RWNmca-L8sM)” (<http://youtu.be/RWNmca-L8sM>): three broken legs on June 9;
- (6) “[dhs\\_reality\\_6\\_12\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/P4lzGUXONXk)” (<http://youtu.be/P4lzGUXONXk>): three instances of broken legs on June 12; one instance on June 13.
- (7) “[6\\_15\\_09\\_p1.wmv](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/6-15-09/)” (see folder [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06\\_09/6-15-09/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/6-15-09/)): 12:19 PM, a metro personnel with broken leg rolling on his wheel chair, in San Jose (6:25). Then, on 1:25 PM, another person hopping about with a broken leg in downtown San Jose (7:14).
- (8) “[brkn\\_leg\\_6\\_17\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/Za4aHWG-nrw)” (<http://youtu.be/Za4aHWG-nrw>); one person with a broken leg on wheelchair;
- (9) “[6\\_17\\_09\\_night.wmv](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/6-17-09/)” (see folder [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06\\_09/6-17-09/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/6-17-09/)): one instance of broken leg documented on this very depressing night (1:53 into the video);
- (10) “[9\\_on\\_bart\\_st\\_oaklnd\\_brkn\\_leg\\_6\\_17\\_09.3gp](http://youtu.be/fjjEq_W1LME)” ([http://youtu.be/fjjEq\\_W1LME](http://youtu.be/fjjEq_W1LME));

- (11) “[surv\\_brkn\\_leg\\_6\\_21\\_09\\_1230PM.3gp](http://youtu.be/wvXwrq6n_cQ)” ([http://youtu.be/wvXwrq6n\\_cQ](http://youtu.be/wvXwrq6n_cQ)): surveillance agent (wearing huge dark sunglasses with camera embedded in them) and a wheelchair-bound ugly DHS man with foot cast;
- (12) “[dhs\\_reality\\_6\\_23\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/6lCx6XFSQrE)” (<http://youtu.be/6lCx6XFSQrE>): a woman pretending to have a broken leg (30:00).
- (13) “[brkn\\_leg\\_6\\_24-6\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/m9g4mUiKTio)” (<http://youtu.be/m9g4mUiKTio>): one broken leg on June 24, three on June 25, and two on June 26;
- (14) “[brkn\\_leg\\_6\\_30\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/WOtxqdX_4Cs)” ([http://youtu.be/WOtxqdX\\_4Cs](http://youtu.be/WOtxqdX_4Cs)): one broken leg in Westwood.

## July 2009

By the month of July, I had become tired of documenting all these people hopping about with broken legs and so on. Below I list 5 such instances I have collected on video. The actual number of instances of broken arms and broken legs which I had encountered in July 2009 in Los Angeles is certainly several times this number, perhaps around 40 as well. And I did not bother to document any broken arms and broken legs in August, 2009.

- (1) “[brkn\\_leg\\_7\\_1\\_09.wmv](http://youtu.be/82Ps8iAtsv4)” (<http://youtu.be/82Ps8iAtsv4>): one instance of broken leg;
- (2) “[7\\_10\\_09.wmv](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/7-10-09/)” (see folder [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06\\_09/7-10-09/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/7-10-09/)): a woman with broken foot on the bus on 29:30;
- (3) “[7\\_15\\_09.wmv](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/7-15-09/)” (see folder [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06\\_09/7-15-09/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/7-15-09/)): a pretender of broken leg on wheelchair on 8:25; another broken leg on 18:10;
- (4) “[7\\_17\\_09\\_p2.wmv](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/7-17-09/)” (see folder [http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06\\_09/7-17-09/](http://www.lawrencechin2011.com/06_09/7-17-09/)): one broken leg on 55:11.