

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

VIII

HOW TO OWN THE WORLD IN SEVEN MONTHS

1.

Nicaragua and the completion of a mission

2.

The life of head-scratching and machine malfunctioning

A.

Aug. 10 – 31, 2009

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial over me from August 10 to 31, 2009 – the first period of my stay in Granada, Nicaragua. First, a brief explanatory comment about my activities during this period.

Since I finally had my own room for two months, I would try to maximally use my time and quietude to write – i. e. to work on this “Secret History”. You will hear me in the subsequent recordings writing out all the stuff you have just read about previously. Not all writings would come to fruition, however. For example, motivated by my desire to take full account of the suit team’s lies about me, I would, at the end of this month (August 30?), start writing out my “Crime Summary”. I would never finish this, but you will see the unfinished version attached to one of the later Secret History chapters to come.

Beside writing, the second most important thing I would do was of course uploading my recordings and videos to my website so that the Russians could intercept them into the International Court of Justice as evidence.

When I mention “videos” beside my writings, this is a big thing. It is during this period that I made the greatest number of, and the most “exciting”, video diaries of my life. If you have never been to Nicaragua, the videos are also of touristic value to you. However, if you have not been familiar with me and my story, these videos will certainly seem to you to be the most crazy and ridiculous things you have ever seen and only entertaining in this sense – and you will immediately dismiss me as a nuthead from whom no words are worth listening to. Thus, I must further explain the situation – both with me and with the suit team.

As I have noted previously and will have to note repeatedly later on, I was increasingly

developing the symptoms of a typical (often fake) “targeted individual”: how one instance might cause you to make blanket, and wrong, assumption that it happens every time. Since the suit team had *sometimes* sent people near me to receive calls on their cellphones, I would assume, *every time* when someone received a call near me, that this was an agent sent in by the suit team, when this was hardly the case. Such wrong assumptions thus fill up my video diaries and recordings, lending them a crazy character. As I have done before and shall do in the future, I must ask you for your forgiveness for my narration of a vast number of trivial details. Many, but not all, of these trivial details are such (trivial) because I had wrongly assumed something was an “intercept” when it was not. Thus, I would assume a cable TV program was selected for me by the suit team when it was not (just because they *had* done it before); I would assume people were told to scratch themselves in front of me when they were not (just because *sometimes* they were); I would assume my computer was remotely controlled by the suit team to malfunction when the malfunctioning was “natural” (just because Homeland Security *had* remotely controlled my computers before).

After the sting operations, for the sake of the debate in the upper court, from both the United States and Russia had failed in the very beginning of my trip, the suit team quickly revolved their operations around creating episodes that would suggest that the “David Chin legend” was all correct in order to simply win the trial by winning the lower court. In the following narrative, these genuine instances were mixed in with the “false episodes” we have just named. In order to steer clear of confusions, we may here briefly summarize the evidences which the suit team had produced during the period under consideration in such wise (excluding the initial sting operations on both sides for the upper court, and with “+” designating success and “-” failure):

- 08/11: a Homeland Security agent photographed me in the Managua airport (+).
- 08/12: a man (the suit team’s agent?) photographed me in the Central Square (?) (+).
- 08/13: text-messaging (+); beer-drinking (+); “chicas” (DNA) (-).
- 08/14: a man (the suit team’s agent?) photographed me during Carnival Victoria (?) (+).
- 08/15: vagrants came for me: my connections with the underground (+); [fluffy Youtube comments](#) (+).
- 08/16: children gathered around me (?) (+).
- 08/17: a vagrant waved at me: my connections with the underground (+).
- 08/18: the neighbor’s girl (-), greeting my criminal buddies (+).
- 08/19: vagrants saluted me and so on (+); the beginning of “scratching” (+); cellphones’ ringing (+).
- 08/20: I didn’t go out – **no evidence produced.**
- 08/21: **no evidence produced.**
- 08/22: a vagrant on wheelchair waved at me: my connections with the underground (+).
- 08/23: “Russia and the Muslim world” on Google Books: my secret life as a Russian agent (+).

08/24: Roger's handwriting confused with mine (+); Roger/ Roger (+); my bank account confused with someone else's (?) (+).

08/25: I didn't go out – no evidence produced.

08/26: a car in front of my apartment (?) (+); people's scratching themselves in front of me (?) (+).

08/27: I didn't go out – more frivolous and "fluffy" comments under my favorited Youtube videos (+).

08/28: outage; a man nodded his head to me (+); a car with tinted windows in front of me (+); beer recommended to me (-): my connections with the underground and alcoholism.

08/29: I didn't go out – no evidence produced.

08/30: many people waved at me: my connections with the underground (+).

08/31: I was "caught" receiving two calls from my criminal buddies: my connections with the underground (+).

The other kind of trivial details consists of things I had to narrate simply because I was recording myself round-the-clock and this is a reconstruction and not a simple narrative and thus must take into account *everything* before dismissing *anything*. Thus, since I was, beside writing and recording and videotaping myself, also surfing the Internet most of the time, I must also recount in the following what I was doing on the Internet and which website I was visiting. Although these descriptions might sound totally unnecessary, keep in mind that anything I did on the Internet could become evidence, either in the lower court or in the upper court – beyond the fact, which the suit team could very well have emphasized, that my obsession with computers seemed to suggest that I was David Chin rather than Lawrence Chin.

Finally, I must note this. No sooner had I arrived in Granada than I would discover something on the news which had obviously something to do with me: Abdelbaset al-Megrahi, convicted on January 31 2001 in the Netherlands, was released from prison on August 20 this year. Presumably for suffering prostate cancer. He would die almost three years later, on May 20 2012.¹

1 My theory is that al-Megrahi was released because it had come to light around this time that he was in fact innocent of the crime for which he was convicted, that it was actually some rogue CIA team themselves who blew up the PAN AM-103 jet. I shall here quote from my one-time review of Susan Lindauer's *Extreme Prejudice* (March 19 2012): "What I have a particular interest in is the Pam Am-103 bombing. We are told by our authority that this was the work of the Libyan agent al-Megrahi, who was convicted of this crime. Lindauer's CIA handler however revealed to her: 'In part, Dr Fuisz explained how the bombing of Pam Am-103 was intended to strike down a team of Defense Intelligence Agents, who were flying back to Washington to protest the CIA's tolerance of heroin smuggling as part of locating the hostages in Beirut'" (p. 46). A group of Syrians were hired for the purpose (p. 392). I suggest you compare her statement with what is told in Gordon Thomas' *Gideon's Spies: The Secret History of the Mossad* (1999 edition), p. 328. The airline once hired a certain Yuval Aviv, a former Mossad officer, to investigate the matter. The report makes a similar claim: that CIA had a rogue team COREA which was smuggling drug from the Middle East to the US, and that US Army major Charles McKee, who was on the Lockerbie flight, planned to expose it. The CIA thus decided to kill him. COREA was working with Al-Kassar who was linked to the Abu Nidal organization and they together loaded up a bomb to the

August 10 (Monday)

My next recording is: “lax_secchck_brd_plane_8_10_09_815-1126PM.WMA”: I was now getting my things organized to get ready for the security check. By 21:00, I had passed through the security check without problems. I kept on mumbling (“Russians”, “storage”) (22:00). Then: “Nobody knows I’m a Russian secret agent...” On 31:00 I sat down somewhere and started working. I was now hashing my latest recordings (“ws210-74”). “Boarding time, 9:45 PM.” On 45:50, I started uploading to my website the recordings of my time in the motel this morning. Then, strangely, my name seemed to have been called. “An intercept showing me forgetting to get on my flight?” (51:00) Then: “... my double just missed his flight! I’d better get there earlier...” It’s not clear whether the suit team had really orchestrated this. When I was done, I carefully described where I put my hard drives and so on in my bags, and I left my table without videotaping it (1:15:30). I then asked an American Airline personnel about the meal plan on my flight. There would be no meal on this flight, and so I went to buy something to eat first. I got fries and Coke and was now ready to board. I stood behind an extremely attractive white female, and very few people were in line as yet. I counted about 25 people. Suddenly, when I just stepped into the plane (1:35:00 or so), I noticed something and turned around and made eye-contact with a man – a white male between 35 to 40 – who had also just walked into the plane. I knew instantly that he was a Russian agent who was here to ascertain that I was indeed boarding – and so I quickly turned back to pretend that I didn’t suspect him. As if trying to calm my suspicion, he asked the nearby flight attendant something in perfect American English.² Namely, he was trying to make me not suspect that he was Russian – and he was of course doing this less for my sake and more for the sake of the observing Americans who were looking for the slightest indication of a “conspiracy” between me and the Russian intelligence service. (The fact that the Russians had had to send somebody in to witness me getting on the plane of course suggests that my double had indeed missed his flight!) When I came to my seat: “I’ve got a very bad seat... I knew it... I’ve got a window seat...” Then I had to ask the people around how to fold up my cart, and finally the flight attendant did it for me. I wanted to sit by the aisle, but changing seat was not allowed. “It just has to be a full flight. Every time I get on the flight it’d be full.” Of course! On 2:07:00, the plane was taking off.

Lockerbie flight when it was transferring in Frankfurt.” And so, after judge Higgins ruled on July 24 that the CIA was suspected of conspiracy with me, the Russians got their chance to ransack the CIA’s “secret box” a little and therein discovered evidence for, among other things, the CIA’s responsibility for bringing down the jet in question. After the Russians brought the evidence to the ICJ, the release of al-Megrahi was then negotiated in some secret deal between the United States, Britain, and Libya, because the true reason for the release could obviously not be announced. Then, those in the United States would put up a show pretending to want to inquire or investigate or protest – the Senate would set up an investigative committee and the AFIO (Association of Former Intelligence Officers) would make a public statement – so that the American people the dummy will never wonder if the killer might actually be someone else, and if the release might actually be justified, the result of an international deal made after evidence of the man’s innocence emerged in a court case in the International Court of Justice. (The AFIO protested the release of al-Megrahi saying: “The families of the murdered intelligence officers – and indeed all of the families – deserve no less than a full airing of the facts around Mr al-Megrahi’s release...”)

2 You will see again and again later on that the SVR had many of these “fake Americans”, i.e. white dudes who look and speak indistinguishably from any ordinary American white dudes.

My next recording is: “flight_miami_8_10-1_09_1130PM-135AM.WMA”: I was still on the plane. I noted that the TV was showing a bunch of animals (12:00). “I’m thinking about Samantha again.” More animals later. “I’m reminded terribly of Samantha” (1:13:20). On 1:25:30, I was getting snacks from the flight attendants.

August 11 (Tuesday)

My next recording is: “plane_miami_8_11_09_131-747AM.WMA”: From 14:30 onward, as I was examining a catalog of the latest electronics, I read out loud the descriptions – cameras and so on, i.e. the equipment I desperately needed. On 1:06:50, the plane was descending on Miami. On 1:26:00, I filmed through the window with my camcorder: “... very pretty, Miami in early morning...” (the first scene of my next video diary “8_11-3_09.wmv”). By 1:34:00, the plane was on the ground. On 1:41:00, everyone was getting off. As I left my seat, I kept rambling about how people had left trash behind in order to make it look like I did it. Then: “My flight is 10 AM, I have several hours.” First time in Miami airport! On 1:58:00, I was getting coffee. On 2:03:00, I was in the smoke lounge. By 2:28:00, I was out. I walked around and continued: “... the airport... put a bunch of actresses in here...” On 2:53:00, I was at the bookstore browsing through a book on the Neanderthals. God I missed all this academic stuff! But now I had to be David Chin! On 3:01:40, I walked away. On 3:09:00, I sat down somewhere to use my computers. I tried to log onto the airport’s wireless network. Then I was walking around again. From 3:33:00 onward, I took a nap in a corner. On 4:43:00, I woke up. On 4:51:30, I bought batteries and a hot dog. I ate my hot dog in a corner. “You’re gonna have problems, you barely have any money left... you’ll be really fucked...” (5:07:00). Indeed! Now I couldn’t find any electrical outlets around. On 5:15:00, I turned on my Toshiba. I started working on my pen videos (5:22:00). Finally, on 5:35:00, I found a charging station. On 5:39:30, I took notice of two guys taking pictures of themselves. Were they my doubles? On 5:45:00, I was in the smoke lounge again. Soon I was out and getting ready to board my flight.

My next recording is: “plane_mga_mnfxphne_8_11_09_752AM-1253PM.WMA”. I was now flying to Nicaragua! And get ready for the next operation! On 8:50 I was seated next to an American man. He introduced himself as “Hunter” and I introduced myself too (“Larry”), but I was afraid to shake his hand, simply saying “Sorry, my hand is dirty.” Now this “Hunter” took out a Bible to read. I immediately had an inkling about what was going on: since the evidence was still lacking that I tried to talk to a CIA agent *in person* as part of my conspiracy with the Agency, the Russians had obtained authorization from judge Higgins to run another sting operation on me. I was supposed to say something (in the nature of “secret communication between spies”) to this “Hunter” believing that he was CIA, and yet I just couldn’t muster enough courage to do this because, again, *it was a guy* – although he definitely looked and talked like an American this time. What if this was the suit team’s trap? And so I said nothing. This was of course very bad – for it *wasn’t* the suit team’s trap. We must suspect this: because judge Higgins had accepted the United States’ counter-claim that I was going to Nicaragua to defect, the suit team shall have the right to use faulty surveillance on me even in Nicaragua, and the only way the Russians could stop this was to obtain the evidence that was still lacking, namely that I was seen attempting to connect with what I thought was a CIA agent *in person*.

And – once again – the CIA had ruined half of the sting operation by forbidding the Russians to use a white female to fake a CIA agent.

Then – more operation. On 26:00, soy sauce started dripping down onto me from the ceiling. Yeah right! This was obviously orchestrated, and I said so on 27:40. But what kind of operation was that? You could get a clue about this by paying careful attention to what the flight attendant would say to me later. On 32:00 she told me I could move to the other seat which she had pointed out to me. On 34:00, she noted “This has happened before.” Yeah right! Then, from 41:00 onward, you can hear what appeared to be a Nicaragua man enthusiastically butting into this soy sauce affair. He and the flight attendant tried hard to calm my suspicion. I filmed the luggage compartment with my pen camera to demonstrate that this soy sauce thing must have been planned beforehand.³ At the time I simply thought that the suit team wanted to distort this affair into an intercept showing me creating disturbances on the plane. In hindsight you can of course be certain that the purpose of the operation was to force me to change seat so that I wouldn’t have my chance for “secret spy communication” with Hunter (which means that this “Hunter” was indeed a Russian setup, whether he was really an American or just an SVR “fake American”).⁴ And so I was being smart when, soon, I returned to my original seat. The suit team didn’t succeed – but nor would the Russians. On 1:05:00 I read to myself the information which this “Hunter” had entered about himself on the custom form. His passport number seemed to be 457434247, and his date of birth, August 7 1966. This was very bad, for the suit team might very well grab onto my spying behavior as evidence that I didn’t really believe Hunter was a CIA agent. On 1:09:00 the Nicaragua man and this “Hunter” started their acting, continually talking about this soy sauce thing. On 2:21:00, the plane was descending on Managua and, on 2:38:00, it had landed. On 2:48:00 I asked Hunter, “Do you live here?” Then: “You speak Spanish fluently, huh?” I knew I was supposed to socialize with him, but these simple questions were all that I could come up with at the moment. On 2:50:00, he bade me goodbye, and I prayed silently that my attempt to talk to him – insignificant though my words might be – did count for something (evidence of my conspiracy with the CIA) in the ICJ. But most likely not! By 2:53:30 I had left the plane and came inside the airport, continually mumbling indistinctly about possible operations: “... my double...” I wanted to use the restroom, but I had to wait for the children to come out first. Then, on 2:59:30, I put up my act and muttered about the possible operation again: “... surveillance... showing me creating disturbances... the soy sauce... the strangest operation ever...” I was concerned because there were a lot of children around me. Then, on 3:09:00, more indistinct mumbling. Then: “... a vast number of people are using cellphones here...” (3:14:30). On 3:27:00, as I was getting in line for immigration and custom, I took notice of a man on wheelchair. I made sure to let him pass first (3:30:00). On 3:32:30, I was in front of the immigration officer. “What do you do?” “Student.” “Where are you going?” I wanted to report that I was going to Granada, but I suddenly couldn’t remember the town’s name. On 3:34:30, I passed through. On 3:41:30: “I’m ‘accidentally’ photographed by a Homeland Security agent.” Indeed! The suit team had just obtained more evidence that I didn’t quite look like myself. (Namely, it’s David Chin that had arrived in Nicaragua, not Lawrence Chin.) On 3:45:10: “I’m ‘accidentally’ photographed again!” Could it be the Russian side this time? (Evidence that I *did* look quite like myself.) On 3:47:00,

3 See “[1_plane_mga_sysuce_8_11_09_ca_10AM.AVI](#)” and “[2_plane_mga_accentlyon_8_11_09_ca_10AM.AVI](#)”.

4 Again, I shall have more to say about the SVR’s “fake Americans” later on.

I stepped out of the airport to smoke a cigarette. Hot! I had no idea! On 3:52:00, I came back inside the airport, sat down somewhere, and got out my computer equipment. Then I took notice of somebody who seemed to be taking apart his cellphone. I got online and checked my bank account: no deposit from my mother and my checking account balance was negative 76 dollars! With only 20 dollars on me, this meant that I couldn't afford the shuttle which Casa San Francisco had reserved for me! I thus quickly wrote an email to Maria (from 4:00:00 onward):

Hello Maria,

This is Lawrence. I'm sorry I wasn't able to get on the internet until now and couldn't write you until now. I'm at the Managua airport but I'm still waiting for a bank deposit due me shortly. I've not yet seen your shuttle, but if you have sent it already, can you tell it not to wait for me just yet? I'll take the bus to your place later when the transfer has come. (I've the schedule.) I'll then reimburse your shuttle if you have already sent it to wait for me. Is that ok? I'll see you shortly, but don't have you driver wait for me outside the airport for now.

Thank you and sorry for the sudden inconvenience.

I then kept on mumbling indistinctly. "This thing is very bad..." (4:13:30). And I went on and on. "You just don't have money" (4:22:20). And I got up and walked around. On 4:28:00, I was outside the airport. Suddenly there was hardly anybody at the airport (4:32:00). Then somebody – I was sure he was a Nicaraguan agent – came to me to offer me cigarettes. I kept refusing (4:33:00). I was sure that the suit team had sent him to me to frame the Nicaraguan intelligence for conspiracy with me, and that, should I accept the cigarettes, I would both sink my innocence and crash Russia. I thus decided to go inside instead. (It seems that, on 4:37:00, I borrowed a light from somebody else.) On 4:45:00, I mentioned something about an American woman that I just saw.

My next recording is: "mga_bus_grnda_8_11_09_148PM-721PM(grnda).WMA": I was still inside the Managua airport. On 3:00, my wireless connection was cut off. I filmed it (1:18 in the current video diary). On 30:00, a child – with an older man behind him – took a picture of me. Did the suit team instruct them to do this? (More evidence that I didn't quite look like myself.) On 34:00, I got up and moved away. I used the restroom. By 39:00, I had sat down in another corner and this time I was able to connect to the wireless network. On 41:00, I was filming something. What?⁵ On 1:01:00, I was writing something down on paper. I was in serious trouble by now because, when I checked my bank account balance again, I still didn't discover any deposits. On 1:05:50, I called up my mother on Skype. "How come you haven't deposited the money?" My mother yelled at me: "Because I don't have the money!" And she scolded me in the usual way (how I should find work and so on) and then hanged up (1:07:00). "What's going on?" It's so bizarre that she had to scold me just at this juncture – when the entire fate of Russia hanged on my shoulders. By 1:16:00, I was walking around. On 1:18:00, I was asking an airport personnel which bus to take to go to my destination (the UCH station). Because I had

5 How everyone here also had iPods and so on? ("4_mga_wkr_ipod_8_11_09_134PM(grnd).AVI".)

only 20 dollars on me and no money in my bank account, I definitely had to forget about not only the driver Casa San Francisco had sent in for me but also any other taxi driver: I must take the bus instead. On 1:28:50, I exchanged 400 Cordobas for change for the bus. When I came out of the airport, all the taxi drivers came after me. “No no no!” And one of them kept following me. Then another homeless man asked me for cigarettes: “... he’s trying to produce surveillance...” (1:37:30). Was he? On 1:49:30, I got on the bus. I immediately described what kind of people were around me. On 2:01:25, I commented on a mother’s cellphone. On 2:15:00, I got off the bus.⁶ I was now in downtown Managua. I immediately noticed that something was wrong: a guy, upon seeing me, looked like he wanted to kill me. I was thus convinced that an alert about me had already been broadcast here. “... you’ve got to think about it...” (2:21:00). Then: “... everybody is staring at me in a very angry way...” (2:28:00). See!⁷ On 2:42:00, I commented to myself wondering whether all these people were just pretending. I then seemed to be walking around town. “... I enjoy it, being a... agent, I really do...” (2:53:30). Just acting in case the Russians were listening! On 2:56:30, I bought something from a street stand. On 3:20:00, I bought something again. Again on 3:25:00. Again on 3:33:20. On 3:38:00, I took notice of a guy with an iPod. Was he really doing surveillance for the suit team? Then I seemed finally to be on the bus going to Granada. Then, something important: a Nicaraguan military officer came on the bus and sat down near me. I immediately understood that this was Mr former Secretary’s playing the CIA’s old trick back in Shanghai: he really believed I would fall for it and enthusiastically go up to the officer to offer my defection – upon which the suit team could duly substantiate their claim that I was only pretending to conspire with them while secretly planning to defect and thus convict both Nicaragua and Russia of conspiracy with me. And so I simply ignored the man. Ha! Mr former Secretary had again totally underestimated me! What I didn’t think of at the time was that this was another indication that this “Hunter” earlier was indeed the Russians’ operation: after the Russians had attempted a “sting operation” on me, it was now the United States’ turn. And neither side had obtained any result.

On 4:28:00, someone seemed to be asking me where I was going and I replied “Granada”. On 5:05:00, I got off the bus in Granada. I actually didn’t even know where I was and had to ask people again with my broken Spanish. (I asked someone on 5:09:50). Finally I was able to ascertain that I was indeed in the right town! I kept asking people where to buy a certain thing and how to get to the town center. Luckily, a teenager agreed to lead me. On 5:19:00, he asked me something, and I tried to explain I was looking for a hotel called “Casa San Francisco”. He pointed out where it was. He was 17 year-old. And I kept on walking.

My next recording is: “[casasf_net_bnkwthdrw_aprtmnt_8_11_09_740-1003PM\(grnd\).WMA](#)”. Around 15:00, I urinated on the street near Casa San Francisco. This was the only time I would do such a thing on the streets in Granada. Now I kept loitering outside Casa, afraid to go in. On 21:30, I finally mustered up enough courage to walk into Casa, asking “When does the bar open till?” This “Geovanni”

6 My first bus ride in Nicaragua was quite a shock to me since the bus was such a run-down piece of junk. But I shall not spend anymore effort recounting the matter.

7 If Homeland Security had indeed broadcast an alert about me here, the ground was presumably the ICJ authorization for the United States to neutralize the terrorist threat I posed to the United States – with the requirement that Nicaragua must cooperate. Since the suit team was waiting for me to defect, they presumably wanted my time in Nicaragua to be as miserable as possible if I should ever choose to stay here for the long term.

pretended not to know me and just answered my question as if I were a stranger, which was just fine with me given my lack of money. I then walked to the Internet cafe, “Cafe Tres Mundo” (26:00). I got online and checked my account balance and discovered that my mother did deposit 200 dollars. I was saved! Now I thought about how to go about the matter. On 40:20, the employee came out to ask me, “Donde estas?” On 47:00 I asked, “Donde es banco?” I went around the blocks several times and asked several persons before I found the bank and withdrew 180 dollars from the ATM (1:15:20). I then came back to Casa San Francisco. On 1:26:15 I asked Geovanni whether I could pay the rent in two portions, 160 now and the rest on my debit card. But Geovanni asked me if a guy was supposed to pick me up at the airport. I told him about what happened, that I missed the guy but that I would reimburse him. Geovanni: “Yes, that was the guy that wanted to pick you up but didn’t see you.” I kept apologizing trying to hide from him the fact that I simply didn’t have enough money for the shuttle service, with only 20 dollars on me and 0 dollar in my bank account at the time. On 1:34:55, Geovanni was ready to take me to the new apartment. He brought another guy with him too, while I just walked silently behind them. We entered the apartment on 1:39:00. Finally, my four months of homelessness had ended. On 1:43:10 Geovanni left. I immediately filmed my new apartment to take account of everything (2:05 in the video diary). I then turned on the TV. On 1:53:00 I commented how it was in fact better when people looked like they wanted to kill me (including Geovanni) because then I would know that they weren’t pretending. “Back home, everyone came to you so polite and with a smile, but that was only because they were pretending, and deep down they wanted to kill you too... You! Don’t expect other human beings to like you... because you are *you*...” (1:55:30). Then I mumbled about how I couldn’t understand what people were saying because I had learned Spanish only on papers. “Why are people mean to you? Because you are weird...” Then more mumbling on 2:04:40. Then I rested quietly with the TV turned on.

Before we move on we must comment that it was certainly because the Russians had insisted that my mother finally deposited the money: the United States must furnish the terrorist with the means to enable him to finish his mission. Before the suit team’s sting operation had failed (the Nicaraguan military officer), they ordered my mother not to deposit any money, hoping that I would end up in serious troubles after getting busted. But, after the operation had failed, the Russians’ claim still stood so that the SVR could request that my mother give me the money. For, obviously, I needed the money in order to finish my conspiracy with the United States against Russia.

August 12 (Wednesday; photographed?)

My next recording is: “slp_wk_gnsund_slp_wk_leav_aprt_8_12_09_505-1102AM(grnd).WMA”. Now several explosions outside woke me up. As you shall see, this would happen pretty frequently from now on, and I would always assume it was the suit team who had orchestrated them. Then I went back to sleep.⁸ By 5:32:00 I was awake and quietly watching TV. I then packed up my things to get ready to go out: I of course wouldn’t leave my computers and hard drives and discs at home so that Homeland Security agents could come in and burglarize them. (The only things I would leave at home were the AC chargers for my laptops and my manuscript (“My experience”).) I tested my keys. On 5:51:50, I

⁸ Reviewed until 14:00, and then from 5:32:00 onward.

filmed my room before going out – taking pictures of where everything was so that, if secret agents ever came in while I was away and touched my things, I would know about it by comparing the configuration of the room with the video (2:58 in the video diary). By 5:53:30, I was out on the street.

My next recording is: “[ut_grnda_lkfrmrkt_casa_asklndr_8_12_09_1058AM-115PM\(grnd\).WMA](#)”. On 17:00, I was at Cafe Tres Mundo asking the cashier where the supermarket was. A difficult task because of my poor Spanish. And so I started wandering around the blocks looking for the supermarket while commenting to myself what I saw. I couldn’t find the market at all while following the direction which the cashier at Cafe Tres Mundo gave me. On 44:00 I asked another stranger where there might be a “mercado”. No. I came to Casa on 1:01:00 to ask the people here where the supermarket was. Now Maria asked me how I had arrived here last night (1:02:5). “I took the bus.” I was terribly embarrassed. Geovanni then told me about the laundry service here (1:04:30). Then, on 1:18:00, a white guy walked into the Central Square and took pictures with his camera. When he walked past me he kept on smiling. Was he a Homeland Security agent? Did the suit team just obtain more evidence that I didn’t look quite like myself? I then came back to Cafe Tres Mundo to use the Internet on 1:38:00 and walked out on 1:54:00. I noted that somebody was asking for a light from somebody else near me (1:55:00) and then commented on the laundry problem. (It’s not clear whether that borrowing of the light was an operation.)

My next recording is: “[bk_aprt_tv_nap_8_12_09_119-224PM\(grnd\).WMA](#)”: I was now back home and turned on the TV. I took a nap. Then my recorder ran out of battery.⁹

My next recording is: “[aprt_tv_vid_8_12_09_304-449PM\(grnd\).WMA](#)”: I just woke up from my nap. From 10:30 onward, I was reviewing my recordings and, by 50:00, was doing something on my Toshiba. On 1:09:00, I logged into my website via FTP. I thus uploaded the recording of my time outside earlier to my website. It was my first upload in Nicaragua! I was surprised to discover that my new apartment was equipped with wireless Internet as well as cable TV full of American movies.

My next recording is: “[aprt_vid_calltmble_cncel_8_12_09_453-651PM\(grnd\).WMA](#)”: I played MIA’s “Mein Freund”. I then worked on my unfinished video diaries. On 19:50, something seemed to be going on next door. Then the birds had a commotion on the roof. On 43:30, I started publishing the old video diary “[8_2_09_p1.wmv](#)”. On 46:00, it’s “Bourne Ultimatum” on cable TV. “It’s another movie which we just can’t avoid.” Thus I would continue to assume that all my cable TV programs were carefully planned by the suit team to produce surveillance even though, as noted, this was clearly a gross exaggeration on my part. On 56:00, it was the Rwanda genocide on another channel. On 1:07:00, I called up T-Mobile to cancel my account. By 1:12:00 I had hanged up. I then seemed to be looking at some job ads (in Spanish). (I needed money, obviously – despite my status as a “terrorist”.) I searched for translation jobs on learn4good.com and then did a Google search for “freelance translation, Granada”. Somehow I was able to see the LinkedIn page of a certain “Leen Jille” without logging in. I thus suspected it was a trick from the suit team. (Probably not.) On 1:46:00, I was back to my TV. Then I was ready to go out again.

⁹ Reviewed until 15:00.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

My next recording is: “leav_aprt_nofndmrkt_bgr buywtr_spkengl_8_12_09_655-1027PM (grnd).WMA”: I filmed my apartment before going out (again, taking account of where things were) (4:25 in the video diary). By 7:30, I was out. On 26:00, I was in a restaurant to order burger and fries. On 31:10, I took notice of a woman who sat down at the table next to me with her baby. On 36:45, I took notice of another woman who passed me by. Again, I continued to be terribly paranoid about faulty surveillance. (Rightly so!) Finally, on 39:30, my food arrived. By 54:00 I was done and left the restaurant. On 1:00:00, I was buying water at a street stand. And the seller spoke English! I laughed and chatted with him. By 1:12:30, I was back home. On 1:19:00, I turned on the TV. I turned to the cable channel and it was still “Bourne”. Ha! That’s how I became convinced! Now the movie ended on 1:46:00. Then a French movie. I also started importing the latest videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba (my time in the motel just before my flight). I was now working on the video diary “8_10_09.wmv”. By this time, it was American news on TV. On 2:20:00, I changed the channel, and it was “Bourne” again! (“Bourne Supremacy”.) See! I then announced my liking for Franka Potente. On 2:51:30, I started publishing “8_10_09.wmv”. On 3:01:00, I switched channel: no more Bourne! From 3:12:00 onward, I played my own “Goddess of Silverlake” (MIA’s “Mein Freund”).

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_lstn_rcrd_8_12_09_1022-1137PM(grnd).WMA”: I was now reviewing one of the recordings of my time in the motel just before I got on the plane. On 16:50, when I got on Youtube to play Silbermond’s video “Das Beste”, I got a notice saying it was not available in this country. I filmed it (5:40 in the video diary). Again, because I suspected (probably wrongly) that this was also orchestrated by the suit team. I played Silbermond’s “Irgendwas bleibt” instead. “Youtube is a little strange here... There are no ‘My account’ and ‘My favorites’ and so on...” On 59:30, I began working on my “Karin’s Meetups”. Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “aprt_wrk_8_12_09_1146-1151PM(grnd).WMA”: nothing.

Now, because these Bourne movies had got me suspecting, I would days later write in my diary under today’s entry:

I would quickly discover that my cable TV programs were carefully selected by Homeland Security (Mr former Secretary) for the purpose of producing evidences to support their profile of me at the International Court. Just as in the motels in Los Angeles, my cable TV would be broadcasting incessantly ‘Bourne’, ‘Red October’, and...

August 13 (Thursday; “chicas” & JD)

My next recording is: “aprt_rd_wrshrkr_irkny_8_13_09_1214-235AM(grnd).WMA”: I was now working on my “Supplemental Pleading”. Deutsche Welle (English) was on TV. I was also reviewing a recording. I then mumbled something about getting into my IX Webhosting account (31:00). Did I film my File Manager? (33:00) I was then watching Laura Chappell’s lecture on Wireshark on wiresharktraining.com (51:00). I got suspicious when the video was not streamed from

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

wiresharktraining.com but from Amazon. (Again, I was paranoid about nothing here.) On 1:10:00, I continued to review my recording. Then, Wireshark and T-Shark. I then got suspicious again when Yahoo's IP address showed up on my Wireshark captures. (Again, paranoid over nothing here.) Then I finally determined that there was no foul play here. (Good!) On 1:18:00, I took note of my own IP address: 190.184.86.197, dynamic86-197.masaya.cablenet.com.ni. From 1:21:30 onward, I continued with Laura Chappell's lecture. Then, I checked out securitytube.net. I checked its IP address too on centralops.net. On 1:55:00, I was reading about this "Ironkey" flash drives. On 2:09:00, I was reviewing the video of my time with Ray the Computer Guy from November last year. Note that, in this video, I was telling Ray how the government was running a TV show on me (2:16:00). Keep in mind that the Russians would eventually hear me and thus take this in as evidence.

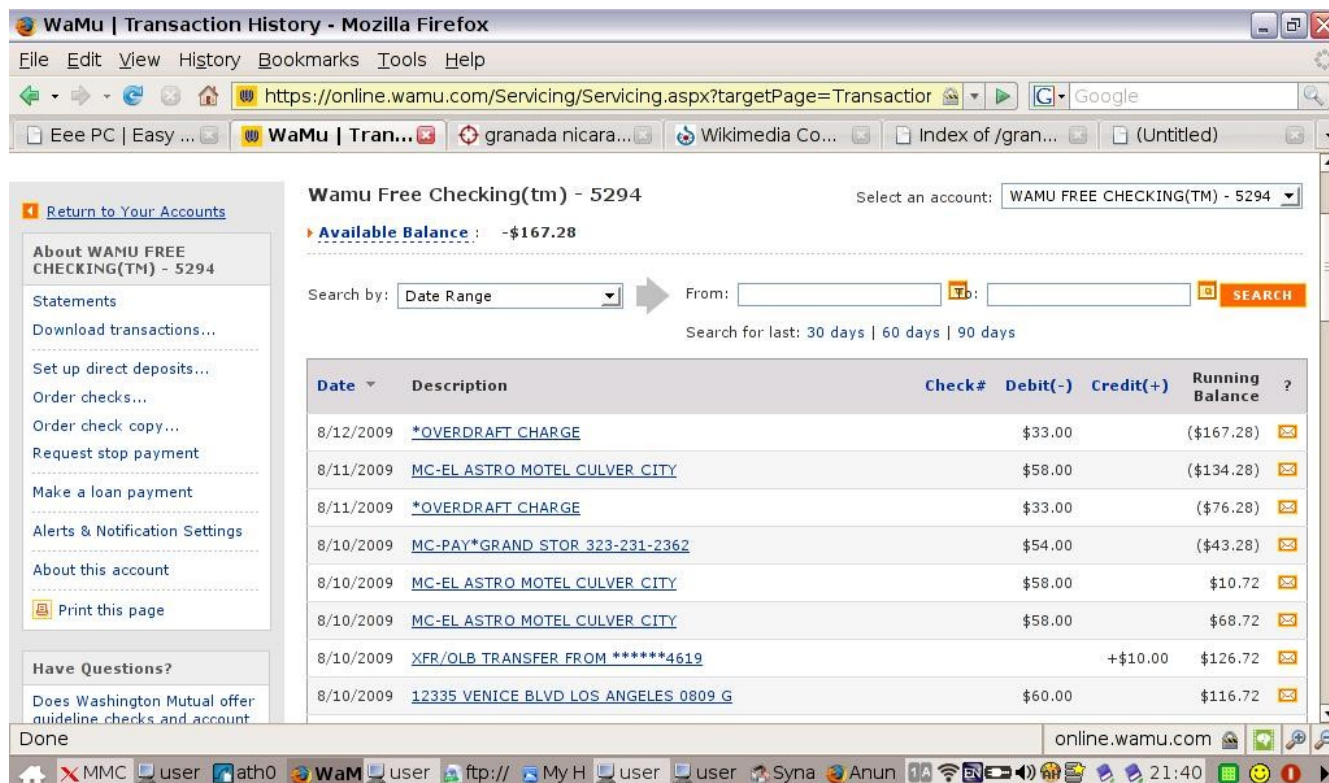
My next recording is: "slp_va_8_13_09_236-1017AM.WMA": I was now ready to sleep and so turned on my recorder on voice-activated mode – while playing some video about some computer matter. Then, on 2:30, I turned on the TV too. On 30:00, it started raining outside.

My next recording is: "wk_ut_opert_bnk_cmmnt_bkaprt_8_13_09_1022AM-258PM(grnd).WMA": I was now awake. My TV was on a Spanish channel. I was also typing something on my Toshiba (27:00). (What?) Then, it was time to go out to buy food. On 53:30, I filmed my room before leaving (6:35 in the video diary). By 59:30, I was out on the street. When I passed by a "Voodoo" bar-restaurant, I took notice of a blond girl inside. I had to pay careful attention to the young American women in this town since any one of them could be a CIA agent. I was then marveling at the horse that was standing in the middle of the street. I came to the Central Square and was buying a hot dog from the street stand on 1:16:00. I ate it in the corner. (That was my lunch.) Then I noted: "... the guy who was reading a piece of paper in front of me, he has also disappeared..." (1:28:00). Was that suspicious? On 1:28:30, I was alarmed by a guy who seemed to be taking pictures and immediately filmed him (7:10 in the video diary). Was this an operation? Then, on 1:31:30, the police came over. I was terribly frightened and immediately moved away. On 1:32:50, I filmed myself: "I was sitting over there, and a bunch of police showed up... I changed spot..." (7:25 in the video diary). Then I took notice of another guy who was doing something with his jacket (1:38:00). I moved away again. On 1:46:50, I was buying two AAA batteries. On 1:54:20, I finally discovered the supermarket but, because I would have to check my bag in, I retreated. (I certainly would never leave my computers out of my sight for even one moment.) On 2:08:20, I mumbled something about the police officer again. I seemed to be describing what he was doing (2:09:20). On 2:09:50, I came inside the bank. The security guard said something to me and I didn't understand him. After I stood in line for a long while, on 2:38:30 it was finally my turn. I muttered: "Cambio." The banker looked at my passport several times, typed something on the computer, and then asked me where I was staying. I got suspicious again! On 2:41:30, when I had come outside, I filmed: "... that's the blond chic I saw earlier..." (7:45 in the video diary). Could she be CIA? I then bought snacks from the street stand (2:43:00). I recorded my suspicion: "Why did the banker ask me where I was staying? All because evidences have to be obtained from the interception of what people said to me... there will be intercepts showing people talking about this strange guy... how he is molesting children... the residents have been told something about me... that's why that woman... her baby... they were told that I'm a child-molester... their rumors will be intercepted into

the International Court as evidence... hence she asked me where I was staying... she typed something on the computer, and that will be intercepted too... the TV show is much weaker here...” (until 2:48:30). I was most likely paranoid over nothing here. (Over-speculation.) On 2:48:45, when I was almost home, I filmed (7:55 in the video diary): “... my apartment, down over there... this woman...” Namely, the white woman who text-messaged earlier. I immediately suspected her to be CIA. (Was I correct? Did I just get intercepted text-messaging?) By 2:55:00, I was back home. On 3:02:30, I turned on the TV. Deutsche Welle (German). Then, a Spanish channel. I turned on my Eee PC. MIA (3:17:00). I was then typing something on my Toshiba. (What?) From 3:44:00 onward, I started importing my latest videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba. On 3:48:20, I got online to read something about changing money in Nicaraguan banks. From 4:10:00 onward, it was the videos from my flight onward. I thus started working on my latest video diary, “8_11-13_09.wmv”. I would immediately upload it to my website as soon as I was done.

My next recording is: “aprt_ftp_vid_wrt_tv_8_13_09_253-644PM(grnd).WMA”: Now Silbermond’s “Irgendwas bleibt”. Then, I turned on the TV. First, BBC News, and then Spanish news. Then, music. From 12:00 onward, I was writing: it seems that I was working on my “Supplemental Pleading” again. On 27:00, Deutsche Welle on the Berlin Wall (in German). From 36:00 onward, I continued to write. On 40:00, BBC News. On 47:00, a movie. And I kept on writing. From 1:19:00 onward, I was reviewing a recording. On 1:36:30, I started uploading some old Wireshark captures to my website (since I didn’t have space for them on my hard drives anymore). Then I was playing my latest video diary “8_11-13_09.wmv” – just to make sure it would work (1:52:00). On 2:07:00, a Spanish documentary on TV. On 2:32:00, Wir sind Helden. And I continued to review my recording and write. On 2:55:40, I noticed a suspicious IP address on my Wireshark captures. When this happened, I was often merely paranoid over nothing, but occasionally, as you shall see, I would really discover the suit team’s operation in this way. On 3:09:00, I was reviewing the recording of my conversation with my mother on May 16. On 3:14:00, I took a break, but continued to upload my latest recordings to my website. Then I reflected: “Another thing that happened in the bank was that the police officer asked me to take off my hat. He didn’t ask any other people to take off their hat” (3:20:00). Did he really get instructed by the suit team to do this? Then, a Spanish movie on TV. Now I was ready to go out again to get dinner. On 3:30:30, I filmed the current configuration of my room (the first scene of my next video diary, “8_13-6_09.wmv”). I was still wondering what the explosions outside in the middle of the night were about. On 3:34:30, when I peeked outside, I was immediately alarmed by a van that was parked right outside my door, and children were climbing into my front yard (0:30 in the video diary). Because I didn’t want to catch the children in my video, I went upstairs to film the van again (3:35:30 or 0:58 in the video diary): “... this car... the suit team knew I was going out, and so they sent this car here... now surveillance would show somebody picking me up... and I had to come here to film it because children were climbing into my front yard... I can’t videotape them because they are children...” I then filmed the van again, trying to zoom in on the license plate (3:39:00 or 2:25 in the video diary). In order to avoid faulty surveillance, I decided to wait. B 3:42:50, it seems that the van was gone. I could finally go out!

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
 Lawrence C. Chin
 2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.



My checking account balance as of today

My next recording is: "ut_dnnr_dble_beer_bnk_bkaprt_wrt_supl_8_13_09_648-949PM(grnd).WMA". I continued to complain about how Homeland Security and the Agency had instructed these children to climb into my front yard. (This was however most likely not an operation.) I continued: "... the point is to make it look like I have forgotten to lock my door... what's the point of locking it? It's like locking a door with a big hole on it..." Then, on 13:00, I was mumbling something about the white girl I saw. On 24:00, I bought something at a street stand. Then, I came to the same burger shop where I ate yesterday. On 29:40, I ordered Coke and sat down to wait for my food. On 36:00, I got my sandwich. On 47:00, I was paying my bill. Then I noticed what seemed to be my double on 47:30: he was drinking beer and smoking cigarettes and sitting where I was sitting yesterday. Did the suit team really send him in to enable faulty surveillance to confuse him with me? On 49:00, I was buying chickens from a street stand. On 52:30, I muttered about how I would not go to that burger store again simply because of this 50 year-old beer-drinking man: "... my double... surveillance has been produced showing me drinking beer... the suit team *does* have unintelligible surveillance installed in this city..." I then came into the bank to use the ATM. I withdrew another 200 Cordobas (55:00). When I passed by a corner, somebody shouted to me: "Amigo, chicas!" (56:30) I immediately suspected that this was the suit team's trap and so ignored him. (Did the suit team want to obtain my DNA sample again to prove that I wasn't Lawrence Chin? Did Mr former Secretary really believe I would be so dumb like the last time?) I then decided to walk back to the burger store to take pictures of my supposed double. On 1:01:40, I was ready to film him. But no: there was no place from which I could take a good shot. "Forget it." On

1:06:00, I took notice of a white guy sitting outside with a laptop. I thus filmed him (1:06:50 or 3:24 in the video diary). I then commented about how I had tried to use the coffee machine to boil tap water so that I wouldn't have to buy water anymore (1:13:30). When I came home, I noticed an older woman sitting in front of my door. She quickly moved away. (Presumably this wasn't an operation.) On 1:18:00 I was back home. "... the middle-aged woman and her 15 year-old daughter... Jesus has come back to his home..." I then muttered about how I had had to put off the Spanish classes because of my serious lack of funds. Now I had merely 700 Cordobas in my hand. (I was trying to provide the Russians with a reason so that there could be an explanation in the evidentiary record as to why I wasn't carrying out the suit team's project.) On 1:25:00, I turned on my Toshiba and the TV. Deutsche Welle (Spanish). I took notice of "Austin Power" on channel 23. Was it Homeland Security cable TV again? (Probably not.) Then a World War II French movie with Jewish prisoners. Then, CNN. Then, back to Deutsche Welle (the Berlin Wall again). From 1:51:00 onward, I started working. I continued to review the recording of my conversation with my mother on May 16 and work on the corresponding episode in my "Supplemental Pleading". On 2:57:00, I started my job-searching again. Tonight I was searching for jobs on mundoanuncio.com.

We shall note the three possible evidences or operations which the suit team had produced or conducted today: (1) the white girl's text-messaging; (2) the beer-drinking; and (3) "chicas". As you can guess – also from the picture-taking in the past two days – the suit team's objective, after the sting operations had failed on both sides, was merely to produce evidence to confirm in the lower court that the "David Chin legend" was correct – since that would be enough to win the trial, irrespective of whether they could really prove that I was conspiring with the Russian side. More on this later.

My next recording is: "aprt_ftp_stlld_gldtr_8_13_09_944-1156PM(grnd).WMA": I was now naming my latest recording files. The TV was on French. After uploading the recordings from earlier to my website, I streamed them to make sure they would work. And I continued to upload my files. On 42:00, another suspicious IP address on my Wireshark captures. It was now "Gladiator" on TV. When the movie was over, I looked up Connie Nielsen on Wikipedia and discovered that she was born on July 3 1965, i.e. on the exact same day as Karin (2:06:00). Wow!

My next recording is: "inv_jd_site_8_14_09_12-222AM.WMA": I immediately uploaded the earlier recording to my website. On 21:30, I was streaming the recording from last night from my website. Then I seemed to be working on Chapter 8 of "How I have...": "Operation Confession". On 1:18:30, I started on a Youtube video on data recovery from hard drives. On 1:25:00, MIA. Then I suddenly decided to stream videos from Jennifer Day's website (jenniferday.tv) – I had to do *something* to create the appearance that I was still conspiring with the suit team given all the operations they had run on me in the past two days – but my Wireshark suddenly froze up. I got really suspicious (1:39:00). I kept mumbling about it for a while and started investigating this website. I started filming it to demonstrate the problem (from 3:48 onward in the video diary). On 1:47:00, I checked networksolutions.net, but it was not there anymore. I tried Wireshark again (1:54:00). "Do JD's videos come from kotv.com?" (2:06:00) On 2:07:00, when my Wireshark froze up again, I filmed it again (5:14 in the video diary). Then I used T-Shark (6:46 in the video diary), and the website froze up T-Shark as well: "... T-Shark

does show the video to be coming from kotvradio.kotv.com...” I thus did more searches on this kotv.com, and filmed it again (8:45 in the video diary): I came to NewsOn6.com. Then more (9:15 in the video diary): “... I right-clicked, and paused the video...” (2:11:30). And so I was able to ascertain that Jennifer Day’s video was streamed from mms://65.198.188.79/zrealm2. Then: “... there you go, kotvradio.kotv.com... what froze up Wireshark and T-Shark is the video... her website merely makes a link to the video...” By 2:19:20, I had concluded my investigation of jenniferday.tv: “... it’s just an ordinary commercial site... the CIA always embeds... in ordinary commercial things... they do seem to like Verizon especially...” This is not a conclusion you should take seriously. Then I took notice of Jennifer Day’s advertisement for “Jennifer Day Hard Drives”: “I don’t know why anybody would want to order her hard drives... who knows what’s in them...” Ha! I then did a Whois search for Jennifer Day’s website on centralops.net. Later on I would write in my diary under today’s entry: “Thoroughly figured out JD’s website, as entertainment almost.” Then I was ready to sleep. Although I had wanted to do *something* to frame the suit team, it’s not clear what the Russian side could make of my little “investigation” tonight.

Some time later, I would also write in my diary under today’s entry:

.... the supply of matériel in Granada is becoming a problem. Batteries, blank DVDs. And there is the problem of disk space. I have already tried to videotape as little as possible. The problem of backing up new files. With only 40 dollars until the end of the month to live off from and to buy things needed for backing up data and continual round-the-clock recording. Unless one wants to back up all new files since arrival in Granada on one’s website, which is neither practical nor desirable. The suit team’s faulty surveillance and operations seem to continue at a smaller scale.

On the other hand, I have been avoiding Casa altogether. In fact, I continue to avoid people. I no longer trust the Agency’s people. When it comes to the Agency, it has two types of people. Those regular agents whom it takes [good] care of, and those who do the ‘shit work’ – like pretending to be a criminal super-villainous foreign agent – whom it abandons as soon as it finishes using them. These latter are not ‘real agents’ of theirs, but just those they manipulate for the moment. And, once I get entangled with them, of course I would naturally fit among the latter – given my look. Now that I am out of the States, I should avoid the Agency’s shadows just as I should avoid their entire system of faulty surveillance altogether.

First of all, the problem with the resupply of matériel will become a major theme in the following narrative. Secondly, I wrote down the latter paragraph because I must explain why I seemed to be resisting the suit team’s faulty surveillance operation in the past few days – and why I would have to do so in the upcoming days – if I really meant to help them beat Russia. As you have seen and will see later, while I must put up the *appearance* of wanting to help the suit team in order that Russia could win, I cannot *actually* help them since the United States’ victory in the lower court would be sufficient for its total victory overall.

August 14 (Friday; photographed)

My next recording is: “slp_va_8_14_09_218-447AM(grnd).WMA”: With my recorder on voice-activated mode, I slept. I also switched the channel around. It’s “Gladiator” again.

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt dia_8_14_09_952-1005AM(grnd).WMA”: I just woke up and turned on my Toshiba. I started writing. (What?) Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_dia_8_14_09_1001-1018AM(grnd).WMA”: I continued to write. From 9:00 onward, it started to rain outside. Then this recorder also ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “ut_brkfst_shp_wrt_8_14_09_1023-148PM(grnd).WMA”: I had now noticed that the batteries I bought here all ran out very fast: the problem of matériel mentioned earlier. Somehow, the batteries as well as the other electronic matters that were being sold in the stores in Granada were all defective. While this should perhaps be expected in a poor country like Nicaragua – how exactly did the people survive here? On 19:00, I was in the shower. On 33:30, I was out. Just before I went out for breakfast, I muttered about the people in this town (knowing that the Russians might be listening to me): “... they are gonna rumor about you so that it can be intercepted into the International Court as evidence... well, you make things worse by wearing the same clothes everyday...” (51:00). On 53:30, I was out. My neighbor was staring at me. “Because he needs to identify me and talk about me over communication channels... ‘He does weird things’... he’s about 35... and his descriptions of me will match other people’s descriptions of me... that’s how you run this TV show... there are gonna be a lot of chatter about me in Granada... ‘He molests children, seems to speak Russian’...” Again, the Russians would eventually hear this confession of mine about my awareness of the suit team’s operation. (Evidence of my conspiracy with the suit team.) Now I sat down at a bohemian restaurant to have my breakfast (1:09:00). On 1:17:00, as I sat down to eat, somebody tried to sell me a bunch of CDs. (Presumably this was not an operation.) On 1:28:20, a white female walked past me. She was not CIA, was she? On 1:30:50, when I was done and walking away, I regretted: “... some expensive breakfast... 4 dollars...” On 1:43:00, I bought something at a street stand. On 1:44:20, you can hear somebody calling me “Chino”. On 1:48:30, I bought batteries and so on from another street stand. On 1:54:50, I filmed the Central Square: “... a concert of some sort...” (10:11 in the video diary). As you shall see, there would be a lot of actions in town today. On 1:56:10, I filmed what I bought: cigarettes and batteries and so on (10:40 in the video diary). I continued: “This is a nice neighborhood, bohemian... I had breakfast over there... cost 87 Cordobas...” On 2:04:55, I was back home. On 2:13:00, music, and then the TV. A Spanish channel. Then BBC News. Then a Spanish documentary. Then I turned off my recorder when I was ready to take a nap.

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_supl_8_14_09_143-316PM(grnd).WMA”: By 12:00, I had turned off the TV and started on my nap. On 31:00, I mumbled in Chinese: what’s going on? Then my recorder ran out of battery.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.

Lawrence C. Chin

2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_how_72_8_14_09_321-430PM.WMA”: I was now awake. From 5:00 onward, BBC News. Then, a Spanish channel. From 17:00 onward, I was writing while reviewing a recording at the same time. I was again uploading my Wireshark captures to my website because I had no more space for them on my hard drives. Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_supl_how_72_8_14_09_427-608PM(grnd).WMA”: I continued to work on my “Supplement Pleading” (20) while reviewing my recording at the same time. I was working on the last portion of May 16. Then, from 26:00 onward, I was back to working on “Operation Confession”. On 42:00, break time, with something Spanish on TV, while the uploading continued. Then, Deutsche Welle (German). Then, something Spanish again. Then, BBC News again. I had then finished uploading the Wireshark captures from June 29, and was now checking over more suspicious IP addresses (56:30). There were plenty to look at because my Wireshark was always set on promiscuous mode. On 1:02:00, I streamed from my website the recording I had just uploaded. Then I was examining this strange TCP string, “... lingua.online...” (1:05:30). On 1:34:00, BBC News.

My next recording is: “aprt_nap_mstrbt_(ornxt)_8_14_09_618-833PM(grnd).WMA”: Still BBC News on TV. On 10:00, I was reading on Google Books something about whether tap water and so on was safe to consume in Nicaragua: I had begun to realize that this country was not a good place to be in at all. Then about the hospitals in Granada. “... too many grammar errors in this book...” On 30:30, a website “Nicaragua Health and Safety”. Then I was reading about the water problem again. On 44:00, Spanish on TV. I then turned off the TV and masturbated (from 1:20:00 onward). It’s not clear with what pictures I had masturbated – this is important because, when, later on, I would masturbate with the videos I had shot of the CIA girls, the suit team would eventually make some arguments out of it in an attempt to suppress these videos as evidences in the ICJ. In any case, I was done by 1:36:30. And I turned on the TV again. American news. I was also reviewing a recording from late last year or earlier this year.

My next recording is: “aprt_news_mstrbt_8_14_09_828-843PM(grnd).WMA”: BBC News again. Then, on 12:00, Spanish. Then my recorder ran out of battery again. See!

My next recording is: “**ut_fest_picme_buypzzappcrn_ambl_ytbe_8_14_09_847-1014PM (grnd).WMA**”. I was now so hungry that I couldn’t help but decide to go out again – even though I knew this was always bad for Russia. I walked out of my apartment commenting about how there was a festival outside because it was Friday night. (It was Carnival Victoria.) As you can hear, there were fireworks. While I was in the middle of the parade, on 8:30, somebody took a picture of me: “I’ve got ‘accidentally’ photographed again!” I tried to film him but missed it – and my camcorder malfunctioned in any case (11:50 in the video diary). Was it the suit team (trying to prove that I didn’t look like myself) or the Russians (trying to prove that I *did* look like myself)?¹⁰ On 12:50, I bought pizzas and popcorn from a street stand. I muttered about how upset I was now that I was “accidentally” photographed again (18:00). Again, grumbling about the suit team’s operation was never good evidence for the Russians. On 19:00, I filmed what was going on: “... some sort of festival going on... that’s

10 If it was the suit team, then it was certainly because they had failed to obtain my DNA sample yesterday.

where I bought my popcorn...” (12:17 in the video diary). On 22:00, when an ambulance appeared, I filmed it (12:30 in the video diary). This was of course quite amazing in Granada: “... it’s an operation... first, you were photographed... evidence that you were out, and now they can claim you are taken away by ambulance... the suit team has taken over half of the town...” This was probably not an operation – I read too much into it – even though, unlike the United States, Nicaragua was *not* a “Land of Emergencies”. On 26:00, I was back home. On 30:00, I turned on the TV. Spanish. On 36:00, I was eating while watching American news. On 42:00, Silbermond’s “Irgendwas bleibt” again, and I started uploading my recordings to my website. On 45:50, I started streaming my latest recording from my website. On 48:00, I started watching a video on DVD-burning on Youtube. On 56:00, French on TV. On 1:05:00, the Youtube video on DVDs again. And I continued to be hungry! On 1:22:00, another video, “The Origin of Linux”.

My next recording is: “[aprt_ytubeggltech_8_14_09_1009-1148PM.WMA](#)”: The Youtube video on computer matters continued. On 9:30, the video froze up. Then I continued to play the video. On 23:12, I was commenting on the WHOIS information on the IP addresses I looked up last night in connection with Jennifer Day’s website. On 25:00 I was reading out loud the forum posts on how to mount the Live Format DVD onto Ubuntu. From 56:00 onward, I was reviewing my recording. On 1:04:00, another video: “... this guy has an accent, and so I don’t want to listen to him...” Again, my resistance to what could have been the suit team’s operation. (It was probably not an operation.) Then another video on VM Ware. On 1:23:00, when the man started talking about MAC, I turned it off. Resistance again! Then I searched for videos on Blu-ray discs. On 1:30:00, I was on a website for job-seekers again. Then I was examining my Wireshark captures again: “... this IP address came from the motel, Road Runner...” (1:33:20). On 1:37:30, I turned on the TV. Then my recorder ran out of battery again.

My last recording of the day is: “[aprt_wrt_tv_net_cblenet_8_14-5_09_1153PM-143AM.WMA](#)”. Now I was sure that the batteries I bought here could only last one hour and 30 minutes. Then, what was on TV: “Oh my God, United Nations! This movie is fixed!” (3:30) I couldn’t help but film my TV (4:20 or 13:29 in the video diary): “This movie is very suspicious, it has in it both the UN and the Agency and so on...” I didn’t however know what movie this was. And so I changed the channel to Spanish news. As you shall see, documenting suspicious contents on my cable TV would from now on become an important part of my video diaries during my time in Nicaragua. On 11:00, I tried DVD-22. Then I was reading something about burning DVDs on various online forums. From 27:30 onward, I was back to reviewing my recording and writing. By 1:05:00 I was done with working. I was then reading something about computer matters in Spanish (1:19:00). Then, something about the job situation in Nicaragua (1:24:00). Then something about computers again. Now, Spanish news on TV. Then I was ready to sleep.

Thus the only operation today was the picture-taking – and we aren’t even sure which side did it.

August 15 (Saturday; “King of Vagrants” & Youtube comments)

My next recording is: “[ready_slp_8_15_09_143-152AM.WMA](#)”: Spanish on TV.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

My next recording is: “slp_va_8_15_09_152-705AM.WMA”: Now I slept with the recorder on voice-activated mode.

My next recording is: “wk_ut_vgrnt_bothr_tshbarcrd_8_15_09_840-1025AM(grnd).WMA”. I just woke up. Children were crying outside. Spanish on TV. On 25:00, something American on TV. Then, more Spanish. On 39:00, I turned off the TV. I was now ready to go out, but was too afraid to dump the garbage. I filmed my apartment before leaving (14:50 in the video diary). On 43:00, I was out. I immediately became suspicious of the woman selling bananas by my front door. I filmed her with my pen camera. As I walked on, on 48:50, I took notice of a white female in front of me – but she turned out to be Hispanic. I came to the Central Square and, on 58:00, bought hot dogs from a street stand. On 1:02:10, I mumbled something about people’s taking pictures of me. “There hasn’t been any operation today.” Just then, what seemed to be an operation. On 1:06:50, I was terribly annoyed by a vagrant who came to bother me and, what’s worse, as I moved away, I spilled Coke all over myself. I filmed myself with my pen camera: “I don’t like this kind of operation... sending all the vagrants to me as if they all knew me, as if I were the ‘King of Vagrants’...” (1:08:00). On 1:13:00, I filmed with my pen camera a second vagrant who came to ask me for a cigarette, and then I filmed him again with my camcorder (1:14:00 or 15:30 in the video diary). And of course my camcorder malfunctioned again (taking snapshots repeatedly). On 1:16:00, a police officer showed up, while a child was standing near me. (This was presumably not an operation.) On 1:19:00, more vagrants, and I moved away. On 1:23:00, I was buying eggs in the market place. On 1:29:00, I bought more things. Now I had eggs, cigarettes, and matches. While walking home, I continued to mumble indistinctly about something. By 1:39:00, I was back home. Now two technicians just happened to be fixing the telephone pole in front of my apartment, and I promptly filmed them with my pen camera.¹¹ Then, children came again to play in my front yard. On 1:42:00, I immediately filmed my room to take account of the configuration, and my camcorder malfunctioned again (16:06 in the video diary).

Two comments are in order. (1) As has been noted, the suit team’s operation would from now on consist nothing more than in producing more evidences to confirm that the “David Chin legend” was correct: that I didn’t look quite like myself and that I seemed to have been here before, as was indicated by the fact that the people from the underworld here all seemed to know me already. (This, even though the suit team was not able to obtain my DNA sample this time.) This was the strategy because, again, even though they couldn’t yet prove that I had conspired with Russia (victory in the upper court), they could still obtain total victory by triumphing in the lower court only.

(2) As for the two telephone workers who came to fix something on the telephone pole in front of my apartment: although I didn’t say anything at the time, I knew immediately that these two Nicaraguan technicians were sent in by the Russians and their Nicaraguan partners to install listening devices near my home so that they could hear, and record, my confessions to myself (to my recorder) while I was in my room. This was of utmost importance – just in case there was any problem in intercepting my confessions from my website – because they always had to depend on my confessions to myself to

11 See “5_phnpoll_fx_8_15_09_ca_1015AM.AVI”.

conveniently establish their case that I was conspiring with the suit team to harm them.¹² In order to not give away my knowledge that the Russians were watching me and listening to me every moment, I of course pretended to not suspect anything more about these two workers. But I would myself also not take any chances: I would continue to upload every one of my recordings to my website so that the Russian side could continue to obtain evidence that I indeed intended to help the suit team to harm them.

My next recording is: “aprt_exp_lptprcrd_8_15_09_1029-1043AM.WMA”: Spanish news on TV. Now that I was sure that all the batteries I could find in Granada were of defective quality, I must find ways to not use my recorders as much as possible. Thus, I had decided that, when at home, I should use my laptops to record myself – insofar as I must record myself round-the-clock – which would not require batteries. I thus started experimenting with recording myself with the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. Once I deemed it feasible, I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “aprt_exp_recrd_8_15_09_til_1054AM(grnd).wma”: This file is thus recorded with the Sound Recorder. Spanish news on TV still. I mumbled about something on 8:00. (About my computer?) More on 10:00. On 12:00: “... something to do with Russia...” I was now deleting inessential files to clear up more disk space in my Seagate hard drive. Then I turned off my Sound Recorder. Now I had to check if the computer had recorded the sounds coming from itself.

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_how_72_ytub_tv_strng_8_15_09_1055AM-327PM(grnd).wma”: This file is still recorded with the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. I played the previous recording to see if it was well-recorded. On 14:30, I finished checking. Now a movie was on TV, with gun fights. On 28:00, something Spanish on TV. I also started reviewing the recording of my conversation with Mireya on May 17 and continued to work on that episode in my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 1:31:00, during my break, back to the TV. Spanish. On 1:37:00, the movie “Clear and Present Danger”: “... every time when you turn on the TV, it’s always the drug-war or the CIA and so on...” And so I filmed it (16:37 in the video diary). I changed the channel to Deutsche Welle (English): “Women in Politics”. And I decided to watch this instead. On 1:46:00, I changed the channel again, and now it was “ET”. Then, back to the Spanish channel. I was then reading something in Spanish online. Then I became apprehensive about reading: “... strange things keep popping up on the screen...” The Spanish news was now talking about Bolivia. On 2:18:30, I went back to the videos about computer matters on Youtube. I then stopped the video (2:26:00) and then resumed reviewing the recording from May 17 (from 2:30:00 onward). I then continued the video “Free Software”. Then: “I’m tired of this... phobia about everything... even the lizard on the wall...” (2:43:30). Then, the Youtube video froze up on 8:26, and I checked my Wireshark captures (2:46:30). It was now raining hard outside. “You know that one thing, the weather, is not staged by the US government, it’s an amazing insight...” (2:54:30). Not! Later on I would indeed believe that even the weather could be orchestrated by the US government. Then,

12 Presumably the Russians had finally obtained judge Higgins’ permission to bug me when the suit team was not able to establish conclusively that I had conspired with them and my recordings as intercepted from my website continued to demonstrate my willingness to help the suit team (this, thanks to my explanations as to why I sometimes seemed to be resisting).

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

when the video started again, the audio was out of sync with the video. On 3:08:00, I continued the video. On 3:25:00, the video froze up again. Then I noticed something strange with the comments below the video (3:26:20). "... There are no comments since a month ago, but then, from four hours ago, comments started appearing again, especially: 'You are the worthless piece of crap'... these comments are very suspicious, they came from Homeland Security... it's scary to surf the Internet..."



Homeland Security's message to me today

On 3:36:00, I continued: "... that's interesting... last night I was looking at this video on Linux kernel, and I just discovered... this Linux kernel video from Google Talks... there are no comments since a month ago, but, since 3 or 4 hours ago, there are suddenly a lot of comments, by a single person... and the comments are just a bunch of brainless profanity... Homeland Security saw me watching this video last night, and so *they posted these comments here today in order to make it look like I had posted them...* only Homeland Security agents would post such comments..." I had indeed identified the operation – but more on this below. From 3:38:50 onward, I resumed reviewing my recording. On 3:42:00, I came up with a different theory: "... I was writing in 'How I have... 72'... I wrote it here earlier... probably because I had the sentence in my document here... and since they are watching me every second of my life, they have responded... while making it look like it is I who have responded thusly..." (Again, more on this below.) From 3:46:00 onward, I read out the paragraph in "Operation Confession": "... actors and actresses... fake employees... simply smelled like Homeland Security..." I then continued to work on "Operation Confession" while reviewing the recording of my time with

Mireya on May 17. On 4:30:00, I took a break and turned on the TV. It was “Noticia”.

My next recording is: “[aprt_wrt_how72_suppl20_issread_nicanews_dhsmg_8_15_09_327-849PM.WMA](#)”. This is also recorded with the Sound Recorder. I examined the previous recording file: the file size was slightly larger than if recorded with my Olympus recorder, but it did seem that recording everything with the Sound Recorder from now on was feasible. Then, Spanish soap opera on TV. Then, BBC News. On 37:40, I complained about how hungry I was. “The neighbor is doing something.” On 41:30, I played the previous recording again to check how well it was recorded. Then I continued to review the recording from May 17 (1:00:00). On 1:32:00, I took a break. It was still BBC News. Then, something French. On 1:41:00, I was back to reviewing my recording. On 2:10:00, a parade on the street outside. I continued to work on the entry for May 17 in my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 2:41:00 I mentioned how I even recorded myself reviewing my own recording of myself so that “in my recording of myself there would be more recording of myself... because I record myself every moment, including those moments when I’m reviewing the recording of myself...” (As you shall see, more of this later.) On 3:06:00, I turned the microphone up to 40 db. On 3:11:30, I checked my Gmail on Konqueror. Then I seemed to be working on my files. Then, when I checked my Hotmail, I discovered that Angelo (“songlea galeson”, galeson@hotmail.com) had sent me an email some time today, in which he wrote simply: “Are you scared to at least address me?” I was convinced that he was instructed by the suit team to write me thusly and that this was therefore unfavorable evidence for Russia: “I shouldn’t have looked at Angelo’s email... why did he suddenly write to me?... it’s some sort of trick... I don’t really give a crap...” (3:31:00). Then: “If you count the time, it should have been sent around 11 AM... I have no idea why he kept on writing... just leave me the fuck alone...” On 3:39:00, I was switching the TV channel around. “Everything is scary... I don’t know whether I should watch a movie with a doggie in it...” Actually, that’d be quite okay. On 4:24:30, after uploading the previous recording to my website, I streamed it to make sure it was properly uploaded. Then, on 4:50:00, I wrote down in my diary the following note concerning Homeland Security’s “message” to me today:

Discovered a post that seemed almost for certain to be a ‘message’ from Homeland Security in response to my writing in ‘How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe, manuscript fragment 72’...

The ‘message’ is ‘*You* are the worthless piece of crap’, obviously in response to what I wrote in the named document that ‘... the Department was revealed to be the piece of crap that they were.’ Well, I don’t really deny that I am a piece of crap, but – remember the straw man’s fallacy? My being a piece of crap doesn’t change the fact that they are crap too. It also reveals that the DHS and the suit team in general are reading every word I am writing onto my laptop just as I have always said they were.

I continued: “... they still have to insult me... even though I wrote that sentence a month ago... they are constantly watching over me... I’m so sad...” On 5:01:30, I was examining the files to back up. Then I was checking over the hash values of my “Karin’s Meetups” (5:10:30). On 5:12:00: “... this...”

unintelligible email address just popped up...” I took a screenshot. Then my Thunderbird suddenly popped up: “Why?” After much examination, I determined that Hotmail had changed to a different server with a different IP address when accessed from Nicaragua. (Was it really so?)

My next recording is: “ready_go_ut_8_15_09_848-910PM.WMA”: This recording is recorded with my Olympus recorder. I was now checking the file size of the previous recording. I again lamented that the Sound Recorder file was much larger. On 20:00, I was mumbling something about what’s on TV. (A Spanish game show.) “It’s scary, all that people are definitely scary...” Then I had to turn on the other recorder because this one was about to run out of battery. Again!

My next recording is: “ut_buy_fd_wm_cmra_8_15_09_915-951PM.WMA”: I was now ready to go out to buy food again. “What I need most is food... Even dumping garbage is scary, everything is scary... *argent, nourriture*... you are gonna get ‘accidentally’ photographed again...” By 4:00 I was out. On 9:00, somebody tried to talk to me, and in English. And of course I ran away from him. Was that an operation? On 13:00, I was buying chickens and noodles and popcorns from a street stand. I took notice of the white girls smoking outside a building. Then: “Why are there so many taxis?” Then, something suspicious – a woman was standing by her house taking successive pictures of the street and walls with her digital camera – and I took out my camcorder to film her (17:20 in the video diary): “... this woman from the slum... just when you think you’ll never see this in Nicaragua... having a digital camera to take pictures of the wall... that’s quite a scene...” (from 21:00 onward). Did the suit team really instruct her to do this? On 26:30, I was back home. I put up my act: “You are Jesus, you have given them digital cameras, which they otherwise would never have...” (31:20).

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_supl21_k8_net_lptpmag_8_15-6_09_944PM-248AM.wma”: And so this file is recorded with the Sound Recorder again. On 4:00, I seemed to be examining IP addresses again. On 5:30, I was reading something in Spanish. Then I began reviewing the previous recording (26:30). I still had to test all the files I had uploaded. “What am I gonna do with these thousands of hours of recordings?” Now, Spanish on TV. I was done with reviewing on 56:00. On 1:01:30, I was watching another video on hard drives on Youtube. On 1:05:00, I was reading something about DVD-burning again. On 1:37:00, I started reviewing the previous recording again. On 1:40:00, I reduced the microphone db to 30. On 1:48:30, I determined that this recording from the Sound Recorder really wasn’t of good quality despite its large size. On 1:53:30, I resumed working on “Supplemental Pleading” (21) while reviewing the recording from May 18. I was now working on the episode where I was reflecting on how to compose my letter to the UN High Commissioner on Refugees. Now, Spanish on TV. Then, BBC News, and it was reporting about North Korea (3:04:00). On 3:06:30, I turned the microphone db back to 40. I was now taking a break and watching TV. On 3:11:00, I resumed reviewing my recording. This time, the recording from the night of May 23, and I was now working on my time in Zona Rosa on that night. On 3:44:00, French on TV. On 3:47:00, I was reading out loud something about computers. “... supposedly if you press on... the whole desktop will be available to you... no, it will not, this post is full of crap...” (3:54:30). On 4:02:00, I was reading something about Blu-ray discs again. On 4:16:00, Spanish on TV. On 4:26:00, I continued to review my recording while working on “Karin’s Meetups-8” (“The fake Lawrence”). “... the slide show is good...” Now, Spanish

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

on TV. Then, at the end, I turned on my recorder in voice-activated mode to get ready to sleep.

To conclude: since afternoon the suit team had “obtained” more evidence to confirm that the “David Chin legend” was true: that I did, always so fluffy, post stupid messages everywhere on Youtube,¹³ and that I did do more fluffy, stupid things – whatever it was – which Angelo’s email to me, when confused with something else, was supposed to make people believe that I did.

August 16 (Sunday; children?)

My next recording is: “ready_slp_va_8_16_09_252-322AM.WMA”: Time to sleep, with the TV on. (Sarah Brightman.)

My next recording is: “ready_slp_va_catnoise_8_16_09_334-412AM.WMA”: Sort of sleeping while watching the TV.

My next recording is: “ready_slp_expl_sund_8_16_09_418-431AM.WMA”: Still, sort of sleeping while watching TV.

My next recording is: “slp_frnkjyhny_8_16_09_430-926AM.WMA”: Somehow, I didn’t quite go to sleep. I was watching my cable TV way into the early morning, engrossed in this very human and interesting romantic comedy on AXN that didn’t seem to be part of the suit team’s TV programs: “Frankie and Johnny” with Michelle Pfeiffer and Al Pacino. I happily watched it to the end.

My next recording is: “**wk_aprt_net_adbe_8_16_09_1032AM-1207PM.WMA**”. This is recorded with the Sound Recorder. I woke up a little after 10 AM and turned on my Toshiba to make this recording. An American movie on TV. Then, Spanish (21:00). Then, French. Then, Spanish. I got on the Internet with my Eee PC to look up first the address of Tutorial Uno a Uno and then to check up on the documentation, on micromedia.com, on Adobe Flash Player’s setting manager – all while I was hungry to death. “What are you going to do? Cancel? Of course you will continue...” (29:00). Then, on 37:30, I was reading about Granada on Spanish Wikipedia. Then, on meetup.com on 44:00. Then, on 48:00, I was reading about another thing. Again on 50:00. On 1:24:00, I was reading about something again. Again on 1:26:30. “... there is so much to learn...” I was now ready to go out to get food.

My next recording is: “**ut_htdg_nghbrgrlnxtme_buyeggbatshvr_8_16_09_1208-157PM.WMA**”. When I stepped out of my apartment, the fat teenage girl from my neighbor exited her apartment at the same time. I immediately made a comment about this (16:50). I passed by Tele Pizza, saw a hot dog stand in front, and went up to buy a hot dog (22:20). I put my backpack down on the bench next to the stand and handed over 100 Cordobas to the attractive woman working on the stand. While I was waiting for the woman to go inside to get change for me, the fat teenage girl from my neighbor somehow sneaked up

13 Apparently Homeland Security didn’t forget to respond to my insult even as they carried out the operation of framing me for making more “fluffy” postings. They continued to be angry with the fact that someone as ugly as I was could look so down on them.

from behind to stand next to me. Along with her several children had appeared to put their backpacks on the bench next to mine (24:40). I was instantly alarmed and, picking up my backpack, stood away from the kids and commented on the situation (25:20). Then more commenting on 26:30 and 28:00: “There must be a reason why [the fat teenage girl from my neighbor] was suddenly standing next to me while I was buying my hot dog” – namely, it must be the suit team’s operation. (In reality, we can hardly be sure of this.) I then went inside the restaurant to buy a can of Coke, and then walked quickly away to the corner of the building overlooking the Central Square. I sat down to eat my hot dog by myself (29:00). On 36:10, I commented on the whole freaky situation again. I then commented about how the attractive woman that worked at the hot dog stand, when she saw me, almost burst into laughter (38:00). “I don’t know what people were told about me, but they were told something.” This time I might be right! Then I commented about how, wherever I settled down, some adult would bring his or her children over to gather around me (44:00). “As if I were some sort of Santa Claus... Well, I *am* Santa Claus, for ‘True Jesus’ *is* Santa Claus...” Then I took notice of a white female who passed me by. (Again, every white female was suspicious – could be CIA!) I continued my walk and passed by a concert. “You’ve done a lot of work... yesterday was okay...” On 52:40, I was buying 10 eggs. On 58:00, I bought cigarettes. I then took notice of a woman who kept looking at me (59:00). (Did she see the alert about me?) I then bought batteries. On 1:03:00, I was mumbling indistinctly about something (inaudible because of the music). On 1:05:00, I concluded that I had spent 5 dollars in total buying my supplies. “That’s enough for today... Oh, a guy is taking pictures of two lovely ladies.” Probably not an operation! Then I passed by “Hotel Colonia”. Then “Garden Cafe”. On 1:15:30, I was back home. I read the label on my cookies: made in El Salvador. I turned on my Toshiba to get ready to make the next recording. I played the Sound Recorder recording from earlier to make sure it was well recorded (from 1:25:00 onward). And I kept on writing something. Then, at the end, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. Although there didn’t seem to be any operation so far today, I was convinced that there was, and would write in my diary – was *this* what I was writing earlier?

It would seem that the suit team had already come to my neighbor to enlist the fat teenager girl living there as an actress in my TV show. As I was about to leave my apartment, the suit team, picking it up from their true surveillance on me, probably called her up and instructed her to leave her dwelling at about the same time as I did. She would then per instruction follow me. When I stopped by the hot dog stand she and the other children she had brought along then intentionally gathered around me and ordered hot dogs also in order to produce surveillance showing me going out with an underage girl and a bunch of children – thus evidence of my pedophilia. The fact that this girl’s proximity to me lasted only about one minute because I immediately went inside the restaurant to buy a drink and then “fled” the place to eat my hot dog alone in the corner of another building 100 feet away wouldn’t matter very much, for the suit team would simply cut off the rest from the surveillance intercept and present to the ICJ only the intercept of the instant when my neighbor’s underage girl happened to stand next to me in front of the hot dog stand.

My next recording is: “aprt_ftp_tv_wrt_kmu8_8_16_09_157-528PM.wma”: This file is recorded with the Sound Recorder. I was now checking the previous Sound Recorder recording (4:30) and then

uploading it to my website (17:30). I then also started reviewing the recording of my going out earlier. Now, French on TV (48:00). Then, BBC News. On 52:00, I kept the TV on the movie “Gladiator”. On 1:09:00, after uploading the recording (my going out earlier), I streamed it from my website to test it. On 1:25:30, I took a break and turned to the French movie on TV. On 1:36:30, back to “Gladiator”. On 1:49:00, I was back to writing. On 1:52:00, back to the recording of my going out earlier (2:31:00). I continued to upload recordings to my website. On 2:38:00, I was back to my TV. (Spanish.) On 2:52:00, I inserted DVD-1 into my Toshiba to begin reviewing the recording of the April 21 meetup from last year, “The Visitor”. But I immediately stopped. Instead, back to my TV. On 3:07:00, CNN. On 3:10:30, I was back to the meetup recording and started working on “Karin’s Meetup-8” (“The fake Lawrence”). Still uploading my recordings, I restarted my Wireshark (3:17:30). As this file was getting too large, I turned off the Sound Recorder.

My next recording is; “wrt_kmu8_brne_cnl15iphn_spgl_8_16_09_530-1041PM.wma”: I continued to work on “Karin’s Meetup-8” (the April 21 meetup from last year) on my Toshiba while uploading the recording (“Frankie and Johnny”) on my Eee PC. Then I played the recording of my watching a Youtube video from earlier. Then I continued with “Karin’s Meetups” (14:00). Then, I checked the recordings from last night (30:00). Then, the recordings from August 14 (33:00). On 50:00, I stopped: “... identified one file... major achievement... upload one more file, and that’ll be my collection...” On 54:30, I continued with the recording of Karin’s meetup: “... Cecilia had lived in Japan... Okinawa...” (1:30:00). On 1:39:00, I took a break. On 1:43:00, I was back to my TV. (CNN.) On 1:51:00, I started working on the hash values of my new files. Then, on 1:56:30, I filmed myself deleting this junk email from “Asia History Forum” in my Gmail inbox (18:20 in the video diary). On 2:13:00, I was back to reviewing the recording of Karin’s meetup. On 2:49:00, I was back to my TV. (Spanish.) On 3:04:00, an American movie with Marisa Tomei. Then, Spanish. Then, a British movie. On 3:20:00, I was back to the recording of Karin’s meetup. Then I was looking inside my Thunderbird to find the email which Karin had sent me one day in 2008 (3:34:00). On 4:40:00, I finished reviewing the entire recording and, on 4:42:30, was back to my TV. Then I continued to work on “Karin’s Meetups-8”. Then, on EuroCanal, “Bourne Ultimatum” again: “... they play this movie every single day!” (4:52:00) I was convinced that it was the suit team. (I was very possibly over-interpreting things again.) Then, the “Noticia” on channel 15 was providing an introduction to iPhones. Then, on 4:59:00, I checked Spiegel’s website.

My next recording is: “revrcrd_wrt_prf2_gglchrm_ftp_ytb_tb_8_16-7_09_1043PM-223AM.wma”: I was now working on the Preface to my Secret History. On 15:00, I started reviewing the previous recording to see how well it was recorded. I noted: “In this recording I was recording myself reviewing this recording, and now I’m recording myself reviewing this recording in which I was recording myself reviewing this recording... and so this is the recording of myself reviewing the recording of myself reviewing the recording of myself...” (36:00). Ha! On 50:30, when I was on break: “... everyday, you are trying to think out a way to more efficiently conduct surveillance on yourself... you can’t videotape yourself constantly...” I then continued to play the recording (54:30). On 1:03:30, again: “I need to record myself reviewing a recording in which I was recording myself reviewing a recording...” Then I suddenly decided that I needed to learn about Google Chrome – I would be doing this the whole night:

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

“... web browser and Java script execution...” On 1:23:00, the Youtube video on Google Chrome security suddenly froze up, and my FTP connection also froze up. Then I was able to continue with the video. On 1:51:00, I was back to my TV. “... this movie... this woman sitting with Gerald Depardieu... and the man just comes in and starts sucking on her nipples... wow...” Presumably the suit team didn’t actually orchestrate this! On 1:56:20, a strange pop-up on my Eee PC. Then I spent some time examining Google’s diagnostic page for my website writings.lawrencechin2008.com. On 2:02:30, my Eee PC froze up. On 2:05:00, the same video on Google Chrome security. Then, more problem with the uploading and a pop-up from my Konqueror: “Could not write file to ftp://ftp.lawrencechin2008.com...” On 2:23:30, I was examining a certain software on “Download Center”. Then another article on “Windows-Pro”. “So GFTP *does* support ‘resume’...” And I read it in Spanish. Then, another article on Wikipedia. On 2:45:30, I dug into my Thunderbird: “... the old emails from late 2005 to January 2009 were downloaded 3 times... Why is the ‘Draft’ 1.2 gigabyte? Because it has a video which I experimented with sending... while in San Jose back in January... somehow the video was uploaded, hence the ‘Draft’ is so big... If I delete this ‘Draft’, I can save 1 gigabyte of space...” And I found the email from Karin that I was looking for. I was then busy for a while when it became apparent that I didn’t free up any disk space by deleting the “Draft”. On 3:08:00, I was reading something about computer matters again, and then I continued to work on the Thunderbird problem.

My next recording is: “dlte_tb_drft_8_17_09_227-344AM.WMA”: This file was recorded with my Olympus recorder. CNN on TV. I was then worried that, now that I had deleted this “Draft” in my Thunderbird, if I burned the Thunderbird file with Nero, the link would still be there to the old “Draft”: “... you can still burn it, it’s just gonna be a lot of empty space...” Then, Nero Essential was not functioning. “... I’m gonna burn a DVD, to back up all this data...” (22:00). On 33:00, I got suspicious again about the videos on Youtube: “Why is it in French? Why is everything in French? I did a simple search, ‘Thunderbird, Eee PC’, and everything is in French... everything is staged for me... Homeland Security has stuffed all this stuff for me to find... even using the Internet is scary, there is nothing that is not scary...” Again, I was most likely exaggerating the suit team’s operation here. On 46:00, I was back to my TV: “... go to a non-scary channel... Discovery...” On 55:30, I reviewed the recordings and videos I wanted to burn. “... we uploaded about 360 megabytes of data...” (1:13:00). Then I was finally ready for bed.

August 17 (Monday; “King of Vagrants” again)

My next recording is: “slp_va_8_17_09_348-604AM.WMA”: And so I slept with the TV on and the recorder on voice-activated mode. On 4:10, it started raining outside.

My next recording is: “wk_slp_8_17_09_939-1046AM.WMA”: I woke up and turned on the recorder. On 1:12:30, I got up and turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “aprt_impvid_ftp_8_17_09_1046AM-1222PM.wma”: I was still in bed now that I had turned on my Toshiba to make this recording with the Sound Recorder. Spanish on TV. Now it was time to produce my latest video diary. On 39:00, I started rewinding the DV tape in my camcorder.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

On 45:25, I turned down my microphone db from 40 to 30. From 48:50 onward, I was importing the videos from the last few days from my camcorder to my Toshiba. On 1:02:30, I checked my emails. I then turned up the microphone db back to 40 (1:03:50). On 1:20:00, I was reading something about Windows Media files. On 1:28:00, I was back to my TV: a Spanish movie. On 1:32:30, I was back to my recordings. I then changed the channel: "... you shouldn't watch things you don't understand..." (1;35:00). Namely, in order to avoid faulty surveillance making something bizarre out of it.

My next recording is: "aprt_vidjd_ftp_8_17_09_1223-242PM.wma": I checked the previous recording: it was good. Now I was ready to work on the video diary "8_11-13_09.wmv". "... I don't want to waste my disk space saving Wireshark captures of FTP uploads..." (48:30). By 50:00, I was working on the video diary "8_13-16_09.wmv". On 53:00, I was reading something about some Microsoft stuff ("mns"). "Microsft Media Format... go back to microsoft.com... Windows, Windows Media... msdn.microsoft.com..." (1:04:00). I was then reading this article "An Overview of Advanced Systems Format" on msdn.microsoft.com. Then I was on a Wikipedia article and trying to click on this Library of Congress link: "... Digital Preservation... the link to the Library of Congress is not working... frozen..." Then I was back to my TV: "... Carl Sagan..." (1:16:00). On 1:24:00, I was back to my video diary. Then I was on digitalpreservation.gov. On 1:53:00, back to my TV: Spanish. On 2:05:30, I shut down my Eee PC. On 2:06:30, I mentioned how I needed to burn DVD-45. I was now ready to go out to buy food.

Index of /new_vid - Mozilla Firefox

File Edit View History Bookmarks Tools Help

http://hid.lawrencechin2008.com/new_vid/

Eee PC | Easy to Learn, W... Problem loading page Gmail: Email from Google Index of /new_vid

Index of /new_vid

| Name | Last modified | Size | Description |
|--|-------------------|-------|-------------|
| Parent Directory | 12-Aug-2009 18:09 | - | |
| 5_15_09.wmv | 26-Jun-2009 00:18 | 192M | |
| 5_31_09-6_2_09.wmv | 04-Jun-2009 19:16 | 227M | |
| 7_6_09_p1.wmv | 07-Jul-2009 23:56 | 308M | |
| 8_10_09.wmv | 17-Aug-2009 16:09 | 227M | |
| 8_5_09_p2.wmv | 06-Aug-2009 21:49 | 115M | |
| less_120_lb_1_1_09.wmv | 12-Jun-2009 22:39 | 63.4M | |
| scary_day_5_2_09.wmv | 04-Jun-2009 20:58 | 72.0M | |
| scary_train_chicago...> | 02-Jun-2009 20:03 | 277M | |
| trip_hm_5_11-12_09.wmv | 02-Jun-2009 20:03 | 363M | |

Apache/1.3.37 Server at hid.lawrencechin2008.com Port 80

Done

Index of user@asu ath0: Cap user@asu My Home/ user@asu /media/D: 12:21

The video diaries on my website, August 17 2009.

My next recording is: “ut_brgrtogo_avdamren_cthtrl_vgrntsayhi_8_17_09_243-425PM.WMA”: This file was recorded with my Olympus recorder. “When you think about Karin’s meetups, you want to cry... you miss them so much... but it’s all just an illusion...” Right! On 18:30, I was out. “... I wish I could be invisible...” Then, when I passed by Calle Calzada: “... a lot of white people... a lot of Americans...” Then, when I passed by a cybercafe: “... two white girls inside...” When I then passed by this alley I saw “Palestina libre” written on the wall, and I filmed it (28:00, or the first scene in my next video diary, “8_17_09.wmv”). “... I just thought that interesting...” On 36:00, I was buying a burger to go at a street stand. I took notice of another white female: “... that scares me too, everything scares me...” Namely – could she be CIA? Then: “... remember your... ‘Do good things to bad people and bad things to good people, slap yourself whenever you are upset’...” (41:00). And I continued to repeat: “... everything is so scary... I’m so traumatized... everyone comes around me...” (47:30). I was saying all this because, again, when the Russians should intercept this recording from my website, this would be my explanation as to why I seemed to be avoiding the suit team’s operation. Then, two Americans appeared next to me and, alarmed, I quickly moved away, and then filmed them from a distance (48:00 or 0:16 in the video diary). On 48:40, I bought drinks. “Everybody scares me: black people, white people, Nicaraguan people...” And I went on and on about how I needed to go through psychoanalysis. Then I took notice of an Asian guy and an Asian girl who walked past me. On 53:30, I came to an empty corner next to a cathedral to eat my burger. Soon, a white female walked onto the church’s platform (57:00). “I don’t know, I don’t want to talk to people... maybe after a couple of weeks...” Again, my explanation of my behavior since it would be very strange that I would be avoiding what was very possibly a CIA girl if I was supposedly trying to conspire with the Agency. On 58:20, a vagrant came around and waved at me continually: “... a vagrant is saying Hi to me... it’s the same old tactic...” I tried to film him but failed to catch him (58:40 or 0:33 in the video diary). The suit team had just obtained another evidence that David Chin indeed knew many underground people here (that the “David Chin legend” was indeed correct). Then I tried to film this white guy with an iPod but missed him too (1:00:20): “I’m sitting here... very very scared...” On 1:12:00, I finished eating and smoking. On 1:13:30, I bought pineapple slices at a street stand. And then cookies. On 1:18:00, I was buying 10 eggs. Then I kept on walking. On 1:27:00, I picked up my camcorder and filmed the street: “... it’s Calle Calzada... a white girl and an Asian girl... it’s the prettiest street in town...” (1:00 in the video diary). I was back home by 1:34:20: “... the suit team’s operation... to get the vagrant to say Hi to me... I’m the ‘King of Vagrants’... even when I came to a country I have never been to, they already know me...” On 1:40:00, I turned on the TV.

My next recording is: “aprt_cllstpmom_nap_wrt_kmu8_jd_8_17_09_424-743PM.wma”: This file is recorded with the Sound Recorder. While flipping through TV channels, I continued on about how I needed psychoanalysis because everything was so scary to me. (Just trying to explain myself.) “Even the TV is scary” (6:00). On 13:00, CNN on TV. Then I was on the computer doing something about Google Maps (17:30). Then “Digital Preservation” again. I also seemed to have got on heritage.org at some point. On 34:00 I turned off the TV and was back to my computers. On 35:00 I called my step-mother on Skype to ask her if she could deposit the money early this month. No, she could only do it on Friday. Disappointed, I kept mumbling: “... the government... no money... for all this operation, no

money...” Acting! Then I checked for Skype’s packets on my Wireshark (38:30). Then I continually mumbled indistinctly about something. On 44:50, MIA. Then I took a nap. On 1:50:00, I woke up. On 1:53:00, I resumed working on “Karin’s Meetups-8”. On 1:59:00, I turned on the TV. American shows. Then, Spanish. On 2:06:00, German. On 2:36:00, it was Deutsche Welle, and something about Russia! Alarmed, I immediately changed the channel. On 2:40:00, I was back to working on “Karin’s Meetups-8”. On 2:55:00, I was looking for another email which Karin had sent me regarding the April 14 meetup “Dark Matter” from last year, and then started working on this episode. On 3:18:00, I inserted my DVD into my Toshiba to continue to review the recording from May 18.

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_suplayiamnd_kmu8drkmtr_8_17_09_744-919PM.wma”: Spanish on TV while I cooked my eggs. From 7:00 onward, back to my recording. On 16:00, the recording was at my conversation with my step-mother on May 18, and I started working on that episode in my “Supplemental Pleading, II”. From 26:00 onward, skipping over the conversation with my step-mother, I continued on with my time in the Law Library on that day. Then the episode with Amanda on that day (1:24:00). (Keep in mind that the Russians would be listening in also: their evidence of my conspiracy with the Agency.) On 1:29:00, I took a break and turned to the TV. Spanish on TV.

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_kmu8supl21_scrd_psyanardio_8_17-8_09_919PM-1219AM.wma”: I continued to mumble about how I was scared of everything and so didn’t want to go out: “... scared of people, cellphones, cameras... don’t want to be in contact with people... scared of the TV...” Just more explanation for the Russians’ sake as to why I was about to lock myself up in my room everyday to avoid the suit team’s operations. On 10:00 I reviewed a little the previous recording to make sure it was well-recorded. I then continued to work on my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 31:00, I took a break, mumbling indistinctly about something. Spanish on TV. On 38:30, again: “I don’t want to go out...” Then I continued to play the May 18 recording. More mumbling on 44:50. More on 52:00. I then continued on about how everything was scary to me, such that I was too afraid to go out. As you can see, I was so terribly worried about appearing too suspicious that I tried constantly to explain away my nonsensical behavior (if I was supposedly conspiring with the suit team). I then continued to work on the entry for May 18 in my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 1:09:30, I took a break and wanted to see if I could use the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC to record myself. I kept reading about the Sound Recorder and then the audio file formats and codecs: “... freecodex.com... You can’t make a recording with WAV, that would be several gigabytes... MP3 is a smaller file size...” On 1:35:00, I thus concluded that my Eee PC’s Sound Recorder couldn’t be used to replace my Olympus recorder because it used WAV file format (the file size would be too big). On 1:40:00, I checked my AOL account. Then I logged onto a music radio station on 1:48:30: “... now something that is not scary...” Then, the recording of the April 14 meetup from last year (1:51:30). On 1:54:40: “Do you think there is psychoanalysis in Nicaragua? Even if there is, it’s not like you are gonna go... so frightening...” And I actually did a search for psychoanalysis in Nicaragua: “Oh my God, psychoanalysis on Meetup!” (1:56:00) “Lacanian psychoanalysis, it actually has a website!” Namely, www.lacanian-psychoanalysis.com. “Why is it in Argentina? Since when... in Argentina...? Google is scary, everything is scary, including Google...” Then I found psychoanalysis in Costa Rica. Then I was back to writing. I got concerned when my Open Office kept saving itself: was Homeland Security remotely

controlling my word-processing software? (Not.) I got on openoffice.org (2:19:30) and started reading the forum postings. So many grammar mistakes, which made me suspect something was up. (Paranoid over nothing.) Then, the other websites on computer things. And I checked the music radio station's IP address: "It is in New York... voxel.net..." Namely, it wasn't fake. Ha! From 2:32:00 onward, I continued to work on my "Supplemental Pleading". From 2:37:30 onward, I also resumed reviewing the recording. Then, from 2:45:00 onward, I was back to "Karin's Meetups-8", the episode of "Dark Matter".

August 18 (Tuesday; neighbor's girl; greeting criminals)

My next recording is: "aprt_wrt_mvfiles_read_nmp_8_18_09_1221-515AM.wma": Again: "... I'm even afraid to dump the garbage..." On 17:30, Spanish on TV. On 22:00, I played the earlier recording from 7:44 PM, to check if it was well-recorded. Then the recording from 9:19 PM. On 30:00, I was back to my TV: "... this movie is scary too because she's 14... there is nothing that is not scary..." (Again, paranoid over nothing here.) On 43:00, I turned my Toshiba's microphone back to 40 db. And I continued to play the music radio station. On 1:06:30, back to sky.fm. Then, no more music. "What's wrong? The Internet connection froze up..." Then I was on Wikileaks: something about Iceland. "Who gives a crap about Iceland? This equipment is kind of scary too... New Age music is not scary..." Then I wanted to play MIA on Youtube: "... they took it away... I need psychoanalysis but psychoanalysis will be scary too... my own website is not scary..." Then my Eee PC froze up again (1:31:00). I turned on the TV instead. Spanish on TV. On 1:36:00, I rebooted my Eee PC. On 1:41:00, my external hard drive stopped working. What? On 1:43:00, MIA's "I'll Kill For You". "Is 'The Goddess of Silverlake' ever burned?" (1:56:00) Then, as I checked my discs: "... Best Buy... the video is in DVD-5... the video of my laptop still not working after I had retrieved it from Best Buy, in DVD-6... 'The Goddess of Silverlake' is in DVD-11..." And so I watched my own music video "The Goddess of Silverlake" (1:59:30). Then I couldn't find my matches. On 2:13:30, I deleted a bunch of Wireshark captures to clear up more disk space. Then, more New Age music. Then I started working on the episode of the Christmas dinner in "Schizophrenic, III": "... Karin... Ala..." On 2:43:30, my Internet connection froze up again while I was writing an email to Roger Ramirez (more on this below): "... the upload is 17 KB per second... why is my email not being sent?" On 2:56:00, I continued to work on "Schizophrenic, III". On 3:28:00, I was back to writing again. Then I was examining a German book I had downloaded a long time ago (3:47:30). From 4:10:00 onward, I was reading all the NMAP documentation on nmap.org. Then, on 4:23:00: "Oh my God, I shouldn't be reading this!" (What?) Then, something about some prosecutor, 911 attacks, and the writing of this particular book. (What?) Then I continued on with the NMAP documentation from time to time. Then I finally went to bed.

Now a comment on my new email to Roger Ramirez. As you can imagine, I was getting increasingly concerned about the fact that, although I had created the impression that I came here to attend a Spanish language school, I had so far made no attempt to do so even after being here for 8 days. I had already spelled out part of my reason: I was simply out of money. But another reason was that I wanted to avoid the suit team's operations – since, disappointing both me and the Russian intelligence service, the suit team *was* able to continue the same old faulty surveillance on me despite our being in

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

Nicaragua. While the former was a good reason, I couldn't, as you have seen, let the latter get anymore obvious. I must contact Roger Ramirez at once. And so this is what I wrote him:

I'll have to start my class a little late. You do have space for one student at the end of August or the beginning of September, do you? What is the house number of your school at Calle Calzada?

I was here counting on the fact that I would have money by the beginning of next month. Even if I would not, at least I had now created the impression that I did mean what I said.

My next recording is: "[slp_va_8_18_09_520-546AM.WMA](#)": And so I went to sleep with the recorder on voice-activated mode.

Then I woke up in the morning around 10:30 AM and, noticing that my Olympus recorder (on voice-activated mode) had already shut itself off, I turned it on again: "[wk_cnnasintlk_8_18_09_1038-1157AM.WMA](#)". I turned on the TV. On 9:00, I turned the channel to an American movie. On 22:00, "Noticia". On 30:00, CNN. On 56:00, I became engrossed in a CNN report on the rock-n-roll scene in China. Then, when the battery was about to run out – again so soon – I turned my recorder off.

My next recording is: "[ready_leav_strngr_grt_nghbr_8_18_09_1201-1212PM.WMA](#)". I was now ready to go out. On 10:30, just as I opened the door, a stranger on the street suddenly greeted a female that lived in the apartment to my left. "Como ésta?" "Bien," she replied. And I commented on the incident. This recorder then suddenly ran out of battery and I had to turn on my other WS-210S.

My next recording is: "[ut_nghbrsayhi_htdgcig_guyhndguy_8_18_09_1207-116PM.WMA](#)". And so I recounted what had just happened. You can get a sense of it from my later entry about it in my diary:

As I walked out of my apartment, the female from my neighbor suddenly came out again and, upon seeing me, said Hi to me. I said Hi and, scared, quickly walked away, upon which (1:33) she said "Nice seeing you" (1:33). I could only reply "Nice seeing you."

While escaping, I described her to myself: a female about 25 to 30, speaking good English. And I kept on describing to myself what had just happened: "... scary, absolutely scary... 'spotted' by the neighboring female... frightening..." I was entirely sure that this was the suit team's operation – the female was clearly instructed to be friendly with me and, when I simply ran away, she was visibly disappointed. I had thus thwarted the suit team's attempt to create another evidence in support of the "David Chin legend". Then I was scared by another car that passed me by: "... an old lady, and a young pretty lady..." And I read out the license plate. When I came to the liquor store, it was however closed. Why? On 6:50, I came to Calle Calzada. "... far fewer people, so quiet... Casa de la Mujer..." By 13:30, I had become so alarmed by the emptiness of the street that I filmed it all: "... Calle Calzada, emptier than usual..." (the first scene in my next video diary, "[8_18-9_09.wmv](#)"). On 15:00, I was at a restaurant: "15 minutes" (in Spanish). "... everything is closed, something is very wrong..." I decided

to simply buy a hot dog. On 18:50, I was at a hot dog stand. On 21:00, I was buying something else at another place. On 21:40: "... he wants me to sit down, I'm not gonna... it's too dangerous..." And I bought cigarettes at another stand, and then quickly walked away. On 24:00, I came to a corner at Central Square to eat my hot dog. I couldn't help but want to film everything again (24:20): "... even the Central Square is devoid of people today..." (0:28 in the video diary). Then I reflected on my neighbor: "... the woman to my left will be recruited to talk about me in communication channels... that's why she came out..." (30:00). Right! Then I took notice of another American couple who walked past. Then: "... the woman to my left... will talk very bad things about me... a white female with her daughter and husband... the same one... about 40... so scary..." By 35:00, I was on the move. "Maybe she really lives there... I'm so scared, I just don't really care... I'm just not gonna talk to anybody for a while... one day at a time... a man carrying a bunch of nail clippers..." Again, I was desperately trying to explain my strange behavior if I was supposedly trying to help the suit team. On 40:55, while walking on Calle Atravesada, I couldn't help but want to film it again: "... even Calle Atravesada is emptier than usual..." (0:55 in the video diary). On 43:00, I was buying more food at a street stand. Then, another operation, it seems. As I would soon afterward write in my diary:

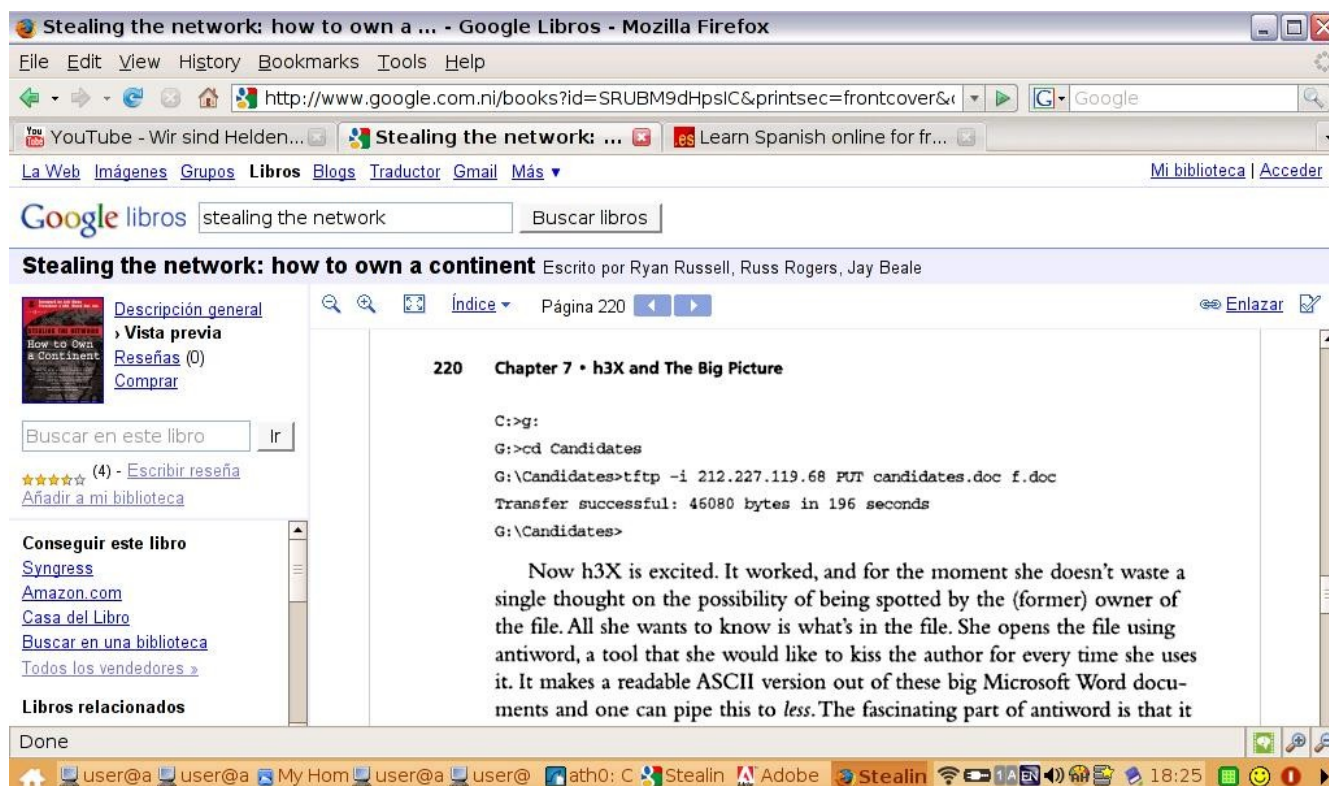
On 48:44: as I commented, the guy (a local he seems to be) walking behind me suddenly came in front of me and, seemingly seeing someone that he knew, extended his arm and clasped his hand with that someone walking in the opposite direction who likewise extended his hand to receive the clasp. It was a greeting that was common enough but in this case it was most likely a suit team's operation. When their barely intelligible surveillance should confuse the guy in front of me with me, they would then have another surveillance evidence of my seemingly already knowing many street criminals in a country I had never been to before (and thus having wide connections in the international criminal community).

I might indeed be correct here! More confirmation of the "David Chin legend"! On 53:30, I was buying something again in a small shop. On 55:45, while walking home, I commented: "... stay away from people, from Casa, from strangers, from neighbors..." Again, more of my explanation. On 58:50, I interpreted what had just happened (as already noted): "... earlier, he was probably just producing surveillance showing me greeting somebody... as if I knew a lot of people here..." On 1:02:30, I was back home. I immediately turned on my TV and my Toshiba.

My next recording is: "[aprt_wrt_supl21_bagit_cllstpmom25dllr_8_18_09_115-441PM.WMA](#)". This file is recorded with the Sound Recorder. "... I was out for 50 minutes..." On 4:00, I started reviewing the previous recording to see how well the suit team's operation had been recorded. From 18:00 onward I was writing down in my diary what the two guys did which you have just seen above. Then, on 29:00, I finished reviewing the recording. On 31:00, I played the recording from yesterday when I woke up. Done on 35:30. Then the last recording from last night. On 49:00, I was back to reviewing the previous recording to verify the earlier suspicious episode, when the female next door said Hi to me. Then I turned my microphone db back to 40 (50:00). On 58:30, I checked my emails. On 1:01:00, I was reading the emails out loud. "BPD Meetup! I don't believe that! I think it's an operation." Was it? On

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

1:04:00, I typed out my reply. Meanwhile, I continued to upload my recordings to my website. On 1:09:00, MIA. On 1:23:00, I checked out “BagIt” on Youtube (“Transferring Content for Digital Preservation”). On 1:28:00, I was back to writing about what happened on 12 PM earlier. Then, my “Karin’s Meetups” (?): “... TV-watching... DVD... favorite TV program... FBI agent...” (1:36:00). Then, I resumed working on “Supplemental Pleading”. On 1:47:30, I started playing the recording of May 17: “... you shouldn’t yell profanity like that...” Then, my time in Zona Rosa on May 17. On 2:31:00, I took a break and started looking at a video from the Library of Congress on “Digital Preservation”. I then took note of something about this “library” in BagIt. Then, the Library of Congress’ notice on “Digital Preservation”. I even surfed onto Source Forge. Then, on 2:49:30, Silbermond. Then, New Age music from the Internet radio station again. Then, on 2:58:20, I called up my step-mother. And of course I made sure to film myself doing so (1:25 in the video diary). I asked her if she could first deposit 25 or 20 dollars and then the rest later. I was just so in need of some cash right away! She asked me why I was out so fast, and I explained it was because I kept overdrawing. We hanged up on 2:59:30. I then examined the packets from the Internet radio station on my Wireshark. On 3:13:00, I turned up my microphone db. “We’ll always have to pretend... have to do it...”



Reading *Stealing The Network* this evening

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_supl21_kmu8_8_18_09_443-621PM.wma”: This file is also recorded with the Sound Recorder. Soon my Eee PC froze up again. On 8:00, I turned the microphone db down to 30. I started reviewing the previous recording. Then I was back to my “Supplemental Pleading”. This

time I had decided to film myself writing (with my JVC camcorder). I was now working on my conversation with my step-mother from May 18. Then I noticed again this amusing thing about what I was doing: "... I'm playing a recording in which I was also reviewing a recording..." (23:30). And: "I'm videotaping myself reviewing my recording while writing, and in the recording I was also reviewing a recording and writing about the recording..." (27:20). And: "... in this recording, I was listening to the recording, and I'm of course videotaping myself listening to this recording..." Then, after I was done with filming myself writing "Supplemental Pleading", I switched to working on the April 21 meetup from last year again. Namely, "The Visitor" (49:00): "... Cecilia, Dara, and the girl from Hong Kong..." On 1:21:00, the recording reached a phone conversation.

My next recording is: "aprt_impvid_wrt_kmu8_sectls_mstrbt_8_18_09_622-939PM.wma": On 4:50, I boosted the microphone back to 40 db. On 8:30, I was sending the hash values to myself. On 22:10: "I'm ready to import the video I have just shot of myself writing and reviewing a recording in which I was writing and reviewing a recording." I then mumbled something (inaudible) on 41:30. On 1:02:00, something again. Again on 1:15:30. Again on 1:16:50. Again on 1:20:00. It seems that I was either reading the Snort manual I had just downloaded, or this *Stealing The Network* – a novel about hackers – which I had just found on Google Books. It also seems that I was masturbating. (Again, this was important because later on I would masturbate with the videos I had shot of the CIA girls.) On 1:35:00, with the music radio station turned on on my Eee PC, I was back to typing on my computer. ("Karin's Meetups-8", it seems.) I then examined the earlier video of my writing: "The video is 1.6 gigabytes, but it takes up 6 gigabytes of disk space" (1:42:00). I then continued to work on "Karin's Meetups-8". I was now working on my meeting with Deborah Green on April 21. On 2:00:00, I took a break. More mumbling on 2:18:00. Then: "3 minutes remaining." On 2:19:50, I turned on the TV. On 2:30:00, an English/ American movie. On 2:31:20, my old pen videos. On 2:37:00, back to my recording. On 3:00:30, while a French movie was on TV, I mumbled: "I've told you you shouldn't look around..." (What?) On 3:02:50, I was reading something about computer matters. Then I was reading about VM Ware and virtual machines in general (3:10:00).

My next recording is: "ut_bnk_htdg_plcecar_scrd_8_18_09_940-1035PM.WMA": This file is recorded with my Olympus recorder. On 3:00, I reviewed briefly the previous recording. Now I was ready to go out to buy food again. On 16:00, when I opened my front door: "... it's so scary, people are outside, they are gonna rumor about me... this person... sitting against the wall, with two friends, one male and one female, all chatting together... coming out is so dangerous... if you don't accomplish your objective, it's really a shame, because you just miss so much..." (18:00). As I walked: "... the street is still completely empty..." Then, on 22:00: "I don't know why there are so many taxi drivers..." On 24:55, when I approached my first destination: "... there is a guard outside the bank, and so... to get my money..." On 25:30, I was in the bank to use the ATM. And of course I filmed myself doing so (with my pen camera). Thank God my step-mother did deposit the money, and I withdrew 600 Cordobas. "Now I can live another week!" On 27:48, I finished filming myself. On 31:00, I was at the hot dog stand to buy hot dogs. I continued to mumble about how scared I was. Then: "Police car! It's orchestrated!" And I filmed it with my camcorder (35:30 or 2:18 in the video diary): "I've got 'spotted' by a police car! Why would a police car suddenly show up in front of me to blast its light on me? We

need to get some money after so much sacrifice!” It’s really unclear whether the police car was indeed sent in by the suit team. On 45:30, I was back home. “... I was out for 40 minutes, and ‘spotted’ by the police...” On 52:40, I turned on the TV. And I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “[aprt_pubvid_nhrm_rvwrcrdrvw_8_18-9_09_1033PM-114AM.WMA](#)”. This is recorded with the Sound Recorder. “Noticia” on TV. I continued to work on my computers: “... 3.0.6 extracted... opening it up in Word Pad...” (10:00). I read it out loud: “... command line interface... where is my Java version? ...” (14:50). I was now ready to publish the video I had just shot of myself writing: “... drag everything down there... one hour long video...” (17:00). On 24:20, my Windows Movie Maker froze up so that I had to restart the program. On 30:00, I was back to my TV. It’s “Syriana” on cable TV! “... that’s all they show on TV... a scary TV...” And so I flipped the channel around. “... ‘Johnny and Frankie’ is good...” Then, CNN (32:00). On 47:00 I was searching for different radio stations on my Eee PC. On 48:30, the music from another Internet radio station. Then a little more of the TV. Then, back to the music. Then I was mumbling about something that bothered me again (1:23:00). Then, silence for a long time. On 1:58:30, as it had been published, I played the video “[wrt_8_18_09.wmv](#)”. “... must delete the source video... it’s 2 gigabyte...” On 2:07:20, I realized that I was now reviewing the video of myself writing and reviewing a recording in which I was writing and reviewing another recording in which I was... I couldn’t help but laugh out loud. “I have amused myself!” (2:18:30) I was now struggling to devise a description, in one sentence, of what I was doing at the moment. “I’m recording myself reviewing the video of myself writing and reviewing a recording in which I was writing and reviewing a recording...” And I kept on laughing. When I examined the file: “... it’s 382 megabyte... I didn’t know it will come out this small...” (2:12:10). Then: “I miss Karin’s meetups so much that I’ll videotape myself writing about Karin’s meetups” (2:13:40). Then: “... don’t forget that, while I was videotaping myself writing this, I was also recording myself...” (2:17:15). “I was also videotaping myself and recording myself writing and reviewing a recording in which I was writing and reviewing a recording... and now I’m reviewing the video of myself writing and reviewing a recording in which I was writing and reviewing a recording, and this video is also... while I was videotaping myself, I was also recording myself videotaping myself... so how do you say it in one sentence? I’m right now recording myself reviewing the video of myself writing and reviewing a recording in which I was writing and reviewing a recording, while at the same time I was recording myself videotaping myself... you’ve got it in one sentence... can you imagine if I videotape myself while recording myself reviewing the video of myself writing and reviewing a recording in which I was writing and reviewing a recording while I was recording myself videotaping this... but then I would have to review that video too... and on and on...” (2:22:00). Then: “... that reveals what you can do with a computer, a recorder, and a camcorder... you have thousands of hours of recordings, in many of which you were also reviewing a recording of yourself, it’s all because you have to record yourself when you review past recordings...” When I came downstairs for something, I saw the same lizard again by the ceiling, and I filmed it (2:41 in the video diary). This is not a completely irrelevant detail: “... is it a real lizard or is it a ‘Homeland Security lizard’?” When I came upstairs: “... the lizard is also scary, because it *can* be a ‘Homeland Security lizard’...” On 2:30:00, when I was done with reviewing the video of my writing: “... the video looks okay... What happened to Karin? Karin is not such a good person... I also have videos of myself reading my own blog... I saw that lizard 3 times, and finally

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

videotaped it...” I then deleted the source video in question to save two gigabytes of disk space. “... something about Microsoft... only 12.3 gigabytes...”

August 19 (Wednesday; vagrants/ calls/ scratching)

My next recording is: “aprt_wrt_8_19_09_115-339AM.wma”: I recounted again how I was writing and reviewing a recording in which I was writing and reviewing a recording, and I decided to do a little more work before going to sleep. On 3:30, buzz sounds. This is something that would happen frequently from now on: although I would attribute it to Homeland Security, it’s really not clear whether this was not due to a defect in my Sound Recorder itself. (More on this later.) Now I started reviewing – so I commented – the recording of the video in which I was writing and reviewing a recording in which I was writing and reviewing a recording. On 13:00, I laughed: “I was laughing in the recording, and I’m now laughing at this recording in which I was laughing at a recording.” On 19:00, the tongue-twister again. I was then back to working on “Schizophrenic, III”. Then I continued to transcribe the said recording. From 33:00 onward, I started reviewing the earlier recording in which I called my step-mother. I thought I had heard something strange from my step-mother’s side, and yet there was nothing strange in the recording (38:30). Then, I was again reading about Snort and network intrusion detection (47:00). I kept on playing with Snort. You should know the reason why I was doing this: somehow I harbored the delusion that I could detect Homeland Security’s meddling with my Internet connection with this Snort! Ha! From 1:17:00 onward, I was again writing. On 1:23:00 – what was I looking at on my Eee PC? “... the Library of Congress... Oh, a Youtube video on... Conference... Digital Preservation...” Again! Then I continued writing. “Schizophrenic, III”? (“Love in the Time of Cholera”.) Then, I was all quiet. On 2:03:00, I started writing again.

My next recording is: “slp_va_tvdw_8_19_09_345-6AM.WMA”: Before I went to sleep, I got paranoid when I clicked on a MIA “Mein Freund” video hosted by a certain “Jennifer”.

My next recording is: “aprt_slp_wk_dwdrkmtr_gmknqrr_8_19_09_948AM-1254PM.wma”: This file is recorded with the Sound Recorder. I was still sleepy, but I turned on my Toshiba to start recording, and then went back to sleep. On 2:04:00, I woke up. I turned my TV to Deutsche Welle. First German, and then English. On 2:37:00, I was on Gmail. I replied Roger Ramirez: “I’ll try out your class on September 1, most likely. Thanks for the info.”¹⁴ Then Deutsche Welle was reporting on the plastic trash on the sea. On 2:44:00, I was reading something in Spanish. “... Konqueror takes you to the Spanish version... Firefox to the English version...” And I read up something on computer matters (2:47:00). “Now it’s ‘Dark Matter’ on TV, just when I’m writing about ‘Dark Matter’” (3:02:00). That is, the meetup. What a coincidence – but presumably this was not a suit team operation.

My next recording is: “ut_nghbrgrl_rstau_vgrntbothr_8_19_09_110-138PM.WMA”. I was now ready to go out to buy food. Now my other recorder ran out of battery just when I opened the door. And so I came back inside to change the battery. Then, out: “... who’s out there to ‘spot me’? Nobody... the girl

14 Within an hour, he would reply: “Hi Mr L., we will be here [w]aiting for you.” At the time I actually misunderstood his short missive for a secret message from the Russians complimenting me for the great testimonies I had so far produced.

at the neighbor is gesturing to me, not the one to the left, but two blocks down... two houses to my right..." And I filmed her with my pen camera. "That's scary... I don't like it when people say Hi to me because I don't know who they are and yet they act like they know me..." Again, I was just trying to explain my resistance. On 8:00, I was on Calle Calzada. On 9:30, I came to a restaurant and ordered "Number 1" and a Coke. I sat outside because two white guys were drinking beer inside (12:00). I turned on my other recorder too. "More people are coming, it's not good... it's not just that I don't want to see people, but that I don't even want to be seen... I don't want to sit behind people who drink beer, that's scary too..." (More explanation.) Then, on 15:00, a vagrant came to me to show me something. I didn't see it clearly because I immediately told him to go away. I filmed him: "... the guy with 'Police' on his T-shirt attempted to show me something..." (4:45 in the video diary). "He didn't bother anybody else, but just me... I didn't even see what he was trying to show me... even in a country I have never been to, all the vagrants already know me... because Homeland Security has told him to do it..." I was probably correct this time: the suit team had indeed sent him in to produce an intercept confirming again the "David Chin legend". Then, my food arrived. On 18:00, I expressed my amazement again as to how empty the street was. Then I filmed the white female in the distance who was taking pictures (5:40 in the video diary). "Did she 'accidentally' take a picture of me?" Was she CIA? On 20:20, a Hispanic guy in brown T-shirt and wearing glasses came over with an American girl and, when passing me by, stood still for an instant and started touching his eyebrows and scratching the underneath of his eyes (6:57 in the video diary). This was the second operation from the suit team today: I thought at the time that this was to produce surveillance showing a Latin American secret agent passing me a "secret message", but today we can easily understand what was going on: the suit team had alerted all the residents around that I was at the moment conspiring with the Nicaraguan intelligence (and the Russians behind them) to harm the United States (by pretending to conspire with the United States to harm Russia and Nicaragua), and, because I had supposedly conducted this conspiracy with Nicaraguan agents by our scratching ourselves as "secret communication" between us, instructed everyone to scratch himself or herself in front of me in order to "institute a reality around me that would fit my belief" (to make me believe that I had not been busted, but had succeeded, in my conspiracy). (As if I had really believed I had succeeded and had had no idea what was going on!) By now I truly regretted ordering food here, but I was just so hungry. Little did I know that people's scratching themselves would from now on also become my biggest concern here in Nicaragua! Then, on 22:30, somebody came to bother me again. Then another one (23:00): "Gracias, no no no..." On 24:30, yet another guy with a small backpack came to salute me, and I filmed him: "... to produce surveillance showing me having widespread connections in this land..." Perhaps! So much operation today! Just then, another vagrant came over to say garbage to me (7:52 in the video diary). "Oh God, so many vagrants..." And so I moved inside the restaurant. Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: "ut_cncrrnt_restau_buyegg_store_cigcok_rstauownr_8_19_09_138-.WMA": This recording came from the other recorder that was turned on concurrently and overlaps with the previous recording until 13:00. On 21:00, I left the restaurant. While walking, I continued to mumble about how I needed to sit inside, not outside, when eating at a restaurant (24:00). On 27:50, while shopping for eggs at Atravesada, I filmed two Americans who were taking pictures (8:38 in the video diary). Just then, somebody to my left called out to me, and I quickly walked away. Another operation

from the suit team? On 28:55, I filmed something again: "... some sort of police man..." (Somehow this is not seen anywhere in the video diary.) On 30:45, I was buying 20 eggs from a market stand. On 41:30, as I walked away, I counted 5 surveillance intercepts in total which had happened when I was sitting outside the restaurant for merely a few minutes. "... that's how phobia works..." Again, I was trying to explain my resistance. On 45:30, I knocked on the door of this shop and asked to buy cigarettes and cookies. Strangely, the owner of the restaurant at which I just ate walked in just then and his cellphone immediately rang. Obviously an operation! (Did faulty surveillance just show me receiving a call from my criminal buddies here?) When I came outside, I filmed the shop: "... I walked into this shop to buy cigarettes and cookies, and the owner of the restaurant I was just at followed me in to receive a call on his cellphone..." (9:09 in the video diary). While walking home, I lamented about how I had just fallen victim to another operation. On 54:50, I was back home. I continued: "... the restaurant owner... what's his purpose?" On 1:03:30, I turned on the TV. And then I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: "aprt_upldrwrdrd_ftp_8_19_09_227-4PM.wma": This is thus recorded with the Sound Recorder. On 5:00, I played my recent pen videos, and moved all of them to the right folders. On 18:30, music from the Internet radio station. From 25:00 onward, I was typing massively on my Toshiba. On 43:30, I started reviewing the recording of my going out earlier. I wrote out the operations you have just seen me describe above.¹⁵ On 1:00:00, I checked the voice-activated recording from early this morning (clicking on MIA's videos and so on). "It was no more as soon as I stopped talking, and it didn't even record the TV." Soon, my Wireshark stopped capturing. I filmed it (10:06 in the video diary): "Doing FTP as usual, oh, but T-Shark is working." I then deleted the source video "8_6_09.wmv" (1:28:20). Then, when I wanted to import my latest videos from my camcorder, this didn't work and that didn't work, so that I had to restart the computer.

My next recording is: "cpturwzrd_malfunct_8_19_09_406-419PM.WMA": "... everything is breaking down..." As noted, I wanted to import the latest videos, but the Capture Wizard wouldn't pop up. Then it did. I then turned on the TV too.

My next recording is: "aprt_vid_wrt_k8supl21_rvwamnd_rdhckrlrnsn_8_19_09_412-952PM.wma": This file is recorded with the Sound Recorder. I was now checking over the recording of my conversation with my step-mother yesterday. And I continued to import my latest videos to my Toshiba. Then I continued writing. By 31:00, the importing was all done. Then I mumbled something about transferring files (33:10). From 38:00 onward, I started working on my latest video diary, "8_18-9_09.wmv". On 43:20, I took a break and watched my "Goddess of Silverlake". On 48:50, Tori Amos. On 59:00, I also started writing. Then I was back to working on my video diary (1:16:00). On 1:32:00, another break, and I was back to my TV. On 1:46:00, "Karin's Meetups-8". "It looks like GFTP has uploaded everything" (1:51:20). Namely, my latest recordings. On 1:55:50, there was loud music from my neighbor. As you shall see, this would also happen frequently from now on and I would as usual assume this to be also orchestrated by the suit team. On 2:02:00, I was back to working on my video

¹⁵ I have integrated the paragraphs I wrote out on that day into the reconstruction you have just seen above, instead of keeping them the way they were.

diary. On 2:09:00, I was on the Internet. “If you use Konqueror to get on Youtube, you’ll have problems, because you don’t have Adobe Flash Player.” On 2:14:00, I was on get.adobe.com: “Oh, it has to be Firefox...” On 2:19:00, Wir sind Helden’s “Nur ein Wort”. Then: “... what happened to my Firefox browser? ... it disappeared...” (2:34:00). On 2:36:30, I continued with Wir sind Helden. On 2:37:50, I suddenly broke down crying because I missed Karin’s meetups so much – the sentiment that came up as I reviewed my recording. Still Wir sind Helden (2:50:00). On 2:55:00, the video or recording of my time at the restaurant earlier. From 3:00:00 onward, I resumed reviewing the recording from May 18 while typing. It was now my conversation with Amanda, and I continued to write. On 3:24:30, the recording was at the point where I bade Amanda goodbye. It’s important for the Russians to hear all this since the videos of Amanda were part of their essential evidences! On 3:29:30, Wir sind Helden again. I kept mumbling about computer things while listening to Wir sind Helden. On 3:36:20, the video froze up. On 3:38:00, I was reading something about hackers (presumably the book *Stealing the Network*). Now, if I must put up the appearance that I did intend to learn Spanish and yet couldn’t go to any Spanish language school, what should I do? Thus, on 3:48:00, I came onto the same Spanish-learning website (was it learn-spanish-online.com?) to resume my lessons here. And then I continued to read *Stealing the Network*. On 4:00:00, I was reading something out loud – and trying out a simple trick – from Chapter 7 of the book. On 4:06:00: “... it’s a wonderful book...” On 4:12:00, I was back to my Spanish lesson. On 4:24:00, I took a break and turned to Wir sind Helden again. On 4:34:00, I was typing on my Toshiba. It seems that I was back to working on my video diary. On 5:00:00, I was back to the May 18 recording. (The recording was now at the episode of my getting food from Mission after parting with Amanda.) On 5:20:00, I was back to Wir sind Helden. On 5:24:00, I was back to my video diary. On 5:37:00, back to Wir sind Helden.

My next recording is: “wrt_supl21_vmwr_snrt_8_19-20_09_952-155AM.wma”: On 2:00, I was back to the May 18 recording (still at Mission). And I continued to write. On 34:00, I was back to my video diary. On 42:00, I took another break and was back to Wir sind Helden. On 45:50, back to my TV. On 49:00, back to my video diary. Then: “... coincidences are very scary...” (54:00). Then, after making sure that I would miss nothing, I deleted the source video. On 57:00, I was back to the May 18 recording. On 1:23:30, another break, and back to Wir sind Helden. Then I mumbled something about the video on Youtube (1:27:20). (Was I watching a Youtube video, “Repair your Blue Screen, my PC will not start”?) On 1:29:00, I was watching another video on computer security. “... the video automatically pops up without my doing anything... so I shall take a snapshot...” (1:35:30). On 1:38:00, I was back to my Spanish lesson. On 1:52:00, I was ready to switch hard drives on my Toshiba in order to access my Ubuntu partition – in order to experiment with VM Ware! But, first, some instruction videos. I got to my VM Ware video on Youtube (“VM Ware Distributed Power Mgmt (DPM)”), but: “... we are watching this video on VM Ware, and on the side there is this video recommendation, ‘Screw Halloween’, with a female... it’s so dangerous because you can so easily accidentally click on it...” (2:03:50). It’s not clear whether Homeland Security had indeed orchestrated this. Then, on 2:10:00, the video froze up. I was then watching “Install VMware ESX 3.5”. On 2:16:00, it froze up too. On 2:18:45, the recommended videos were again suspicious: “... ‘ghostbusters’... and this... I don’t know what this is about... but then Wir sind Helden, and that makes sense...” On 2:22:00, I was back to reviewing my recording: “... go back to pretending to be Lawrence Chin...” On 2:55:00, I was

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

back to the VM Ware video. On 3:03:00, I was back to writing. On 3:17:00, I was reading a German book or manual on a certain computer matter. (Was I downloading “npatjava” from “sourcefireevents.webex.com”?) I then seemed to be working on my files (either on my Toshiba or on my website): “... ‘granada-4’...” (3:37:00). Then I printed out the visitors’ log (?) from my Scientific Enlightenment on Hostmatrix: “... 57 pages!” (3:50:30)

And so it seems that I did not start on my VM Ware after all tonight. Now, to sum up the suit team’s operation today before we move on: the suit team had continued not only to produce evidences to confirm the “David Chin legend” in the lower court (how all the vagrants in town already knew me and how I kept on receiving calls from them) but also to hold onto their claim about my conspiracy with the Russian side in the upper court (hence the requirement for everyone around me to scratch him- or herself). Although they couldn’t quite prove there that I had conspired with Russia, they were today somehow able to keep the suspicion alive in front of judge Higgins.

August 20 (Thursday; didn’t go out/ no evidence)

My next recording is: “slp_8_20_09_2-1034AM.WMA”: I turned on the recorder as I got ready to sleep – but not in voice-activated mode this time. On 14:00, I decided that, before sleep, I should look at this VM Ware video one more time. I was mystified when Wireshark didn’t seem to have picked up packets from the viewing of this video. On 21:20, you can hear the video yourself. On 38:00, I turned on the TV. I left the TV on a French movie while I slept.¹⁶ On 8:33:00, I got up and turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “slp_wk_tshr_k_ytbestnrg_8_20_09_1030AM-249PM.wma”: I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba and then continued to sleep. On 1:20:00, I got up and turned on the TV. I was then reading something about computer matters again: “... MAC address...” It seems that I was just trying to find out something about the captures on my Wireshark (1:55:50). And I continued to read about it. (“Trivial File Transfer Protocol” on Wikipedia?) On 2:30:00, I seemed to be reading something about GFTP. Then, more about T-Shark. On 2:42:00, about T-Shark again. On 2:58:40, I mumbled something about putting on my contacts. On 3:08:05, it’s Salma Hayek on TV. On 3:08:50, I tried out T-Shark again. “... the command line for saving...” And I continued to read the tutorials online. On 3:17:30: “... as expected, there is a problem... I did a search for T-Shark on Youtube, and this is what came out... this man has a strange accent... therefore it should not be watched... every time when you search, what comes out would always be kind of strange...” And I did film everything (3:20:10 or the first scene in the next video diary “8_20-22_09.wmv”). It’s really not clear whether Homeland Security had indeed manipulated my Youtube searches here. I then continued to play with T-Shark. On 3:27:30, I stopped: “... it gets boring now...” And I turned on the TV. Spanish. On 3:36:00, Spanish pop music. On 3:40:00, my Gmail. On 3:48:00, I was back to my TV: BBC News. On 3:54:30, Wir sind Helden. Then, something about Open Office’s security (4:02:00). I continued to read up something about Open Office. Then, more computer stuff. Then, the Open Office Security Papers. (Again, I was under the illusion that I could do something to prevent Homeland Security remote control

¹⁶ Reviewed until 3:10:00, and then from 8:23:00 onward.

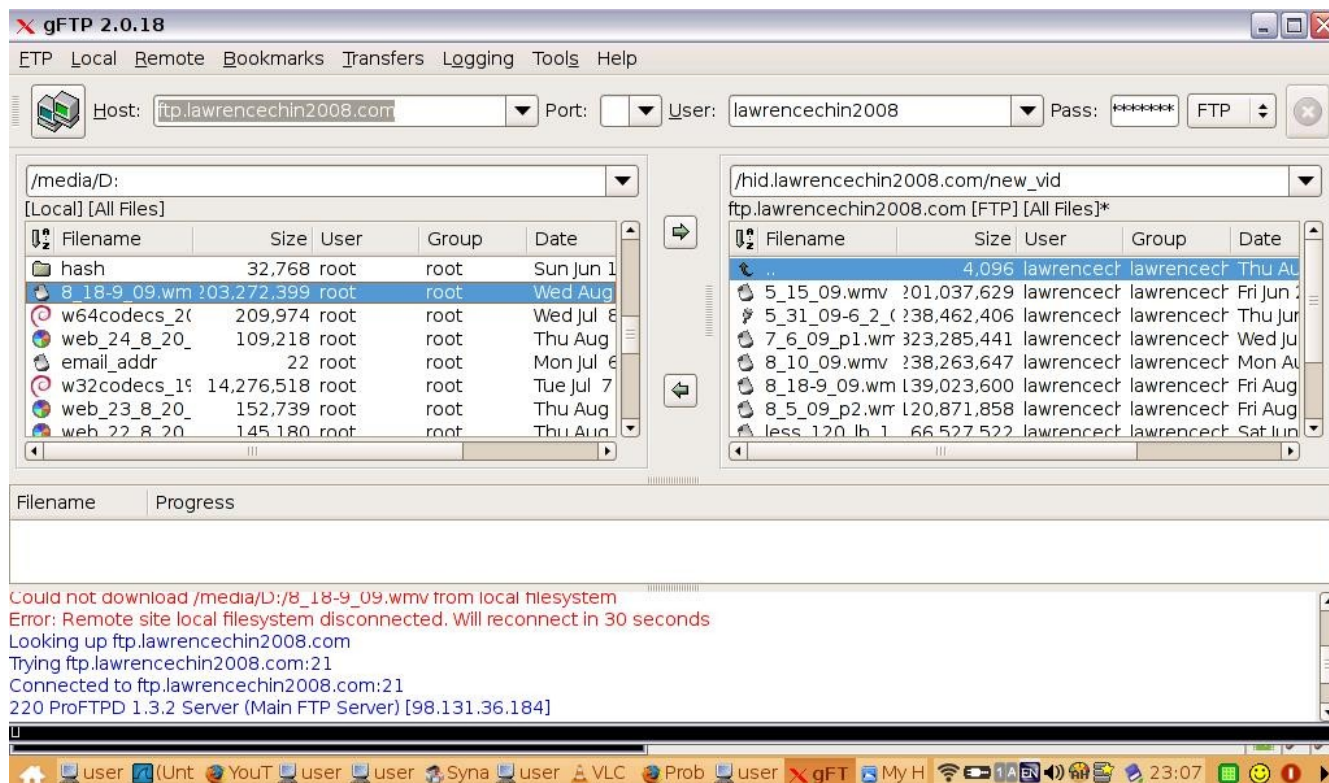
of my Open Office.) On 4:09:00, Wir sind Helden again. On 4:19:00, “Karin’s Meetups-8”.

My next recording is: “[wrt_orth_tv_psychtlkslf_spnshlssn_8_20_09_249-839PM.WMA](#)”. Today I would not go out at all but would be on my computers all day long. In this way the suit team would be unable to produce any evidence today! I was now naming my latest recording files. “... 238 megabytes, for sleeping... a lot of space... not a wise thing to do...” On 8:00, I resumed writing. Then: “... now y...ing.com... (20:30). Then, on 22:00: “... macromedia.com, support... y...ing.com... file... settings.sol... I downloaded and opened it, and it’s just unintelligible characters... then it appeared outside the folder... I don’t know what happened, I hope I didn’t break it...” Just accidents unrelated to the suit team. Then, on 24:00, Wir sind Helden. Then I suddenly got angry: “... fuck these people!” (26:00) What? On 28:30, I got into my Adobe Flash Player: “... to see what would happen...” On 31:00: “... why does this ‘settings.sol’ not come out of the folder? You can keep playing (Wir sind Helden) and nothing would happen, it’s okay to delete it...” On 40:00, I was done with my eggs. On 43:30, I was reading something about Open Office again. From 1:03:30 onward, I was checking over the old source videos to determine which one to delete: “... my room, November 20...” On 1:13:00 I inserted my oldest DVD into my Toshiba to get ready to work on “The impossible wish to be known”: “Everyday there is something to be nostalgic about...” On 1:18:00, I turned down the microphone db to 30. I started playing the recording of the meetup at Memorial Park on August 30 last year and working on that episode. On 2:34:00, noises outside. On 2:52:30, I took a break. Something outside: a cat? A bird? Meanwhile, my FTP upload continued. On 2:55:20, I was looking at the T-Shark manual. On 2:58:50, I turned the microphone db back to 40. On 3:01:00, I turned on the TV. BBC News. Then, Cine Canal (3:08:00). Marisa Tomei on TV (3:13:00). Then I started commenting on this movie: “... that South African woman... I can’t remember her name... she keeps imitating me... wherever she goes, she talks to her recorder... I don’t like it when people imitate me” – and so I changed the channel (3:19:00). I was referring to Charlize Theron, and this was most likely not orchestrated by the suit team to produce any surveillance. Then: “... this movie is strange too... a house full of naked ladies who are sleeping, and one guy...” On 3:23:00, it’s Jackie Chen on TV. On 3:30:00, I resumed my Spanish lesson a little. On 3:39:00: “... this French movie is about this female... the stock market or something...” As you shall see, this movie would be on just about everyday until the end of time. Then, back to the movie where Charlize Theron kept talking to her recorder (3:48:00). On 3:51:30, I was back to my recording. On 3:52:30, I turned down the microphone db to 30 again. “It’s Cecilia asking how to say ‘You are beautiful’ in Chinese...” On 4:20:00, there was drumming outside: “... I don’t know whether this is the suit team’s operation...” Probably not. Then I mumbled something about my attempt to get close to Karin after I came back from Montreal in 2007. “... I can’t find them... where are my meetup pictures...?” (4:35:00) That is, I was trying to find the pictures from the meetups from July 2007. On 4:48:20, I found them. I then continued with the recording. Then I inserted the 2007 meetup pictures into my “Schizophrenic, II” (4:57:30). Then I continued to work on the August 30 meetup. On 5:18:00 I was writing about Cecilia’s supremely motherly comfort of me that night, which almost brought tears to my eyes.

My next recording is: “[wrt_orth_tv_wash_wrt_rdsnrt_8_20-1_09_843PM-133AM.wma](#)”: I now turned down my microphone db to 30 and then continued with the recording from August 30. (My

conversation with Cecilia.) On 8:00, I was done with today's share of reviewing. Now I was going to review the previous recording to see how the adjustment of microphone db had affected the quality of the recording. And I made notes on my diary along the way. On 30:30, it was the movie "Shooter" on TV. "It's always this kind of crap, they don't play anything else." Again, this was probably not the suit team's work. Another channel was playing "Terminator 2". And I filmed myself switching channels to check for suspicious content (2:37 in the video diary): "Cine Canal, okay... then the French movie, okay... MTV, massage... I've just reviewed a recording in which Michelle was persuading me to go to a massage therapist... don't like this kind of coincidences..." Again, probably not the suit team's work. Then, back to the movie "Shooter": "... I have just had enough of this 'Shooter' while in the motel, on August 9 and 10, and now here... TV-5 Monde..." On 44:00 there were soft knocks on the windows downstairs. Who was it? I didn't check. On 48:00, I settled with "Terminator 2". On 59:00, I switched the channel again. On 1:00:00, "Noticia". On 1:03:00, I was checking over a pen video from December 2008. On 1:22:00, I complained about my terrible headache. Then I was online: "... Preserving Digital Memory... xxx.gov..." (1:32:00). I continued to read about it. "Why can't I watch this video?" It was a video from the Library of Congress again, "How we are ensuring the longevity of digital documents". I continued to read about "digital longevity". (Again, I was so into this kind of thing because of my need to preserve my recordings and documentaries.) On 2:09:30, Wir sind Helden. On 2:19:00, MIA. I mumbled about something on 2:36:00. On 2:46:00, again. I then reviewed the earlier recordings with the Sound Recorder and continued to compile notes on my diary. I was then writing. On 4:00:00, I took a break again and was back to my TV. 4:08:00, what looked like a Russian movie. On 4:13:00, I was back to writing. I now seemed to be writing about an episode with Terese earlier this year. On 4:20:30, while I was uploading my latest video diary "8_18-9_09.wmv" to my website, my FTP connection was suddenly interrupted ("reset by peer?"), and I clicked on the file again and the button "resume". As you shall see, I would soon make something unwarranted out of all this. Then: "We should search for a book on Snort, that's what we should do" (4:23:30). And so I found on Google Books this book on Snort by Jay Beale, Andrew Backer, Brian Caswell, Raven Alder, and Mike Poor (*Intrusion Detection*). (Again, as if that could possibly help me in my struggle with Homeland Security!) Then, I was on Microsoft's website. From 4:39:00 onward, back to writing. On 4:44:00, I stopped writing. "I have spent 6 hours writing today." I then backed up all my writings in my external hard drive.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
 Lawrence C. Chin
 2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.



FTP upload broke down late tonight

My next recording is: “read_snrt_vlc_spnsh_8_21_09_141-315AM.WMA”: Was I looking at the applications on my Eee PC? “... GFTP, GNUPG... print.ai.mit.edu... Ghost Script... dictionary...” (12:00). Then I continued to read the Snort book *Intrusion Detection*: “... what is the difference between a signature and a rule?” (18:00) I then seemed to be browsing, on Google Books, Ellen Siever and Stephen Figgins’ *Linux in A Nutshell* (32:00). Then, on 37:00, my online Spanish lesson. Then, back to reading about Snort (48:30). On 50:30, MIA. On 1:01:00, back to reading. Then I started playing with the VLC Player. “... Network Stream on VLC actually allows you to send videos...” (1:08:20). I used the VLC Player to stream my video diary from my website and then continued to play with it. And somebody seemed again to be knocking on my window downstairs. On 1:33:00, back to my TV: TV-5 Monde. Finally, I was going to bed, and I turned on my recorder on voice-activated mode.

August 21 (Friday; no operation?)

My next recording is: “slp_va_8_21_09_310-520AM.WMA”: On 26:00, a movie with Cate Blanchett, about how a teacher had sex with her student. It got too “scary”, and so I decided not to watch it anymore.

My next recording is: “slp_va_8_21_09_605-613AM.WMA”: nothing.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

My next recording is: “slp_va_8_21_09_930-946AM.WMA”: nothing.

My next recording is: “slp_gmcasa_8_21_09_948AM-1255PM.wma”: This file is recorded with the Sound Recorder. On 2:00, again, the movie with Charlize Theron the psychologist continually talking to her recorder. Then I went back to sleep. On 23:50, suddenly, a woman was knocking on my door: “Lawrence?” It was obviously somebody from Casa. I was awakened and mumbled something indistinctly, but didn’t answer the door. (I didn’t want to generate any surveillance intercepts.) On 32:00, I turned on the TV. Spanish pop-music. Then I went back to sleep. On 2:34:30, I got up and came to my Toshiba. On 2:39:00, I was on my Gmail. I read out the email which Maria had just sent me (2:43:30).

Dear Lawrence

>

> We are been trying to contact you, we would like to know how is everything
> doing at the apartment? by the way we would like to know if you want to stay
> 2 or 3 months?, when you check inn pad \$160 so you still owes for the month
> \$300 and \$100 deposit for electricity, the rent included \$50 on electricity
> if the receipt is more than \$50 you need to pay the difference. Hope to see
> you soon.

>

>

> Best, Maria L.

> Casa San Francisco Hotel

> Phone 505 2 552-8235 / Fax 505 2 552-0381

So this was what the knocking was about. (Her English was of course barely intelligible.) I muttered: “The rent is 400 and I paid them 160, and so I owe them 240, not 300... and they never mentioned the 100 dollar deposit...” I was almost convinced that Maria was pretending to be mentally confused in order to produce a surveillance intercept for the suit team. I wrote out a reply and read it out loud (3:00:30).

Hello Maria,

Everything is great here. I thought you told me the rent is 400 a month, so I still owe 240? And I thought I told Geovanni to charge the 240 on my CC? And can you explain again the deposit on electricity? Is it already included in the rent, is it 50 dollar, or is it 100 dollar? What you wrote below is little confusing... If you prefer payment in cash instead of CC I can pay everything in cash on September 1. I was due to stay 2 months...

My next recording is: “ut_nghbr_brgr_kid_eggcig_wmscrch_cmput_8_21_09_101-234PM.WMA”: On 9:00, I was ready to go out to buy food: “... the scariest time... have to dump the garbage... the

Casa females are very confused... couldn't figure out whether it's 50 or 100 dollar deposit..." On 16:00, I was out, mumbling about how the female to my left should have received a signal telling her to come out at the same time. As I walked, on 17:40, I took out my camcorder to film: "... this American couple have got their camera ready... you've got your camera and I've got mine too..." On 27:20, I filmed myself throwing away trash – in case, per faulty surveillance, all this trash should soon become crack cocaine or Russian intelligence documents (6:09 in the video diary): "... a lot of maggots..." Then: "You won't have money for your Spanish lessons." I kept on walking, and I was on Atravesada on 29:00. On 31:30, I came to my restaurant and ordered a burger and a Coke. I was soon mumbling about how I wished the kids would leave me alone: "... wherever I go children will gather around me... I don't like it when children just stare at me... I can't videotape them..." Then I was getting very upset: "... this child... around... this American couple... gave her..." (41:00). On 44:30, a Hispanic man came in and sat down, right by the door, and then stared at the wall continually. More children came in to bother me when I had finished my burger and was smoking (48:00). Then another man came in to sell a bunch of something. On 51:30, I was out. On 53:00, I was buying cigarettes and waffles at a street stand. On 57:40, I was buying 10 eggs. While walking home, I mumbled about how my money was cut off. On 1:24:00, I was back home. I stood in front of the air conditioning to chill because it was just so hot outside. Now this is the note I would later compose on my diary regarding today's (possible) operations:

There are only two instances of the suit team's operations today. First is the confusing email from Casa SF. It seems that the suit team was trying to cut off my money supply again, the purpose unknown. (*I was just acting here: as if what the suit team did made no sense since I was supposedly doing my mission for them.*) Secondly, when I was walking near the Central Square, a middle-age woman who looked like a local was walking toward me and suddenly scratched her face in between her eyes just as I was wiping off sweat from my face. She could be locally recruited or a Nica expatriate imported from the States who, shown my picture, was told to find a chance to scratch her face when passing me by in order for the suit team to obtain surveillance of my communicating with foreign agents or local drug lords, etc. This technique of sending people [in] to scratch their face in front of me has become so troubling because it is so difficult to document – unless I have a camera stuck on my head podcasting everything I see in front of me.

In reality, it's not clear whether there was any operation at all today.

My next recording is: "vm_wrt_orth_how73_rvwmu830_csconf_tvglldr_8_21_09_230-735PM.wma": I started typing on my Toshiba. On 11:30, I was reviewing my pen videos ("computer frozen"). On 18:40, I started uploading the videos. On 25:00, Wir sind Helden as I ate. On 36:00, MIA. On 55:00, I was back to work. I discovered that the voice-activated recording from last night didn't work. On 59:00, the recording of the meetup from August 30 last year again. On 1:01:30, the recording from last night or early this morning. On 1:07:00, it was time to transfer the screenshots from Eee PC to Toshiba. On 1:11:30, my VLC Player was blocked. On 1:27:30, MIA. On 1:35:00, the FTP upload continued (the recording of going out earlier). "... I did a 'system restore' in April or March... the videos on

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

Windows Movie Maker disappeared... now I have to check... this is the time to check all the things you have missed doing in the past...” (1:41:30). Then, the video from last night. Then another recording (from yesterday?). On 1:58:50, I was looking for the knocks on my window in yesterday’s recording. I was then surprised to discover that I had never uploaded the recording of the August 30 meetup from last year (2:02:30). Then: “... I shall take stock of my old videos which I have never published... I published a few in April and so on... create a new folder for them... ‘gas_station_cashier_3_11_08’... that’s all the old videos in Toshiba...” (2:17:00). On 2:23:00, I seemed to be reading something about “Digital Preservation” again by a certain “David Rosenthal”. On 2:32:00, I was reading about virtual machines again on Google Books: is it Chris Wolf and Erick M. Halter, *Virtualization: from the Desktop to the Enterprise*? On 2:49:30, the source videos. From 2:55:30 onward, I was searching for certain recordings. Then, I played the said August 30 meetup recording from my Gateway’s hard drive. On 3:00:00, I started working on “Frankfurt and Brussels” while reviewing the recording. On 3:02:00, I turned down the microphone db to 30. Then I mumbled about how, because my USB port was very weak, my external hard drive kept getting disconnected. The recording was now at the point where I was telling everyone about the lawyer I saw who I thought had reported me to the police. Then, suddenly: “... we are from America, we just can’t figure out left from right... is it 50? 100? ... the expert pretending to be confused...” (4:42:00). Then, a long break. On 4:54:00, I turned the microphone db back to 40. I was then back to the TV: “Noticia”. Then, a British/ American movie? 007? Then, Deutsche Welle (German).

My next recording is: “[csfvid_nap_wrt_oth_rvwmu83008_8_21_09_735-1056PM.wma](#)”: This file is recorded with the Sound Recorder. It seems that I was trying to save a certain recording. “... Eee PC could play this file well...” And I used my Eee PC to access the Ubuntu partition on my Seagate in order to move files from the Windows partition to there (8:00). On 11:00, I was watching the Casa video on Youtube. On 23:30, I was done with the video. I checked my Spanish lesson a little (26:00) and then read a little more about the VM Ware Workstation (28:30). I kept on reading. On 40:00, I was back to my TV. On 56:00, I was back to my Eee PC. Then, I took a nap. On 2:47:00, I woke up. Then I pasted “SH-Notebook-9” onto “Frankfurt and Brussels” (2:57:30). And I continued to work on “Frankfurt and Brussels”. On 3:04:30 I lowered Window Vista’s microphone boost to 30 db. Then I continued reviewing the recording of the said August 30 meetup while working on that episode in “The impossible wish”. Then this recording suddenly came to an end.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.



Watching the Casa SF video tonight

My next recording is: “rvwrcrd_wrt_read_h3xnoch8_vmolly_8_21-2_09_1058PM-325AM.wma”: I described what happened: “I tried to turn off my Quick Time Player, but I accidentally turned off the Sound Recorder, and now I have started it again.” Microphone was at 30 db. On 4:00, I was reviewing the previous recording. Then I continued reviewing the said August 30 meetup recording and working on “The impossible wish”. Then: “... before I convert a 3GP files to AVI and WMV formats, first I’d make a copy of the file...” (45:30). And I continued to review the recording. On 1:53:20, the recording from August 30 was over, and I turned the microphone db back to 40. I continued to work on the August 30 meetup in “The impossible wish”. “... I don’t remember if I have ever hashed ‘toshiba-6’ ... the review of the 08/21/08 meetup... am gonna do that now...” (2:06:20). On 2:22:00, I was back to my Spanish lesson. From 2:35:00 onward, I continued to read the book on virtualization. On 3:31:00, I was now reading more about VM Ware. As you can see, I continued to harbor the stupid delusion that Linux or virtual machines could shield me from Homeland Security’s remote control. Then I switched to *Stealing The Network*. But something went wrong: “You are only allowed to read up to Chapter 7, which is fine... and now I’m forced to read Chapter 8...” What happened was that I came to the conclusion that Homeland Security was trying to get me to read Chapter 8 of *Stealing The Network* and so I just would not read it (3:53:00). In fact, I started filming myself *not* reading it: “... I only like Chapter 7, the story of h3x...” (6:55 in the video diary). It’s all because, in the beginning of Chapter 8, the main character becomes suddenly engaged in intellectual property theft. Did Homeland Security really want evidence at this moment of my habitual intellectual property theft? (Probably not.) And I

continued on and on about this. (And I would soon write down my conclusion in my diary.) On 4:00:00, Wir sind Helden. Then, MIA. Then, Silbermond. On 4:22:00, I was back to my TV.

August 22 (Saturday; the wheelchair vagrant)

My next recording is: “slp_va_tv_8_22_09_325-433AM.WMA”: I backed up my writings and then turned off my Toshiba. I found it suspicious that so many ARP packets had appeared on my Wireshark today. On 3:30, I turned on the TV. Note that the news was reporting about the release of the Lockerbie bomber (as noted in the beginning). (Until 8:20.) On 11:00, the movie “We Are Soldiers” (dubbed in Spanish).

My next recording is: “slp_va_tvwrsldiers_8_22_09_434-440AM.WMA”: I continued to sleep with the TV on and the recorder on voice-activated mode.

My next recording is: “slp_va_tvwrsldiers_8_22_09_442-839AM.WMA”: “We Are Soldiers” on TV still as I slept. On 13:40, I turned off the TV and turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “slp_wk_readopof_8_22_09_838AM-148PM.wma”: I turned on the Sound Recorder and went back to sleep. On 9:30, the next door was making loud noises. On 2:12:00, I mumbled something. Again on 2:24:00. By 4:34:00, I had got up and came to my computer. I kept reading something about Open Office again: “... I don’t know what ‘macro’ is...” (4:53:30). I continued to have troubles with this “macro”. On 4:59:30, I turned to my TV: “Noticia”. Then, more Spanish things.

My next recording is: “opof_shwr_ftp_wrtsupl22how73_8_22_09_150-455PM.wma”: This file is recorded with the Sound Recorder. CNN on TV. Then I was on my computer. Then, quiet for a long time (28:00). On 29:30, somebody was again knocking on my windows downstairs. What? Then I was typing again on my Toshiba. It was so hot. “Eee PC is so hot” (46:00). I put it near somewhere cold. Then, I was getting ready for shower (1:00:30). On 1:02:50, I turned on my TV. On 1:14:00, shower, and, on 1:22:00, I was done. On 1:36:00, Wir sind Helden. From 2:04:30 onward, I was back to work. I did the hash values. On 2:07:30, I was back to writing. Children were shouting loudly outside. Then I couldn’t find the video diary for May 14 (2:19:40). On 2:25:00, writing. It seems that I was now working on “Supplemental Pleading”.

My next recording is: “ut_bathtdg_vgrntwaive_confsn_8_22_09_455-606PM.WMA”: By 10:00, I was ready to go out to buy food again. I also had to dump trash.¹⁷ By 19:30, I was on Calle Calzada.¹⁸ I took note of a woman taking pictures: “... scared me...” I was still looking for a trash can. On 21:30, I found one. I checked inside: “... no crack cocaine inside...” Ha!¹⁹ On 25:50, I wanted to buy batteries in a store, but there were no AAA batteries. “Just doing such a simple thing is so scary.” Then, what

17 I filmed it all with my pen camera: “ut_dump_garbage_8_22_09_5PM.AVI”.

18 8:10 in the AVI video.

19 10:20 in the AVI video.

seemed to be an operation: a vagrant on wheelchair waved at me – I would describe this in more details below. Then, on 31:30: “... all the vagrants would know me...” Then: “... you can’t find AAA batteries... they have all disappeared from this town...” (38:00). More on 45:15: “... Homeland Security has removed all the batteries from this town...” Again, that could hardly be the case: I was again exaggerating the suit team’s operation. Then, on 49:30, I was buying a hot dog from a street stand. On 53:40, something about somebody’s cellphone. On 55:15, an old lady, when passing me by, murmured something to me. Did the suit team instruct her to do this? On 59:00, I came inside another shop, and this time I found AAA batteries. On 1:05:30, I was back home. I kept muttering about the vagrant on wheelchair that waved at me on Calle Calzada. Was he locally recruited or was he imported from the States? “... I wish they are all locally recruited to participate in my TV show... Maybe Homeland Security is also arguing that I have lived here before... Where was I born? China? Russia? Nicaragua?” Then I turned on the Sound Recorder.

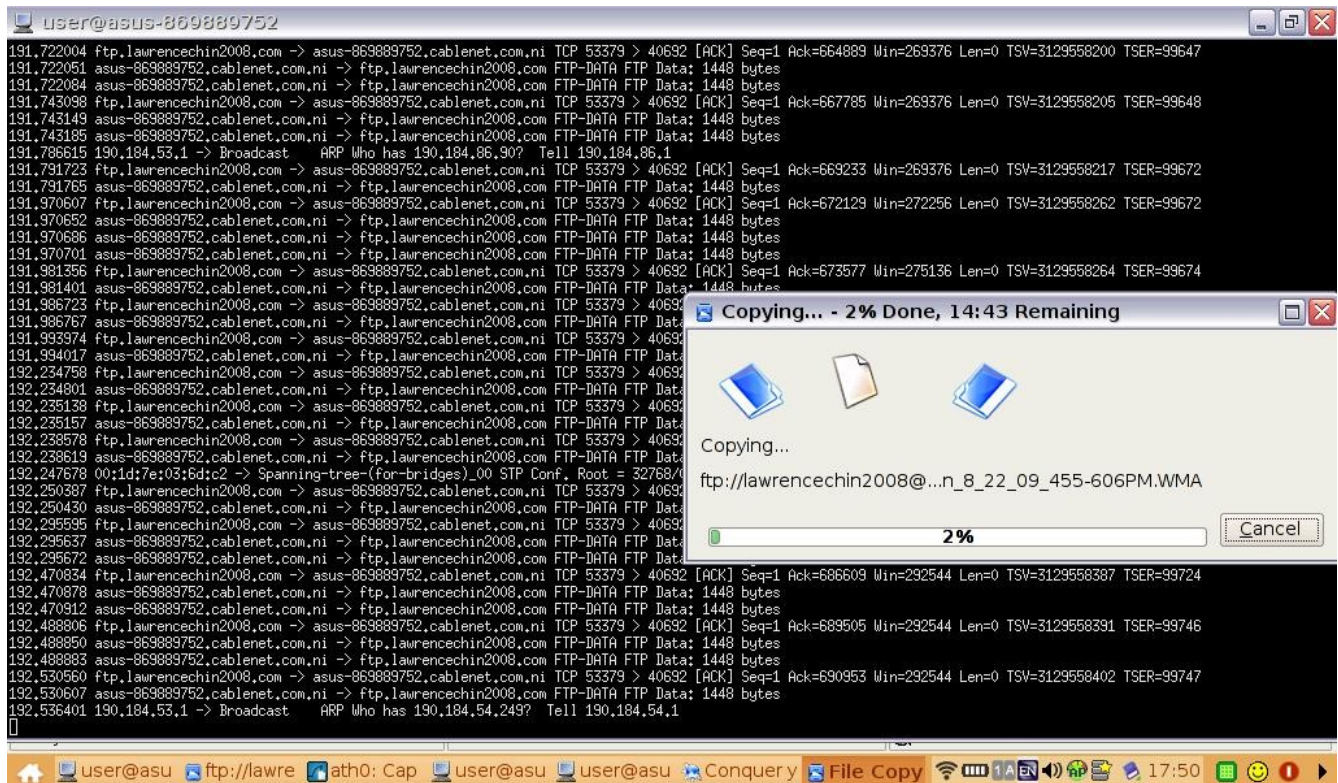
My next recording is: “tvafghnwm_supl22_knqrrflsh_dvd37_8_22_09_605-1106PM.wma”: This file is recorded with the Sound Recorder. I kept on mumbling: “... in China or Russia... maybe...” Then I was troubling myself with a huge insect on the floor. Then I started examining my videos to see if I had caught the vagrant saying Hi to me (11:30). Then I started typing out, in my diary, a note about the supposed operation earlier:

I went out briefly between 5 and 6 PM to dump garbage, get “dinner”, and most importantly buy batteries. The only definitive operation [from] the suit team occurred when, [as I was] passing through Atravesada, a vagrant on wheelchair waved at me when passing me by, pretending that I were his best buddy in order to produce [...] surveillance [suggesting] that I had widespread connections among the vagrant community in Nicaragua. Upon reflection, I [found] it hard to believe that the vagrant was a locally recruited “real vagrant”. He was most likely a Nica expatriate recruited in the United States by Homeland Security and sent here to pretend to be a local vagrant and to be part of my TV show in Granada. Unfortunately, although I had my pen camera turned on as “podcast” of my trip out, I was only able to capture my trip up to the point where I dumped my garbage: “ut_dump_garbage_8_22_09_5PM.avi”. I missed everything else of the trip.

The man was in fact most likely locally recruited. In any case, you can see that the suit team had done nothing more than continue to produce evidence confirming that the “David Chin legend” was correct: there was nothing creative here at all. On 23:00, I mumbled about something. From 32:00 onward, I became engrossed in a BBC documentary on women in Afghanistan. On 52:00, I was back to typing. On 1:11:00, French on TV. On 1:12:30, I started reviewing a recording, but then immediately stopped. I was distraught: it’s impossible to review all these recordings! Then: “... now I need to move files to the external hard drive, only 1 gigabyte of space left...” (1:18:00). On my Eee PC, that is. Then: “... April 27... April 20...” (1:33:00). And I kept on typing. (“Supplemental Pleading”?) On 1:55:00, I inserted my old disc into my Toshiba to review the recordings from May. Then I lamented again about how I could never finish reviewing all the recordings, which increased each day (2:04:00). Indeed! Then, indistinct mumbling: “... I have no idea who they are...” I then concentrated on doing something on

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

my Eee PC. Note that loud music was coming from my neighbor again (2:18:00). Then, New Age music from the Internet radio station (2:20:00). On 2:45:00, I was back to writing. (“Supplemental Pleading”? May 29?) I popped in DVD-21. I continued to review my recording. (May 20? May 14?) On 3:29:00, a break. On 3:35:00, I was reading something about computers: Windows Vista, NTFS... From 4:02:00 onward, another failed attempt to install Adobe Flash Player’s plugin on Konqueror. On 4:07:00, back to my TV. On 4:10:00, Saturday Night Live. On 4:22:00, back to work. On 4:28:00, I started reviewing a video diary on DVD-37. (July 12?) Then: “... if no backup exists, you might want to upload the whole DVD to your website... it’s 4 gigabytes...” Then, back to typing.



Uploading the recording of my going out earlier, circa 7 PM

My next recording is: “supl22_k8_vrtlbox_8_22-3_09_1107PM-238AM.wma”: I continued to work on my “Supplemental Pleading”. I was now reviewing my video diaries from May 20 onward. After a while, “Karin’s meetup, April 26 2008...” (34:00). On 47:00, back to my TV. Some Spanish TV show. Then, I turned to my GFTP: “... FTP upload in a queue... never done that before...” And I decided to use the recordings of my sleeping as test files (59:40). Was I reading something about GFTP too? On 1:16:00, back to working on the April 26 meetup from last year. On 1:52:00, I suddenly became engrossed in a computer problem. What? (Something to do with Youtube.) On 1:56:30, Wir sind Helden. On 2:10:00, my Spanish lesson. On 2:20:00, I was engrossed in something computer again. Then I resumed my study of virtual machines. I was now on virtualbox.org (2:31:00). I continued on with virtual machines. By 3:07:00 I was packing up. On 3:18:00, back to my TV: Spanish. “... a

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

romantic comedy! Unbelievable! They actually show something not scary...” On 3:25:40, I was backing up my files: “... created the folder ‘granada-6’...”

August 23 (Sunday; Russia-Muslim/ Fideli)

My next recording is: “[slp_va_wrryfrfxupdate_8_23_09_237-1026AM.WMA](#)”. And so I turned on my recorder on voice-activated mode and then turned off the Sound Recorder. The same romantic comedy on TV. Then I went into my paranoia after I saw a pop-up on my Eee PC alerting me that a Firefox update had just been downloaded. On 11:00, my suspicion about the Firefox update. Then, on 13:30, I downloaded the VirtualBox user manual in PDF. On 21:10, I was examining the manual. On 40:00, when my Eee PC was shutting down too slowly, I again suspected it was because of the Firefox download. I became increasingly paranoid because, all this time on my Eee PC, I had never seen any Firefox update. (In reality, I was just paranoid over nothing here.) By 50:00, I had turned off the TV. I slept. Toward the end of the recording, I got up.

The next recording seems to be missing.

My next recording is: “[cnnwnjiabao_ut_wmear_buydvdfdcig_8_23_09_1253-235PM.WMA](#)”. I was now awake. I turned on the TV. CNN (13:00). It was now Fareed Zakaria’s interview with the Chinese president Wen Jiabao. After getting engrossed in it, on 23:30, I changed the channel. Spanish. On 26:00, back to the interview with Wen Jiabao. I was now ready to go out, but the fat teenage girl from the neighbor was standing right outside, causing me concern (46:20). On 51:00, I was out of my door: “How many vagrants will say Hi to me today?” On 1:01:00, I was alarmed by the woman who had her left hand on her ear: see the details below. On 1:06:00, I came inside a cybercafe to buy blank DVDs. This would from now on become a major problem for me. First, they had only this strange brand “Fideli” which I had never heard of before. Second, the cashier did and said something which alarmed me: again, see the details below. In any case, I bought 2 DVDs for 40 Cordobas. When I came outside, I couldn’t help but drool over the food around – I was just so hungry! On 1:14:30, I bought two sausages and so on. I commented about the cashier in the cybercafe: “... she was going to pick two on the top, but then chose two in the middle. Why?” (Again, I was probably just paranoid over nothing here.) I kept on walking. On 1:27:20, I came inside another store to buy cigarettes. On 1:31:00, I was back home. “What the fuck is going on?” I got angry as I tried to turn on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. I then expressed my concern because I didn’t know what the girl at the cybercafe said to me. Now, I would later tonight write out what I thought was the suit team’s operation for today:

The only suspicious thing I should note on my trip out this day is this (around 1:00:48 in the recording), that, when I walked onto Atravesada, a young chubby local-looking female walking toward me had her left hand on her left ear the whole time when she was passing me by. I was sweating so profusely that I had to scratch the back of my head just when she was in front of me about 15 feet. I became so frightened of even scratching my head because of sweat and heat (on 1:01:50 and from 1:02:43 to 1:02:56). Then the episode of my buying blank DVDs for the first time here starts on 1:06:10 in the recording. What was

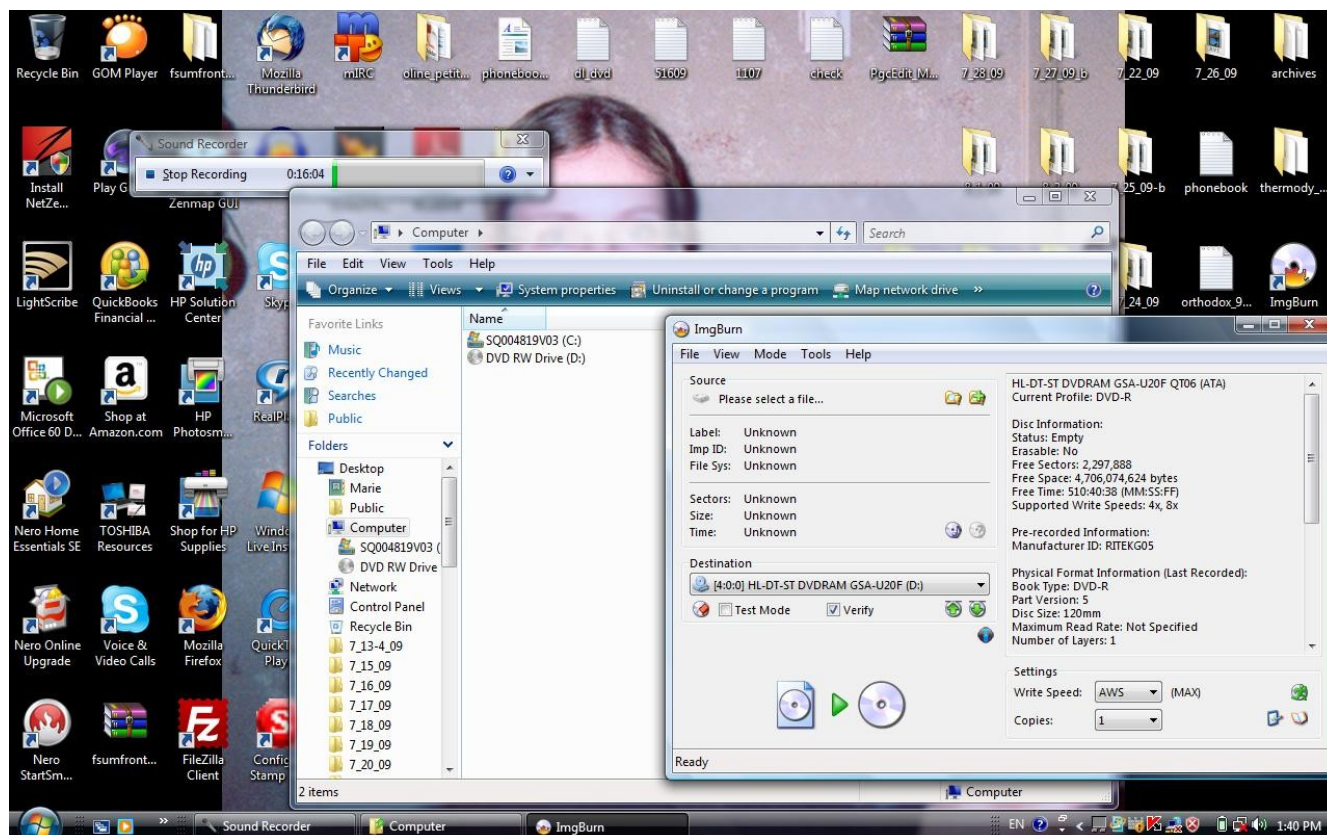
the young woman working at this cybercafe saying to me? Again, my pen camera failed to work even though I attached it to my shirt while going out and it didn't capture any of the scenes I described in the audio recording.

In reality, it's not clear if there was any operation from the suit team at all today.

My next recording is: "ritek_grgtp_brndvd_vid_how73_8_23_09_226-849PM.wma": Did I insert DVD-2 into my Toshiba for a check? (6:00) Or one of the new Fideli discs I had just bought? On 9:00, I was mumbling indistinctly about something. On 13:50: "Oh my God, the DVD is frozen!" I was then reading out loud the manufacturer ID and so on of this new, unknown disc on ImgBurn. I then searched online for this brand, and then read more about DVDs (+R and -R). This Fideli brand seemed to have something to do with RITEK. On 33:00, my Konqueror malfunctioned. On 40:20, I filmed myself doing a search for RITEK on "Busca Libros": I needed to film it because the search results were just too suspicious: "... DVD... and the next book, *Russia and the Muslim World*... what does RITEK have to do with the Muslim world and Russia?... apparently it's a very bad DVD that I've just bought, there is hardly any information about it... you have to use Firefox even though the Firefox update download from yesterday scared the crap out of you..." I was just worried that the update might be a Homeland Security virus allowing my Eee PC to clandestinely communicate with Homeland Security. Not – although, to be fair, Homeland Security might have really remotely manipulated my Google Books to make some book about Russia pop up on my searches. If so, just another evidence to confirm the "David Chin legend". On 54:30: "... I don't know what the fuck is going on, my Eee PC malfunctions..." On 58:00, back to my TV. On 1:16:30, it was again the movie where the psychologist (Charlize Theron) kept talking to her recorder. "She's now looking for an art dealer!" Then, back to work: "... we have TDK, Verbatim..." (1:20:30). "Okay, you looked at DVD-22 before..." I inserted DVD-22 to look up the disc information on ImgBurn: "... MCC03RG20... Verbatim..." Then, DVD-37: "... TDK..." I then started compiling the content for my latest DVD, DVD-46: "... 'schizo-part-2'..." (1:38:00). On 1:43:00, I was typing. On 2:05:00, I noted down the disc information of the other discs. On 2:28:00: "... 'Karin's Meetups-6', 'Karin's Meetups-8-1'... 'Supplemental Pleading-21'... and also the videos... 'granada-5'..." On 2:41:00, the burning started. At 4x. On 2:44:00, back to my TV. It was now TV-5 Monde. On 2:53:00, the movie with the psychologist again: "I wish I could be a psychologist..." Then, "Noticia". On 2:57:00, the burning was completed. "Let's take a look: I don't trust this 'Fideli'..." I thus played the disc while complaining again about the Firefox update from last night (3:03:00). "... 'Karin's Meetups-8-1'... all the files work just fine... just don't know if the disc would last..." On 3:30:00, I continued to check the recordings on the disc. And I started typing. (What? "Frankfurt and Brussels"?) On 4:00:30, I stopped the recording. On 4:28:00, I started importing my latest videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba. I mumbled about how I would have to document myself documenting my life. (Ha!) Then again about how the reviews on the Internet revealed that this was a very bad disc brand. Indeed! (As you shall see.) "... it will take months to figure it out..." On 4:52:00, I inserted DVD-46 again to check the files on it. On 4:55:00, I was working with the imported videos again. (Was I still importing?) Then I was typing. (What?) On 5:03:10, I was about to document the newly bought DVDs. "... because the reviews on the Internet are so bad... in a few months of time you will see how long it can last..." Then, back to the importing of the videos. On 5:25:00, back to

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

writing. Now I started working on what would become my video diary “8_20-22_09.wmv”. Then, “Frankfurt and Brussels” (?). On 5:53:30 – was I about to publish the latest video diary? And I started working on the video from earlier (the Fideli disc). “... the taped over portion...” And I reviewed the video of the Fideli disc again. I kept on typing. (The latest video diary? What would become the special video “[dvd_8_23_09.wmv](#)”? “Frankfurt and Brussels”?) On 6:15:00, a break. I then checked my bank account balance. I checked WAMU’s IP address and so on. Then, the video of the Fideli disc again.



ImgBurn failed to generate ID information for this “Fideli”

My next recording is: “supl22_kmu8_2_mysitefilesprobl_8_23-4_09_850PM-217AM.wma”: My Seagate hard drive was making noises again when I connected it to my Toshiba: “... very worrisome...” I then continued to work on my latest video diary “8_20-22_09.wmv” (17:00). On 34:50, taking a break, I turned on the TV. On 37:00, a British movie. Then, a German movie. Then, a Spanish movie. Then I was again alarmed by the movie about the four FBI agents hunting down terrorists and started filming it: did the suit team really orchestrate my cable TV program? (The first scene of my next video diary, “[8_23-4_09.wmv](#)”.) On 47:00, I was back to working on the video diary. On 57:30 I took another break, watching my “Goddess of Silverlake”. On 1:12:00, I was back to writing. I then went to get DVD-22 again. Then I played a recording. From May? Then, “Karin’s Meetups”. On 2:01:00, I was back to writing. On 2:16:30, the recording again. May? When I was explaining the “TV show” to Jeremy in Zona Rosa on May 20? Then I was back to the TV on 2:26:00. I changed the channel, and

immediately it was about the CIA interrogation program (2:27:00): "... we are not gonna have any normal TV..." (In reality, the suit team most likely didn't orchestrate this.) Then, "60 Minutes" on how "60 Minutes" came about. (Ha!) On 2:37:00, I connected my Seagate hard drive again. On 2:42:30, I turned off the TV. I checked on my FTP upload. On 2:44:30, I did another search for information on DVDs on Google Books, and this time something about Dalai Lama popped up: "... completely unrelated, but it *is* related to the CNN news we have just seen..." (Again, this *could* be the suit team's work, although we can't be sure here.) Eventually I settled on this book, *Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About DVD*. "... this book is by Jim Taylor..." And I read on. Then, something about the UN? One of the websites I then visited was dvddemystified.com. "How long does the DVD last? Can you submit questions like that?" On 2:28:00, I was typing. "Supplemental Pleading"? Or the note you have seen earlier about today's (possible) operation? On 3:46:00: "... what about 'Karin's Meetups'?" On 3:59:00, back to my computers. "... the recording from earlier, uploaded to 'granada-6' ... now I'll have to move it..." (4:05:30). Then, something that would concern me for the rest of the night. On 4:11:00, I discovered that the video of my mailing my letter of inquiry to UNHCR which I had uploaded to my website on May 22 was actually an incomplete file. I downloaded the video in a ZIP file. Meanwhile, my Youtube had completely broken down. I was terribly frustrated: "... what the hell is going on here?" I was now very angry (4:21:30). And more problems: "... all the permissions are wrong: read, write, execute... for every one... find this video 'writing_8_18_09' ... the other files also have strange permissions..." On 4:58:30, I made a notice on my diary about the video in question:

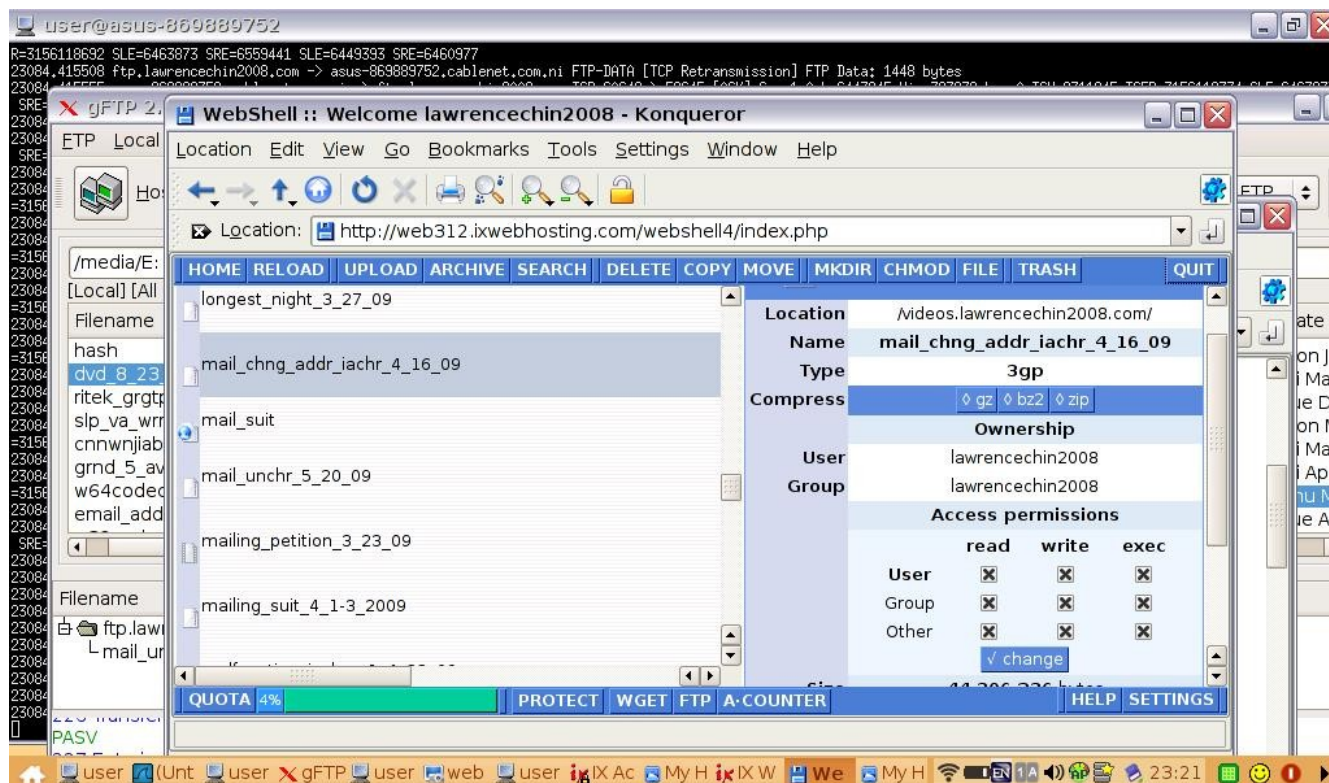
Gom Player on my Toshiba couldn't even play the file, with the notice that the codec needed was not available. The incomplete file has the hash values of:

```
mail_unchr_5_20_09.3gp    dca7bdf2cbde81def39ca23160284ce8
    ee2f7ed9e20506d33581440ac2d24d6c92e561a4    cbbbd58e    G:\
mail_unchr_5_20_09.3gp    8/23/2009 11:49:10 PM    8/23/2009 11:49:10 PM
    107,525,536
```

It moreover has strange permissions. Moreover, many other files on my video. lawrencechin2008.com were also discovered to have strange permissions.

On 5:11:00, my FTP transfer stalled, and I tried again. I got angry again, screaming and yelling. On 5:17:00, I typed down more notes about the incident. I moaned: "... I just can't understand computers, no matter how hard I try..." (5:24:30). Then: "... I can't understand the notice..." Then, more anger: "... what the fuck does it mean?"

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
 Lawrence C. Chin
 2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.



The file permissions of many files were wrong

August 24 (Monday; Tutor One-on-One)

My next recording is: “angry_ubuntu_8_24_09_218-401AM.WMA”: The rest of the night was nothing but further frustration and anger. “... I saved the file in the wrong place...” I moaned. On 7:00, I was ready to try Ubuntu again: “... to see if it’s possible to get it to work, to play the Windows Media Video files... now that there is VirtualBox...” Thus, I switched the hard drive on my Toshiba: “... it’s the fourth time that I’m putting the Seagate drive into my Toshiba... the last time I did it was when I was in the motel, July 6 or 7²⁰... it looks like the upload is finished. Shit! I’m saving it in the wrong place... I don’t know what happened... I messed it up...” (37:00). More struggling: “... where did the screenshot go? It just disappeared...” I was now trying to install the codecs which I had downloaded on Eee PC (48:00).²¹ “... it said it was installed, but was it really installed?” And of course the codecs had produced no effect.²² I then tried the Sound Recorder on Ubuntu: “... Document, Record... not sure if it will record anything at all... it says... the ‘.ogg’ file... saved... and yet I don’t see the file at all... not a single thing is working here... sound_recorder.2.22.0... it can never record any file... GNOME... doesn’t capture sounds properly... two GNOME folders... I’m not aware that I have a GNOME folder in my Eee PC... it’s not gonna find the website because of a misspelling... oh my God... now, move

20 Again, it looks like I didn’t switch the hard drive on my Toshiba on the night of 19th.

21 These were the w64codecs.

22 It seems that the problem was that, having no Internet, Ubuntu couldn’t connect to archive.ubuntu.com.

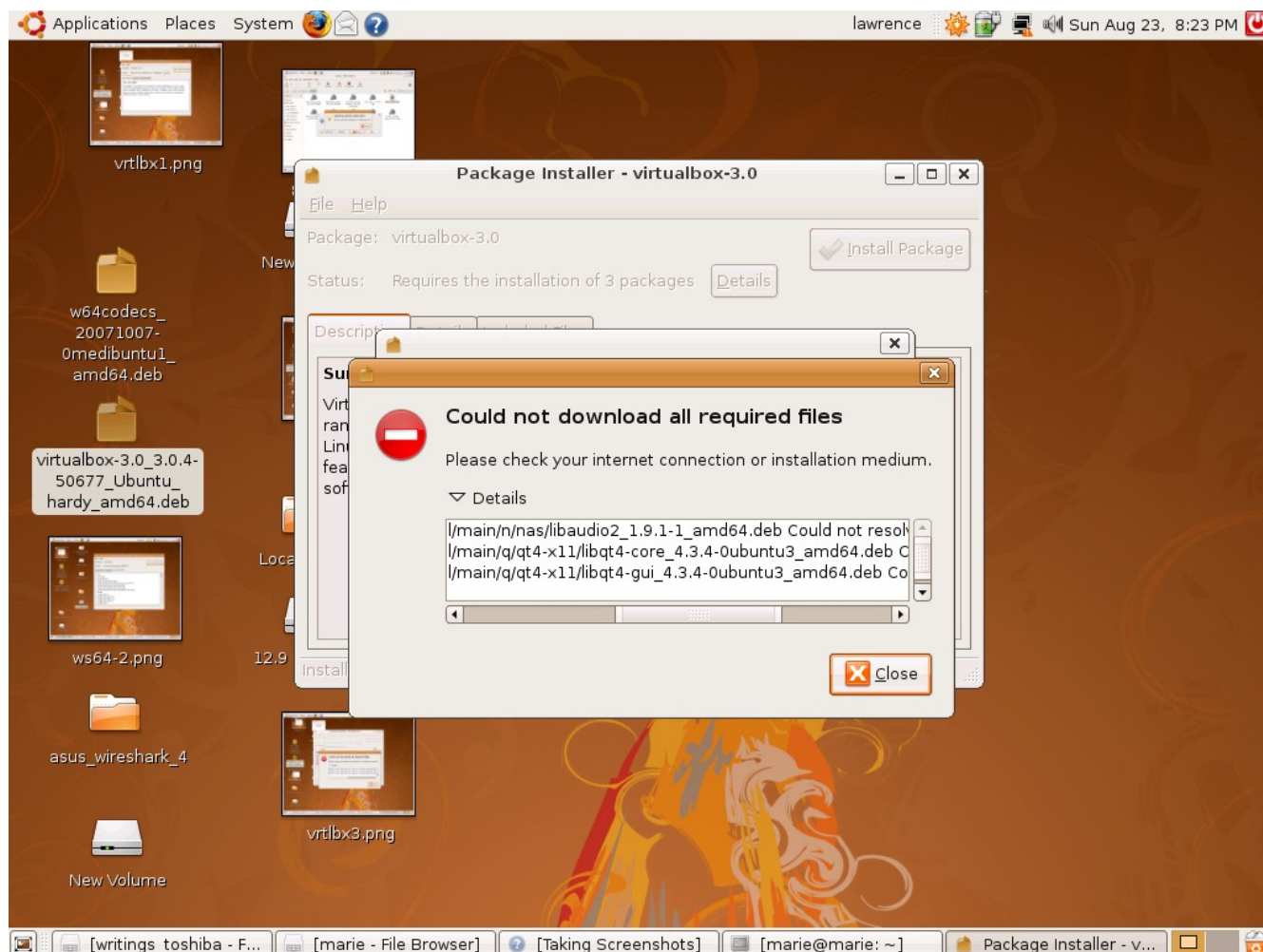
The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

the screenshots in Eee PC to ‘Journal Attachments’...” On 1:17:00: “... I don’t find the documentation anymore... Homeland Security took it off... they don’t want me to install VirtualBox...” This was probably not the case. “... the one I downloaded yesterday can’t be opened anymore...” And now I couldn’t get inside my Passport (1:33:00). “... kernel module and virtual machines...” (1:38:00). Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “angry_ubuntu_8_24_09_405-438AM.WMA”: I continued to work on VirtualBox. “... ubuntu.org... videos... VLC Player... oh my God... Ubuntu... Civil Society... what’s this, man?²³ The Ubuntu website disappeared... Com’on please...” And I started moaning and crying. I then opened up Synoptic: “... oh... I don’t have any idea how to work this... I’m gonna install VirtualBox, and I’m gonna fail... oh, we need Internet connection, oh my God...” By 21:00, I had given up on VirtualBox. On 26:00, I was back to work: “... repository...” And more notices which I couldn’t understand. “... we have to use our Eee PC to download... Ubuntu... no, I can’t do this, it’s just too hard...” I broke down crying again. “... I just can’t understand computers...” Then my recorder ran out of battery again.

23 It seems that I was on the website of “Ubuntu: World Forum of Civil Society Networks” (www.ubuntu.upc.edu) and then the forums at ubuntuforums.org.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.



VirtualBox couldn't be installed without Internet connection

My next recording is: “angry_ubuntu_8_24_09_434-556AM.WMA”: I continued to moan. “I don’t know how to use Ubuntu, I can’t figure it out... I don’t know why this website has to malfunction...” I groaned more about this worthless Ubuntu: “... you can’t download the VLC Player, you can’t install VirtualBox... the only thing you can do is use the word processor...” Then I screamed again: “Com’on! Just fucking work!” (13:50) On 19:50, I gave up. I then mumbled about installing something without Internet connection on 30:00. On 34:00, something about the GNOME Image Viewer. “... it’s on DVD-28, the archive...” Namely, all the Linux repositories which I had downloaded. “... Oh... supposedly you can install from CD-ROM, so I inserted my disc, and it now just says ‘Please insert a disc’... I’ve just inserted it... this Ubuntu is a piece of shit...” On 46:30, I gave up again: “... Ubuntu is just a waste of space...” On 48:00: “... it’s just not possible...” And I played Wir sind Helden. Then I got really angry, shouting: “... fucking piece of shit!” (51:50) I continued to curse from time to time. “What the fuck is this? ... draft.msf... where did this local folder come from?” I then kept on typing about something. On 1:05:50, I shut down my Ubuntu. “How do I boot into a USB-external hard

drive?” On 1:11:30, Wir sind Helden again. On 1:17:30, my Eee PC suddenly went dead: “... everything just stopped...” On 1:18:40, I filmed it (1:14 in the video diary “8_23-4_09.wmv”). “It just means that the hard drive has reached its limit and that we need to reinstall the Operating System.” But it did reboot. “It’s almost 6 AM, we have spent the whole night working, and now we know it’s impossible to get the Ubuntu to work.” Only now did I go to sleep.

My next recording is: “slp_va_8_24_09_601-816AM.WMA”: And so I went to sleep with my recorder on voice-activated mode. I screamed profanity again at one point.

My next recording is: “slp_wk_nwscaindia_8_24_09_1012AM-102PM.WMA”: I turned on the Sound Recorder and then went back to sleep. On 2:25:00, I got up. The same lizard again. On 2:31:00, I turned on the TV. Again, the report about the CIA interrogation of Khalid Sheikh Mohammed and so on: “... the document... requested by ACLU... still redacted... then, other news...” On 2:42:00, I turned off the TV: “... all sensitive topics...” But all this was probably not orchestrated by the suit team.

My next recording is: “ut_ttr1on1_8_24_09_107-211PM.WMA”: I was now ready to go out. By 6:00, I was out of the door. “... all these strangers would say Hi to me...” On 9:05, I filmed as I started my walk on the street. This would from now on become my new routine: simply leave the camcorder on as I walked so that I could catch anyone scratching him- or herself in front of me and so on. “Okay, very scary people on Atravesada...” On 18:30, when I came onto Calle Calzada, I suddenly decided to check on Tutor One-on-One. And I turned on my pen camera at this point (from 3:34 onward in the video diary). I walked in and Roger’s son greeted me and, thank God, he spoke English with me. I explained how I wanted to take classes next month and so would like to take a look. He explained there were 8 students now. “Roger told me I could try out one day first...” Yes, and then 90 dollars after that. Classes were in the morning, from 8 to 12. This guy also taught. 7 days, 3 meals. They would rotate the teachers, four different teachers per day. And he let me take a look at the classroom. Only two students here at this time. I told him I’d come in next Tuesday. He asked me: “What’s your name?” “My name is Larry, Lawrence...” And he asked me to write down my name on some sort of sign-in sheet. I wrote down “Lawrence” and he then wrote down “Larry” below that. And his name was Roger too! (27:30) And I left. On 31:00, I filmed: “... that woman touched her nose. She’s a white female.” On 33:00, I turned on the other recorder. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “ut_bat_wmguybicy_tchface_confn2on2_8_24_09_135-241PM.WMA”. I recounted: “... I just got out of... the woman that just came by... she’s playing with her cellphone... don’t get close to her... I have to buy batteries... have to get on Atravesada, very scary...” I bought batteries in a shop and, on 8:40, filmed the street (18:15 in the video diary): “... the guy on bicycle... the woman who wiped her nose... the emptiness of the street...” On 12:00, I bought hot dogs at a street stand. “I have now very little money left... I exited Tutor One-on-One, and somebody was taking pictures... the guy on bicycle... he also wiped his face two times... Atravesada is a very scary place, vagrants will say Hi to you...” And a guy on bicycle, when passing me by, said something to me (21:30). Was that an operation? On 24:00, I filmed something again. What? By 29:30, I had come home. While resting, I continued on and on about how Atravesada was scary. On 39:30, I reflected on

the possible operation: "... the way I signed my name... Roger... he wanted me to write 'Lawrence'... then, two lines later, he wrote 'Larry'... typical American style..." I was convinced that the trick was that Roger would afterward erase my "Lawrence" and write in "Larry" so that his handwriting could be confused with mine in the evidentiary record of the ICJ resulting in more evidence suggesting that I wasn't myself (that my handwriting was different from my own). Then: "... it's like that meetup of Karin's... another Karin showed up, so that there were two Karins..." I turned on the TV and it was a CNN report about terrorists and terrorist cells (41:30). I thus immediately turned off the TV: "... Roger's son's name is also Roger... and, after... everything has to happen twice..." I then spent some time putting the Seagate hard drive back into the Seagate case and so on. Then I mumbled again about how Roger wanted me to sign my name in order to trick me. I then turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. Now this is what I would soon write on my diary in regard to today's "operation":

The episode also starts around 4:00 in the video diary just mentioned. On 14:20 in the recording, I commented on how impossible it is to capture a scene like the one which just occurred, a guy on bicycle who seemed to be a local purposely wiping his face with his hand two times when passing me by. The problem is that the pen camera does not stay on when you turn it on and stays on when you turn it off. It cannot work as a podcast. On 39:00 I started commenting on what this second "Roger" was doing – how the suit team does everything in two. On 41:45, of course, as soon as I turned on the TV, the news "CIA" was blasted in my face.

My next recording is: "vid_supl22wd_dhsknrmlfunc_wmu_8_24_09_240-658PM.wma": On 3:30, I was reviewing my pen video of my meeting with Roger. "... I don't get this... when you want the pen turned on, it's not on, but when you don't want it on, it's on... it did capture all these garbage scenes, chairs and tables and so on..." From 15:00 onward, I was reviewing the recording of my going out earlier. Then I typed out the notes in my diary which you have just seen above (from 19:00 onward). I then continued to review the recording. On 41:00, I speculated again: "... Roger had me write my name in pencil because he would erase what I wrote later... it's the government which decides who you are..." Then, on 45:20: "... but you have to learn Spanish..." And I smashed something again. "I'll never write my name again, ever, unless I can videotape it... what's the point of videotaping and recording anyway, no one will ever see it..." And I started importing the latest videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba. On 59:00, I started on another recording from earlier. On 1:00:00, I was typing again. On 1:07:00, the pen video again. Then, typing again. On 1:25:00, the recording of my going out earlier again. On 1:36:50, I lamented: "... the hard drive is dying, it's too full..." On 1:44:00, another recording. On 1:54:00, back to typing. On 2:00:00, when the importing was done: "... the video is 19 minutes long..." I played it. "... wait... the wrong place... move all the screenshots back to 'Journal Attachments'..." On 2:14:40, I checked my Gmail. On 2:28:25, my Konqueror crashed when I wanted to check my bank account balances. As you shall see, this Konqueror will become a major source of my frustration from now on. On 2:30:30, I inserted a disc. Then, Konqueror crashed again. See! "But if I turn on my camcorder, it will not crash." And so I filmed myself this time (2:31:30): this is in the first scene of the next video diary, "8_24_09_p2.wmv". "... Konqueror crashed again and again when I tried to look up my bank account balances... but if I videotape it, then Konqueror will not

crash, because Homeland Security is watching me...” And it did crash! “... Homeland Security wants me to check my bank account balances on Firefox. That means something scary will happen! If I turn on the TV something scary will be on too... the CIA, terrorism...” And so, on 2:34:30, I turned on the TV, and it was BBC. I gave up. On 2:45:30, I started reviewing the recording from May 20 and working on the corresponding episode in “Supplemental Pleading-22” (my time with Jeremy in Zona Rosa on that day). On 3:24:00, something about the Real Player. Then, I filmed myself checking my bank account balances again (3:43 in the video diary): “... the mysterious Firefox update... it’s now an hour after the previous attempt to log in on Konqueror...” And Konqueror crashed again. “Why? Because Homeland Security wants me to use Firefox.” But I just wouldn’t do it. Instead, I called up WAMU on Skype (3:26:50 or 6:14 in the video diary). But, because of the keyboard problem – there was no way to enter # – I just couldn’t access the system. I was getting very upset: “... so I must use Firefox... Homeland Security *wants* me to use Firefox because of that update... but I don’t feel like it today... I want to use Konqueror, but... no, they control all my machines... they don’t allow me to use Konqueror or Skype... hence, I must use Firefox... I have no other way... it’s just so idiotic that you have to videotape yourself fucking checking your bank account balances... and they are laughing right now... year after year, Homeland Security... okay, as you can see, my step-mother has deposited... 127 dollars now...” And so, on 3:32:00, I turned on the TV: “... see, you turn on the TV, and it just has to be the CIA...” And so I turned off the TV and went back to work. On 3:38:00, I was back to my recording from May 20 and working on my “Supplemental Pleading”. Then: “It just fucking pisses me off, Homeland Security forcing me to use Firefox...” As you can see, I was producing very bad evidence for the Russians because I seemed to be resisting the suit team’s operation again – even though there was really no operation here, because Konqueror’s crashing was “natural” malfunctioning and the Firefox update was unrelated to the suit team. On 3:55:00, I continued to review the recording of my conversation with Jeremy on the night of May 20. On 4:16:30, I used Konqueror to access IX Webhosting: “... it shouldn’t crash because Homeland Security has no reason to... see, I can do it...” In reality, again, I was all paranoid over nothing.

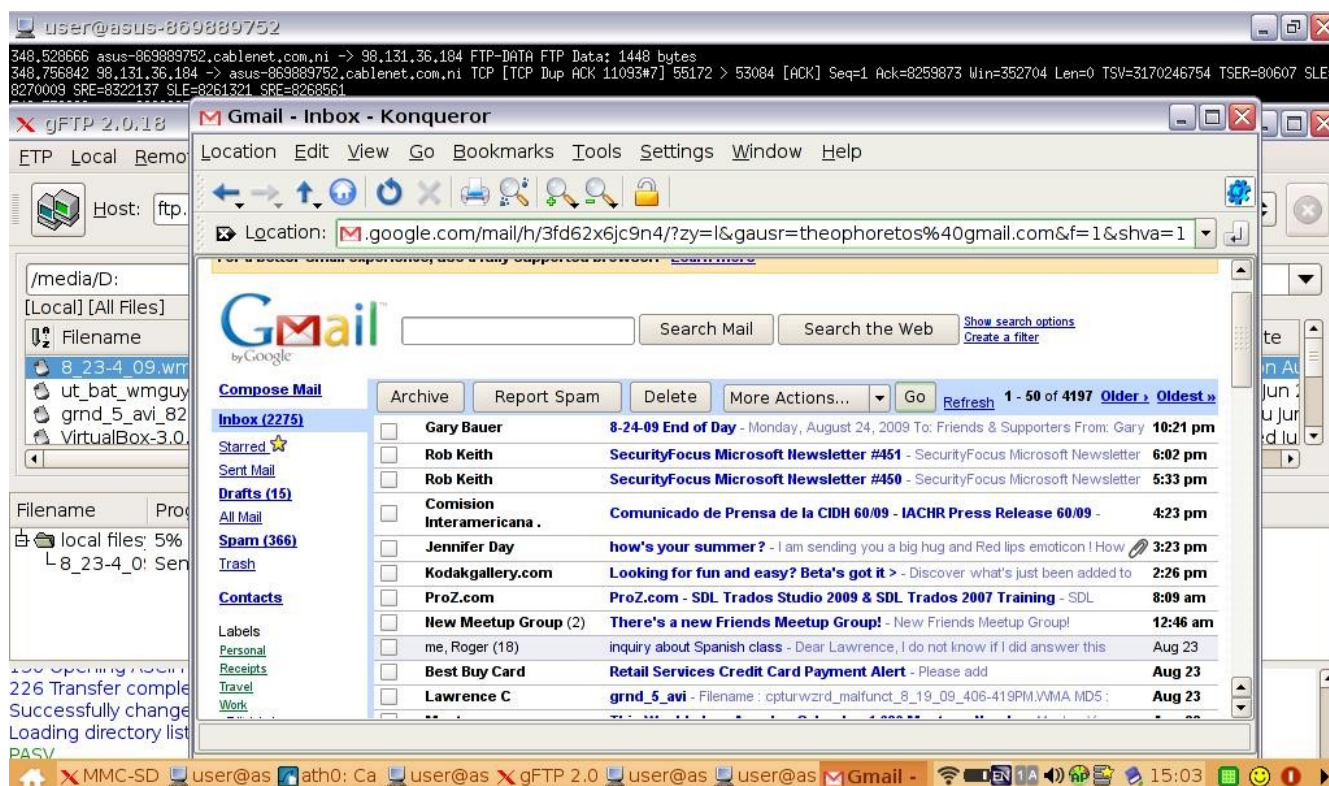
My next recording is: “supl22_rvw823-409vid_emlgrgrsmalfunct_nospnsh_8_24_09_7-844PM.wma”: I continued: “... 418, 240... everyday is just living in ‘Homeland Security reality’...” Then I got angry again and mumbled about how I needed to slap myself in the face again. I smashed something on 9:00. Then I was back to working, reviewing another recording. (Still from May 20?) “... when you find a cigarette box, make sure there is no Russian written on it...” On 24:20, I was done with that recording. “... I’d better turn on my webcam, because Konqueror is not gonna work... Gmail will not send my email... the email is sent!” That is, I just sent out a weird email to Roger:

Hello Roger, sorry, because your son has the same name as you do, I’ll NOT take classes at your school. I’m phobic toward that.

As always, I tried to print out the email in PDF, but no – and I filmed it (12:20 in the video diary): “... I just sent this email... I wanted to print it out, and, guess what, nothing happens, it’s just an empty, blank page... my email has disappeared... maybe Homeland Security doesn’t want me to... well, I don’t want to take Spanish classes in this idiotic place...” (from 34:00 onward). “Maybe in 5 years you will

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

have...” From 42:00 onward, I kept on typing. What? On 53:00, I started reviewing the recording from May 21. “... 140 megabytes only, the source video of today... but you still have to get rid of the AVI converted files...” Then, the video diary from yesterday onward: “scary TV” (1:12:30). I turned on the TV as well: BBC. On 1:19:00, also the pen video from earlier today (Tutor One-on-One). On 1:24:00, I was filming and commenting about what was on TV (14:45 in the video diary). Always something to do with terrorism! Dead bodies! TV just for me! Then the video of my meeting with Roger again. Spanish on TV. On 1:31:15: “... it looks like the video is good. Nothing to worry about.” Then I concluded again that I shall not spend my money on Spanish classes: “Everything is too scary!... I can’t see people, I can’t talk to people...” (1:35:50). Again, I was trying my best to explain away my resistance. On 1:42:00, I was typing again. What? The diary note you saw above?



On 3:23 PM today, Jennifer Day had a bulk email for me²⁴

My next recording is: “ut_atm3guys_buyfd_1guy_cursun_8_24_09_845-949PM.WMA”: On 5:30, I filmed again (16:08 in the video diary): “... this email is still not showing... the FTP upload is already finished... it says something about Homeland Security... what are they trying to do?” Now it was CNN on TV. Then: “Yes, it’s time to go out again, the scariest time... Homeland Security’s surveillance above me is picking this up... they are waiting for me outside... the TV show will never end... I’ll never get to interact with [real] people, and so forget about learning Spanish...” By 18:00, I was out. On 19:00, I

24 She talked about her trip to Disneyland for her birthday on August 5 and included a video in the attachment, “Jennifers_Pink_in_the_Pool.wmv”.

filmed another suspicious person (16:43 in the video diary): "... holding something in his mouth, a cellphone..." On 22:50, I noticed a person with a broken leg. Even in Nicaragua! I continued to mumble: "...sick... sick..." On 25:50, I filmed again (17:52 in the video diary): "... police activity in front... of course, because I'm in town..." Again, I assumed that the suit team had staged this in order to produce surveillance showing me committing crimes in this small Central American town. On 27:30, I came inside the bank. As soon as I started using the ATM, three people came in, and I of course believed it was orchestrated. Out on 30:00. "I got 2,000 Cordobas out... probably enough for... now that you are not gonna spend money on fucking Spanish lessons... they came in to 'spot me'..." On 32:00, I was buying food in a market: one sandwich, 3 cups of instant noodle, 2 bottles of Coke, sausages, and ice cream. "... right after I walked in, this British guy walked in..." (38:10). "... with shaved head and blue eyes... And now he is using the ATM!" (39:40) On 40:25, I filmed him (18:38 in the video diary). Probably not an operation from the suit team. I then wondered about the problem of how to catch people scratching their face. "... Mr former Secretary has been going after you for exactly three years... I didn't plan it back in August 2006..." On 43:50, I filmed another police car blocking the road as if waiting for me (19:28 in the video diary). "... he's here to 'spot me'... next year, it will be the same thing... from... I'm not really interacting with human beings... except for..." Then I went on and on about how I had been "spotted" by the police: "... even when you have reduced your time outside to one hour a day, you would still get 'spotted'... three guys came in... so that surveillance can confuse them with me, so that it'd appear as if I had withdrawn money from some other account... and then this white guy with shaved head... he went to the ATM too, and then came back to the store, to buy liquor, so that surveillance can confuse him with me... just two instances of confusion..." Again, it's not clear whether all this was really an operation. I was back home on 52:00. "... so that the sick mother-fuckers in the UN can be like, 'Oh, he withdrew money from a different account... Oh, he bought liquor... what a Russian agent'... they *like* the TV show... that's why they have cooperated with Mr former Secretary... eh, he gets confused with somebody else, every single day..." I was now unpacking my groceries: "... you are allowed one ice cream at the moment... posterity... who's gonna read your story, who's gonna watch your videos?... I have absolutely no witnesses, other than Homeland Security, who watches you every moment... they watch, and they don't understand..." Indeed! On 1:01:00, I turned on the TV. This is what I would later write in my diary about what had just happened:

Forced by Homeland Security to use Firefox to check my bank account balances. My step-mom's deposit of 125 dollars has for sure been confused by surveillance into a deposit of a large sum of money by the Russians and/or Mexican drug cartels. Hence, when I went to withdraw money from the bank's ATM around 9 PM, three guys immediately came in after me to withdraw money. Their bank account must have been confused with mine. I then bought a load of food from the liquor store. A white guy with shaved head came in after me, in order to be confused with me in surveillance. Two police cars were also seen in this small area where police cars are rarely seen, especially with their siren and lights on. Mr former Secretary's takeover of Granada to stage my TV show has been complete – this is why the street was so empty this afternoon.

It should also be noted that I would soon discover that I might have left my pouch containing my

external hard drive “Passport” and the one from my old Gateway at home when I went out. I would, as usual, then get paranoid about this, but presumably neither the suit team nor the Russians had sent anyone in while I was away to search my hard drives.

My next recording is: “angry_ellstpm_cryng_kll_geoct_8_24-5_09_948PM-1239AM.wma”: It was now a French movie on TV. I complained about how I had hashed the wrong files. On 11:40, angered, I threw things. On 14:00, the news from TV-5 Monde. On 18:00, I filmed the TV when it was Nazis’ running around again (20:00 in the video diary). Thus I changed the channel. On 22:00, I settled on “Brave Heart” (dubbed in Spanish). Then, back to writing. On 50:00, my pen videos again. Then, on 53:00, I filmed myself calling up my step-mother on Skype again (20:25 in the video diary). I ascertained that she did deposit 120 dollars. On 55:50, I hanged up. Convinced that my step-mother was instructed by the suit team to put up a show, I muttered angrily about how I wanted to kill that “fucking bitch”: “... you think I don’t know what you are doing?” (I had probably wrongly suspected her here.) Then: “What happened?... lawrencechin2008.com is disconnected... time-out... fucking... I’m gonna kill people... it’s just pranks and pranks...” (until 1:01:00). On 1:03:00, my pen videos again. “This is a broken clip!” On 1:12:00, back to “Brave Heart”. On 1:23:20, the FTP upload was completed. “... probably because Homeland Security doesn’t want me to... the email to Roger is... too...” Then I filmed my Eee PC (25:40 in the video diary): “... the VirtualBox downloaded yesterday... Eee PC just froze up, we couldn’t download... but the file name is ‘virtualbox’... today we’ll download it again... but the file is different today... evidently Homeland Security has changed it... oh no, it’s the same file...” And so I simply resumed the download. It was indeed unlikely at this point that the suit team would switch files on websites to prevent me from downloading the right file. And then I demonstrated how I could now both open the email from earlier and log into my bank accounts – all on Konqueror. “... something has happened in the afternoon...” On 1:36:00, back to writing. Was I writing down the diary notes you have seen above? Then I got angry again: “... I’m gonna kill people... fucking murder people...” (1:47:00). Namely, those people that had helped Mr former Secretary run this TV show on me, which amounted to just about everyone on the planet (so to speak). Then I was forced again to use Firefox to download because Konqueror was defective. “What the fuck is this?” Angry again. On 1:55:00, more anger outburst, and I was screaming too – when my Eee PC froze up. I was screaming “Fuck!” continually. Then, more frustration with Hotmail: “... you can’t just paste the hash values directly into the message box, or it will freeze up, and now you have to save the Wireshark captures... so much fucking work each day!” Then, more problems with my Yahoo Mail. “Homeland Security is trying to do something here!” And my anger outburst continued. On 2:01:30, I broke down crying. “All you can do is restart the computer...” On 2:15:00, it was again the CIA interrogation program on TV. Now my Eee PC had restarted. I continued to mumble about this and that. Opening Konqueror again, on 2:26:00, I was on my Scientific Enlightenment: “... nobody believes I wrote it... Geocities is closing down...” And Geocities froze up too! I started filming it (28:21 in the video diary): “... Geocities says it will close on October 26... so I’ll have to do something about my Scientific Enlightenment... Oh my God, Konqueror has disappeared again!” And I broke down crying again. I filmed it again on 2:36:00 (31:10 in the video diary), and I was crying: “... because Homeland Security wants me to use Firefox again... why does Homeland Security want me to use Firefox?” Then my Eee PC froze up again and I filmed it again (2:39:00 or 33:17 in the video

diary). I was still crying. Then my external hard drive was disconnected for no reason. I then kept on mumbling about what I was going to do with my hash values. "... why is the revised version smaller in size?"

To conclude: the only real operation from the suit team today probably occurred at Tutor One-on-One. Roger (Roger's son) was probably not instructed by the suit team to lure me to write down my name, but, however unintentional he might be, the suit team might have really employed faulty surveillance in this case. First, to make something out of the fact that the father and the son had the same name. Second, to really intercept into the ICJ evidence that my hand writing was different from Lawrence Chin's hand writing – i.e., just as I had speculated. Once again, the suit team had not been very creative but had merely continued to pile up evidences confirming that the "David Chin legend" really did describe reality.

August 25 (Tuesday; no operations)

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_25_09_1240-1AM.WMA": On 4:30, again: "... people who tell lies, forget it... but people who believe lies should be executed..." Then, on 15:00 – what was I mumbling about? ("... take up so much disk space...") Then: "... when you go out, you have to take everything with you... everything that has data in it..." (until 17:30). I was probably just regretting about my pouch from earlier.

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_25_09_105-213AM.WMA": Now I went to sleep with my recorder on voice-activated mode. (With the TV on too.)

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_25_09_635-651AM.WMA": I continued to sleep with the TV turned on.

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_25_09_717AM-1230PM.WMA": I continued to sleep with the TV turned on. On 2:00, it started raining. On 29:30, I got up and turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: "kmu82_vidrvw_geoct_dwnldubnt_007_8_25_09_1230-637PM.wma": This file was recorded with the Sound Recorder. On 10:00, I was on the computer. On 23:20, I turned on the TV. Spanish. Then: "... don't know why the computer is working so hard, the CPU usage is at 61%, but nothing is going on... why is it so high?" I continued to work on something on my Toshiba. "... VirtualBox..." (40:00). On 55:00, a documentary in Spanish on TV. World War II? On 1:20:00, I started importing my latest videos into my Toshiba. On 1:28:00, Cine Canal. "... it's that movie where the Saturday Night Live star is playing two persons at the same time..." On 1:55:00, the importing was done. Now it was "Animal Planet" on TV (1:59:00). Seals and sharks. On 2:08:00, I was about to write down more diary notes about last night. On 2:13:30, I started working on the latest video diary. On 2:36:00, Deutsche Welle (German) on TV. On 2:51:00, I started Wireshark and T-Shark on my Eee PC. On 2:57:00, back to my TV. I turned to Cine Canal again and became alarmed by this movie: "... probably something to do with being Jewish..." Again, paranoid over nothing here. On 3:00:00, I was

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

back to my computers. "... yesterday I videotaped it because... Homeland Security... today..." On 3:02:00, I was on Geocities again – and I made sure to film myself getting on (the first scene in my next video diary, "[8_25_09.wmv](#)"): "... now that I'm videotaping it it's unlikely to go wrong... everything is still here... it will be closed on October 26..." On 3:16:00, I discovered Roger's email to me – sent on 11:01 AM. "... it looks like Roger is back..." And I read out loud the email.

Lawrence,

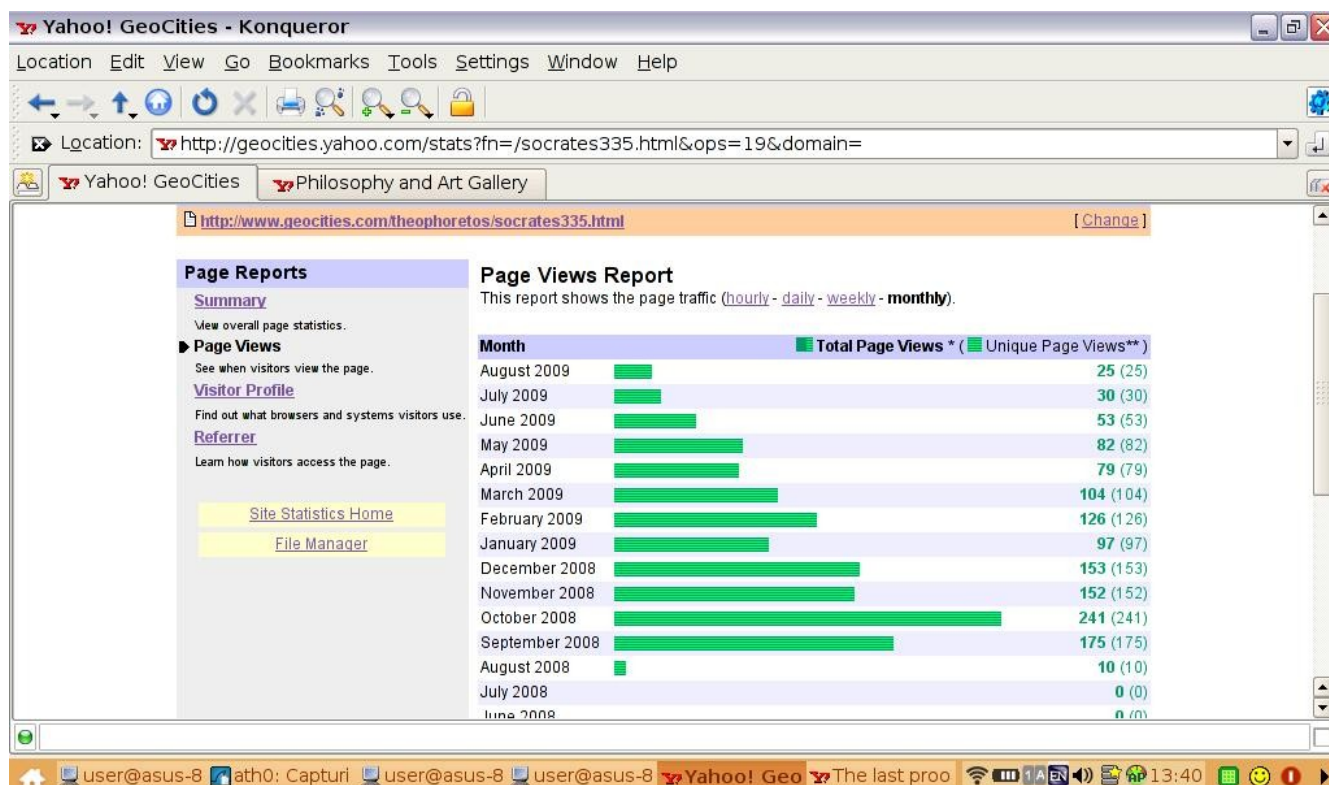
I just got this letter from you and it [sounds] a bit weird and out of place. I do not understand what my son's name has to do with you coming to us for tutoring or not. He told me that you came to visit the school and had stated that you would be here next Monday at eight for classes. If there was a change of heart, I do understand and no reason is needed. We simply try to do our job as well as possible as a Spanish school.

Maybe... you could tell me much more clearly what is the problem with our names?

Greetings,

And I explained – so that the Russians could hear it too – why I didn't want to deal with people with the same name. Again, I was terribly worried that, by not going to the Spanish classes and avoiding the suit team's operation, I was making myself look increasingly suspicious. On 3:19:50, I commented on my Scientific Enlightenment: "... it's very sad that no one will ever believe I wrote all this... the square-roots don't show up on Konqueror... I'm afraid to use Firefox..." On 3:23:50, I was on [archive.ubuntu.com](#) again: "... the files we need are... lib_audio... the next file we need is... the final file we need is... at [archive.ubuntu.com/ubuntu/indices](#)..." On 3:39:00, it was the CNN report about the CIA interrogation program again. On 3:43:30, I was trying to decide whether to install something. "So you cannot use Konqueror to do this..." (3:46:00). Then: "... we should read a Wikipedia article on Konqueror since it seems to be a very bad browser..." And so I did. On 4:00:30, now I was not able to save the Wireshark captures. "It malfunctions again!" And I had to turn it off. On 4:03:00, back to my TV. It was still CNN: now something on the space station. I changed the channel: "... it's the Saturday Night Live woman playing the two sisters again, just the kind of thing which Homeland Security wants me to watch..." (4:09:20). Indeed! This *was* quite suspicious! And I filmed it (4:07 in the video diary). But it's really not clear whether the suit team had really instructed the cable company to show this specifically for me to see. Now, National Geographic, with tigers. On 4:21:50, I was back to my computers. A recording? A video? (How my Eee PC froze up.) Now it was time to publish my latest video diary, what would become "[8_24_09-p2.wmv](#)". And I started working on "Karin's Meetups-8-2". On 4:39:00, it was BBC, something on Afghanistan. I was still working on the "Dark Matter" meetup: "... Karin was particularly beautiful tonight, wearing a pink sweater..." (4:55:00). On 5:11:00, I was back to my TV. On 5:16:30, the video was published, and I started checking on it. Then I was pondering on the mystery of whether I did take my pouch with me last night when going to the bank (5:22:00). On 5:25:00, I was back to writing. On 6:01:15: "Oh my God, I deleted the entire recycling bin again..."

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
 Lawrence C. Chin
 2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.



Today I checked the visits to my Scientific Enlightenment in the past months

My next recording is: "k82_supl23_rvwrcrd520gryhnd_hsh_8_25_09_639-1153PM.wma": Spanish on TV. I turned on my Eee PC again on 5:30. I was now studying how to do GFTP by command line. Then, what was I doing? On 19:00: "I have indeed screwed up!" On 20:00: "... I closed the command line of the second GFTP, and the whole thing... so that the file transfer would stop... but now... restart the file transfer..." Then, on 21:10: "... it's a large file, the video I just published, 300 something megabytes... will take 3 hours to upload..." On 28:00, CNN: Obama ready to meet Gaddafi. On 33:50, I started working on "Supplemental Pleading-23". "Is there a video for '5-29-09'? I don't remember..." (39:50). On 44:30, I started reviewing my recording. On 46:00, I began writing. On 57:00, another recording. On 1:14:00, back to my TV. On 1:16:10, something about Russia on TV, and so I changed the channel. Cine Canal, with Julia Roberts. On 1:21:00, back to CNN, and it was the CIA interrogation program again. On 1:26:40: "... while I take my smoke break, I shall watch my own meetup videos..." It was a video from November 2008, and I made notes about it. On 1:48:00, I mumbled about something indistinctly. And I kept on typing. On 2:18:30, another recording. And I kept on typing. I was now working on "Schizophrenic, III" (2:48:00). I then came back to working on "Supplemental Pleading" (my time in the Greyhound station on May 21). On 4:41:00, I was doing something on my Eee PC. What? Hash values? On 4:50:00, I continued to review my recording. On 4:52:00, I stopped and removed the external hard drive. Suddenly, when I opened Nero, something about DVD-22 popped up: why? On 4:57:10, as I was ready to burn another new disc, I filmed it (5:23 in the video diary): "...

Nero malfunctioned... this thing popped up... Homeland Security doesn't want me to burn DVDs... that might be a 'Homeland Security DVD'... once you burn it, it will break your Nero... Okay, so is it because there is a disc inside...?" And it turned out that it was because I really did leave DVD-22 inside my Toshiba. And now I could finally burn a new DVD. I started compiling the files needed to be burned.

My next recording is: "brndvd_ytbe_ubnt_vrtlbxwne_8_25-6_09_1155PM-405AM.wma": "... I'm about to burn a new DVD now... you have about 70 megabytes of empty space... what do you want to put into this 70 megabyte of space?... okay, we are gonna burn... 'Journal Attachments-7'... DVD-4... that still leaves you... after so much work, there are still 30 megabytes of space left... we need to pack in more stuff..." On 44:45: "... now you are too much... now 11 megabytes more..." On 59:00, I thus filmed myself burning a second DVD (DVD-47) with this Fidelity disc (10:45 in the video diary). Then, problems again (12:30 in the video diary): "... can't burn this disc, why? We have to investigate..." Now I had to recompile the files. "... I'm using Firefox again because... Youtube..." And I continued to fix the files to be burned. On 1:17:00, as I took my break, a video on Youtube about computer matters. On 1:22:30, my Firefox suddenly disappeared. I got angry and threw things again. On 1:25:50, I filmed my Toshiba again (12:45 in the video diary): "... given that Nero has failed, I'm gonna use Windows... 4x... I expect there to be problems, problems with the DVD..." Then I became interested in a Youtube video on how to run VirtualBox in Ubuntu and, as I played it, I predicted: "... the person might have an accent since Homeland Security knows I want to... it might be a trap..." (1:29:30). On 1:41:50, a man was speaking in the video. "... sounds German... he *does* have an accent..." In reality, there was probably no operation here. And the burning continued. On 1:49:50: "Oh, fuck man! What? Don't know what's going on, the computer just jumped... I simply can't understand computers!" (1:54:30) On 1:56:40, the disc burned, I began checking the files on it. And I mumbled about the grammar errors I had discovered. Then, suddenly, my Thunderbird popped up asking me to send an email to this unintelligible destination (2:08:20). Again, probably no operation here. Then: "I've left DVD-22 in the computer for two days, will that cause problems?" Not. I then continued to work on the disc problem. On 2:34:00, I was reading something about DVDs again: "... the Joliet format..." On 2:45:00, I stopped: "... there is so much to learn... like dvd-demystified.com from yesterday..." On 2:47:30, I played the same Youtube video again. Then, on 2:51:50: "... okay, let's look at... see what the hell it is... Linux..." On 2:59:00, another video on computer matters. On 3:04:00, another one. Then, when it was done, I played it again. On 3:31:10, I was reading something again. On 3:36:00, I was working on something on my computers. (Probably "autoclean" when I read about it on ubuntuforums.org: "sudo apt-get autoclean".) On 3:46:00 I was downloading the Ubuntu package for Wine. "I won't be able to install it because I would need the dependencies..." Right! On 3:56:00, another video: "... I'm... I'm a free, independent thinker..." On 4:02:00, I was finally getting ready for bed, brushing my teeth and so on.

There was no operation from the suit team today because I didn't go out – and Homeland Security didn't do anything to me online either.

August 26 (Wednesday; car at my apartment/ scratching?)

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

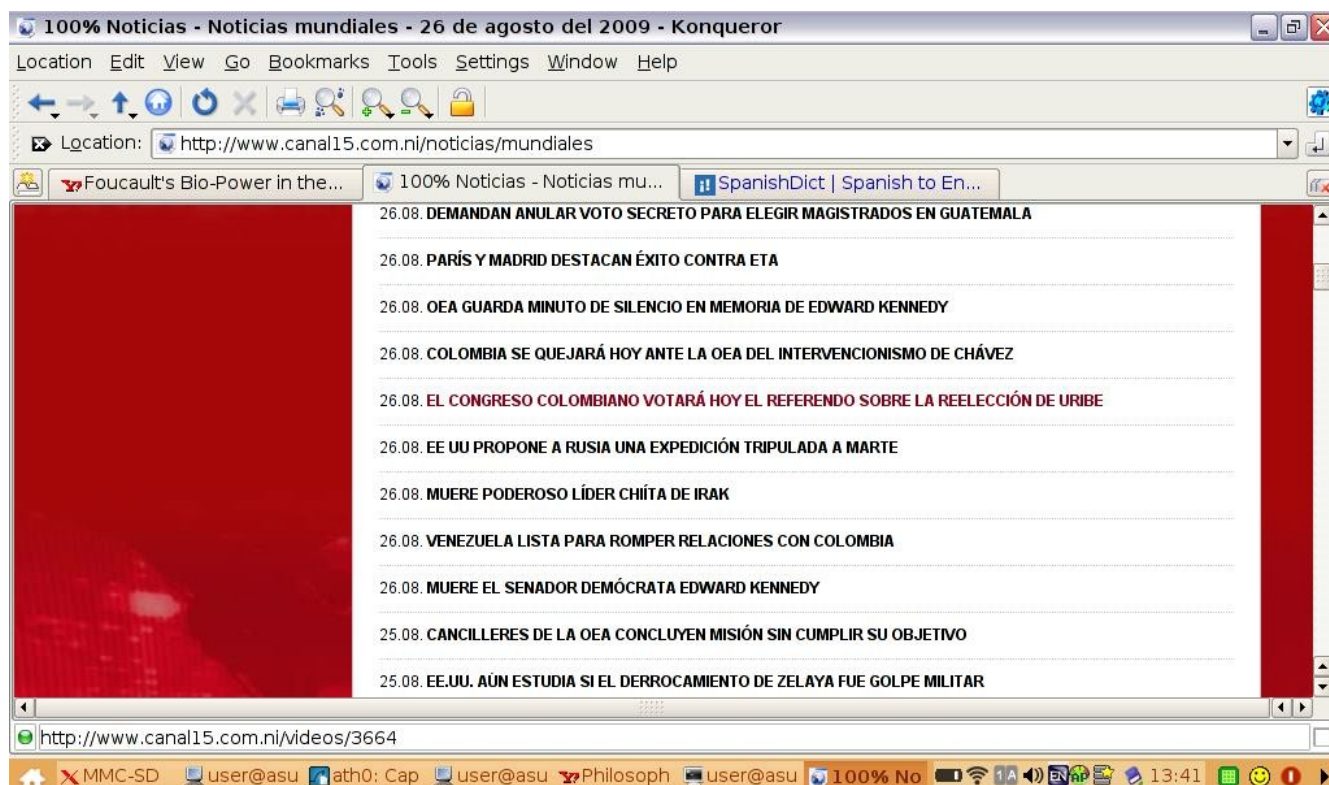
My next recording is: “slp_va_confsn_prtn_d_engl_8_26_09_406-749AM.WMA”: Now, when I shut down my Toshiba, for a strange reason, its lights wouldn’t go off. I had to take my camcorder out to film this (1:20 or 13:42 in the video diary). I rebooted it and then shut it down again, and finally the lights went off. On 16:20, I commented about the TV: “Rene Zellweger is writing children’s book...” As you shall see, I would soon make something out of this. On 17:30: “... drawing and pretending to draw are the same thing... just as speaking English and pretending to speak English are the same thing... the result is that you are going to hear English coming out of my mouth in any case... I don’t speak English, I’m only pretending to speak English... meanwhile, not being able to speak Spanish and pretending to not speak Spanish are different things... in one case, you are unable; in the other, you *are* able... but you have to be already able to speak English in order to pretend to speak English... when you see me pretending to draw, I’m really just drawing, but you call it differently, ‘pretending to draw’ instead of ‘drawing’, but there is really no difference... this is something which Mr former Secretary has invented... a new category ‘pretending to do X’ as distinct from ‘doing X’...” And I turned on the other recorder to record this new insight of mine. Ha!

My next recording is: “ready_slp_8_26_09_455-503AM.WMA”: This recording is part of the previous.

My next recording is: “confsn_prtn_d_engl_8_26_09_536-539AM.WMA”: I turned on the other recorder to record what was going on on the roof.

My next recording is: “slp_html_nwsnicap|prof_brkglls_brne_8_26_09_1055AM-536PM.wma”: I turned on the Sound Recorder and then went back to sleep. On 3:03:00, I woke up. On 3:11:00, I played an old video I had downloaded on how to make a website from HTML. On 3:29:00, I stopped the video. “That’s a video from my Real Player downloads. I downloaded it on January 4. I was watching this because I wanted to learn how to reconstruct my Scientific Enlightenment from the text files I have saved... now representation.html...” On 3:48:00, I played the video again. On 3:51:30, I turned on the TV. CNN. On 4:11:00, “Noticia”. On 4:15:00 I turned off the TV. “... that news was interesting... how they...” (4:46:00). Then: “... I thought maybe that has something to do with me... the police running around...” On 4:52:00, back to my TV: Spanish. On 4:58:30, I filmed the TV news headline (the first scene of my next video diary, “8_26_09.wmv”): I (wrongly) assumed that the United States was praising the Nicaraguan police for doing such a good job in my TV show (how the police here too were running around as if there were so much emergency). On 5:03:00, my Eee PC froze up. I restarted it. On 5:07:00, CNN. On 5:09:00, Spanish lesson. On 5:35:00, I was working on something – what? On 5:39:00, back to my TV. “Noticia”. My right eye contact had disappeared, and so I couldn’t see with my right eye (6:08:00). On 6:12:40, angered, I smashed something. “I got angry because I suddenly thought about how people said ‘I want to help you and be nice to you’... I want to murder them... I don’t like it when people pretend to be nice to me...” Then I filmed the suspicious TV again (1:14 in the video): “... Cine Canal is playing ‘Bourne’ again... it’s about the 50th time that this is playing this month...” (6:16:00). Then, a Spanish talk show, about a stripper of some sort. Then, “Bourne Ultimatum” on Cine Canal again (6:31:30). On 6:37:00, the HBO: something about a sniper. Again, none of this was likely staged by the suit team.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.



A little after noon, I was alarmed by a news report about Russia

My next recording is: “ut_buydvdfd_notylnl_carbyaprt_8_26_09_541-719PM.WMA”: It was still HBO on TV. I kept mumbling indistinctly about something. On 18:15, filmed the state of my room before going out, showing where the broken bottle was and so on (2:38 in the video). “... I have to take my garbage with me too. ... very scary... vagrants will say Hi to me... strangers... police will... but we have to go out, no matter how scary it is...” On 23:30, I filmed my way as I came out (3:18 in the video). On 25:00, I filmed the garbage I had to dump (4:12 in the video). I noted down the license plate of the suspicious car that just passed by. On 27:50 I filmed as I walked on (4:35 in the video): “... scary... he scratched his head...” On 31:10 (7:45 in the video), I dumped the garbage into a trash can. I commented on places as I passed them by: “... this place is really nice, a cybercafe... I wish there could be a day when I wouldn’t be so scared about dumping garbage that I’d have to videotape it... that’s where I always get my money, the ATM...” On 37:30, before I walked into the other cybercafe, I turned off my camcorder. I bought two more blank DVDs, Fideli again. On 39:30, when I came out, I turned on the camcorder to film what I had bought (14:00 in the video). On 41:50: “... this thing does not work... within 5 seconds it will turn itself off...” On 44:00, I came inside a convenient store to buy food. As I would note later on my diary:

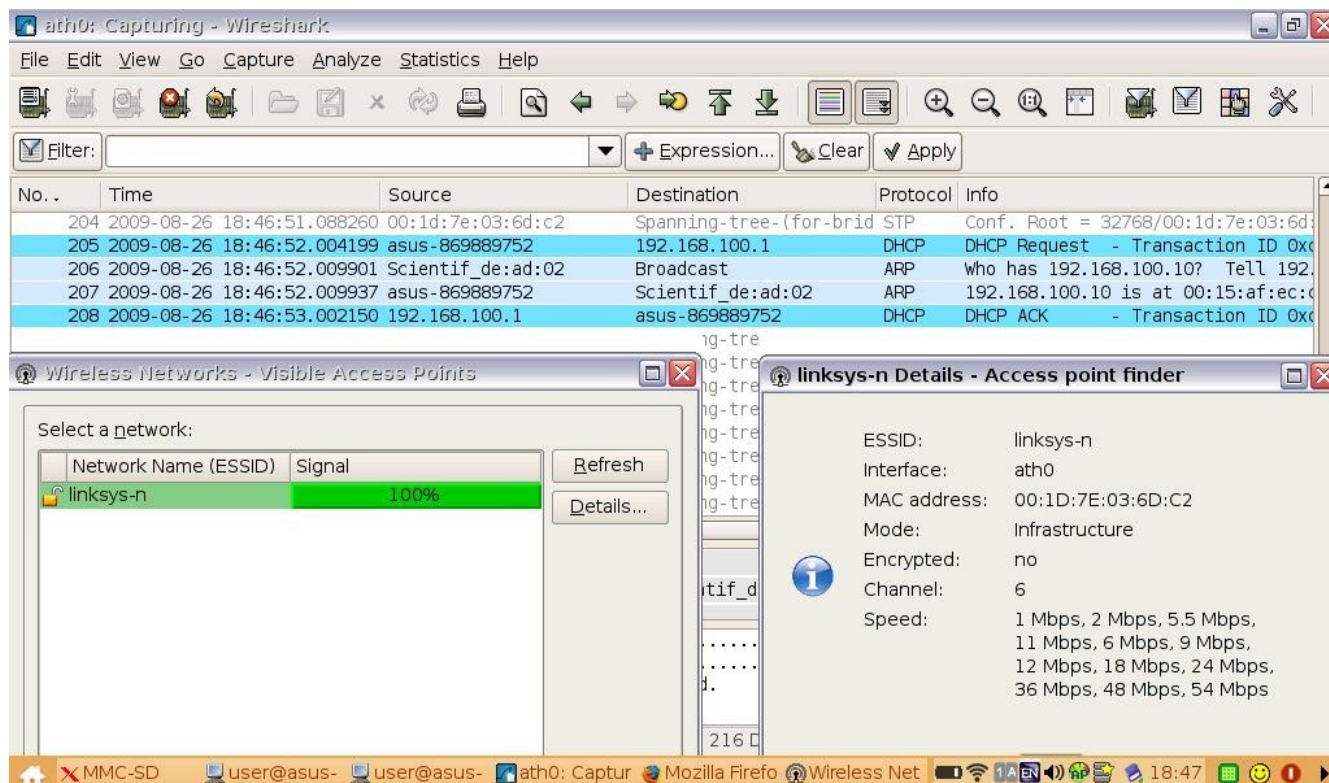
While the store was empty when I came in, two men immediately came in after me, one old American with a beard and another seemingly a Nica young man, most likely in order to be

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

confused with me in surveillance.

Operation? It's really hard to tell. I then continued on and on about how scary it was to do shopping. I settled down in a corner and filmed myself recounting again what I had bought (53:30 or 15:00 in the video): bread, Coke, cigarettes, ice cream... Then I recounted how the American and so on came into the convenient store while I was there: "... just buying these simple things has so scared you... how are you gonna go to school to learn Spanish?..." More explanation! I then filmed something again (17:20 in the video – more Americans?) and, on 56:50, I was going home. "... they will all be talking about you... in order to get intercepted... and nations will crumble... I just wish I could be invisible..." And on and on. Then, when I reached home, a car was sitting in front of my apartment flashing its lights (1:06:30 or 26:10 in the video). An operation! (Really?) Now I had to wait for the car to leave, and so I sat down in a corner. "... it's so scary... so scary..." On 1:09:20, I filmed again (27:20 in the video): "... I'm sure that's an American... he's climbing up... putting on his shirt..." Probably *not* in order to let faulty surveillance confuse him with me. On 1:11:40, I filmed again (28:14 in the video): "... all these people just walking around... isn't it nice? How long is it going to park there?... if it's a Homeland Security operation to produce surveillance, then it'll park there for a long time..." Then I noticed that a guy and a girl were scratching their face right across the street from me (1:15:40). I filmed them (29:04 in the video): "... they are scratching themselves... I don't know if it's natural or some sort of operation..." Then another guy scratched his face in front of me and then walked away. This one could really be an operation! On 1:19:40, I filmed again (32:24 in the video): "... another car... oh, the car is gone, we can now go home..." And another person scratched his face in front of me. On 1:22:00, I was finally at home (33:25 in the video). On 1:29:00, I turned on the TV. It was that famous movie "Legends of the Fall" (dubbed in Spanish). I then turned on the Sound Recorder and turned off my recorder.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
 Lawrence C. Chin
 2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

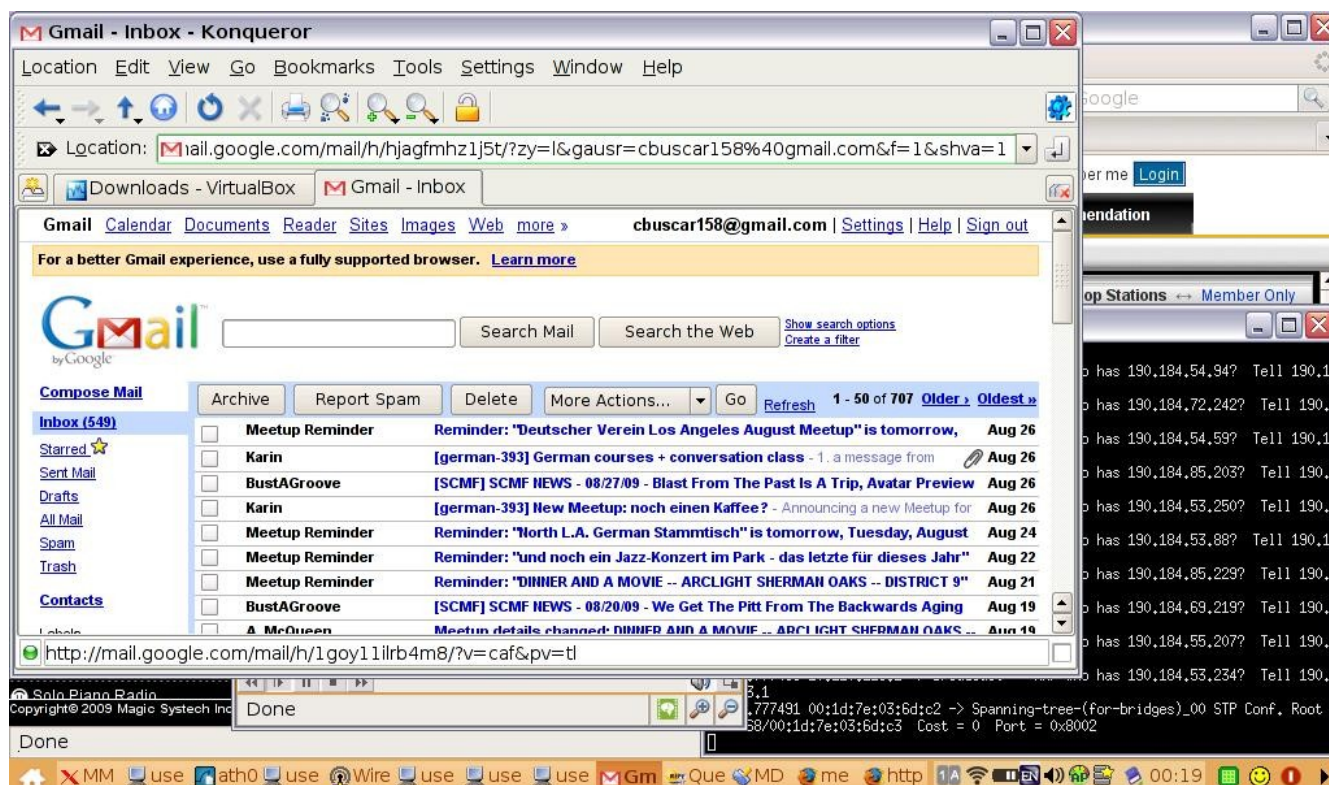


Tonight, busy with my router's MAC address

My next recording is: "jrhd_vid_netdwn_supl23_8_26-7_09_715PM-204AM.wma": Spanish on TV. Then, a stupid movie I had watched before. On 18:00, I started writing on my laptop. (The note you have just seen?) Then I was importing my latest recordings from my recorder (19:30). "... open up Konqueror, I'm gonna..." (39:10). Then, back to my TV, that stupid movie. On 57:25, my Eee PC froze up. On 58:00, I used Konqueror to get into ftp://lawrencechin2008.com. On 59:00, my Internet connection was suddenly cut off (33:52 in the video). I played my latest video diary (?) on 1:03:00. Then, I seemed to be reading out loud something about the router (1:06:30). On 1:13:00, typing again. Was I making notes about the video diary? Then, again: "... Homeland Security has cut off my Internet connection..." (1:22:20 or 34:50 in the video). I then became seriously engrossed in the router in my apartment: "... the MAC address... for the router I think... it's not the same MAC address I had before..." And I read out loud the MAC address of the router (1:24:30). "... instead I got signals from *this* MAC address..." While the importing of my latest videos continued, it was "60 Minutes" on TV (1:37:00). On 1:48:30, my external hard drive was disconnected again. On 2:01:00, I started typing again. On 2:07:50, the videos had finished importing. On 2:19:00, I turned on my Eee PC: "Does Homeland Security still have the Internet connection cut off?" On 2:25:00, back to my TV. "... I think it was 1985 when I watched this movie..." On 2:37:30: "... Homeland Security might have given me back my Internet connection..." I paid special attention again to the MAC address of the router. On 2:41:30, I successfully logged into my website. "... the earlier upload was cut off in the middle... now resume the upload... the file is large, 290 something megabytes..." Then I was on virtualbox.org and

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

watched two videos on Youtube, “How to run Windows XP on Linux Ubuntu with VirtualBox” and “Running Windows Applications on Linux Ubuntu with Wine”. Then another Konqueror popped up for no reason. Somehow I was convinced that the MD5 signature of the VirtualBox file, because it was now a text file, must have been changed. Now I had to check. “The top of the document has changed. Is it natural? Or is it because the file has really been changed?” I continued on about the possibility that Homeland Security might have switched the file in order to gain a backdoor to my VirtualBox (2:59:30). (I was most likely paranoid over nothing here.) On 3:07:30, I inserted a disc into my Toshiba. On 3:13:00, I was checking the visitors’ log on my Hostmatrix account. From 3:30:00 onward, I was writing. What? “Supplemental Pleading”? On 3:53:00: “... I don’t know about this movie... they were talking about sex, and then suddenly somebody came in wearing a Nazi uniform...” Ha! It really seemed as if the suit team had staged it. And I changed the channel. Now, something about the Playboy Mansion. On 4:00:00: “... I’m eating my noodles, not being productive at all...” On 4:20:00, back to my computers. On 4:29:00, I started reviewing my recording. Which one? On 4:36:00, back to my TV. On 4:44:00, back to my recording. I was now working on the episode from May 19 in my “Supplemental Pleading”. “... I don’t think I can find the video ‘5_19_09.wmv’...” (5:02:40). On 5:15:20, I did find “5_19_09.wmv”. On 5:49:00, I connected to the Internet radio station with SM Player. On 6:18:30, I started watching and transcribing the video diary “5_21_09.wmv”. I then continued onto “5_22_09.wmv” (6:35:00).



Some time this late night, I logged into my fake account used to infiltrate Karin’s meetups

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

August 27 (Thursday; Homeland Security comments on Youtube)

Today's video diary, "8_27_09.wmv", is missing.

My next recording is: "llitardioendapfeif_orth4_8_27_09_206-347AM.wma": Was I naming the latest recordings? On 20:30: "MGM is playing 'Lolita', which can be considered 'child-molestation movie'... thus specially selected for me by the suit team..." And so I took out my camcorder to film it (21:30). On 28:30, my Eee PC froze up and I turned on the TV again. Then, on 37:30: "... Charlize Theron... she does look beautiful in this..." Then – what was I writing? ("The impossible wish to be known", it seems.) Then I was alarmed when Charlize mentioned "UN" and thus changed the channel. Ha! French. Now TV-5 Monde just happened to be showing some Radio Canada news. "Do you think the news is orchestrated by Homeland Security? Why do they just have to talk about Montreal?" (42:00) (Again, I was most likely paranoid about nothing here.) I switched to Fox News, and it's the CIA interrogation program again. "This TV is orchestrated, for sure!" (Not.) I then kept on writing. On 1:01:30, I started suspecting this new movie to be also planted by Homeland Security. "Maybe I shouldn't watch it." I thus switched to HBO: "This movie is okay. Michelle Pfeiffer is playing this teacher..." Then, that "Homeland Security lizard" again! Then, on 1:36:00, my pen videos a little. Then, toward the end, I turned on the recorder.

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_27_09_348-503AM.WMA": I turned off the Sound Recorder and turned on the recorder on voice-activated mode. On 17:20, another suspicious French program.

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_27_09_508-529AM.WMA": More Nazis on the TV. Then, Deutsche Welle was showing something on Neo-Nazis again – ha! – and I quickly changed the channel.

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_27_09_523-724AM.WMA": The news was now reporting about an honor killing case (a family threatened to kill their girl for converting to Christianity). On 26:00, the news was reporting on the Lockerbie bomber again. On 30:00, about the civil liberty people's attempt to track covert CIA operatives. Toward the end of the recording, I woke up and turned off the TV.

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_27_09_904-928AM.WMA": I turned on the TV and the news was reporting on a murder case.

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_27_09_1210-1218PM.WMA": It was raining like crazy outside.

My next recording is: "bbcthrn_vid_orth4_ubntvid_8_27_09_1218-727PM.wma": I just woke up. I continued to rest while the TV was on (Spanish). On 7:00, I changed to BBC. On 1:24:00, I got up a little, but then returned to rest. On 1:57:00, I got up and came to my Toshiba. On 2:02:30, I reviewed the recording from last night. Then I was typing something. What? On 2:12:30: "... okay, this is the TV program which Homeland Security has wanted me to watch... the interview with Charlize Theron again... some sort of UN ambassador... hence they took this video, shot 6 months ago, and added it

to...” I thus changed the channel. (Again, although I would soon make a big deal out of Charlize, this program was most likely not planted by the suit team.) On 2:17:00, I started working on my latest video diary (“8_25_09.wmv”). On 2:23:00, I was publishing it. I then turned to my TV. Was it CNN or BBC? A certain live event with the Secretary of State and so on. Then a commentary on Obama. On 2:43:00, the video diary had finished publishing. I started reviewing it. On 2:58:00, something on CNN about 10 pounds of something. “... I don’t know if that’s a special program for me... I’m trying to learn to live on 100 Cordobas a day... but Homeland Security will always find programs that seem to be related to my problems... so the best thing is not to have the TV turned on...” I thus turned the TV off. (Again, I was most likely over-interpreting things here.) It was now raining hard outside. I now continued onto the next video diary, “8_26_09.wmv”. Soon “8_26_09.wmv” was ready to be published (3:37:00). On 3:41:00 I was trying to determine how old this DV tape was. From 3:46:00 onward, back to writing: I continued to work on “The impossible wish to be known”. Then: “... I really shouldn’t have watched the MacBook video back in May... now I get all these emails about MacBooks... Homeland Security *wanted* me to watch it... in their profile of me I’m some sort of MAC user...” (4:25:00). Then I was on a Youtube video, and it froze up (4:30:00). I restarted it. I then mumbled about a certain problem with Ubuntu (4:36:00). “... chrisbelittle.com...” (?). Then: “... I don’t think I can ever get the Ubuntu to work because it has no Internet connection... maybe the wireless card is already broken...” Right! On 4:47:30, I noticed that the comments posted under the Youtube video were again so stupid that they must have been posted by Homeland Security agents in order to make it look like I had posted them. “... this... posted two days ago... looks like Homeland Security... to make it look like I had posted it... even though I’m only watching it today, in surveillance I might have already watched it two days ago... kbbird2005... ‘Are you retarded?’...” (until 4:49:50). As I would later write in my diary:

On -2:20:00, I commented about my noticing a new tactic by Homeland Security: the DHS agents would post stupid and fluffy comments under the videos I had included in my ‘Favorites’ on my Youtube account in order to make it look like I had posted these.

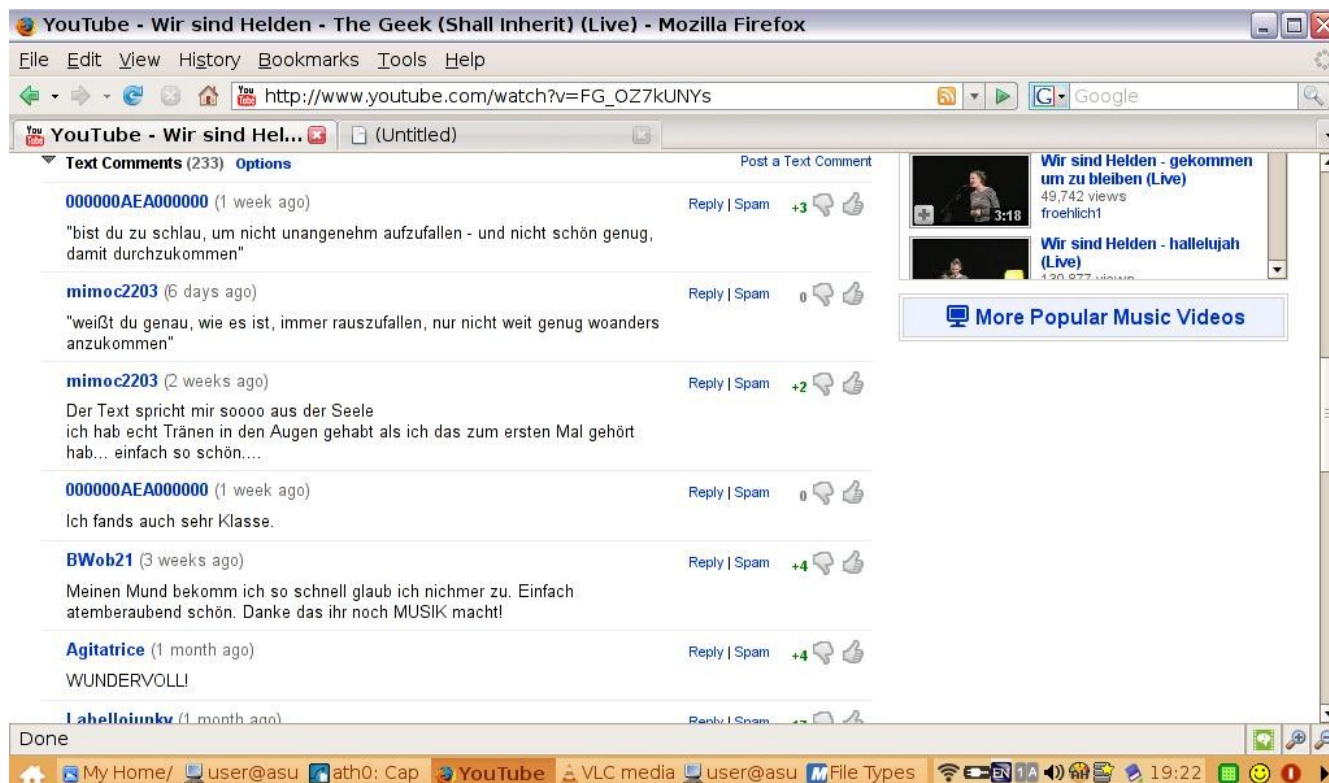
I continued: “... this video is posted by... Linux, Windows... Ubuntu... related videos... VirtualBox download... the MD5 sum of the VirtualBox file... it might be okay...” I was still wondering whether Homeland Security had changed the file. On 4:56:00, another video: “... this video is posted by... and the comment below is...” And I read it out loud. “It sounds like the previous guy...” On 5:11:00, MIA. On 5:20:20: “... I have never even signed up... don’t know where this video came from... but Homeland Security...” On 5:22:00: “... we can now check, how the video is published on Toshiba...” On 5:23:00, the previous video diary. “We will write while reviewing the video.” Was I now working on “The impossible wish” again? On 5:46:00, I worked on the video diary a little. On 5:49:00, I decided to republish the video, all because a little bit of the scenes from earlier videos were somehow left over at the end of the current video. On 5:53:00, back to writing. On 6:29:30. I suddenly decided to film myself revising “The impossible wish”, specifically the episode of Karin’s meetup on August 30 last year, while the video diary was being republished: “... I explained to Michelle how I had written 2,000 pages of stuff, my Scientific Enlightenment...”²⁵ On 6:39:30, the republishing was done. I was now checking the new video at the same time. Then I ended up running around and not filming myself

25 The video of my writing tonight would eventually become “wrt_8_27_09.wmv”.

writing.

My next recording is: “[nghbrprty_flm_supl23_orth4_rvwrcrd520_8_27-8_09_756PM-1244AM.wma](#)”: I was mystified when, suddenly, my Eee PC shut itself down and everything on it just disappeared. On 4:00, back to the TV: “Noticia”. On 6:00, was I playing a video diary? On 11:20: “... it froze! Everything froze! The SD card froze! The Windows Explorer is not responding... it’s crashing my entire Toshiba... try the WAV file... Quick Time is not playing it...” I tried Real Player, but still no. On 20:40, I tried to use the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC: “... before I saved the file, everything just crashed and disappeared... that might be the reason why I can’t play this WMV file...” On 26:00, somehow, I got the file to play. “... apparently what happened is that I only saved it on... buffer... and so it’s not showing up again... I have no idea what’s going on with this thing... we have to go to this website... big Indian or little Indian format...” On 39:20, my Eee PC malfunctioned again. I then continued my online research. “... file types and Windows Media Player... WAV is only an audio container...” I read on. “... Windows uses a WAV format audio to... WAV is only a file container...” On 1:01:40, I took a break and listened to MIA. On 1:10:30, Wir Sind Helden’s “The Geek Shall Inherit the Earth” on my Youtube channel. I noticed again that the comments below the video were so stupid that they were most likely posted by Homeland Security agents to make it look like I had posted them. I took a screenshot and started reading through them: “... a week ago, 00000... what kind of username is that? Obviously a Homeland Security agent...” Then a German comment, and I read it out loud: “... don’t know what it meant... the second post by...” Again, German, and I read it out loud. “... ‘Do you know what it’s like to’... then, two weeks ago, this was posted...” Again, German, and I read it out loud: “... ‘The text speaks to me from the soul’... yes, two weeks ago, I had already included this video in my Favorites... and then 00000... another comment... then, three weeks ago...” Again, German, and I read it out loud. “... the next one, one month ago, the username looks real...” I took another screenshot and then read on. “... remove the SD card, it’s time to work now...” (1:23:10). And I disconnected my Seagate hard drive (1:26:30). “... the people next door are having a party... maybe, according to Homeland Security’s surveillance, I’m also having a party...” (1:31:00). Then I went on and on about how the party next door could be staged by Homeland Security in order to produce surveillance showing me outside partying: “... *it is kind of cool...*” On 1:44:00, I started reviewing the previous recording and was noting down where I commented about the comments under my favorited videos. “... the recording is fine...” Then I sent the hash values to myself (1:51:30). On 1:53:30, the party music from next door was suddenly extinguished. I commented that it might be because I had noticed that the party was staged.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.



The comments under “The Geek Shall Inherit the Earth”.

On 1:55:00 I turned on the TV: Spanish. Then my external hard drive disconnected by itself again, terribly annoying me (1:56:00). I wrote down a short note about the “party” thing in my diary. Then: “... I’m still uploading the previous recording, it’s 311 megabytes, it will take a while...” On 2:00:20 I took a break and turned to CNN. On 2:06:00, CineMax was showing a documentary on the computer industry. “I want to watch it because I want to learn about computers so much.” On 2:08:00: “... now I must test the camcorder to determine if... earlier was really due to low battery level...” On 2:08:10, I started importing the latest videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba. “... ‘8_27_09’... the source video of my revising my writing... the camcorder is fine... the malfunctioning earlier is due to... the electrical plug... hence the camcorder suddenly shut itself down...” I kept on typing. What? On 2:25:00, I stopped, and then, on 2:29:00, was back to writing. “... the video shot earlier... very bad... no close-up shot... you can barely see what I was writing...” (2:33:30). More: “... and the whole thing is out of focus...” On 2:42:00, I turned on the TV. On 2:44:00, BBC. And I continued to write. On 2:58:00, I turned off the TV. I then went on and on about the business of filming myself writing. On 3:00:00, I turned on my camcorder to film myself writing again, this time revising “Supplemental Pleading-23”: “... at the food mall... a group of white females is holding some sort of meeting...” I then inserted a disc into my Toshiba to look for the video diary for May 20 (3:15:00). On 3:33:30, I stopped. On 3:44:50, I turned on the TV again and connected my Passport. On 3:48:00, I started reviewing a recording from May 20. On 3:59:20, I wanted to quote myself from my own blog, on “The impossible wish”. On 4:18:10, I printed out my blog. On 4:30:00, the FTP upload had finished. But

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

then the mouse click function was again disabled on my Eee PC (4:34:10). Then, at one point in the recording I was reviewing: "... in this recording, I was in Kinkos reviewing and writing about another recording, just as right now I'm reviewing this recording and writing about it..." (4:40:40). Again! Then: "... I should probably produce a censored version of this file..."

My next recording is: "supl23_rvwrcrd520_8_28_09_1246-403AM.wma": I continued: "... open my 'Representation', and I should see Goddess Athena..." On 8:00, I turned on the TV while playing the recording from earlier. It was CBS News. On 17:00, Spanish. Then: "... the FTP upload is cut off again... time-out... resume the transfer..." I then got increasingly suspicious wondering if the suit team had obstructed my FTP transfer. (Probably not.) Then about the TV: "This Fox channel... they play this movie... the woman... molest children... it's a program for me... but this one... it's okay to watch it..." (24:30). More: "... this one... about the Vietnam War... but it's dubbed in Spanish... 'Homeland Security TV' is not an easy thing to watch..." And so I was back to my recording (27:30). It was still the recording from May 20. At the same time, I was creating a censored version of the picture of Karin for the episode of the August 30 meetup from last year. "... suddenly Open Office rolls down by itself..." I then kept on writing. On 1:43:00, I noticed something wrong with my recordings from May 20. Suddenly, on 2:17:00, my Eee PC stopped working. "Why did this Thunderbird thing pop up again?" (4:27:00) I then kept on typing. "... my gun battle with my rival drug lords..." (3:02:00). Then: "... Eee PC went dead because..." On 3:17:30, I recalled that I needed to do hash values before going to sleep. I then turned off the Sound Recorder.

To conclude: today the suit team had merely continued to produce evidence confirming that the "David Chin legend" was absolutely correct – this time David Chin had supposedly posted all these frivolous comments under the videos on his Favorites list in confirmation of his vulgar and "fluffy" character. Again, nothing creative.

August 28 (Friday; outage/ connection with the underground)

My next recording is: "ready_slp_ftpdwnld_8_28_09_404-426AM.WMA": On 7:30, I turned on the TV. A Russian submarine! And I thus changed the channel. On 10:10, the TV shut itself down. Again, I suspected Homeland Security: "They wanted me to watch that Russian submarine and didn't like it when I changed to this news report about the decline of volunteering hours among Americans..."

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_28_09_427-456AM.WMA": Ready for bed, I thus turned on the recorder on voice-activated mode. Something scary on TV again: some guy was hitting a woman and about to rape her. I filmed it: "It's 4:40 AM, and sexual violence and Nazis on TV..." (the first scene of my next video diary, "8_28_08.wmv"). I continued: "... I don't really like this 'Homeland Security cable TV' at all..." To be fair, we can't really be sure whether it was Homeland Security at all.

My next recording is: "slp_va_tvrapeinformrcial_mlfunct_8_28_09_508-1058AM.WMA": With the recorder on voice-activated mode, I turned on the TV again. News everywhere was talking about this girl that was kidnapped a long time ago and then recently found. I soon turned off the TV. I rested

quietly. On 9:30, I was up and turned on the TV again. “Even this music video is violent... he’s hitting her...” And so I turned to an infomercial about vacuum cleaners instead. On 27:00, I filmed: “7:39 AM, unable to sleep, and more scary movies on TV...” (1:56 in the video diary). I thus switched back to the infomercial. But the TV then started malfunctioning. “I guess Homeland Security, who is watching me from above, doesn’t like it when I just watch infomercial and avoid the scary cable TV programs which they have devised for me... even on the music channel, a man starts beating up his girlfriend...” Again, it’s really not clear whether the suit team had anything to do with the malfunctioning. In any case, I changed the channel, and the same French movie about the female stock exchanger. On 34:35, I turned off the TV. From 41:40 onward, explosion sounds outside continually. Again! On 43:20, I got up, and the electricity was cut off.

My next recording is: “slp_explsund_noelect_mvflseagt_ut_8_28_09_1058AM-328PM.WMA”: I woke up and muttered: “... these fire crackers outside are very suspicious, and the electricity is cut off...” This was my first power outage in Nicaragua – and I was about to learn just how frequent this would be in this run-down country. Then I speculated about the explosions again: “... perhaps, according to Homeland Security, that’s me engaging myself in a gun battle with my cartel rivals...” Ha! (Could it really be so in the world of faulty surveillance?) Then I went back to sleep. On 2:33:00 I got up and mumbled something and then went back to sleep. On 3:01:00, I got up and came to my computer. I was still feeling sick. “How long is this outage going to last?” (3:10:00) On 3:12:10, I plugged my Seagate hard drive into my Eee PC, and it was making that weird sounds again. I wanted to move the source videos into the Ubuntu partition in order to clear up more disk space in the Windows partition of my Seagate drive. Now, because there was no electricity, the wireless network couldn’t be detected. On 3:29:30, I had difficulty in playing the source videos in my Seagate drive on my Eee PC. After a while I figured it out: “... the VLC Player can play regular WMV files but not the source videos... Is the outage orchestrated by Homeland Security? How can it last so long?” (3:39:30) Again, the outage was most likely not orchestrated by the suit team. On 3:54:00, shower. On 4:08:00, I was out of shower and ready to go out. On 4:17:30, I filmed my room before going out (5:08 in the video diary). I took my garbage with me. On 4:20:00, I filmed myself checking the content of my drawers (6:08 in the video diary). On 4:23:15, once outside, I filmed the garbage I’d have to dump (6:23 in the video diary). It was quite windy today. I kept filming the street as I walked on: again, in order to catch people scratching themselves and so on in front of me, I would simply leave my camcorder turned on at all times as I walked. On 4:28:30, I checked the trash can before dumping my garbage into it (11:10 in the video).

My next recording is: “ut_bat_raincar_kidnse_rstauwtraskbr_crneggs_nghbrscrd_8_28_0.WMA”: The beginning of this recording overlaps the end of the previous recording until 8:30. As I walked, I tried to check if other people didn’t have electricity too. (Hopefully, Homeland Security didn’t just cut off electricity only in my apartment!) On 11:00, I turned on the camcorder again (11:19 in the video). “This store didn’t have batteries.” As you can see, I was now at the Central Square. “Check out the Internet cafe to see if they have electricity...” Then, I was reassured: “At least you know that you aren’t the only one without electricity.” Finally, on 18:40, I found a store that sold batteries and walked in. As soon as I walked out (21:20), I turned on my camcorder (20:52 in the video). Now I had to buy food.

Then a guy acted like he knew me and nodded his head to me (24:20 or 22:10 in the video). Was he instructed by the suit team to do this? Most likely! Just more evidence to confirm the “David Chin legend” (that David Chin had been here many times before and knew all the underground people here). By now the rain had got so bad that I had to sit somewhere to wait for it to stop. I turned off my camcorder (26:22). Immediately, siren. Suddenly, a car with tinted windows came to park in front of me: I immediately suspected that it was to produce surveillance showing me making contacts with my drug-dealing buddies. (I was probably correct.) I thus moved away and filmed the car (30:00 or 24:21 in the video). I read out its license plate (30:40). And the car parked there for quite a while. I then moved on through the rain. I came back to the Central Square and sat down at this restaurant to eat while waiting for the rain to stop. On 35:35 the owner asked me (in English) if I wanted beer. What? I assumed he was instructed by the suit team to ask me this. (To produce surveillance showing David Chin to be an alcoholic again.) On 37:20 I ordered food, and he asked me again. Now I was sure he was instructed by the suit team! I turned on my camcorder again to film the restaurant (27:30 in the video). There was no one around, and yet I had to take account of the empty place in case the suit team should send in actors later on (27:52 in the video). I concluded: “The entire population in this town has been instructed to scratch their head when they see me... And the waiter has been instructed to recommend beer to me... and he touched his nose too...” Then something about this guy on 42:20, and I filmed him (28:39 in the video). “How funny that people are just standing around!” I then asked the owner why there was no electricity, upon which he opened up his cellphone and told me it’d come back on 5 PM. Why did he have to open his cellphone? (This was probably not an operation.) Then, on 46:10, this man passed me by with earphones stuck in his ear, and I filmed him (29:12 in the video). (Was he doing surveillance for the Russian side?) Then, on 51:15, a white female? And I filmed her (29:44 in the video). Then, on 56:30, something again – cellphone? – and I filmed again (30:03 in the video). Now the rain had finally stopped! Then another man scratched his head in front of me. On 59:10, I was done with my food. Then, on 59:25, a man in the distance did something with his cellphone, and I filmed him (30:23 in the video). Then, a man came to sell me CDs. Again! I assumed he was sent in by the suit team to produce a certain surveillance, and so I filmed him (1:01:50 or 30:37 in the video). (We can’t however be sure whether this was an operation.) On 1:03:00, I paid (88 Cordobas), and then promptly left. I bought cigarettes and so on from a street stand on 1:05:00. On 1:08:40, I was buying corns from a street stand. The woman said something unintelligible to me. On 1:09:50 I filmed what I bought (30:57 in the video): two packs of Pall Mall and two corns. And I left my camcorder on as I walked through the Central Square and then onto the streets. There was a pharmacy but I was bothered by the guy who just stood by the front door of the building and so didn’t go in (1:11:30 or 32:32 in the video). Then, a close-up on another guy with a cellphone (32:52 in the video). And he shouted profanity in English to his phone! Then I had to film myself when I felt like scratching myself (34:40 in the video). Then I turned off the camcorder and came inside the same old convenience store (1:17:30). It was not the old man working here like before, but a middle-aged man and a middle-aged woman: that got me suspicious too. When I came out (1:20:40), I turned on the camcorder again to film myself walking home (38:50 in the video). And of course I took account of what I bought: 10 eggs and 10 cookies. “I just hope that electricity will come back on.” And I continued to mumble about how scary it all was. “You need to learn Spanish, man, you can’t go on like this.” Somebody was now behind me: suspicious! I turned off the camcorder on 41:07 in the video. On 1:25:00 I walked into my apartment.

Now the neighbors to my right all ran inside and locked their door, as if I were a very scary criminal. I was convinced that the suit team had instructed them to put up such an act in order to produce surveillance. “They would be like: ‘He’s sniffing drugs, killing his rival drug-dealers... a psychopathic serial killer next door to us, we are all scared...’” But, thank God, the electricity was back on. On 1:33:30, I turned on the TV. On 1:36:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. And so the suit team’s operation today probably consisted of:

- (1) One man pretended to know me.
- (2) A vehicle with tinted windows to produce surveillance showing me making contacts with my criminal buddies.
- (3) Faulty surveillance had confirmed that I drank beer.

Again, just more evidence to confirm that the “David Chin legend” did describe reality.

My next recording is: “vidlan_vid_ftp_8_28_09_457-1030PM.wma”: It was BBC on TV. Then, I changed the channel to HBO: “... it’s Charlize Theron again, playing a cancer patient...” It was the movie “Sweet November”. Then I wondered again about how the people had changed at the nearby convenience store (4:00). Then: “... it’s the end of the movie, very sad...” (11:00). Then, something about my hash values (12:30). Then: “... I uploaded this recording to my website last night, but now when I downloaded it to check if it’s okay, the hash value is different... the file is corrupted... it’s very bad...” (19:10). This need hardly be said: my recordings were the Russians’ only evidence (aside from their monitoring of my monologues in my room). Then: “... ‘Journal Attachments’...” (26:50). On 38:30, I played the recording from early afternoon. I made notes about it and named my other recordings. On 56:30: “... now I’m gonna see... all the things... my camcorder... by the suit team... oh, the video *is* there... I was afraid that the camcorder might not have worked at all... when did that explosion sound happen? I can’t remember...” On 1:01:50, I started importing my latest videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba. Meanwhile, I was reading the first section of VideoLan’s documentation, on the difference between codecs and container. On 1:23:30, I accidentally turned off the importing. Then, while I was reading more about video and audio file formats on my Eee PC: “... because the clicking thing is broken, it’s very hard to operate it...” Then, on 2:07:50, about the recording I had downloaded from my website: “... the hash value *is* correct... how is it that it wasn’t correct earlier? ...” On 2:13:00, I started practicing streaming my video diaries from my website, with the VLC Player on my Eee PC: “... it works... the streaming address is 98.131.36.2...” And I went onto videolan.org to check the documentation: “... streaming-how-to... PDF... the recording from last night... I’m streaming it from my website on VLC Player, and it *does* work... amazing...” (2:25:30). I continued to play with my VLC Player. On 2:51:00: “... now let’s stream another file, to see how well it works with videos...” Then: “... the video is not coming out, you can’t stream videos... what if you stream a smaller video?... the video might be too big for our Eee PC which has no memory...” (2:57:00). The video did stream, but then it froze up. “Now stream the recording of our going out earlier, a small file...” On 3:08:00, I started working on the video of my writing last night. I was ready to publish it, “[wrt_8_27_09.wmv](#)”, on 3:28:50. On 3:33:30, I logged into my ftp://lawrencechin2008.com. On 3:38:00: “... again, it’s not streaming at all...” On 3:43:00, I started working on the video of my going

out earlier. On 4:05:30: "... now we'll see if we can stream... once again, the file permission is all messed up..." So now I had to check the file permissions of the other files again. From 4:25:00 onward, I kept on typing. What? My latest video diary? Then, on 4:29:30, the video of my writing was published, and I played it to check it. On 4:47:00, I mumbled something: "... you want to go back to see her? It's not just that the fish is dead, it's already eaten..." Who was I talking about? I was then on my Gmail account. On 5:05:00, I was reading VLC Player's documentation again. On 5:10:30, I turned on the TV. From 5:25:00 onward, I continued to work on my latest video diary, "8_28_09.wmv".

My next recording is: "how73_supl24_spnshlssn_8_28-9_09_1032PM-3AM.wma": I commented about my TV: "... I don't remember anything about this movie..." I took note of "la Binoche": "... she was in 'The English Patient'... I'm really worried about the Seagate hard drive... it's almost as if it were dead..." On 9:30, I was ready to import more of my latest videos, but the Capture Wizard wouldn't show up. And I kept on typing. What? "Frankfurt and Brussels"? My latest video diary? Then the importing was successfully accomplished on 26:00. On 31:00, back to my TV. On 37:00, BBC. On 39:30, back to writing. On 47:20, something interesting about Japan on BBC. On 54:00, back to writing. I continued to work on my latest video diary, "8_28_09.wmv". On 1:21:00, I was ready to publish it. On 1:24:00, back to my TV. It's "King Kong". On 1:42:00, CNN. On 1:44:30, I turned off the TV. Back to typing. "Supplemental Pleading"? On 2:17:00, I decided to check my new video diary at the same time. On 2:39:00: "... I'm uploading '8_26_09.wmv'... and now it has timed-out, resume it... is it 'natural' or did Homeland Security block it?" Most likely, natural. On 2:59:00, I finished reviewing the new video diary. Now, removing the frames not yet published. Then I stopped and was getting ready for bed: "... this book of mine will take 10 years to write..." (3:07:30). Right! (As you shall see.) On 3:11:00, I started reviewing the recording from May 20, the episode of my argument in Kinkos. On 3:27:00, I went aside to check on the process on my Eee PC, and then got engrossed in reading something about computers. (Perhaps something on ftps.nslc.org, "Interoperability – Integrity Check".) On 3:37:00, I started my Spanish lesson. "... the buttons on this website used to be in German, and now they are in English..." Foul play? On 3:51:00, I was reading something about computers again. Then: "Shit, I have to print out my hash values." Then I noted that, on my Toshiba, the left arrow key was broken. On 3:57:00, back to reviewing the recording from May 20 and writing "Supplemental Pleading". By 4:21:00, I had stopped working and was ready for bed. A little fast beat music.

My next recording is: "ready_slp_wrrydhseewrt_8_29_09_306-321AM.WMA": I stopped the Sound Recorder. "So you have learned how to stream on VLC today! You are a slow learner..." Then I mumbled about how Homeland Security could see every word I typed on my Toshiba – in fact they could see my screen constantly! "It's thus very easy to produce surveillance intercepts showing me to not have written anything but have merely received my writings from the Russians..."

August 29 (Saturday; no operation)

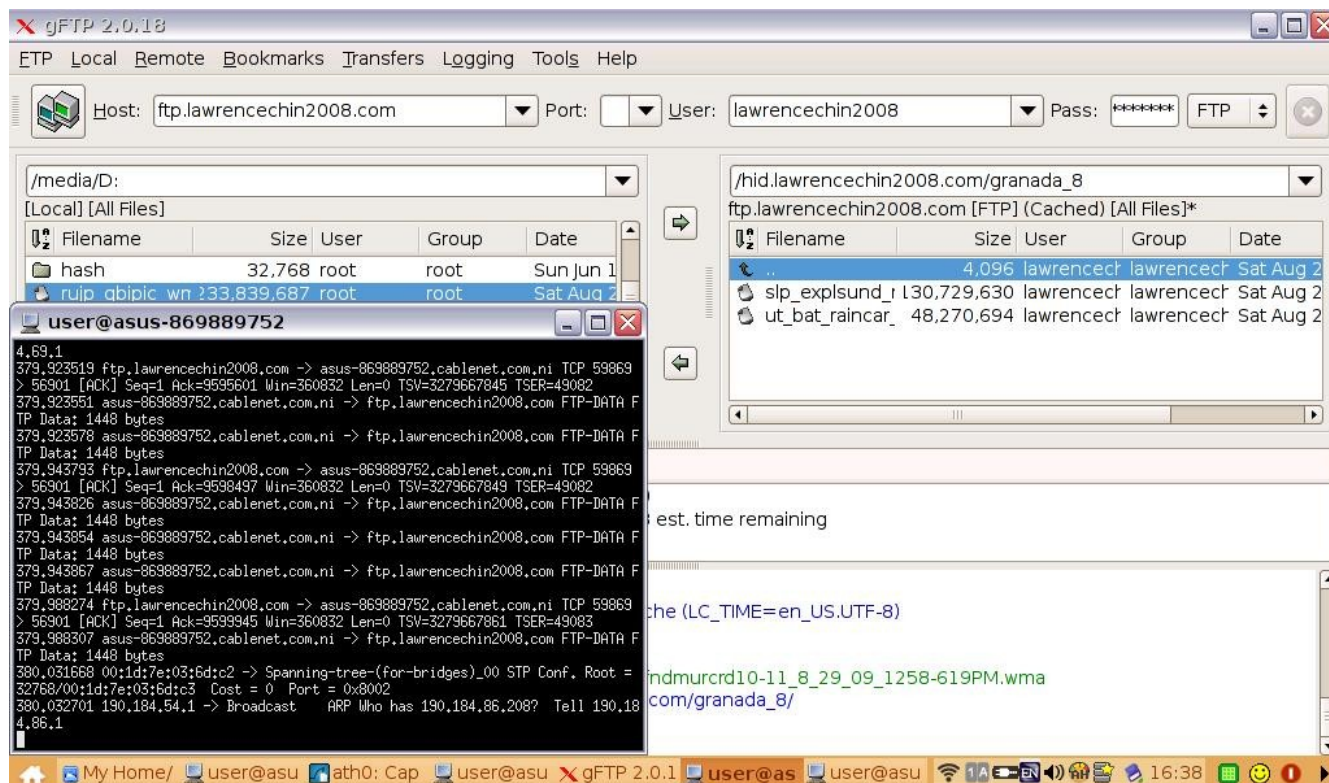
My next recording is: "slp_va_8_29_09_328AM-102PM.WMA": Now, Ted Kennedy's Memorial on CNN. During the commercial, this notice about the Soviet Union popped up. "What did that have to do

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

with Ted Kennedy's Memorial? Nothing! Homeland Security put it there to produce surveillance showing me paying constant attention to things Russia." I was most likely overly interpreting things again here. On 5:25, I filmed the TV (the first scene in my next video diary: "8_29_09.wmv"): "HBO was playing a movie about drug-dealing... And so another channel, and also a drug-dealing movie..." On 16:00: "... in this program they are saying how, in 2030, love will be forbidden in Berlin... scary... want to masturbate..." Again, no operation here, but I continued to switch channels. On 25:30, did I turn on my Toshiba? In order to masturbate! (With which picture?) Then I went to sleep. Then it rained. On 53:00, I woke up.

My next recording is: "rujp_gbpic_wmuclluncle_fndmurcrd10-11_8_29_09_1258-619PM.wma": On 9:30, I started reviewing "wrt_8_28_09.wmv". Again: "This video is very bad because you can't see what I was typing." Then, from 25:00 onward, I was writing. What? On 29:00, back to the TV. It was raining hard outside again. On 38:30, CNN. On 46:00, a French movie. The movie was actually about Russia! Hence I changed the channel. On 48:00, MTV. On 59:00, back to my computers. Then I napped a little. On 1:20:00, I got up and came back to my computers. On 1:28:50, I worked a little on "The impossible wish" ("Orthodox-5"). I was then looking for the portraits I made of Karin within my hard drives. Then I started revising "Karin's Meetup-7-3". Then I was looking for something about Gabi (her portrait?) but couldn't find it (2:08:00). On 2:12:00 I got on wamu.com to check my bank account balances. I saw Uncle Chad's deposit, and was a bit mystified: it's a bit early. On 2:33:00, to ask about the matter, I called up Alpine Furniture on Skype, but there was no answering (2:35 in the video diary). "Oh, they aren't answering it because it's Saturday." By now the rain was so hard that I couldn't even hear myself. On 2:45:00 I called Uncle Chad's home, and there was again no answering (7:40 in the video diary). I called again, and the second time Uncle Chad answered it (2:46:00 or 12:30 in the video diary). I simply wanted to ask him why he had deposited the money earlier this month. Then I tried to check my Skype's call log, but my Konqueror crashed: "... is Homeland Security doing something to my Konqueror again?" As noted, my Konqueror would continue to have this problem and it had nothing to do with the suit team. I then continued to look for my portraits of Cecilia and Gabi. "Uncle Chad is hiding something from us..." Not this time! On 3:10:00, I was organizing my files ("Journal Attachments"). On 3:26:00: "... now I have to find the old recordings..." Frustrated: "... can't remember in which folder I kept the old recordings... they are still in the ICD-B600 recorder..." On 3:57:00, I started reviewing the recordings from my old ICD-B600 recorder. On 4:00:00, I started making notes about the recordings: "... transferred, the first time... the second time..." Then: "... everyday, you shall transfer a little bit of these old recordings... a ton of work... too much data..." On 4:26:00, I reviewed more recordings from my ICD-B600 recorder. "That's how you take stock of these recordings of the meetups... very painstaking work..." And so I noted down the length of each recording.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.



As usual, as soon as a recording had ended and was named,
I uploaded it to my website.

My next recording is: “orth5_flmwrt_8_29_09_621-1048PM.wma”. Before we proceed, this is the note I’d later attach under this recording:

Something has gone wrong with this recording. A strange buzz sound occurs around 1:30 into the recording and continues for about 30 seconds. Now this recording is done through Vista’s Sound Recorder and the buzz sound obviously came from the interior of my Toshiba, since I didn’t hear anything at the time of the recording. What could have caused it? Was it Homeland Security playing with my Sound Recorder by sending into my room electronic interference? If so, what would be the purpose? To make my recordings sound like they were forged [using] strange audio software? To make them sound as if I were playing with strange communication devices to communicate with my fellow drug-dealers and the Russian intelligence?

As noted, we simply can’t be sure whether this buzz sound – which would happen almost daily from now on – was indeed caused by the suit team – and so whether the suit team had indeed used these buzz sounds as evidence to argue in the ICJ that all my recordings were forged. We shall leave this matter at that.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

Now the recording. I had now finished taking account of the old meetups recordings. On 37:00, I inserted a disc into my Toshiba. DVD-14. I noted down the disc information. On 43:50: "... it's actually in DVD-12..." Then I stepped on the broken glass on the floor and was bleeding. On 48:50, I started reviewing the recording from July 27 last year, my conversation with Tony after the service at Assumption. I started transcribing it. On 1:19:00, I was washing my dishes. On 1:21:30, back to my recording. On 3:07:00, a break, and back to the TV. It was now "Jaws", and then "Devil's Advocate" (dubbed in Spanish). On 3:20:00, back to my computers. Now I wanted to film myself continuing to work on "Orthodox-5" (July 27 last year). By 3:43:00, I stopped. I was then looking over my "Preface" and making changes. Then, "Karin's Meetups-7" (3:55:00). On 4:00:00, my camcorder shut itself down. Why? On 4:13:40, I connected my Seagate drive to my Eee PC. On 4:22:00, the screen capture froze up. "Our Eee PC doesn't work anymore." On 4:23:50, I turned on the TV.

My next recording is: "rvwrcrdvcbuz_brndvd_tbmfnct_8_29-30_09_1050PM-310AM.wma": My TV was now turned to Channel 15. Then, back to my computers. I was now searching through the source videos in my Seagate drive to decide which one to delete. On 19:30, I turned on the TV. On 32:00, back to my computers. On 33:30, I started naming my latest recordings. I got angry again when I accidentally turned off my T-Shark on my Eee PC (43:30). On 46:00, I was backing up my writings in my Seagate drive. On 53:30, I was ready to import my latest videos, but when I plugged in my camcorder with the express card, nothing happened. I tried again. Finally, the Capture Wizard came up. On 1:02:10, while the videos were being imported, I took a break. On 1:23:00, I turned on the TV: Channel 14 was playing "Shooter" again. By 2:07:00, I was back to my computers. I was then printing out my June 29 2008 blog post to accompany my chapter from "Karin's Meetups". Then I was backing up my latest "Karin's Meetups" (2:40:10). On 2:45:00, I played the previous recording and noticed the buzz sounds in the beginning as noted earlier. On 3:12:30, I filmed myself getting ready to burn a new disc (DVD-48): this is the first scene of my next video diary, "[8_30_09.wmv](#)". "This is the new disc we bought..." On 3:20:00, I was at the same time streaming a recording of one of Karin's meetups from my website. Then, my VLC Player timed out. I kept trying to stream the recording: "... I want to make sure it's the connection that's the problem, not the file..." And yet the file always timed out at the same place. I then decided to burn even Thunderbird's inbox onto the new disc. My VLC Player was still in time-out mode. I then sent the hash values to myself. On 4:10:00, I streamed another recording from late 2008. "Why does this Thunderbird keep popping up?" Then: "Call this disc 'DVD-48'."

There was no operation from the suit team today evidently because I didn't go out at all.

August 30 (Sunday; waving at me)

My next recording is: "ready_slp_8_30_09_311-333AM.WMA": The TV was on with Spanish music.

My next recording is: "slp_va_8_30_09_348AM-106PM.WMA": The Spanish music continued as I slept with this recorder on voice-activated mode. At the end of the recording, I got up and turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. Then, I mumbled about the cats on the roof.

My next recording is: “wk_rcrdbuz_mvkr_8_30_09_105-201PM.wma”: As soon as I woke up, I inserted my newest disc to check on the recording from 6:21 PM yesterday. Again, I was terribly puzzled over the buzz sounds (3:50). (Again, I was terrified that the suit team might use these buzz sounds as proof that I had forged my recordings with computer software.) I kept reviewing the recording, now looking for the part where I started reviewing the other recordings (21:00). Then the part about the source videos (from 29:00 onward). I stopped on 31:00. Again, it was raining hard outside. The TV was now on. On 49:00, I turned on my Eee PC and started Wireshark. Meanwhile, my latest video diary was being published. “Noticia” on TV. Then, BBC (53:00). It was reporting on the Japanese election results.

My next recording is: “ut_tercnoflsh_strngrwaiv_cantbuy_scrd_8_30_09_206-5PM.WMA”: On 4:30, I started reviewing the previous recording. On 11:30, I was uploading to my website the previous recording, which was “just myself reviewing the recording uploaded last night...” Ha! Then I was working on “wrt_8_29_09.wmv”. On 23:00, I was ready to publish it. And I took a break. On 33:30, back to my computers. I was now streaming the previous recording from my website. On 45:00, while waiting for the video to be published and playing the recording, I looked up the VLC Player’s manual again. On 49:00, I couldn’t understand why I couldn’t stream videos from my website but only audio files. On 59:00, I checked the video of myself writing. Again, I was disappointed because I could barely see what I was writing: “I give up, man!” On 1:12:00, I was ready to go out: “Scary time again! At least I don’t have garbage to dump today!” Now, as soon as I stepped out of my door, a man – obviously per the suit team’s order – waved at me and started talking to me as if he knew me, saying something like “La puerta!” I immediately turned around and went the other direction (2:20 in the new video diary). I was now on the street – with my camcorder turned on. On 1:21:30, I finished filming. On 1:22:00, I started filming again – a man was using his cellphone (4:02 in the video diary) – and stopped on 1:23:00. On 1:25:30, I bought something. (Shish Kabab?) On 1:26:40, I filmed something for 5 seconds. (What?) I then settled down in this bohemian restaurant “Tercer Ojo” and ordered my food: salmon and Coke. I filmed my surrounding again to demonstrate how empty the place was (1:28:30 or 5:23 in the video diary): “... only one American, and a local, on the other side of the restaurant... That’s why I like it here, there is no one here... And it’s very bohemian here...” On 1:34:30, the two other persons left, and now I was the only person here: how nice! I then filmed something outside on 1:35:20. (What?) Then another American guy walked in to use the restroom (1:37:30). I started filming with my pen camera (5:51 in the video diary). I became terribly suspicious of that American: “... he just uses the restroom and then walks away...” The particularly suspicious thing was that he didn’t flush the toilet: was he trying to get the faulty surveillance Machine to intercept me being totally sloppy and not flushing the toilet? I thus flushed it for him. Then my food arrived. Then a mean-looking Hispanic man came in with a female and, alarmed, I got ready to leave. I took notice of the American guy who was chilling at the sofa and suspected that he was there in order to enable faulty surveillance to confuse him with me. On 1:55:00 I came out and started filming (9:07 in the video diary). “Now it’s time to shop!” On 1:59:15, while walking, I started filming again (9:38 in the video diary). I was terribly disappointed that both of the stores I had in mind were closed (2:04:00). On 2:05:20, I filmed again (11:35 in the video diary): “... it is a very scary street...” On 2:06:00, I was buying two Pall Malls from a street stand. On 2:08:00, I filmed again (12:15 in the video diary): “... I

bought these cigarettes, and people are waving at me... I think people are just told to wave at me... as if I were born here...” Right! On 2:10:00, I turned off the camcorder. On 2:11:00, I was buying 20 eggs at a street stand. Then I was looking for batteries. On 2:14:50, I was filming again (14:12 in the video diary). Again on 2:15:20 (14:34 in the video). More people were waving at me! On 2:19:55, I filmed again (15:07 in the video): “... this doggie is very abused...” On 2:24:00, I filmed again (16:15 in the video diary). Note the guy that purposely scratched his head as I passed by in 19:00 in the video. On 19:07 in the video, more filming as I walked through the Central Square. On 2:28:30, I turned off my camcorder and came inside a shop. But they weren’t selling any batteries and so I moved on: “It’s so scary...” By 2:31:00 I was breathing heavily, a complete nervous wreck: “... I don’t know what to do...” On 2:32:20, I filmed again (20:16 in the video). “... an American...” Then, on 22:25 in the video, more filming as I walked through the street. I was now moaning pathetically: “... I can’t handle it... there is no shop to buy food at... danger zone...” On 2:33:35, I filmed again (23:07 in the video): “... bicycle, earphones...” On 2:36:50, I filmed again: “... it’s closed, everything is closed...” I continued my moaning and panting. Then I filmed again (2:38:20). On 2:39:00, again. On 2:39:20, again. (All from 24:53 onward in the video.) I was very upset because more people were waving at me and I continued to moan terribly: “... I’m so scared... need to buy food...” I continued to cry about the impossibility of buying food: “... every store is closed...” I almost cried. On 2:43:55 I filmed myself (25:48 in the video): “... I just bought these eggs, and now no more...” On 2:45:15, I stopped filming when I came near my apartment. On 2:45:30, I filmed again when I came to the front door of my apartment (27:02 in the video): “... in front of my door, that car just stops there, for no reason...” And I read out its license plate. On 2:46:25, after entering my home, I turned off the camcorder, a complete nervous wreck. And I continued my moaning and screaming. On 2:50:00, I finally broke down crying. Then I turned on my Toshiba. On 2:52:40, I turned on the TV and it was Charlize Theron again. Ha! I immediately turned on my camcorder to film it (27:53 in the video): “... BBC is again playing this interview with her back in March... I don’t know why they keep playing this... it has something to do with the International Court...” Most likely not! Then I turned off the TV and turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. To sum up, these were the possible operations from the suit team today:

- (1) The man waved at me.
- (2) The American didn’t flush the toilet at the restaurant.
- (3) More people waved at me.
- (4) A car stopped in front of my apartment.

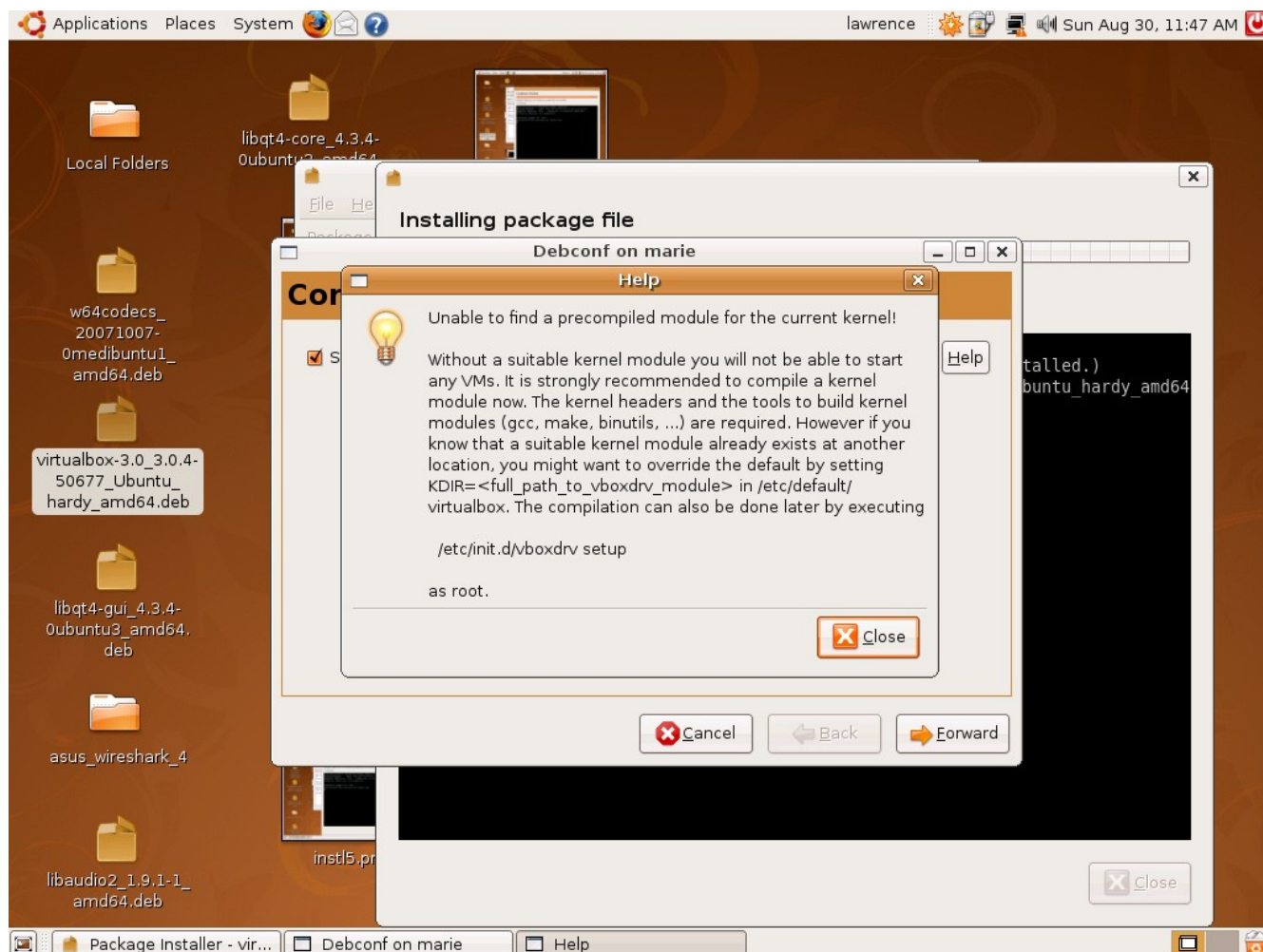
Perhaps the suit team didn’t send in that American just to pretend to forget to flush the toilet, but we can be sure that the effort had simply continued to produce more proofs that the “David Chin legend” was correct.

My next recording is: “upldrerd_rvwvid_imprtvid_ftp_8_30_09_454-649PM.wma”: On 14:00, I started reviewing yesterday’s video diary. Suddenly, I got angry: “What the fuck!” By 35:30, I was done with reviewing. Note the buzz sounds from 36:00 onward for a minute or two. Then – was I reviewing a recent recording? Or importing my latest videos? Now loud music at the neighbor had started (51:00). On 56:50, I was naming my latest pen videos. I theorized: “Homeland Security is trying to make it look

like I'm having a big party right now..." (59:00). Really? Then I noted that my FTP upload was very slow, only 30 KB per second (1:04:20). On 1:06:50: "... you have to do this sooner or later... Homeland Security has staged a party next door..." Was I still importing my latest videos? (1:21:00) On 1:32:00, I opened up yesterday's video diary "8_29_09.wmv". On 1:38:45, my Eee PC blacked out again. On 1:44:30, I turned on the TV: "... let's see what scary news there are this time..." And then I was back to my computers. Now that the importing was finished, I proceeded to delete all the unused frames. On 1:51:30, I turned off the TV. I checked the log and ascertained that I burned the new disc on 2 AM last night.

My next recording is: "[vbox_8_30_09_650-912PM.WMA](#)": Tonight, while the neighbor was blasting loud music again – I assumed again it was in order to produce surveillance showing me blasting loud music to disturb my neighbors – I would try again to install VirtualBox on my Ubuntu. I had to use my WS-210S recorder to record my hours because the Sound Recorder on my Windows Vista would be unavailable during the process. I turned on the TV a little, and then turned it off. I mumbled again about how Ubuntu was useless and couldn't play any files. On 15:20, I turned on my camcorder to film myself going downstairs to get my eggs (the first scene of my next video diary, "[8_30_09_p2_ubnt.wmv](#)"). I ate some eggs and then, on 27:00, started removing the hard drive from my Toshiba. On 29:00, I filmed my Seagate drive before putting it into my Toshiba (1:10 in the video). I filmed it again on 33:00 (1:43 in the video). On 35:10, I filmed how my Ubuntu started (2:05 in the video). I moved the downloaded files into the right place (45:30). And so I filmed myself trying to install VirtualBox (2:25 in the video). On 49:20, as expected, I couldn't install, and so stopped filming. I read a post at forums.debian.net about how to enable Intel VT and AMD V virtualization hardware extension in BIOS. On 50:30, I filmed myself restarting Ubuntu (5:23 in the video). "How can it be incorrect? I don't know if Homeland Security can control your laptop even when it's Ubuntu..." Of course they can! On 57:00, my Eee PC went black again, and the party next door was now getting very loud. I was struggling with this "kernel module" and so on. By 1:01:20 I was getting very frustrated: "... everything froze..." On 1:06:00, I was running about. On 1:07:15: "... now you have to figure out how to start VirtualBox..." On 1:11:30, the FTP upload on my Eee PC was successful. On 1:20:00, I filmed myself looking online (18:10 in the video): "... don't think it'll work because it'll require Internet connection..." I was quite right about that! On 1:27:10: "... very likely we don't even have this 'kernel module'... how to get it? Oh, look! We *have* VirtualBox, now that we have rebooted it it's there!" And I filmed it (18:50 in the video) and then discovered: "Oh, you have to register and so have to get online..." Right! I continued to read the VirtualBox manual. On 1:40:30, I filmed again (21:38 in the video): "... this manual... a little different..." On 1:48:45, I filmed myself getting out the recovery disc for my Toshiba – I wanted to try to install Windows Vista in VirtualBox (26:00 in the video). I continued to read the directions in the VirtualBox manual. On 2:01:30, I stopped: "I need to do writing soon." On 2:05:50, I continued to read the manual.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.



Futile attempt to install VirtualBox
on my Ubuntu without Internet connection

My next recording is: "vrtbox_8_30_09_917-1012PM.WMA": I was now sending hash values to myself. I was then amazed at the FTP upload speed, how it was jumping up and down like crazy. I continued to work on my files: "... 'hash-7'... screenshots... 'Journal Attachments'..." Then I checked the uploads. "Why does the Toshiba Windows drive seem to have two partitions?" And I filmed it (38:30 or 34:00 in the video). And I copied the files I needed from the Toshiba Windows drive onto Eee PC. On 45:00, I logged into my website via FTP on Konqueror. "My files... where did this come from? Oh, from my Eee PC..."

My next recording is: "vrtbox_8_30_09_1013-1057PM.WMA": I turned on the TV for my break. On 8:50, I turned off the TV, ready to switch hard drives. The attempt at VirtualBox installation had again been a failure! On 18:30, I filmed the drives before switching them back (37:20 in the video). On 21:00, I filmed the drives again (37:52 in the video). On 31:40, I checked the old recordings from my

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

Sony recorder. On 34:50, the earlier recording.

My next recording is: “imprtvid_usnicanews_dgtgv_fmec2mlfunct_supl24_8_30-1_09_103.wma”: It’s now 10:35 PM. I checked into “recording-toshiba-5” and played the old recordings from last year. On 5:10, a recording from “granada-4”. “Listen carefully to Seagate, to see if it still makes that weird sound... Now do the hash values, ‘granada-10’...” On 11:10, I started importing my latest videos using Windows Import. “The next door neighbor is probably text-messaging right now...” (23:00). Maybe! On 39:00, I was reading a particular news item on www.canal5.com – something about the US Southern Command General Douglas Fraser’s visit to Nicaragua (“Jefe del Comando sur de los EE.UU. Visitará Nicaragua”). I summarized: “... invited... will not bother American soldiers... Ortega... I hope it has nothing to do with me...” Ha! Then I got on www.learn-spanish.com on 48:50 and started my lesson. On 1:11:50, the video was done importing. I was now removing more source videos in order to clear up more disk space on the NTFS partition of my Seagate. On 1:17:00, I started working on my latest video diary. On 1:24:00: “What’s that sound? Homeland Security is doing something again...” On 1:41:00, to understand further my VLC Player, I tried to stream something from other people’s websites: “... I don’t think we’ll run into the buffer problem today...” And yet nothing could be played! (1:47:30) After much struggle, on 1:57:30, I finally succeeded in streaming a video (from the Library of Congress?). On 2:08:40, I stopped working and turned on the TV. On 2:13:30, I was back to my video diary. On 2:46:00, I took a break. On 2:52:30, back to my computers. On 2:59:00, I was making a few revisions in one of my “Karin’s Meetups”. Then my Eee PC was frozen, and the Open Office on my Toshiba was not responding. Then I couldn’t save my screenshots on my Eee PC. Now I had to wait for my latest video diary to be published. On 3:23:00, when it was thus published, I started reviewing it. On 3:33:50, my Open Office froze up again when I tried to save my document. Then I had to film this: “... suspicious... every time... ‘EC-1’, it just froze...” (the first scene of my next video diary, “8_31_09_p1.wmv”). I ended up filming myself writing this “Crime Summary” for quite a while. On 3:41:00, as I continued to enumerate in this Summary all the criminal characteristics which the suit team had ever attributed to me so far, I was absolutely amused. On 3:57:45, I took a break and turned on the TV. On 3:59:30, I was back to reviewing my recording. Then I continued my enumeration. So much fun! Then I reviewed my video diary and was bemused by people’s scratching their head (4:15:00). On 4:16:10, I filmed my Toshiba: Open Office froze up again (23:48 in the video diary). Again, Open Office had to repair my documents, terribly frustrating me. On 4:18:00, back to my enumeration. Then: “It’s all broken... Toshiba just froze up like this...” (4:23:30). On 4:35:00, I continued to work on the enumeration. Then I was looking for the recordings from May (4:54:00). Now I started working on the entry for May 22 in my “Supplemental Pleading” (4:59:00). I was working on the video “email_unhcr_wa_malfunc_5_22_09_p1.wmv” (5:03:00). I kept on writing. By 5:54:00, the video was showing me attaching the file in question onto my email to UNHCR (the most frustrating episode on that day). On 6:08:20 I was finished with the first video, “Part I”.

August 31 (Monday; cellphone calls)

My next recording is: “ready_slp_8_31_09_455-517AM.WMA”: I was now naming the latest recordings. On 6:05, I turned on the TV. On 7:30, the same problem with my Toshiba again – and I

immediately filmed it (27:30 in the video): after I shut it down, the lights remained on. I turned it on and shut it down again, and the lights were still on. And my camcorder ran out of tape too (14:00). I would have to pull the battery compartment out of my Toshiba in order to cure this problem.

My next recording is: “slp_va_8_31_09_512AM-142PM.WMA”. And so I had the recorder on voice-activated mode. I reflected on the lights problem of my Toshiba earlier. I didn’t think Homeland Security did it this time! Of course!

My next recording is: “wk_prfce_ut_chn_notthpste_buyfd_mnycellphn_scrd_ambl_8_31_09_.WMA” (from almost 1 PM onward): I was now awake. On 10:30, I turned on the TV. On 19:00, CNN: about the Armenian genocide. Then, Dalai Lama was going to Taiwan. On 30:00, a Spanish channel: on New Guinea. On 46:20, it was Nazi Germany again, and I turned off the TV. It started raining outside. On 58:00, I started typing on my Toshiba. “I thought I had deleted the source video, but I can still see it...” I was now looking at the video of the VirtualBox installation from last night (1:05:00). On 1:10:30, I shut down my Toshiba to get ready to go out. Scary time again! On 1:16:30, I was out of my apartment. While walking: “... it’s not gonna work...” On 1:24:40, after several guys called me “Chino”, I turned on my camcorder (the first scene of my next video diary, “8_31_09_p2.wmv”). On 1:28:00, I was in a shop looking for toothpaste, but there was none. On 1:29:00 I left and turned on my camcorder (0:40 in the video). On 1:31:50, I turned off my camcorder as I came inside another store. Then, on 1:33:20, I turned it on again (3:13 in the video): “... you have to go to the same store...” As I kept filming (3:58 in the video), I took notice at one point of a woman on scooter whose cellphone rang just as she came near me. Did the suit team do this? (To create an intercept showing me receiving calls from my buddies here?) On 1:39:00, I came inside a store to buy batteries. Once out, I started filming again (7:37 in the video). On 1:42:40, I came inside a convenience store to buy ice cream and so on. Now the cashier gave her cellphone to the owner who then played around both phones in front of me, and I was convinced this was to produce surveillance intercepts. (We can’t be sure of this at all.) I went out to wait for her in order to avoid the (supposed) intercept, and I recalled what happened: “... the cashier handed over the cellphone to the woman...” (1:44:50 in the recording and 8:28 in the video). I went in and out and, whenever out, I would film (8:42 and then 8:57 in the video). “... it’s so scary... she just had to play with her cellphone in front of me...” I came back inside the store and paid. On 1:47:10, when the owner came out of the store, I turned on my camcorder to film her, but the LCD screen was broken so that I couldn’t see what I was filming (9:29 in the video). On 1:49:20, I filmed another man who was playing with his cellphone (10:48 in the video). I was now surrounded by cellphones. (To be sure, none of this seemed to really be the suit team’s operation.) I bought more food from street stands. Then, while I was buying cigarettes, this woman suddenly came next to me and her cellphone immediately rang: “... she did it on purpose...” And I filmed her (1:50:38 and 11:12 in the video). This time it seemed really to be the suit team! And so I started moaning as I walked: “... cellphones... so scary... today is ‘Operation Cellphones’...” Indeed! I turned off my camcorder, and then turned it on again (14:18 in the video). I continued my moaning: “... toothpaste... I can’t go on like this...” I turned off my camcorder, and then turned it on again (17:05 in the video). On 1:59:40, when I finally came back to my apartment, I almost collapsed onto the ground (20:06 in the video). Breathing so heavily, I turned off my camcorder. On 2:01:00, as if dying, I was in my home. Then, something was

wrong: I filmed my backpack (2:01:40 in the recording and 20:47 in the video). I turned on my Toshiba in front of my camcorder just to make sure that it was okay. As I would soon note in my diary:

Sadly, when I came home today, I discovered that the back pocket of my backpack where my Toshiba was stuffed was unzipped. Did I forget to zip it when I went out and walk around with an open bag? That would indeed be a golden piece of surveillance for Mr former Secretary.

I was most likely just worried about nothing here. Finally, I broke down crying as, on 2:04:40, I filmed myself starting the Sound Recorder. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

And so today the suit team had continued to produce more evidence confirming that the “David Chin legend” was absolutely correct: David Chin, well connected with the Granada underground, was today caught receiving at least two calls from his criminal buddies.

My next recording is: “[publvid_gmixwebmlfunct_8_31_09_345-825PM.wma](#)”. As if all that paranoia from earlier weren’t enough, my saddest day and night were about to begin – the night of computer malfunctioning. (That is, even though what follows had not much to do with the suit team.) Now I was still moaning and crying in my apartment. Such awful physical discomfort. Then an ambulance passed by my apartment on 3:45. “... according to surveillance, I’m most likely going to the hospital right now...” Probably not. As if in physical pain, and groaning and moaning, I ate my ice cream (6:00). I then frustrated myself further by spilling Coca Cola all over my floor (8:00). I began moaning very loudly from 14:45 onward – unaware that yet more frustration from computer malfunctioning was awaiting me. Buzz sounds again on 28:12. On 33:00 I was crying loudly again – it’s not clear why; perhaps because my computer had started malfunctioning. Groaning and moaning, I started working on my video diary. On 1:10:40 you can hear marching and drumming outside on the road. I kept wondering if this marching was orchestrated by Homeland Security to produce surveillance. I thus filmed it with my pen camera (24:05 in the video diary). (It’s probably not an operation.) By 1:35:00 I had finished reading something on the Internet and was busy with file operations. On 1:57:00 I began typing on my Toshiba. I was then working on my hash values (2:13:00). Then, a huge buzz sound lasting until 2:14:00 or so. I was then writing the first paragraphs of my “Preface” to this Secret History. On 2:22:00 I moaned out of exhaustion from overwork on my computers. From 2:25:00 onward I was crying out of frustration with my inability to properly manipulate my computers – “God! I just can’t deal with it anymore!” I shouted in tears and groaned that my machine was not working (2:27:50). I kept crying because of the malfunctioning of my computers. On 2:32:50 or so I began videotaping my computer. “Malfunction! Malfunction!” as I cried out on 2:36:00. I then rested, and then more moaning on 2:43:00.

Now the most massive episode of computer malfunctioning I had so far ever experienced. I discovered that the access permissions for all my folders in hid.lawrencechin2008.com had been turned off making it impossible for me to access any of my folders and files either from Webshell or via a FTP connection – and yet this wasn’t the case last night. Again, I suspected Homeland Security and immediately began

videotaping my computer screen (2:44:30 in the recording, and the first scene in the next video diary, “8_31_09_p3.wmv”). As you can see, I kept mumbling indistinctly and crying. I cried so sadly. Then, more frustration when, because the “clicking thing” on my Eee PC was broken, I couldn’t save the Wireshark captures (2:30 in the video). And I continued to work on the file folder permissions. As you can see, I got even more hysterical when sections of my website couldn’t even be accessed from a web browser. I began charging my camcorder on 2:54:00, mumbling and groaning in a delirious mood – and now the camcorder’s charger was malfunctioning too! From 2:58:00 onward I seemed to be working on my video diary. I moaned again on 3:15:27 about how my camcorder’s charger had malfunctioned too – and then again. But then the charger started working (3:17:00). Then: “Malfunction! Malfunction!” I thus groaned continually as if I had lost the ability for normal speech (from 3:23:40 onward). Then, more of my unintelligible speech and groaning on 3:28:50. On 7:20 PM (6:50 in the video) I decided to write this necessary email to Terry before working further on my website – and I would again use Konqueror in order to avoid using Firefox: my greatest mistake as you can imagine. And so, just as I was writing out my email, Konqueror crashed (the first time) without my filming it. Thus I decided to film myself all the way through. Then: “My camcorder has malfunctioned too!” – and, guess what, my Konqueror crashed again before I could finish writing the email – the second time (11:25 in the video). Angered and frustrated, I threw something (3:38:00 in the recording and 15:10 in the video). Now I tried to write my email for the third time and my Konqueror crashed again (16:15 in the video and 3:39:29 in the recording). I cried loudly: “Homeland Security wants me to use Firefox!” Dumb as a mule, I opened up my Konqueror again and started typing out my email for the fourth time – and again my Konqueror crashed before the email was finished (21:43 in the video). I cried hysterically and shut down my Eee PC (22:30 in the video) and then turned it on again. Then my Gmail was somehow blocked (25:30 in the video). Finally, I came inside my Gmail but, when I clicked on the side panel, nothing happened: “Malfunction! Malfunction!” And, as soon as I started typing out my email, my Konqueror crashed for the fifth time (28:07 in the video). I got so upset that I slapped myself in the face and threw more things (28:55 in the video).

Then, when I got back to my Eee PC, the address bar on the top of my File Manager had suddenly disappeared: again, I assumed (wrongly) it was because Homeland Security had wanted me to use Firefox. I moaned like Big Foot: “Where is the address bar? Homeland Security wants me to use Firefox, that’s why they have caused my Konqueror to malfunction! I don’t know what’s going on...” (from 4:01:30 onward in the recording). Then, as I typed out my email for the sixth time, I finally did it and the email appeared to have been sent (4:07:30 in the recording and 35:27 in the video). It was almost 8 PM. I had merely written out one line to Casa:

Hi Terry,

Please charge the money I owe you to my cc tomorrow. Okay? Tax is fine.

Then, on 36:35 in the video, you can see me going inside my website videos.lawrencechin2008.com. And: “Malfunction!” (4:10:35 in the recording.) Namely, when I examined the access permissions, all the boxes turned out to have been checked. “Why?” I unchecked the “exec” access permissions of

some of the folders in videos.lawrencechin2008.com. Then, on 39:15 in the video, after my demonstration that I did send the email, you can see me deciding to seek out help at IX Webhosting. As you can see, I decided not to use Help Chat because the system suddenly asked me for my name – something that never happened before. Was it another trick from Homeland Security? (Probably not.) And so, on 42:00 in the video, you can see me deciding to do the ticket thing instead. Then, on 44:15 in the video, something strange even with the ticketing system. When I selected from the drop-down list “server problem”, the next drop-down box gave me only two options related to email accounts: “Unable to add an email account to the domain” and the like. Finally, on 45:50 in the video, you can see me typing in my problem. Then, from about 46:50 onward in the video, everything was overly zoomed-in because, you recall, the LCD screen was broken on my camcorder. I posted my ticket at IX Webhosting’s “Help”. Somehow, something was wrong again. On 51:00 or so in the video, you can see me going onto IX Webhosting Help Chat, but nothing appeared. Everything was frozen! I muttered: “... to force me to use Firefox... why does Homeland Security want to force me to use Firefox? It must have something to do with the update...” (4:30:00 in the recording). Wrong! Then, something wrong with my Wireshark: “... no packets... Why?” On 54:40 in the video, you can see me trying out Help Chat again, but no. “Malfunction! Malfunction!” (4:32:00) and then: “Everything is breaking down...” Just before this recording comes to an end on 4:40:08, I turned on the TV in order to obtain a timestamp for the ending of this file and the beginning of the next one.

My next recording is: “trycall_ixweb_8_31_09_826-859PM.wma”: Note the buzz sounds again from 1:00 to 1:40 in the recording. By now I had decided to call IX Webhosting on Skype. I continued to mumble unintelligibly as if delirious. Then I started yelling. “... video... I want to review it...” Then: “... okay... I’m gonna call... calm down...” (58:30 in the video diary). On 24:20, I was connected with IX Webhosting on Skype. More troubles: the numbers on my Eee PC’s keyboard weren’t functioning, so that I could never go beyond the greeting and press 2 to get to tech support (from 1:01:00 onward in the video). “Homeland Security doesn’t allow it!” Thus, distraught to the extreme, I gave up.

My next recording is: “ready_gocasa_abndn_8_31_09_904-952PM.WMA”: As if delirious, I turned off my Toshiba: “... Toshiba needs to rest for a moment...” (3:30). And I shut down GFTP on my Eee PC even though it was still uploading (5:30). On 16:45, I filmed while mumbling deliriously (1:01:50 in the video): “... Eee PC...” And I turned on the TV again. I continued: “... Homeland Security has deleted the address bar on our File Manager, otherwise you can get online with it...” (1:03:00 in the video). Then I was mumbling about another message from (or to?) Casa, and I immediately wrote another reply – this time using Firefox to ensure that there would be no crashing:

Hi Terry,

Just a brief follow-up on the previous message. Did you really come to my place last time? I didn’t hear any knocking. You are welcome to come again, please. If you have any problem charging the cc, please let me know. I’m right now just a bit scared to go to the bank tomorrow... but I can go if it need be.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

And I broke down crying again: “I’m so sad...” When I finished writing the message, I started crying again: “I’m afraid to go to Casa... everything malfunctions...” (By this time, on 1:10:35 in the video, my camcorder had returned to normal zoom.) “Right now we shall finish the FTP upload...” I was then working on the DV tape in my camcorder, and I cried again: “... camcorder malfunctions... I’m gonna have to do without filming... have to continue the FTP upload...” I cried so sadly: “... all I can do is take screenshots, I can’t videotape it... they control everything...” Not! And I thus didn’t go out at all as I had originally planned.

My next recording is: “strm_rerdcryngaftrnn_vid_supl24_8_31-9_1_09_935PM-2AM.wma”: Spanish on TV. On 9:50, I was back to my computers. I removed all the files that had been hashed. On 16:00, I seemed to be writing. On 41:00: was I reviewing a video? A recent recording of my writing? I kept on typing. “... now we have to figure out how to fix the camcorder...” (1:02:30). Then: “... website... nothing functions anymore, everything is breaking down... everything is malfunctioning... what is... I just don’t understand...” And I turned on the TV again. On 1:24:50, I started streaming the recording from earlier which I had just uploaded to my website. On 1:33:30, I continued to work on the latest (today’s) video diary. On 1:54:00, I noticed the buzz sounds in the previous recording and reviewed it again and again. “In 28:12!” – and I noted it down. On 1:56:00, I shouted about my TV: “... it’s that movie about Jesus’ descendants, that ‘Da Vinci Code’...” On 2:32:00, almost done with my video diary, I took a break. It was now BBC on TV. On 2:40:30, I turned off the TV. Now I started working on my “Supplemental Pleading”, the entry for May 23. By 3:13:00, the latest video diary was published, and I started reviewing it. On 3:32:30 I seemed to be mumbling something about a file on my website: “... the file is locked... will it be possible to stream it? Is it in ‘granada-9’?... or ‘granada-10’?...” I worked on the matter for a long time. On 3:47:00, I was back to writing and the latest video diary. On 3:59:00, the buzz sound again. On 4:02:00, I was removing the source videos from the NTFS partition in my Seagate drive. Then: “How come when I added this file to ‘Preface’ it got smaller?”

Now, a comment. As you can imagine, just as the suit team did not insert any malware into my Firefox update, it’s questionable whether they were really responsible for any of the malfunctioning I had experienced tonight. I was convinced that it was Homeland Security which had reset all the access permissions of my files in my website because everything was fine just yesterday, but it’s always possible that all the malfunctioning tonight was just “natural”, in which case I would have done no more than cause the Russians more concern as they watched me getting paranoid and hysterical all over nothing. “And we have to depend on this guy for our fate! I thought he is supposed to be the ‘Great Legend’!” Recall my comment earlier that I tended to alternate between being a super genius and being a total retard – some sort of bipolar condition – and the Russian intelligence SVR had just started discovering that the “Legend” only described one end of this alternation. Now, at the end, I shall preserve the note I added to today’s entry on the early morning of September 3 after burning DVD-49:

This video [i.e. “8_31_09_p3.wmv”] captures my sadness in my never-ending struggle with the horrifying problem of machine malfunctioning ever since Homeland Security’s acquaintance with me. Unfortunately this video as burned onto DVD-49 seems to be corrupt. Perhaps my Toshiba malfunctioned when burning it. It seems to be the only corrupted video on the disc. The hash values of

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

all the other videos on this disc match those in my Toshiba's hard drive. But compare D and C in regard to this video:

```
=====
Filename      : 8_31_09_p1.wmv
MD5           : 710bfaa19dc398ae11779ac6f7ab590c
SHA1          : 8cf74ad3630739b9ec7e7cb64c7ba74fd17c369a
CRC32         : 820bc206
Full Path     : D:\vid_9_1_09\8_31_09_p1.wmv
Modified Time  : 8/31/2009 10:04:31 PM
Created Time  : 8/31/2009 10:04:31 PM
File Size     : 299,060,838
Identical     :
```

```
=====
Filename      : 8_31_09_p3.wmv
MD5           : 09cec4be6cd2aaa744d6e746c78797f8
SHA1          : abc598500c9acb3749a6a3f3894e8f9ed15c0afc
CRC32         : d55662a0
Full Path     : D:\vid_9_1_09\8_31_09_p3.wmv
Modified Time  : 9/1/2009 6:58:13 AM
Created Time  : 9/1/2009 6:58:13 AM
File Size     : 333,583,694
Identical     :
```

```
=====
Filename      : 8_31_09_p3.wmv
MD5           : f60c6afa65cf4b042653ec9d8c85d96c
SHA1          : d04d54073243046e5d4d0de810db8e646b23ae9d
CRC32         : 72294225
Full Path     : C:\Users\Marie\Videos\vid_9_1_09\8_31_09_p3.wmv
Modified Time  : 9/1/2009 6:58:13 AM
Created Time  : 9/1/2009 6:58:13 AM
File Size     : 333,583,694
Identical     :
```

```
=====
Filename      : 8_30_09_p2_ubnt.wmv
MD5           : 9c5bdded631c0646507de08ebcb704e2
```


The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

SHA1 : bf6cf82b12a906bcba9e2e4b0077f9ee2f05eb
CRC32 : 0761091a
Full Path : D:\vid_9_1_09\8_30_09_p2_ubnt.wmv
Modified Time : 8/31/2009 6:44:07 PM
Created Time : 8/31/2009 6:44:07 PM
File Size : 328,875,883
Identical :

Filename : 8_30_09.wmv
MD5 : ef35c32921afbe7a329c8b4b139fd618
SHA1 : e9fc1831b4ca84c250fadf3ddd43d4c413f65dd
CRC32 : 9ac7d089
Full Path : D:\vid_9_1_09\8_30_09.wmv
Modified Time : 8/31/2009 12:53:28 AM
Created Time : 8/31/2009 12:53:28 AM
File Size : 510,218,525
Identical :

Filename : wrt_8_29_09.wmv
MD5 : f18ff30f8dfaeb546828da1034e8ce28
SHA1 : f5b9a0ab3e4b756350031652144b30621eb8b417
CRC32 : 20fa5c59
Full Path : D:\vid_8_30_09\wrt_8_29_09.wmv
Modified Time : 8/30/2009 1:56:10 PM
Created Time : 8/30/2009 1:56:10 PM
File Size : 220,625,421
Identical :

Filename : 8_29_09.wmv
MD5 : bf5d4673881edda62eabc790304b63a6
SHA1 : cfc646747bf826334405985b05325331cda0a4ef
CRC32 : 01426b8c
Full Path : D:\vid_8_30_09\8_29_09.wmv
Modified Time : 8/30/2009 12:54:05 PM
Created Time : 8/30/2009 12:54:05 PM
File Size : 170,740,578

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The life of head-scratching and computer-malfunctioning: A.
Lawrence C. Chin
2009, 2011, Apr. 2021 – May 2022.

Identical :

Filename : wrt_8_27_09.wmv
MD5 : f9911042d0ace07e0e2c2d71504148c9
SHA1 : a837ef4392b4a47e4b78fe206e33ad9f57bd9091
CRC32 : f1c420f8
Full Path : D:\vid_8_29_09\wrt_8_27_09.wmv
Modified Time : 8/28/2009 8:21:01 PM
Created Time : 8/28/2009 8:21:01 PM
File Size : 319,038,031
Identical :

Filename : 8_28_09.wmv
MD5 : e040fdb6a31ad5f194910e683512546f
SHA1 : 88ecb4de17fedc46f8dfe9b46eff8246a97f2f22
CRC32 : 437244fd
Full Path : D:\vid_8_29_09\8_28_09.wmv
Modified Time : 8/28/2009 11:46:27 PM
Created Time : 8/28/2009 11:46:27 PM
File Size : 848,498,060
Identical :

In fact, this video's hash values would change when I ejected the disc and reinserted it again to perform another hash check on it.

Terry replied me [on 9:32 PM, 8 minutes after I sent out my second message] that, if I wanted to use the card to pay, then she would [need] me to sign the slip and show her the card also. It seems that Homeland Security was looking for a second opportunity to forge my signature. If I do what Terry wanted me to do, of course my signature would be confused with someone else's and so would my bank card. I was just not in the mood for this anymore.

Such was the note. As you can see, whether or not I was correct in assuming Terry to be carrying out an operation for the suit team, I still had to explain myself (why I was resisting).