

## 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

##### B.

Sept. 1 – 20, 2009

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial over me from September 1 to 20, 2009.

Having specified in the beginning of Document A all the cautions you should keep in mind while reading this episode, we shall say nothing more here. We shall here simply briefly list all the evidences which the suit team had presumably produced during the period under consideration:

**09/01:** I was “caught” receiving more calls from my buddies (+): the “David Chin legend” confirmed; people’s scratching themselves (?) (+).

**09/02:** a junk email from “Thor” about Windows Vista (+); I did my crack cocaine business in US Dollars (+); surveillance showed me urinating on the street (+).

**09/03:** a guy on bicycle scratched himself (+): **to devise my environment to fit my belief.**

**09/04:** a man touched his lips in Casa (+) and another man scratched himself outside Casa (+): **to devise my environment to fit my belief.**

**09/05:** **Maria’s email confirmed that my “friend” had picked me up at the Managua airport on 08/11 (+):** David Chin knew a lot of people here. Then faulty surveillance showed me using drugs (+): David Chin was indeed a drug-user.

**09/06:** faulty surveillance caught me visiting a Turkish website.

**09/07:** a man touched his chin (+): **to devise my environment to fit my belief.**

**09/08:** “666” (+) and “Windows Vista image backup” (again) (+): to confirm David Chin’s “fluffy” character and the forged image backup. A guy touched his chin (+): **to devise my environment to fit my belief.**

**09/09:** Ting-Ta’s email (+): David Chin’s fluffy character.

**09/10:** did David Chin receive more calls from his criminal buddies? (+) Did his criminal buddies call (whistle) for him outside his home? (+)

09/11: I didn't go out. Did David Chin throw a big party at his house?

09/12: Did David Chin receive "secret messages" from his criminal buddies in the form of a restaurant flier? (+) Did he get caught calling his criminal buddies while shopping? (+)

09/13: I didn't go out – no evidence produced.

09/14: **Maria's mentally confused email again.** More people scratched themselves in front of me (+): **to devise my environment to fit my belief.** Did faulty surveillance intercept me calling my buddies again? (+)

09/15: **no evidence produced** (?). (The "Blue Screen of Death".)

09/16: did David Chin go out tonight? (+) (In support of the "David Chin legend".)

09/17: **did the Russians object again?** (1) My contacts in Russian consulates (?) (+). (2) Scratching (+): **to devise my environment to fit my belief.** (3) I received more calls from my criminal buddies (+). Did David Chin get caught coming home on a taxi late at night?

09/18: scratching (+) – **to devise my environment to fit my belief** – and I hit people. Did David Chin go out at night to meet with his buddies?

09/19: Carlos? Did David Chin get caught partying?

09/20: scratching (+) – **to devise my environment to fit my belief.**

Evidences were thus produced either to support the "David Chin legend" in the lower court or to convince judge Higgins in the upper court that the suspicion of my conspiracy with the Russians was valid. Thus, while the suit team continued on with their "David Chin legend", the most important thing which the Russians had done was to argue before judge Higgins that the United States should not have the right anymore to use the faulty surveillance Machine.

### September 1 (**Tuesday**; cellphone calls/ scratching?)

My next recording is: "strm\_vid\_k83\_perm\_9\_1\_09\_226-856AM.wma": "... so much shit happened today, so much misery to document..." From 5:00 onward, I started writing. I was now revising my own blog in order to incorporate it into "Karin's Meetups-8-3". I was also reviewing the video from earlier (my crying). On 20:00, I took a break and was back to watching TV. On 29:20: "... this woman... she's so beautiful, but I don't remember her name... my sadness is preserved in digital media forever..." And I resumed working on "Karin's Meetups" (34:50). Again, I was needlessly alarmed by Open Office's auto-saving: "... scares the crap out of me..." Now I was working on the April 18 2008 meetup. Then I noticed a problem with the video diary: "... I was zooming in without realizing it..." (57:30). Now I was quoting from my own blog from April 19. On 1:35:00, I started working on "Orthodox-5" ("The impossible wish"). I was writing about Sophia from Assumption Church. Then I eliminated a source video: 9.9 gigabytes! On 2:08:00, back to the video of my crying earlier. Then, I was examining my camcorder. Then, something about GFTP on my Eee PC. Then I started again filming myself struggling with the mysterious access permission problem in my website account (the first scene in my next video diary "9\_1\_09.wmv"): "Look, my ticket has been answered... I don't

know what bullshit this is... I didn't set the permissions at all... they were set this afternoon by somebody else..." And I filmed my Wireshark captures too. Then: "The permission is set to 7555. What does that mean?" From 6:00 onward in the video, you can see me replying to IX Webhosting's reply and getting alarmed by a pop-up (2:52:00 in the recording). Then you can see me streaming the recording I uploaded in the afternoon (3:20:00 and 14:20 in the video). And this time, after I had changed the file permissions, the files did show up in my web browser. Then I examined my ticket again. (Note the cat on the roof.) Then my Windows Movie Maker malfunctioned (4:02:00). I kept on typing. "Karin's Meetups"? Then I took a break, and the video diary was still being published (4:16:00). I was now reading a Wikipedia article on file system permissions (the UNIX system and so on). "This is very hard... very mathematical..." And I read on.<sup>1</sup> Then I took a look at "8\_31\_09-p2.wmv" (4:52:00). On 4:57:00, I was back to my "Supplemental Pleading": I was writing about Jeremy again. On 5:00:00, I took a break. I lay down on the floor and fell asleep. At the end of the recording, I woke up.

My next recording is: "slp\_9\_1\_09\_902AM-214PM.WMA": I then continued to rest quietly.<sup>2</sup> On 5:07:00, I got up again and turned on my Toshiba. Loud music from the neighbor again. On 5:10:20, I turned on the TV.

My next recording is: "gmmlfunct\_nghbrloudmusic\_wrt\_9\_1\_09\_204-550PM.wma". I was switching the channel on TV (4:00) and then began checking on "8\_31\_09\_p3.wmv", published just hours ago. Buzz sound again on 17:00. I was then unable to get into my Gmail account because Google's server had timed-out (28:50). I was again compelled to use Firefox (35:00). I started filming my computer screen (23:15 in the video diary): "Konqueror crashed... File Manager crashed... Homeland Security is trying to get me to use Firefox again!" (38:00). Then: "Homeland Security does not like it when I use Konqueror... it will crash..." And Konqueror indeed crashed (26:45 in the video). And I continued on and on with my perplexity as to why Homeland Security wanted me to use Firefox – not knowing that I was just paranoid about nothing: "It has something to do with the update..." (41:00). On 54:00, Gmail was still unavailable. "It seems that Homeland Security does not want me to check my emails, not even with Firefox..." (56:00 and 33:30 in the video diary). Not! Now the neighbor to my left was blasting loud music again (58:00), and I of course assumed she was ordered by Homeland Security to do this in order to produce surveillance showing me partying with many friends at my place. I noted how it made me sad to know that, while I was chewing on my misery by myself in my apartment, reviewing my video of my frustration with machine malfunctioning from last night and experiencing the current malfunctioning of my Gmail and Konqueror, everyone else in the world believed I was having a great time. I continued to load my Gmail (1:01:10). On 1:04:40 I videotaped again my Gmail's continual malfunctioning, complaining again about how Homeland Security didn't want me to check my emails at the moment and so shut down Google's server (34:30 in the video diary). Then, on 1:12:10, when I tried to log into my Gmail again, this time I succeeded! I just had to videotape it (1:13:00 and 36:50 in

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1 I then also read a Wikipedia article on "umask" ("user mask"), a command and function in POSIX environment, and then got on [www.lockergnome.com](http://www.lockergnome.com) to read more about "umask". I then got on Microsoft Technet ([technet.microsoft.com](http://technet.microsoft.com)) to read more about file and folder permissions.

2 Reviewed until 18:00, and then from 4:43:00 onward.

the video). “The neighbor is still blasting loud music, probably in order to make it look like I’m blasting loud music.” Then, from 1:38:00 onward, I seemed to be writing something on my Toshiba. I took notice of the marching and drumming outside again. Then I showered. Note that, on 2:16:00 (while I was in the shower) and then on 2:23:00 (when I had already got out of the shower), I made the prediction that my neighbor would shut down her loud music when it was time for me to go out. Only then could the suit team make it look like it was me who was blasting the loud music in the alternate reality of faulty surveillance. I then resumed writing on 2:32:30. I seemed to be working on “Karin’s Meetups” again (“Zona Rosa would be such an important center of operation later on...”). Then, on 4:38 PM, my FTP upload stalled, and I filmed it (37:18 in the video). I shut it down and logged in again.

My next recording is: “ut\_bnk\_strngrellphn\_paycasa240\_9\_1\_09\_543-654PM.WMA”. I stayed on the computer a little bit more. Then I was ready to go out. Now I made another prediction: “They will come next to me just to make cellphone calls, as expected...” Then, just as I had predicted, the neighbor did turn down her music just when I started packing: “... my environment is predictable... now there is surveillance showing me blowing loud music to disturb my neighbor...” On 17:40, before leaving, I filmed my room (39:48 in the video). “Will not dump garbage today.” On 21:30, I was out. On 22:50, I immediately started filming (40:23 in the video): “... that guy passing by scratched himself...” On 26:00, I made sure to “log it” when I had to scratch my back. “... an American woman passed me by... cellphone...” (27:10 and 43:18 in the video). I was now counting all the people that passed me by – especially those with cellphones. On 30:15: “... that guy... his forehead... wiping sweat... today is the day where everyone is wiping sweat off his or her face or scratching his or her head... yesterday is cellphone...” (46:25 in the video). On 30:40: “... this guy has a cellphone...” (46:58 in the video). On 31:00, I turned off my camcorder as I went inside the bank. On 32:09, I filmed myself withdrawing cash from the ATM (47:18 in the video). Just then, somebody’s cellphone rang next to me, and he answered it (32:45 and 48:00 in the video). “I told you someone will use his cellphone next to me, just as I have predicted...” (34:30). This indeed seemed to be a suit team operation. “... it’s so scary... that guy with his cellphone ringing...” On 35:45 I was out, and I immediately turned on my camcorder (50:38 in the video): “... a woman standing there... cellphone... another surveillance showing me answering cellphone calls has just been created... in the alternate reality of surveillance, I have completed a lot of offenses...” On 38:30: “... this guy is using his cellphone, watch out...” (53:22 in the video). On 41:00, I was buying food from a street stand. On 44:10, I turned on my camcorder (55:26 in the video): I was about to go inside Casa. On 44:50 I explained to Geovanni: “... as I have explained in the email, I’d pay cash. I’d pay 280 today, what I owe, I’d then pay tomorrow, the rest...” But Geovanni asked me to pay tomorrow instead. (Note that Terry was in her house at the moment.) I insisted on paying today, and Geovanni finally agreed. “Terry is only here in the afternoon, and is gone by night.” “Who checks the emails?” Now Geovanni only worked at night. I then ascertained that the girl to my left was also renting from Casa. (This made it all the more likely that she was indeed planted there by the suit team.) Now Geovanni wanted me to sign the receipt, but I refused. “Why?” Ha! On 48:50, all done, I was out. On 49:50, as soon as I was outside, I filmed the receipt and so on (55:51 in the video): “... this is the note he wrote me... the chips and pineapples I bought... nothing should be written at all... I’m very scared... because, in

surveillance, things will be reversed, it'd be *me* who wrote this note, not him... but – why do I care? I just do... I don't like to have things reversed like that..." Again, I had to carefully explain my resistance to the suit team's operation. Then – was somebody trying to talk to me? (57:35 in the video) I continued my explanation: "... why do I care if I produce some bad surveillance?... that I'm a criminal and a thief of my own identity?..." I was at home on 53:40. I made my tally: "... one guy answering a cellphone call, and several people scratching their face... remember, not a single thing is not staged... if you are somebody else, they'd not be scratching their face..." It's not clear whether the scratching today was indeed instructed by the suit team. And I continued on and on: "... how scary... scratching their face... people will ask you to sign your name, and one thing will become another... it's very psychoanalytic... you are constantly other people, and never yourself..." I turned on the TV on 58:00. "... just trust me, it's September 1... never sign your name unless you can videotape it..." On 59:50, I filmed my room (59:24 in the video). "When you predict that other people will scratch themselves, this does not seem to be much of a prediction because people constantly do that... but when you predict that your neighbor will turn down the music just when you are about to leave... and when you predict that someone will come next to you and his cellphone will ring... I've got two predictions fulfilled today... I shouldn't have gone out at all... I still have food..." On 1:04:00, I turned on my Sound Recorder. "The Sound Recorder is recording something big, probably from inside the computer, and so we don't even hear it" (1:07:30). Then I checked on what upload would be interrupted if I shut down my Eee PC.

My next recording is: "impvid\_supl25\_tvscrd\_vid\_9\_1-2\_09\_646PM-1254AM.wma": On 15:00, the buzz sounds again. On 26:30, I was eating my pineapples. Then I was naming my latest recording files. On 31:50, I checked on my voice-activated recording of my sleeping last night. "... now the screenshots... of my FTP upload..." (42:00). Then I was enjoying my ice cream. "... she was not there, and yet, when I wrote to Terry last night, it was Terry who responded... in the middle of the night... I wrote to Terry... about 7 PM..." I then continued to work on my recording files (53:00). On 1:09:00, I was away from my Toshiba and doing something on my Eee PC. What? It seems that I was busy filming my Eee PC because Konqueror had crashed again – just as I had predicted (from 1:00:05 onward in the video). "I'm very good at predicting the future now because I know what Homeland Security wants... because my future has been decided by Homeland Security..." Then I started writing another email to Terry to tell her I'd bring her the 100 dollar deposit tomorrow (from 1:07:00 onward in the video). And Konqueror crashed again when I tried to get on WAMU on it (1:19:00 in the video). On 1:33:20, I was finally back to my Toshiba. On 1:34:20, I started importing my latest video, using Windows: "... '9\_1\_09\_source\_b'..." Then: "While backing up my writings. I'm waiting for the hash values to come in... but we shall back them up first..." On 1:39:00, I read out the reply from IX Webhosting. I again suspected foul play: "We didn't keep a log on the changes to the file permissions... the reply was posted 9:10 AM this morning..." On 1:52:00, I was away washing my dishes. When I came back, I was mystified because my GFTP suddenly disappeared. I got it back on and continued to upload files to my website. I then cooked my eggs (2:09:00). Then I did more work on my website: I created a new folder, checked the file permissions, and continued to work on my website for a long while: "... 'granada-10'... okay, the upload was successful..." On 2:26:00, after much study, I had finally arrived at a reasonable conclusion: "... this is how the access permission works: all the folders



need to have the ‘exec’ checked in order to be visible...” I continued to study the matter, but, despite my realization that the malfunctioning yesterday might have been due to my own error in checking the access permissions, I still attributed part of that malfunctioning to Homeland Security (2:37:30). Then, from 2:41:00 onward, I started typing out the following note:

Tonight I learned something about the access permissions for folders. It turned out that, because I eliminated the checks for the ‘exec’ options for all users (user, group, and others) on some of the folders in videos.lawrencechin2008.com, I hence couldn’t access these folders either by typing their URLs into the browser address bar (e.g. “web\_16\_8\_31\_09.jpg” and “web\_17\_8\_31\_09.jpg”) or accessing them with VLC player (“web\_24\_8\_31\_09.jpg”), or through FTP (via both GFTP and Konqueror), or through the IX Webhosting Webshell. But that still leaves the problem of the sudden change of access permissions for the entire hid.lawrencechin2008.com subdomain. And the continual crashing of Konqueror and File Manager whenever I tried to check my Gmail account or Washington Mutual bank account – looking up other websites, including IX Webhosting, wouldn’t crash these two browsers.

I ate my eggs and so on as I wrote out the above. I was also streaming my latest recording or video diary on my Eee PC and importing my latest videos into my Toshiba. “... oh, around 3 or 4 PM, the neighbor started blasting loud music... I want to see if it’s recorded...” (3:02:10). I checked the camcorder, and it was still running (3:05:00). On 3:08:00, I continued typing out my realization. “... 23 minutes remaining of this video...” (3:27:00). Then a long period of silence. On 3:45:40, I was back to work: “... 5\_22, WS-40...” And I started writing: “... voice-activated mode...” Was it “Supplemental Pleading?” On 3:57:40, I turned on the TV. On 4:13:00, BBC News: the Lockerbie Bomber’s release again! I was now slowly moving my files around: I kept moving my screenshots to the right folders. On 4:31:30: “... oh fuck! Thunderbird popped up again!” And then again. On 4:43:40: “... 9\_1-2\_09\_1... every time when we open a PDF document Thunderbird will pop up...” On 5:12:00, with the TV turned off, I was away with my Eee PC. On 5:26:30, more frustration because I had uploaded the wrong files. On 5:34:30, about the recording: “... me going out, 534...” Now I was working on my latest video diary (“... the ticket has been answered...”). I started the Sound Recorder on 6:01:50 (?). And then I started streaming another video from my website.

My next recording is: “tshba\_brk\_9\_2\_09\_1249-136AM.WMA”: This file was recorded with my recorder. I was now reviewing my just completed video diary of today and making notes about it. “This is where I was using the ATM and somebody’s phone rang! 32:40!” On 23:20, I stopped the video. On 27:00, I was mumbling something about my FTP upload. Then I streamed my latest recordings from my website again: “... wait, this is not the recording of this morning, this is the wrong one...” (31:10). I then kept on mumbling about something. “Oh, it *is* here!... I just uploaded it and now I can no longer see it... it’s in ‘videos’...” And so I started streaming the recording from this afternoon. Then I was ready to publish “9\_1\_09.wmv”: “... 2 gigabytes, a large file...”

**September 2 (Wednesday; “Thor”/ US Dollars)**

My next recording is: “vid\_strm\_supl25schzo35how723\_9\_2\_09\_1257-507AM.wma”: The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous recording until 50:00 or so. Then I mumbled something about “8\_30\_09.wmv”: “... the upload has stopped, and I clicked on ‘resume’, and yet it’s over-writing the original file... now it’ll take 4 hours...” On 54:00, I resumed working on “Supplemental Pleading” (the episode of my deciding whether to stake out Karin’s meetup on May 22). “... I don’t see any file with ‘5\_22\_09’...” (1:17:00). Then: “... everyday you have to spend your whole day documenting what has happened on this day, even though you only go out for an hour... it’s a very difficult life...” Right! I checked on my GFTP, and the FTP transfer had stalled again (1:26:50). Now that I had to resume the transfer: “... this might be the problem: you have to ‘refresh’ it first, and then ‘resume’, otherwise it might overwrite... and the DV tape... there is no way to rewind it... you have to connect the camcorder to the computer just to rewind...” And I continued writing. As I started streaming the recording from earlier: “... the music next door was not picked up by the Sound Recorder...” On 1:44:50, a break. On 1:51:00, I turned on the TV. On Channel 57, a “Nazi movie” again, and so I changed to BBC instead. On 1:59:00, I turned off the TV. On 2:01:20, I turned the TV back on. On 2:03:00, I was back to my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 2:10:00, I seemed to have turned to “Karin’s Meetups” instead (making “Karin’s Meetups-8-4” and working on it) (2:17:00). On 2:29:00, I was back to the TV. HBO, and there was Adam Sandler. Another channel: Mel Gibson. On 2:35:00, the video diary was done publishing. I played the video from beginning to end. “The video is over one hour long! Too long!” And so I skipped around. I was also inserting pictures of Karin’s meetups from 2007 into “Schizophrenic, III” (2:52:00). Then I became quite engrossed in my own video (3:12:00). On 3:18:00, I was back to writing “Karin’s Meetups”. On 3:49:00, another break, and back to the TV. On 4:01:30, I was backing up my writings in my Seagate drive: “Karin’s Meetups-8-4”, “Schizo-3”...

My next recording is: “ready\_slp\_mstrbte\_9\_2\_09\_459-546AM.WMA”: Music videos on TV. I was now getting ready to sleep. On 39:30, when I turned off my Toshiba, the lights were on again.

My next recording is: “slp\_va\_9\_2\_09\_551-8AM.WMA”: And so I rested.

My next recording is: “slp\_knck\_9\_2\_09\_1144AM-123PM.WMA”: I continued to rest. On 22:00 – did I mumble something? On 24:00, again. On 42:30, again. On 1:24:00, I got up and turned on the TV. On 1:39:00, I turned on the Sound Recorder.

My next recording is: “wk\_kncksnds\_gmgzp\_9\_2\_09\_118-306PM.wma”: Deutsche Welle on TV. On 10:00, Nazis appeared on the TV again, and so I quickly filmed it and then started switching the channel (the first scene of my next video diary, “9\_2\_09.wmv”): “Homeland Security Twilight Zone TV!” Back to Deutsche Welle. On 16:30, I filmed the TV again (1:57 in the video diary): “... on BBC is the drug war... scary...” On 21:00, I turned off the TV to pay attention to the knocking sounds. What? Then I rested quietly. “Is there some sort of... going on outside?” (35:50) And more knocking sounds (40:00). I ignored it all, but simply put my recorder by the stairs to record it. I then continued my rest. On 1:16:50, I woke up. Gmail on Konqueror or Firefox? I made my prediction: “Gmail will

malfunction on Konqueror.” Indeed! I then got on linux.about.com to learn about how to decompress GZIP files using command line (“gzip -d md5sums.gz”). “Okay, we have successfully decompressed a GZIP file...” (1:41:00). On 1:42:30, I filmed my Eee PC again (2:23 in the video diary): “... we have successfully got into Gmail on Konqueror...” And I took notice of this junk email from “Thor”. As I shall immediately note, this was probably another operation from the suit team – although I can’t say that I had guessed the purpose correctly. (But we of course can be sure that, ultimately, it was about confirming that the “David Chin legend” was correct.) I was then packing up to get ready to go out.

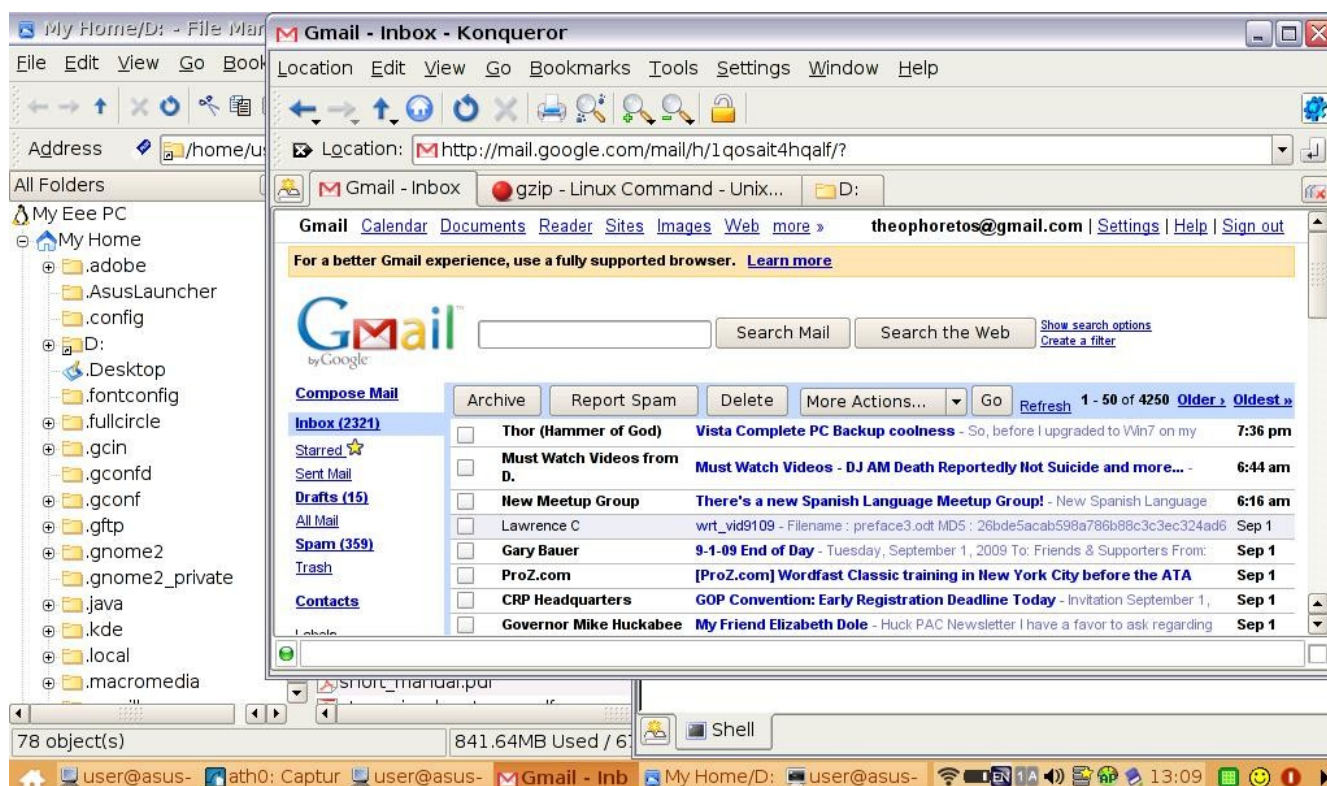
My next recording is: “ut\_bnk\_csf100\_strguypay1usd\_9\_2\_09\_305-438PM.WMA”: While shutting down my Toshiba, I continued: “Why did I get this junk email about Windows Vista?... half of the time when you get junk emails, it’s just Homeland Security trying to confuse things up in faulty surveillance<sup>3</sup>... Homeland Security is watching me right now, they know I’m about to go out... yesterday I made three predictions...” (13:30). Then: “I’m going to make this prediction, that people will come next to me, and their cellphone will ring... unfortunately, you have trash today, and dumping trash is a very scary thing to do...” (See 3:40 in the video.) On 21:30, I was out of my apartment, having taken notice of the sock hanging on my front gate (which had been there for a week by now): “... surveillance showing my drug cartel buddies passing me secret messages...” (I was probably overly interpreting things here.) On 23:20, I started filming as I walked through the street (5:06 in the video): “... I’m making a documentary of myself, to demonstrate that I’m not throwing away any crack cocaine...” On 25:29, I filmed again: “... this guy came around me to scratch his head...” On 26:45, I filmed again (5:18 in the video): “... a short guy, raising his arm as if... even that is scary...” I wanted to buy ice cream, but then decided to forget about it. On 29:10, I filmed again when I was alarmed by people with cellphones (6:24 in the video): “... very scary...” On 30:10, as I was ready to throw away my trash (7:27 in the video): “... that guy is scratching himself like crazy... no, the other trash can...” On 33:38, I filmed again while walking on (9:10 in the video): “... there are people...” On 35:10, I came inside the bank: “... somebody’s phone will ring next to me... one thing at a time...” And so I filmed myself withdrawing cash (10:18 in the video). Then: “... the lady that works here in the bank, she just stands next to me...” When I was done, I filmed again (12:15 in the video): “... some guy is counting money over there...” (38:30). None of this was probably any operation. Then I moved on. On 41:00, I was buying cigarettes from a street stand. On 43:10, I filmed again (14:29 in the video): “... putting my matches... into my pocket here...” And I commented on the passersby that just had to scratch their head (15:30 in the video). (Were they really instructed to do that?) On 45:50, I turned off my camcorder as I was getting ready to go inside Casa. On 47:00, I was face to face with Maria: “I’ll pay Terry the deposit...” However, Maria didn’t seem to remember me: “Oh, you are Lawrence.” And Terry wasn’t here. When we were done, I again refused to sign the receipt: “I trust you.” Ha! I left on 51:30. On 52:20, I turned on my camcorder (17:16 in the video). On 55:40, I came inside a shop to buy toothpaste.<sup>4</sup> On 57:00, I filmed the Colgate I had just bought (18:41 in the video). Note how, whenever I had to scratch myself, I would film it too. Then: “... I like this street, very few people are here...” On

3 As I would soon write in my diary: “The junk email I received today, ‘Thor’ in regard to ‘Windows Vista PC back up’, was most likely a fake email sent by Homeland Security. The purpose? Well, this means that they might have again forged something big and attributed [it] to me – this time a complete PC image. This image would probably again contain something like fake audio- and video-producing software, in order to discredit my audio recordings, and so on.”

4 And I filmed it all with my pen camera: “buytoothpaste\_9\_2\_09\_ca\_4PM.AVI”.



1:05:20, I filmed again when I saw the same old American guy flirting with a local underage girl (27:12 in the video): "... the American guy over there... why does he stand there? To prevent me from going inside this shop..." Namely, I wouldn't go in for fear of being confused with him in surveillance. Finally, he walked away, and so I came inside to buy batteries (1:06:00). And also 10 eggs. Then I became alarmed when another mafia-looking guy came in and gave the boss *one* US Dollar: to be confused with me in surveillance?<sup>5</sup> "That's what happens when you go inside a shop..." (This could *really* be a suit team operation: to produce surveillance showing me dealing drugs in US dollars.) I was out on 1:10:00 continuing to recount about the other guy with one US Dollar: "Why would anyone do that? Obviously to..." On 1:12:00, I filmed briefly (28:15 in the video), and then came inside another shop. I bought 10 more eggs. On 1:16:25, as I came near my home, I filmed again (28:48 in the video): "... this guy is urinating on the street... in order to be confused with me in surveillance... another surveillance showing me urinating on the street has just been produced... just a year ago I could still go out without being so scared..." (Was this an operation?) On 1:18:50, I came in front of my apartment and I turned off my camcorder (30:45 in the video): "... I can't go on like this any longer..." On 1:23:00, I turned on my TV. On 1:28:10, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. It was "The Last Samurai" on TV. Then: "... there will not be anyone left to watch this video..." At some point, I expressed my amazement that Maria somehow couldn't remember me.



The junk email from "Thor"

5 I have naturally filmed it with my pen camera: "[stor\\_eggsbat\\_anotherguy\\_9\\_2\\_09\\_ca\\_420PM.AVI](#)".

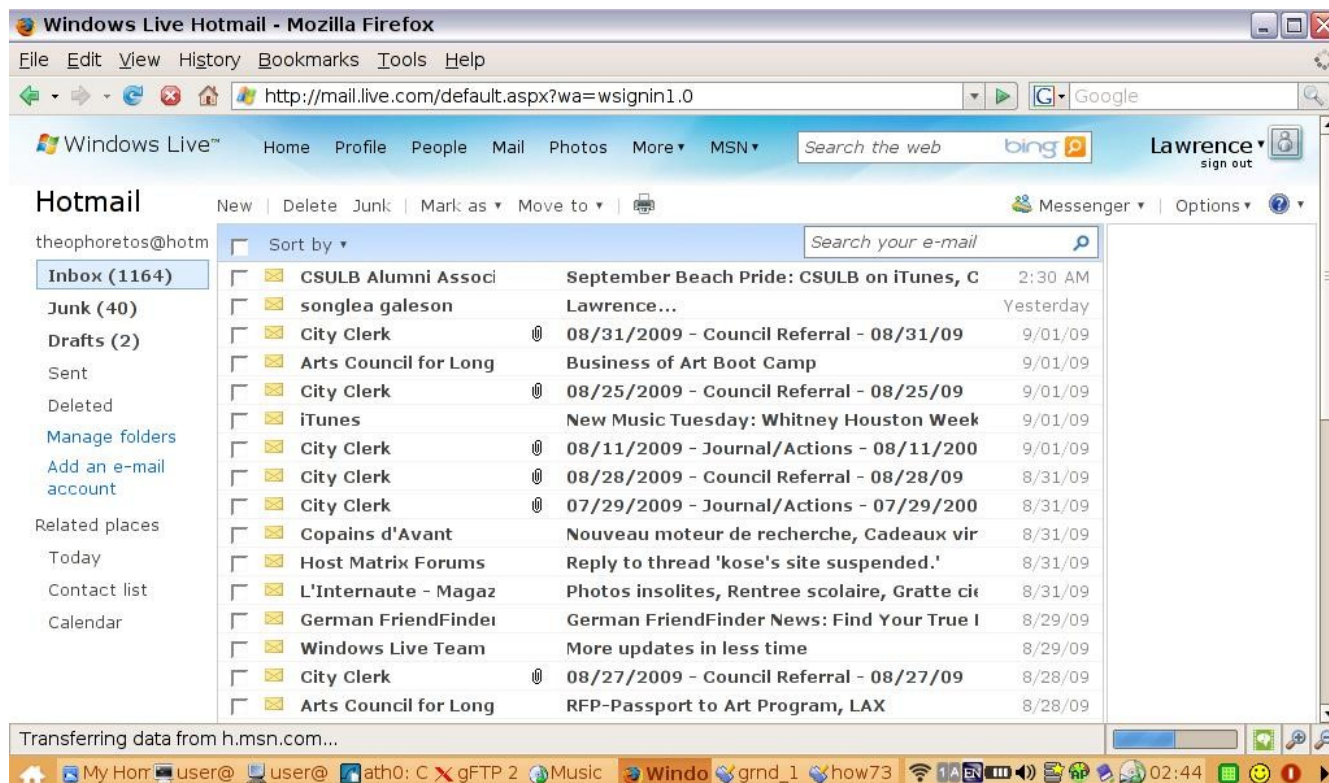
My next recording is: “vid\_strmutrcrd\_bbckrtekd\_how73\_9\_2\_09\_432-1035PM.wma”: The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous recording until 5:10. Note that, on 3:50, the buzz sound again. I continued: “It’s sad that I didn’t start recording myself since the beginning of my life, who could have thought...” On 10:40, the buzz sound again. On 19:00, my GFTP and Konqueror: “... the machine malfunctions again... the Internet is cut off...” On 27:55, I filmed my Eee PC to demonstrate (30:49 in the video). No GFTP, but I was able to upload on Konqueror. On 47:00, “The Last Samurai” had ended, and I changed the channel. Now, TV-5 Monde. Then, CNN. On 59:00, I turned off my TV and was busy with something on my Eee PC: “Oh, I put in the wrong file! Oh my God... we were supposed to upload ‘9\_1\_09’ but instead...” And I streamed some previous recording from my website (1:08:00). I was now working on my files: “... ‘9\_2\_09’... the Sound Recorder is picking up something big and yet I don’t hear anything...” Namely, the buzz sounds. On 1:18:40, I filmed the note which Maria wrote me (36:52 in the video). Then, I worked on moving the source videos. “... now the folder ‘8\_30\_09’...” Then, from 1:25:30 onward, I was working on my pen videos. Then, from 1:33:00 onward, I was playing a recording from the previous days. On 1:39:00, I was back to writing. (“Frankfurt and Brussels”? “Karin’s Meetups”?) Then I was away on my Eee PC checking something out on my website. I was still streaming the earlier recording while uploading my latest files to my website. “It is pretty cool... pretty cool...” (1:52:50). Then I started importing the latest videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba. I was making notes about the recording at the same time. On 2:14:20, the importing was done, and I started on another round of importing. Then I turned on the TV again and ate my noodles (2:19:20). I kept on making notes too (2:28:00). On 2:40:00, the latest round of importing was done, and I moved the latest source videos to my Seagate hard drive. From 2:46:00 onward, I was working on my latest video diary. Was I then working on “Karin’s Meetups”? (3:00:00) On 3:10:00, I filmed myself logging into my WAMU account using Konqueror (38:08 in the video). And it didn’t crash! And I continued to work on my files on my Eee PC. “... I can’t save it...” On 3:19:30, I was back to my video diary. On 3:35:00, right after it was uploaded, I streamed the recording of my going to Casa earlier. I repeatedly reviewed what Maria said to me. “What was she talking about? What did I buy? And the other Elizabeth made all these grammar mistakes...” On 3:50:30, I wondered again whether the drumming outside might be orchestrated by Homeland Security to produce surveillance. On 4:01:00, I stopped writing: “... I should now upload... Konqueror is actually working!” Then, on 4:04:30: “... today’s video diary is complete in itself, no frames left...” On 4:05:00, I turned on the TV again to check what scary programs Homeland Security had in store for me (41:30 in the video). Ha! “Joe Black”. “They don’t play any romantic stuff, just violence, Nazis, drugs...” And Deutsche Welle just had to show something about the Nazis again (45:00 in the video). Then, “The Karate Kid” on TV. “They have showed this movie 10 times since I got here! I don’t know what the purpose is... Now UFOs! Homeland Security really likes me to watch UFO stuff...” (47:15 in the video diary). “To make you into a different person, they have prepared a special TV for you...” Then, TV-5 Monde again, and a movie about some leftwing communist party shit. Then, BBC: the drug war! (4:23:30) On 4:34:00, I was writing on my Toshiba. It’s still BBC News on TV. On 4:42:50, the Lockerbie Bomber again! And so I changed the channel (unaware as yet that this might be related to me). The History Channel was now showing a documentary on 911: “Oh my God!” And I immediately switched the channel away (4:56:00). (Although this would seem to have been put on there by the suit team, it was probably not – given that the anniversary was within 10 days.) On

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4:58:30, I turned off the TV and was back to writing on my computer: “Frankfurt and Brussels”. On 5:39:00, I turned on the TV again for a break. Then I checked my latest video diary: “... the video is 49 minutes long!” And there was a problem with the video. I played it to make sure it was all okay (5:58:00).

My next recording is: “vidagain\_wrt\_mdudhsrate\_9\_2-3\_09\_223AM.wma”: Immediately: “Oh, now I have to republish it, and it’ll take a long time...” (4:50). Then: “... hm... the ‘8\_1\_09’ source video was never deleted...” And so I started republishing the video diary. Then: “... ‘Supplemental Pleading’... May 23...” (17:00). Then: “... now ‘Karin’s Meetups-8-4’...” (28:30). Then: “... going into ‘Journal Attachments’... did I create ‘9-0-9’...?” (49:00) Then, break time, and time for my eggs. On 53:00, I turned on the TV. On 1:05:00, with French on TV, I was back to my computers. Was I now deleting files in my Seagate drive to clear up more space? On 1:20:00, I was eating and switching the channel around (the first scene in my next video diary “9\_3\_09.wmv”). “Now ‘SWAT’ on TV... Homeland Security wants me to watch this because this bad guy... good guy and bad guy...” (1:33:00). Ha! Probably not. Then I changed to another channel: “... okay, secret agent partners... something is wrong... this Homeland Security TV is very scary... probably the drug war again... Deutsche Welle... earlier it’s ‘terrorists’... I can’t find the History Channel... that’s 911... another secret agent, intelligence agencies movie... now *the Lockerbie Bomber*... Oh, ‘Desperate Housewives’, that’s not scary... Sharon Stone is very pretty, but does she have to be in this scary movie?... Oh, no! Now the *Lockerbie Bomber* again...” I was done filming on 1:39:35. (Again, I should have paid attention to this “Lockerbie Bomber” thing since it was actually related to me.) Then: “... now reviewing this video... publishing...” On 1:44:30, the video diary of today. On 1:51:00, again: “Oh no! The video screws up at one point... Oh, man, now we have to redo it again... there are so many mistakes in this video... this is the last time we’ll redo it...” On 1:57:45, I started on my Spanish lesson for tonight. Then I reviewed the screenshots from a few days ago (2:07:00). “Okay, these are uploadable...” And so I was now uploading the screenshots. On 2:18:30, I turned on the Internet radio station for the music. I then did some work on the “Preface”. On 2:24:00, I was working on the pictures from Karin’s meetups. I then suspected the Youtube videos: “Most likely, Homeland Security agents have already rated them, in order to make it look like I have rated them, in order to make me look childish...” Was I correct this time? (We shall not count this in the end.) On 2:36:00 – was I working on “Karin’s Meetups”? Then I was making “Orthodox-6” (3:01:00). On 3:10:00, the video was done publishing. I started playing it. And I continued to be bothered by Open Office’s auto-saving.

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Angelo's email to me hours ago  
which I would never open<sup>6</sup>

Now the evidences which the suit team had presumably produced today (to confirm that the story which Mr former Secretary had made up about “David Chin” was all true): (1) a junk email from “Thor” about Windows Vista; (2) I did my crack cocaine business in US Dollars; and (3) surveillance had shown me urinating on the street again.

### September 3 (Thursday)

My next recording is: “brk\_9\_3\_09\_228-255AM.WMA”: On 1:00, I again suspected that the permissions of some particular folders in my website had been changed by somebody else. “Why is it that I suddenly don't have the permission to access this file?” I logged in to investigate. On 20:00, I turned on the TV. Then I started moving more source videos to the Ubuntu partition on my Seagate hard drive.

<sup>6</sup> When I opened the email so many years later, this is what Angelo wrote (some time around September 2): “Your blog still mentions me; I want you to know that it poses an obstacle for me getting a job and for traveling to the USA. I have enough difficulties in life, so why do you want to make my life any more difficult? Please remove any mention of me in it; I don't work for the FBI!” It's really not clear whether it was the suit team who had instructed him to write me this garbage.



My next recording is: “ready\_slp\_9\_3\_09\_251-4AM.WMA”: I continued to move source videos to the Ubuntu partition. And I was still worried about the connection of the Seagate drive to my Eee PC. Then I was moving the Wireshark captures to the NTFS partition. (I moved them to “Journal Attachments”). Again – why did my Thunderbird pop up when I opened a PDF document? (37:30) (Again, this had nothing to do with the suit team.) Then – did I figure out the problem with the file permissions? On 52:30, I started the Sound Recorder. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “[dvd49crpt\\_wrshrk\\_9\\_3\\_09\\_342-823AM.wma](#)”: Music videos on TV. Then, music from the Internet radio station. I was now choosing and compiling the files for my next disc, DVD-49. “Oh, no, I still have these pictures... in Toshiba...” (33:30). “... still 60 megabytes left... let’s stuff as much as possible in it...” On 41:45 I filmed myself (7:25 in the video diary): “Okay, ready to burn, DVD-49... oh, I should have changed it to 4x...” And so the burning started. On 54:30, I sent the hash values to myself. On 55:55, the burning had finished. I checked the disc. “We also want to test the hash values...” I was now backing up my writings before checking the videos on my disc. “In this world, I’m the only person... I always have to remember that...” (1:16:30). That’s right! When there is Homeland Security in this world, you will always be alone! Then: “... oh, I can’t finish this... don’t worry, all your writings are backed up...” On 1:21:00, I started playing the videos on the disc, foremost “8\_31\_09\_p3.wmv”: “... the saddest video I have...” Now, more problem: my Toshiba was plugged in, and yet the battery was almost out. I plugged it in right this time. As I watched myself getting all hysterical in the video, I was also making notes. On 2:24:30, something went wrong, and there was a pop-up. Then I continued to make my notes. Then I discovered that the hash values of this video on my disc was different from those of the same video as stored in my hard drive: “... is my disc corrupt?” (2:33:40) (You have already seen this above.) I was terribly distraught: “... this is so hard to deal with, the DVD is badly burned... the video of machine malfunctioning has now malfunctioned... apparently the machine malfunctioned while burning this video of machine malfunctioning... hence the hash value isn’t right...” (2:42:00). I thus spent a long time examining what the problem was with this new disc. I checked the hash values of every other video on the disc and all turned out to be good. On 3:12:00, I was writing. What? The notes you have seen at the end of the entry for August 31? Finally I determined that only “8\_31\_09\_p3.wmv” was corrupted. And I kept on writing. Then the strangest thing: I got the disc out and put it back in to do the hash values again, just to make sure that it really was corrupted. And now the hash value was yet another one! Wow! “So every time when you insert the disc, it’s a different hash value!” So I continued writing out the notes you have seen at the end of the entry for August 31. Then I checked the video one more time. On 3:47:30, I started playing the video again. Then I came inside [videos.lawrencechin2011.com](#) and read out some numbers (3:51:00). Then: “... now the timestamp for ‘9\_3\_09’ was not right... What is this... domainsponsor.com? This update for our Eee PC on [asus.com](#)... shows up every once in a while...” On 4:22:00, I continued reading something about computer matters.

The next recording seems to be missing. Then my next recording is: “[wk\\_sam\\_wrtoldfles\\_cantstrmvid\\_9\\_3\\_09\\_223-618PM.wma](#)”: I continued to rest with the TV turned on. Then I turned it off. On 1:12:00, I woke up shouting “Samantha”. Ha! I then cooked my eggs and started reviewing the previous recording to make sure it was okay (1:28:10). On 1:30:10, an old recording from my Sony recorder. On



1:34:00, I started writing. Then, something about DVD-9. I checked the videos on it (1:46:00). Then, from 1:48:00 onward, more writing. I now seemed to be writing about my time in Psychobabble in late December last year. On 2:07:30, DVD-25. On 2:10:00, the video “Allmagne-au-Max”: “... just going through our old files, and we discover something new each day...” Then, “Karin’s Meetups-4”, and I kept on writing. Then: “... bank statements... we can check the hash values of that...” (2:53:00). Then, “Karin’s-Meetups-10”. I continued writing: “... on June 26 2008 I videotaped myself drawing...” On 3:11:00: “... now I want to see if I can stream my own videos... because I can’t stream them with the VLC Player... the video is too large, and so it’s not possible to stream... oh, I’m actually streaming it...” On 3:15:20, I was eating my eggs. Then: “Nope, it can’t stream... I wish I can post messages on the Internet to ask how to work this, but it’s too dangerous, Homeland Security agents will pretend...” (3:25:00). Indeed! I was right! On 3:37:30 I turned on the recorder and stopped my Eee PC from streaming. On 3:54:50, I turned on the TV.

My next recording is: “ut\_strngscrch\_htdgiorm\_9\_3\_09\_607-716PM.WMA”: The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous recording until 18:00. On 20:50, I turned off my Toshiba. “Now we have to go out to buy food... scary...” And I turned off the other recorder (on voice-activated mode?). “The usual thing is that people will come next to me and their cellphone will ring, or that they will scratch their head in front of me.” Out of my apartment on 29:30. “... a mother is walking past with a child...” On 31:15, I turned on my camcorder (9:35 in the video). I was convinced that the suit team had placed that kid in the corner so that I wouldn’t be able to avoid passing him by, upon which he promptly scratched himself – and I just had to scratch myself too. Then: “... I wanted to go into that store, but too many people were in there... and this guy scratches himself...” (31:30). On 31:50 I turned on my camcorder again (10:12 in the video): “... the guy scratches himself...” On 33:40, I turned on my camcorder again: “... this guy is here all the time...” On 35:50, I was buying a hot dog from a street stand. Then, suddenly, a guy on bicycle came in front of me to scratch himself, and so, on 37:40, I tried to film him (12:05 in the video): “... this guy in a green shirt on bicycle, he scratches himself... everyone was told to scratch himself or herself when seeing me...” This time I seemed to be correct: this guy was indeed instructed to scratch himself. On 40:10, I was back inside the ice cream store to buy ice cream: “... Coke, ice cream...” On 42:30 I was out and I filmed what I had just bought (14:05 in the video). Then I went on and on about the guy who put his hand on his neck. Then: “... the kid that just scratched himself is gone... he was at this juncture so that I couldn’t avoid him...” Then, as I was already near my home (16:20 in the video): “... some car is going into my alley, very suspicious... wait for him to be gone first...” On 45:30, I was back home, and I turned off my camcorder (16:55 in the video). “You should have started recording yourself since you were a kid, but you couldn’t have imagined that... the car is passing by, close the door, don’t even let them see you...” On 49:40, I turned on the TV. “I hope Homeland Security didn’t order the news agency to play yesterday’s news in order to screw up my timestamp... we’ve just put in this battery, and now it’s almost out...” It’s ABC on TV. On 56:15, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. “... I don’t think watching TV is good idea, it might seem harmless, but it’s put there for a reason... but why should you even be afraid? I wonder about that too. I don’t know, I don’t know what to do...” Again, I was trying to cover up my resistance. As I was switching the channel (1:01:30): “... so many things that are not even dangerous you are afraid of... Cine Canal...” On 1:07:00, “Gladiator” again on TV: “... I don’t know

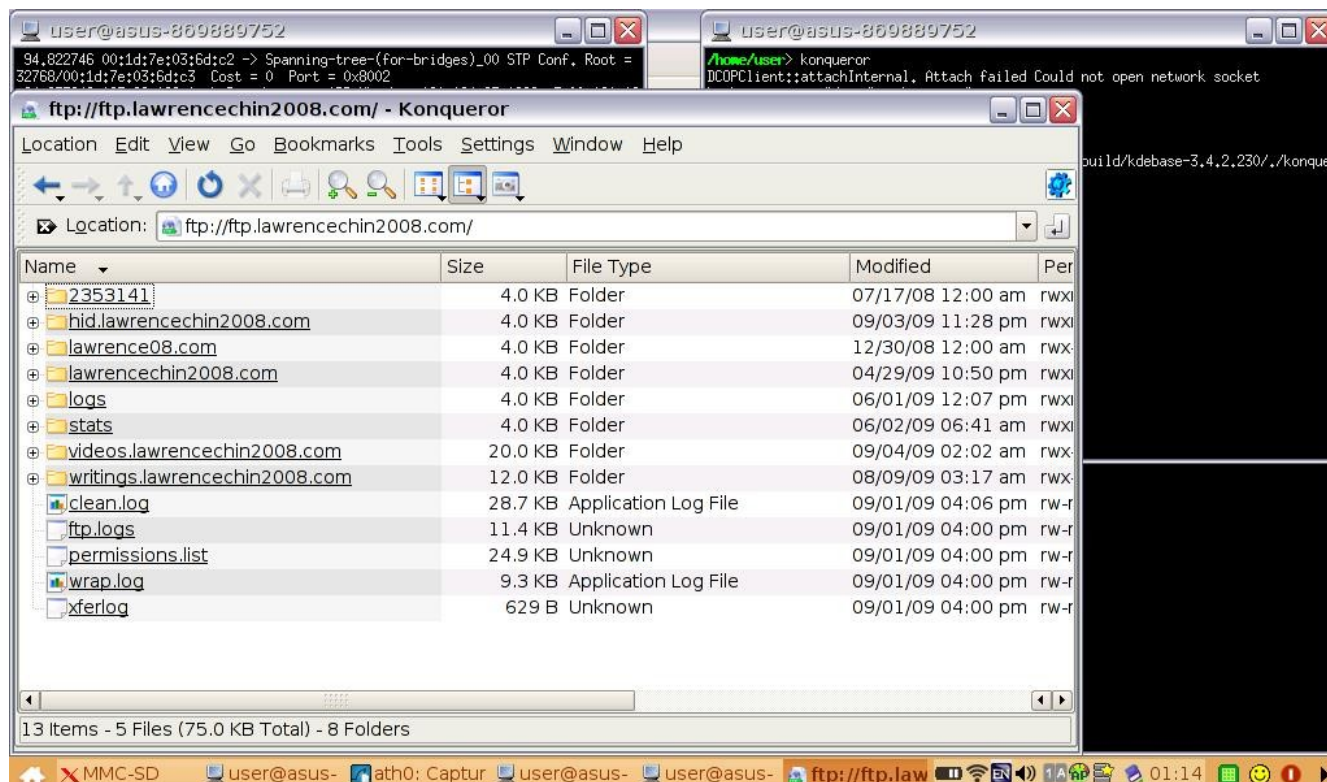
what Homeland Security’s purpose is in putting this on TV... it’s dubbed in Spanish... then you can’t hear this attractive Danish woman...”

My next recording is: “hllmrk\_nchlsage\_rvwhlum\_impvid\_9\_3\_09\_657-1050PM.wma”: The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous until 11:00 or so. On 29:00, I turned off the TV and inserted DVD-8 into my Toshiba. I connected my Seagate hard drive as well. “... that 800 megabyte video we can get rid of... I don’t understand why the file size on the SD card is not matching that...” I seemed to be naming my latest recording files. On 43:10, buzz sound. On 47:50, again. On 50:20, I was moving my screenshots. On 1:00:40, DVD-7. Was I now backing up my files? Then, on 1:14:00: “... maybe I should add these to ‘Preface’... pictures of my childhood...” I was now writing. Then, something about Chaya (the video of her divorce file?). On 1:37:00 it started to rain really hard outside. And I continued writing. (What?) On 1:45:50, DVD-6. On 1:47:50, I was away on my Eee PC. I continued to upload my latest files to my website. On 1:53:00, back to my Toshiba: “We need to compare hash values here.” On 2:01:20, I started reviewing the recording of my buying a helium tank back in summer last year. On 2:12:30, I spent some time dealing with the hash values of this recording. On 2:20:30, the pen videos from earlier. (I seemed to be naming them.) On 2:28:30, I turned on the TV. “Rambo” on Channel 10. On 2:31:20, Nicholas Cage. (The movie seemed to be either “Hallmark” or “The Family Man”.) On 2:43:00, back to my camcorder: “... I don’t remember if I have already imported this... probably not...” On 2:56:00, I turned off the TV. “Did I already import this file or not? I don’t remember.” Then, “Karin’s Meetups-10”. Then, the video diary from yesterday. (“... Homeland Security really likes me to watch UFO stuff...”). I sighed: “... everyday is just looking for data, it’s just so much data... oh, I found the part I ended yesterday!” (3:05:00) On 3:15:00, I kept on writing. What? On 3:23:00, back to my TV: “The Family Man” was over. On 3:35:20, the video-importing was completed. Now it was “Legend of the Fall” on TV. On 3:44:00, I was going through my recordings. “.. these are from August 12...” Then: “... let’s look at ‘Karin’s Meetups-10’, ‘Supplemental Pleading-25’...” And I cried a little. Why? Nostalgia? Then: “... DVD-22... 23...”

My next recording is: “rvw831p2\_522mlfnc\_t\_supl25\_dhsjnkeml\_9\_3-4\_09\_1057PM-242AM.wma”: On 8:00 I inserted my latest DVD into my Toshiba to review my latest video diaries. On 15:00, I was checking again the video diary “8\_31\_09\_p3.wmv” (my crying over computer malfunctioning). And I was typing out something on 45:00 or so. On 1:14:00 I described what I was doing: playing the video diary “8\_31\_09\_p3.wmv” on the VLC player on my Eee PC and also on the Nero player on my Toshiba at the same time, all because I had noticed that the two players weren’t playing this same video at the same speed. I filmed myself doing this too (17:00 in the video diary). I moaned: “It’s very frustrating when computer malfunctions while you are trying to burn the video of computer malfunctioning onto a DVD!” Then: “You must understand how machine functions when you play the video of machine malfunctioning” (1:25:50). On 1:28:00, I turned on the TV briefly to take a timestamp for my video and recording. And the news just had to talk about UFOs (toward the end of the video)! I then continued to review this video of computer malfunctioning. On 2:40:00 I was writing. What? “Supplemental Pleading”? Then I started importing the latest videos from my camcorder on 2:44:50. Then, on 2:52:00, I was commenting on the junk email I had received, about some unknown

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“transcription service charge”. The charge occurred on August 31. As I would soon note: “I guess the suit team was launching an attack on India again at the International Court.”



A glimpse into the interior of my website tonight via FTP

To sum up: the single evidence which the suit team seemed to have produced today was: a guy on bicycle scratched himself in front of me in order to maintain me as the conspirator of the Russian/ Nicaragua team (to keep me “deluded” that my conspiracy had succeeded).

### September 4 (Friday; “scratching” in/ outside Casa)

My next recording is: “ready\_slp\_9\_4\_09\_225-330AM.WMA”: Per the notice from IX Webhosting, I was ready to close the ticket when the issue was resolved. Then I was reading something about Gmail. Then, the Apache server. On 17:30, I shut down the Sound Recorder. Was I then looking into my Ubuntu partition on my Seagate drive? “Don’t delete the VirtualBox.” Then – was I backing up my writings? Hashing them? On 34:30 – was I playing a video diary?

My next recording is: “slp\_va\_tv\_9\_4\_09\_334-352AM.WMA”: I slept while the TV was on Cinemax.

My next recording is: “slp\_va\_cnrt\_wmzrbdygrd\_linuxcmd\_9\_4\_09\_348-619AM.WMA”: I tried to sleep while some concert was on TV. On 25:30, the upload done, I did a search for “How to... disk...”

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Linux, Eee PC”. “We want to clean up the hard disk, there are only 300 megabytes of space left, that’s why we can’t stream videos...” Then my Eee PC froze up. “We’ve deleted the demo video from the hard disk, and somehow we have even less disk space.” On 34:30, Afghanistan on TV again. Then I was reading something about background services. Then I searched “Bluetooth running without hardware”. Then I read out loud something about Linux. Then, Linux commands on [www.linux.org](http://www.linux.org). For the rest of the recording I would be practicing “who”, “df”, “du”, “grep” and so on. On 51:00, what’s on TV? UFO? Japan’s First Family?

My next recording is: “slp\_va\_9\_4\_09\_620-733AM.WMA”: I continued my Linux command tutorial. On 6:00, I turned off the TV.

My next recording is: “wk\_9\_4\_09\_1220-1229PM.WMA”: I just woke up.

My next recording is: “wk\_ec4\_k10\_9\_4\_09\_1237-206PM.wma”: I continued to rest. On 1:02:20, I got up. From 1:05:00 onward – what was I writing? My “Crime Summary”? On 1:09:30, I was on “Karin’s Meetups-10” to insert pictures. On 1:23:20, I used the video import wizard on my Toshiba to rewind the DV tape in my camcorder. On 1:24:30, I turned on the recorder. I mumbled about how I wouldn’t be able to avoid “Homeland Security scratchers” once I should go out.

My next recording is: “[ut\\_csfstrgrscrch\\_pay35\\_gtntngwrk\\_9\\_4\\_09\\_202-358PM.WMA](#)”. As I was getting ready to go out: “Homeland Security is watching me very closely... it’s very bad... the tapes cannot be taped over too many times...” When I turned off my Toshiba, the lights were again on (9:30). “... there is nothing to be afraid of...” Then, on 12:30: “... this prediction will come true... a whole bunch of people will scratch themselves in front of me... because that’s the point of my existence... a lot of actors and actresses are walking the streets, and their job is to scratch themselves...” Ha! I filmed my room before leaving (14:00 and the first scene of my next video diary, “[9\\_4\\_09\\_p1.wmv](#)”). On 16:20, as soon as I opened the door, I noted two women standing outside. And I immediately started filming (0:29 in the video): “... that guy just scratched his eyes, and these two women are standing outside... Look, kids are standing over there, I predict that they’ll scratch themselves when I pass by...” I was out on 17:50: “... each day is like the last day...” As I walked on, I turned on my camcorder (19:00 or 1:31 in the video): “... this woman... when I passed by, immediately wiped sweat off her face... I told you to watch out for these two women... she wiped... off her face... two times...” On 21:00, I came inside Casa and told the receptionist (not Maria?) I wanted to eat here today. I went to sit in the patio. On 23:00, I ordered my food. I put up my act: “... there is nothing to be afraid of... just text-messaging... cellphones... the lady at the stairs is text-messaging...” (3:44 in the video). And I started counting my money. Then I mumbled about how cheap the food was: “... it’s like eating at McDonald’s back home...” Then, on 31:00: “... a guy walks through... holding an empty Coke bottle... and keeps touching his lips with it... I don’t know if that means anything... he comes out, and touches himself again...” (4:14 in the video). It’s not clear whether he was instructed by the suit team to do this. Now note the next scene in the video diary, around 8:10, where the guy purposely touched himself in the chin when passing me by. This time he really seems to have done it on purpose! And then the next two scenes, from 8:24, 8:51, and 12:30 onward. I left my pen camera turned on while eating in



order to catch anyone trying to touch himself or herself when passing me by. What (but warranted) paranoia! Then, more reflection: "... it's very bad, very scary... starting from November 2006, nothing around me is... during June and July 2007 you've got a break... then, for almost three years, you have not interacted with a human being without the environment being staged..." (from 50:00 onward). More: "There has never been a human being who has suffered such a strange fate... it is the strangest kind of suffering... everyone is only going to act... it's gonna be like that for the rest of your life... it'd be nice to just be invisible... the most important thing now is to preserve your data... so far I have suffered two instances of people scratching themselves in front of me... everyone you see around you is 100 times luckier than you..." On 57:00, I went to the front counter to pay: 120 Cordobas. Then, on 58:00, Maria suddenly called out to me just before I exited. She first asked me when she should send the cleaning lady to my apartment. I of course adamantly refused it – the cleaning lady had become one of the most frightening things in the world for me. Surprised, Maria then asked me for the money for the driver that was supposed to pick me up at the airport but missed me on August 11. "I should pay, I promised I would pay," I assured her (1:02:30). It was 735 Cordobas. I hesitated at first and told her I'd go to the bank now, but in the end I did pay all of it right on the spot. On 1:02:50, I departed. On 1:03:55, I turned on my camcorder as I walked (14:39 in the video). And I had to scratch myself too! Then, on 1:07:20: "... an American girl..." (18:06 in the video). And, as you can see in the video, this man, when I passed him by, immediately scratched himself while staring right at me (18:18 in the video): "... very scary... he saw me, and then turned around, and now it's time to... such a staged show!" I turned off my camcorder but immediately turned it on again (1:08:00 or 18:39 in the video). "... a lot of Americans..." On 1:09:20, I filmed again (19:43 in the video): "... it's better to buy cigarettes on the street... enclosures scare me..." On 1:11:00, I was buying three packs of cigarettes from a street stand. When I left: "... guess what? She was scratching her face!" And I started filming again on 1:12:20 (21:40 in the video). By now my nervousness had again made it hard for me to breathe, and I started looking for a place without people to rest in. On 1:18:10, I filmed again (27:00 in the video): "... looking for a place where to scratch myself..." And I passed by another man who scratched himself: "... it's not clear if that guy's action is staged..." On 1:20:00, I settled down in a corner and turned off my camcorder (28:50 in the video). On 1:21:00: "... they are just gonna... get confused... and find crack cocaine... as evidence... that's what the cleaning lady's business is all about..." Namely, with the surveillance showing the cleaning lady going inside my apartment, another evidence could be forged showing her finding crack cocaine and so on in my room. Then I moved on. On 1:24:20, I filmed again (28:55 in the video): "... that guy is scratching himself..." And I bought two bags of pineapples and so on from a street stand. On 1:25:50, I filmed as I walked on (29:15 in the video). Then I bought more. On 1:27:55, I started filming again (29:45 in the video). As I walked, I kept mumbling: "... so why do you care?... crack cocaine..." Namely, just more explanation of my resistance for the Russians to intercept later on. "... just enjoy being a pedophile and a drug-dealer..." On 1:31:30, I was buying batteries in a shop. I got terribly scared because the man immediately started playing with his cellphone when handing me the change (31:18 in the vide). On 1:35:00, I filmed again (31:53 in the video): "... all the stuff I have bought..." On 1:37:00, I put up my act and told myself again how it was good to be known as a drug-smuggler... and a secret agent of Russia, India, Vietnam, Mongolia, and unknown Latin American and African nations. Then, on 1:39:00: "... Russia... there will be nothing left... the entire world will be America's colony... so many nations will become



America’s colonies just because I’m walking around trying to buy food and batteries... and what do I get for all this amazing work? Nothing... and you wonder why I don’t enjoy your TV show... all that clandestine operation for a tiny little apartment...” And on and on. Just more testimonies for the Russians when I shall have uploaded this recording to my website. On 1:44:00, as I came in front of my apartment (40:15 in the video): “You can keep going out, just let the world sink away, let yourself sink away... who knows what that 35 dollars will turn into...” I was now in my room. On 1:46:10, I filmed myself putting my grocery away and going upstairs (40:20 in the video). On 1:47:50, I mumbled again about how the world would change the day after just because I bought food today. On 1:49:30, I turned on the TV. Something about Iran, and so I quickly changed the channel. On 1:52:30, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. I continued: “... American colonies, all because of some UN court’s judgment...” On 1:55:00, I started mumbling about how cheap Uncle Sam was: how I went to WCIL and produced an excellent intercept showing me jailed while in Albany and how I had got merely 10 dollars as reward. Again, excellent evidence for the Russians.

In sum, the only evidences which the suit team seems to have produced during my trip out today was the man’s touching his lips while I was in Casa and the man’s scratching himself when I got out of Casa. Namely, the devising of the terrorist’s environment in such a way as to make him believe that his conspiracy had succeeded.

My next recording is: “[emlcsf\\_nghbrmusic\\_impvid\\_mvnmkr\\_siren\\_ixwbblg\\_rvw426\\_9\\_4\\_09\\_354-826PM.wma](#)”: The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous recording until 5:00. On 11:30: “... you’ll feel much better if you don’t care about yourself... I’m the only person in the world who cares about me... you care about yourself, that’s the problem...” Excellent explanation! On 12:30, the buzz sounds again. On 16:00, I was ready to import my latest videos to my Toshiba. On 39:00, I was checking my Gmail. On 49:30, when the video-importing was done, the next door began blasting loud music again. “According to surveillance, I’m having a huge party again and have a lot of friends... according to surveillance, I have a lot of friends in this town [that I have never been to before]...” Then I was writing. What? The email to Maria? Then, from 56:00 onward, I was all quiet. On 57:50: “... oh, the upload is finished...” On 1:00:40, I started filming my Eee PC: it’s all because my Konqueror would again crash before I sent out the email (the [first scene](#) in my next video diary, “[9\\_4\\_09\\_p2.wmv](#)”). On 1:05:00, it started raining hard outside. Then: “I wrote an email and, because I videotaped it, Konqueror didn’t crash.” Not! I read out the email I wrote to Casa on 1:12:00.

Hi Maria

As you [can] see [from] what you wrote me before, the shuttle is 35 dollars for one person. My second thought is [...]: can you give me a confirmation as receipt for the 35 dollars I just gave you today to compensate the shuttle driver that I missed on Aug. 11? Just say I have paid you the 35 dollars to give to the driver as compensation for missing him at the airport. Yes, I know I promised to compensate for the shuttle, so I did. I wasn’t trying to avoid paying today. I just needed to do more shopping today.

## L

As you shall see, I was creating disaster for myself. On 1:15:40, I admonished myself: "... now you missed another precious episode of machine malfunctioning... nobody else on the planet makes documentaries about computer malfunctioning..." I was then mumbling about how my Firefox kept popping up by itself (1:24:00). Then: "... now uploading the folder '9\_4\_09'..." On 1:33:00: "... I'm a criminal, I have committed so many crimes... but I have never gone to jail, that's strange..." On 1:42:00, the next door was now getting very loud. From 1:44:00 onward, I was working on my latest video diary. Again, about how the loud music must have been staged by Homeland Security (2:07:30). On 2:19:00, I kept on writing. On 2:44:30, another ambulance passed by my apartment. "I am the person who has heard the most amount of siren in the world! I have broken another Guinness World Record..." Right! Even in Nicaragua! I then continued to work on my video diary. On 3:09:20, the neighbor's loud music stopped. On 3:20:00, I was ready to publish today's video diary. On 3:24:00, I was with my TV. On 3:34:00, French on TV: "... this is probably put on by Homeland Security..." Probably not. On 3:39:30, I was back to my computer examining my video of myself drawing Karin: "... 'Karin's Meetups'... Karin... June 26 2008... the same as 'Part 4'... let's stream the video of my drawing Karin..." On 3:55:00, I was mumbling or reading something (unintelligible). "... Homeland Security posted this comment in order to make it look like I have posted it..." (3:58:00). Really? Did Homeland Security do it again? Then: "... as I have realized yesterday, the VLC Player might not sync with the other..." (4:14:50). Then, "Karin's Meetups-8-4". I started playing an old recording of Karin's meetups, the one from April 26 last year. On 4:22:50, I finished publishing the latest video diary. I started reviewing the video at the same time as I worked on my "Karin's Meetups". I inserted the pictures from the April 26 meetup into my chapter.

My next recording is: "[k10-11\\_8\\_rvwmu42608\\_smplyr\\_mstrb\\_9\\_4-5\\_09\\_829PM-229AM.wma](#)". I was still reviewing the recording from April 26 last year. On 22:20, I turned off my recorder. On 37:40, a break. On 44:00, back to my computer. On 51:00, buzz sounds. On 1:11:00, I continued to work on my latest (next?) video diary. Then: "... the VLC Player seems to be playing the video a bit slower..." (1:20:00). Then: "... the timestamp of the video came from the part that was taped over..." (1:23:00). On 1:28:30, I turned on the TV. I was still uploading my files to my website on my Eee PC. Then, "Goodwill Hunting" on TV (?). On 1:55:50, I filmed the TV (9:33 in the video diary): "... I'm getting suspicious of this movie... this homeless man saves this woman... and now he's being knighted... I think it's planted by Homeland Security for a certain purpose... Homeland Security likes to plant movies that remind me of me... the homeless man with three women... this ... movie is about Japan..." There was probably no operation here. Then my latest video diary had finished publishing on 1:59:00. I was now playing the video to make sure that it was all okay. Then I was working on eliminating the scenes while looking at this very interesting movie on TV. On 2:07:00, back to working on the April 26 meetup. On 2:17:00, I commented on how good this movie was. On 2:19:30, the movie was over. "... with Scarlett Johansson..." On 2:26:30, it was "Run Lola Run": "... I like Franka Potente..." On 3:01:00, music from the Internet radio station. On 3:14:40, I was examining the screenshots from earlier. Also the screenshots included in "Karin's Meetups-10" (3:19:30). "... so when

did I review... I didn't review... I have it here..." (3:32:00). On 3:33:00, I started playing the video I seemed to have missed. "This is really bad, that's why we didn't review it... we can't hear anything... Now watch a video you haven't watched before..." On 3:50:00, I was back to writing. On 3:55:00, I continued to play the old recording from April 26 last year. Then, on 4:21:00: "... what's the difference between the SM-Player and the M-Player?" I started reading about it online. On 4:30:20, "Karin's Meetups-11". On 4:34:00, back to studying the SM-Player (on sourceforge.net). Suddenly my Konqueror broke down: "... I went into the folders on my website, and it couldn't... I have to use GFTP..." (4:37:00). Then I continued on with the SM-Player. On 4:57:00, back to "Karin's Meetups", now August 8 last year. I then seemed to be reviewing the recording of Karin's meetups away from my Toshiba (5:15:00). Then, "... keysevers.ubuntu.com..." (5:23:00). On 5:27:00, when I turned on the TV, it's "Run Lola Run" again. On 5:34:30, music from the Internet radio station again. I continued to work on my files: "... 'granada-11' is thought to be..." And I started writing. What? On 5:48:20, I turned on the recorder. Now I seemed to be naming my recordings. "... reload videos. lawrencechin2008.com..." And I continued to upload files to my website. Then: "... GFTP is not working... transfer has stalled..."

### **September 5 (Saturday; "picked up at Managua")**

My next recording is: "9\_5\_09\_227-406AM.WMA": This recording is recorded with my recorder. Music from the Internet radio station. I continued to upload my files. On 7:00, GFTP stopped working. Transfer stalled on 9:00. Then – it's not clear what I was doing on my computers. "... the file has been corrupted... now back to 24 KB per second..." (28:30). Then: "... the portrait of Ala... the video showing me drawing Ala on July 1... this is a long file..." And I kept naming the files. "... corruption still occurs... they are cheap, very cheap..." I seemed to be talking about the suit team. "... it's now 3:04 PM, and Toshiba has to rest..." (49:50). Then: "... now the upload is even slower than normal, as if 'normal' weren't slow enough..." And I shut down my Toshiba. On 52:00, I turned on the TV. "... Cinemax is showing a Chinese movie..." And I stayed on it. On 54:50, I filmed the TV (10:52 in the video): "... Cinemax is playing a Chinese movie..." I was convinced that it was because Homeland Security wanted to produce some surveillance showing me being intensely preoccupied with things Chinese. On 56:30, TV-5 Monde, and then BBC. On 58:20, I filmed the TV again (11:58 in the video): "... now BBC is talking about... Descartes..." I wondered whether the suit team had put this on in order to produce evidence showing me plagiarizing my Scientific Enlightenment from TV documentaries. (Probably not.) On 1:00:00, I changed the channel to an American show. "... new pineapples..." On 1:13:00, the movie was over: "... every time when we find something not scary, it'd be over soon... I want to download the M-Player, but it says it's already installed, but yeah, I just want the package..." (1:19:00). (For my Ubuntu?) Then I checked my Gmails (1:19:40). On 1:24:50, I discovered Maria's email (from 5:57 PM, merely 53 minutes after I wrote her): "Oh my God, Maria is very confused again!" And I read out the email:

TRANSPORTATION RECEIPT  
September 04, 2009

We received C\$735 cordobas equals (\$35 dollars) from Lawrence Chin for transportation from airport Managua to the Hotel in Granada on Aug. 11, 2009 for the driver who picked him up.

Maria Malespin.

I cried: “She has to be joking with me! She sounded as if the driver had actually picked me up!” On 1:26:30, I filmed the email (13:17 in the video): “She’s very confused because he didn’t pick me up. I didn’t meet the driver! ... I can’t stand this confusion... just so typical of what I have to live with everyday!” I immediately filmed myself writing back to Maria (3:50 AM):

Hello Maria

I’m sorry but your receipt is confused :( I have phobia toward confusion [and] so can you just write me another one that’s correct? I mean, I didn’t meet the driver at all. I missed him at the airport [on] 8/11. But your receipt sounded as if he actually picked me up. Please make the correction. I can’t keep this receipt for my record. Just write correctly, that I compensated [Casa] for the shuttle service for 35 dollars even though I missed it. Please. I need a correct receipt to keep in my records.

Again, I had to invent an extraneous reason as to why I had a problem with all this. On 1:32:00, I was done replying: “Okay, Maria is very confused... very typical of the environment the suit team has devised for me... I don’t like it...” Again, I had to explain my resistance. On 1:39:30, I turned on my Toshiba again. On 1:41:00, I started the Sound Recorder and began working on my hash values. On 1:43:50, CNN: an attack in Afghanistan with civilian casualties.

As you can imagine, Maria was indeed instructed by the suit team to pretend to suffer mental confusion and write me this nonsensical note. It seems at first glance that the suit team had simply wanted more evidence to support their “David Chin legend”: that David Chin was in Nicaragua before and had already known many people (from the underground) in this land, so much so that, when he arrived, his friend had actually picked him up. (Since the driver in question didn’t run into me and went back by himself, faulty surveillance had presumably simply confused us with another pair of guys, one of whom fit the description of David Chin.) Obviously, if this was all there was to the episode, Maria’s email was evidence entirely in the lower court, since the evidentiary record in the upper court did show that I was on the bus on that day and didn’t attempt to offer my defection to the Nicaragua army officer. However, we believe that more was at stake here. We will continue on with our speculation in our commentary about the “Turkish intercept” tomorrow.

My next recording is: “hshdrawkvid\_9\_5\_09\_357-514AM.wma”: The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous until 11:00. From 13:00 onward, I wrote out the note:

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice  
4.8.3. The life of head-scratching and machine malfunctioning, B.  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Sept. 2009; Aug. 2021 – Jul. 2022

Early in the morning I suddenly remembered to check my Gmail, and [I] discovered the ‘receipt’ which Maria [had] sent me. It was a note of total mental confusion so typical of the ‘twilight zone’ in which I am entrapped. The ‘receipt’ sounds as if I actually met the driver and got picked up by him on August 11.

I then kept on typing. What? Then: “... ‘Karin’s Meetups-11-1’... I have created a new file...” Then I was quiet for a while. Then: “... the video is uploaded...” (41:30). I then seemed to be studying something on my Eee PC: “... I don’t know why this comes up... I don’t know why it says that... let’s look at the commands...” On 47:00, back to my Toshiba: “... where is ‘extra-hash’, where did the file go?” On 48:20: “... okay, we have to turn the Eee PC off, it’s been on for too long, maybe 8 hours...” On 57:00, I was writing: what? Then: “... September 3...” On 1:06:50, I was reading something about the FTP upload options. On 1:16:20, I turned on my recorder on voice-activated mode to get ready to sleep. On 1:17:30, I turned on the TV: CNN.

My next recording is: “slp\_va\_9\_5\_09\_514AM-206PM.WMA”: Soon I turned off the TV, did the hash values, and read more about computer matters. Finally, on 16:00, I went to sleep.

My next recording is: “wk\_mariaconfus\_tshbanoturnon\_wrtterry\_9\_5\_09\_220-303PM.WMA”: I was now awake. CNN on TV. On 11:50, Maria’s email again: she had replied me on 10:21 AM.

Hello Lawrence

I don’t understand what is not clear on the receipt, if you please tell what?

Bullshit. (Now Maria was pretending to not understand what I was talking about.) On 19:00, I started writing out the email you see below about what happened with Maria, but then – “Oh my God, the Konqueror crashed! It’s gonna take a whole hour just to write out this email...” (29:30). On 31:20, I filmed (the first scene in my next video diary, “9\_5\_09\_p1.wmv”): “... the email from Maria... and now Toshiba wouldn’t start...” When I plugged in my Toshiba, the lights went on, but it wouldn’t start. “... I didn’t know Homeland Security can remotely control that...” This malfunctioning was probably just “natural”. Then, on 33:48, I filmed again (1:36 in the video diary): “... finally, after I pulled out the battery compartment and put it back in, it turned on... and the Konqueror crashed of course... we are gonna spend several hours writing out this email... will get confused... machine will malfunction...” (38:00). And I continued writing.

My next recording is: “mriaconf\_emlcsf\_mlfunct\_9\_5\_09\_250-410PM.wma”: On 5:50, I was away on my Eee PC, and I filmed again (2:13 in the video diary): “... a simple email, very difficult... but now that I’m videotaping it...” And I continued mumbling indistinctly while working with my Eee PC for a long time (20:00). It seems that I was reading out loud the email I had just written to Terry (3:17 PM):

Hello Terry,



Am I caught in the twilight zone or what? What is going on? Yesterday Maria asked me to compensate for the shuttle service that was supposed to transport me from the airport to Casa SF on [Aug.] 11 but which I missed on Aug. 11 at the airport, and if you read my emails to Casa SF on Aug. 11 I did promise to compensate Casa SF for the shuttle service anyway even though I didn't use it. Thus, when Maria asked me so yesterday, I did give her the 35 dollars as compensation. When I got home I merely asked Maria to write me a receipt, and it has now become the most difficult thing for her to write me a correct receipt. This is what she wrote yesterday, let me quote:

TRANSPORTATION RECEIPT  
September 04,2009

We received C\$735 cordobas equals (\$35 dollars) from Lawrence Chin for transportation from airport Managua to the Hotel in Granada on Aug. 11, 2009 for the driver who picked him up.

Maria Malespin.

Now look at the last line, '... for the driver who picked him up.' Maria wrote the receipt as if I had actually used the shuttle on Aug. 11 when in fact I didn't. I merely asked her to correct it and now she didn't see what the problem is. The problem is that when I need a receipt for my record about my expenses it shouldn't show that I was at two places at the same time, because on Aug. 11 I was actually at Managua and only arrived at Granada at night using some other transportation. How about ask Maria to just write:

TRANSPORTATION RECEIPT  
September 04, 2009

We received C\$735 cordobas equals (\$35 dollars) from Lawrence Chin for transportation from airport Managua to the Hotel in Granada on Aug. 11, 2009, for the driver whom he missed at the airport. He promised to compensate for the transportation and he did so on September 4 2009.

Sorry to spend all that energy on this little thing. I'm just fatigued from others being confused. It happens too often for me.

On 23:10, I filmed again (5:10 in the video diary): the message I had written so far on my Text Editor, I copied and pasted into my Gmail box and I thus sent it. Again, because I videotaped the whole thing, Konqueror didn't crash. But then, when I went inside WAMU on Konqueror without videotaping it, Konqueror did crash. (In fact, this was just a coincidence.) And so, on 28:35, I filmed myself going inside WAMU (8:13 in the video). I cursed angrily when I had difficulty in entering my credentials: "It's very very hard... but calm down, you'll be able to check it..." On 34:15, I came back to my

Toshiba: “I’m worried that, if I turn on my Toshiba, it might not turn on again.” On 36:10: “... now I need to move more source videos to Seagate...” On 40:10, I started listening to the recording from the night of August 31 (the malfunctioning) and making notes on it. On 54:20, I started the next recording from that night (when I called IX Webhosting). On 1:08:00, I was away on my Eee PC saving the Wireshark captures. I turned off the other recorder that was on voice-activated mode (1:10:30). I was then backing up my writings.

My next recording is: “bkup\_ut\_str\_cignoodle\_9\_5\_09\_408-434PM.WMA”: I continued to back up my writings. And then I was counting file and folder numbers in my drives. Now, time to go out to get food! On 26:45, I filmed my room before leaving (12:37 in the video). “... Homeland Security is waiting for me outside, they are seeing me getting ready to go out with the surveillance devices they have installed around here... you have to dump trash, it’s so scary... let’s see who’s outside...” On 30:00, I was out and, walking the street, started filming (14:22 in the video). “The guy on bicycle... when I stepped out, that guy... to be confused with me in surveillance... talking to the guy on bicycle... that’s me over there...” It’s not clear whether there was really any operation here. Then, on 32:20, I filmed again when I became afraid to go inside the shop because somebody was inside (16:32 in the video). I stuck around and, on 34:00, filmed again because I was still afraid to go in (18:16 in the video): “... another guy is now in there...” As you can imagine, terrified of faulty surveillance, I must not be around people.

My next recording is: “ut\_icrm\_buydvd\_strgrdrgrunte\_hm\_cryng\_sirn\_hboirq\_bug\_9\_5\_09\_438-552PM.WMA”: The other recorder ran out of battery. I was still outside. I then finally came inside the shop to buy batteries. On 3:30, out. Almost collapsing, I filmed myself (20:55 in the video): “... bought three ice creams, three sodas... and the woman on motorcycle came in...” On 5:40, I came inside another shop, and I could barely speak. On 10:00, I was out, again almost collapsing. I started filming (10:45 and 22:44 in the video): “... I’ve got... cookies...” And I filmed again on 11:10. On 14:00 (25:50 in the video) – was I in front of my apartment? I was still almost collapsing. On 15:20, I filmed as I walked on (26:49 in the video). “Okay, he’s scratching his knee... he’s scratching his face...” Then: “... the woman by the hot dog stand is using her cellphone...” (34:45 in the video). Again, probably no operation here. On 24:30, I turned off my camcorder as I came inside the cybercafe to buy DVDs. I bought 4 DVDs, and was terribly scared by two guys who kept looking at their cellphones. Note that the cashier said 100 Cordobas for 4 DVDs, meaning that each DVD had become pricier, from 15 to 25 Cordobas. On 26:45 I was out, and I filmed again (36:00 in the video): “... we’ve got 4 DVDs. That woman is playing with her cellphone... they don’t have a bag, and so I’m just holding them on my hand...” On 30:00: “... this street is quiet, walk on this street...” Again, I was almost having a nervous breakdown. Then, when I came near home on 35:50 (from 44:33 onward in the video): “... one guy is pretending to use drugs and the other is urinating, to be confused with me in surveillance... cellphone! No!” (38:00) It could be that faulty surveillance had indeed caught me using drugs again (that this was indeed an operation). Finally, on 39:00, I arrived home – a complete nervous wreck with my 4 DVDs (47:38 in the video). No sooner had I come in than I started crying with my ice cream (42:00). On 44:15, I turned on the TV. On 45:40, I started the Sound Recorder. I recounted what I had just seen: drug-using and urinating, and also cellphones. “Two surveillances showing me calling my drug-

trafficking partners... And the lady came in on a motorcycle...” On 49:00, loud siren. Then I cried out again. “Tomorrow there is definitely no going out!” (59:00) Then: “Oh my God! A cockroach!” (1:01:10) Quite a large one. (At least Homeland Security didn’t stage this!) I was then screaming and crying on 1:04:50 (because of the bug?) (on 48:00 in the video). On 1:08:00, “election request” (?) – why did it show up on my Wireshark?” To conclude: the suit team had probably obtained their second evidence today to support their “David Chin legend” in the lower court: David Chin was caught using drugs again, even in Nicaragua!

My next recording is: “[bug\\_impvid\\_rvwcsf94\\_ftpfilimp\\_9\\_5\\_09\\_523-939PM.wma](#)”: The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous recording until 23:00. On 28:30, I got frustrated because I had problems with connecting my Seagate drive: “No, I can’t do this!” On 33:00, I turned on the TV. I turned it off on 47:00. On 59:00, buzz sounds. On 1:03:00 I moaned: “... I can’t do it...” Then I was away on my Eee PC. On 1:05:30, I filmed my Eee PC (48:30 in the video): “... malfunctioning...” As expected, no reply from Terry or Maria.<sup>7</sup> I got ever more frustrated: “... the clicking thing is broken...” I almost broke down crying: “... where is it?” And I screamed. “This is so difficult!” I was now trying to send another message to Maria (1:11:30). On 1:26:00: “... Oh my God it’s a big...” And then I was silent for a long while. On 1:48:00, I was back to my computers. “... ‘WS-74’...” On 1:52:40, buzz sounds. On 1:55:40: “... no, the external hard drive is disconnected again, for the fourth time... 1:57:48...” Was I now reviewing the recording from yesterday while I was in Casa? “... upload the ‘9\_2\_09-b’ folder...” (2:06:00). On 2:19:00, I filmed myself working: “... my... over there... over here...” I was now importing my latest videos while resting quietly. On 3:13:00, I was up and on my Eee PC, mumbling indistinctly about things. The importing continued. Then I was on my Toshiba: “... looking for ‘B-14B’...” (3:44:20). On 3:51:20: “... okay, the second file... at the airport in Managua... August 11 2009...” Namely, *I wanted to stream this recording just in case the Russians needed this as evidence* (to counter the suit team’s claim that I was picked up by somebody on that day). (I was thinking: if the suit team could make such an outrageous claim despite the fact that I had already uploaded the relevant recording to my website, then that means that the Russians had had difficulty in retrieving the recording from my website.) I continued: “... all these files have suddenly become so important... the second half of the day... people simply don’t remember reality...” Then: “... ‘Karin’s Meetups-9’...” While streaming the August 11 recording on my Eee PC, I was still reviewing the recording of my chat with Maria yesterday on my Toshiba and noting down in my diary when things happened. On 4:06:50, my Seagate hard drive was disconnected again. Then: “... the ‘7\_26\_09’ source video has also been moved from Toshiba to Seagate...” On 4:12:00, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. (I had decided to experiment with recording myself with my Eee PC anyway.) “We also need to burn a new DVD.” Now my email to Maria (6:38 PM) runs thusly – very much the same email as that to Terry:

Hello Maria

Am I caught in the twilight zone or what? What is going on? Yesterday you asked me to

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<sup>7</sup> I hope you can appreciate the fact that Terry would never respond to me – she must be in fact quite annoyed – and that my email, insofar as it sounded as if I was resisting the suit team’s operation, was really bad evidence for Russia.

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compensate for the shuttle service that was supposed to transport me from the airport to Casa SF on [Aug.] 11 but which I missed on Aug. 11 at the airport, and if you read my emails to Casa SF on Aug. 11 I did promise to compensate Casa SF for the shuttle service anyway even though I didn't use it. Thus, when you asked me so yesterday, I did give you the 35 dollars as compensation. When I got home I merely asked you to write me a receipt, and it has now become the most difficult thing for you to write me a correct receipt. Please take a look at what you wrote yesterday, let me quote:

TRANSPORTATION RECEIPT  
September 04, 2009

We received C\$735 cordobas equals (\$35 dollars) from Lawrence Chin for transportation from airport Managua to the Hotel in Granada on Aug. 11, 2009 for the driver who picked him up.

Maria Malespin.

Now look at the last line, '... for the driver who picked him up.' You wrote the receipt as if I had actually used the shuttle on Aug. 11 when in fact I didn't. I merely asked you to correct it and now you didn't see what the problem is. The problem is that when I need a receipt for my record about my expenses it shouldn't show that I was at two places at the same time, because on Aug. 11 I was actually at Managua and only arrived at Granada at night using some other transportation. I understand you are easily confused. How about just write:

TRANSPORTATION RECEIPT  
September 04, 2009

We received C\$735 cordobas equals (\$35 dollars) from Lawrence Chin for transportation from airport Managua to the Hotel in Granada on Aug. 11, 2009 for the driver whom he missed at [the] airport. He promised to compensate for the transportation and he did so on September 4 2009.

Sorry to spend all that energy on this little thing. I'm just fatigued from other [people's mental] confusion. It happens too often for me.

My next recording is: "[tshba\\_brk\\_rvw9409\\_9\\_5\\_09\\_941-954PM.WMA](#)": this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next recording.

My next recording is: "[how73\\_hatechnkr\\_brkcup\\_rmgre\\_811strm\\_9\\_5-6\\_09\\_941PM-350AM.wma](#)": I was now compiling the files for my next DVD (while the video was still playing). "... it's 1:47:40..." And I noted it down: "... this video..." (16:00). On 24:40, all the files compiled, I filmed myself

getting ready to burn DVD-50 (the first scene of the next video diary, “9\_5\_09\_p2.wmv”). On 33:00, I turned on the TV. On 36:40 I filmed the TV (2:34 in the video): “... our Homeland Security TV today, wild orgy... isn’t it funny that you can tell from watching this TV what is going on inside the international courthouse... the drug war...” And the movie “Traffic”. As I would soon write in my diary:

The theme of my “Homeland Security cable TV” tonight was the “drug war.” Following up on the surveillance Mr former Secretary had produced this afternoon of “my using drugs” (my double rolling up a paper cigarette while my second double was urinating on the wall), he put a series of drug war news and movies (notably “Traffic”) on my cable TV in order to produce surveillance suggesting that, since I watch “Traffic” (I didn't actually; I simply videotaped the TV for about 3 or 4 seconds), I must indeed be smuggling drugs for the Russians, the Indians, the Africans, and the Latin Americans.

Again, I might be overly interpreting things here. I turned off the TV: “... we can’t watch any more TV... it’s so... everyday... I can’t stand it...” (41:00). On 55:00, I reviewed the recordings on the disc. Then the videos. On 1:01:50: “... uploading ‘8\_11\_09’...” Then: “... okay, ‘8\_31\_09’ was successfully burned...” Then, on 1:10:00, I started writing (“Karin’s Meetups-9”). On 1:34:20, I checked the recordings on the disc again: “... ‘8\_29\_09’...” And I kept on writing. I then lamented about how I didn’t put the hash values in the correct place (1:48:00). Then another recording from the disc. On 1:52:20, I shouted out in desperation: “... I don’t know what I’m doing!” And I continued to work on the hash values. On 1:55:00, the strange buzz sounds again. And I ate some ice cream. “Oh, no, brackets around the file name... I can’t stream this file...” On 2:10:20, I yelled: “... I can’t fucking deal with this!” On 2:26:00, I was back to writing. The video was still being played: “... 4021, 4020...” On 2:50:00, I got so angry that I threw a cup onto the wall: “... I’m getting so fucking angry because I hate fucking Chinckers so much... fucking Chinckers...” (2:50:30). Then: “... do you know why I hate fucking Chinckers? Because I’m one too!” Ha! And I filmed myself throwing another cup onto the wall (2:52:20 or 4:59 in the video). This was in fact quite good evidence for the Russians for it explained why I would want to help people who were harming me and hate those who wanted to exonerate me (i.e. self-hatred out of frustration). On 2:56:50, I made more notes about my recording: “... donde es banco... put in DVD-1... use Real Player to play... an old recording... I’m reviewing two recordings at the same time...” On 3:02:40, my Eee PC froze up, and there was no more streaming. I filmed it (5:23 in the video). The recording I was now playing from my disc was that of Karin’s meetups, the one with the French movie. I turned off my Eee PC (3:05:00) and then turned it on again. “... hashing ‘Journal Attachments-8’...” (3:17:50). I then resumed work on my Eee PC (3:20:50). On 3:32:20, the FTP transfer stalled, and my Internet connection was cut off. On 3:33:30, I filmed it all (5:48 in the video): “... 1:30 AM, the Internet connection was cut off, and the FTP transfer stalled... you can see Amarok’s packets... but you can’t stream... oh, it’s resuming now... I believe I have killed the Music Manager, but you never know...” It seems that I was still streaming the recording from the afternoon of August 11. Then: “... I’m gonna add Amarok...” And I was now reading about Amarok online. On 3:49:00, I was back to the old recording. On 3:52:30, my Eee PC blacked out. And I continued to write (“Karin’s Meetups”?). On 4:15:30, I started playing part two of the recording. On 4:46:40: “What about



‘Supplemental Pleading-25’? Maybe we should revise it a little... May 20...” I was now streaming my video diary on my Eee PC while still playing the old recording of Karin’s meetup. “... the Music Manager is better than the VLC Player...” (5:15:15). Then, on my Eee PC: “... I didn’t touch the command line and yet this Casa... where did it come from? Did the computer malfunction again?” (5:38:00) Then I was reading Post Script’s user-guide. Then I read more about Amarak on Amarak’s website. Then: “Oh my God, now it’s español! All I did is click on ‘Next’...” And I filmed it (5:39:30 or 8:00 in the video). “... earlier I was reading it in Deutsch, so this is Homeland Security-controlled... Homeland Security wants me to look at this in Spanish...” Probably not. On 6:02:30, I continued on with the old recording, but then stopped just before this recording ends.

### September 6 (Sunday; “Turkey”)

My next recording is: “strm\_96095pm\_bkup\_9\_5\_09\_352-441AM.wma” (...9\_6\_09...): By 1:00, my recorder had already run out of battery. I started reviewing the recording of May 16 last year and working on “Karin’s Meetups-9” (my time in Zona Rosa with Karin after the movie “Roman de gare”). On 23:10: “... well, it seems that it has been downloaded...” On 27:20, I streamed from my website the recording from earlier when I came home. My discovery: “The hash value is correct... even though the upload was interrupted and my Eee PC froze up and I restarted it, (when the upload was resumed upon rebooting) the file still has the same hash values...” (28:30). I continued to upload more files. On 39:00, I was backing up my writings. I was also making notes about *this* recording. “Now let’s look at ‘granada-11’...” On 47:30, I turned on the TV.

My next recording is: “readly\_slp\_9\_6\_09\_440-457AM.WMA”: CNN on TV. On 8:30, I came back to my Toshiba, and started checking out the Snort manual. (As you shall see, my new “delusion” was taking shape.) “No, the book is better.” Then, something about Pcap (?). Again, although I had turned off my Toshiba, the lights were still on, so that I would have to pull out the battery compartment again. On 15:00, I shut down my Eee PC. I then turned on my recorder on voice-activated mode to get ready to sleep.

My next recording is: “slp\_va\_9\_6\_09\_502-610AM.WMA”: On 2:00, it’s the sniper movie on TV (“Enemy at the Gates”). I promptly took out my camcorder to film it (9:59 in the video): “Mr former Secretary has combined Nazis and Russia together in a single movie, that sniper on the eastern front...” Probably not. Then I rested quietly with the TV turned off. But, on 5:00, I turned on the TV again. Soon, an interview with Robert Gate: the CNN was replaying old programs and I wrongly assumed the suit team did it in order to screw up the timestamp of my recording.

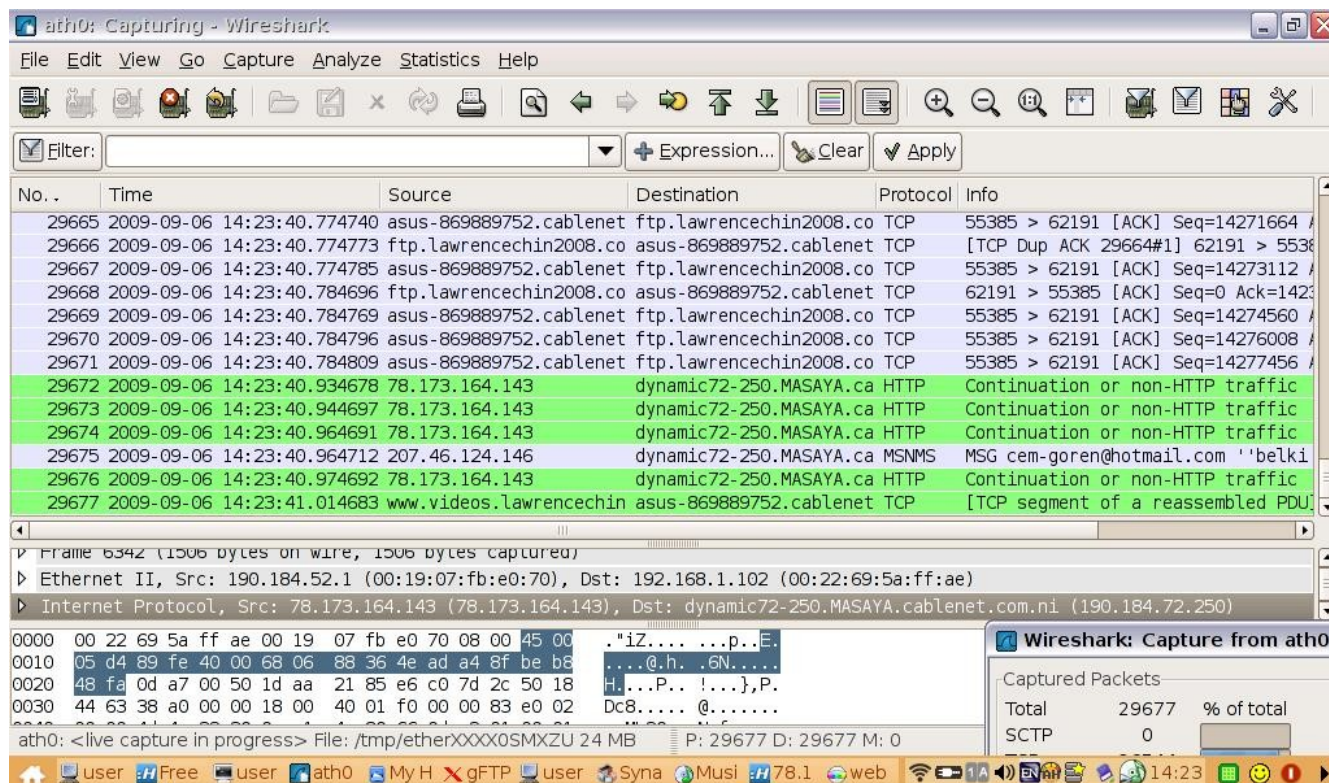
My next recording is: “catsonroof\_9\_6\_09\_537-545AM.WMA”: I then turned on the other recorder briefly because of the cats on the roof. Nothing else.

My next recording is: “slp\_va\_9\_6\_09\_610AM-122PM.WMA”: Just another voice-activated recording of my sleep. Toward the end of the recording, I got up and turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “tvnzi\_mvkr\_trkpckt\_ec4\_rvw812\_9\_6\_09\_116-607PM.wma”: On 3:00, massive siren outside. (Again, even in Nicaragua!) I rested quietly. On 54:20, I got up. I turned on the TV and ate some eggs. CNN was talking about Africa! And I filmed it (59:30 or the first scene in my next video diary, “9\_6\_09.wmv”). “... just because I watch it, the world might change...” In reality, this was probably not orchestrated by the suit team. I got on my Toshiba and created the folder “Journal Attachments-9” (1:13:00) and then started moving screenshots from my SD card to this folder. On 1:20:00, buzz sounds. Then I started uploading the recording from last night to my website. On 1:34:00: “... the Synaptic... okay, we are gonna go... but Wireshark shows...” (1:35:30). I was into my computer things again: “... welcome to... Linux kernel...” I was on [www.linux.org](http://www.linux.org) and I read out loud everything I was reading (1:42:00). “... Google Analytics...” (1:59:00). And I read out loud the websites I visited ([iis.fhq.de](http://iis.fhq.de), [iis.fraunhofer.de](http://iis.fraunhofer.de), and [cgarbs.de](http://cgarbs.de)). On 2:06:00: “... I’m gonna email...” Then I ate. On 2:22:50, I filmed my TV (0:47 in the video diary): “... the Euro Channel is playing this movie... she’s seeing a psychotherapist... and she says she’s afraid to leave childhood... I think we should just stick to CNN... because, when I first arrived, I also said I wanted to see a psychoanalyst...” Again, the suit team probably didn’t make the TV imitate me this time. On 2:28:00, I filmed my TV again (1:36 in the video diary): “... the History Channel is playing Hitler again... ‘Da Vince Code’... I’ve told you this TV is very dangerous...” Again, paranoid over nothing here. On 2:31:00, I was back to my video. Was I also streaming my recording from my website (raining hard)? Now my video diary from September 4, two days ago. I kept on writing. (What? Producing the video diary?) “... now ‘9\_4\_09\_p2’ is ready...” (2:47:30). On 2:52:50, I was now streaming yesterday’s recording from my website. Then, suddenly, on 2:53:40, I saw some strange packets on my Wireshark captures! I continued to study the captures for a long time. “There is someone else here! Turk Telekom! My Wireshark has captured someone else’... someone else in the vicinity is using the same router to visit a Turkish website!”<sup>8</sup>

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8 According to Central Ops, the IP address bloc 78.173.128.0 – 78.173.255.255 belonged to Turk Telekom.



The screenshot of the Wireshark capture showing the strange packets between Turk Telecom and another person

I printed out the DNS record of this IP address from Central Ops.<sup>9</sup> “... it’s obviously planted by Homeland Security... I don’t know what the purpose is... since when does Turkey have anything to do with anything?...” On 3:04:50, I continued to work on my latest video diary. On 3:10:00: “... these strange Turkish packets are no more, not seen anymore...” On 17:00: “... I was at the...” And I kept on writing. What? On 3:28:50 I took a break and checked on my Wireshark again. The recording from yesterday was still being streamed. On 3:32:50, I was back to writing on my Toshiba. On 3:35:30, my Eee PC froze up. On 3:38:05, I filmed myself getting ready to publish my latest video diary: “... and my Eee PC froze up...” On 3:41:00, I filmed again (3:03 in the video): “... it’s very bad, our Eee PC froze up, we won’t be able to save the Wireshark captures...” This was indeed very suspicious: was the suit team trying to eliminate my evidence of these Turkish packets? On 3:45:00, I thus wrote out this note on my diary:

Around 4:30 PM Wireshark in promiscuous mode picked up a packet transmission between a strange IP address (78.173.164.143) and another client IP address that wasn’t mine (190.184.72.250). After a check on Central Ops the strange IP address turns out to belong to Turk Telecom (“[dns\\_9\\_6\\_09.pdf](#)”). Someone else was using the same router as I was and visiting a Turkish website. Perhaps the DHS was instructing my neighbor to visit Turkish

9 See the printout “[dns\\_9\\_6\\_09.pdf](#)” in the corresponding folder for today.

websites so that surveillance could confuse [him/ her with] me. Is the suit team now trying to get Turkey involved in the lawsuit? Am I now discovered to be also working for Turkish intelligence? Unfortunately, [my] Eee PC then froze up so that the important Wireshark capture couldn't be saved.

I then looked into the "Temp" folder in my Eee PC. Could I find the Wireshark captures here? On 3:53:20: "... the log... did Konqueror crash? Hm... now I have to start over to review the file..." On 4:01:00, I started streaming the same recording again. On 4:14:00, writing again. "EC-4" (my "Crime Summary"), it seems. On 4:35:30, the upload was completed. Did I turn on the other Sound Recorder? (4:38:10) And I kept on writing.

Let's pause for a moment to reconsider all the happening so far in order to acquire a better understanding than the reconstruction has hitherto afforded. While the suit team had been, since August 11, piling up evidences in the lower court demonstrating that I was indeed David Chin and the David Chin legend was correct, the Russians had continued to debunk the evidences by intercepting my recordings from my website. By August 15, when they judged this insufficient, they obtained judge Higgins' permission to install listening devices around my home in order to monitor my monologues in my room. The Russians were thus back to Achille's forever futile attempt to catch up with the tortoise: always collecting the same evidence just to stay alive. The only way to get out of this is to convince judge Higgins that I didn't in fact have the intention of defecting to Nicaragua so that the suit team shouldn't be allowed to use faulty surveillance at all. They made their first argument on the 17<sup>th</sup> or the 18<sup>th</sup>, and, in response, on August 19 and then 26, the suit team reintroduced "scratching" as evidence into the upper court in order to obtain continual justification for utilizing faulty surveillance on me. The Russians must have then made another attempt, perhaps around September 2, to point out that, on August 11, I *really* didn't try to offer my defection to the Nicaragua army officer. This time the argument was particularly strong, so much so that, on September 3 and 4, the suit team had had to reintroduce "scratching" as evidence in the upper court again. However, this time the suit team must have thought this "scratching" to be insufficient to stifle the Russians' argument once and for all. Thus, on the morning of the 5<sup>th</sup>, when I wrote that email to Maria, they noticed their opportunity and grabbed onto it and, by instructing Maria to be mentally confused, "obtained" this evidence that somebody had actually picked me up at the Managua airport on August 11. This evidence in the lower court the suit team then reintroduced in the upper court to "cancel out" the Russians' evidence, once and for all, that I was on a bus on that day and didn't attempt to offer my defection to the official from the Nicaraguan side. Now what? Somehow, to stifle the Russians' objection, the suit team needed Turkey to be involved on their side. They thus orchestrated this visit to a Turkish website (and then perhaps remotely froze up my Eee PC in order to prevent me from keeping any evidence of the episode). Now Turkey had a reason to become involved in this ICJ trial, and Turkish intelligence thus put out the evidence which the suit team needed at the moment.

Thus, my attempt to stream the recording from August 11 was really futile: my bus ride that day had already been "canceled". One evidence had simply been canceled out by another evidence, so that the Russians can never again insist in the upper court that I didn't attempt to defect to Nicaragua. This is

the beginning of the “canceling”, and then the “replacement”, of evidence in my ICJ trial, which procedure will play such a prominent role later on.

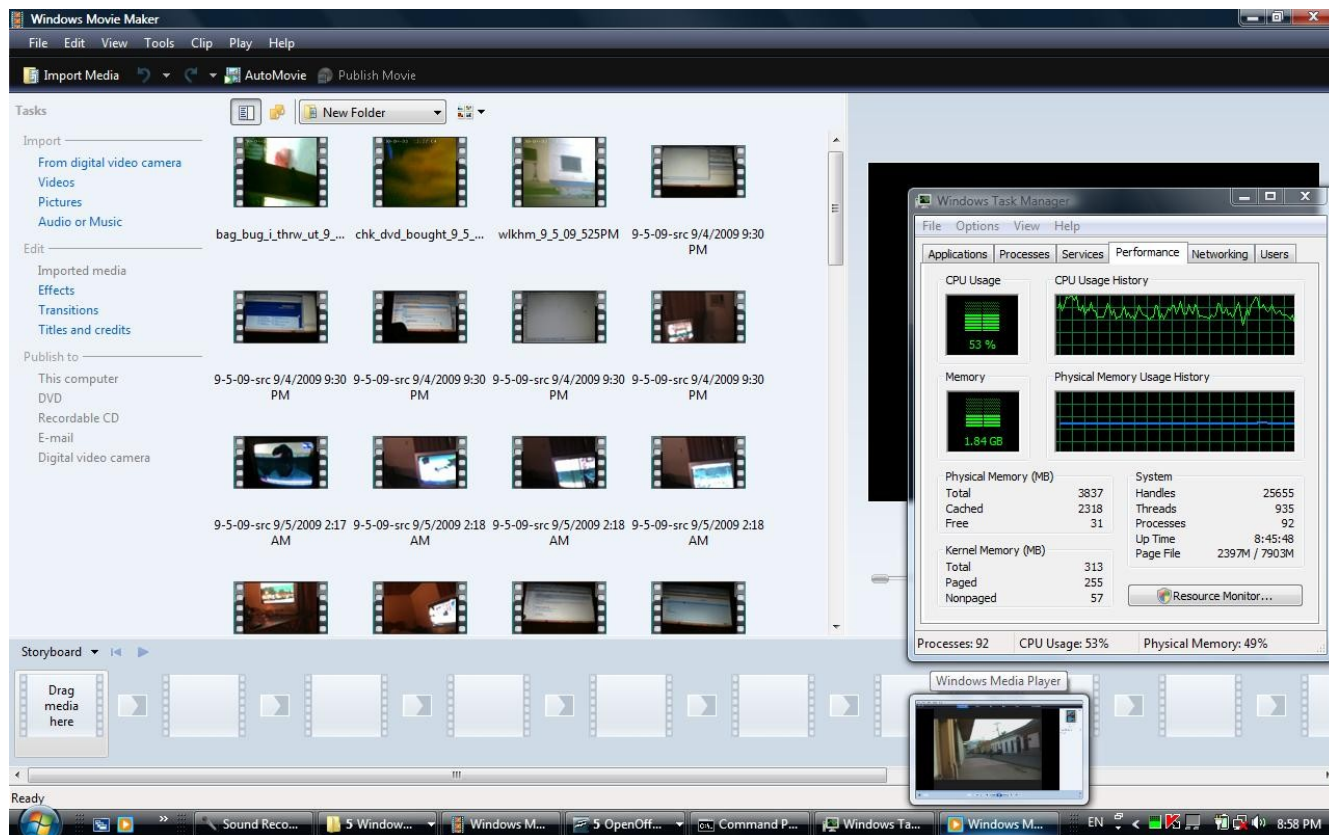
My next recording is: “nghbrmusic\_vid\_how73k9-10\_strm811\_9\_6\_09\_608-1050PM.wma”: I was now checking over the video diary from yesterday (... the email from Maria... and then how my Toshiba wouldn’t start anymore...). I kept on writing. What? On 30:00, I was away from my Toshiba and working on something on my Eee PC. Then: “... checking emails will usually not crash my Konqueror, that usually only happens when you write emails...” (40:30). On 45:30, I continued to work on my video diary. (I seemed to be writing and reviewing the video diary at the same time.) Then: “... should we turn on the scary TV?” I did and, on 1:00:00: “... it’s the scary movie which Karin wanted us to see in June last year...” Then, BBC. On 1:06:50, I filmed the TV (3:49 in the video): “... this movie is funny... HBO is playing this movie which Karin took me to see in June 2008... all of Karin’s movies are planned, and so this one too... Marisa Tomei is very beautiful... Mel Gibson... don’t know what Homeland Security’s purpose is here... my Eee PC is still streaming...” As I would soon note on my diary:

Then, as soon as I turned on the TV for a break, HBO was showing “War Inc.”, the first of Karin’s meetup movies, and Fox Life [was showing] the scene of a movie where a street prophet was making predictions, and then another channel [was showing] Mel Gibson’s “What Women Want”.

I was most likely just wasting my time here: none of this was staged by the suit team. On 1:18:00, I was back to my computers. I continued writing. Was I making notes about my video diary again? “... on 2:50... I broke a cup...” (Again, the video diary from yesterday.) I kept on writing. What? Was I also reviewing a recording of Karin’s meetups? “... 1.6 gigabytes, that’s very bad, it’ll take 65 minutes...” (1:53:00). Then: “... the neighbor is blasting loud music again...” (1:56:30). On 2:05:00, I was back to writing. On 2:15:00, I went over to my Eee PC: “... it has already gone over... 5:43:20... ‘Supplemental Pleading’, revising May 21...” (2:21:00). On 2:41:30, I went to work on my noodles. On 2:42:40, I glanced at my Eee PC: “... wait a minute, this is the part...” On 2:47:00: “... the video is done, let Eee PC rest for a moment...” On 2:59:00, back to writing. On 3:06:00, I went to get my noodles. On 3:08:00, back to writing. On 3:14:00, back to the TV. On 3:17:00, the video diary had finished publishing. On 3:22:00, I filmed the TV (5:16 in the video): “... look, more Nazis stuff...” Ha! (But the suit team probably didn’t stage this.) On 3:27:20, I turned off the TV. On 3:46:00, I was washing my dishes. Then, back to my computers. On 3:48:40: “... we should hash ‘Karin’s Meetups-9’...” On 3:55:00, writing: what? On 4:11:10: “... the Toshiba is so slow, it’s not even functioning... forget it!” And so I had to shut down both Windows Media Player and Windows Movie Maker. On 4:20:00, the video diary from yesterday. Then I spent some time looking for my lighter. Then I continued to review the latest video diary: “... this video is large...” On 4:34:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. (Did I already start recording with my Eee PC?) I checked the disk space on both my Toshiba and my Seagate: “... 9 and 12 gigabytes left...” I was then backing up my writings.



The Secret History of the International Court of Justice  
4.8.3. The life of head-scratching and machine malfunctioning, B.  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Sept. 2009; Aug. 2021 – Jul. 2022



High CPU usage on my Toshiba tonight

My next recording is: “[tshb\\_brk\\_9\\_6\\_09\\_1041-1126PM.WMA](#)”: On 18:00, I turned on the TV: Spanish. Then, CNN. On 35:00, I turned off the TV. On 37:58, I turned on the Sound Recorder on Toshiba. I then seemed to be checking the visitors’ log on my website looking for my own visits.

My next recording is: “[dvd51\\_fearsgteoneee\\_rvw\\_alctedlm\\_9\\_7\\_09\\_439AM.wma](#)” (9\_6-7\_09\_1119PM-439AM): On 6:40, I turned off the Sound Recorder (on my Eee PC?). Was I then testing a recording? What was I working on? Checking the quality of the recording coming out of my Eee PC’s Sound Recorder? On 27:40, I started streaming the recording from May 21. On 44:50, buzz sounds. Was I then trying to convert some recordings to MP3 format? (53:00) Testing the Sound Recorder recordings again? (1:01:30) Was I then transcribing the recordings on my “Supplemental Pleading”? Checking IP addresses? On 1:59:00, I inserted a new disc into my Toshiba. I was now preparing project DVD-51. On 2:33:30, I filmed myself starting to burn DVD-51 (6:15 in the video diary). (I was using Nero.) On 2:41:00, the FTP transfer stalled. Was I then compiling the project again? (2:59:00) Then, deleting source videos (3:03:50). On 3:06:00 – was I playing the recordings on the new disc? On 3:38:30, an old recording from the old Sony recorder? (My time in Edelman on August 1 last year.) And I started transcribing it in “Karin’s Meetups”. From 4:36:00 onward, I was searching for the recording of my time with Mireya (August last year). I had to look into my Sony recorder itself. On

5:06:00, I was expressing concern about my Seagate drive. Then, back to “Supplemental Pleading-25”. Then, backing up my writings again.

### September 7 (Monday; “scratching”)

My next recording is: “ready\_slp\_dhslrdwrtfrseagt\_9\_7\_09\_436-510AM.WMA”. Was I still working on my “Supplemental Pleading?” On 10:00, I shut down my Toshiba. I expressed my worry that, whenever I connected my Seagate to my Eee PC, Homeland Security would be able to access my writings (13:00). “Is that gonna be a problem?... They are watching me so closely, and so it’s not like they don’t already know every single word I have ever written, and that’s why I read out loud what I write... it’s possible that Homeland Security will attribute everything I write to somebody else...” Of course! On 16:00, I turned on the TV: BBC. I continued: “The suit team can always orchestrate some show to make it look like I didn’t write what I wrote, that I have plagiarized my writings from somebody else... Homeland Security *does* have direct control over my Eee PC, just look at the way they crash my Konqueror...” While it’s true that Homeland Security will always falsely claim I’m a plagiarizer – for many years to come – they weren’t crashing my Konqueror at all. On 26:00, BBC was reporting something about Libya, and I continued on and on about Homeland Security’s remote control of my computers: “... with my Eee PC it doesn’t matter because there are no data in it, but occasionally I do connect my Seagate to it... such as when I need to move source videos from the NTFS to the EXT partition...” And I reminisced about how Homeland Security had tried to swap “My experience...” with a fake version on my new Toshiba Satellite back in December 2007, and how that Toshiba Satellite was then lost in the locker room in the train station in Brussels.

My next recording, “ready\_slp\_dhslrdwrtfrseagt\_ctvr\_9\_7\_09\_436AM.wma”, merely duplicates the same recording. (See the diary note later on.)

My next recording is: “atmpt\_slp\_va\_tv\_9\_7\_09\_513-705AM.WMA”: BBC News on TV. Note that, on 10:00, there was a report about the harmful effects of Twitter and so on on the brain. On 21:30, was somebody knocking on my door? (It was 6:35 AM.) On 24:00, I turned on the other recorder.

My next recording is: “shwr\_ut\_trsmndo\_bread\_htdg\_mnysrtchr\_9\_7\_09\_659-830AM.WMA”: BBC News on TV. I didn’t sleep at all and went to shower instead. On 11:10, I was out. Then I was ready to go out to get food. On 21:00, I filmed my room before leaving (the first scene in my next video diary, “9\_7\_09.wmv”). On 23:40, I was out of my door with my garbage. On 24:40, I started filming (0:45 in the video). “... she isn’t here... this is the trash... now people start to gather around...” As I walked onto the street, I took notice of the guy who was whistling behind me. On 28:20 I turned off my camcorder and then immediately turned it on again (4:14 in the video). I dumped my trash in a trash can on the street (6:10 in the video). Another “Homeland Security head-scratcher” on the street corner (7:35 in the video). “As soon as I passed by, he scratched his head...” Was this the suit team’s work? Then another man immediately touched his chin upon seeing me (8:30 in the video). Now *this* was definitely the suit team! On 34:20, I turned off my camcorder and walked into this store (“Tres Mundo”). I bought cigarettes and a sandwich and so on. Now somehow the employee was taking a long

time to prepare the sandwich, and I waited impatiently almost wanting to forget about it: "... tell her to give me my money back, I don't want the bread anymore..." I filmed it all with my pen camera (10:20 in the video). Finally, I was out on 42:00. I immediately turned on my camcorder (12:08 in the video): "... I bought Coke, cigarettes, croissants..." On 44:00, I turned off my camcorder and came to a street stand. On 45:50, at another street stand. I bought instant noodles (14:02 in the video). On 47:00, I turned on my camcorder as I walked on (15:21 in the video). On 47:45, I turned it off to buy a hot dog from another street stand. On 52:00, I turned on my camcorder again as I walked on (16:20 in the video). I noted a woman who came by earlier to do her hair near me, and then how head-scratchers were all over the place waiting for me since I came out (54:20). By 58:30 (22:45 in the video) I had come in front of my door, still mumbling about how I needed to make documentaries of people scratching their head. On 59:10, as I entered my apartment, I turned off my camcorder, but then immediately turned it on again (23:30 in the video). On 1:01:50, I was out again – to buy ice cream – and all my neighbors came out too. I again assumed they were instructed by the suit team to do so. (Probably not this time.) On 1:02:20, I turned on my camcorder again as I walked onto the street (24:10 in the video). The ice cream store was not yet open, and so I turned back. Then another man near me scratched himself (1:04:30). (Was this an operation?) On 1:06:40, I was in my home – a complete nervous wreck: "... we've suffered a 'sweat-wiper'..." And I turned off my camcorder. "... I just hope that one day the street will be devoid of people..." On 1:10:50, I turned on the TV, and it was still BBC. On 1:11:50, I filmed again when I stepped on a piece of broken glass – and terrorism was on the news again (28:52 in the video). On 1:21:00, CNN. On 1:30:00, I turned off the TV to get ready to sleep. Finally! And I turned on the other recorder in voice-activated mode. I would soon write thusly in my diary about my trip out today when it came time for me to review today's video diary:

Homeland Security head-scratchers were waiting for me outside already even on 7 AM in the morning. On 7:32 in the video, you can see the "self-scratcher" planted by the DHS on this street corner immediately touching his face when I passed by. The second one, on 8:29 in the video. The question remains: how do I prove that I have never been to Nicaragua before since my recordings do not go back before 2008? How is it that I suddenly have all these thousands of contacts and friends and partners in crime? What about Karin's meetups? Is it not strange that these thousands of contacts and friends and partners in crimes suddenly emerge in my environment in the past few months and yet there was no sign of them during 2008?

Again, it's never good evidence for the Russians when I attempted to dispute the suit team's story about me (even though I also must do so). My next recording is: "slp\_va\_9\_7\_09\_834AM-1229PM.WMA": this recording is only 1:55 long!

My next recording is: "wk\_impvid\_snrt\_fredwnld\_9\_7\_09\_356-824PM.wma": I just woke up and started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. I then continued to rest. On 43:50, I got up. On 44:50, I connected my camcorder to my Toshiba to import my latest videos. "... if I open up '9\_5\_09', it's..." (50:00). On 54:00, I turned on the TV: CNN. On 1:05:10, I also turned on my Eee PC. On 1:13:00, I turned off the TV and returned to work on my Eee PC. I was now reading about Snort again (Beale et

al, *Snort 2.1: Intrusion Detection*): "... IDS ('Intrusion Detection System') ... www.....com... there is a PDF document on..." (1:57:00). I read on.<sup>10</sup> By 2:19:00 I had stopped reading. Siren outside on 2:21:00. From 2:25:00 onward, I was naming my latest recordings. I had quite a difficulty: "... that's what happens when you don't name your recordings for two days... you can't remember which is which..." On 2:47:00, I started reviewing the previous recording ("... the device has been removed... 4:58 AM...") On 3:04:00, I turned off everything and wrote out the following note for the previous recording:

... "ready\_slp\_dhslrdwrtfrseagt\_9\_7\_09\_436-510AM.WMA": From 11:00 to 20:00 in the recording, I expressed my fear about [the] DHS' downloading [of] my writings from my Seagate when it was connected to [my] Eee PC earlier for about ten minutes in order to transfer the source videos from the NTFS partition to the EXT3 Ubuntu partition. BBC News was on around 16:00. Then I described the screw lost inside Toshiba on 20:30. On 23:00, making water. On 24:15, BBC News announces the time. On 29:00, [my] reflection on what happened with my previous Toshiba Satellite from 2007. I would create another copy of this audio recording file with the part after 20:00 cut off using Naturpic's Audio File Cutter: "ready\_slp\_dhslrdwrtfrseagt\_ctvr\_9\_7\_09\_436AM.wma"...

On 3:09:30, I continued reviewing the recording and making my notes. On 3:29:00: "... okay, I need to cancel this upload for a moment because I need to get my SD card out..." On 3:31:00, buzz sounds. Then: "... no... 'Journal Attachments-9'..." On 3:35:00: "... go into lawrencechin2008.com, it's upload time... '9\_6\_09\_p1', uploaded..." On 3:39:50: "... we'll continue to download this... it starts over, doesn't resume... because it's downloading to a different location... how this download works... I really thought I could resume it..."<sup>11</sup> On 3:49:00, I noted that the download URL had changed. "... I'm gonna cancel this download... then, dmzs.com/tools/file... forensic tools..." I read out loud the information on this tool for performing forensic analysis. On 3:59:00: "... a company based in San Francisco..." Then – was I naming my files? "... '9\_7\_09\_1229'..." Then, suddenly, on 4:07:20: "Fuck! The whole thing just disappears!" On 4:15:00, I typed out the note below on my diary under today's entry:

Siren heard around 6:45 PM. Perhaps because I was downloading the ISO image of F.I.R.E?<sup>12</sup> Or was it because I used Firefox to browse *Snort 2.1* on Google Books?

Again, just paranoid over nothing here. On 4:18:00, I turned off the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. On 4:20:30, I turned the Eee PC's Sound Recorder back on. (Was I still experimenting?) Then: "Oh, God, I can't deal with it, so busy..." I turned on the TV on 4:22:30: CNN. On 4:27:20, just when the Lockerbie Bomber was mentioned again, I turned it off. (I continued to fail to comprehend the significance of this news event for me.) And I continued checking my recordings in recent days in order to figure out which was which.

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10 I visited fire.dmzs.com (not there), governmentsecurity.org, and sourceforge.net (DMZS-Biatchux Bootable CD Distro).

11 I was downloading from Sourceforge.

12 Again, fire.dmzs.com.

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My next recording is: “tshba\_brk\_9\_7\_09\_814-836PM.mp3”: And so this recording is recorded with the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC – I had finally decided that this was feasible – and it overlaps with the end of the previous recording until 10:00 or so. I then started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba on 8:24 PM (10:00). I continued to check over all the previous recordings trying to figure out which was which. On 21:00, I turned on the TV again.

The next recording is missing.<sup>13</sup> But I did film my TV again on 10:40 PM, when it was nothing but sex on TV (29:45 in the video). And the History Channel was showing 911 again! Then a French movie: I couldn't guess what its purpose was. (Probably no purpose at all.) Then, BBC was showing something about China, and TV 5 Monde something about Africa. Then, Nazis! Homeland Security TV! Then, “Love in the Time of Cholera”! The movie Karin took us to see! Then, minutes later, I filmed the TV again when it was “Austin Power” and “SWAT” (34:30 in the video). And I continued to wonder why Homeland Security had made the cable company play a movie which Karin had taken me to see. (Again, I was overly interpreting things here.) Then: “Look, lizard on the wall! I don't think Homeland Security has put the lizard there!” Ha! As I would later write in my diary about tonight:

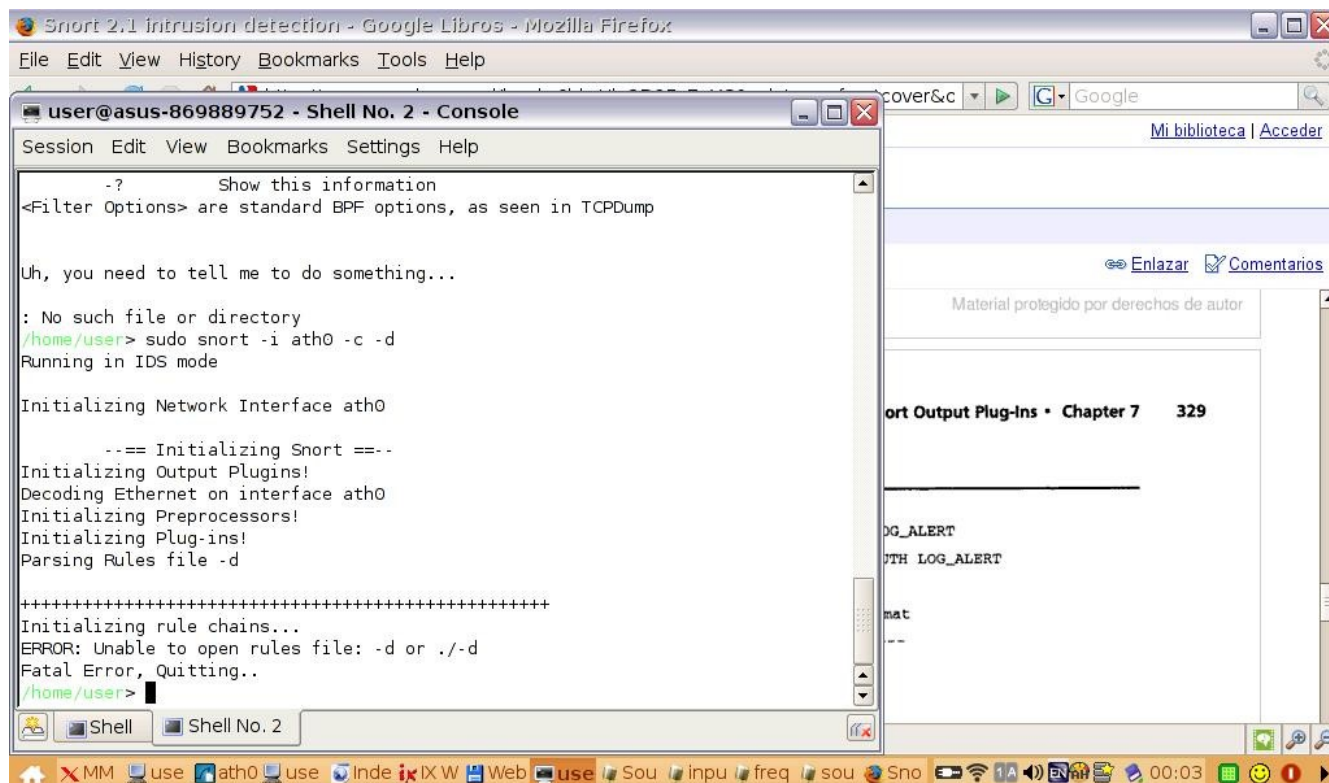
The theme of my TV tonight: sex. Probably to produce surveillance that would offend the judges at the International Court.

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13 Tonight I visited secguru.com, read more of *Snort 2.1*, and tried out Snort for the first time.



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Tonight I also tried out Snort for the first time

### September 8 (Tuesday; “666”, “Vista backup”, & “scratching”)

My next recording is: “tshb\_brk\_9\_8\_09\_1258-201AM.mp3”: This recording is again recorded with the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. I stopped the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba on 4:20. I then seemed to be going over my recording files again. “... our Toshiba needs to rest...” (9:40). On 10:00, I turned on the TV. On 16:00, more Nazis on TV: “... we have to get our camcorder out...” I filmed it (36:12 in the video), and then changed the channel. On 28:00: “... why don’t you read... page 27...” And so I continued to read *Snort 2.1*: “... in order to understand the different types of IDS...” Then: “... I’m not allowed to read any other chapter...” What’s going on? Then I pulled up my terminal trying to learn to use Snort. On 58:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “tshbaprbl\_smrtf3e3-6\_orh6\_rvwusb0808\_9\_8\_09\_2-634AM.wma”: On 3:50, I stopped the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. I checked the previous Eee PC Sound Recorder recording to see how it sounded. It seemed okay – and you will thus start seeing me using my Eee PC to record myself. On 17:40, I shut down my Eee PC. On 26:00, buzz sounds. Was I naming my recordings right now? On 29:00, buzz sounds again. Then I seemed to be naming my latest screenshots. On 52:00, I became concerned with the massive activity of the fan inside my Toshiba: “... why is Toshiba... is it really that hot?” On 54:00, I filmed it (the first scene in my next video diary, “9\_8\_09\_p1.wmv”): “... I’m really worried about my Toshiba, the fan was going on like crazy... but now that I’m videotaping

it, the fan has calmed down... so it seems that Homeland Security has something to do with it...” Probably not. On 58:00, I filmed again (1:06 in the video): “... look, the fan is going crazy again, and yet nothing is working on it...” On 1:02:05, I filmed again (1:45 in the video): “... even after air conditioning is turned on, the fan is still going crazy...” On 1:04:00 – was I now playing yesterday’s video diary? That from September 5? And I started typing. What? The note you’ve just seen for yesterday? And I continued to worry about the fan (1:16:00). I read out the CPU usages on Task Manager, and there was this thing called “Smart Face” which alarmed me (1:19:00). “... we’ll take a screenshot... this seems to be using up a lot of CPU...” On 1:32:50: “Oh my God, Konqueror crashed... I was trying to send the hash values to myself and Konqueror crashed... I tried to search for this ‘Smart Face Watcher’, and this comes up...” On 1:36:10, I started filming my Eee PC (1:57 in the video): “... I tried to search for... and this comes up... I see here... it’s always there... I don’t know what this thing is... now that I’m videotaping it, it shouldn’t crash... oh, it still crashes... we take a screenshot of this and search for ‘Smart Face Watcher’ and the only search result is...” (1:47:00). As I would soon note in my diary:

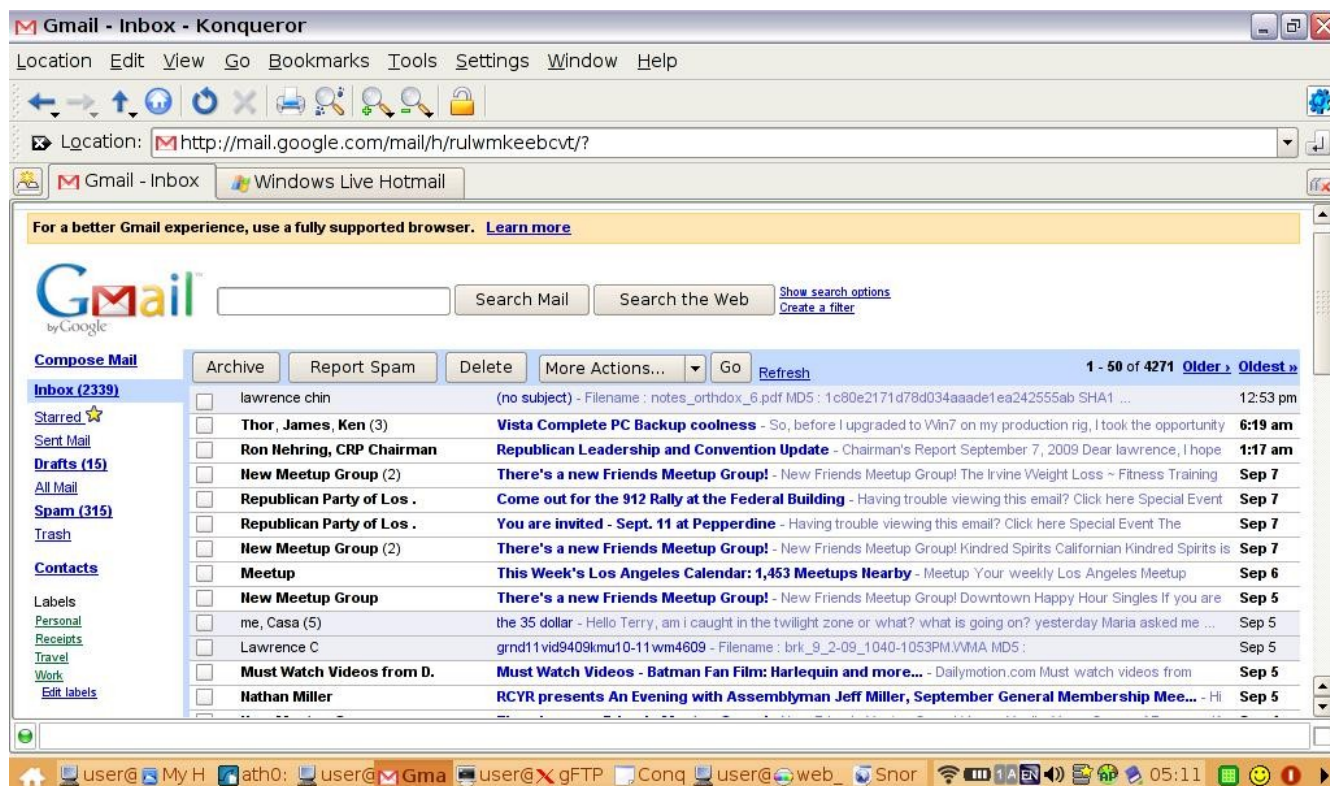
A mere search on Google for ‘SmartFaceVWatcher.exe’ returned only two results, the top of which is ‘implementation of 666’. Twilight zone. Mr former Secretary loves to make me look like a nuthead interested in these superstitious things like UFOs and Biblical prophecies.

While the suit team had certainly nothing to do with some “Smart Face Watcher”, this “666” did seem suspicious. I was probably correct in my diary note: the suit team had just obtained another evidence to confirm that their “David Chin legend” was all accurate. Then, from 1:54:00 onward, I was reviewing an old recording from late last year. Which one? And I kept on writing. Then I was reorganizing the recordings from August last year (2:51:00) and then discovered identical files with different file names. On 3:19:00 I was mumbling something about having now the time to do what I always needed to do about my files. On 3:23:00: “... we shall go through folder after folder... now you have thousands of recordings...” On 3:30:30, with my pen camera connected to my Toshiba, I filmed to demonstrate the problem with it (9:07 in the video): “... the files are showing up [in File Manager] only very slowly...” Then, the cats on the roof again (3:45:30). On 3:46:30, my pen videos. On 3:58:40, I started my recorder. On 4:03:00, I was now reviewing the video diary from September 6. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “ready\_slp\_ftpvid95\_snrt\_9\_8\_09\_538-744AM.WMA”: as noted, I was playing the video diary from September 6. To determine which one to upload? On 10:00, I turned off the Sound Recorder. I then checked my Hotmail account. On 15:00, my latest screenshots, and I started uploading them to my website. Then, I was backing up my files in my Toshiba. For a while I was stunned that the new additions I had made to “Supplemental Pleading” had disappeared, but then I noticed that I had made a mistake. On 35:50, I stopped the Sound Recorder (?). Then I was naming the recordings from the Sound Recorder. On 55:00, I filmed myself sending the hash values to myself (as Konqueror couldn’t run Hotmail: 10:33 in the video): “... another frightening thing... use emails in Konqueror... to send hash values to myself...” The cats were jumping around on the roof again. On 1:07:00, I filmed

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myself rejecting this “Homeland Security junk email” as spam: “... that ‘Windows Vista complete backup’ again... obviously Homeland Security has sent that to me in order to make it look like I have sent it to somebody else...” And so I reported it as spam. “... why does Homeland Security keep sending me junk emails from somebody else... about Windows Vista... image backup...? They have probably forged a hard drive image... and said that it’s mine... and so they want to create a discussion... in which I seem to be talking about this image backup...” This time I might be correct! I was then reading some forum postings on Snort: “... the problem with SQL...” Then, I was on Sourceforge again. On 1:23:00, my Eee PC froze up again. Now, Snort rules. I searched online for the problem because I couldn’t open my Snort rules. On 1:41:20, I shut down everything. “... ‘The most... in my life is Homeland Security’, that’s the phrase...” (1:43:00). On 1:45:30, I turned on the TV to get a timestamp for my recording. Then I turned on the other recorder on voice-activated mode.



The junk email again about Vista PC Backup

And so, this morning, now that the suit team could continue to use faulty surveillance thanks to Maria’s mental confusion (and whatever help Turkey might have lent), they had “obtained” two more evidences in support of the “David Chin legend”: David Chin’s obsession with superstitions (“666”) and his continual discussions about his Windows Vista image backup. Now, my next recording: “morning\_music\_outside\_purpse\_9\_8\_09\_812-818AM.WMA”, is merely part of the next recording.

Then my next recording is: “slp\_va\_9\_8\_09\_748AM-356PM.WMA”: CNN on TV. On 11:10, loud music from the neighbor again. And my comment about it. (The duplicate recording.) From 14:00 onward, raining outside. On 16:45, I got up and turned on the TV. On 18:20, I started the Sound Recorder: it was 3:47 PM.

My next recording is: “wk\_bbc\_explsunds\_k10\_rvwk62708\_9\_8\_09\_348-615PM.wma”. And so this file is recorded with the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. BBC on TV. I continued to rest. On 19:00, I was up. I got on my Toshiba and played the recording from July 24 last year (40:00). On 44:00, I was busy writing. What? Now the interview with Steve Forbes on TV (58:00). Then I inserted an old disc into my Toshiba. On 1:14:30, explosions outside: “... Homeland Security is again trying to produce surveillance showing me engaging in a gun battle with my drug-cartel rivals...” And I kept on writing. “Karin’s Meetups”? On 1:20:00, explosions again. On 1:23:00, I mumbled something about what I was about to do. On 1:28:50, I was in my Hotmail account doing the hash values. On 1:29:30, more explosions. On 1:34:30, I turned off the TV and started reviewing the recording from June 27 last year. On 1:45:00, I also started working on “Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then I was transcribing the recording. On 2:14:00, I turned on my recorder. On 2:17:00, explosions again. Then, a break. In total, I noted down (into the next two recordings):

Explosion sounds occurred outside around 5 PM, 5:07 PM, 5:16 PM, 5:26 PM, 5:28 PM, 5:34 PM, 5:41 PM, 5:59 PM, 6:04 PM, 6:17 PM, 6:51 PM, 6:53 PM, and 7:01 PM.

It’s really not clear whether my interpretation (the suit team’s work in producing surveillance) was correct. My next recording is: “ready\_ut\_kds\_patio\_notgo\_9\_8\_09\_604-656PM.WMA”. It was now 6:01 PM. “Toshiba’s fan is still going crazy!” On 3:00, explosion sounds outside again. On 12:45, I stopped the Sound Recorder. On 14:00, more explosions. I was now rewinding my DV tape to get ready for my “mission” (22:00). On 24:00, explosion sounds again. On 27:30, as I was getting ready to go out: “... a lot of people are waiting for me outside...” I first filmed what was going on outside from my window (the first scene in my next video diary, “9\_8\_09\_p2.wmv”): “... before you go outside, a lot of people... oh my God, kids are playing in my front yard...” On 31:00, when I came downstairs, I filmed again (0:56 in the video): “... the kids are playing... we can’t go out at this moment... Homeland Security has sent in all these kids to my front yard...” I thus went back upstairs to wait. “They knew I was about to go outside to get food, and so they sent in these kids...” On 35:30, I filmed myself (1:52 in the video): “... so we have to wait, it’s now past 6:30 PM...” I turned on the TV. “It’s Katherine Heigl!” As you shall see, I would soon make something out of her. I rested a little. Then: “... I say, forget it... let’s turn on our Toshiba and go back to work... hunger is a way of life...” I thus started the Sound Recorder on 48:00. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “puzzlntwrkname\_rvw522knk\_vid\_9\_8\_09\_651-830PM.wma”: I continued: “... too scared to go outside...” Explosions outside again! And I kept on writing. What? From 12:00 onward, the explosion sounds again. On 24:00, buzz sounds. I seemed now to be organizing my files. On 30:00, I seemed to be trying to log in somewhere on my Eee PC. Suddenly, on 34:10: “... my IP address has changed... dynamic...” Now I had to copy the Wireshark captures to my Toshiba for



analysis (41:10). "... this constant investigation takes up all my time..." Indeed! Then: "... doesn't get the network name... 'network name resolution'..." On 50:00: "... my IP address has changed... it does preserve the network name translation... MASAYA..." On 54:00, I read out my new network name: "... it changed 5 PM today..." I continued to study the matter for a while not knowing that I was all paranoid over nothing (that one's IP address simply changes from time to time as a matter of routine). On 1:06:50: "... I don't understand why sometimes I can see the network name and sometimes not..." Finally, on 1:09:00: "... I can't understand it, forget it..." Right! On 1:17:50, I was ready to play the recording from May 22, 11 PM. On 1:24:00, I was also backing up my writings. I then seemed to be working on the video diary from earlier (1:44:00).

My next recording is: "ut\_wthdrw\_buyfd\_cshr\_scrch\_car\_hm\_wrldchng\_9\_8\_09\_839-934PM.WMA": This file was recorded with my recorder. It was now 8:36 PM, and I wanted to try going out again. "... Toshiba's fan is going on like crazy..." On 9:00, I filmed my room before leaving, mumbling about how scary it would be to go outside (2:22 in the video). "... they are waiting for me... the head-scratchers..." On 12:00, I filmed as I stepped outside (3:44 in the video): "Look, they are clapping their hands as soon as I walk out... don't know why everyone is leaving their front door open..." It's not clear whether there was any operation there. I turned off my camcorder and then, on 14:30, turned it on again (5:31 in the video). I kept mumbling as I walked, and turned off my camcorder on 18:00, but then immediately turned it on again (9:02 in the video). Then again (9:40 in the video): "... a motorcycle..." (19:00). Then again (9:54 in the video). On 21:00, I turned off my camcorder and came inside the bank. I turned on my camcorder again to film myself withdrawing cash from the ATM (11:25 in the video). On 23:20, off. On 24:10, on again when I came onto the street (12:55 in the video). Cybercafe! Then, off again. Then, on again on 24:30 (13:07 in the video): "... how do you like the night life in Granada?" On 26:00, off again, but then immediately on again. "... the store..." On 28:00, taking notice that the guy by the front door immediately touched his chin upon seeing me – this might *really* be an operation – I came inside Tres Mundo to shop for food. Then, back inside to buy cigarettes, and the cashier immediately touched himself and scratched himself. "I don't know why the cashier just has to scratch himself when giving me money..." Now we can't be sure whether this was also a suit team operation. On 33:55, I turned on my camcorder again (15:08 in the video), to document what I had bought: 3 bottles of Coke, 2 packs of cigarettes... ice cream... cookies... sausages... On 35:45, on again. On 41:50, off, and, on 42:20, on again: "I've never seen so many people scratching themselves in my whole life... and the cashier wrote on paper how much it was..." When I came near home I became concerned because this car was parked two houses away from my front door (23:08 in the video). I checked out its license plate. On 44:05, I turned off my camcorder as I tried to open my door. Now, in my home. On 48:40, I filmed my room (24:12 in the video). On 50:25, I turned on the TV. "It's that movie again which Karin took us to see on December 25 2007..." On 52:40, I filmed the TV (14:24 in the previous video diary "9\_8\_09\_p1.wmv").<sup>14</sup> "... 'Love in the Time of Cholera'..." And I started the Sound Recorder. And so, to sum up: after the morning's evidence, at night the suit team was back to producing evidence, not just for the lower court, but also

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14 As noted in the video, this scene and the next two scenes were included in the first video diary of the day by mistake.



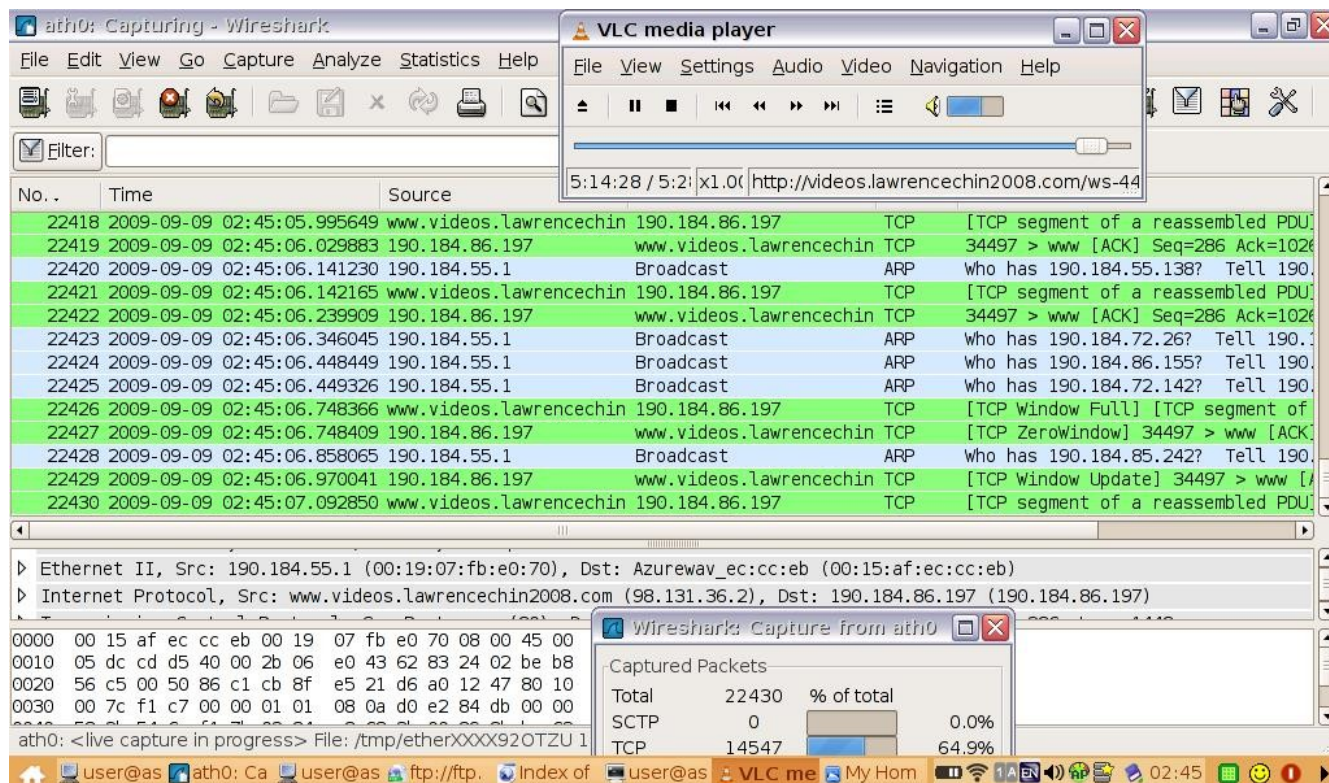
for the upper court: to keep me supposedly deluded that I was somehow successful in my conspiracy with Russia to harm the United States.<sup>15</sup>

My next recording is: “vid\_supl2-5-rvw529\_site\_tshba\_malfunct\_9\_8-9\_09\_832PM-242AM.wma”: It was now 9:29 PM. Did I film something? A break. Some ice cream, while BBC was on TV. On 9:00, a recording from May 29? A recording from earlier? Then: “Oh shit! Everything just disappears!” (17:00) I was then reading something about computer matters on my Eee PC. Then, I got angry: “I can’t do this... oh no! I just don’t know how to operate computers... it disappears again! Oh my God!” And I broke down crying. “I need to take a break, it’s just so much work everyday, I can’t handle it...” On 20:40, I filmed the Sound Recorder (15:26 in “9\_8\_09\_p1.wmv”): “... it’s going wildly and yet there is no sound around! Look!” I thus made a note about the Sound Recorder in my diary. On 24:00, I turned on the TV again: BBC. On 29:00, I filmed the TV – it’s Africa! (15:42 in “9\_8\_09\_p1.wmv”) – and then turned it off. I was now naming my files. On 38:00, buzz sounds. Then I was organizing my files again (50:00). On 51:00, I started importing today’s videos to my Toshiba. On 1:16:50, I switched DV tapes to continue to import. “... I should also work on ‘EC-4’...” (1:19:30). I was now writing (1:25:00). “EC-4”? Then, a break. On 1:48:00, back to writing. On 2:08:00, I mentioned how, when I woke up, there were a lot of explosion sounds. On 2:13:00 – was I reading something on my Eee PC? On 2:14:00 – was I streaming an earlier recording? The recording from May 29? On 2:22:30, while the streaming was going on, I also checked into my pen videos. Did I have difficulty in playing them? “This is fucked up!” (2:25:50) And I kept on writing. “Supplemental Pleading” (?). I then continued with my pen videos. Then: “Okay, I’m gonna reformat this pen, it’s all fucked up... something is very wrong with it, it suddenly doesn’t function anymore...” (2:33:30). Then, “Supplemental Pleading 2-5”: “... I’m writing it down...” (3:00:00). On 3:02:50, my pen videos again. Then I continued writing (3:10:30). Then: “... it seems that Toshiba’s fan is going on like crazy again” – and I went on and on about Homeland Security’s possible remote control of my Toshiba (3:50:00). Then: “... get the camcorder ready for the computer may blow up...” (3:52:00 and 24:29 in the second video diary of the day, “9\_8\_09\_p2.wmv”). Then: “I just withdrew 2,200 Cordobas... let’s see” – and I went into my WAMU account. On 3:56:20, I logged out of WAMU. Now I had to upload my screenshots. On 4:02:40, the FTP transfer stalled. Then I thought I had caught on video a surest instance of Homeland Security’s remote control of my computers (or Internet connection) (28:42 in the video): “This is the suit team, right? Every time when we log out of WAMU, it will come back on and say we are not logged out, it’s Homeland Security...” (4:08:00). It’s really not clear whether I was right that there was foul play here. (Maybe the WAMU website really did have a bug in it.) And I checked over the screenshots I had just uploaded. On 4:17:00, I kept on writing. Then: “... the recording is being streamed, and yet there are no packets...” (4:36:00). Then: “... now there are packets...” I then continued to transcribe the recording. On 5:06:00, I filmed with my pen camera: “... the CPU usage is up to 80% even though nothing is running, and everything is running so slowly... is it because it’s doing something for Homeland Security? The fan is also going like crazy...” And I made a note about this in my diary.

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<sup>15</sup> Evidently, to attempt to stifle the last of the Russians’ arguments that faulty surveillance should not be used because I didn’t offer my defection to the Nicaragua officer on August 11.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice  
4.8.3. The life of head-scratching and machine malfunctioning, B.  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Sept. 2009; Aug. 2021 – Jul. 2022



Streaming recordings from my website this early morning

### September 9 (Wednesday; Ting-ta)

My next recording is: “ftpstall\_dvd24fail\_cryng\_9\_9\_09\_259-752AM.wma”: Deutsche Welle on TV. I opened up my Windows Movie Maker, and then “Supplemental Pleading-2” and “EC-4”. Then: “Holy shit! All the stuff I wrote just disappeared! In ‘Supplemental Pleading-2’! Oh, there is another ‘Supplemental Pleading-2’! Apparently I have created two!” And now I started streaming my latest ‘9\_8\_09’ video and making notes about it. Then I kept on writing (16:30). What? I then went busy about and then came back to my Toshiba on 40:00. I continued on with the video diary and continued to write. What? On 1:03:30, I inserted DVD-24 into my Toshiba wanting to work on my “Supplemental Pleading”, but somehow the disc couldn’t be read. “Oh, bad, this is very bad... DVD-24 is broken...” I was now getting angry. I wanted to stream the recording from May 29, 3PM, instead (1:13:00). Was I then checking the hash values of this file? “It seems correct, then why can’t it stream right?” Then: “... still, no network name...” I was now determined to burn DVD-24 again. Was I then importing the latest videos again? “... take another screenshot... this is not normal, the network name just disappeared...” (1:38:30). And I continued to review the recording from May 29 and work on my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 2:08:00, what was I writing? On 2:17:00, the video diary from hours ago. On 2:29:45, buzz sounds. The birds were now singing outside: “It’s that real birds? Or Homeland Security fake birds?” (2:31:00) Ha! I was then examining my files again: “... ‘5\_14\_09’...” I thus seemed to be organizing my files. On 2:59:30, my FTP connection was cut off. “... it suddenly says that you can’t

download it onto your local... SD card... and then disconnected, and then automatically reconnected... then stalled again...” I turned off my pen camera, and it stalled again: “... now as soon as I turn it off, something will happen again...” On 3:14:00: “... now we have to find DVD-19...” On 3:15:30, the disc was inserted: “... looking for ‘recording-toshiba-6’... in all the discs... DVD-27... we are looking for the files between May 4 and June 13... why is it making this noise?...” On 3:59:00, I filmed myself (the first scene of my next video diary, “9\_9\_09.wmv”): “... okay, we are gonna have ... version of DVD-24...” Suddenly, I screamed when I accidentally dropped the new disc: “... I don’t have three hands...” And I filmed again (0:30 in the video) – and I got terribly angry when I bumped over my Coke that I yelled and screamed: “... I don’t know what to do, I wish I had three hands... I have spent 3 hours working on this... okay, this shows that this disc is empty... now burn it at 4x... ‘DVD-24-Mod’...” On 4:03:30, the recording broke down for a moment. I continued to scream when the burning failed (3:14 in the video). On 4:09:50, I filmed my next disc (3:38 in the video): “... I think it’s Homeland Security... so they *can* make Nero malfunction...” But this disc had dirt on it, and so no. On 4:11:30, I filmed again (4:08 in the video): “... we are starting over...” I then broke down crying again. “Oh my God! We have to do it again... mother-fucker... okay, this Nero cannot burn, we have to [use Windows]... start over... it’s gonna take a couple of hours... restart...” As I was getting increasingly frustrated, I kept yelling: “... I can’t do it, I just don’t know how to operate a computer...” And I continued to get frustrated while compiling the folders for the new DVD-24. “... I can’t handle it anymore... I’m so over-worked...” On 4:38:30 (5:42 in the video): “... the files are ready, after spending... ready to burn... no, we have to delete some files, this is not gonna succeed...” Then I screamed and cried again: “... nothing is burned at all, obviously Homeland Security is controlling it...” Needless to say, my pathetic hysteria this early morning over DVD-24 must have again got the Russians terribly worried about their fate. On 4:51:30, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. The rest of the recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “brk\_dvd24failcry\_9\_9\_09\_749-820AM.mp3”: now I began wailing about how I had spent three hours and yet was unable to burn a DVD. And then about how Homeland Security must have put something into my Toshiba while I was in the hospital in Albany so that they could remotely control it even though I had taken out the wireless card from it. As you have seen, I was actually quite close to the truth!<sup>16</sup> Then: “It looks like it’s uploaded” (12:00 or so) – “But how do you really know?” On 15:00 I was getting quite annoyed again, cursing profanity at my things. By 21:30 I was ready to stop the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC, lamenting again about how I had already spent four hours trying laboriously to burn a DVD and yet had had no success. It was already 8:20 AM.

My next recording is: “slp\_va\_jdsistrs\_9\_9\_09\_818AM-225PM.WMA”: I was now going to sleep. At some point I mumbled about how I had met all of Jennifer Day’s sisters.<sup>17</sup> Then about Deborah Green. Then, on 9:50 AM, when I turned on the TV and the History Channel flashed another Hitler movie upon me, I quickly grabbed my camcorder and filmed it (6:32 in the video): “... another Hitler movie, but I missed it. I don’t think anybody else has seen so many Nazis...”

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16 Except that it was the CIA who had done this.

17 As already noted, this was not quite true.



My next recording is: “wk\_dvd24fail\_rvw98\_bpd\_tndafwd\_9\_9\_09\_406-923PM.wma”: I just woke up. On 8:00, I was reading about a program to capture videos from camcorders. On 11:00, I turned on the TV. It’s now an American movie. “This movie with Katherine Heigl in it is not actually that good...” On 36:40, I started filming the TV (7:47 in the video): “... I’ve been watching this for a while... Katherine Heigl...” As noted, I would soon become convinced that Katherine Heigl had something to do with my “crimes”. And I switched the channel. On 38:40, I filmed the TV again (8:41 in the video): “... it’s 911...” Again, probably no operation here. On 43:00, CNN. On 45:30: “... it’s the same movie again...” Namely, Charlize Theron as the psychologist who talked to her recorder all the time (9:09 in the video). On 47:40, Deutsche Welle. On 49:40, I turned off the TV and was back to my Toshiba. I removed Kaspersky. Good idea: I didn’t want anything remotely related to Russia! Then I was busy with some other programs. Then: “... screenshots ‘9\_8\_09’...” (1:15:00). On 1:22:00, you can hear the marching outside. Then: “... let’s look at this Nero DVD... www...com/...” (1:27:00). On 1:34:30, I started filming (10:13 in the video): “... I’m going to try again, it’s 5:38 PM...” And I inserted the empty disc into my Toshiba. On 1:36:30, the recording is corrupted again. Then, sure enough, Nero froze up and the burning failed (12:30 in the video). On 1:41:00, I was reading up on some forum postings about Nero.<sup>18</sup> “... I don’t think I’ll ever find the answer to my question...” Right! I thus decided to use ImgBurn and so continued to compile the files for the new DVD-24. Finally: “... okay, the file system is ISO-9660 UDF 1.02...” (2:07:00). By 2:13:15, ImgBurn had finished building the ISO image. On 2:15:00, I started filming (12:40 in the video): “... the ISO image already created...” And I started burning. On 2:18:50, I filmed again (14:55 in the video): “... input-output error! ... I believe the disc is simply damaged and we are gonna try the other one... error messages will pop up soon... it’s not possible...” Right! And so on 2:22:50: “... input-output error again!” And I filmed again (18:05 in the video): “... the same thing... you just don’t know if it’s Homeland Security or what...” On 2:23:50, I filmed again (18:18 in the video): “Okay, we are gonna try Windows...” Then, terribly frustrated, I started screaming: “... I just don’t know how to use computers... I don’t understand computers...” (2:25:50). Then: “... oh my God, I shouldn’t have deleted the source video ‘9\_8\_09’... it’s not done... now we have to import it again...” I thus screamed out of anger (2:30:50). On 3:06:00, I was writing something. What? And I kept on reviewing some pen videos at the same time. On 3:27:50: “... we are gonna try again... I think an error message just popped out... that’s the first one... let’s see if the blank disc will pop out... this is the last time we shall try the DVD image, I’m sure there will be problems... it’s 7:30 PM...” (19:13 in the video). On 3:30:30, the recording is corrupted again. What happened then was that Nero did freeze up and the burning did fail once more. “Forget it... burning a DVD is the most difficult thing in the world... we’ll have to delete the DVD-24 image... and we have to re-import the videos from yesterday... Capture Wizard...” And so I started importing the same videos again (3:36:30). On 4:18:50, I also started streaming another meetup recording. On 4:25:00, I was writing something. What? On 4:29:00, I started working on my “Supplemental Pleading”. I seemed to be working on the entry for May 24: “... must have used specialized software...” On 5:02:00, I discovered the junk email from Ting-Ta. “... Homeland Security is just trying to... to make it look like... it’s just my double... they get this guy to pretend to be me in order to have him confused with me in surveillance...” On 5:12:50, I filmed myself reporting the email as spam (the first scene in my next video diary, “9\_9-11\_09.wmv”). This was bad: this email from

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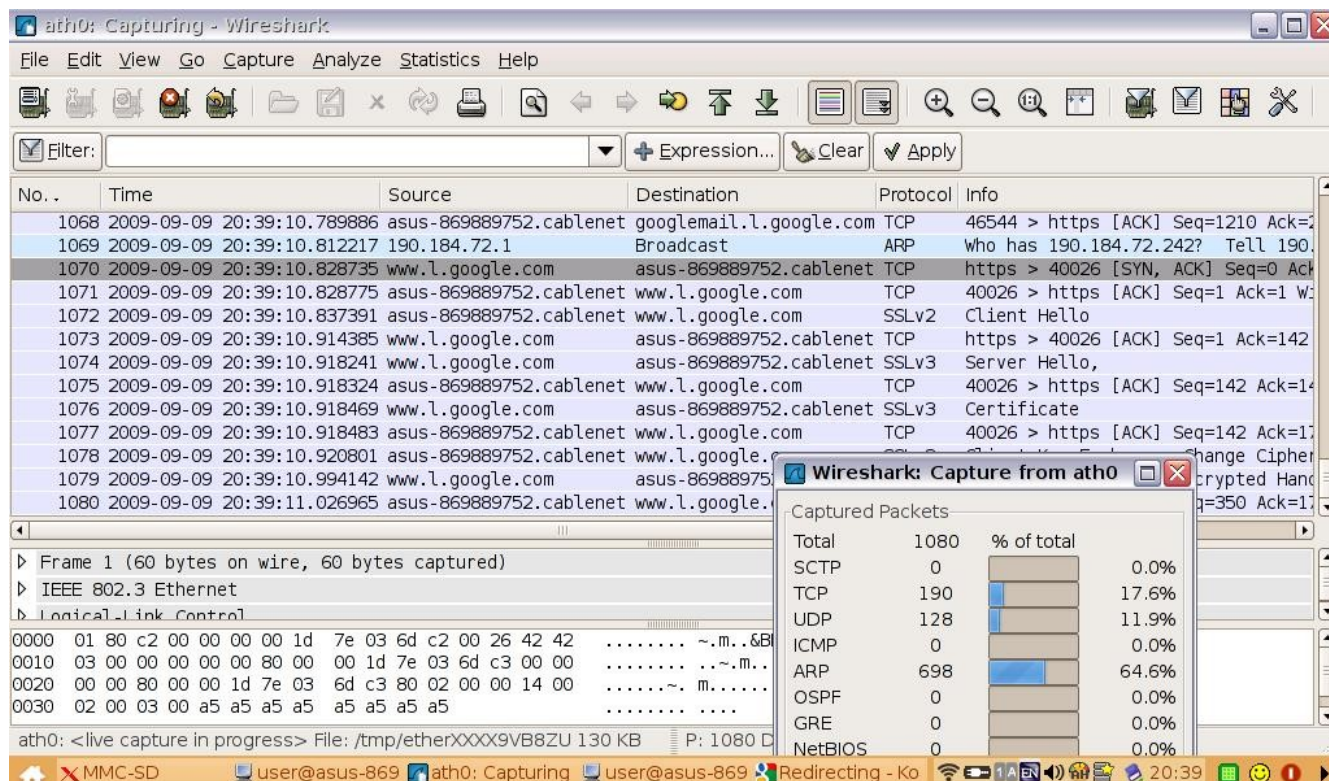
18 From [www.cdrom-guide.com](http://www.cdrom-guide.com), it seems.

Ting-Ta was the only evidence which the suit team had produced today, and yet I never even opened it. Most likely, when the email was mistaken for mine by faulty surveillance, that would be another evidence that David Chin was indeed fluffy to the extreme. Then I started reviewing the recording from August 21 last year, my one and only BPD meetup.

My next recording is: “rvwbpd\_orth6\_vid\_rvw1909\_upldpen\_ftpprblm\_9\_9-10\_09\_926PM-329AM.wma”: I continued to review the August 21 recording. Suddenly: “... it shuts off and it says, ‘Nothing to play’...” (4:00). I examined the log and read it out loud: “... ‘removing module’...” On 14:30, buzz sounds. After a while: “... why did it malfunction? ... This is so strange, where did the file go? ... oh, it’s right here...” On 19:00, buzz sounds. On 32:00, I was back to writing. What? On 44:30, I was hesitating about something: “... ‘Supplemental Pleading 2-5’...” Was I hashing my files? Then I was on my Wireshark on my Eee PC. On 59:10, I read out my network name again. On 1:01:00, I filmed with my pen camera: “... look, my IP address has changed again...” Paranoid over nothing! On 1:03:00, I was back to the August 21 recording. “... after Homeland Security... take a screenshot of this...” (1:06:00). Then, again, on and on about my IP address change. On 1:11:00, I was writing something. On 1:13:30, I continued on with the recording. And the earlier video diary also. Then I was mumbling about the writing files I needed to back up. Then I seemed to be working on yesterday’s video diary (“... ‘Love in the Time of Cholera’...”). On 1:29:40: “... transfer stalled, just as I thought...” I filmed it with my pen camera and took a screenshot. I then continued to work on the video diary. On 2:00:00, back to the August 21 recording. By 3:19:00, the meetup was over but I kept on writing. On 3:25:00, back to my video diary. On 3:36:00, I stopped my GFTP. On 3:45:00, I started streaming another old recording to make sure it was well uploaded. (Which one?) I was done by 3:49:00. On 3:50:00, the video diary from September 5? On 3:59:00, I inserted a disc into my Toshiba. “... DVD-9... to review the recording from January 9... wait a minute, this is not what I’m looking for!” Now, DVD-6. On 4:07:00, I got angry and threw things. (What?) On 4:08:00, I inserted another disc. I started playing the recording while shouting again about how I just couldn’t understand computers. The recording was that of my time with my cousin Steve on that night. Then the video diary from September 6 also (4:13:30). Then more shouting about how I just couldn’t understand computers. Then I changed to a different recording from January 9. Then: “... also the video diary ‘9\_8\_09\_p1’... we already did part 2...” On 4:32:00, a break. Then, something happened, and I filmed it with my pen camera: “... FTP transfer stalled... we used Konqueror, and the same thing happened...” (4:36:30). And I complained bitterly: “... every single day, machine malfunctions... Homeland Security just doesn’t like me doing anything at all... and where is my file? Jesus fucking Christ... I just can’t deal with computers...” Most likely, Homeland Security had no part in this. I was then naming all the pen videos I had just shot today. On 5:21:00, back to my recording. (My time with Steve on that night.) On 5:45:00, I was back to working on my video diary. On 5:54:30, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. “... transfer, ‘9\_9\_09’...” (6:00:50).



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I'd continue to be paranoid about the change from  
 “dynamic86-197.MASAYA.cablenet.com.ni” to “asus...cablenet.com.ni”

### September 10 (Thursday; cellphone calls/ whistling)

My next recording is: “brk\_rvw1909\_9\_10\_09\_318-403AM.mp3”: The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous until 7:00 or so. On 8:50, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba (?). “... nothing was on on Toshiba, and yet the CPU usage was almost 90%... oh... I've got disconnected... cannot upload...” (18:00). Then: “... we have uploaded almost 700 megabytes of files today...” Then: “... okay... we name this file ‘01\_09’... but it should be ‘Karin’s Meetups’...” (28:30). On 29:40: “... I'm gonna turn on the Sound Recorder here also...” And I continued to review the recording from January 9.

My next recording is: “rvw1909\_vid98p1\_sadnssprsvd\_sdvrus\_9\_10\_09\_349-511AM.wma”: I continued to review the January 9 recording. The FTP upload was also going. On 23:50: “... Windows Vista is again so slow... the CPU usage is only 50% or less...” On 33:30, the video diary of September 8 again. On 37:30, I started paying special attention to the conversation on the train on January 9: “... probably Homeland Security... to enable surveillance to confuse them with me... what is this? We should publish this video while listening to our recording at the same time...” (It's not clear whether the Russians had thus obtained some counter-evidence this morning with which to refute the suit team's evidence from January 9.) On 49:00, I turned on the TV. I became engrossed in this movie. Then: “... ”

need to take a screenshot... Toshiba... '9\_7\_09'... the video has finished publishing..." (1:00:00). And I started reviewing it: "... Toshiba... now that we are videotaping it..." Then: "... to use the command line to remove files... then when we pressed 'Enter', nothing happened in File Manager... but then when we... both files disappeared from File Manager... 36 and 37... I do find that very interesting..." What's going on? (1:05:20). Then: "... could Homeland Security have installed trojans on my SD card so that, whenever I move my SD card out of my Eee PC and insert it into my Toshiba... in order to upload the files to my website... the trojans might become activated in my Toshiba...? But I don't really understand computers... it could be that the problem is just 'natural' due to the computer's over-working... I could shut down the Movie Maker..." As you can imagine, the suit team most likely didn't have any trojans on my SD card or Eee PC. On 1:15:00, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. "... the video is fine... check DVD-6 on Toshiba... what we did is '9\_8\_09\_p1'... the source video '9\_7\_09'... 7 gigabytes... we'll go ahead and delete it..."

My next recording is: "brk\_mstrb\_9\_10\_09\_502-553AM.mp3": The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous until 8:00 or so. Now, infomercials on TV. I kept working on my writing files: "... 'Karin's Meetups' already done..." Was I backing them up? "... I think I want to move the new videos to Passport..." On 23:30, I shut down my Toshiba. Cats on the roof again. Then I encountered more problems: "... it seems that it's because I have opened the Control Panel way too many times... I don't know how that happened..." (37:50). I now seemed to be inside my IX Webhosting account: "... that's the access permissions for the folder 'granada-13'... I don't have time for this... log out of Webshell... close FTP, Konqueror... that's already uploaded, we can quit GFTP for now..." On 41:10, I played the video on my Eee PC. On 44:30, I turned on my recorder.

My next recording is: "mstrbt\_strngcnr\_9\_10\_09\_555-607AM.WMA": I continued: "... earlier the VLC Player couldn't play a video... I wonder if it's because the Sound Recorder was on... now that it's off, maybe we could..." And I was indeed able to play it. Then I was on my Wireshark: "... hm, I discover this packet from... what could that be?" Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: "strngcnr\_dhstvnzi\_9\_10\_09\_608-646AM.WMA": I recounted what happened after my recorder shut itself down: "... I turned off WLAN on my Eee PC, and there was this packet going to a strange destination... api.cnr.com..." And I read out all the information about the matter: "... all unintelligible... what is this api.cnr.com?" And I kept working on this for a while. Then: "... now, in my SM-Player, I can see the listing of all the recordings and videos I have so far played... it doesn't give the HTTP link addresses, but... Oh no, I was wrong... these are the songs I have listened to on my USB flash drive..." Then I was quiet for a while: it seems that I was masturbating. On 23:40, all done, I got up: "... you need to investigate this api.cnr.com..." When I turned on the TV, I immediately had to film it (24:30 and 0:45 in the video diary): "... it's merely 6:30 AM, and they are already showing Nazis on TV... that's what 'Homeland Security TV' is about..." I changed the channel: "... news about Turkey... does that have anything to do with... and murder... Homeland Security TV... either Nazis, whatever country they want to sue, or violence against women..." Now this "Turkey" thing was indeed suspicious. Then Deutsche Welle: an English program on the cows in Germany. On 33:30, I turned off

the TV. On 35:20, I turned on the other recorder on voice-activated mode in order to get ready to sleep. “Very bad things are gonna happen, as usual...”

My next recording is: “slp\_va\_9\_10\_09\_638-1130AM.WMA”: As I was putting everything into my bag, I mumbled continually about how bad things would happen tomorrow. Then, insignificant mumbling throughout the rest of the recording.

As noted, my masturbation would acquire quite a significance later on. Did I, this morning, already start using my videos of the CIA girls to masturbate? If so, nobody on the suit team’s side would say anything at the moment, although, later on, they would make such a big deal out of it.

My next recording is: “bbc\_rusisrl\_slp\_upld\_rcrd\_9\_10\_09\_204-554PM.wma”: I was now awake. BBC on TV. On 7:00, I turned off the TV and continued to rest. Now, explosion sounds outside throughout the early afternoon. On 2:30:00, it was raining hard outside. On 2:55:30, I got up. I started importing the latest recordings to my Toshiba and hard drives: “... created ‘granada-14’ in Passport...” Cats on the roof again. I now seemed to be naming my latest recordings. On 3:28:30, buzz sounds. On 3:32:35, again. On 3:43:20, again. I continued to work on my latest recordings. On 3:50:00, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC, but my recorder was already on.

My next recording is: “ut\_dhsurntr\_icecrm\_buydvd\_srtchrcellphntax\_9\_10\_09\_6-722PM.WMA”: On 7:00, when I turned off my Toshiba, the lights were again on. I filmed it. On 16:00 – was I filming something? “... the problem...” On 23:20, I filmed my room before going out (2:34 in the video): “... note the locations before we go out...” Then: “... a car across the street... a pickup...” On 25:30, I filmed again: “... downstairs... the next door neighbor is out...” Then I filmed again as I opened the door (3:20 in the video): “... the guy from next door just sits there... we have to go out anyway...” And I filmed again as I was about to walk out (3:35 in the video): “... watch that guy closely... why is he sitting in the patio like that?... now people start gathering around...” On 29:30, I turned off my camcorder and immediately turned it back on (6:20 in the video): “... this guy is urinating on the wall to make it look like it’s me who am urinating... my double...” Was that really an operation? On 32:00, I was buying ice cream and so on in the store near me. On 34:20, I was out and turned on my camcorder (7:35 in the video): “... we bought ice cream and... the ‘Homeland Security urinator’ came out immediately...” On 36:30 (9:30 in the video), I came home: “... okay, we have suffered one Homeland Security urinator...” On 37:35 (10:27 in the video), I filmed myself putting my food away. On 38:25 (10:55 in the video), I filmed myself going out again. As I walked: “... the nose-picking Homeland Security... this woman is using her cellphone in front of me, another surveillance of...” (45:30, or 17:55 in the video). Then: “... cellphones today.... Another cellphone! According to surveillance, I have already made three phone calls...” (48:50). It’s not clear whether any of this was indeed the suit team’s operation. I turned off my camcorder on 49:20 and went inside the cybercafe to buy more blank DVDs. Five. And batteries.<sup>19</sup> On 51:40, I was out, and I turned on my camcorder again (21:46 in the video). “... too scary, let’s go on this... another guy with his cellphone, the fourth...” (52:30 or 22:39 in the video). Then: “... 2 scratchers, 4 instances of cellphones... another cellphone... today,

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<sup>19</sup> See: “buydvd\_9\_10\_09\_647PM.AVI”.

disproportionate amount of cellphones... he immediately stood up when I passed by... 5 instances of cellphones...” On 58:30, I turned off my camcorder and turned it on again (28:38 in the video): “... another cellphone, and each time it’s a different theme... previously, self-scratchers, but today it’s cellphones...” (from 29:00 in the video onward). On 1:02:50 (or 32:48 in the video): “... the 7<sup>th</sup> instance of cellphone...” I was now quite upset: “... you just have to go without food tonight...” (34:20 in the video). Nonetheless, on 1:05:20, I was buying food from a street stand. On 1:06:50, I started filming again (35:02 in the video). On 1:10:00 (or 38:15 in the video), when I came near home: “... somebody is getting out of the taxi... according to surveillance, I have just got out of the taxi...” Was it really so? Did the suit team really obtain evidence tonight that David Chin had gone out and come back home in a taxi? On 1:12:00, I was home. I turned off the camcorder. “How many surveillances have we produced today?... urination, two scratchers... six cellphone calls and one text-message... that’s the price I have paid for five DVDs, three cones of ice cream, two bottles of soda... I don’t even know what scenario they are constructing anymore...” On 1:19:10, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. Then: “SD card froze, fuck!” (1:21:00)

It’s difficult for us to conclude for today. Did the suit team really produce more evidences today to support their “David Chin legend” (this time, that David Chin’s criminal buddies repeatedly called him on his cellphone)? Did David Chin really get caught tonight coming home in a taxi?

My next recording is: “[netcut\\_masaya\\_nghbrmusic\\_angry\\_upldpn\\_whstl\\_unsick\\_9\\_10\\_09\\_714-1137PM.wma](#).” On 18:55, buzz sound. It seemed to me that Homeland Security didn’t allow me to do FTP upload tonight for quite a while. Frustration (25:00). I was then looking for domain information on cnr.com (27:50).<sup>20</sup> I suspected again that Homeland Security had instructed someone nearby to use my wireless connection in order to create communications that could be attributed to me in surveillance. Then I suddenly had an outburst (1:18:00). (What?) On 1:21:00, I commented on how my connection was cut off because of the websites I was visiting. On 1:46:00: “... Homeland Security doesn’t like my backing up my files...” Then, on 1:48:00: “Homeland Security wanted me to look at a list of consulates, and so the connection went through...” On 1:53:00, I was again seeing “MASAYA” on my T-Shark. On 1:55:00, I commented on the neighbor’s loud music: “... go 5 miles away...” On 2:02:00, my outburst again. On 2:18:00, my outburst again: “Don’t malfunction!” On 2:31:00, I broke down crying, but then my FTP connection was allowed through: “They got the evidence they wanted, of my communication with whomever.” On 2:36:00, I complained again about the suit team’s constant need to produce surveillance out of me, resulting in the disruption of my activities. On 2:38:00 I shouted: “Why can’t they just send my double elsewhere to produce the surveillance they want and leave me the fuck alone?” Again, this was excellent testimony for the Russians (as if I didn’t care about Russia and only resisted because the operation weighed heavily upon me). Then: “At least my pen camera is working now that I have reformatted it” (2:41:20). From 2:46:00 onward I was reviewing my pen videos, and then another recording. On 3:11:00, I began hashing my files. On 3:16:00, I resumed reviewing the audio recording. On 3:42:20, so fatigued from working on my files, I moaned: “I can’t work

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20 On the website cnr.com it is said to be a “free one-click software delivery service designed to standardize the process and eliminate the complexity of finding, installing, and managing Linux software for the most popular desktop Linux distributions, both Debian and RPM-based.”



anymore...” On 3:48:00 someone seemed to be whistling outside, which got me thinking that this was also the suit team’s attempt to produce surveillance showing me whistling or receiving secret messages from the Nicaragua intelligence. (Perhaps the suit team really did produce evidence here showing David Chin receiving secret signals from his criminal buddies.) Then, on 3:49:00, my Gom Player malfunctioned. On 3:54:30, I moaned loudly out of fatigue – how I didn’t know how to calculate what I was trying to calculate, how I was just giving myself too much work. On 4:08:20, the Konqueror on my Eee PC was not responding and I had to close the program: “This piece of fucking shit!” On 4:19:00 and 4:20:30, as I was about to turn on the TV, I first turned on my camcorder, shouting very angrily about how I had to get ready to videotape “because the sick mother-fuckers in Homeland Security would always make sure that, whenever I shall turn on the TV, the face of a Nazi would flash on the TV screen.” I switched the channel a bit, and then shut off the TV angrily (4:22:40). Seconds later I turned off the Sound Recorder.

My next recording is: “vid99\_ftpstill\_angry\_cpugh\_9\_11\_09\_1138PM-236AM.wma” (... 9\_10-11\_09...): I noted: “... people are outside... and so, according to surveillance, I’m outside socializing right now... The problem is that I have so much work to do, otherwise I’ll go out to murder these people... but my attachment to my work...” On 8:50, I filmed what was going on outside with my camcorder (40:12 in the video): “... according to Homeland Security’s surveillance, I’m now outside chatting... with my drug cartel buddies...” Was I correct this time? Did faulty surveillance really show that, after my criminal buddies called out to me with whistles, I went out to meet them and socialize with them? Then, I filmed again (41:13 in the video): “... these doubles of mine... outside... it’s not clear at what stage of my life I was here in Granada making my acquaintance with all these people...” On 15:30, buzz sounds. On 19:50, buzz sounds again.<sup>21</sup> On 28:00, I started working on the video diary from yesterday (the reburning of DVD-24: “... broken... cannot perform... oh why?”). On 46:30, I groaned: “... headache... need to rest... I can’t work any longer... I’m so over-worked...” And I kept on moaning out of pain. On 52:30, out of anger, I threw things all over the place. Then I filmed it all (42:00 in the video). Then, back to my video diary. Then, the FTP transfer stalled (1:00:00). On 1:09:50: “... what’s going on here? Oh my God... we put files here to convert them, and every file is converted 3 or 4 times...” And I continued to work on my pen videos (1:12:30). Then I was working on the video diary again. Then, on my Wireshark: “Where did all these packets come from? The FTP has been disconnected...” (1:23:00). Then: “... these simple things have become so difficult to do... because Homeland Security... they are like: ‘He’s supposed to be outside socializing with his fellow drug-dealers, he’s not supposed to be uploading files here’... but this is my life, these files... I don’t have three hands, even though, according to surveillance, I might have three hands... and so life is very hard for me, when you have to videotape everything you do...” On 1:30:00, the FTP transfer suddenly stalled: “... I’ve seen it with my own eyes, it says ‘skip’, and the file is never transferred... you should be taking orders from me, not from Homeland Security, because I bought you...” And I continued to work on the upload. “... the FTP transfer stalled again, and then it started just when I stopped Wireshark to save the captures... maybe it’s Homeland Security’s trick... wow, it’s not stalled, you are kidding me...” (1:49:30). Then: “... we have to redo it, the entire video is messed up because I inserted

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21 The commentary I just made about what was going on outside is inaudible in the recording because of these buzz sounds.



the frames in the wrong place... I'm not able to concentrate anymore..." (2:12:10). Then, again: "Oh God, life is just so hard!" I then continued to work on the video diary from yesterday (September 9). On 2:25:00, my FTP connection was cut off again. "That's what happens... you should have studied computers... the government can remotely control your computer no matter where you are in the world..." On 2:38:20, I screamed again: "Oh God! This is just so hard to do!" Namely, my video diary. On 2:40:35, I filmed with my pen camera: "Look at that! Suddenly the Eee PC froze up and everything just disappeared... you are not gonna be able to upload any files..." On 2:51:40: "... oh, it's so difficult... we have to do it again..." Again, I attributed all the difficulties and malfunctioning to Homeland Security – most likely wrongly: "... they will always come in to play God on you... the same with uploading files... how many times do I have to upload this file? You are not gonna sleep because there is just too much work to do..." Then I got terribly angry again: "... the CPU usage is 100%, even though nothing is running on this fucking computer! It's just so much work everyday! So much to document!" On 2:57:20, I angrily turned on the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC.

### **September 11 (Friday; video-import malfunctioned)**

My next recording is: "9\_11\_09\_235-255AM.mp3": I continued: "... I'm turning this fucking thing off... Toshiba is about to explode... the CPU usage is 100 percent even though nothing is running..." I was now really angry, and continued to scream and shout out of frustration. Then: "... Wow, look! It looks like this file will actually be uploaded..." (11:45). Then: "... I might have succeeded in uploading one file, but you just don't know... the next one... 8:24 PM... it's 2:55 AM, and the Sound Recorder has started. Stop this one."

My next recording is: "strm910\_shwr\_brndvd52\_9\_11\_09\_258-555AM.wma": I continued: "... the CPU usage is so high, even though nothing is working... now publish the video '9\_9\_09'..." Then, on 5:30, I was in the shower. On 12:30, out. "Now let's test the file we have just uploaded... you don't know whether you have succeeded or not..." (15:00). And so I streamed the file. "Why did the recording jump? Why does this recording...?" (26:20) Then, more: "... why did the streaming jump like that?" On 28:45, the video had finished publishing, and I played it: "... ah... I don't have three hands..." Then: "... I can't find the hash values, oh God... I can't do it any longer, can't work any longer..." Then, on 1:03:00, the recycle bin disappeared again. Wow! On 1:20:20, I got the hash values out of my Eee PC. Then – it's not clear what I was doing on my Toshiba. Then, you can hear me compiling my recordings for my next disc, DVD-52 (1:49:50). On 1:55:30, I filmed (42:10 in the video): "... these are the DVDs I bought today..." On 1:57:05, I filmed myself inserting the new blank DVD into my Toshiba to get ready to burn (42:35 in the video). Then I angered myself: "Oh God, it should have been 4x! Jesus... let's see if an error message will pop up..." And I kept shouting about how I just couldn't do things right. On 2:11:20, the burning was successful: "I don't believe it!" Now I tried out the newly burned DVD-52. On 2:34:50, problems again: "What? It just shut off... Holy fuck! It wasn't burned successfully... the last couple of seconds of the video seem to have disappeared... now we have to check the video in the hard drive to make sure the last portion is there... it isn't there... huh? What's going on? No, it *is* there... it's burned okay..." On 2:55:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC.

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My next recording is: “9\_11\_09\_549AM.mp3”: Then: “... Wireshark is gone... ‘9\_11\_09’...” Then, on 8:30: “... it’s just so bad...” Then, on 12:20: “... let’s study this... first, we want to see if VLC Player can play these AVI files... and it could play them... and now we are gonna see if we can stream them... yes...” But then the streaming stopped, with the notice “Nothing to play”. Again! And I worked on this streaming problem for quite a while. Then: “... the last time it just shut itself off, but this time it’s probably because I’m videotaping it...” And I continued to read the information or the log. Then I accessed the log.

My next recording is: “eesundrcrdr\_brk\_9\_11\_09\_620-629AM.WMA”: nothing.

My next recording is: “9\_11\_09\_630-708AM.mp3”: I was working on my files and then practicing using Snort again. On 18:00, when I was ready to turn on the TV for a timestamp: “Nazis will be flashed upon our face!” But, instead, it’s all about the 911 anniversary. Then I went on and on about why the packets were going to CNN.com and what software I had downloaded. On 37:00, I turned on the recorder.

The recording for the next 5 hours is missing!

My next recording is: “slp\_wk\_mvfiles\_9\_11\_09\_1154AM-504PM.wma”: And so I got up and turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. Again: “... the clicking thing on Toshiba is very broken...” I then went back to rest. On 3:41:00, I got up. Then I went back to rest again. On 4:03:00, I was up again. On 4:36:20, I filmed from my window (44:30 in the video): “... it’s 4:29 PM...” And I started moving the Toshiba WAV file. Was I then naming the latest recording files? Moving them? Then, back to my files: “... ‘granada-14’ ... delete ‘9\_7\_09’ ... it looks like I really don’t have it...” And I kept on moving the WAV files. “... ‘Journal Attachments’ ... it’s raining again. ... the hash values...” On 5:09:25, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC.

My next recording is: “brk\_peekut\_grrltnose\_9\_11\_09\_502-525PM.mp3”: The beginning of this file overlaps with the end of the previous until 2:00 or so. I continued: “... today we have to open Firefox, unfortunately...” Thus, I used Firefox to go into my Hotmail account: “... make sure you constantly check the Wireshark captures... take a screenshot of... junk emails in Hotmail...” On 12:00, I was mumbling about something indistinctly.

My next recording is: “ready\_ut\_rain\_notgo\_9\_11\_09\_529-536PM.WMA”: It was now raining hard outside. “We have to stay home...” No going out today! Then I saw this cnr.com again on my Wireshark: “Don’t know why these packets keep showing up!”

My next recording is: “cnr\_ubntu\_ftp\_9\_11\_09\_532-730PM.mp3”: Then: “... oh, I saw ‘MASAYA’ again! ... Fuck! Everything just disappears!” (2:20) Then: “... I don’t know if I can find the file I need to upload... the rain is so loud that I can’t hear anything... I’m trying to upload this file... merely a 45 megabyte file... I don’t even know what I’m uploading...” On 23:50, my Eee PC blanked out. On

30:00, I was ready to switch the hard drives on my Toshiba in order to use my Ubuntu to move source videos. “It’s not really possible to use Ubuntu. ... the video... the import has failed yesterday... now look into ‘granada-14’ in vidoes.lawrencechin2008.com... this file really should be much larger... why...?” On 42:25, I filmed myself getting ready to switch hard drives (45:05 in the video). “... have to watch out for Wireshark... somebody could be using my wireless connection... so when ‘MASAYA’ pops up...” (46:20). On 46:50, I filmed (45:26 in the video): “... now Ubuntu is ready to go in...” On 50:00, I filmed again (45:44 in the video): “... Ubuntu has started. What source videos to move? ‘7\_29\_09\_c’... and then, ‘7\_26\_09’...” And I filmed again (46:05 in the video): how I did it (until 1:03:20). Then I suddenly got angry: “... I just want to fucking tear it apart to get that fucking thing out...” And I continued to work on eliminating the excess files. “This is such difficult work...” (1:12:00). Then: “... ‘6\_9\_09’... there are now 30 source videos in the Ubuntu partition... what is this Spanish... that shows up on Wireshark?” On 1:26:30, I disconnected the Toshiba drive. Then – was I working on Ubuntu again? “... I transferred the file to Ubuntu, but it can’t be installed. ‘Dependencies not satisfied’...” (1:31:20). I searched for information online: “... 1... Support... okay, Ubuntu Forums have... take a screenshot...”<sup>22</sup> And I read out the message: “... I hope Homeland Security didn’t post these messages to make it look like I have posted them because this guy’s problem is so similar to mine... can’t print it, because it creates a new frame... we are gonna... ‘7\_29\_09’... 460 megabytes, not a lot of space... the next door is blasting loud music again, but the rain is so loud that you can’t hear it...” On 1:47:00, I shut down my Ubuntu. I was now speculating as to why, even when I had reinstalled the wireless card in my Toshiba, Ubuntu still couldn’t detect it. “Maybe it’s because it wasn’t there when Ubuntu was installed, or maybe it’s because the wireless card is broken.” I then turned on the recorder.

My next recording is: “fnshubunt\_nbrmusic\_brk\_9\_11\_09\_724-809PM.WMA”: It’s now 7:20 PM, and I turned off the Sound Recorder. Now I shut down my Eee PC and removed Toshiba’s battery compartment. On 5:20, I turned on the TV. BBC was talking about the financial collapse last year. On 15:00, I turned off the TV. I was now switching the hard drives back on my Toshiba. I had a tremendous problem with one of the screws. I got so frustrated that I kept yelling: “The last screw couldn’t be screwed in!” Then: “... I don’t feel comfortable with this Windows Desktop... don’t know what Homeland Security did to it back in March... they seem to be able to remotely control it even though it has no wireless capability...” I turned on my Toshiba now that the hard drives had been switched (40:00). Then: “... holy fuck! The screw fell inside...” On 43:30, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “impvidfail\_prtyoutside\_strm910\_cryng\_tvafrobrne\_9\_11\_09\_801-1135PM.wma”: The neighbor was still blasting loud music. The Sound Recorder however couldn’t pick it up since it was raining outside. On 5:12 I expressed my anger toward my neighbor wishing that she would get into a car and crash and die. On 9:30 I used Sound Converter to convert the WAV file recorded with my Eee PC’s Sound Recorder to MP3 file format. After that I was transferring files and folders to my Seagate drive in order to clear up more space on my Toshiba’s hard drive. Buzz sounds

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22 I seemed to be searching for “Wine binfmt-support” on ask.com because the error message on Ubuntu said “Dependency is not satisfiable: binfmt-support”.

on 27:42 and 28:15. Then again on 30:30. The next door neighbor was now blasting music ever louder (33:00 or so). More buzz sounds on 36:00. I made notes in my diary on 45:30 while the buzz sounds continued. I was also hashing my files and so on. On 1:03:00, I noticed on my Wireshark that my network name had now changed to dynamic86.197-MASAYA.cablenet.com.ni. I was instantly alarmed thinking that someone else's network had been confused with mine and that that's why that someone else's network name showed up on my Wireshark (1:10:00). (Probably not.) I turned off my Eee PC and turned it back on, and now the network name had returned to... But then a flash of "MASAYA" again on my T-Shark, although I couldn't find it on my Wireshark. On 1:19:00 I was working on my recordings, reviewing some of them. On 1:36:30 I turned on my recorder briefly because I wanted to pick up the loud music coming from the neighbor. I went outside the windows briefly to try to record the music with my recorder. It's however never clear whether faulty surveillance had indeed made it look like it was David Chin who was blasting loud music and having a good time in accordance with his "fluffy" character. I then came back to my computers to continue working on my files. On 2:03:40, as I was ready to import my latest videos from my camcorder, I wondered if I could succeed because I failed last night. I wondered if the reason might be that the DV tape had been taped over too many times. And, when I stuck the express card into my Toshiba, the capture wizard did not appear. The second time, however, it did appear (2:05:30).

Then, loud music again on 10:19 PM (2:22:00). On 2:22:40 I put the rest of the ice cream into the refrigerator downstairs. On 2:25:50 or so I was trying to figure out from which side the loud music came: the neighbor to my left or that to my right? On 2:28:30 or so I turned on the recorder once more in order to pick up the loud music outside – it was getting particularly loud now. On 2:36:30 or so my VLC player suddenly timed out, saying again it had nothing to play, perplexing me. On 2:42:40 or so I suddenly found myself unable to log into my IX Webhosting account. (In the video I was importing or the recording I was reviewing (from September 8, it seems), I was screaming and shouting over machine malfunctioning.) On 2:56:30 I noted that people were partying really hard outside. (Again, did faulty surveillance really confuse them with me?) It was about 11 PM now. I turned on the TV on 3:03:00 in order to get a timestamp on my recording. It's BBC News. On 3:08:00 or so I commented about how, today, Homeland Security didn't interrupt my FTP connection so much. (Nonsense.) On 3:11:30 or so the video import failed, and I groaned. "We have to do it through Nero then." I switched the channel to Deutsche Welle. On 3:13:00 or so I suddenly jumped from my seat in anger and was shouting while running around in my room: "I just don't know what to do, I just don't know what to do... 3 gigabytes of space just disappeared from my hard drive, probably because of the temporary file from the failed video import, except that I can't find the temporary file anywhere.... I wish I can understand computers! I wish I can understand computers!" Then: "I wish the mother-fucker outside would just shut up!" On 3:16:30 I sat down, frustrated, trying to figure out what to do. On 3:21:00, as I was switching the channel, I discovered "Bourne" again. I promptly filmed it (46:22 in the video). Minutes later, I filmed the TV again (47:00 in the video). On 3:24:20, I groaned about how my Movie Maker wouldn't start. As I dug into the folder "temp files" looking for the 3 gigabyte temporary file in question in order to delete it and free up the precious disk space, I also got irritated by the noises from outside and shouted about how I wished I had a machine gun to gun down these people (3:29:00). Then

I jumped up from my seat in frustration once again, screaming: “I wish I understood computers!” I was getting really tired and, groaning repeatedly, began crying (3:33:20).

My next recording is: “brk\_prtoutside\_9\_11-2\_09\_1135PM-1202AM.WMA”: I was still crying and banging on the table. “... all the machines are breaking down, nothing is functioning anymore...” Needless to say, the Russians, monitoring my activities in real time, must be frowning again. Meanwhile, people continued to yell and laugh loudly outside. On 24:50, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

### **September 12 (Saturday; flier/ cellphone calls)**

My next recording is: “dvd24fail\_angry\_vid911\_supl25k10prfce\_9\_12\_09\_1158-554AM.wma” (...9\_11-12\_09...): I continued: “I have made my life so much harder... I forgot to turn off my recorder...” (5:00). Buzz sounds on 7:13. Again on 9:30. At this time I was reviewing some earlier recording to see how well it was recorded. Then, on 22:00, I noticed on my Wireshark that my IP address had suddenly changed again and my network name had changed to “MASAYA” again. On 35:00 my FTP connection stalled. From 40:00 onward I was writing. On 46:30 the FTP upload had resumed, but the upload speed was now much slower than usual. I was now working on my “Supplemental Pleading” (57:00). I continued to review my recording (1:12:00). Then – was I still working on the video diary from September 9? Then: “... the disc is simply damaged...” Right! And I continued to write. “... I’m checking this video because somehow I have the feeling that it’s messed up somewhere...” On 1:40:00, I was back to working on my “Supplemental Pleading” (the entry for May 21). On 1:59:30, I started uploading the next file. On 2:06:00, I screamed again – what? Did I spill my drinks? Then: “... I cannot burn with Nero... oh my God, I don’t understand computers...” I cried loudly. On 2:13:50: “... guess what? I want to burn DVD-24 once again.” I thus inserted a blank disc into my Toshiba. On 2:15:00: “... the recording is corrupted... Oh... another long process of machine malfunctioning... I just don’t understand what the problem is...” I got angry again with my Eee PC: “... just unplug it, don’t bother to save it...” I ate some ice cream to calm down. I then continued to moan about how I was over-worked. I cried: “... I can’t keep documenting myself... I need a whole team to do it for me...” On 2:33:30, I was working on the video diary from September 9 again (Ting-Ta’s email): “... 9:17 PM, 9/9/09...” Then, again: “... we don’t know why our Toshiba’s fan is going like crazy...” (2:43:00). On 2:50:20, again: “... I can’t work anymore... so incredibly overworked...” On 3:08:20, again: “... CPU usage at 100 %... Windows Movie Maker is at 44% for no reason, just for playing this AVI file...” And I continued to work on my “Supplemental Pleading” at the same time. On 3:32:20, I was still complaining about the high CPU usage while working on my video diary. By 3:34:30, I got so angry that I screamed and yelled: “When can I ever learn to operate a computer? The CPU usage is too high, and so nothing is working anymore on this computer!” On 4:21:00, I was back to working on my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 5:53:45, done with working, I turned on the TV for a timestamp. Then, backing up my files.



My next recording is: “slp\_9\_12\_09\_553AM-104PM.WMA”: The TV was on. On 3:00, I turned off the Sound Recorder. On 21:00, I turned off the TV to get ready to sleep.<sup>23</sup> On 7:04:30, I got up. Loud music from the neighbor again. On 7:05:20, I turned on the TV. BBC News. On 7:07:30, I turned on the Sound Recorder.

My next recording is: “bbczimbrus\_nghbrmusic\_mrch\_slp\_9\_12\_09\_1259-530PM.wma”: As noted, loud music from the neighbor again (on the right side). “... Homeland Security has to instruct my neighbor to play loud music in order to produce surveillance...” Again, it’s not clear whether faulty surveillance had indeed showed David Chin blasting loud music once more. I turned on the TV again: BBC (4:00). On 35:30: “Look! The neighbor has shut down the music, all because I’ve turned on the TV... Homeland Security doesn’t want surveillance to show me watching TV and blasting loud music at the same time...” Again, I was probably overly interpreting things here. On 48:10, the loud music resumed. (Note that, on 51:00, BBC was talking about the quota for women in politics. In Norway?) I continued to rest in my bed. On 58:00, more of BBC News. On 1:50:00, I turned off the TV and continued to rest. Note the marching and drumming outside on 2:11:00 or so. On 3:57:30, I mumbled something. By the end of the recording, I woke up and turned on my recorder.

My next recording is: “ut\_rstauflr\_slutnphne\_bategg\_icecrm\_9\_12\_09\_532-701PM.WMA”: It’s now 5:24 PM. I mumbled something about my AVI files. On 14:20, just as I was ready to go out, I filmed out of my window (the first scene in my next video diary, “9\_12\_09.wmv”): “... see who’s outside... a lot of people outside... a van is parked next to my neighbor... three guys are chatting...” Then, when I came to my door, I noticed that a restaurant flier had been slipped under my door (1:45 in the video). Such otherwise insignificant event greatly alarmed me: “... Homeland Security did it... to produce surveillance showing my drug-cartel buddies passing me a secret message...” Could I be correct here? On 19:40, when I was out of my door, I turned on my camcorder again (2:45 in the video): “... somebody has locked the door for me... I don’t like it when somebody came to my front yard and started doing this...” (3:20 in the video). I was now on the street. On 24:20, I dumped the trash in a trash can (7:09 in the video): “... okay, whatever heroin and crack cocaine will be found inside...” Then, after passing by Casa, I mumbled about how scary that place had become – how Maria’s mental confusion had scared me. Then, another cellphone call. Then, a woman passing me by scratched her head (9:30 in the video). Then another woman walking in front of me also scratched her head (10:40 in the video). (These incidents might be just “natural”.)<sup>24</sup> On 28:35, I turned off my camcorder and then immediately turned it back on (11:28 in the video). I continued: “... you have no idea...” On 32:30, I turned off the camcorder and came inside this Farmacia and asked in English, “Do you have contact lens solution?” But the woman who ran the shop just had to take out her cellphone, and I called her a “fucking bitch” and quickly ran out (34:25 and from 15:25 onward in the video). (It’s not clear whether she was really instructed by the suit team to do this.) I turned on my camcorder on 35:35 (18:02 in the video), and then turned it off on 36:30, and then on again (19:08 in the video): “... something is going

23 Reviewed until 34:00, and then from 6:52:00 onward.

24 At the time I certainly didn’t think so. I would write in my diary: “Note that, on 10:50 in the video, the girl walking in front of me turned her head to look at me twice to ascertain that it was me, and only then scratched her head as she turned the corner. She wouldn’t have scratched her head if she hadn’t seen that it was me who was walking behind her. I had better not walk behind people the next time.”

on there, I'm scared to go there..." Then another guy on bicycle wiped his face in front of me. On 39:05, I turned off my camcorder and came inside another store and asked for batteries.<sup>25</sup> No AAA batteries here, but I did get toilet papers instead. On 41:20, I turned on my camcorder (21:50 in the video): "... batteries are more important than food..." As I walked on continuing to be disturbed by so many people's scratching their head: "... everyone is scratching their head... forget it, no batteries..." I turned off the camcorder on 47:30 and came inside another shop: still no batteries. Out, and I turned on the camcorder (27:50 in the video), and then came into another shop: still no batteries. On 48:35, out and I turned on the camcorder (27:58 in the video), and then, on 50:30, I turned it off and came inside yet another shop.<sup>26</sup> I bought 20 eggs, two packs of cigarettes – and batteries! But I was again disturbed by the shop lady's action of pressing buttons on her cellphone when I asked her "How much?" On 55:20, out, and I turned on the camcorder (30:03 in the video) and recounted: "... she suddenly took out her cellphone and started pressing buttons on it, what a fuck..." Was it really a suit team operation? (Note the head-scratcher on 35:27 in the video: probably "natural".) On 1:01:20, after deciding to not go into a shop for fear of the people inside, I turned on the camcorder again (35:50 in the video). "She has a cellphone, watch out... two more guys with cellphones... in every corner, there is a cellphone... since the last time... the number of cellphones has multiplied..." On 1:04:00, I turned off the camcorder and was buying hot dogs from a street stand: "... why are there all these people on the street? Just another miserable day for me..." On 1:06:20, I started filming again (38:45 in the video): "... we have to sit down for a moment..." On 1:11:35, I came to my door and turned off the camcorder. I then immediately turned it back on to film myself putting my food away (43:54 in the video). On 1:14:00, I was out again to get ice cream. "That lady that scratched herself in front of me... I swear to God I want to murder her... endless pranks..." Ha! On 1:16:10, I turned off my camcorder and came inside the ice cream store.<sup>27</sup> On 1:18:30, out, and I turned on the camcorder to film what I had just bought (47:56 in the video). On 1:21:00, I was at home (50:50 in the video). On 1:26:40, I filmed my room (51:24 in the video): "... okay, I'll eat my hot dog first..." On 1:28:20, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. The rest of the recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

And so – did the suit team obtain any evidence today to support their "David Chin" legend in the lower court? Or to stifle the Russians' objections in the upper court? The restaurant flier might indeed be evidence that my criminal buddies had passed "secret messages" to me again in the form of restaurant advertisements, and the shop keepers could indeed have been instructed to press buttons on their cellphones in order to enable faulty surveillance to intercept me calling my criminal buddies again.

My next recording is: "gldrtbrne\_penvid\_imprtvid\_k4rv\_strm61\_supl2-6\_vid\_9\_12-3\_09\_654PM-135AM.wma": It was "Gladiator" on TV again (53:28 in the video): "... I don't know why Homeland Security wants me to see this... This woman was born on the same day as Karin, what's her name?" (I was referring to Connie Nielsen.) Soon I changed the channel. On 5:50, I filmed my TV again (53:44 in the video): "... yesterday it's 'Bourne-2', and today, 'Bourne-3'..." And I kept on changing the channel: "... I know watching this is good for Homeland Security, but after so many times I have just

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25 See "buy\_toiletpr\_9\_12\_09\_610PM.AVI".

26 See "buy\_eggcigbat\_9\_12\_09\_612PM.AVI"

27 See "buy\_icecream\_2cokes\_9\_12\_09\_647PM.AVI".

had no more interest in it... now Italian TV...” Nice acting! On 17:00, I filmed my TV again (54:41 in the video): “... these people are using cocaine, and that’s why Homeland Security wants me to watch it...” I turned off the TV and rested instead. On 24:00, I was back to my computers. On 26:00, buzz sounds. Then, on 29:00, I started looking for “MASAYA” on my Wireshark. On 36:25, I filmed myself uploading a file on GFTP to see if I could catch on T-Shark the other network name “cablenet.com.ni” (54:55 in the video). On 43:30, I started naming my new pen videos. On 58:00, I rambled on and on about the discrepancy between what was showing on my Wireshark and what was showing on my T-Shark. On 1:14:00, I started streaming the recording I had just uploaded, of my going out earlier. Then I saved the Wireshark captures. Then I seemed to be talking about the people outside again: “... I have too much work to do, otherwise I’d just take a baseball bat and kill these...” I was also making notes about the new recording. Then the recording from yesterday at the same time. Suddenly, on 1:56:00: “God, shit! I don’t know how to operate a computer!” On 2:03:00, all stopped. Then I continued with the recording from yesterday. Then: “... the ‘9\_12\_09’ video...” And I started importing the latest videos into my Toshiba. “... the Chinese restaurant... throw it there... to smash people’s fucking brain out...” (2:32:00). Then: “... all the people that [are told to] scratch their head, you don’t know whether they are local or imported... as for the store owners that did scratch their head, you know they are local...” I also continued uploading my files. On 3:05:00, I started writing: “... other people’s problems are traditional... physical abuses...” What was I writing? The conclusion to my “Supplemental Pleading”? On 2:29:50: “... I want to add something to ‘Karin’s Meetups’...” On 3:46:00, I was typing out some notes. What? Then I kept on writing. On 4:24:00, I started working on today’s video diary. On 4:51:00, the pen videos which I wanted to insert into my latest video diary. I mumbled about how, after it was reformatted, the pen now worked. I seemed still to be streaming the earlier recording at the same time. Then, something about the SM-Player (5:04:00). Then, suddenly, I noticed that people were talking outside again (5:16:00). On 5:22:00, I continued to stream the recording of my going out earlier. On 5:25:45, I filmed: “... people are chatting outside... the neighbor...” On 5:29:00, people were again yelling outside. “... just to produce surveillance showing me chatting outside with my friends... I have all these friends, street people, criminals...” It’s really not clear whether faulty surveillance had indeed confused them with me. Then I continued to work on the pen videos from going out earlier. (Did I continue to work on the video diary?) On 5:44:30 – did I turn on the TV? On 6:00:00 – was I writing about June 1 in my “Supplemental Pleading”? Then, people were talking outside again.

### September 13 (Sunday; nothing)

My next recording is: “vid912\_orth7\_pckts\_snrt\_9\_13\_09\_137-742AM.wma”: was I still working on the video diary? On 16:00, I was back to streaming the recording from June 1. On 33:20: “... people are talking outside again, let’s hear it...” And I took a break to cook my eggs. On 37:00, back to my work. On 42:20, back to my eggs. On 47:10, people were again yelling outside, and I went away to film it.<sup>28</sup> “No, can’t see it... Don’t know what I did... all the... just disappeared...” (53:40). On 55:25, people were talking outside again, and I bumped my Toshiba off to the floor. Then I went to get my eggs. Then, again: “... everything just disappeared... I don’t know how to operate this computer... open Project... ‘9\_12\_09’... what happened to the video... ‘9\_12\_09\_source’... we have to import the video

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28 With my pen camera?

all over again...” (1:00:00). I thus continued to work on the video diary from (what was now) yesterday. I couldn’t help but laugh repeatedly as I worked on the head-scratching thing in my video. On 1:36:00, I noted about my recording from June 1, how I should have read out loud what I wrote when I wrote it: “... otherwise people would not know that I was writing in the recording... I could be simply text-messaging...” Then I was mystified when Internet Explorer popped up again, and I filmed it:<sup>29</sup> “... every time when we open up a PDF document, something strange would happen...” (2:10:30). On 2:31:30, the new video diary was published, and I thus started playing it. On 2:40:10, buzz sounds. I noted the episode in the video: “... she only scratches her head when she looks at you... otherwise, she wouldn’t have scratched her head... see...” (2:45:00). (You have just seen my note about this in the footnote above.) On 3:12:50, I was again amused by my own video, by all the head-scratching. And I continued to write. What? The note you have just seen above? On 3:46:10, I was now backing up my new writings. On 3:54:30, buzz sounds. On 4:13:00: “I tried to print this out, and nothing happened... still not able to get into WAMU... saw the packets for WAMU... Ops, Konqueror crashed... Homeland Security is trying to stop me from checking... I don’t know why Homeland Security does not want me to check my bank account balance right now...” Again, I was most likely paranoid about nothing here. I continued: “... you are not gonna see the packets coming from Homeland Security which crashed Konqueror... Homeland Security doesn’t want me to see the packets... I want to see the packets... don’t crash, I want to print out my statement... I want to see the packets... I saw it, online.wamu.com...” And I continued to try to identify the packets for the other websites not knowing that I was just wasting my time. And I continued to film it all with my pen camera: “What do the packets look like when Konqueror crashed? I want to take Laura Chapel’s Wireshark classes... that concludes today’s share of machine malfunctioning...” (4:50:15). Then: “... I saw the packets cnr.com again... I suspect this cnr.com has something to do with SNORT... and we have checked cnr.com, it seems to have something to do with Linux software...” I went on and on about cnr.com – not knowing that I was just paranoid over nothing: “... I really did see it, I know no one will ever believe anything I say unless I videotape it... but even when I have videotaped it, no one will still believe anything I say...” (5:01:20). Right! Then I was reading something about Snort. “Obviously we are not gonna subscribe to snort.com... apparently you have to be a subscriber in order to obtain the rules... but I’m not gonna subscribe to anything...” And I continued to read: “... the Snort Community... that concludes this episode of Wireshark...” (5:15:50). Then I was reading something about VM-Ware and Ubuntu. “This thing opens up in Firefox, and then it says ‘request denied’... we don’t want to use Firefox...” Note that, on 5:26:30, birds were singing outside. And I continued on with computer matters associated with Snort.<sup>30</sup> Then: “... Konqueror is not able to download this crap from Sourceforge... and so that concludes this section of packets...” (5:34:30). I then continued on with Snort, its rules file, etc. On 5:48:35, I explained: “... this is the command I used, ‘sudo snort...’ and such is...” On 5:52:50, I filmed with my camcorder instead (the first scene in my next video diary, “9\_13-14\_09.wmv”): “... I want to document this, this is the command I used...” On 5:58:00, I filmed again (2:53 in the video): “... this is how... there is only a PDF file... that’s what it looks like...” And I read on (Snort information).

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29 With my pen camera?

30 I seemed to be reading the Snort manual again.

My next recording is: “bbcmathnzi\_rusnz\_slp\_9\_13\_09\_743AM-101PM.WMA”: I turned off the Sound Recorder and shut down my Eee PC. NBC’s “Meet the Press” on TV right now. Then, CNN’s “State of the Union”. On 12:50, BBC News. On 25:00, a BBC documentary, “The Story of Math”. Because the documentary came to David Hilbert and relativity, I suspected it was planted by the suit team! Then, not. Then, Gödel’s attachment to Nazis! And I thus turned off the TV (42:30). “That’s how Homeland Security gradually led you to Nazis! As if that were the focus of your life! I think Homeland Security just wants you to offend the judges in the ICJ. It would not matter if you are not white... they will make you into a KKK even if you are black... they are super magicians... they make cats into dogs and dogs into cats... just as they can make the Russian intelligence into a Nazi organization... even though Nazis kill Russians... even though, when a Nazi sees me, he’ll kill me... that’s why you need to give Mr former Secretary A+ for being a magician...” (until 48:30). I was right on target here! On 1:02:00, I reflected on the woman from yesterday who suddenly remembered to scratch her head when she turned around and saw me. On 1:25:50, more reflection: “If Mr former Secretary can turn a Russian into a Nazi even though Nazis kill Russians, what is he gonna do when he sees a Nazi? Is he gonna turn the Nazi into a Russian? Yeah, that’s what a magician does, he makes reality stand on its head, if he’s actually face to face with a Nazi in a courthouse, he’ll probably make the Nazi into a Russian... that’s what you call a ‘supreme magician’, always turning everything into its opposite... he’ll turn an elephant into a mouse... that’s why sometimes your double is a female... a white female...” Excellent! Then: “... doesn’t Wikipedia say Mr Fradkov is Jewish? And yet, according to Mr former Secretary, Mr Fradkov is a Nazi...” Then, on 1:32:30, I mumbled about the gunshots outside. And then the yelling. Then I rested quietly. On 2:48:10, loud music from the neighbor again. Then I continued to rest.<sup>31</sup>

My next recording is: “bbcdrg\_rst\_wrshr9\_13\_09\_510-635PM.mp3”: This is recorded with the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. I just woke up. Now my recorder had run out of battery, even though it was a new battery I had just bought yesterday. I turned on the TV. I complained about how the batteries merely lasted one hour, as if they were used batteries. Indeed! BBC on TV. On 22:00, BBC was talking about Mexican drug cartels (3:30 in the video). Then Michael Jackson flashed on my TV. (Presumably none of this was staged by the suit team.) On 33:00, I turned off the TV and went back to rest. On 1:09:50, I got up. On 1:14:00, I was on my Eee PC examining my Wireshark captures: “... standard query... this packet from asus.com...” And explosion sounds outside again. I then started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba, on 6:25 PM. “... another packet with ‘MASAYA’...”

My next recording is: “upld\_penvid\_dvd24\_supl25\_9\_13\_09\_627-1118PM.wma”: I continued to examine my Wireshark captures: “... DNS query... ‘MASAYA’... huh, my password is actually displayed right here...” I continued to examine the captures for a long time.<sup>32</sup> “Why are there so many ARPs?” On 38:30, I connected my Seagate hard drive, and there was a beep sound again: “... it’s very bad...” On 41:00, I was naming the previous recording (455-507). On 46:15, I turned on the TV. “... Brazilian... they are just trying to obtain evidence that we are watching Brazilian...” (1:01:00). (Not really.) I then changed the channel to BBC. Spanish on 1:15:00. On 1:18:40, I turned off the TV:

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31 Reviewed until 3:31:00, and then from 5:01:00 onward.

32 At one point I seemed to be reading about “Spanning-Tree Protocol”.



“Watching TV is not a good idea...” I then thought of a new way to reburn DVD-24: move all the files to Toshiba’s hard drive to burn them directly from there. (As if that would make any difference.) “What mystery is hiding in DVD-24 anyway...?” I was then organizing my files: “... ‘Journal Attachments’...” I kept working on my files away from my Toshiba and mumbling indistinctly. On 1:40:50, I had now moved enough files out of my Toshiba. Then, I opened up “Supplemental Pleading-3-9” to work on it from time to time. By now I had created “DVD-24-Mod” and put all the files in it. On 1:47:50, I was working on my “Supplemental Pleading” again (writing about Mireya). Meanwhile, the uploading continued (2:11:00), and I also worked more on the files for the new “DVD-24-Mod”. “... moving Wireshark captures to ‘Journal Attachments’...” On 2:27:00, loud music outside again. On 2:39:40, I played the video from this morning. On 2:42:20, my Eee PC blanked out. “... the pen camera is working just fine, and we saw the packets from WAMU...” (3:11:40). I continued to be busy with WAMU’s IP address and packets for quite a while. “That concludes this episode of ‘our inability to get into WAMU on Konqueror’...” (3:24:00). Ha! On 3:36:30, I inserted a blank disc into my Toshiba and was ready to burn the new DVD-24. I then watched my own “Goddess of Silverlake” for entertainment. I mumbled about how this was one of the few videos I had shot that had nothing to do with the suit team’s operations. On 3:53:30, the burning was successfully completed. On 3:59:00, my “Supplemental Pleading” again: “... I don’t know why I keep writing this when I’ll never file this... because I don’t feel like changing all the ‘plaintiff’s to ‘I’s...” On 4:04:50, it was now raining hard outside. On 4:28:15: “... now, send the hash values to myself...” On 4:31:50, I again mumbled about the network name business. On 4:32:25: “... we have to use Firefox...” On 4:45:50, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. On 4:51:00, I turned on the TV. After changing the channel around, I settled on CNN.

My next recording is: “[sxtv\\_mstrbt\\_9\\_13\\_09\\_1110-1145PM.mp3](#)”. On 5:20: “... it’s the Julia Robert movie again... you turn around and it’s all this sex...” Then: “... maybe you can videotape it” – and I did (12:50 or [4:56](#) in the video): “... our Homeland Security TV’s theme today seems to be sex... that concludes today’s TV...” In reality, the suit team most likely didn’t orchestrate any TV shows for me today. Then, from 28:00 onward, I seemed to be looking through my old videos. Then I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. As I would later write in my diary under this recording:

TV was filled with sex, violent sex. It seems that Mr former Secretary was trying to produce surveillance of me that would gravely offend the lead judge at the international court who must be a female, as I have repeatedly noted.

Again, this was not the case today. My next recording is: “[pplutsde\\_rvw529vid\\_suplprfkrev\\_9\\_13-14\\_09\\_1146PM-643AM.wma](#)”: I was again trying to save the Wireshark captures. Now, on 4:00, I was testing the new DVD-24 by reviewing “[5\\_27-29\\_09.wmv](#)”. Then, I was writing out the notes about this video diary in my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 1:10:00, loud music or yelling outside. “It’s probably staged by Homeland Security, to produce surveillance showing me being outside and yelling at people.” Was it really so? On 1:19:00, loud music in the distance, and I was again convinced it was the suit team (producing surveillance showing me blasting loud music). (Again: really?) I then started reviewing the recording from last night by streaming it from my website (to make sure it was successfully uploaded). On 1:50:00, I was back to working on my “Supplemental Pleading”. On

2:49:10, hash values. On 3:16:00, I started reviewing the pen videos from May. By 3:34:20 – did I get the content of DVD-24-Mod ready? On 3:36:00, I ejected the disc and took a break. On 4:00:00, back to work. Was I now working on “Preface”? Then, today’s folders. Then, files and file permissions. On 4:37:00 – did I finish filming something with my pen camera? On 4:59:30, I started watching Laura Chapel’s Wireshark tutorial while eating ice cream. On 5:20:00, back to work. “Preface”? (Including “Feefee and Valerie”.) On 5:50:00 – was I then working on “Karin’s Meetups”? On 6:22:00 – was I now working on some file problem? “... ‘Karin’s Meetups-7-3’... but the episode with Deborah Green will not be in here...” At the end of the recording, I started backing up my latest files.

There was no operation today – the suit team didn’t produce any evidence to support their “David Chin legend” – probably because I didn’t go out.

### September 14 (**Monday; scratching/ cellphone calls?**)

My next recording is: “[snrt\\_ipables\\_bbc\\_9\\_14\\_09\\_630-805AM.mp3](#)”: I came inside my Gmail account on Konqueor (kurtc1972). On 14:00 – was I naming my recordings? “... ‘9\_13-14’...” On 20:37: “... Seagate... shut down Toshiba...” Then I resumed working on Snort: “... yesterday we have successfully... Snort... now Network Intrusion Detection System... now we’ll just have to find the...” (24:40). Then I finally found the rules. On 1:20:40, I started the command. “Oh, you need -c before the rules file...” On 31:20, I filmed:<sup>33</sup> “... this is the command we have entered... you see how it seems to be working... see, it’s logging packets... try my Geocities site... so whatever happened to Hostmatrix?” (38:20) I was now checking into my Hostmatrix site. Then I continued to work with Snort and read the rules. On 1:03:00: “... they are again blasting music very loudly outside...” Again, it’s really not clear whether this was part of the suit team’s operation. On 1:10:00, I was reading something about Linux. On 1:16:00, the IP Tables (iptables.org).<sup>34</sup> On 1:24:00, I turned on the TV: CNN. Then I was reading something about the IP Tables again (?).

My next recording is: “[slplatenogood\\_bbcbrzl\\_slp\\_9\\_14\\_09\\_813-1125AM.WMA](#)”: BBC News. On 19:00, I turned off the TV and mumbled about how much there was to remember. Then, again about why there were buzz sounds in the Toshiba Sound Recorder recordings. Then I rested quietly.<sup>35</sup>

My next recording is: “[bbccba\\_slp\\_wk\\_9\\_14\\_09\\_1232-539PM.WMA](#)”: I woke up and turned on the TV. BBC News. I continued to rest.<sup>36</sup> On 1:41:40, I was briefly up. On 1:43:50, I turned off the TV. “I guess the suit team has come back to working on Brazil... now Brazil is in the focus again.” (Probably not.) On 1:53:00, back to rest.<sup>37</sup> Nothing until the end.

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33 With my pen camera?

34 This is from netfilter.org, providing software for the packet filtering framework inside Linux 2.4 x and 2.6 x kernel series.

35 Reviewed until 56:00, and then from 2:57:00 onward.

36 Reviewed until 45:00, and then from 1:41:30 onward.

37 Reviewed until 2:14:00, and then from 4:53:00 onward.

My next recording is; “olrcrd\_ut\_chckn\_cigcrn\_dbletxi\_anml\_9\_14\_09\_545-723PM.WMA”: I was now really waking up. BBC News was talking about Libya again. On 6:00, I turned off the TV. On 33:00, after shaving, I mumbled about how I needed to review the recordings from July and August. “Now, it’s scary time, the time to go out to get food...” Then I was mumbling about the difficulty in transferring the recordings from my Sony recorder by analog means. “We only go out one hour each day, it’s like living in jail, and now it’s the best thing you can ever have...” On 44:20, before going out, I filmed out of the window (7:30 in the video): “... what’s waiting for me outside...” On 45:40, once downstairs, I filmed again (8:20 in the video): “... egg shells... we need to throw these away...” On 47:30, I filmed again (8:40 in the video): “... okay, throw away these egg shells...” On 48:55, I was out of my door, and I turned off my camcorder. On 49:45, I turned it back on (10:10 in the video), and I noted a man on bicycle, but he didn’t scratch himself. “Somebody again locked my door, and I don’t like it when people come to my place and lock my door for me... that guy just touched his face...” (See 11:42 in the video.) Namely, while I was trying to open the lock, this guy passed by and touched his nose in a very contrived manner seemingly intent on producing surveillance showing me receiving a secret message from him. Then another passerby touched his face. “... what they do reflects badly on me...” Ha! This indeed seemed to be a suit team operation. Then another guy sitting there touched his hat. Then: “... that person is using his cellphone... is it a surveillance intercept showing me calling somebody again?” (57:10) Probably not. I was now in a fast food restaurant to order a “Super Combo”. On 1:03:45, I was out, and I went to a corner. On 1:04:30, I filmed my food (17:46 in the video). As I continued walking on, another guy on bicycle was calling on his cellphone: “... in surveillance it’s me on the bicycle... to myself...” We aren’t sure if I was right this time. On 1:09:00, I bought corns from a street stand. On 1:10:20, I bought two packs of cigarettes from another street stand. Then I turned on my camcorder again (21:50 in the video). On 25:10 in the video, another guy on cellphone. Confused with me? Then, another woman touching her face. On 28:00 in the video – another cellphone call? Then I got very suspicious when I ran into the same woman whom I had just seen in Central Square (28:30 in the video). On 1:19:00: “... that woman is getting into a taxi, and so, according to surveillance, I’m getting into a taxi...” (29:40 in the video). Really? On 1:20:30 (or 30:40 in the video), I was in front of my door. On 1:21:50, I saw another suspicious car, and I read out the license plate (32:23 in the video): “... there is no way to avoid it... when Homeland Security orders a woman to go into a taxi, how do you avoid it? You just have to be content with the fact that, according to surveillance, you are going to somewhere else...” On 1:24:30, already in my living room, I filmed myself again (33:25 in the video) – locking the door and putting the food away. “... I locked the door... and that thing” – referring to the Chinese restaurant menu on the floor – “the world has changed because of that...” Excellent testimony about my conspiracy with the suit team! And then I regurgitated about my effort to save kittens together with these women from the community back in 1998. On 1:27:25, once in my room upstairs, I filmed again (35:08 in the video). On 1:28:50, I filmed again (35:22 in the video): “... Toshiba wouldn’t start again...” And on and on about whether Homeland Security was remotely controlling it while I fixed the problem. And I turned on the TV continuing my mumbling: “... according to surveillance, I’m actually going somewhere else, not watching TV right now...” (1:31:20). BBC. On 1:33:00, I turned on the Sound Recorder. The rest of the recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

To conclude: the suit team seemed to have today returned to the necessity of instructing people to scratch themselves in front of me so that there could continue to be justification in the upper court for running faulty surveillance on me. This should be considered in combination with the second mentally confused email which Maria wrote me today insisting that I had come to Casa on Casa's shuttle on August 11. (See the entry for September 16, later.) Namely, the Russians had evidently continued to insist in the upper court that faulty surveillance should not be used because the sting operation had failed on August 11 – and that Maria's first email on September 5 was mistaken. (Did my streaming of the August 11 recording from my website on the night of September 5 achieve some effect after all?) Meanwhile, it's not clear whether faulty surveillance had indeed intercepted my calls to my criminal buddies as evidence in support of the "David Chin legend" in the lower court.

My next recording is: "[lglyblnd\\_menospkfrmyslf\\_impvid\\_strm811flight\\_rvw6278\\_9\\_14-5\\_09\\_711PM-1244AM.wma](#)". Again, BBC was talking about Al Qaeda, and so I changed the channel. On 3:00, buzz sounds, and again on 7:45, and again on 10:25. I started working on my latest recordings: "... I created a folder, 'granada-16' ..." (14:50). Then I was troubling myself with this "MASAYA" again: "... it is shown on T-Shark but not on Wireshark..." Then, I went inside my Hostmatrix account (26:30). And I went on and on about how I couldn't speak for myself, since I was never even seen in the surveillance on me: "... I might record myself, but Homeland Security will make sure that no one will ever hear any of my recordings..." Then: "... why does Homeland Security put this on TV? Do they want us to watch it?" (41:50) It was a movie with Sally Field, and I reflected on the movie "Sybil". I then started uploading the recordings from last night to my website (as usual). And I continued to be engrossed in the movie. On 1:09:00 – was I looking into my log? "... I've got a visit from..." I printed out the visitors' log from my Hostmatrix account. Then, suddenly, "Bourne" on TV again (1:18:00): "... Homeland Security did it on purpose... make this 'Bourne' flash on the TV..." Again, this was probably not the work of the suit team. Then, something strange on the Wireshark captures (1:32:40). What? I had by now finished with the hash values. On 1:47:50, a new movie on TV: "... it looks scary, but Franke Potente is in it... so Homeland Security puts on a movie with her in it so that I'd want to watch it anyway..." Most likely not! On 1:55:30 – I seemed to be filming my TV with my pen camera: "... that concludes our TV..." I was now importing my latest videos to my Toshiba. Then I continued to be obsessed with my Wireshark captures: "... we saw it... online.wamu.com... now we logged into cPanel... and..." And I continued to examine the captures. Then: "... see, it crashed... use GFTP, it can still go in..." I was now inside my WAMU account: "... we have 300 dollars... maybe you should tell Snort to stop..." On 2:15:00, I started writing. What? On 2:28:00, a break. Then – the importing failed! (2:36:00) I filmed it: "... the Movie Maker has malfunctioned..." On 2:42:00, I started working on the latest video diary (the clips that were already imported). I also checked the pen videos to see which one I should incorporate into my video diary. On 2:54:40, Nero malfunctioned, and I used Gom Player instead. Then, on 3:07:00, I started streaming the recording from August 11 again while continuing to work on my video diary. On 3:25:45, I was now ready to import the videos once more (the clips that were left out). On 3:36:50, the importing started. On 3:38:10, it was already done. I kept on writing: "Karin's Meetups". Then: "... we should do 'How-I-have-73' ..." (3:58:50). Then I wanted to insert into my "Preface" the receipt for the rent I paid to the four Indian students back in April 2007 (4:05:30). On 4:14:40, the importing was done. (Again?) Then: "... hm... Nero Movie Maker... never used it before..."

just disconnect the camcorder...” On 4:28:15, I stopped the recording. “The recording of your sleeping is also important, the recording of silence... every second of your life needs to be recorded...” On 4:35:45, buzz sounds. On 4:41:00, I tested the recordings from days earlier. Then the recording from this morning. What was I doing with my recordings? On 4:56:50, loud music outside again, and the birds were singing. Then – what was I writing? Then: “Oh my God...” And I was looking for files again. “Okay, it’s on DVD-4...” (5:04:20). I inserted the disc. On 5:08:30, I started reviewing the old recording from June 27 (“Live and Become”). On 5:33:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC.

### September 15 (Tuesday)

My next recording is: “brk\_lvintmofchlea\_9\_15\_09\_1242-1256AM.mp3”: What was I mumbling about? “You’ll be tempted to document it...” I turned on the TV (4:30). Cine Canal. Again, “Love in the Time of Cholera.” Again, I was mumbling about Homeland Security (how they had put this movie on TV for me to see?). On 9:20, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “rvwk62708\_mnngoflife\_9\_15\_09\_1-4AM.WMA”: On 8:40, buzz sounds. On 14:30, I continued to review the recording from June 27 last year. On 15:30, the recording is corrupted. On 26:00, I was now working on the SM-Player. I was learning to play files using the command line, and I worked on it for quite a while. On 46:00, I reviewed the video of my using Snort from yesterday morning. Then I was terribly amused by my own writing about the June 27 “Live and Become” meetup. I was now streaming the June 27 meetup recording from my website and continuing to work on it for quite a while. Then, about my TV: “... I don’t know how surveillance is conducted on my watching TV here... If I just stay on it for a few seconds, would that count?” And I turned on the TV (1:39:30). CBS News: the global financial crisis. But I immediately turned it off and went back to the June 27 meetup. On 2:07:00, a break, and I turned on the TV. Still CBS News. On 2:13:00, I started mumbling about how I would not be remembered by anyone and went on and on about it: “... look, the police are looking for this guy’s body... if I die the police will merely confuse my body with someone else’s...” On 2:19:00, I turned off the TV. And I went on and on and concluded: “... that’s the meaning of life according to a thermodynamic interpretation...” And I returned to the June 27 meetup.<sup>38</sup> Then, disaster. As I would soon describe in my diary:

The recording of this early morning from 1 to 4 AM was lost because Windows Vista suffered a “Blue Screen of Death” before I got to save the recording in the Sound Recorder. I spent two hours trying to see if there was a way to recover the temporary files that might exist containing the recording before it was saved. No luck. I simply didn’t understand computers enough to know where the file might exist if it did exist. Frustrated to the extreme. Yelling and screaming and crying. More than three hours of my waking life has disappeared. The Temp1 WAV file turns out to be a recording from my WS-210S recorder and it was the recording of my restraining order hearing at Pasadena courthouse with Karin’s bunch on December 24 last year. It’s a mystery as to how this recording ended up

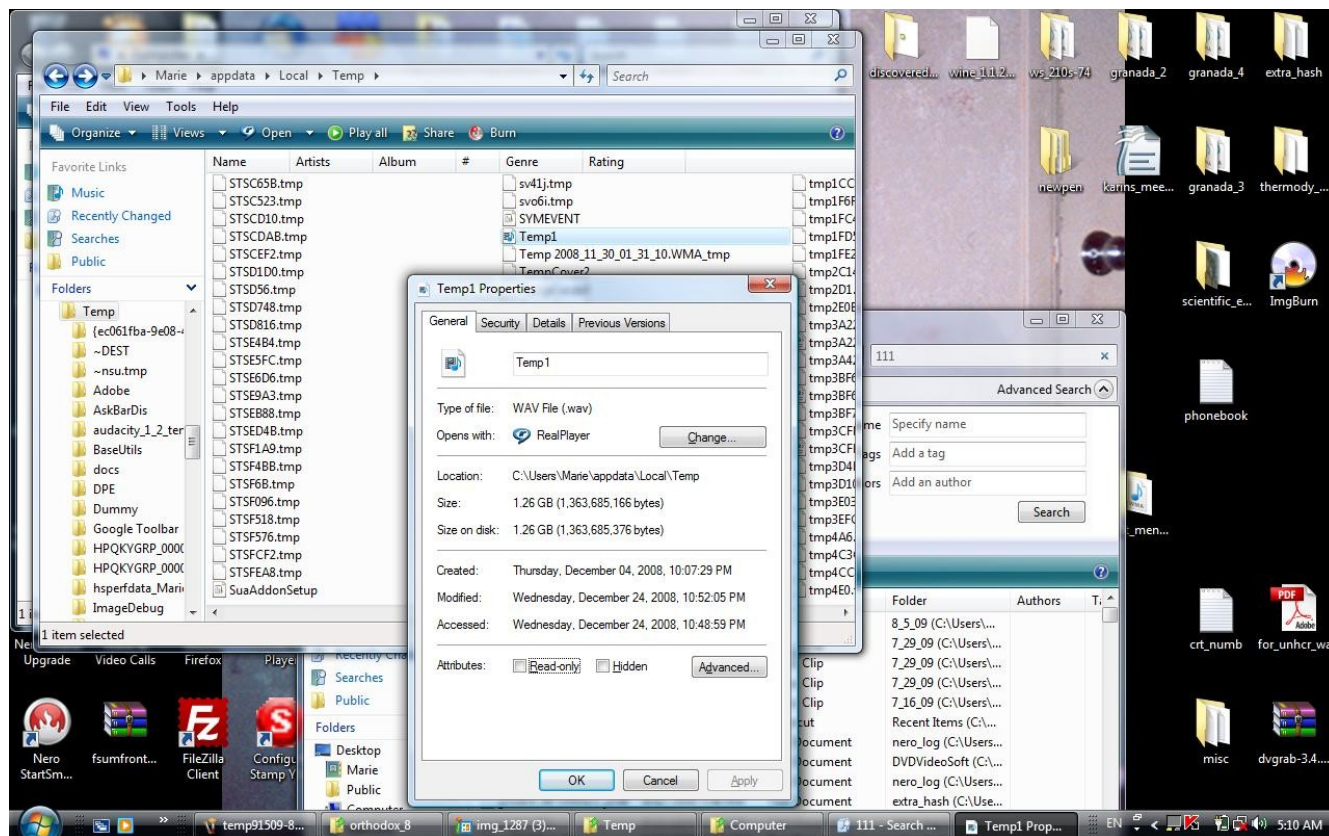
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<sup>38</sup> Note that this recording, because it was a Temp file rescued from the crash, has a lot of problems. On my VLC Player, it can’t be fast forwarded or rewinded, for instance.



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having a Temp version – and in WAV format at that! Remember that all recordings from WS-210S are in WMA format – in my Appdata/Local/Temp directory.



Temp1 WAV file

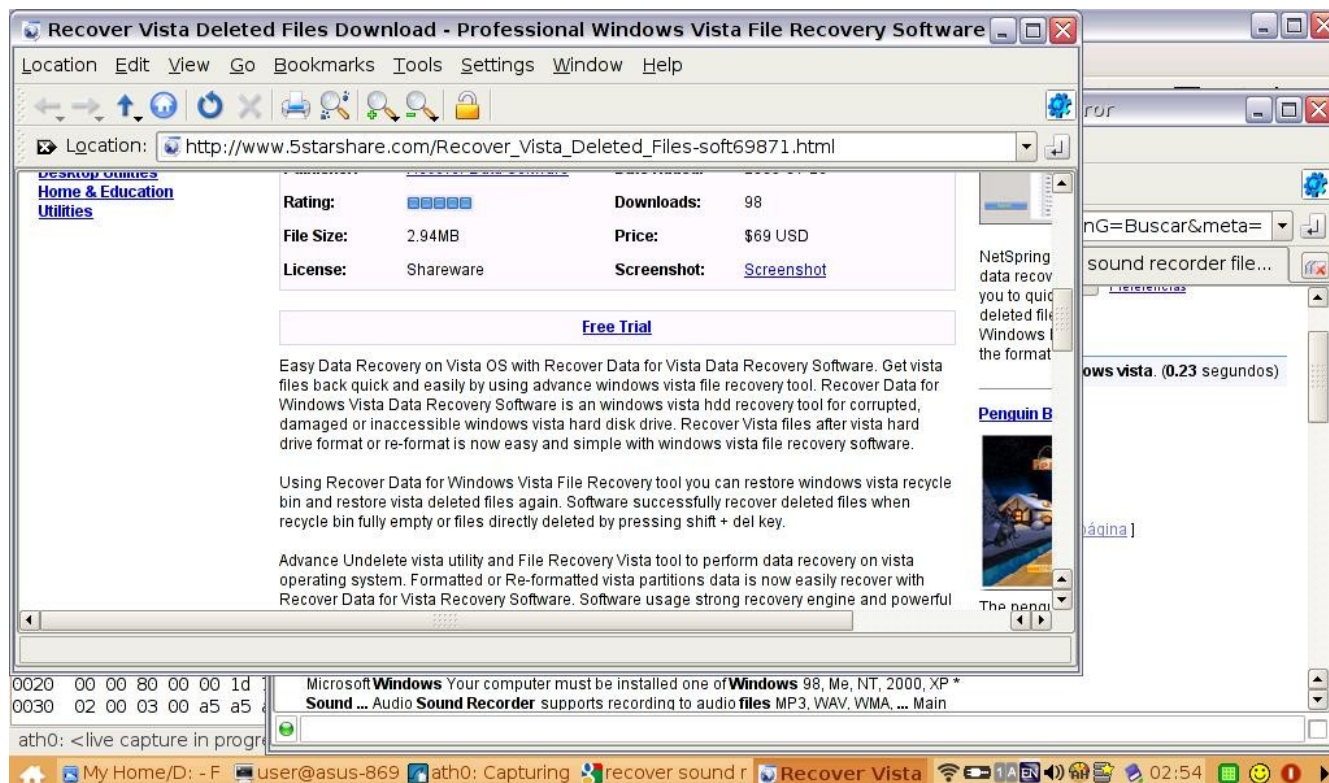
And so now you can understand what the following hysteria was about. My next recording is: “toshiba\_crash\_9\_15\_09\_410-719AM.WMA”: I shouted: “... Toshiba has come back to life...” I continued on and on about how I couldn’t believe what had just happened: it must be Homeland Security. (It’s really not clear whether the suit team had really done this.) CBS News on TV. On 7:20, Toshiba was back on. I continued my hysteria: “This is so bad, oh my God!” I broke down crying. Then, again: “Would you rather be living and not remembered or dead and remembered? ... right now I’m just talking to nobody...” (15:30). Again, some acting here, as if I didn’t know the Russians were listening to me. I moaned and groaned and suspected again that the crash of my Toshiba was caused by the SD card. I had to restart my Eee PC too. “Oh my God, this is so bad... oh my God, my Eee PC is unplugged... why is my life so bad? Oh my God, my Eee PC froze!” I cried even more hysterically (26:30). (The Russians must be frowning again.) On 30:00, I was now reading stuff online about the Sound Recorder, wanting to recover the lost recording. I cried again: “... what’s going on? The computer malfunctioned again!” (36:00) And I read on. Nothing found, I now searched Google Books,

“Windows Vista, Sound Recorder” (50:00).<sup>39</sup> On 54:50, I yelled hysterically when my recorder fell to the floor. On 56:40, I cried again when my Eee PC froze up again. I kept crying and yelling: “Please, just let me do it! Temp files... where is it?” I searched “Windows Vista, Sound Recorder, memory”... (1:13:00). Then: “... we can’t know where Sound Recorder has saved this recording...” And I kept on yelling about how I couldn’t understand computers, and then cried more. I started browsing through all the files in the Temp folder looking for a file with the right date and time. Finally, on 1:37:50: “... forget it, it’s gone...” Then I was backing up my new files. And then: “... we backed up the wrong file! No! I can’t handle it...” On 1:41:50, I turned off the TV. On 1:53:00: “... I hope DVD-4 is not broken... now I have to check DVD-4...” Then: “Where is my lighter?” And I cried and yelled more. Was I now back to the recording of the June 27 meetup? On 2:06:00, I was back to looking for the Temp files. Then, as noted: “A file created on December 4 2008 – what is it? What is this recording? No it came from the WS-210S recorder on December 24... but how did it end up here?” Then I was writing something. (What?) Then I continued to look through the Temp files. “Oh my God, the Temp file malfunctions! It’s not responding...” (2:40:10). On 2:41:50, I located something: “... a file, created just when Toshiba crashed...” But it was just an empty folder. Then, the other files generated today. On 2:57:40, I yelled hysterically when I tripped over. “Oh my God! My Toshiba restarts after I shut it down! I don’t understand computers!” And I cried again. I turned off my Toshiba again, and it turned itself back on again (3:06:10). “Toshiba is breaking down!” I still suspected that it’s all because Homeland Security was remotely controlling my Toshiba.

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<sup>39</sup> I found Guy Hart-Davis’ *Mastering Microsoft Windows Vista Home: Premium and Basic*. I looked up “Recording Audio Files with Sound Recorder”. Then I found Alan Simpson’s *Windows Vista Bible*.

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Frantically looking for software to recover  
the lost Sound Recorder file

My next recording is: “[past\\_bbcindia\\_tryslp\\_ut\\_cigicrm\\_pplwpeface\\_9\\_15\\_09\\_714-1123AM.WMA](#)”. I was now finally going to bed. But no: “No time to sleep anymore, not after today’s disaster...” And I continued on and on about what a bad day it was. On 12:40, I switched the channel on my TV. BBC was reporting on Wall Street and the global financial crisis again. On 24:00, I broke down crying. Now BBC was reporting something about Africa (35:00): “... there is all this news about Africa because I’m here in this apartment... what exactly did I do in Africa? Everybody else knows it except me. Everyone else knows what crimes I have committed, I’m the only one who doesn’t know... Usually it’s the criminal who knows what crimes he has committed and it’s the other people who don’t know, but in my case it’s the opposite...” I was quite right – even though the suit team didn’t orchestrate any news about Africa. And I went on and on: “... I know that Mr former Secretary likes to establish that I believe in aliens, but in reality I don’t believe aliens exist at all... the purpose of existence is to document the existence, and then – who’s gonna watch it? ... My Guinness World Record... nobody has ever attempted to record every single second of his life, even when he sleeps... It would be nice if I can depend on other people to remember the life I have lived... Wes knows who the Invisible Hand is, I don’t... he knew me for 12 years... but it’s not the duration that counts, but the amount of candies given... I don’t have candies to give out... but I do *cause* candies to be given out...” I was talking about how everyone had got candies from the suit team for operating on me. Then about how everyone here in Granada had got candies too: “... some of them are locals... the vagrants are imported... I don’t

even know if I really own my Toshiba... they must have extracted all the data from it back in March... I should have studied computers... I have spent three hours on this Temp files thing... Windows Vista has got to go... maybe I should make a trap by my front door so that, if someone tries to stick a flier in... he would be like: 'Hey I'm only trying to... for Homeland Security, and this guy... pours waters on my head... he has boobytrapped his door'... some strange missions these people have got... to scratch their head... what are they told? 'When you see this guy, scratch your head'... the problem with Homeland Security is that they aren't really honest with their own agents... that's how they differ from the 'circle of the Invisible Hand'...' As you can see, I wouldn't even dare speak the CIA's name. Then: "... maybe the sudden influx of things Brazil has something to do with Wes..." And I went on and on about how I was afraid to talk to Wes, to people. "... the last time when the Blue Screen of Death... in April... this is the second time..." Then I was resting quietly for a long time. Then, suddenly, on 1:39:00: "... we are the True Jesus, we must continue to bear it all... but we are still leaving a back door open... preserving our data..." Excellent testimony (to explain my otherwise paradoxical resistance)! Then I went on and on about "Karin and Karin" during the meetup "Live and Become": "... Michelangelo was talking to Karin and Karin..." And I continued to reminiscence about what happened that night. Then: "What about Marie? It's Marie that's a better person..." And I went on and on about Marie. "Who knows what she's been told about me..." Then I went on and on about my brother. Then Marie and Mireya together. Then Karin again. "Remember to create a censored version and hash it." Then I was back to the "Live and Become" meetup: "... two Karins came to see the movie... that was planned by the suit team... but the other event, from a long time ago... Deborah and her husband... his brother also married a Deborah, and so there were two Deborah Ws... just as there were two Gauravs... that wasn't planned... things like that we have to start paying attention to... because all these people will be confused together in surveillance... someday somebody should read about this twilight zone..." On 2:11:50, siren outside. "It could be that, according to surveillance, I'm taken to the hospital right now..." (Probably not.) I then went on and on about the increasing number of people with broken arms and broken legs. On 2:21:20, siren again. Then I went on about Howard. On 2:37:00, I turned on the TV. BBC News was now talking about air conditioning manufacturing in China. Then, on 2:46:00, it was talking about the global financial crisis again, and this time reporting from Mumbai, India. Then I was busy about with my contact solution. Meanwhile, BBC News went on and on about India's relation to the global financial crisis. Then, India's economic growth. On 3:09:00, I changed the channel. Now, a French movie. On 3:22:00, I changed the channel again. Then back to the French movie. On 3:35:30, I turned off the TV, ready to go out to get snacks. I filmed (the first scene of my next video diary, "9\_15\_09.wmv"): "... what's going on outside?..." On 3:38:10, I filmed again (0:42 in the video): "... who's outside?" On 3:39:25, I filmed myself getting out (0:54 in the video). On 3:41:30, I filmed as I got onto the street (2:38 in the video). "... people are gonna scratch their head... we really want to scratch *our* head too, but we have to hold it..." I kept on waiting for this guy to leave the store, and finally he did and, on 3:47:10, I turned off my camcorder and walked in. I bought cigarettes, matches, noodles, and cookies, but, immediately, the suit team sent in this freaky teenager (or so I thought: 8:14 in the video). On 3:51:20, when I came out, I filmed (10:07 in the video): "... we bought all these... a freaky kid walked in... scary... just the way he stared at me... immediately when I walked in, he walked in..." (It's possible that the kid had merely seen the alert about me.) On 3:54:50, I turned off my camcorder as I walked into another store to buy ice cream.



Immediately, one of the store owners went to stand by the entrance to wipe his sweat off his face: “He just has to come in to wipe his face...” And then the cordless phone inside the store rang, but the owner wouldn’t answer it, letting instead the other owner doing the wiping pick up the phone. (See my explanation on 13:00 and then on 14:09 in the video.) It’s however unclear whether any of this was part of the suit team’s operation. On 3:57:25, once out, I started filming again (16:34 in the video): “... you see that guy who came over to wipe his face, it’s so contrived...” By 4:01:30, I was in my home, and I turned off my camcorder. I turned on the TV. On 4:07:30, I turned on the Sound Recorder. In conclusion, we can’t be sure whether the suit team had really produced any evidence this morning.

My next recording is: “ftp\_hbogrlmv\_sndrcrd\_tmp\_9\_15\_09\_1120AM-227PM.wma”: I was now naming my recordings with the TV turned on. “... I’m gonna stick the SD card into my Toshiba, hopefully it will not crash it...” Buzz sounds on 9:30. Then, this “MASAYA” appeared on my T-Shark again. I continued to obsess over what showed up on my Wireshark. “We cannot import the video right now, we don’t have enough disk space...” (27:30). Then I blew up when I spilled ice cream on the floor. On 30:30, something about Russia on my TV (20:43 in the video), and I promptly changed the channel. Now, Adam Sandler on TV. I kept on changing the channel. Then, I played the videos from the morning of the 13<sup>th</sup> (46:30). I was now making my latest video diary. Then I was obsessing over the Wireshark captures again (1:26:30). Then, I was back to looking through the Temp files. And I read on: “... the sound card...” And I researched more on the Sound Recorder. “... you will not find out where the Sound Recorder has saved the buffer file before the file is re-saved manually...” I searched and searched, but all in vain. I continued to search among Windows folders: “... APPData, Roaming... Program Files...” Then: “... what is this ‘Windows Shell Comer’?” I read on: “... fileinfo.com...”<sup>40</sup>

My next recording is: “film\_tmp1wav\_9\_15\_09\_229-248PM.WMA”: It’s now 2:26 PM. I turned off the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. I was now studying to see if the Temp file was still there after I saved the Sound Recorder recording. No. “... it seems that the Sound Recorder buffer file always starts with ‘ART’... that’s another reason why Eee PC is better than Windows Vista... the Sound Recorder here created a buffer file... if it crashes, you’ll never have to worry about not finding it... but the question is, how do you convert that to a regular WMA file...?” On 13:55, while accessing my Toshiba’s Temp files again, I started filming it (21:09 in the video): “... something I discovered in AppData/Temp... something I even noted in my diary... Temp File 1... all my Temp files... Temp File 1 is a WAV file, created in December 2008... 1.6 gigabyte... where did it come from... we played it... and it was the recording of our restraining order hearing... why is it in a WAV file?”

My next recording is: “slp\_9\_15\_09\_253-326PM.WMA”: On 4:50, I turned on the TV. Meg Ryan in “French Kiss”. On 10:30, I turned off the TV.

My next recording is: “slp\_0\_15\_09\_321-359PM.WMA”: I changed the battery in my recorder and continued to rest.<sup>41</sup>

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40 It seems that I also did a search for “François Gautier” and “Stéphane Thibault” around this time, i.e. the two student-teachers during my time in UQAM.

41 Reviewed until 12:30, and then from 34:30 onward.



My next recording is: “wk\_9\_15\_09\_655-701PM.WMA”: I just woke up. On 1:00, I turned on the TV. On 4:00, did I turn on the Sound Recorder? I described the explosion sounds outside. BBC on TV.

My next recording is: “cmmnttv\_vid913-4\_k10rvw62708\_9\_15-6\_09\_658PM-1213AM.wma”: CNN on TV. On 15:00, I was back to working on the latest video diary (September 13). On 40:00, I was watching TV for a break. “... Venezuela suddenly popped up on the TV screen... don’t know if that means anything...” On 51:00, I filmed the TV (26:20 in the video): “... the 007 movie... Dr Phil is interviewing that Asian guy who said sexist things... that’d be evidence of my racism and sexism... That concludes this episode of our Homeland Security TV” (53:30). And I continued to switch the channel. Then I filmed the TV again (29:02 in the video): “... 7:53 PM, it’s that sniper movie again... this movie... jealousy between sisters, and that would be the purpose...” Probably not. On 1:01:00, back to my video diary. On 1:55:00, I was writing. What? The June 27 meetup? Or the note you’ve seen above? On 2:07:00, back to my video diary. On 2:11:00, I was now ready to publish it: “9\_13-14\_09.wmv”. On 2:17:00, I was again obsessing over the captures on my Wireshark and T-Shark. “We upload about 500 megabytes of data per day...” And I turned on the TV again (2:23:00). Another French movie. On 2:38:50, I filmed the TV (33:32 in the video): “... a Chinese woman... two African men... now the African men are talking about the politics of African nations... India...” And I changed the channel to something American. On 2:44:00, I turned off the TV and went back to Karin’s meetups. “Karin’s Meetups-10-11”. I continued on with the June 27 recording. On 3:05:00, I focused on Michelangelo’s conversation with Karin on that night. On 3:07:00, the video diary was published, and I played it to make sure it was good. On 3:32:00, I was looking through my Temp files again. This time, to clear up more disk space. But, somehow, by deleting Temp files I had lost disk space instead! Then: “... ‘9\_13-4\_09.wmv’ needs to be published one more time...” On 3:34:30, I was back to the June 27 meetup. I kept on writing about Michelangelo’s “wisdom” (“karma”). On 4:11:50: “Oh my God, Eee PC just shuts down by itself... oh, it’s out of battery...” Then, the September 13 video diary again (4:20:00). On 5:09:30, buzz sounds. On 5:12:00, I stopped: to consider something about my video diary? I then started uploading this new video diary.

### September 16 (Wednesday; did David Chin go out?)

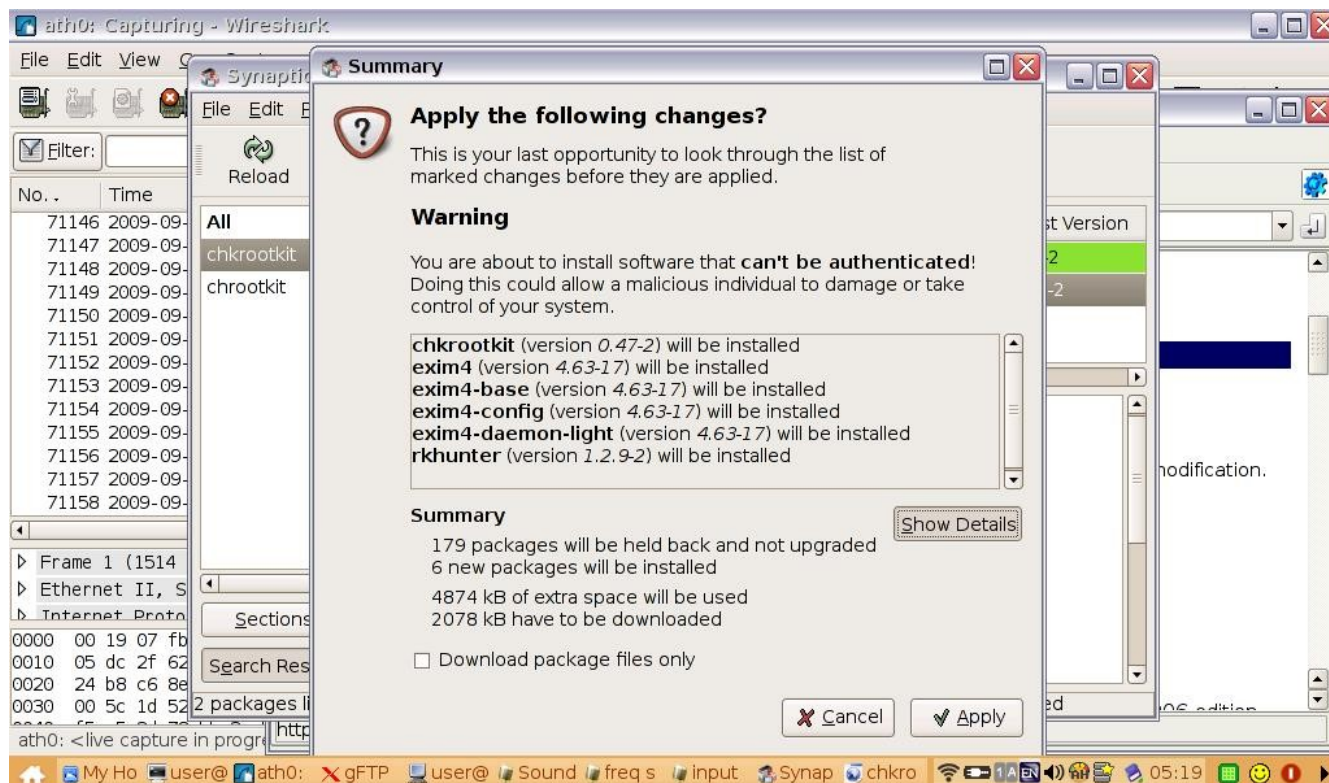
My next recording is: “vid91509\_k10rvw6278\_9\_16\_09\_1218-626AM.wma”. Was I now importing my latest videos? On 2:20, I turned on the TV and turned off the recorder. The importing might fail because the CPU usage was not up to 100 percent. On 21:50, I filmed the TV with my pen camera because Cine Canal was showing a sex scene between a couple with a teenage boy somewhere with headphones on perhaps to listen in on the sex act. But I missed it. I then turned off the TV. Then I continued to review the recording of Karin’s meetup (June 27). On 29:30, the importing was done. On 45:45, GFTP again stalled in the middle of file transfer. And I continued to review the same recording. Was I making notes about it too? Then I started working on yesterday’s video diary. (First, naming the pen videos.) On 1:10:00 I noted the strange “improvement” during the last trip outside: cordless phones instead of cellphones. Then GFTP stalled again on 1:43:00. On 1:49:00, back to the same recording from last morning. Then, from 1:58:00 onward, yesterday’s video diary. Then I started reviewing the

recording of my going out earlier, making notes about it along the way. Then, someone knocked on the wall in the middle of the night (2:46:00). I continued to work on yesterday's video diary, at times terribly amusing myself. On 3:23:30, it was time for the credits at the end: I started typing out my conclusion: "Remember that the study of hermeneutics is..." Then I started streaming the video diary I had just uploaded. On 3:54:00, I heard a guy pushing a cart outside. (This was not picked up by the recorder.) The streaming had by now frozen up. On 4:24:00 – what was I writing? On 4:38:10, buzz sounds. I continued to work on yesterday's video diary, even incorporating my pen videos into it. It was now raining hard outside. On 4:55:40, the FTP upload stalled again. On 5:17:00, I finished reviewing the video diary from yesterday. I then continued to work on "Karin's Meetups" ("To steal away my artistic talent"). "Should we create a censored version of 'Karin's Meetups-10-1'?" (5:31:30) And I went on and on about this (crossing out the eyes in all the pictures). On 5:50:30, I checked one of the Sound Recorder recordings from yesterday. Was I now naming my latest recordings? On 6:05:30, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. I then turned on the TV for a timestamp (TV 5 Monde).

My next recording is: "lnkbtweeetshba\_chkrtrkhnr\_tv5obma\_9\_16\_09\_620-812AM.mp3": The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous until 3:15. I was now hashing my latest files. Two files with the same hash values! I immediately checked the previous recording. The raining was now so loud that I couldn't even hear the recording. On 30:00, I went on and on again about how, whenever I stuck my SD card into my Toshiba, a virus could get inside it and infect my writings (how I had never completely eliminated my Toshiba's communication with the outside world). "That's why the SD card frequently causes problems inside Toshiba." On 41:00, I opened up Synaptic Packages Manager and started looking for CHKROOTKIT. I read about it. Then I was mumbling about how I had tried to install Bit Torrents at one point and how I now needed to delete it. Then, "Rootkit Hunter". I then spent quite a while trying to remove Bit Torrents. On 1:08:00, I read more about the rootkit thing. Then I moved screenshots to the right folder with command line. And I kept on reading about CHKROOTKIT. Then on and on about how, every time when I attempted to open a PDF document, on both Toshiba and Eee PC, either Thunderbird or Firefox would pop up. Then I continued my reading. I noted that my Wireshark's clock was way behind. On 1:45:30, I turned on the recorder.

My next recording is: "chkrtkt\_9\_16\_09\_810-841AM.WMA": On 2:00, I turned off the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. I was now reading more about "Rootkit Hunter". On 18:50, my Konqueror crashed. Thus I started researching people's comments about Konqueror's crashing.

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Downloading CHKROOTKIT this morning on my Eee PC  
I would then go on chkrootkit.org to read about how to use it

My next recording is: “csfeml\_jpafronews\_9\_16\_09\_854-934AM.mp3”: I was now reading out loud WAMU’s notice that they would soon direct all visits to Chase where one must create a new account. CNN on TV. Then I discovered another message from Maria (6:30). As I would soon write in my diary:

After 8 AM, I went into my Theophoretos Gmail account to send the hash values to myself, and I noticed another email from Casa SF dated September 14. Opening up [the email] was a mistake and [it] only made my blood pressure shoot up, for Maria wrote [me] another receipt insisting on [...] the non-existent reality that I [took their] shuttle [service] on August 11 from the airport to Casa. Maria’s persistent [feigned] mental confusion in her receipt is another defining moment that will change world history.

We have just explained what Maria was doing back in the entry for September 14. Now, after being upset about it for a while: “I’m thinking about the email from Casa... all this mental confusion, it just pisses me off... what kind of surveillance is it supposed to produce?... they are confused in order to make it look like I’m confused... I just don’t like this kind of stuff...” (15:00). Again, I had to explain my resistance for Russia’s sake! On 24:00, French on TV. Then I mumbled again about how there must be a reason why the suit team kept putting this on on my TV. (Not.) Then, I started doing my screenshots. On 36:05, I turned on the recorder to get ready for bed.

My next recording is: “slp\_nghbrmusic\_aftresfeml\_9\_16\_09\_937AM-230PM.WMA”: I was now ready for bed. On 3:45, I stopped the Sound Recorder. It’s “Crossing Jordan” on TV. Then I went on and on about whether the credits’ going so fast upward earlier on my Movie Maker was a sign that Homeland Security was remotely controlling it. (Ha!) I turned off the TV on 26:30 and rested quietly. On 1:13:50 – what was I mumbling about? On 1:27:00, loud music from the neighbor again. On 1:37:30, I muttered again about how the loud music from the neighbor was purposely orchestrated in order to produce surveillance showing me blasting loud music. Then I rested quietly throughout the rest of the recording.

My next recording is: “wk\_turnontshba\_9\_16\_09\_441-447PM.WMA”: I suddenly woke up. I turned on my Toshiba and, on 5:00, started the Sound Recorder.

My next recording is: “slp\_cnnchna\_aztcmv\_dvd53fail\_ftpstll\_9\_16\_09\_444-937PM.wma”: I continued to rest. On 2:00:00, I got up. On 2:03:20, I turned on the TV. French. I soon changed the channel. On 2:15:00, BBC. Then, CNN: China’s response to the epidemic and the vaccines (2:21:00). On 2:23:50, I tried to use the command line to play videos on my M-Player: “... ‘9\_15\_09’ is actually playing...” I turned off the TV and continued to stream the video. On 2:38:10, buzz sounds. Was I then working with video formats? On 2:51:00, I was playing the latest pen videos: “... the AVI file codecs...” On 3:01:40, buzz sounds. On 3:03:10: “... ‘Karin’s Meetups-10-1’... okay, that’s all we need to do...” I was now uploading the recording of my working on the latest video diary this morning. Was I then organizing my files? “... DVD-53, oh, I just started it...” (3:31:20). On 3:34:50, I inserted a blank disc and was ready to burn DVD-53. On 3:36:10, the recording is corrupted. On 3:42:50, I turned on the TV. On 4:04:00, I turned it off: “... it’s better to not watch this... okay, we are gonna burn it again... it’s the same disc... this time we’ll move ‘granada-16’ to C-Drive... I think the problem is that you can’t burn from two different hard drives at the same time...” That’s not the problem at all! On 4:16:50, the FTP transfer stalled on my Eee PC. “Why is Homeland Security trying to stop me from uploading my files?” (They weren’t.) On 4:19:10, the recording is again corrupted. Then: “Okay, Homeland Security doesn’t allow us to do the FTP upload right now, we don’t know why... they decide whether you can upload, they decide whether you can visit any website... they decide everything, that’s why they are called ‘Homeland Security’, for they control the infrastructure of the whole world... Look, now I’m allowed to upload, but only at one third of the speed...” And I went on and on. On 4:26:55, the burning had started. Then: “... the burn process has failed at 2x, at 8:01 PM...” But, not understanding the real reason, I wouldn’t give up. On 4:36:30, I was ready to burn DVD-53 again: “... it’s the third time...” Then: “... according to this, the burning has succeeded... are you kidding me? ... no, the file size is not right... no, ‘internal process failure’... I can’t stand machine malfunctioning... the disc can’t be read, it’s broken, we’ll take it out...” On 4:45:55, the recording is again corrupted. Then: “... DVD-53 has failed...” Now the rest of the recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “tshbarbt\_connan\_dvd53bad\_9\_16\_09\_934-1007PM.mp3”: This file is recorded with the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. I continued: “... now let Toshiba take a break, maybe that will help with the burning of DVDs... burning DVDs is the most difficult thing in the world...” Then,

again: "... I don't really understand why the computer keeps malfunctioning..." Because the discs in Nicaragua were bad! I turned on the TV on 8:00. On 17:10: "... let's do 'granada-16'..." On 21:30, I restarted my Toshiba. On 23:50, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. "... the hash values will not match because the disc was burned half-way... oh, the hash values *are* correct..." Then I was yelling again about how I just couldn't stand computer malfunctioning: "... it is this disc which is broken..." Right! But I had marked the wrong disc. "... I should have been a computer-major..."

My next recording is: "dvd53fail\_ftpstll\_txioutside\_cbs\_9\_16-17\_09\_1010PM-225AM.wma": The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous until 6:00 or so. It's now an American talk show on TV ("Conan O'Brien"?). Then: "... I'm so busy... everything takes up such an enormous amount of time... burning a DVD takes several hours..." On 24:20, I started burning again: "... at 4x... Oh, we have to reburn it again..." I again moaned about how burning a DVD would take 6 hours: "... and the external hard drive disconnected itself... I predict that error messages will pop up, and I hope that my prediction will be wrong... oh my God, it says 'burn files to disc', it's not burned at all..." On 46:00, angered, I threw things. Then I filmed myself inserting another new disc (the first scene of my next video diary, "9\_17\_09.wmv"): "... the pen camera is not functioning... we inserted the disc, and it's not popping up, everything is broken... this is a blank disc! This is bad, this is gone... the disc couldn't be ejected... we need to reboot Toshiba, it's evidently very malfunctioning..." And I almost started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC, but then the disc *was* at last ejected. I inserted another disc. I wanted to cry: "... we have spent three and a half hours trying to burn a DVD... now burning DVD-53 for the fourth time... we are compiling the files, all over again... you are not gonna succeed in burning this, you are just not..." On 1:00:30 (5:42 in the video): "... burn it one last time, but I doubt we'd succeed..." I was again screaming and yelling. And, sure enough, the burn process failed, and I filmed it (6:25 in the video): "... it says it's successfully written onto the disc, but of course nothing is burned onto it..." (1:06:30). And indeed the disc wasn't even burned at all: "See... why don't we try Nero one more time? No, forget it... the discs are broken... these discs are products of failed burns, they are already corrupted... all five others are broken, only two are successfully burned... it's just so hard to do... you have no idea why it failed... part of it might be that the DVD quality is just so bad..." At least I had got that right! On 1:12:00, I broke down crying again. Then I was yelling and screaming again: "Why can't it function?" (1:15:30) Then, again: "... what's going on? Something very strange has happened to our Toshiba. When you transfer files, this pop-up will say how many seconds are left, but then it would restart... what? ... 'uqam\_1\_19\_09'... I'm looking for '9\_15\_09'... it seems that, no matter how many years I have spent with computers, I will never understand them... Eee PC froze up again..." (1:25:00). Then: "... okay, we'll have to stick in DVD-24... the folder 'usb' has disappeared in 'Pictures'... my website is frozen... I don't really know if this is my website, it's probably been moved to some Homeland Security datacenter... because everything I own has to be owned by Homeland Security..." (1:32:00). Right! "... Homeland Security has adopted me... they want to hide me away and replace me with someone else, so that no one will know me..." Right! Then, on 1:36:00, I used M-Player to stream the recording from this morning from my website. On 1:45:00, I started working on my latest video diary (from hours ago). Then: "... screenshots, 9-14, 15, 16..." (2:01:00). On 2:03:30: "... Open Office is saving itself and then freezing up..." I was now learning how to fast forward on M-Player using the command line. Was I then making notes about the latest video diary?

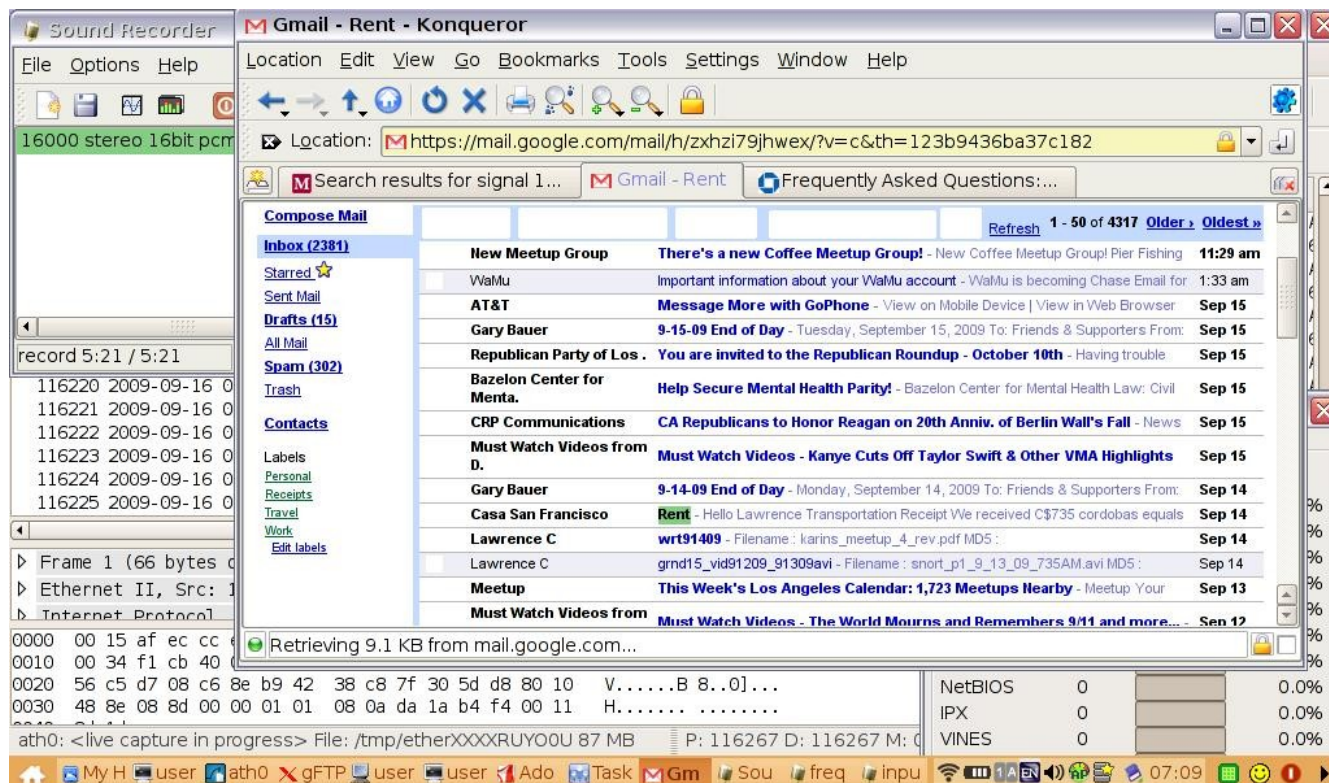


Then I was making the note about Maria's receipt which you saw above. Was I then streaming the recording or was I importing the videos? Then, more file permission problems on my website (2:49:00). Then: "... what's going on? My website went blank..." On 2:04:30, the FTP upload stalled again. On 3:07:00: "... somebody is outside! Homeland Security..." And I went to film it (7:58 in the video). "According to Homeland Security, I'm outside engaging in a gun battle..." Ha! Probably not – but you never know what faulty surveillance might be showing me doing at the moment. Then I turned on the TV for a timestamp (3:08:00). On 3:12:00, something was wrong with my website again: "... all the files just disappeared..." On 3:20:00, I turned on the TV again. On 3:43:00, I started writing down this note in my diary:

Around 1:15 AM a taxi stopped outside my apartment: the second scene or 8:00 in "9\_17\_09.wmv". I immediately went to the windows to videotape it. Evidently the taxi was sent in by the suit team to produce the surveillance showing that I actually went somewhere tonight and just came back on a taxi. I only wish they would tell me where 'I' had gone. Just curious. Well, at least they didn't bother me this time. They simply sent someone else to pretend to be me and to go somewhere in order to produce the surveillance showing that I went somewhere to continue my assignment of smuggling heroin and crack cocaine into the United States under the direction of the Russian, Indian, Chinese, Brazilian, Latin American and African intelligence services [all] working together on this. And guess what, CBS News reported something about Russia on 1:45 AM (or 3:46:00 in the recording). That Homeland Security was busy about producing a surveillance showing me going out tonight probably explained the constant intermittent stalling of my FTP connection at the same time. M-Player shut itself down on 2:40:00 during the streaming of the recording, on 2:40 AM. On the other hand, there was no longer any disruption of my FTP connection after the taxi had showed up in front of my apartment.

And so, as you can see, CBS News on TV. It's not clear whether the suit team had indeed obtained evidence that David Chin had gone out tonight – even though my supposition that there was a connection between the disruption of my FTP connection and the taxi outside was certainly erroneous. (Over-speculation.) On 3:59:55, buzz sounds. I was now using Konqueror to upload my latest AVI files. On 4:09:50, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. On 4:12:00, I continued to write out the note you see above. "Now it's time to make the video dairy." Then, Open Office was freezing up: "... Open Office not responding..."

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My discovery today of Maria's September 14 email

### September 17 (Thursday; consulates)

My next recording is: "brk\_somthngonroof\_9\_17\_09\_208-234AM.mp3": The beginning of this file overlaps with the end of the previous until 5:00 or so. I continued: "... this is a very unproductive night, I haven't done any writing at all..." And Open Office continued to be non-responsive. On 18:30, I turned on my Toshiba. "... Toshiba has problems again, it's working very hard, even though only the Sound Recorder is open. Nothing else is running." On 23:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: "vid91609\_orth8\_strmmx728orth9108\_9\_17\_09\_233-601AM.wma": On 3:00, I stopped the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. On 6:48, I continued to stream the meetup recording on M-Player. On 8:30, the streaming just stopped. "Why?" On 14:00 – was I rewinding or fast forwarding the DV tape? Importing the latest videos? Was I working on the latest video diary? Importing the latest videos while working on "Orthodox"? On 49:40, it started raining outside. On 1:06:40, I tried to film with my pen camera: "... this is what I'm talking about..." On 1:07:40, I filmed with my camcorder instead (the first scene in my next video diary, "9\_17\_09\_p2.wmv"): "... this is what I'm talking about, in the Movie Maker... the credits are going up so slowly... just right after I complained about it..." Paranoid over nothing here. Then – did I continue to make my video diary? Or write "Karin's Meetups"? On 1:23:00, I complained about something. Then: "... it's time for 'Supplemental Pleading-

27’.” Then: “Maybe I should perform my patriotic duty by murdering my entire family, to cover up the ‘secret’ and make myself look bad at the same time...” On 1:36:30, I started streaming the recording of my time on July 28 last year in the Mexican grill. On 1:40:00, buzz sounds. Then I discovered that I had already reviewed this recording. No! On 2:00:35, now that the video diary “9\_16\_09.wmv” was published, I started reviewing it. And writing. (What?) On 2:25:55, I started streaming another old recording. From September 1 last year? (Looking for Sophia at the Orthodox church.) On 2:36:00, the guy pushing the cart outside again. On 3:13:00, the recording from two days ago, September 15 (?). Was I then organizing my files?

My next recording is: “gglbks\_nicaguide\_9\_17\_09\_558-630AM.mp3”: What was I working on now on my Toshiba? Windows Manager? On 12:00, I turned on the TV. On 24:00, I used Firefox to get on Google Books. I looked up Lonely Planet’s guide to Nicaragua. “... because Google Books will not show on Konqueror...”

My next recording is: “noslp\_nghbrindianmusic\_dblefavorend\_9\_17\_09\_633-746AM.WMA”: On 8:30, I turned off the TV. I tried to record my neighbor’s loud music again. “But, as soon as I lie down to get ready to sleep, as soon as I turn off my Eee PC, they’ll stop the music” (14:00). Then: “... according to Homeland Security’s surveillance, I wasn’t home last night, but came back home in a taxi, and then, as soon as I woke up, I started blasting loud music... I don’t really exist, something else has existed in my place...” (17:00). And I continued to rest. On 42:10: “... the music is quite loud, from behind us... it’s too bad that the recorder isn’t going to pick this up...” Then, again: “... I’m gonna do my patriotic duty of murdering my entire family so that the truth will never come out... the government will be very happy... and it will make me look bad at the same time... take active step to destroy my existence... as if I had never existed... my best friend and his boss will be very happy about this... even India will be damned to hell...” Excellent testimony for the Russians! Then: “... we can’t keep up... everyday is 2 gigabytes of data... no one outside Homeland Security, or the Agency, is ever going to see our data... it’s time to put my life to an end... there is no one outside the grasp of Homeland Security... not a single person in the world is outside the grasp of Mr former Secretary... I’ll never meet a single person outside their grasp, my life has effectively ended...” On 1:01:10, I turned on the TV. On 1:07:40, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “[searchcnslt\\_shwr\\_vid917p2\\_9\\_17\\_09\\_737-1110AM.WMA](#)”:<sup>42</sup> On 3:00, buzz sounds. On 11:30 – was I naming my latest recordings? Then I started my “Operation Search For Consulates”. On 15:00: “... look... immediately popped up, Russian consulate...” I started filming it (0:50 in the video): “... look at this message that the suit team is sending to me... I looked up ‘consulates in Nicaragua’, and look at this... ‘Russian consulates world-wide’... we are gonna fuck with Russia, that’s the message... Iranian embassies... the suit team’s message is loud and clear... every page has something Russian on it... that’s how they communicate with you... there is not gonna be somebody appearing to tell you what to do... and something about steroids... what does all this have to do with consulates in Nicaragua? Nothing!... messages like that... what do they want you to do?” On 22:40, I turned the TV back on. On 23:50, I continued to film myself searching for consulates

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42 This is also a broken file which can’t be fast forwarded or rewind.

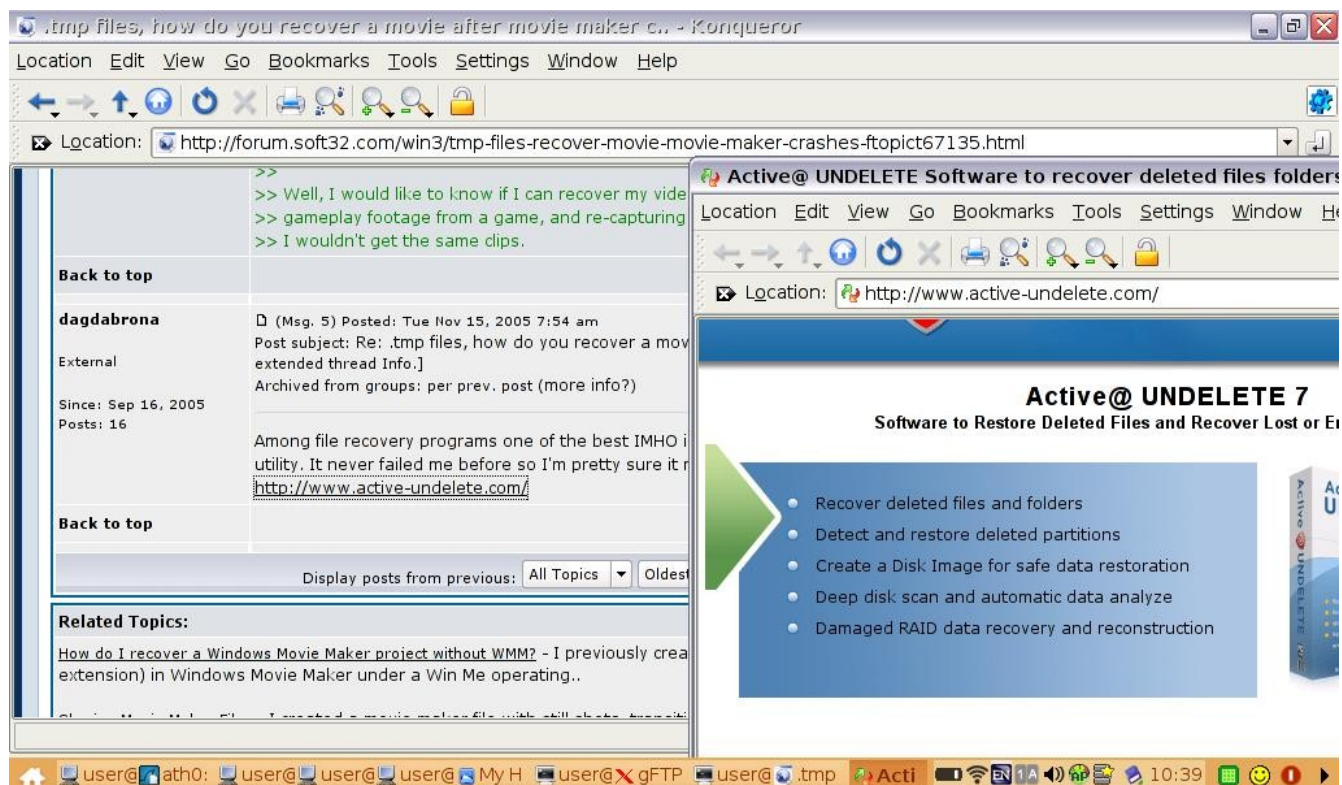
online (10:09 in the video): “Let’s continue with our work... let’s document the secret messages... the drug information... Uruguay has to get sued too... the entire Latin America will change... we fucking America is going to rule... I’m gonna destroy myself, and America is going to rule, you fucking monkeys... I’m sorry, man, I don’t really want to travel to Russia, I know people really want me to go there so that we can fuck up these Russians...” Then, a break. On 35:30, I speculated again about the buzz sounds in my Sound recorder recordings: “... Homeland Security... to make them look like they are forged...” It’s really not clear whether this was the case. On 40:00, I was mumbling about something on the side. A lot of profanity. I then continued to read out the list of consulates in Nicaragua. On 55:00, I filmed myself doing so (18:09 in the video): “... ‘MASAYA’... strange things are going to pop up...” On 59:00, I was wondering whether I could also be a secret agent of Venezuela. Ha! Then I filmed my Eee PC again on 1:01:20 (21:39 in the video): “... so far we haven’t seen Indian consulates...” And so I searched for Indian consulates in Nicaragua on search.com. I then continued on and on about why I hadn’t yet seen evidence of my being a secret agent of Venezuela when Venezuela was so troublesome to the US. “It’s because you don’t understand international politics that you don’t know why you aren’t a secret agent of this country but are so of another country.” Then my sarcasm reached the highest expression: “It’s time for my complete self-destruction... I’m not me, I’m just pretending to be me... hahaha... you Russians, Indians, Chinese, Brazilians... you who want me to pretend to be me... we are gonna fuck up India too!... and you are their secret agent doing harm to America – oh, and you are not even you, hohoho...” (until 27:40 in the video). Excellent acting! On 1:11:45, when I plugged in my Express Card, nothing happened. Again! Then – was I now importing my latest videos? On 1:28:30: “... the secret of my family is that there is no secret at all...” Then: “I am a computer programmer! I just wish I knew how to make computers not malfunction!” (1:45:00) On 1:50:00, I was in the shower. On 1:55:30, I was out, and the import had completed. I was now working on my latest video diary. On 2:13:40, I responded to the news: “I’m sure the Russians are responsible for that, the kids’ carrying weapons to school...” On 2:25:30 – was I responding to the siren in the recording or to the siren outside? “According to the suit team’s surveillance, I am once more carried to the hospital and ‘accidentally’ discovered to be not really Lawrence Chin.” Ha! And I quickly wrote it into my diary (or some other chapter). On 3:21:00, I stopped working on my video diary, having been terribly amused by my own documentaries. On 3:29:00: “... we blame Russia for everything, nothing is my fault, everything that I did – the Russians told me to do it!”

It’s not really clear whether the suit team had indeed obtained evidence this morning that David Chin, being a Russian agent, was looking for his contacts in the Russian consulates in Nicaragua. Then, suddenly, my Toshiba timed out as it ran out of battery. I was shocked. I filmed myself restarting it (the first scene in the next video diary, “9\_17\_09\_p3.wmv”).

My next recording is: “publvid917p2\_dstright\_nettmp\_9\_17\_09\_1120AM-1250PM.wma”: It was very bad because the Sound Recorder recording wasn’t yet saved. (This is why the previous recording is a broken file.) I kept groaning: “I fucked up my Toshiba... we were publishing ‘9\_17\_09\_p2’... the earlier Sound Recorder recording from 7:30 AM is not saved...” And I recounted all the bad things that had happened in the past few hours. The whole thing was quite traumatic for me. It was TV-5 Monde on my TV right now. On 18:35, it’s talking about India again. And then about Russia. (Presumably the



suit team didn't orchestrate this.) On 23:30, I thus filmed my TV (2:12 in the video): "... more movies about Africa, my home... I turned to BBC and it was immediately talking about India and Russia..." On 26:00, I wrote out in my diary what had just happened. Then my Konqueror crashed. "Homeland Security was watching me from above and, seeing me getting upset, shut down my Konqueror in order to increase my misery..." Probably not. On 45:00 – was I working on "9\_17\_09\_p2" again? On 57:00, I was reading about the recovery of files upon system crash. And then about Temp files. Then: "... we did a search, and so many results from Audacity appeared... we have to wonder whether these were planted by Homeland Security..."<sup>43</sup>



Looking at various online discussions about recovering Temp files

My next recording is: "ut\_bat\_chckn\_cllphn\_tvcmnt\_9\_17\_09\_1253-217PM.WMA": On 5:00: "... it's time to go outside, very scary... scratchers... cellphones... are waiting for us... going inside the interior is especially scary..." On 7:10, as usual, I filmed my room before leaving (3:00 in the video): "... the cleaning lady might come in to find something that is not here..." On 8:30, as I came downstairs and filmed out of the window: "... a woman that is passing by outside is scratching her head... big time... what kind of message is that?..." This was probably not an operation. I then realized I had to change the DV tape in my camcorder. On 10:24, I commented on how I used my camcorder like a gun: "... it's a different type of war..." Ha! On 11:15, I was out and started filming (5:33 in the video): "... a motorcycle is coming..." Then somebody on bicycle made sure to wipe his face upon

43 The search I did was "How to convert audio Temp file to WMA".



seeing me (7:05 in the video). Now this *was* an operation! Then, on 12:50 in the video, as you can see, this guy passing me by just had to touch his face to signal to me. Another operation! I cursed him: “Fuck you man, what the fuck are you looking at?” (18:40) On 18:50, I was in a shop to buy batteries (13:12 in the video). And, as expected, his phone rang (14:35 in the video). Was this an operation too? On 21:20, when out, I filmed the batteries I had just bought (15:49 and 16:30 in the video). On 26:20, I came inside the same fast food place (from 21:30 onward in the video) and ordered “Super Combo” again. Immediately, I commented about another woman employee coming behind the cashier holding a cellphone in her hand: “Look at that, she’s playing with her cellphone!” And then her cellphone beeped! I was quite angered: “... fuck you very much...” On 29:45, when out, I turned on my camcorder (24:50 in the video): “... that’s what happens when you buy food indoor, they’ll take their cellphones out...” And I rambled on and on about how I wanted to stick a machine gun in her mouth and fire when she started playing with her cellphone – it’s really not good evidence for the Russians. Then I was buying two packs of cigarettes and so on from a street stand (31:30 in the recording and 26:30 in the video). On 34:56, I started filming as I walked on (29:26 in the video). “The secret of our family is that there is actually no secret, that the secret is made up...” Ha! Then – someone making a cellphone call: “That’s me making a cellphone call!” (33:00 in the video) And I continued on and on about cellphone calls: “... I have made three cellphone calls so far...” That is, according to surveillance. When I came in front of my apartment’s door, I continued to speculate as to how the evidentiary process worked (42:20 in the recording and 36:30 in the video): “... nations get fucked each time when somebody scratches his or her head... each time when that happens, they would have to accommodate America’s interests a little bit more... each time, they would have to make a little more concessions...” And, just then, another woman passed by scratching her head (37:40 in the video). Ha! Then I was talking about the buzz sounds in my Sound Recorder recordings again: “... that’s caused by Homeland Security, in order to make the recording look like it’s forged...” Again, we don’t know that for sure. I was in my home on 44:50. I turned off my camcorder.

Let’s recapitulate. It’s likely that, this morning, after the suit team had intercepted more of my business with my Russian boss (my having a contact in a Russian consulate), they then caught me signaling with my Nicaragua buddies again (or the devise of my environment to fit my belief) and then receiving calls from my criminal buddies here. Since all these evidences can be used in the upper court as well to justify the continual use of faulty surveillance, we must wonder whether, after September 14, that is, yesterday, the Russians were making another big fuss about the fact that I didn’t offer my defection to the Nicaragua officer on August 11.

I continued: “... the buzz sounds are always in the beginning, not in the middle...” Then: “... every time when we walk into a store, people will start using their cellphones...” Then, on 50:00, I turned on the TV. I railed against the TV commentator: “You are supposed to talk about India and China, woman! Or Russia! ... the planet is big, and it will still take a while before the intercepts can make the whole planet into America’s paradise... it’s the Vietnam War, maybe I was born during the Vietnam War... I have done the surveillance showing me being in Vietnam, mission accomplished!” And I started changing the channel: “... we have changed the world, by watching a woman playing pool... Mr former Secretary is quite clever, he can make...” And I continued to comment about what surveillance must be

showing me doing when I watched this TV: you must listen to the recording and watch the video yourself. And I recalled the episode at UCLA back in July (the police officers with AR-15s): "... the mystery is, how did I get away with it in America?..." On 1:04:15, I filmed the TV again (40:30 in the video): "... the movie about special education... this girl is very upset... she played that girl in 'Boys Don't Cry' ... remember Anne Frank is Jewish, and so my watching this movie is evidence that I'm a Nazi..." Ha! On 1:07:45, I filmed the TV again (42:12 in the video): "... Deutsche Welle... about Russia... because I'm a Russian agent... Look, Russia's president... this man is my boss, I met him while I was in the spy academy sniffing on crack cocaine... he saw me and said, 'We'll send you to America because you can sniff in so much crack cocaine' ... see, on BBC it's the same thing... all these Russian men, I know all of them... I'm their protégé... every Russian sniffs on crack cocaine, it's the Russian culture... it's the Vietnam War... I'm also an agent of Vietnam, and that's why I'm watching this... oh Jodi Foster, I like Jodi Foster... see, UFO... a major part of my profile is that I like UFOs... Dr Phil... he's gonna interview a man similar to me, and that's why this episode is on... the last time he interviewed an Asian racist and sexist, like me... because this TV is for me, every program is for my sake... Meg Ryan... I want to hear her voice... it's the voice of the woman that really melts your heart... a dead man's face, they really show that on TV..." Then, when the news reported that, in Germany, a guy went on a rampage and, with a knife, injured 10 people, I was at it again: "Oh, the Russian intelligence is behind it! I know it because I'm a Russian agent!" (1:19:30) Then: "Don't forget, what we do is distributing child-pornography, smuggling drugs... and we also do random mass murders for entertainment's sake..." Although all this was obviously sarcasm, it *was* good testimony for the Russians. Then I mentioned "Maria", the German girl (Formula 1).<sup>44</sup>

My next recording is: "tvcommnt\_rvwvid917p2\_9\_17\_09\_215-258PM.wma": it's now BBC: "... this is again for me because I speak so many languages... how did I learn so many languages given that I'm mentally disabled?... that's why you should join the Russian intelligence, for they'll teach you to speak 20 languages even when you are mentally disabled..." Ha! On 5:00, I turned off the TV to concentrate on my video import. On 31:00, I went on and on about the strange knocking sounds.

My next recording is: "slp\_9\_17\_09\_259-334PM.WMA": I was then naming my latest recording files. On 10:30, noises from next door: "What's she doing? She's producing surveillance showing me doing something." Then I filmed out of the window again (48:27 in the video): a big red truck outside with a man moving gas tanks out of it. "... my first time seeing this... It could very well be staged by Homeland Security, but what is the purpose? What type of surveillance are they trying to produce?" As you shall see, I would from now on make a big fuss about the gas tanks almost daily.

My next recording is: "slp\_truck\_wk\_nghbrloudmusic\_9\_17\_09\_405-841PM.WMA": I went on and on about the truck outside with all the gas tanks. "I just videotaped it, and I don't know the purpose... or – are you witnessing a 'natural event'?... or maybe just noises... which can be distorted into gun battles by faulty surveillance..." These gas tanks were most likely not in fact related to the suit team's operation. On 8:45, I filmed out of the window again (50:09 in the video): "... the truck is leaving..." On 25:50, explosion sounds again: "... I'm currently engaged in a gun battle with my drug cartel

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44 Eva Maria xxxxx (like "Hegel", but with an "s").

rivals...” Then I continued my rest. From 3:47:00 onward, it started raining hard outside. On 3:52:00, I was awakened by the loud rain. I noted that my neighbor was blasting loud music again and assumed that it was because the suit team wanted to produce more surveillance showing me blasting loud music. I had by this time turned on the Sound Recorder and the rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “[wk\\_nghbrmusiccloud\\_strmut917\\_hguekmu\\_9\\_17\\_09\\_756-1145PM.wma](#)”. I continued: “The music from the neighbor is so loud, it’s never been this loud before... Homeland Security just wants to produce surveillance showing us blasting loud music...” Then, buzz sounds on 2:50. I got angry again: “I swear to God, I want to fucking kill them!” On 8:30, it was raining again. I seemed still to be resting at the moment. On 23:00, even you can hear the loud music. On 25:00, I was back to work on my Toshiba. Was I now streaming the recording of my going out earlier? The raining was now so loud that I couldn’t hear anything. On 46:00, I was working on uploading my latest files to my website, and then on moving them around within my website. On 51:30 – surprise – I successfully played the broken recording from this morning in my Windows Media Player. “But when I wanted to use Real Player to play it, a notice popped up saying that it might damage it.” On 1:00:00, I was now ready to import the latest videos. “... this file... in my Webshell... to see how it works...” (1:07:30). Was I now moving screenshots around within my website? On 1:12:40, I streamed with M-Player the recording I had just uploaded. Again, I decided not to use Firefox. I was then reading about the Hague online and printing out the Wikipedia article on the Hague (1:39:30). (You shall see what my intention was later on.) Then, suddenly, M-Player stopped streaming. And I continued to read about the Hague. On 1:58:00: “... did the music stop because I’m reading about the Hague?” Then, I kept on rambling about how, once I should end up in the Hague, people will continue the show of scratching their head and so on. Then I got angry again: “... before I smash their fucking windows with a fucking rock, mother-fucker!” (2:02:30) Then: “... guess what, now that I’m reading about the Hague, Homeland Security might be creating an intercept showing my boss discussing the Hague with me and deciding to send me there... and I’ll continue my heroin-smuggling operation in front of these international organizations, and that will really get the Russians kicked out... today the music is especially loud...” Then I was mumbling about how I was supposed to produce surveillance with the so-called Hungarian spy during that Hungarian meetup back in October last year: “... and now I’m by myself... but I’ve got my documentaries...” I was then still getting ready to import my latest videos: “... ‘9\_17\_09\_source\_d’... head-scratching... all these people imitating me in order to be confused with me in surveillance... it’s a great documentary... I should get prizes for it...” And I continued on and on about how Mr former Secretary would love me in the Hague. “... I’m now looking up the digital map of the Hague at...” (2:22:00). And I continued to brag about my talent for making amazing documentaries. Then praises for Japanese electronics and then about how the suit team had decided to reward me by shutting off the music at my neighbor. Then about how my existence on the Internet was shut down thanks to the good work of Karin’s bunch. Then again about how I wanted to use a baseball bat to smash the brain out of my neighbor. Then about how the suit team communicated their orders to Karin through text-messages. Then about how I missed Karin’s meetups. On 2:42:50, I was naming the latest recordings. I turned on the TV to get a timestamp. And I wondered whether Homeland Security would get the TV firms to play yesterday’s news in order to screw up my timestamps for my recording. (Not.)

Then I was quiet for a while, with the TV turned off. On 3:12:20, I got up and came back to work. Was I back to working on my latest video diary?

My next recording is: “txoutside\_vid91709p3\_strmsmdayorth91\_9\_17-18\_09\_1149PM-418AM.wma”: I continued to express my amazement that this Temp file could really be played in my Windows Media Player: “... when the computer shut itself down, we didn’t lose anything... we *are* playing it, but it can’t be fast forwarded...” Then – what was I doing on my Toshiba? On 16:30, buzz sounds. On 22:00, I was again obsessing over what was showing up on my Wireshark and T-Shark respectively: “... why are there discrepancies between the two?” Was I then naming my new recordings again? Then, again: “... Real Player displayed this warning with this Temp file, and so I didn’t dare play it...” On 38:00, I was away filming something outside (the first scene of my next video diary, “9\_18\_09.wmv”) – a taxi seemed to be dropping off an American white female: “... my neighbor... it looks like an American woman...” Now this *was* suspicious: did the suit team use a CIA girl to cause faulty surveillance to intercept David Chin coming home again on a taxi? Then I turned on the TV on 39:00. On 40:20, I turned off the TV mumbling: “... I can’t see clearly there... it looks like an American... it’s too dark... but the next door neighbor is not American...” On 56:00, did I film something again? It’s now CBS News on TV. On 1:09:00, CBS News was reporting on Obama’s new plan for the missile defense system. On 1:16:30: “... it’s just so much to write about... the Preface section... this afternoon...” On 1:28:00, I was mumbling about the German girl Maria again (how I pissed her off when we went to LA). Then the other German girl from that time. Then “Sally” (Robin). Then, back to Ken and Maria.<sup>45</sup> “It’s better to write about this than about people’s scratching their head... who ever includes such details in his autobiography?” On 1:38:30, I was back to the recording. Then – was I working on the latest video diary? Then: “... ‘Maria Diarrhea’... Deborah and I used to have so much fun...” I was now also working on incorporating my pen videos into my latest video diary. And I was also paying attention to the recording being streamed at the moment (buzz sounds). On 2:22:00, I mentioned Maria again: “... Homeland Security is listening to me right now and so they might go recruit Maria afterwards to get her to talk about a non-existent reality in order to be intercepted... they might already know about Maria because Sally sent me emails asking about her...” This could indeed be the case. On 3:15:00, I was again amused by my own video diary while working on it. Then, again, I became concerned because the CPU usage was too high on my Toshiba (3:38:00). I thus started examining the Task Manager to try to understand the situation. Apparently Windows Defender was using up a lot of memory. I tried to turn it off, but no. On 3:47:50, I started streaming an old recording from September 1 last year. On 3:49:35, I filmed (with my pen camera): “... for a mysterious reason, the CPU usage has

45 The episode with Ken and Maria is quite instructive about people’s common misunderstanding about me and so, even though you have already heard some of the details in the recording, let’s recapitulate here. After meeting Maria on the street of San Francisco, I took her down to visit Los Angeles. Being unsociable, I pissed her off. We came back to San Francisco with her being terribly upset and I dropped her off at the downtown hostel where she was staying. Knowing that she was desperate to meet somebody (since she was traveling in America alone), I gave her Ken’s number. (I took her to meet Ken on a previous occasion and she quite liked this cool guy.) Maria was happy, but said nothing. But after she hooked up with Ken, they thought I set them up because I wanted Ken to get Maria back to me. Ken thus called me one day to tell me he couldn’t find Maria, in order to trick me into giving up on the idea of using him to get Maria back. I was duly insulted – in reality, I knew Maria was definitively gone from my life and only set her up with Ken because I didn’t want to ruin her vacation – but said nothing. Ordinary people simply couldn’t imagine that I could be so altruistic and moral at times.

suddenly gone up to 100 percent... go to Movie Maker, save the project... it's very slow right now..." On 3:54:00, I turned on the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. "After I shut down the Movie Maker, the CPU usage has gone down..." On 4:13:15, somebody was again pushing his cart outside. "This happens everyday around 4 AM." I then continued to review the September 1 recording.<sup>46</sup>

### **September 18 (Friday; hitting people/ scratching/ David out?)**

My next recording is: "publvid\_strmorth91\_orth8how73\_ec1\_9\_18\_09\_440-559AM.wma": On 2:00, something just all disappeared. On 3:30 – was I continuing with the recording from September 1 last year? What was I writing? On 9:00: "... see... well, I'm videotaping it, and so it shouldn't happen... refer to the recording, at no time did I log in and then log out..." And I kept on writing. "Frankfurt and Brussels"? Then – what was I busy about? On 56:00: "... I simply don't have enough time to do all that I want to do..." Was I then organizing my files? Then, back to "Frankfurt and Brussels" (1:02:20). On 1:12:20, I turned on the TV. NBC News. On 1:15:15, I turned on the recorder.

My next recording is: "slp\_9\_18\_09\_603AM-1239PM.WMA": MSNBC on TV. On 5:00, Amanda Knox's case. On 46:00, I turned off the TV and rested. (Nothing until the end.)

My next recording is: "slp\_9\_18\_09\_126-233PM.WMA": I continued to rest. Then, on 29:25, I was awake and turned on the TV. And I turned on my Toshiba (30:30). On 32:50, I started the Sound Recorder. On 37:00, I started streaming my latest video diary from my website. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: "rvwvid917p3\_dgnrisprdet\_slp\_nghbrtrck\_9\_18\_09\_151-356PM.wma": On 1:45, I was, as noted, streaming my latest video diary "9\_17\_09.wmv". On 55:30, I checked my pen videos. Was I naming them? Then I suddenly realized: "... the Movie Maker will cause the CPU usage to go up high even when it is not doing anything..." Note that CNN was now talking about the demonstrations in Iran.<sup>47</sup> Then I went back to rest. On 1:33:40, the guy pushing the cart outside again. I continued to rest. Then, strange loud noises from my neighbor. "... I don't know what the purpose is..." (1:46:30). On 2:04:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. "Now it's time to go out."<sup>48</sup>

My next recording is: "ut\_hitppl\_csf\_shttl\_kllmria\_9\_18\_09\_357-529PM.WMA": I noted: "... the truck by the next door neighbor... obviously staged by Homeland Security... and so what's the purpose of the surveillance produced? To show me unloading... crack cocaine..." (from 3:30 onward). Thus you see! Then: "... probably has something to do with all the surveillance showing me making cellphone calls... so I'm running a drug-trafficking operation from my apartment here... they are probably not gonna argue that I sniff 300 pounds of crack cocaine everyday..." As you can see, while the suit team had indeed argued that I was a drug-dealer for the Russian intelligence service SVR, I was

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46 The concurrent recording is: "brk\_cpuihigh\_9\_18\_09\_350-404AM.WMA": I was nervous about the CPU usage which suddenly reached 100 percent (while still reviewing the recording at Assumption from September 1 last year).

47 That was presumably another "color revolution" which the CIA had orchestrated. We'll touch upon this later on.

48 It would seem that I had merely turned on my recorder, not the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC.



most likely exaggerating the matter when I claimed here that the suit team was also saying that I was here to export heroin and crack cocaine back to the United States. On 9:00, I filmed my room before leaving (3:20 in the video): "... think about how the truck outside is related to the drug cartels... my drug-smuggling operation... Why does Maria keep insisting that I have taken their shuttle?... ever since then, trucks will show up... it's related to that... when you see people wipe their face in front of you, *just beat them up*... search engines... Homeland Security wants me to go to Russia, but I'm not gonna do that..." Wrong scenarios! I was out by 13:30. On 13:50, I turned on my camcorder as I walked on (4:05 in the video). Then I shouted at a woman passing by: "Fuck ass bitch!" (16:00 in the recording or 6:15 in the video). It's all because I thought she was CIA. (Was I correct? In any case, an American woman.) Now, because it was such bad evidence for the Russians, I had to explain myself: "I'm not in a very good mood." Then, at another guy standing by his door: "Fuck you!" (16:40 in the recording or 7:00 in the video) "... I'm upset for nothing... I don't really know what I'm upset about... I don't really like the TV show... sometimes you go along with it, and sometimes not..." Excellent testimony! I then kept mumbling (again) about how I would hit those people who scratched their head in front of me. On 20:35, I continued filming (10:43 in the video): "... this guy talks on his cellphone, and just waves at somebody... now we have to see if they have DVDs..." I thus came inside the Computadore shop looking for DVDs (21:00).<sup>49</sup> But I immediately walked out: "... the DVDs didn't look real, they have no descriptions on them..." I started filming again on 23:20 (11:08 in the video): "... why does that thing have no descriptions on it? And so we don't want the DVDs..." On 27:00 (14:48 in the video): "... all these people making cellphone calls... don't you just want to smash their fucking head off...?" Again, bad evidence for the Russians. On 27:50, I was in another store (the one I came to before) to buy DVDs.<sup>50</sup> Only two left. Then, as soon as I was out, this woman came out of the shop next door and, upon seeing me, pressed a button on her cellphone. "Fucking bitch! Okay, she's gonna make cellphone calls!" And I filmed her (30:15 in the recording or 15:17 in the video): "... that bitch just took out her cellphone when she saw me... should we just attack her?" Then: "... I don't really like anything that is going on... I want to hit her in the head..." And more scratching or nose-touching! (In reality, it's not clear whether the woman in question had had anything to do with the suit team's operation.) I came to a corner to calm down and explain to myself why I was so angry today: "... a change of mood today... annihilation... erase your history... the fact that you are forced to facilitate the process... that's really upsetting... I woke up and just wanted to kill people... why am I forced to facilitate the process of my own annihilation...?" Again, explanation for Russia's sake. On 34:20, this street vendor: "... this guy is talking to me..." And I shouted at him: "... you watch your fucking mouth or I'll blow your fucking head off..." (19:25 in the video). Then: "... now the question is where to buy food... Look, he just scratched himself..." (21:04 in the video). Now I was lost, not sure what to buy. Then I shouted at another guy – with my camcorder in his face (22:25 in the video): "... do you want to take photos of me, mother-fucker? Did you just take pictures of me, mother-fucker?" Amazingly, he replied me in English: "Why the fuck do you say 'mother-fucker'?" (37:00) Then I noticed a white guy – I was sure he was Russian surveillance. I put up my act and turned to him: "Did you just fucking touch your nose?" And I hit him! (23:00 in the video) Wow! I shouted: "I wiped it for him! I slapped him in the fucking face!" And I continued on and on about how I wanted to kill all these

49 See "notbuydvd\_9\_18\_09\_425PM.AVI".

50 See "buy\_dvd\_9\_18\_09\_432PM.AVI".

people.<sup>51</sup> Then: “Look, this guy is making a cellphone call! Do you want to hit him?” Then, on 24:16 in the video, I seemed to have run into another CIA girl – and I was so angry that I couldn’t help but be hostile toward her. On 41:50, I turned off my camcorder to buy hot dogs from this street stand, but, because I wanted to refrain myself from striking another guy on bicycle, I walked away.<sup>52</sup> And I mumbled more about how I wanted to strike people who wiped themselves. Then: “... let’s not buy hot dogs here...” On 43:30, I filmed again (26:58 in the video): “... this guy is scratching his head... strike him... the mother-fucker is going away... fuck you man!” And I gave him a middle finger. I was now buying hot dogs at another street stand.<sup>53</sup> “... don’t want to go to the Central Square... don’t want to go into an enclosure... it’s too scary... is this a hot dog? Or a pound of crack cocaine? I don’t know...” I filmed again on 46:30 (28:01 in the video): “... that guy is scratching his head... his hat... look, another mother-fucker is taking pictures... do you want to strike him? I just wish I had a machine gun to kill all these people... oh, this guy is... he’s bigger than me and so let’s not strike him... Look, it’s the Maria bitch... the mentally confused bitch... I want to kill this bitch too...” Namely, Maria was standing by Casa’s front door. I turned off my camcorder and came inside Casa: “Can I buy some food and take it away?” “Si.”<sup>54</sup> “Look, this mother-fucker touches his head...” And I ordered four garlic breads, but then insisted: “Don’t touch your head when you see me... sorry I’m not in a good mood” – ha! Then: “Oh, he just did it again... let’s wait outside... otherwise I’d have to hit you... that guy touches his nose too...” As soon as I came outside, I had to film again (53:30 in the recording or 30:20 in the video): “... that guy keeps picking his nose and ears... let’s kill him” – just then, the Casa person came out, and I was stunned: “That’s garlic bread? So small... put them in a bag... he keeps touching... let’s go hit him...” As I was going away: “Look, it’s garlic bread, but I guess it’s actually crack cocaine...” On 56:50, I started filming again (33:13 in the video): “... that guy just stood there... let’s strike someone hard... I just wish I had a baseball bat...” That is, as you can see in the video, I struck another guy because he scratched himself! (In fact, this guy was probably *really* doing it under the suit team’s instruction.) I turned off the camcorder and came inside another market. I bought 6 bottles of Coke, and, when out: “Casa really sucks... you know what’s going on in Casa” – and I turned on my camcorder on 1:01:30 (35:43 in the video): “Casa has been made to look like a drug-smuggling center... garlic breads with the wrong size... to create surveillance showing me picking up six pieces of crack cocaine...” Not so. And I went on and on about how to murder my own family members. Then I was afraid to go inside the ice cream store: “... because the phone is gonna ring...” I turned off my camcorder on 1:03:20 and walked into the store anyway. I thus got my ice cream.<sup>55</sup> “I’m gonna wait outside...” As you can see me explaining in the video, some blond hair girl took a peek inside with a kid and I went outside thinking of punching her. Ha! Then I quickly paid and came out: “... afraid that her phone would ring...” Then I interrogated this guy: “Do you want to tell me something? Why do you stand by the ice cream store?” But he wouldn’t respond. I turned on my camcorder again on

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51 The Russians of course cannot argue that I knew he was doing surveillance for them – for they cannot admit that I knew that they were watching me. As you can see, I was in a terrible bind: at the one hand, I needed to act hostile toward any Russian agent, but, on the other hand, I must pretend to not know that there were Russian agents around me.

52 See “buy\_hotdog\_9\_18\_09\_446PM.AVI”.

53 Note that the lady at the hotdog stand was laughing while making my hot dog, probably laughing at me: “buyhtdg\_9\_18\_09\_449PM.avi”.

54 See “csf\_bread\_9\_18\_09\_454PM.AVI”.

55 See “icecream\_ask\_wh\_girl\_9\_18\_09\_508PM.AVI”.

1:06:15 (37:56 in the video): "... I'm gonna fucking kill people... kill my doubles... this car..." And I read out the license plate. "... these actors that scratched their head..." On 1:08:00 (40:00 in the video), I was at my door. "That's why they want you to go to Casa, they want to produce surveillance showing you picking up crack cocaine." Again, not so. When I came into my living room, I was so angry that I was kicking over things. "That's only enough food for one day... but I'm just really afraid to go into an enclosure..." And then on and on about how I wanted to murder Maria: "... fucking Chinese restaurant menu... text-messagers, head-scratchers... which one do you want to kill first? Those that are mentally confused... and so let's kill Maria first... that Homeland Security agent who struck you in the bus in early 2008 in order to produce surveillance showing you striking somebody... I really wouldn't call that a fight... so how are you gonna kill Maria?... you don't even know what the purpose is... that shuttle driver was probably made into a drug-dealer... you were supposed to get into a van with him but you didn't, and so you disappointed them... but you just didn't have any money! I had only 20 dollars... but they needed evidence that you were actually in a van... the way Uncle Sam does things just makes no sense... they wanted you to get into that shuttle, and they were supposed to give you the money... it doesn't matter, I'm not really that interested in self-annihilation in any case... I'm only doing it because... no, I don't even want to do it... we want to kill Maria..." And then on and on about striking people in the face and killing them just because they had wiped their nose. (As you can see, I was just trying to produce testimonies for the Russians' sake suggesting that I was indeed conspiring with the suit team – despite my reluctance and resistance.) Then I mumbled about Mr former Secretary's desire, back in summer last year, for me to kill myself so that he could confuse my dead body with somebody else's. On 1:19:00, I started the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. The rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: "ftp\_cmmntk\_tvsuicd\_9\_18\_09\_632PM.wma": it's now 5:13 PM. I complained bitterly: "... do you know what really upsets me? That a big truck is parked outside my door... just the thought that a truck is unloading 500 kilograms of crack cocaine to my residence... makes me want to kill people... there should be death penalty for people who get confused..." Again, there was probably no such surveillance produced. I now turned on the TV to get a timestamp for my recording. I then quickly turned it off: "... I do not lie about time..." (3:30). Then I continued my complaint: "... we *will* kill Maria... she should be punished... I can't concentrate... even buying food is becoming... you go out to buy food, and then you get upset and you want to kill people, and you forget what you need to buy..." And I continued on and on about killing people – and about striking them when they should wipe their nose and so on: "And people would pretend to be shocked even though they already know why..." And I went on and on again about how I should shoot my writings to outer space: "... someone would read it... what if this TV show shall turn into a real murder?" (13:00) Then: "... but according to this TV show, I have already murdered people..." Then I went on and on about killing Maria again. "... that'd really make this TV show... they would be like, 'I thought we are supposed to create an intercept showing him doing things with his fellow drug-dealers but then he comes over and sticks a knife into him... Wow... how are we gonna explain that? ... the reality is that I'm just pissed off, there is actually no... what's really upsetting is that you are forced to... the people you hate... like, when you look at these Homeland Security people, you just don't know why trashes like that should exist, but you have to love them..." On 22:20, buzz sounds. Then: "... these files, after you converted them, need to go..."

On 25:00, buzz sounds again. “According to Homeland Security’s surveillance, I’m now outside killing people... I’ve told you, when you *really* kill people, it wouldn’t be shocking at all, for you have supposedly already killed many people...” (27:00). On 33:50, I turned on the TV: a French movie. On 42:50, I changed the channel after suspecting the French movie to be an intercept. Note that BBC was again reporting about the protests in Iran. On 51:00, I was back to TV-5 Monde. On 1:00:00, I was again rambling about how everything had become so scary. On 1:12:00, I turned off the TV and cried again about how much I missed Karin’s meetups.

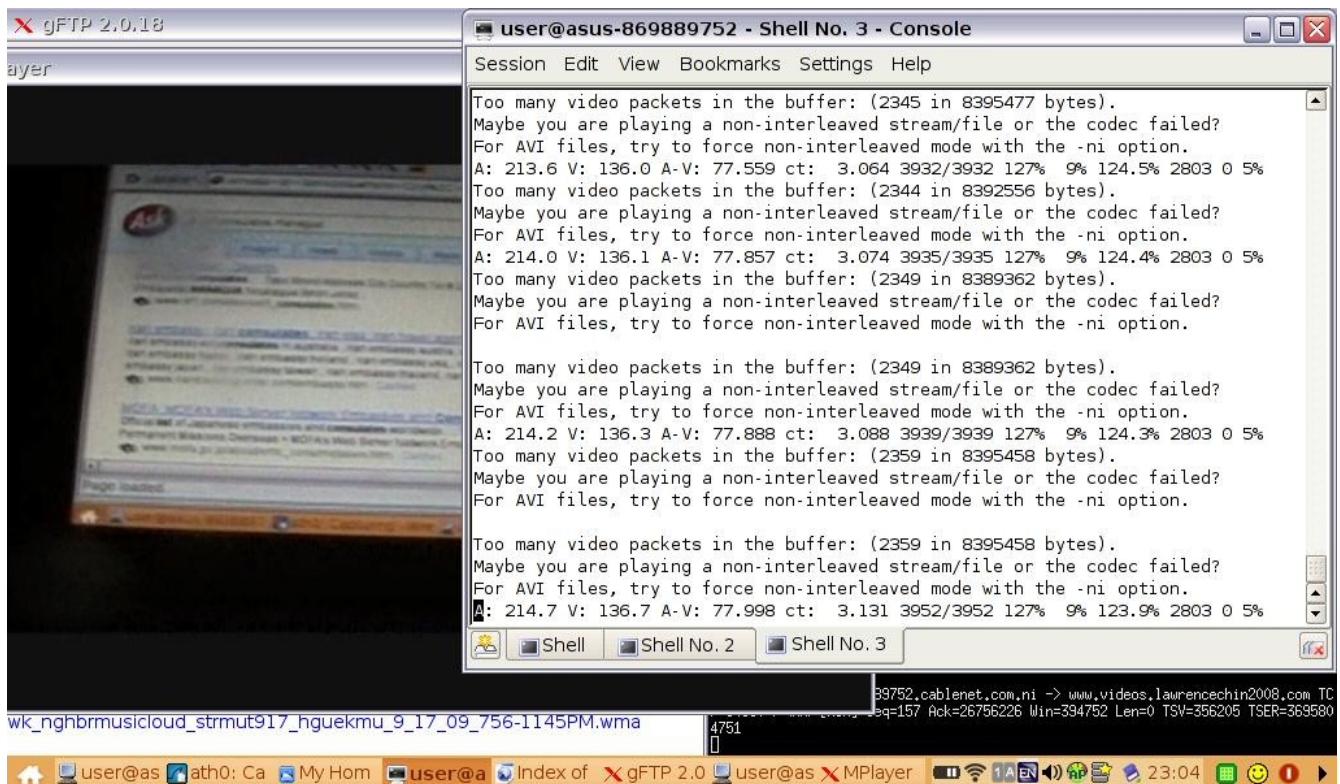
My next recording is: “slp\_nghbrmusic\_drm\_strm\_dvd54fail\_kncknghbr\_9\_18-19\_09\_634PM-110AM.wma”: Then I rested. On 28:50, loud music from the neighbor again. On 33:00, I again speculated that, if I turned on the TV, the music would disappear, but I groaned that I just didn’t feel like doing it. On 40:35, again: “... Homeland Security has true surveillance devices around here, and they would have heard our mumbling about Maria... they would instruct Maria to say... ‘He looked at me like he wanted to kill me’... that’s why they are blowing loud music right now... the goal is to get us to smash our neighbor’s windows, but I don’t feel like going out... before, the loud music was Spanish, but today it’s American...” I then continued to rest. On 2:31:50, I complained again about how the music was just too loud. On 3:17:10, I woke up: “I’m dreaming...” On 3:28:00, I came to my computers. On 3:29:10, I started streaming my latest recording from my website. On 3:32:30, it was now the recording of my going out earlier. On 3:44:20: “... the next time they scratch themselves, watch out, I’m gonna smash their head... the next door neighbor with their music, watch out...” On 3:48:00, I also started playing my latest video diary (an American woman getting out of the taxi). On 3:56:00, I started recounting my nightmare earlier about Homeland Security. On 4:01:30, more about the dream. And I continued to stream the recording. On 4:23:30, I was getting ready to burn my next DVD, DVD-54. I had to first back up my files in my Seagate drive. On 4:56:00, I inserted a new disc to burn. “... every file is on the hard drive... ‘granada-14’ and ‘15’... all came from the external hard drive...” On 4:58:00, the recording is corrupted. “Do a different project, see if you can succeed...” I worked on it for quite a while, and then, on 5:10:40: “... didn’t think we are gonna succeed... something is possibly very wrong with it... another disc... this is bad, an error message will pop up... maybe the DVD burner is broken...” On 5:13:35, the recording is again corrupted. On 5:18:50, I put in the disc again, but no. “What should you do? Maybe you should use ImgBurn. My thinking is that we are not gonna succeed... it will be too good to be true if we are allowed to burn DVDs... this is horrifying, one day you discover that you can no longer burn DVDs...” I just couldn’t seem to understand that it was all because the discs sold in this country were invariably defective! In any case, I continued to work on the files for the new disc. “After you created the ISO image, you’ll fail to burn the disc.” Of course! On 5:35:45, I started burning: “... it will fail... the whole thing is broken down...” (5:37:00). Then: “... we’ll try one more time with ImgBurn... after that, you’ll be sure that it’s no longer possible to burn DVDs... maybe the DVD-burning machine is broken...” On 5:47:00, ImgBurn had finished creating the ISO image. I inserted another newly bought disc to burn it. On 5:53:30, the burning failed – as expected. I decided to burn again with ImgBurn: “... error message will pop up...” On 5:58:30, the recording is corrupted. On 6:01:00, the burning failed – as expected. “That concludes... 1:38 AM...” Then: “... I don’t understand why I can’t burn DVDs anymore...” On 6:08:00: “... let’s listen to some old recordings from ICD-B600...” On 6:14:55, I thus continued to



stream the old recording from the Mexican grill in summer last year. On 6:24:20, GFTP timed out. On 6:28:00, something was going on outside, and I went away to film it (the first scene of my next video diary, “9\_19\_09.wmv”). “Homeland Security sent somebody in to knock on the door of my neighbor to my right in order to produce surveillance showing somebody coming into my home.” Was it really so? On 6:31:00, I immediately started writing out the note:

On 1 AM (6:28:00 in the recording) someone seemed to be knocking on the door of the neighbor to my right. I’m not sure. I did notice that before the knocking and the taxi outside – namely whenever DHS was producing surveillance of my going home when in reality I was actually at home and had never gone out – my GFTP would suddenly stall. Tonight just as the previous night.

Again, whether or not the suit team did obtain evidence that David Chin had gone out again, my FTP connection had no relation to it. On 6:31:30, I went away to film the stalling of my GFTP again (2:40 in the video). On 6:33:00, I turned on the TV to get a timestamp for my recording. And I continued writing out the note.



Tonight, using M-Player to stream my latest video diary from my website

September 19 (Saturday; Carlos/ partying?)



My next recording is: “[pplchtutsde\\_bangonroof\\_rvwk819\\_vid918\\_9\\_19\\_09\\_115-602AM.wma](#)”. The recording of my time in the Mexican grill continued. Then: “... she *wants* me to call her...” And I started writing. Then, again: “... my FTP connection will be shut down whenever something is happening outside...” (Again, not related.) I was then naming my pen videos and making notes about the recording in “Karin’s Meetups” (11:00). Now, all the pen videos of my going out earlier in the afternoon. On 43:30, I continued with the recording from August 16 last year. (In the Mexican grill?) On 44:40, I filmed: “... GFTP has stalled again...” Then I was trying to decide whether to redo the recording “Matrimonio all’italiana”. Then I was suddenly unable to play the recording using the command line on my M-Player, and so I played the recording regularly with the graphical interface (“Matrimonio all’italiana”). On 1:23:10, buzz sounds. Again on 1:27:10. Then, something was going on outside – people were chatting – and I went away to film it (1:27:30 in the recording and 5:58 in the video). “... Homeland Security has staged people’s chatter outside in order to produce surveillance showing me talking to somebody outside... according to Homeland Security’s surveillance, I’m not doing anything here, all that I have done is given me by the Nicaragua intelligence...” While I was over-interpreting things again – the suit team didn’t intercept the Nicaragua intelligence giving me anything – it’s not clear whether David Chin was indeed again caught talking to his criminal buddy outside. On 1:37:00 – what was I writing? Making a note in my diary? And I quickly turned on the TV too. On 1:43:00, I was back to working on my pen videos. On 1:51:00: “... as soon as I turned on the TV, the people outside would stop talking. Because I can’t be watching TV while talking outside at the same time, right?” Again, not related! On 1:56:30, BBC News was talking about India again: “... it’s evidence that I’m interested in India...” Then BBC News was talking about Somalia. “... it’s evidence that I’m an African agent too, but I don’t think it’s Somalia...” On 1:59:20, I turned off the TV and was back to the recording. On 2:10:50, I was also working on the video diary from the afternoon (“An American woman getting out of the taxi”). Then, back to the recording. On 2:17:10, something outside again, and I went to film it (7:14 in the video): “... according to Homeland Security, I’m still outside...” On 2:20:00, I turned on the TV again. “Now the chatter outside should be gone because they want to produce surveillance showing me chatting outside.” On 2:21:40, I filmed the TV again (8:15 in the video): “... I’m an agent of Brazil and that’s why I’m watching this... BBC News on Rio de Janeiro...” On 2:25:45, I filmed the people outside again (8:35 in the video). Then, back to the video diary (2:29:20). Then: “... why does Homeland Security send in... 3:30 AM in the morning? They probably want somebody to witness me chatting outside... they will speak about seeing so and so here that will match my description, in order to be intercepted...” On 2:35:30, I turned on the TV again. On 2:45:50, something was dropped on the roof again. I immediately noted in my diary (all that I had noted down about tonight, including what happened later):

I heard people chatting outside my apartment (near my neighbor to the right, it seems) around 2:40 AM in the morning (1:28:00 in the recording). Probably to produce surveillance [showing me] happily chatting outside with friends – evidence that my angry outburst yesterday afternoon was just an act. On 3:57 AM (2:45:30) something seems to be dropping on my roof. From 5:50 to 5:59 AM (from 4:38:00 onward) more explosion sounds outside.

Again, over-interpretation here. Then, back to working on my video diary. On 3:09:00, I was back to my recording (“Matrimonio all’italiana”). On 3:19:10, the FTP upload stalled again. Then: “Now create ‘granada-18’ on my website...” On 3:26:30, I turned on the TV. Spanish news. On 3:41:00, I turned off the TV. “... the screenshot of our uploading earlier... it’s a large one...” Then I was back to the video diary. Then I was complaining about my camcorder being broken. On 4:42:40, more explosion sounds outside, and I discovered that I had left the recorder turned on. (See the next recording with the overlap.) Back to the recording. Then, more explosion sounds: “The drug war, man! Everyone knows what I’m doing except me... When I’m outside executing my drug cartel rivals, I need to know that!” Indeed! And I turned on the TV.

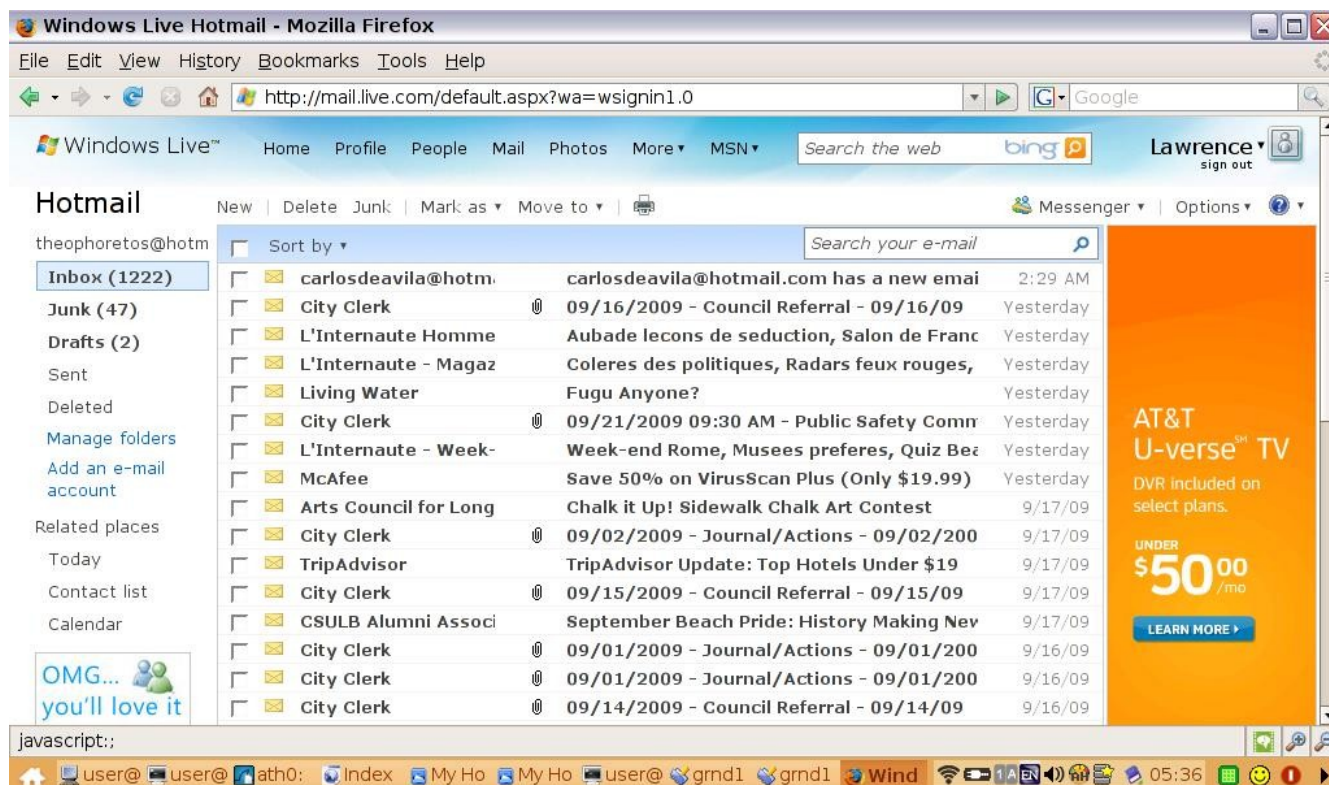
My next recording is: “overlap\_vid918\_explosion\_sunds\_9\_19\_09\_334-635AM.WMA”: The beginning of this recording overlaps with the second half of the previous until 2:20:00. On 2:28:00, I turned off the Sound Recorder. I shut off “Good Morning America” because it kept on reporting about terrorism cases. Then I went on and on about this and that. On 2:42:00, I turned on the TV again. “Why does ‘Good Morning America’ talk about cameras? It’s for me to see! Everything is for me to see!” (2:50:00) Not. On 2:54:20, I turned off the TV and started moving my latest screenshots to the right folders.

My next recording is: “attmpt\_slp\_9\_19\_09\_640-748AM.WMA”: Then I went on and on about how I had uploaded one gigabyte of data today. And the upload continued. On 3:00, I turned on the TV again looking for “Good Morning America”. On 8:30, “The Early Show” on CBS. On 11:10, CBS timed out, and I filmed it (9:04 in the video): “... CBS times out...” Then I started resting. On 23:30, the knocking sounds again from my neighbor. On 29:00, more mumbling: “... Deborah said ‘Be your own Mommy’...” And I would continue my mumbling throughout the rest of the recording. On 38:40, loud music from the neighbor in the back. On 48:00, the upload was finally finished. Then, on 48:30, a truck outside, and I went to film it (10:05 in the video): “... the truck came to park outside and the man from the neighbor was talking to the driver... probably staged by Homeland Security... the man in black shirt is actually me... so, early in the morning, I’m talking to the truck driver and I don’t know why...” Ha! Over-interpretation here! And I turned on the TV for a timestamp. “We were probably just discussing how to transport all the heroin back into the US.” Now I had to use Firefox to do the hash values – even if I didn’t want to use Firefox anymore. And another junk email. “More evidence of my drug cartel activity... opening up your own email account is now very dangerous, all these junk emails that implicate you in unspeakable crimes...” On 55:50, another car outside: “... it’s a very busy day with my drug-smuggling operation...” On 1:07:00, I sighed: “I’m everybody else, the only person I’m not is me... it’s very psychoanalytic...” Then my recorder ran out of space.

In regard to the junk email just mentioned, I would soon write out this explanation in my diary:

Also a junk email from Carlos de Avila of Long Beach this morning. This old acquaintance of mine, the gay photographer whom I met during my last year at CSU Long Beach, was probably confused in suit team’s surveillance with a Latin American agent and the junk email was [most likely] devised to produce an intercept showing me receiving a secret

message from him. I didn't open the email, and don't know if merely opening up my Hotmail inbox and discovering the email in the listing counts as evidence at the international court of successful contact with a Latin American agent.<sup>56</sup>



My Theophoretos Hotmail inbox today

To be sure, we really can't be sure whether the suit team had indeed used Carlos' email for me as some sort of evidence in support of the "David Chin legend". In any case, my next recording is: "slp\_chcknghbrmusickl\_9\_19\_09\_742-1206PM.WMA": On 2:00, I turned on the TV. On 5:00, a car's beeping outside. On 8:00, again: "You'll *always* be other people, it's your permanent condition, it will continue until the day you die... it will continue after your death... you'll never be in contact with another human being... no one will ever hear these recordings... what a sad fate..." On 26:30, the news about Russia again: "... they keep talking about Cuba too... can I also be an agent of Cuba?" And I went on and on about how I couldn't keep up with documenting myself. By 50:00, I turned off the TV and rested quietly. On 1:15:10, I suddenly got up because of the loud music again from my neighbor to the right. "According to surveillance, I actually live in the neighbor to the right." On 1:22:20, I filmed myself going out to investigate (12:23 in the video): "... the music is so loud, do you want to kill them? That would be the family to murder. They are the ones who blast loud music every single fucking morning." On 1:27:30, I turned on the TV a little and turned off the camcorder. Then I went on and on

56 When I checked this email years later, it was merely an automatic reminder that Carlos had changed to a new email account at live.com.

about how they pissed me off and how I wanted to murder them (while sparing their children). “They will definitely rumor about me later saying I blast loud music everyday to disturb them.” Then, back to my nap. On 1:54:00, siren. Then: “The woman next door is my wife, and I actually have three children.” Then I went on and on about my heroin-smuggling operation. “I’m supporting my children well with the money from my heroin-smuggling operation. If I murder the family next door, it’d just be suicide, I will be murdering my wife but I will spare my children, and my drug-smuggling partners will adopt my children and turn them into foreign agents to continue the operation to smuggle heroin into the United States.” Ha! (You must know that I was just being sarcastic here: I didn’t quite believe that the suit team was claiming that I had a wife and three children.) On 2:10:00, drumming from next door: “What’s this about? Surveillance showing me drumming? I didn’t know that my profile includes drumming... I think Homeland Security just wants me to go throw rocks at them.” On 2:16:10: “... Homeland Security will really like it if I actually kill people.” And on and on about how, perhaps, Homeland Security was just trying to irritate me. On 2:26:30, on and on again. On 3:02:00, more drumming. “I don’t know what this is about.” From 3:47:00 onward – was I typing out notes in my diary? Naming the new pen videos? Working on my latest video diary? Then I was doing the hash values on “Supplemental Pleading 3-9”. On 4:16:00, I packed up to get ready to sleep. The music had stopped!

My next recording is: “slp\_nghbrmusic\_9\_19\_09\_1207-755PM.WMA”: And so I rested quietly.<sup>57</sup> On 5:37:00, I got up and turned on the TV. Then I fell asleep again. Toward the end of the recording, I got up and turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “wk\_nghbrprty\_vid918\_9\_19-20\_09\_2AM.wma”: It’s CNN on TV, talking about Afghanistan endlessly. Then: “... a commercial in Portuguese!” (34:00) On 40:00, buzz sounds. “... transferring recordings, ‘9-18’ and ‘9-19’, to Toshiba...” (43:30). On 49:30, buzz sounds. Suddenly, on 50:30, power outage. “Do you think Homeland Security did this?” There was no more Internet connection either, and so I couldn’t upload any more files. Then: “According to Homeland Security’s surveillance, I have been partying all day....” Then, on 57:20, electricity came back on, and the people outside were cheering. On 59:40, buzz sounds. On 1:05:20, I resumed uploading files. On 1:19:40, because of the party next door, I filmed out of the window (18:15 in the video): “... I think, according to Homeland Security, I’m partying outside, and so let me see...” I then went back to filming my TV and then concluded: “I’m hosting a party today! I just wanted to know what I’m doing, that’s all...” Then, on 1:22:30: “... it’s ‘Syriana’! And I’m watching this because I’m a secret agent...” On 1:25:20, I started streaming the latest recording from my website. On 1:30:00, I started looking into unknown recordings in order to figure out what they were about. Still, people were cheering outside. “It looks like I’m having a good time with my family!” On 1:45:00, the recording of my going out earlier. I then mumbled about the need to avoid the mistake of importing recordings that had already been imported and then spending time to discover that they had already been imported (1:52:00). On 1:56:00, I was streaming my latest AVI files. On 2:00:00, I started importing the latest videos. On 2:22:00, I turned on the TV, but only briefly. On 2:31:00, the importing was done, and I started working on the latest video diary. It was still the video of my going out yesterday (how I wanted to hit people). On 2:59:00,

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<sup>57</sup> Reviewed until 19:00 and then from 5:11:00 onward.



something had parked outside. On 3:05:00: "... we are gonna check..." and I turned on the TV. CNN. On 3:11:50, I was suddenly reviewing an old recording. Then, back to working on the latest video diary. On 3:31:30, something was going on outside again. "... It seems that I'm outside chatting with somebody right now... we need to go figure out what I'm doing..." And so I came to the window to film it (3:33:20 in the recording or 22:10 in the video): "... I'm not sure which of the three guys is me..." And I turned on the TV again. "... and so I'm chatting with two guys in fluent Spanish outside..." I quickly wrote out the note in my diary (3:41:00): "... loud music..." On 3:46:00, I started publishing "9\_18\_09.wmv". Then, again: "... somebody is ... outside... I'm ... with my buddy outside..." (3:56:30). On 4:09:00, the video diary was published – was I now playing it? "... I don't know how to get rid of this left hand panel..." I was now looking at the screenshots. On 4:24:50: "... I'm looking at... that I have downloaded..." By 4:45:10, I was getting very frustrated: "... Eee PC froze up..." I got angry and started banging on things. "And now Firefox pops up for no reason! God!" On 4:49:20, the video diary had finished publishing. (Again?) I played the video ("an American woman getting out of the taxi"). On 4:52:50, when I inserted my SD card into my Toshiba: "... hopefully it won't do great damage..." On 4:54:20, buzz sounds. On 5:02:50, I continued on with the video. On 5:12:00, I turned on the TV. On 5:25:20, I went to film what's going on outside again (23:46 in the video): "Look, my friends are leaving... according to surveillance, the party is over... it's 1:19 AM..." Just then, CNN was talking about Zimbabwe. I would soon note in my diary: "Maybe that's the African nation of which I am supposedly an agent." Not. On 5:27:00, I turned on the recorder.

## September 20 (Sunday)

My next recording is: "bbcnews\_explsunds\_vidfail\_9\_20\_09\_207-558AM.wma": I turned on the TV and switched the channel to BBC News. "Maybe the woman is related to me... it's evidence of my crimes..." Not. On 3:30, the French news instead. Then, the other channels. I turned off the TV on 16:00. On 27:00, I suddenly began thinking about the future and so fell silent. On 1:01:00, back to my laptop. I continued to work on my video diary from yesterday. On 1:47:00 I turned on the TV again. (The recording gets bad at this point.) On 1:49:00, I muttered angrily about murdering my neighbors again for serving as my doubles. (Again, bad evidence for the Russians.) On 2:00:00 I became terribly amused by my own documentary of "my family in Granada" and began laughing out loud.

Then, on 2:02:00, or around 4:08 AM, more explosion sounds outside: "I'm engaged in a gun battle again." Then, on 2:04:50, I went to film "me" talking to somebody outside again (24:15 in the video). (It's not clear whether faulty surveillance had indeed confused him with me.) I then continued to work on my video diary. By 2:53:30, I was done and, on 2:57:20, turned on the TV. My Windows Movie Maker was now publishing the latest video diary. On 3:14:00 I shouted: how could the Movie Maker have published the video so fast? "It should still have 20 minutes left to the publishing!" On 3:14:50, I started filming my Toshiba with my pen camera: my Windows Movie Maker had malfunctioned and it had quit before it had finished publishing the whole video. I couldn't help but suspect Homeland Security again (who supposedly wouldn't like my documentary-making). The Windows Movie Maker was only using a little more than 50 percent of the CPU. (Other than the Sound Recorder, no other application was open.) "I've seen this problem once before already..." Then, on 3:18:00, something



about Brazil and India again on BBC: “... evidence that I’m an agent of Brazil and India...” Then, on 3:20:00: “It could be because my Toshiba has been up for over 9 hours and has simply overworked.” I therefore shut down my Toshiba. At least I wasn’t hysterical about it. Then, CNN started broadcasting “Inside Africa” (3:22:30). I thus switched the channel. On 3:47:00 I noticed that the CPU usage was going up and down once more, which supposedly meant that my Windows Movie Maker was going to malfunction again and would be unable to publish the video diary. Soon the Movie Maker was only using 20 percent or so of the CPU. I was now busy trying to shut down the Movie Maker.

My next recording is: “slp\_nghbrmusic\_9\_20\_09\_525AM-304PM.WMA”: I lamented: “... the Movie Maker is not functioning...” And now BBC was reporting something about east Africa again. “This African agent watching news about Africa...” On 12:00, a man was shouting outside. Then: “... the movie on TV is about a romance between this white female and this Hispanic male... the Movie Maker is still flashing...” (19:00). Then: “... somehow I feel like I need to stay up to watch the Movie Maker finish...” On 24:00, I was deleting files on my SD card. I was then again very concerned with the CPU usage on my Toshiba, how it was again going up and down. “We probably shouldn’t publish this video at all...” (31:30). I tried to cancel a certain process, but it didn’t work. Did I kill the process then? On 48:30, I rebooted my Toshiba. Now my Toshiba was running very slowly. I was then deleting 1.5 gigabytes of WAV files on it. “... we have wasted 40 minutes trying to publish a video that we have failed to publish...” On 1:13:55, something about Russia on TV again. Then, a French movie. The FTP upload still had two hours to go. On 1:19:55, CNN: it was again an interview with the Russian president Medvedev, and so I promptly filmed it (the first scene of my next video diary, “9\_20\_09\_p1.Wmv”): “... now that my TV is a Homeland Security TV, I don’t know if the movie is good or not...” And the french movie turned out to be quite scary, a prostitute being paid in Pesos... And so I turned off the TV on 1:23:00. I tried to sleep while the FTP upload continued. Then: “People are talking outside again, but I don’t have the energy to investigate... it’s sad that you always exist somewhere else than here...” On 1:27:20, I decided to take a look anyway and came to the windows to film it (1:34 in the video): “... I don’t know which one is me...” Again, it’s not clear whether there was any operation here. Then I rested quietly.<sup>58</sup> On 3:31:00, I murmured about how the noises outside came from my transporting heroin around. Ha!

My next recording is: “wk\_mvmmkr\_9\_20\_09\_310-349PM.WMA”: I woke up but continued to rest. On 22:55, explosion sounds outside again. Then again. On 25:30, I got up and turned on my Toshiba to get ready to work. On 26:40, I started the Sound Recorder. “Wow, the Sound Recorder is picking up a huge amount of sounds even though nothing is going on!” (28:40) And I immediately played the same video diary (“an American woman getting out of the taxi”). Now, my neighbor was blasting Michael Jackson terribly loudly. “Probably because I’m a pedophile and so worship Michael Jackson!” Again, it’s not clear if I was correct here. Now I wanted to publish this video again which I wasn’t able to publish in the morning. And I turned on the TV. On 33:30, again: “... the Sound Recorder seems to be picking up a lot of noises...”

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<sup>58</sup> Reviewed until 2:00:00, and then from 9:29:00 onward.

My next recording is: “publvid919\_gunsounds\_9\_19\_09\_329-451PM.wma” (...9\_20\_08...): Massive disturbances in the beginning of the recording until 8:20. Then I was working on my latest video diary (“9\_18\_09.wmv”) again (“an American woman getting out of the taxi”). “The neighbor has been blasting music all day long, from morning to afternoon to night!” On 14:00, the disturbances are picking up again, making this recording mostly inaudible for the rest of the time. On 46:00 – was I reviewing the newly published video diary from yesterday? Was I working on it? “... the neighbor’s music is very loud...” On 55:00 – were there gunshots outside again? “These gunshots don’t happen when I go out...” (1:03:20). I concluded: “... so I’m also somewhere else shooting at people...” More explosion sounds. “... it’s a drug war outside, very intense...” (1:15:30). Ha! On 1:19:25, explosion sounds again. We have never been able to ascertain whether, according to evidence in the lower court, David Chin was indeed constantly engaged in gun battles with his drug cartel rivals.

My next recording is: “**ut\_scrchr\_drge\_decsv\_wmunotcrash\_skypepypl\_9\_20\_09\_452-816PM.WMA**”. It’s now 4:48 PM: “I’m ready to go out, and that means the neighbor’s music will stop and there will be no more gunshots outside.” On 6:30, I stopped the Sound Recorder. On 11:40: “... the drug war outside should stop... a lot of people will scratch their head, wipe their nose... and, when we come inside an enclosure, their phones will ring...” On 15:00, I filmed my room before leaving (2:32 in the video). And out of the window too. On 17:40, I filmed as I stepped out (3:40 in the video): “Did somebody lock my front gate for me again?... maybe I should boobytrap this thing, so that, the next time when someone comes, he’ll be fucked...” I was now on the street. “Maybe I should move my drug-trafficking operation to the Hague...” This crazy idea again! (As you shall see.) On 20:50: “... look, he puts his hand in his pocket and pretends to smoke... so there is one intercept showing me smoking dope...” (6:47 in the video). Really? I then continued my long trek. “Two guys are waiting to take pictures of me!” (9:00 in the video) Then I turned off the camcorder but, on 23:42, started filming again (9:30 in the video): “... that guy is scratching himself... the guy just touched himself...” Suddenly, on 25:10, gunshot: “That’s unexpected!” Then: “... the guy on bicycle just scratched his head... and this one is wiping his sweat... that guy just touched his nose... standing in front of the police officer...” Now, one of those instances should indeed be suit team-instructed (devising the environment of the terrorist in a way that fit his belief, to make him believe he had succeeded in his scheme). On 28:23, I started filming as I came inside the bank to withdraw money from the ATM (14:00 in the video). Soon, however, the security guard came to bother me about my camcorder: “... don’t touch me, man...” On 30:14, I was done: “... let’s go...” On 30:58, as soon as I was out, I filmed the security guard (15:50 in the video): “... so why does he harass me with that...?” (The security guard was probably *not* instructed by the suit team to do this.) Then I moved on. Then I bought two packs of cigarettes from a street stand.<sup>59</sup> On 34:17, I started filming again (17:06 in the video). Immediately, one of the three girls passing me by scratched her face (17:30 in the video): “... she’s a girl, and so I’m not sure about hitting her...” Most likely not suit team-instructed. Then – more scratching, picture-taking, and cellphone calls (as you can see in the video). On 37:37, I turned off my camcorder and walked into the same old fast food place. I ordered two Super Combos to go, as usual.<sup>60</sup> When the cashier said something to me: “Okay okay, fucking bitch.” Ha! On 44:10, I picked up my

59 See “buy\_cig\_9\_20\_09\_443PM.AVI”

60 See “buy\_chcken\_9\_20\_09\_449PM.AVI”.

food and turned on my camcorder as I walked out (20:42 in the video). On 48:10, a guy almost bumped into me: "... what's up, fucker?" And he kept saying things to me (24:45 in the video). "Should we hit him? But he's not scratching his head..." Ha! (Probably not an operation.) On 49:30, when I came to my door, I threw a rock at him, but missed him (25:38 in the video). Then, to my neighbor: "... keep your music down, mother-fucker... and he keeps wiping his sweat..." Again, not suit team-instructed. I dropped off my food in my apartment and was immediately out on the street again. On 52:00, I turned off my camcorder and then immediately turned it back on (26:58 in the video). I was now quite ready to hit a self-scratcher again. A guy on bicycle with a kid in front of him scratched himself when passing me by. "That's smart, with a kid..." Then: "That's probably me shaking hands with somebody..." (55:20 or 31:34 in the video). Again, over-interpretation of the faulty surveillance's operation. On 56:15, I turned off my camcorder and bought cookies and pineapples from a street stand.<sup>61</sup> On 58:00, I started filming again (32:41 in the video). I reflected: "... that was smart, he put a kid in front on his bicycle so that I wouldn't strike him..." On 1:00:40, I turned off my camcorder and came inside a shop. I bought matches.<sup>62</sup> On 1:01:00, I turned on my camcorder as I continued on my trek (35:24 in the video) and, on 1:03:10, I turned it off. On 1:03:40, I turned it back on (37:27 in the video): "... now you don't find any instances of head-scratching... that episode is over... that guy on bicycle is a perfect target, but he had a kid in front of him... we are now producing 2 gigabytes of data per day... it's not even possible to upload it all in one day... too bad that no one will ever see these documentaries..." And the gunshots continued. By 1:11:30 (42:50 in the video), I was home: "... how many nations have to be gone... every instance of head-scratching destroys one alliance... it's not clear which nation has gone away today..." And I turned off my camcorder. "No phones rang when you walked into the chicken store... nor into the bank..." On 1:13:30, I filmed out of my window (44:01 in the video): "... someone will come to lock the door for me... some day they should run out of nations to sue... you can't sue Russia forever..." Excellent testimony for the Russians! In conclusion, the suit team had done today no more than instruct more people to scratch themselves in front of me – probably because the Russians were still fiercely arguing in the upper court that the failure of the sting operation on August 11 should have disqualified the use of the faulty surveillance Machine.

Now I turned on the TV on 1:16:00. CNN. On 1:21:00, I filmed the TV (the first scene of the next video diary, "9\_20\_09\_p2.wmv"): "... the interview with my boss again, Russia's president..." Then, Spanish news. On 1:46:00, I turned off the TV. Now it's time to check my finance. On 1:50:00, I filmed myself logging into my WAMU account on my Eee PC (0:34 in the video): "... we withdrew money today, 2,000 Cordobas... I don't really think, it shouldn't crash... I don't think it will crash today... wamu.com... I thought it had something to do with the head-scratching... we only had 6 instances today... we think there is a relationship between head-scratching and our bank account..." Not! On 1:55:55, I tried to call my mother on Skype, but I only reached her voice-mail (6:50 in the video). I called again, but no (until 9:10 in the video). "Let's check the time, but I avoided Firefox... do you really believe there is a relationship between Konqueror's crashing and the head-scratching outside? We only see parts of the picture... today's Sunday, so the withdrawal will be posted on Monday..." I turned off my camcorder on 2:02:00. On 2:05:05, I filmed again (12:35 in the video): "... it happened

61 See "buy\_cookiespineapple\_9\_20\_09\_507PM.AVI".

62 See "buy\_matches\_9\_20\_09\_511PM.AVI".

again, the same thing... the packets... we caught one instance of it..." On 2:06:10, I filmed again (13:23 in the video): "Look, it happened again... how come I can't find the phone number..." I then called my mother's cellphone number, but again there was no answering. "... something is very wrong... the head-scratching is so aggressive... Konqueror didn't crash, although it happened with wamu.com... we closed it, and it popped up... the problem is that I'm not talking to people and so I don't know what's going on in the courthouse..." (until 18:40 in the video). I now tried to call my step-mother on Skype, but all I got was this notice about "insufficient credits": "... each day, your existence is wiped out a little bit more... there will never be any audience to your life..." I was now trying to log into my Paypal account but just couldn't do it. Then: "... I'm blocked... let's type in one letter at a time..." And yet, no matter how many times I tried, I just couldn't log in. I decided to add funds from Skype instead (24:00 in the video) but now I couldn't do that either: "I'm sorry, man, I have a disability called 'Homeland Security', which means things aren't gonna function for me..." As you can see in the video, the problem was – again – that I insisted on using Konqueror instead of Firefox. Then: "... at least I have the pleasure of videotaping it, but no one is ever gonna see it... I believe I have plenty of videos showing me logging into Paypal... so I should be able to demonstrate that this episode is unnatural... I think my Paypal account is erased... I can really demonstrate that everything I have entered is the correct information... maybe it has something do do with... well, I still want to strike people..." As you can see on 28:20 in the video, I still couldn't log in: "... let's see if I have entered the password correctly..." Then I kept mumbling about the relationship between the disappearance of my Paypal account and the "court business" and how the "court business" was the source of my disability. (In reality, this episode was entirely "natural" – the suit team wasn't involved.) Then, as you can see on 30:20 in the video, I actually did log into Skype: "... everything is in Hong Kong dollars... I can't do it, it's just too hard... all because of what's going on 'over there'... all these ordinary things suddenly become so important, and everything just stops functioning for you..." As you can see on 31:55 in the video, I was now trying to log into Paypal again: "... look, it's all in German... why?" And I went on and on about how I just couldn't work with machines: "... close this tab and start over... it's very very hard to do... it might take several hours... Homeland Security is watching me very closely from up there and so, when I log out of WAMU, this thing pops up... log in..." Again, Homeland Security didn't cause this. I was now back to adding money from within Skype: "... what's going on? What do you want me to do? ... if my Paypal has disappeared... what about the money I have transferred into Paypal? Did that disappear too? Our Paypal account has disappeared... you are not allowed to get into Paypal... just take comfort in the fact that you have videotaped yourself using your Paypal account before... the next door is blasting loud music again... the Sound Recorder is picking up a lot of noises, even though nothing is going on right now..." On 2:34:00, I turned on the TV. On 2:42:45, I turned off the TV and started filming again (38:50 in the video): "... let's try one more time..." I was still trying to get into my Paypal account: "I don't really know what to do... I can't make Skype calls... something must have happened in the International Court and that's why you can't get into your Paypal account... pretty soon they will run out of countries to sue, right? Will one day everything just be normal?" And then I did log in! (42:20 in the video) "Maybe earlier they were arguing about something, and now they have finished arguing... what happened to the money I have deposited? It's just too bad that I'm not getting money from my heroin-trafficking operation..." And I went on and on about it and turned on the TV again (2:50:50). "Am I also an agent of Haiti?" Then: "... where did all these packets come from?"

And I started filming again on 2:52:45 (48:30 in the video): "... according to this, I'm communicating with somebody big time... take a screenshot... who's optonline.net? I'm communicating with all these... who are these people? It's good to find out who I'm communicating with, what I do everyday... I'd like to know when I'd be doing my heroin-trafficking... 24.46.144.124..." I was in fact all paranoid over nothing – all because I didn't as yet understand the Internet well enough. Then, suddenly, the DV tape ran out. I changed the tape and, on 2:57:00, started filming again: "... the tape ran out, and so I have to redo this... that's a lot of packets... close everything, and find out... it's some company in New York, Optimum Online... it has stopped... maybe because I'm videotaping it... start Skype, but I don't think it came from Skype... now Skype can't start... look, I'm blasting loud music again to disturb myself... I cannot but pretend to not have money from my heroin-trafficking operation... such that I'd have to ask my mother for money... I'm really trying to do the best I can... to be the best Russian agent I can be... even though I make millions of dollars... with the Brazilians... the Chinese... I still have to pretend that I have only 100 dollars left... I apologize to all of humanity... I'm a naturally curious person, and so I would like to find out about my heroin-trafficking operation... and so I keep track of the big truck that is coming in... *if you are smuggling heroin, wouldn't you like to know*, my non-existent audience... I should really just kill myself... the music I blasted on myself... the next door... really bothers me... I'm really upset, I want to take it out on somebody..." Again, I hope you can appreciate my sarcasm here. On 3:15:40: "... upload the videos '9\_19\_09'... just take it out on the weak..." On 3:21:25, I turned on the TV: "... can't concentrate on writing... we are gonna watch some TV whether it's scary or not..." CNN was showing an interview with Obama. Then, Catherine Zeta Jones.

My next recording is: "[sndrcrdr\\_noise\\_skype\\_impvid\\_gdevl\\_9\\_20\\_09\\_709-1152PM.wma](#)": The beginning of this recording overlaps with the end of the previous recording until 1:00:00 or so.<sup>63</sup> Was I now streaming my latest video diary from my website? Importing my recordings? Then, presumably, I filmed the TV again when the news started talking about Cuba again (58:40 in the video): "... maybe the head-scratching had something to do with Cuba... Cuba must be another country for which I'm smuggling heroin into the US..." Then I was quietly resting for quite a while. On 1:41:50, I got up from my nap. I took notice of my TV: Deutsche Welle was saying something about terrorism again. On 1:58:30, I got up again. No more importing? Streaming? Then I was back to resting quietly. On 2:27:10, I got up and came to my Toshiba to continue importing my latest videos (the videos from earlier). On 3:19:40, I was done with importing. Then: "... now upload screenshots '9\_17\_09'..." (3:23:30). No more loud music now (3:31:50). On 3:39:30, I was mumbling about Homeland Security: "... they know everything you do here... now there is nothing to hide..." And I went on and on about the uploading of files. "It *is* possible to upload all the files from a day within a single day... this one video took me seven hours to upload..." On 3:48:30, I turned on the TV: BBC. Then, something was going on outside, and I went to the window to film it (the first scene in my next video diary, "[9\\_20\\_09\\_p3.wmv](#)"): "... I'm outside chatting again... that must be *me*, and the two women are my wives... that's why the music was turned off... because I'm supposed to be outside chatting with my friends..." Again, I was being more sarcastic than serious. (I didn't necessarily believe that faulty surveillance was showing me chatting outside at the moment.) On 3:50:10, I filmed the TV (1:00 in the

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63 Reviewed from 1:16:00 onward.



video): "... I don't know if this has something to do with me..." On 3:54:15, I played the recording from earlier trying to figure out what it was about. I then turned off the TV. I was now naming the latest recordings. On 4:09:00, buzz sounds. I then started uploading the recording of my going out earlier to my website. On 4:16:30 – was I importing the latest videos again? I then worked on my "Preface" a little (4:24:00). Then – what was I busy about? Then, the camcorder problem, and I started looking for another DV tape. Then the importing of videos suddenly stopped working.<sup>64</sup>

My next recording is: "[k816\\_cryngftpstall\\_quiet\\_9\\_20-21\\_09\\_1158PM-306AM.wma](#)". I was now reviewing the latest pen videos, from yesterday. Naming them? On 23:35, I seemed to be looking at a Wikipedia entry on Nicaragua. On 30:00 – was I streaming a recording? A video? On 35:00, something was going on outside again. On 40:30, I inserted DVD-1. I now continued to review the recording of the August 16 meetup from last year. On 48:30, massive disturbances. On 1:09:00 – was I filming something? On 1:12:30, I was mumbling about something indistinctly (due to disturbances). On and on until 1:19:20, when I suddenly got angry. Because the camcorder had suddenly stopped working? On 1:20:40, I filmed again (2:05 in the video): "... the FTP upload has stalled again... everyday around 1AM or so, the FTP upload will stall... the entire Internet down... Homeland Security would always shut down my Internet connection for a brief period during this time... in order to produce surveillance showing me not being home, but coming back home... everyday around 1 AM or so, I'd be coming back home or receiving guests... my drug-smuggling operation ends about 1 AM everyday... my goal is to document my crimes, right? *So that I would not be the only person in the world who doesn't know what my crimes are...*" And I went on and on: "... it's actually someone else who's doing the uploading..." Ha! I was again drawing unnecessary inferences to arrive at wrong conclusions: there was no connection between my Internet outage and what's going on outside. But, as you can see in the video, somehow I could stream a recording from my website (1:29:30) and yet nothing else could go through. On 1:35:40 (16:50 in the video): "... what's going on? I don't understand what's going on... I really can't stand this International Court business... Homeland Security is producing surveillance... I really want to know about the crimes I have committed... where is the file I have just uploaded today?" (20:30 in the video) I kept on moaning: "What's going on? I have a lot of files to upload..." On 1:45:00 I almost broke down crying. "Where the fuck... the entire folder just disappeared..." (1: 47:20). Finally, I did break down crying. "... the file system just disappeared... my SD card... why?" And I kept on crying and yelling: "What's going on? Something exploded!" On 1:56:20, I filmed myself crying and explaining (23:22 in the video). I was now quite hysterical. Finally, the Internet was back (27:00 in the video). On 2:11:30, I muttered about the TV: "... why am I watching this?" Then – my Eee PC froze up! When my FTP upload was finally allowed again, I would soon surmise that it was because

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64 For this recording, I would soon insert the following notes: "As you can see, this recording from [Windows] Vista's Sound Recorder overlaps [with] the last hour of the previous recording from my Olympus WS-210S, which should confirm the authenticity of the recordings from the Sound Recorder on my Toshiba. However, once again the Sound Recorder seems to be picking up a large amount of noise around 8:00, 47:00, and 53:00. It turns out that from 7:00 onward the recording goes very fuzzy with the interfering noises. If the interference was not caused by Homeland Security, then Toshiba's microphone was the problem. Note that there was no interference in the part of the previous recording which overlaps with this one (from about 2:24:00 onward). Buzz sounds occur on 45:20, [and] then the noise becomes very loud, especially by 53:00. The noise calms down by 59:00, at which point I turned off the Olympus recorder."

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice  
4.8.3. The life of head-scratching and machine malfunctioning, B.  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Sept. 2009; Aug. 2021 – Jul. 2022

it was uploaded to [videos.lawrencechin2008.com](https://videos.lawrencechin2008.com) rather than to [videos.lawrencechin2008.com/grnd18](https://videos.lawrencechin2008.com/grnd18).  
Now, BBC on TV. Then I was resting quietly. As you can imagine, my hysteria and paranoia over nothing (“natural” events) tonight must have again caused the Russians quite a consternation.