

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

### **VIII**

#### **How to Own the World in Seven Months**

##### **I.**

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

##### **3.**

#### **“Mission accomplie”**

##### **A.**

#### **October 10 - 31**

“Le monde devra s’unir en sens invers  
en réponse du rire d’un Pyramid d’or”

#### RESUME

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial over me from October 10 to October 31, 2009.

The most exciting period had begun now that I had got on the plane to return to Los Angeles. The United States – the suit team – was now in serious troubles. As you recall, the Russian claim was that I was conspiring with the United States by flying to Nicaragua to enable the United States to accuse Nicaragua also of participating in this scheme of sending David Chin around to pretend to be his twin brother the terrorist suspect Lawrence Chin, while the United States’ claim was that I was only pretending to conspire with the United States in order to enable Russia to accuse the United States of conspiring with me when in fact I wanted to defect to Nicaragua (and presumably to Russia eventually). Now that I was coming home, the United States’ claim instantly fell apart – I clearly had no intention of defecting – while Russia’s claim appeared ever more valid.<sup>1</sup>

The most troublesome thing for the Russians during this time was the fact that I still had my ticket to Amsterdam and that the flight was supposed to take place on October 18. The Russians desperately wanted me to stay in Los Angeles to finish my conspiracy with the CIA, and yet I didn’t know this in the beginning and was really

1 Keep in mind that the suit team could not simply modify their claim a little by saying that I intended to help Russia even though I didn’t intend to defect because the evidence they had offered on the basis of which they had advanced their claim was my slip of the tongue on July 26 to the effect that I wanted to find a job soon.

planning to fly. This would tremendously complicate the International Court trial – not to mention the fact that I could only give myself more troubles by going to the Netherlands without any money, as if it were possible to be homeless in the Hague as it was in Los Angeles. Luckily, I gradually noticed the problem and eventually never took the flight. If I had gone, it would have been the same fruitless story again: petitioning, protest, or searching for legal remedies would never resolve my predicament in any way whatsoever. When you are a top-priority terrorist for the United States, you are effectively a legal black hole with no organizations in the world willing and able to help you even the slightest. In the end, it's always far more effective to simply remain the terrorist that you cannot help but be and help America's enemy beat America in the International Court of Justice (i.e. manipulating the system from which you can never escape).

Now that I had returned to Los Angeles, and insofar as I still planned to fly to Amsterdam on the 18<sup>th</sup>, my most urgent task was to burn all the discs I needed to burn before I should depart. I had burned 20 discs while I was in Nicaragua, from DVD 46 to DVD 65, and yet all these discs I needed to reburn because the discs I bought in Granada were of such dubious quality that I couldn't trust that they would last. In the following you will read that, for my first few days back in Los Angeles, I did nothing other than stay in coffeehouses and libraries to burn my discs.

The following will continue to be excessively tedious because, at the time, I continued to count to myself every instance of a stranger's scratching his head or making a cellphone call or text-messaging believing that every such instance was orchestrated by the suit team and intercepted into the ICJ as evidence. In reality, most of the time people were just scratching themselves and calling and text-messaging on their cellphones out of their own accord and were not instructed by the suit team to do so. As I have explained earlier, I had developed the serious symptoms of a typical "targeted individual" when a few orchestrated incidents had caused me to indiscriminately assume every incident was orchestrated. Furthermore, because this is a reconstruction and not simply a narrative, I must list everything, even the most insignificant things, in order to solve the puzzle, and yet I lack the time to then turn the reconstruction into a true narrative, i.e. a story with all insignificant details deleted.

A related issue is my constant attempt to explain why I was resisting the suit team's operations if I was supposedly trying to help them beat Russia. You must recall why I was in such a bind: resistance was not good evidence for the Russians and yet I must resist because the suit team could win by winning in *either* the upper court *or* the lower court. If I didn't resist and *genuinely* tried to help them, they could at least win in the lower court and so beat Russia. I must help them and yet fail to help them, and then explain why I failed to help them despite my desire to help them!

Note that I looked increasingly sloppy once home in Los Angeles as I became increasingly bankrupt. Having used up my contact lenses, I had to now wear my broken glasses. Yet it was this penniless homeless guy wearing broken glasses that was saving Russia – and the world.

Note also that I had, from this period onward, begun inventing nicknames to refer to people. For starter, “Displays” refers to CIA agents.

One last thing I should mention which is of utmost importance to me. As you shall see, the Russians would expose the United States’ plan to judge Higgins on October 17 – how the United States planned to use my ICJ trial as a way to chip Russian officials in the brain (just as the suit team had already chipped the MSS director in the brain) and remotely control them to start a nuclear war. Since the Russians deemed me to be the suit team’s conspirator, they could obtain from judge Higgins the authorization to do onto me what I had conspired with the suit team to do onto them as a way to neutralize my terrorist threat against them. In other words, as soon as the Russian claim was substantiated, the Russians could obtain the right to chip me in the brain. Given the disaster that almost cost Russia its victory on October 18, it’s not clear when exactly the Russians ordered the suit team to chip me – whether it was immediately after the disaster of October 18 or much later, such as immediately after the revelation (as you shall see) on December 11 – or any time in between. Since the brain-chip mechanism I will amply describe in later chapters (notably, “Ying and Yang”), I shall not say much here. I shall only note that chipping me was exceedingly easy because I was homeless and had to sleep on the street every night. The Russians had merely to order Homeland Security to send somebody to me late in night while I was asleep to place the chipping device on my head. In any case, after the Russians had ordered me chipped, they could see on the screen of the mind-reading computer all the thoughts that had ever passed through my head – and know what exactly I knew and how exactly I was pretending in order to help them. None of this the suit team would be able to submit as evidence to the International Court. Needless to say, this episode (my “chipping”) is the most important, and the saddest, event in my life: the chips would remain in my brain throughout the next decade – even today, as I’m writing this, I remain “chipped”: in fact, most likely for the rest of my life, since it is impossible to ever extract them because nobody will ever believe that such thing is possible. Furthermore, as you will see later, the chips in my brain will become the cause of so much misery and so much ruin for me even many years later, even after this ICJ trial had completely evaporated. I have sacrificed so much to save Russia!

### **October 10 (Saturday; stuck in Miami)**

My next recording is: “[mng\\_flight\\_miamiport\\_10\\_10\\_09\\_1208-540PM\\_grndtime.WMA](#)”: I was now at the Managua Airport. “... if they keep doing this then we should be spared further harassment...”

Wrong! I looked for my ticket: "...GMFSYB... 970... if you let them confuse your bank account with somebody else's, they might go easy on you..." Wrong again! On 6:00, I came to the service counter. Everybody had already boarded, and I had better hurry. And yet I had to sign the Immigration Declaration! I immediately suspected an operation: "Oh, it will end up becoming someone else's signature..." I filmed the Declaration I had just signed in order to leave behind proofs (the first scene of my next video diary, "[10\\_10\\_09\\_p1.wmv](#)"): "I know it will become a different paper by the time it ends up in the International Court, but I just want to keep a record..." In other words, I must again explain why I was resisting the suit team's operation if I so intended to help them. I ran to Gate 6 and yet, on 13:00, I still had to pass through the security check. The security officers confiscated my lighter and screw driver and were amused by my "recording devices". "What is that?" I am going to miss my plane! As I hurried I cried: "... that's what happens when you are late... you don't have time... this will be confused with that..." I ran and, finally, on 23:00, I came inside the plane. I was the last person to get on! My seat, as usual, was in the very back, and, strangely, somebody was sitting on my seat: he was also wearing a hat and was using his cellphone. My double! After some discussion with him and the flight attendant, this guy gave up the seat for me. I was then troubled again when the flight attendant insisted that I put my cart into the overhead bin. I hesitantly did it. I told him that this would for sure be confused with somebody's (27:00). "... they will say I have forgotten my cart on the plane and it will become something else before entering into the International Court as evidence... they now have an intercept showing me turning over my cart to the flight attendant... surveillance will eventually show that I have forgotten it when I get off the plane... the flight attendants will then pretend to discover spy equipment in the overhead bin... the operation is one thing, another thing is to make sure that you keep getting identified... they will rumor: 'This nervous person... with all those recording devices...' " When the flight attendant acted as if I was mentally disabled, I accused him of "acting". He shouted back at me: "... I'm not acting, this is the way I am..." (33:00). I continued: "... my lighter and screw driver will morph into some other things... that's what happens when you come unprepared... but each time when you get framed, the suit team should be nicer to you... who knows what nation has fallen..." Yeah, right! I kept recounting the evidences that had so far been "collected" today: "... a different bank account... What do we have to do? ... you want me to be David Chin... *I will then go get David Chin's identity papers...* the guy at the second security check point saluted me and laughed at me... ha ha ha – his identity has gotten erased again..." Then the same flight attendant came over to me to ask me: "You are coming from Guatemala, right?" I was stunned: "No, Nicaragua..." He apologized: "I'm sorry..." (45:00). As you shall see, I of course assumed that he was pretending to be confused in order to produce a surveillance intercept. In reality, it was not clear whether he had indeed been instructed by the suit team to do this "acting". (Did the suit team really need evidence suggesting that I was in Guatemala in the past two months?) He then kept on asking me what my destination was. Now he was really being suspicious! "... outside the International Court trial there is an alert saying that I'm mentally disabled and frequently causing troubles... that's why he's acting like I'm mentally disabled..." As you shall see, I was most likely right about this one: the flight attendant had zeroed in on me as a troublesome passenger, with disastrous consequences for me later on. I continued: "... somebody else's Declaration must have been confused with mine... that's why somebody else was sitting on my seat when I arrived... and he didn't say 'Guatemala' by accident... he's trying to produce an intercept... the suit team is listening to us very carefully right now, so don't

talk about what you are going to do... it will turn into something else..." I must have been partly correct: it was the suit team which had sent in that guy to sit on my seat and make cellphone calls so that, at this most critical moment, evidence that the "David Chin legend" was indeed correct (in this case, that I had all these Russian or criminal buddies in Nicaragua) could still be entered into the International Court to counter the Russian claim. I then kept mumbling about how I would find satisfaction in *actually* being David Chin. The plane was taking off on 51:00. More: "... so Guatemala must also be involved..." I continued to be convinced that this flight attendant was a secret agent. "... because of the alert, I'm always getting placed on the back of the plane where flight attendants can keep an eye on me... we have to regularly videotape the content of our bag... one thing is sure: when we got on the plane, another piece of spy equipment would have been discovered... if we can get the identity of David Chin, we will never be harassed again..." Thus, from 1:03:30 onward, I started filming the content of my bag (from 0:25 onward until the end in the said video diary). "... in the evidentiary record, you are so extremely bad... but outside the courthouse you are just a mental patient..." And so I described everything that was found in my bag. "We did videotape everything that has ever passed through our hands..." I then mumbled about the impossibility that I wasn't framed. "The guy who was on my seat... everything he did would be attributed to me... I don't want to throw this away... it will change into something else..." And so I even had to hold onto my trash. I had to explain myself again in case the Russians were listening: "... I don't know why I care... I don't care about nations, I only care about myself... *I have simply developed phobia...*" (1:22:00). I lamented about the inevitable increase of my DVDs. On 1:30:30 I was done with filming. "We should have filmed the content of our bag before we got on the plane... after they have framed us... it all depends... whether they will be nicer to us..." I then started naming my files. "The flight attendant kept asking us what our destination was... he was counting on our saying 'LA'... for then the person in the murky surveillance can be identified as us..." Perhaps! I then pointed out the fact that what the flight attendant said didn't correspond to what I said and continued to theorize as to how he had acted in order to produce surveillance intercepts. Again, it's not clear whether I was right. I then noted that somebody was taking pictures inside the airplane: "... in order to produce a surveillance intercept showing me to be a criminal videotaper..." (1:51:00). Then I suspected that the people sitting behind me would afterward rumor about my criminal videotaping. "I don't want them to do that... my videos are my world... it shouldn't be part of the evidentiary process..." (2:10:00). Another explanation as to why I was resisting! In the end, it's not even clear whether there was really an operation here. Then: "... there is a reason why my seat is assigned to the tail of the plane where the flight attendants are chilling... I'm the most conspicuous secret agent ever... he's so easily identified... constantly losing his spy equipment, constantly getting assigned to the back of the plane... constantly getting 'accidentally' photographed... constantly 'accidentally' getting into situations where he cannot help but be conspicuous..." Then my pen camera stopped functioning. More frustration! I then continued to work on my files on my Toshiba. "... it's all because I failed to burn DVD 63 that I was late... *let them frame you...* you will find some other satisfaction..." I was again acting for possible Russian surveillance around me. Then: "... this guy is picking his ear in front of me, there shouldn't be secret message-passing on the plane, *everything is over...* I don't know which nation is being fucked over right now... and the other person in front continues to take pictures..." I was pretending to believe that the lawsuit should be over and done with by now in order to conceal my knowledge that the Russians

were fighting to win. I then continued to accuse the flight attendant of acting and read out his name (2:32:30). "... according to surveillance, I'm acting expertly right now..." On 2:36:00 the plane started descending on Miami. "... another security check.... There shouldn't be any more harassment... they have already obtained so many evidences..." As you shall see, I couldn't be more wrong about this! By 2:56:00, the plane had landed in Miami airport. I filmed myself getting up and leaving nothing behind (2:57:00). I continued my act: "... it's strange that we are orchestrating this TV show to fuck other nations up... there will be a next episode..." Then I reflected on my double who was on my seat earlier: "... he had a cellphone, that's why he was sitting on my seat earlier... and of course he was wearing a hat just like I did... he's *me*..." On 3:03:30, I recounted again all the evidences that had so far been "collected" today. As I got off the plane I continued to count the people who were making cellphone calls. More acting: "... another nation has just been fucked... in just three hours we have enough evidences to bring down a nation... what is the status of my passport? ... I haven't committed any crimes today, all these are just evidences to prove that I'm a foreign agent here to harm the United States..." On 3:15:00 I was in front of the passport control. Now the TSA officers began interrogating me. "You are going to LA? You are sure you are not going to San Diego?" "No. Why should I be going to San Diego?" "We have a passenger by the name of Chin who is going to San Diego..." (3:17:30). I was dumbfounded. On 3:20:00 they demanded that I produce more identification. "You are in Nicaragua for two months, you don't speak Spanish, and you have no money..." They acted like they were really skeptical. They even wanted to see my glasses and, just then, another officer was making calls. I was terribly annoyed: "They are just trying to produce surveillance intercepts... the suit team wants more evidences..." Now I was quite right! And of course the officers didn't ask anybody else all these strange questions. Suddenly, they asked me the strangest question of all: "Have you ever written a book before?" Then they led me to the interrogation room (:3:38:00) and asked me to undress and put everything in my pockets on the table as they rummaged through my things. They picked up my Taiwanese passport and shouted: "He has a Chinese passport!" (3:31:30) Now this was obviously instructed by the suit team! Then they asked me: "Who is Chaya van Essen?" "Who's Michael Wexler?" Finally, on 3:44:00, they were done and told me to pack my things up. I was so traumatized that I muttered bitterly: "They have created intercepts... they have looked through all my IDs... this is what I have to live with every single day... all because of that God-damned lawsuit in the International Court of Justice... Have you ever written a book? That's a sign that somebody who has written a book has been confused with me... through some confusion I have been made to look like I have plagiarized... I have a 'Chinese passport' because I'm not a citizen of Taiwan..." I was convinced that all that was meant to produce an intercept showing me to be a citizen of the People's Republic of China. Of course! Now that the United States' claim that I went to Nicaragua to defect was falling apart, the suit team's strategy was two-fold: first, to produce more evidences that the "David Chin legend" was correct so that they could keep up their case in the lower court. And so they instructed these TSA officers to say garbage that could be intercepted into the International Court to confirm the "David Chin legend": that I plagiarized ("wrote a book") and was a citizen of China. Then, the suit team's strategy was also to prevent me from "finishing my mission" as long as possible: Russia's claim could not be substantiated until I had actually succeeded in returning to Los Angeles. Thus the suit team first created an intercept showing me going to San Diego: that was temporary evidence that I didn't intend to finish my mission. Then, as you shall see, the TSA harassment would cause me to miss

my flight, so that I would be physically prevented from going to Los Angeles in any case. (More on the suit team's desperation below.)

I noted that one of the TSA officers was "Perrone". "They were just trying to produce a surveillance intercept showing that I'm not me..." I then filmed myself leaving without leaving anything behind (3:50:00). I continued my act: "... within four hours you have enough evidences for a whole case... nations are being fucked over..." Hopefully, the Russians were listening to me. I then ran into a group of people speaking Russian and one of them was Asian. "That's me!" (3:53:00) Again, probably no operation here. "I'm very curious as to what nation is being sued right now." I went to charge my laptop in a corner. Soon a bunch of Brazilian youngsters came to talk next to me. "... Oh, so Brazil is being sued..." And I filmed them (3:59:30: the first scene in my next video diary, "[10\\_10\\_09\\_p2.wmv](#)"). It's however unclear whether the suit team had really orchestrated this to produce a surveillance intercept. (Probably not: my targeted individual symptoms.) I continued to complain bitterly: "... all this harassment... someone will pay for it someday... these Brazilians... that's my crime..." Again, I wasn't acting when I was unhappy about being supposedly framed. On 4:06:00 I filmed the Russian people that had also come gathering around me. "... I'm meeting all these foreign spies... according to surveillance..." And I continued to film my surrounding: "... when I first came here, there was nobody here, and now there are all these people, Russians and Brazilians... now everyone is here..." (4:10:00). Then: "... I'm the most conspicuous secret agent in the history of espionage... I'm having a party with these Brazilian agents..." On 4:14:30 I filmed them leaving. I then filmed another guy who had made a cellphone call (4:16:30). Soon I shut down my Toshiba and was getting ready to leave. "The International Court trial will only rest when the United States has beaten down every nation in the world... otherwise, I'll continue to be harassed by law enforcement everyday... now we know that Brazil is still in the lawsuit, and so we are fucking surrounded by Brazilians..." I filmed myself leaving my spot on 4:22:30. "... the TSA officers kept looking at my picture in my passport... according to evidence, my passport is stolen from somebody else... and so I found somebody that looks like me... you are not going to confess your crimes to the immigration officer because he will throw you into the mental asylum... they will label you a 'schizophrenic'... the International Court trial is supposed to be top secret, even though so many people know about it, even though every police officer knows about it..." By 4:30:30 I had come to the custom service and now had to fill out and sign another Declaration. I continued to count the people who were making cellphone calls around me. Then I had to avoid police officers. "Have you written a book? That must have something to do with my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History... they expected me to say yes, but I didn't say it..." And, again, I had to put down my brother's birthday on the Declaration. As for my address, I put down WCIL's address. On 4:41:30 I broke down crying: I was so upset and yet unaware that more harassment was awaiting me. I continued to reflect: "... it's better to not admit that I have written a book... how evidences are pieced together to make up the 'legend'..." I was with the custom officer again on 4:45:00. While I was waiting for her, I became increasingly uncomfortable and had to explain myself to her: "... somebody is making a phone call over there and that really bothers me..." "You are receiving a call?" Needless to say, I was bound to mistake the customer officer's mental confusion for intentional blunder for the sake of producing another surveillance intercept. (This was probably not the case.) Then, on 4:52:30, it was my turn to go through the custom. The officer

again started interrogating me harshly: “What do you do?” As if I were too suspicious, he directed me to stand in the other line for interrogation. I almost fainted: “Oh my God... How many evidences do they need that I’m not me! ... they are just trying to produce evidence that heroin has fallen out of my bag... that I got caught doing drug-trafficking... according to surveillance, I’m going to San Diego... I’m indeed getting caught for drug-trafficking... I’m doing it with the Brazilians and the Russians... the suit team is fucking me so bad... and I don’t even get paid... you want to fuck with Brazil?” And, guess what, on 5:05:00, a black man’s cellphone rang. “That’s me! And he’s talking in Spanish! All these officers... they all know me... I’m gonna get searched and searched and searched until...” Correct! On 5:15:30, it was almost my turn, and I was crying again. On 5:17:30 the interrogation started. “What do you do?... When did you last work?...” From 5:21:00 onward, it was another thorough search through my things. The officers examined my DV tapes and then my DVDs. Then my Eee PC and my AC chargers. I was convinced that the stuff of the person next to me were being mixed up with mine. “He has all these bags of coffee...” That’s indeed strange! Then, from 5:28:00 onward, officer “Martinez” interrogated me about the contents of my DVDs. And he turned on my Toshiba and took my Seagate hard drive out. “The suit team is doing this for a very specific purpose...” Then my recorder ran out of space while I was still recounting to myself what was going on.

This means that between 20 to 25 minutes of my wandering in the airport after I was done with the custom search and before I entered the TSA security search was not recorded. While the one Olympus recorder that was turned on when I was in Managua airport reached the end of its memory, the other one, turned on just before I descended the plane, had somehow shut itself off around 6:01 PM Miami time (namely, about 1 hour and 40 minutes before this recording reached its end).

My next recording is: “[tsachck\\_cryng\\_docutshiba\\_10\\_10\\_09\\_605-856PM\\_grndtime.WMA](#)”: And so this recording begins with my going through the TSA security check again before boarding American Airline Flight 397 to Los Angeles. It was my third time being searched! I begged them: “You don’t have to turn it on...” Then I noticed it: “Oh my God! Homeland Security has remotely turned off my recorder...” I didn’t know that it had simply run out of space. I continued to recount what was going on: “... the one that is searching me is Martinez, and next to me are all these coffee bags... what happened again is that Martinez decided to search me again, my bags, my Toshiba and Eee PC... and the guy next to me, with these coffee bags... they are producing surveillance showing me smuggling heroin... I have to be searched again in order to get on the plane to LA... They have been searching me for three hours...” On 9:30 I asked the TSA officer: “Do I look really suspicious? I have been searched three times...” Now officer Martinez was kind enough to explain that it was because the airline had selected me by making this “SSSS” mark on my ticket! That’s it: the second and third search were not so much due to the suit team’s instruction as to the flight attendant with whom I had the argument earlier. Because of the alert about me, he regarded me as a mentally unstable troublesome passenger, and when I talked back to him, he “branded me”, so to speak. Then I continued to express my worry that I would miss my flight. Then, on 11:30, you can hear a Hispanic male being chased by the security officers – I was instantly convinced that it was staged by the suit team to produce a surveillance intercept showing me causing disturbances in the airport. (I was probably wrong about this.) Then, on 8:15 PM (Miami time), TSA supervisor Sokul took my Toshiba away for X-ray. No! On 15:20, TSA



officer Moua interrogated me again: “Where did you come from?” “Managua airport!” And I asked again: “What happens if I miss my plane?” And he continued to interrogate me as to why I was there.

Supervisor Sokul returned on 16:40 with my Toshiba saying “There is nothing in it... Can I see the boarding pass again?” I would soon be convinced that he had produced evidence that a special device was embedded in my Toshiba which would enable it to either communicate with Moscow or to go on the Internet despite my insistence that the wireless card had been taken out since January. The officer even examined my story “My experience...” “What kind of story is it?” Then he asked me if I was a “repairman” because he saw so many recording devices. Such amazingly stupid questions! On 24:00, the search was finally over and I started packing up my things. I read out the names of the TSA officers. I was so extremely upset: “I’m going to miss my flight because the suit team needs this surveillance... I’m supposedly being arrested... the suit team wants me searched four times because... I will not be on the passenger manifest... the have produced surveillance showing me getting on another flight... and the Hispanic man... that’s surveillance showing me getting arrested... I was searched four times because the suit team needs surveillance showing me getting arrested... somebody is going to pay for all this fucking misery I’m going through every single fucking day... the suit team has accomplished their purpose, a country has collapsed... Brazil is being sued... so we have brought down Brazil and all these Latin American nations, and do I get paid for this?” I was of course acting: I knew very well that the suit team was on the defensive right now instead of being so victorious as to have the leisure to frame more nations. In reality, insofar as the second and third search were due to the said flight attendant’s “branding”, it’s not clear whether and how much the suit team had instructed officers Martinez, Sokul, and Moua. Since the CIA did most likely plant devices inside my Toshiba in March, it’s possible that officer Sokul’s X-ray of my Toshiba was indeed intercepted into the ICJ lower court as evidence that this was a Russian-made spy computer (by interpreting the CIA devices as “Russian”). In any case, the suit team *did* want me to be repeatedly searched so that I would miss my flight. Crying, I started looking for the service counter E3. I asked people where my plane was: “The plane is gone!” Just as I had expected! I was so angry with American Airline that I located the airline lady at the service counter on 35:30 and, after filming my ticket (on 3:14 or the second scene in the said video diary), shouted at her, “Your airline put this ‘SSSS’ on my ticket so that I had to get searched four times!” She did not want to hear about it and gave me a stand-by flight for 8 AM tomorrow morning. She then denied that the “SSSS” branding came from American Airline. Bullshit! Thus had the suit team bought another day: the Russian claim could not be substantiated today after all.

I was now looking for the smoke lounge. “My mission is to miss my plane... the purpose of my existence... is constantly getting harassed, so that nations can get fucked over... and we don’t get paid...” I put up my act despite my anger: “... 11 AM tomorrow, that’s when the lawsuit will be over and I’ll be allowed to fly home...” Somehow I had mistaken 8 AM for 11 AM, and of course I knew that the lawsuit would not be over in the United States’ favor just because I arrived home. “... whether I’ll fly home tomorrow or not all depends on what happens in International Court of Justice... my life is just a reflection of the International Court of Justice... and who pays me? You think that this 800 dollar SSI money is enough for this?” This acting was important because the Russian side might very well have their surveillance around me at this moment: they would then hear that I was aware that the

suit team was purposely obstructing my flight in order to buy more time in front of judge Higgins. And I continued my act: "... If I accomplish my mission, somebody needs to pay me. By 11 AM tomorrow, the suit team should be able to establish the guilt of such nations as Brazil and so on..." Ha! I then admonished myself not to cry because everyone was looking for the slightest reasons to put me in the mental hospital. I continued to look for the smoke lounge. Then, when I asked a lady where it was, she spoke Spanish to me (1:01:00). "... the suit team has instructed everyone to speak Spanish to me so that there can be evidence that I speak Spanish..." In reality, it's again not clear whether the lady had been instructed at all. On 1:03:00 I finally found the smoke lounge. I asked a man for a light. He responded: "Si!" I nodded my head: "Yes... I'm just pretending to not know how to speak Spanish..." On 1:06:00, I filmed the Russian people who had gathered around me, and then filmed myself crying (the third scene, or from 3:39 onward in the video diary). "... if they want surveillance showing me meeting Russian agents, why can't they just let me actually meet them and have some fun..." I then filmed my Eee PC to demonstrate how there was no wireless connection here. Then: "... they shut off my recorder when they were searching the guy next to me who had all these coffee bags... it's surveillance of my smuggling crack cocaine... that officer's name is Taylor..." Again, I was most likely wrong about this. I then filmed the woman in front of me who took out a bunch of DVDs (1:15:30). On 1:22:00 I filmed myself copying my files. Then I filmed myself crying again and another man making cellphone calls. I muttered bitterly: "I'm gonna fuck you up..." I then filmed another man who was coming near me assuming he was here to produce a surveillance intercept showing me meeting foreign secret agents here (8:06 in the video diary). Then: "... they X-rayed my Toshiba, and now there is an intercept showing my laptop getting taken away..." Then suddenly I realized something and immediately began filming my Toshiba (1:28:00 or 9:00 in the video diary). I kept on crying. "... they did something to it... what did they put inside?... I just realized it... officer Sokul put something in my Toshiba... I don't even know what it is..." I was certainly paranoid over nothing here. I also filmed the man who was looking at me crying (12:12 in the video diary). "They obtained surveillance showing how my laptop raised the suspicion of the TSA officers... but at the same time they secretly inserted something into it... the battery power is lower than usual, it was turned on..." I then filmed myself explaining the matter again (1:38:00). On 1:42:00 I came out of the smoke lounge crying and sobbing. I was now looking for a Starbucks. "They put something into my Toshiba in order for it to be remotely controlled..." I found a corner with an electrical outlet, but a man was there charging his netbook. "... the suit team knows that I have to use an outlet, and so they put someone there who's using a netbook in order for surveillance to confuse him with me... it's all predictable..." (1:53:00). Again, I was probably wrong here: the typical symptom of a "targeted individual". Nevertheless I had to settle down here insofar as I needed to use my Toshiba. On 1:54:30 I started filming my Toshiba (the first scene of my next video diary, "[10\\_10\\_09\\_p3.wmv](#)"): "... the power level is not right... they turned it on..." I then filmed myself examining the Event Viewer log. "There was a turn-on on 6:24 PM, was it me or was it the TSA? They could change the Event Viewer Log... their first purpose was to produce surveillance showing that a special device was planted in my Toshiba... hence all the videos and recordings in it are forged..." As noted, I might have got this one right. "... their second purpose was... not sure... the TSA officer also asked me why this particular key was missing... in order to produce more intercepts suggesting that my laptop was suspicious..." And, while I was busy about, somebody took a picture of me (2:10:00). Since the debate was still raging on in the

lower court – after the United States had presented more evidences in support of the “David Chin legend” – this could very well be the Russian side collecting evidence that I did look like myself. While expressing my anger, I continued my act as well: “... your problem started when you filed your lawsuit in March... the suit team has their ways of suppressing these documentaries as evidences... their way is to argue that there is something strange about this Toshiba... these documentaries must therefore have been created by Russian-made spy equipment, so that the Russians shouldn’t have the right to bring them in as evidences... after all this time they are still doing the same thing...” Yeah right! But these were just the words which the Russian side needed to hear in order to continue to advance their claim that I was conspiring with the United States. Now I had decided to examine my recordings of the traumatic searches. And I got suspicious again and asked the man sitting next to me whether his phone was recording me. “No it’s charging...” (2:18:00 and 22:30 in the video diary). I continued to suspect him: “... there is... he came here just when I started describing the operation with my Toshiba... *but there is no reason why Homeland Security would want to record our description of their operation...* but everything we say could simply be twisted into something else...” The real question was whether the man was doing surveillance for the Russian side. And so I stopped filming myself examining the situation until the man should leave (2:21:00). Note that, on 28:00 in the video diary, the man took away his phone and left. I now started filming myself examining my recordings and my wireless cards (2:32:00). “... their purpose was to show that there is a secret device inside our Toshiba which allows it to communicate despite our insistence that there is no connection capability on this laptop... and now we have to find out whether they did put something in it...” As I listened to my recording and examining the Event Viewer log, I concluded that the Agency did put something in my Toshiba and then altered the Event Viewer log. “The custom officer’s turning on my Toshiba... it’s not logged...” (43:00 in the video diary). Again, I was most likely wrong about this.

My next recording is: “[lptpxray\\_impvid\\_slp\\_10\\_10-11\\_09\\_751PM-205AM\\_latime.WMA](#)”: I was still reviewing the recording of what had just happened with the TSA officers. “They asked me what’s on my DVDs... the purpose was to identify me in the vaguely intelligible surveillance intercepts... the purpose of the second search was to produce identification information...” I started writing down in my diary which officer did what on the basis of my recording (26:00 and 47:00 in the video diary). Then, on 27:30, I filmed my recording again: “... it’s on 13:15 that TSA officer Sokul took away my Toshiba for X-raying...” And I couldn’t find officer Martinez’s turning on my Toshiba in my Event Viewer log. On 41:30, I filmed the recording again. “... only three minutes... she might not have inserted anything into my Toshiba...” I recounted all the times that I turned on my Toshiba and then continued to write. On 54:00 a woman was speaking a strange language in front of me. Alarmed, I asked her what it was. “... Creole French...” Worried that this might be an intercept, I filmed her (56:00 and 1:02:00 in the video diary). Again, I was most likely paranoid over nothing here. On 1:00:30 I filmed myself putting my things back together and then, on 1:03:00, filmed myself leaving nothing behind (1:02:30 in the video diary). I wanted to eat something, but everywhere was closed. “... we are very sad... after all these troubles...” On 1:06:00 I withdrew money from the ATM, and then broke down crying again. “That flight attendant... he made a special report to the airline saying I was mentally disabled, and that’s how I was marked for special treatment... that flight attendant was an operative.... he was looking for the slightest reason to mark you, for the suit team needed surveillance intercepts showing

you being searched... I can't deal with it anymore... I don't like it when my Toshiba gets raped... the International Court will reach a conclusion by 11 AM tomorrow... but then it will have to reach another conclusion, then another... it will never stop... to be harassed every single day... that's my only function in society... the Event Viewer log doesn't make sense... something has happened to it... and I have stopped counting those people who scratch their head, after that massive amount of evidences... Do we need more evidences?...” And everyone around me was on cellphone. I was now walking around looking for vending machines. No, nothing. I was now looking for the smoke lounge again. I found it on 1:37:00 but there was no one here and I didn't have matches. On 1:42:00 I found abandoned Coke and drank it. From 1:48:00 onward I was sitting somewhere working on my files. I told the cleaning lady not to come close to me (2:16:00). On 2:43:00 I was in the restroom. I came back to my corner and started importing my latest videos into my Toshiba. I lay on the floor while my video was being imported. I was happy for a moment because nobody was around. From 3:20:00 onward I started working on my “Schizophrenic, III”: “... I have not mentioned Monica...” Then, I sighed: “... you cannot avoid the custom officers... you can run away from the police in Nicaragua, but not here...” (3:35:00). Then: “When custom officers asked me, I had to say ‘unemployed’. I cannot say ‘Oh, I smuggle crack cocaine...’ They will put you in the mental hospital...” I terribly regretted that I couldn't admit my “crimes” in order to continue my sarcasm. On 4:40:00 I got up because it was too cold and came to the smoke lounge to rest here instead.

### **October 11 (Sunday; back in Los Angeles)**

My next recording is: “[wk\\_mtch\\_mdln\\_impvid\\_mssplne\\_blkwmchrg\\_10\\_11\\_09\\_210-639AM.WMA](#)”: Soon I woke up from my nap. From 9:00 onward I noted that, when I was in the hospital in March, it was possible that Homeland Security and the CIA had indeed inserted a tiny device into my Toshiba in order to enable it to be remotely controllable even though the wireless card had been taken out. Very smart! I was now getting closer to the truth! “That's what the X-ray will show. They will say that that's a Russian device.” Indeed! I bought coffee and then picked up a cigarette butt: “Would Homeland Security argue that foreign intelligence services have left this butt here for me to pick up in order to transmit secret messages to me?” (17:00) On 21:00 I came back to the smoke lounge. As you have seen, I had to borrow matches from somebody else: “I don't know what surveillance I have just produced.” On 36:30 I took notice of another man who was talking Spanish on his cellphone. “Last night, the man who charged his phone next to me while I was filming my laptop, he was just producing a surveillance intercept showing me charging my cellphone...” Again, this was probably not the case. “... the International Court will probably reach a conclusion about my case on 11 AM when I would be getting on the plane...” (38:00). Again, it would be golden if there was Russian surveillance around me at this moment to intercept this confession of mine. On 44:00 I was walking around the airport again. “That guy who gave me matches... surveillance probably shows that I have received secret messages in the form of matches...” Not! I came to a corner and continued to work on my files. On 1:00:00, a female came around me to use her laptop: “... that'd be me using my laptop, she's confused with me, and she uses Windows Vista too...” On 1:02:30, I secretly filmed her with my pen camera. “She is using the Internet, this would show that my Toshiba has online capacity.” And soon she turned off her laptop – as if she needed no more of it after she had produced the necessary surveillance intercept. On 1:07:30

she walked away. Then another cellphone call on 1:08:30. I filmed the woman again on 1:19:30: "... she is also trying to produce an intercept showing me using Instant Messenger." I quickly wrote down the following in my diary:

Around 3 AM Los Angeles Time evidence is produced of my Toshiba having not only wireless capacity but also Instant Messenger. This is to prove that the instant message to Turkey (to "cem-goren@hotmail.com") I caught on my Wireshark on September 6 belongs in fact to me.

I filmed the woman again: she was now getting onto this plane going to Haiti (1:34:00). She also spoke Spanish. It's not clear whether I was correct – whether the suit team had really sent her in to produce more evidence to support the "David Chin legend" in the lower court. From 1:47:00 onward, I continued to work on my Crime Summary. Then I wrote about the evidence supposedly collected that a special device inside my Toshiba was allowing me to communicate with Moscow and surf the Internet (1:51:00). And I kept counting the people who touched themselves and so on. So many of them. I then counted the evidences that had supposedly been collected since yesterday: that I used a stolen passport, that I had already met with foreign agents in this airport, and that I was arrested for smuggling crack cocaine... On 2:29:00 I went to the restroom and on 2:36:00 I ordered coffee. I kept troubling the cashier because she spoke Spanish to me. "How come you don't say things that correspond to my questions?" Again, I mistook her mental confusion for the suit team's operation. I tried to explain myself in case the Russians were listening: "I don't like it when people say things that don't correspond to what I say..." On 2:45:00 I came to the smoke lounge. I marveled: "... somehow my lighter and matches were confiscated while other people were able to keep them... so that I have to borrow lights from people and thus produce surveillance intercepts showing me receiving secret messages from foreign agents..." I then took notice of another man who was using his cellphone. And more cellphones. And everyone was scratching his or her head: "... so many secret message-passing..." I then took notice of a woman who was holding a piece of paper on which was printed "schedule change". She asked me: "Are you worried?" "That might be *me* holding such a paper" (3:17:00). I came out and, on 3:23:00, came to rest in a corner where no one was around. "People will soon gather around me." I then wondered whether I had already missed my stand-by flight: "... Is the flight really 11 AM? Or is it 8 AM?" (3:27:00) I began to realize my mistake. I took note of more people who were text-messaging. On 3:28:30 I went to ask an airline lady. Indeed I had missed my flight again! And this time it was my fault! The Russians had to wait again! Now I had to ask for another stand-by flight. She gave me another flight for 11:20 AM and took away my original reservation for 8:25 AM. I was again alarmed: "... she did that so that surveillance can show that I'm on the plane right now, that's why they tried to fool me..." In reality, I was all mistaken. I sat down somewhere and continued to work on my files. On 3:45:00 a black woman wanted to charger her cellphone on the electrical outlet I was using. "No... she's going to produce surveillance showing me charging my cellphone..." And an Asian girl made a cellphone call: "... I have just made another cellphone call..." (3:50:00). And another one on 3:51:30. "... she's definitely me... she's wearing a camcorder around her neck in imitation of me..." And so I filmed her with my pen camera: "Surveillance will show that someone is carrying a camcorder and filming the airport, and that could only be me..." (3:57:00). On 4:02:30 I filmed the

Asian girl again with my camcorder (the first scene of my next video diary, “[10\\_11\\_09.wmv](#)”). And so one Asian girl was making a cellphone call while another was taking pictures from the window: two *me* at the same time: “... that’s me taking pictures and me making cellphone calls... how could it be me at two different places at the same time? Surveillance could show instead that it’s me at the same place at two different times.” On 4:13:00 I filmed one of the girls using the Internet. “They are Taiwanese!” Then, on 4:18:00, I filmed this man (1:17 or the second scene in the video diary): “... he’s producing a surveillance intercept showing my Toshiba having wireless connection, he’s even using Instant Messenger... that’s another evidence that I also use Instant Messenger... it has to do with that cem-goren@hotmail.com again...” Again, it’s not clear whether I was correct here.

My next recording is: “[notgeton\\_10\\_11\\_09\\_632-916AM.WMA](#)”: The local time was 9:28 AM. I continued to wait for my flight by the service counter. A girl came over and looked out the window and then walked out. I was alarmed. Then a teenage girl text-messaged in front of me. I then took notice of the Hispanic woman who was text-messaging in front of me (37:00). And more people were making cellphone calls. “I keep making cellphone calls like crazy...” Then: “The police believe they are fair: ‘We are not going to touch your stuff, we are not going to take anything away from you’... but you did take the world away from me... I got harassed by law enforcement in Nicaragua... all because they wanted to produce a surveillance intercept...” Then I commented about the persons near me: “... these people are my doubles...” (1:00:30). And more people were scratching themselves. “So many people are using cellphones, it’s scary...” As my flight was almost ready, on 1:13:00 I came to the boarding station: “We still have 10 minutes, right? I’ll be back in 10 minutes...” I went to the smoke lounge for my last cigarette break. When I saw a pilot, I asked him: “Is there an alert about me? Can you not text-message?...” He denied ever having seen my pictures (1:22:00). I found it hard to believe, but he was probably telling the truth. Then I got back in line for my flight. Strangely, the woman standing in front of me was videotaping the whole thing with her big camcorder. I was shocked and, assuming she was doing this per the suit team’s instruction, filmed her (“[3\\_videotaper\\_23-19-57.avi](#)”): “... that’s me videotaping!” (1:26:00) Namely, I assumed she was here to produce evidence of my “optical perversion” such as was manifested in all my inappropriate videotaping. I might be correct here: this might really be a suit team operation. Then I was alarmed again when a woman smiled at me. “Pretty woman making a cellphone call! Very scary!” (1:30:00) When I stepped into the plane I couldn’t help but say to the flight attendant: “Ma’am, you are pretty!” (1:31:30) Of course I suspected that she was a CIA agent inserted onto the flight. I was at the time not only amazed by her beauty but also surprised by her absolute calmness in view of the magnitude of the crisis facing the whole Agency (starting on 1:45 in the video “[5\\_onplaine\\_23-23-44.avi](#)”). I knew that the Russians were waiting for me to identify any CIA agents around me as proof of my conspiracy with the Agency, and so I called her “pretty” hoping that this would be evidence that I did know she was a CIA agent. And yet this might not have been the case at all: she was calm perhaps because she wasn’t a CIA agent at all but simply a real flight attendant and didn’t know anything about some trial in the International Court of justice. (A later incident however, as you shall see, seems to suggest that she *was* a CIA agent.) When another woman said Hi to me, I interrogated her: “Why are you saying Hi to me?” After examining my boarding pass, the flight attendant had to call somewhere to see if there was a seat for me. I regretted terribly that I had to become so conspicuous again: there would be more surveillance intercepts in which people were

talking about the troublesome criminal foreign agent David Chin. Finally the flight attendants told me I couldn't get on this flight but had to wait for the 8 PM flight. The Russians had to wait again! And this time – perhaps it was really the suit team's doing this time! I left the plane on 1:36:00. "So what did I tell you? The International Court will not reach a conclusion until 8 PM, I will not be allowed to fly home until 8 PM. Some huge debate is going on in the ICJ, and you thought it would be over by 11 AM, but it is still going on, and so I'm not allowed to go home... that's what happens when your life is just a shadow of the debate that is going on in the International Court of Justice... hopefully in 9 hours they will be able to finish the debate and beat down the nations they have in mind..." (until 1:39:00). Again, I was acting in case the Russian side was listening to me. I came back to the service counter, but the American Airline attendant refused to print out a ticket for me for the 8 PM flight. I continued to look for the service counter for the 8 PM flight while counting more people who were scratching themselves. Finally, I found the right station, and the American Airline attendant told me the next flight was on 1:30 PM. "... apparently the International Court can reach a conclusion before 1:30 PM, not 8 PM!" (1:58:00) On 2:02:00 I came to the cafeteria to eat. I complained to another lady about her text-messaging, and she spoke Spanish to me. Again! She was from Panama (2:06:00). I filmed her: "[8\\_txtmssgr\\_panama\\_23-59-49.avi](#)" and "[9\\_txtmssgr\\_panama\\_00-01-59.avi](#)". Again, it's not clear whether she was really instructed by the suit team to text-message for me. I sat down to eat my food. "... according to surveillance, I have just text-messaged..." Then an old man came over to me unsolicited to give me toothpicks. I was shocked: "Don't talk to me! Get away! Take this away..." (2:13:00). I filmed him too: "[12\\_crumpyoldman\\_00-14-36.avi](#)". It's however not clear whether this man was really acting on the suit team's order. I was then frustrated again because too many people were scratching themselves. That old man was also giving toothpicks to other people. "... he's here to create surveillance intercepts of my receiving secret messages from foreign agents...."

My next recording is: "[afterlunch\\_10\\_11\\_09\\_921-1003AM.WMA](#)": I continued to count the people who were text-messaging. I then walked around and continued to be upset because there were just too many cellphones around. I came to the smoke lounge and stayed there until 20:00. Then I came out and sat down somewhere and turned on my Toshiba to start working on my videos and recordings. Then I discovered that a black girl was taking pictures of me (41:30). Was she instructed by the suit team to do this so that more evidence could be entered into the ICJ lower court demonstrating that I didn't look like myself?

My next recording is: "[missplane\\_d21\\_10\\_11\\_09\\_941AM-1217PM\\_latime.WMA](#)": Now I tried to film this black girl who had just taken pictures of me (19:00 and 4:12 or the fourth scene in the video diary). Then, on 24:00, I filmed this suspicious man: he had a Toshiba DVD player and left his phone charging on the floor (4:30 or the fifth scene in the video diary). "That's me forgetting my phone..." Now he was watching a video on his DVD player. "... he's gonna leave his cellphone there, and it will be found... he's watching 'The Simpsons', that's my double..." (32:00). "... first the black woman came to ascertain my location, and then my double... according to surveillance I have forgotten my phone... and I like to watch cartoon... and the black woman is also using a Toshiba Satellite... everywhere I go I'll see *me*... and so I'm also making a cellphone call... that are so many *me*... I have to adapt to a world where everyone is *me*... I can't stand it when there are so many *me* and I don't know which one

is *me*...” The circumstance was so familiar that this man with a DVD player could indeed have been sent in by the suit team to play *me* for the audience in the ICJ lower court. I then went to the magazine stand to look at computer magazines. I continued to lament that cellphones were everywhere. As I waited for my flight I became increasingly suspicious. On 57:30 I went to talk to the American Airline lady by the gate: “You didn’t call this flight?” “It’s already gone, on 1:35 PM...” I was shocked. She insisted that they did call my name. She then directed me to talk to the people at the service counter. “Chances are that I’ll never get on the plane... something is going on in the courthouse...” (1:00:00). I was so upset that I broke down crying. The Russians must have been quite upset too: they had to wait again! And another person’s cellphone rang when I passed him by. “How many friends do I have? Thousands...” Now I couldn’t find the service counter in question. “People are required to text-message when they pass me by. You are not going to get on the plane until 8 PM, something has to finish in the International Court first... that 1 PM thing, it’s just to dupe you...” (1:15:00). Good testimonies for the Russians! Then more people’s cellphones were ringing. I started crying again. “I’m not getting away until the lawsuit is finished... then there will be another round, then around round...” I didn’t forget to put up my act even when I was really upset. On 1:18:00 I found the service counter and asked the American Airline officer to issue me another ticket. He put me on this flight for 3:55 PM. I then came to the smoke lounge and reflected: “In surveillance I’m making another cellphone call, because every time when I didn’t make it onto the plane, there should be frantic communication on my part... I’m not going home until the lawsuit is finished...” Then another lady was talking Spanish near me: “That’s me!” And more people were text-messaging. Then the suit team seemed to have sent in a fashionable woman for me to videotape while the Russian surveillance agents were watching me closely. Without reflecting, I filmed her with my pen camera wondering whether she could be another CIA agent (16\_cllphne\_wm\_00-52-58.avi”). I noticed that the Russian surveillance agent nearby suddenly walked away as if terribly disappointed. I knew I had done wrong. What had most likely happened in the ICJ was that the CIA was arguing vehemently to judge Higgins that I was simply videotaping pretty women randomly because of my perversion and not because – if the earlier flight attendant was indeed a CIA agent – “You are so pretty” was any sort of code word as the Russians were probably arguing – nor because, when I filmed Amanda or other CIA girls, I actually knew they were CIA. My filming of this fashionable woman was in a way a confirmation of the CIA’s argument, so that the Russians withdrew their surveillance in disappointment not understanding, again, why I wasn’t living up to my reputation as a “genius capable of identifying CIA girls by mere sight.” I thus felt sad and regret also. What this episode has revealed is that, to prevent the Russians from substantiating their claim, the CIA was desperately trying to suppress as evidences the videos of my fraternizing with their girls in order to remove the basis of my conspiracy with them.

Then I came out of the smoke lounge and was now going to B-21, the gateway for the 3:55 PM flight. On 1:33:00, when I passed by another person, his phone rang. Again! Was this really orchestrated by the suit team? On 1:42:00 I reflected: “Why is it so important whether you can conquer the world? ... you want to hang out with friends... So what do you do after you have conquered the world? ... you will still want to hang out with friends... Then why not just skip the conquering and simply hang out with friends?” I settled down in a quiet corner to work. “Now I’m in a corner all by myself, and if anyone comes around it’s an operation...” (1:45:30). I used the opportunity to scratch my face



massively and then continued to work on my files. I also continued to count the people who were making cellphone calls in the distance. However, I was quite happy in my corner, for nobody came here to make cellphone calls. I continued to mumble: “Someday somebody will know about all this... someday the truth will matter...” Yeah right!

My next recording is: “[wait\\_plane\\_scrtchr\\_10\\_11\\_09\\_1222-1257PM\\_latime.WMA](#)”: It was now past 3 PM here in Miami. “Everyday it’s to sue sue sue... sue my ass... they assume I wanted to revenge... what if I’m trying to revenge... I have family members... they don’t care about me anyway...” Then I said it in Chinese: “... leak secrets...” Then I got annoyed because children started gathering around me (12:00). Then it was time for my flight: “I’m going to get on the plane, I’m not even going to wait for them to call my name...” Then: “... it’s so important for him! So what do you do after you have conquered the world? ... This time when you go out, it should be okay... the suit team really doesn’t have any more excuse...” Wrong! Then I was going to the restroom, but this lady wanted to point out to me where it was. “.. No! Don’t talk to me...” And now I wasn’t going to the restroom anymore (18:30). I went to the service counter for my flight but the American Airline lady now told me the plane was delayed until 4:20 PM. Not again! “... and now they have delayed the plane... something is gong on, they need more time in the International Court...” (21:00). All I could do was wait. Then, on 32:00, a guy made a gesture and touched his ear as if passing a secret message to me, and I grabbed my camcorder and filmed him (5:09 or the sixth scene in the video diary). “Do it again, sir...” And he did it! “That’s what you call the International Court of Justice... what kind of game is it? I’m trying to help you punch me and then to avoid the punch... but why?... that’s what people call ‘self-mutilation’...” The question is: did the suit team really enter another evidence of my conspiracy with the Russian side?

My next recording is: “[plane\\_10\\_11\\_09\\_1228-605PM.WMA](#)”: There is again an overlap between the end of the previous recording and the beginning of this recording until 24:00. On 26:30 another guy was making strange gestures and I started filming him too: “... that’s also secret message-passing... People who are recruited to scratch themselves are always ugly men, because pretty women usually have better jobs... Homeland Security has many strange employments for people... to scratch themselves in front of another person...” Then children were coming and so I stopped filming. I tried to explain myself given my mistake from earlier in case the Russians were listening: “We don’t videotape attractive ladies just because they are attractive... she has to do something...” Finally, on 35:40, it’s boarding time. “... boarding the plane is scary, I’ll be singled out for attention... I’m very tired, I need to go see my storage... this guy says something about going to San Francisco, maybe he’s here to be confused with me... I guess I can scratch myself now without committing another crime...” As everyone else had boarded, I got nervous and asked the American Airline lady: “What about me, ma’am? ,... they messed me up, they are trying to play tricks again...” I showed my boarding pass to her, but she said I had to wait and see! “See, there is more complication in the International Court... I just want to see my storage... your life is just a shadow of something else...” As I said this I suspected that the Hispanic woman in front of me was doing surveillance for the Russian side. I might have been correct: the Russians, waiting impatiently to substantiate their claim, must be complaining in the courtroom that such continual delaying of my flight was giving me clues about what was really going on. I continued: “... Now everyone has gone in except for me... there is nothing you can do... they

control the entire infrastructure... if they say you can't fly, then you can't fly..." And there was another Asian female named "Chin". Then the American Airline lady told me she would move me to the next flight because this flight was full. I lamented: "Oh I know... there is complication in the International Court of Justice, and I'm not going home until 8 PM... that guy going to San Francisco is my double... after they have made me appear to be on this flight, they will let me get on another flight..." It's quite possible that I was correct here: the suit team certainly needed more faulty evidences that I was *not* going to Los Angeles in order to delay the validation of the Russians' claim. Then: "... Look, another man is taking pictures of me in the distance..." Was it the Russians or the suit team? I went up to the American Airline lady: "Give me compensation, it's all your fault!" She threatened to call the police because she said I was "harassing her" (1:00:00). The next flight was 5:50 PM. As I walked away I continued: "... there is complication in the ICJ... they are a little slow in presenting the evidences... or have encountered obstacles... and so I can't go home just yet... I just want this to be over and done with... I wish I can just talk to strangers, but I can't... I have to worry about who I'm dragging down the waters with me..." (from 1:05:30 onward). I then used the restroom and came to the bookstore. I then filmed another lady scratching her head (1:15:00 in the recording and 6:17 or the seventh scene in the video diary). I hid in a corner to scratch myself too. Then I worked on my files. Then I got up and walked around. On 2:04:30, another woman tried to take a picture of me: "... that's not normal! It's a Homeland Security operation!" Certainly an operation, but was it the suit team or the Russians? I was very frustrated because everyone was scratching himself or herself. "The suit team is also building up a profile of me as a very disturbing passenger... the longer I'm stuck here, the more conspicuous I will become..." Then, on 2:25:00, I found the new gateway and it was boarding time. On 2:26:30 they actually did call my name! Was it because the Russians had complained? I was so surprised that I was finally allowed to board. Then, more text-messaging. "According to surveillance, I'm communicating with my friends again." By 2:33:00 I was inside the plane, and by 2:37:00 I had found my seat. I would sit next to a white guy. As soon as the plane had taken off, I started my nap. On 3:45:00 I woke up and started working on my videos on my Toshiba. Again I paid careful attention to the people around me who were scratching their head. Then I started working on "Feefee and Valerie". I noticed that the people to my right were Russians and that another black woman was speaking French to one of them. "I hope that their French conversation wouldn't be confused with mine..." Then, from 4:54:00 onward, I was in my nap again. Suddenly I mumbled about how Russian-made spy equipment was the scariest thing in the world.

My next recording is: "[offplane\\_pencmplt\\_prfle\\_10\\_11\\_09\\_707-1001PM.WMA](#)": I was still on the flight to LA. The Russian couple to my right kept on talking in Russian. "The Marine muscle man to my left... there must be a reason why he followed me to the restroom..." Then I mumbled indistinctly: "... this guy... very strange..." (9:00) Finally, on 1:46:00, the plane landed in LAX. On 1:58:00, as I was getting ready to get off the plane, the man to my left accused me of pointing my pen camera at him, "Don't point it at me..." "I wasn't pointing it at you..." Then I talked to myself: "... the guy to my left, he will report me... I wasn't pointing it at him, but his purpose is to make a report..." Again, probably no operation here. On 2:17:00, as I was walking off the plane I kept mumbling about the report that would be made about me. "He was the one who was waiting for me by the restroom... his purpose is to get me to point my pen camera at him... nothing that happens is accidental, everything

has a purpose... in the restroom, of course, I didn't leave behind any Russian-made spy equipment..." Now I had to wait for everyone to come out of the restroom before I could dump my garbage there: I didn't want people to see me dumping garbage because they would then later on pretend to find something among my trash. Finally I decided to dump my trash outside. On 2:37:00, as I came out of the airport, I kept mumbling about how I didn't leave anything behind. Luckily, I found a lot of cigarette butts. Then another guy scratched his head near me. I put up my act: "I don't know what the point is, we are already in LA... the function of the custom service is to produce a profile of you... 'Oh, he has a lot of DVDs'..." Then, on 2:42:30, a limousine appeared in front of me, and I read out its license plate. Since this was the airport, it presumably didn't mean anything. "Now the people who were complaining about my videotaping... it all has to do with the secret court... the lawsuit is dead... one episode has just ended... will there be another one?" I was again just acting. I then counted another person who had scratched himself: "... Why? It's over... it has not ended as yet..." And I filmed him with my pen camera (2:46:30; "[scrtchr\\_08-43-31.avi](#)"). Then he also took out his camera! Then I took account of the airline attendant who touched my cart. Then I got on the shuttle.

My next recording is: "[metro\\_smknkos\\_acntguy\\_10\\_11-12\\_09\\_1015PM-137AM.WMA](#)": I was now at the Green Line station. I described to my recorder the man who was staring at me from his sedan. Was he surveillance for the Russian side? Meanwhile, Metro police was circling around, and I feared that he might identify me. On 13:00 I got on Metro Green Line. "... that's my new function in society, being the target of people's head-scratching..." I felt tremendous sadness and closed my eyes and rested. "... let's pray to the Lord, that one day this secret agent stuff will just come to an end..." On 27:30 I got off the train at Imperial Station and then somehow got on Green Line again. On 33:00 I discovered that I was on the wrong train. I came back to Imperial Station and was now waiting for the Blue Line. Now somebody was text-messaging on 52:30. Did I get intercepted again? On 1:04:30 I got on Metro Blue Line. I hid in the last cart where there was no one around. On 1:36:30 I arrived in downtown Los Angeles. I kept mumbling: "... after all that fuss, there was not a single piece of Russian-made spy equipment..." Then I seemed to notice the suit team's double for me and started filming him (6:25 or the eighth scene in the video diary). First, he dropped something in the trash can. "... according to surveillance that's me..." (1:40:30). Then he squatted down in the street corner and started talking on his cellphone. Now he definitely was my double! And he was speaking Spanish! I sighed: "You will always be someone else, that's permanent, it will never change..." You can easily guess what was going on. Now that I had returned to Los Angeles, the Russian claim that I was conspiring with the United States had (almost) been substantiated, and the suit team must strike back. Although their claim that I flew to Nicaragua to defect had fallen apart, they could still enter a new claim in the upper court (in judge Higgins' chamber) that I was only pretending to conspire with them by finishing my mission. But to change their claim, they would need to enter a new piece of evidence (just as my slip of the tongue "Hopefully I will find a job soon" was the evidence on the basis of which they could have entered the original claim that I intended to defect). But what was the new evidence? My continual resistance to their operations? I'm just not sure. Perhaps their attempt to delay my accomplishing my mission had to do with entering this new claim to replace their original claim. Secondly, they must continue to produce evidences to justify the "David Chin legend" in the lower court (and they would always have the authorization from the upper court to do so as long as there was still suspicion that I

was only pretending to conspire with them in order to harm them). And, just as before, the evidences for the “David Chin legend” in the lower court could be used in the upper court as well to substantiate the new US claim. Here was more evidence for the “David Chin legend”: David Chin, fluent in Spanish, had just finished pretending to conspire with the United States and come back from Nicaragua and was now bragging to his foreign agent and criminal friends about his great deed.

On 1:45:30 I got on the bus. Then, on 1:49:30, I noticed my possible double again: “... that’s me drawing over there...” I filmed him: “[drawronbus\\_10-55-01.avi](#).” This artist got off the bus on Vermont and Wilshire. It’s not clear whether he was really sent in by the suit team (evidence that David Chin was pretending to be Lawrence Chin again by drawing). I closed my eyes and rested. Then: “... there is an operation on the bus... somebody will be discovered and put in the hospital... just the same old thing...” On 2:30:30 I got off the bus in Santa Monica. On 2:31:00 I filmed this man who was pointing a pen at me. “That’s a me, he’s holding a pen in imitation of me...” I came inside the Kinkos on Wilshire and 6<sup>th</sup> Street. Although there was no one there when I came in, soon people were coming in after me. “Another ‘me’ has come in, so many ‘me’...” I zeroed in on this guy who was definitely my double. On 2:46:00 I noted that he was text-messaging. Amazing, he came over to me and wanted to plug his device into the electrical outlet I was using. I told him to wait. “Gee, ‘me’ is talking to me...” (2:49:00). I filmed him with my pen camera (“[2\\_mydouble\\_10\\_12\\_09\\_1257AM.avi](#)”): “That’s me... that’s why as soon as he walked in he text-messaged...” (2:51:00). I continued to work on my files. On 3:01:00 he came to talk to me again wanting to use my station to print something. “Just give me five minutes, okay?” And I noted to myself: “This is a trap!” On 3:13:00 I exchanged seat with my (supposed) double. “He’s here to produce an intercept showing me meeting with foreign agents....” And he continued to text-message. I filmed him again on 3:16:00. Then again on 3:20:00: how he put something in the trash can. See the first and second scene of my next video diary, “[10\\_12\\_09.wmv](#)”. The suit team was now aggressively producing evidences and yet I couldn’t avoid it because I had just nowhere to go to. I couldn’t just sleep on the street because my blanket was still in the storage.

### **October 12 (Monday; police harassment)**

My next recording is: “[knk\\_dbleplce\\_slpprkltnk\\_10\\_12\\_09\\_131-644AM.WMA](#)”: Then this man asked the Kinkos employee where he was from, and he replied “Nigeria.” “These people are obviously sent in to produce surveillance...” And I continued to describe the possible operation. By now several more people had come in. “This is completely abnormal. Usually there would be nobody here at this time.” It’s also possible that some of the new people here were in fact working for the Russian side, here to gather evidences that the “David Chin thing” that the faulty surveillance Machine was in the process of printing out was completely erroneous. And then my double seemed to be talking to his girlfriend: “... I love you...” Then he nodded his head to me when he left (25:00). “I’m meeting so many secret agents here.” I filmed the situation in Kinkos again with my pen camera (“[5\\_knk\\_10\\_12\\_09\\_153AM.avi](#)”). On 34:00, another guy came in: “I told you this is not normal...” On 38:00, I filmed the place again with my pen camera, taking special note of my new double who was using Facebook (“[6\\_knk\\_facebook\\_10\\_12\\_09\\_204AM.avi](#)”): “... so many people here, obviously an operation... at the airport, I received a lot of secret messages, then I came to Kinkos, met with Russian secret agents,

watched some Indian stuff, and then used Facebook...” This might indeed be the scenario which the faulty surveillance Machine was printing out at the moment in the ICJ lower court. On 51:00 I packed up and left mumbling: “... and so we used Facebook and then Adobe Illustrators... supposedly I was using them for criminal purposes...” On 54:30 a police car passed me by, and I assumed I was caught in its camera. (It’s not clear whether I was correct.) Then I recounted the evidences that had been gathered about me tonight: “... apparently I have a girlfriend too... What was I doing with Adobe Illustrator?” On 1:01:50, I filmed this man who was text-messaging while waiting for the bus (3:04 or the fourth scene in the video diary). “I caught myself text-messaging again.” I decided to move on and came to the parking structure on Promenade. On 1:09:30 I filmed myself settling down into a corner in the parking structure (3:40 or the fifth scene in the video diary). I rested. Then, when I heard people talking in the distance: “I’m over there, talking to somebody in the parking structure...” On 2:40:30 I got up and kept on walking: “... maybe the homeless person sleeping over there is me...” On 2:51:00 I came back inside Kinkos. All the “me” were gone. Apparently, the suit team didn’t expect me to come back. I used the restroom and, on 3:02:00, came to the computer room and, thank God, there was no one here. I rested on the chair. On 4:39:00 the employee woke up me and told me to go elsewhere. I left mumbling about how she would be instructed to rumor about me afterward and so on. I got coffee at the 711 across the street. Then: “... another police car has ‘spotted’ me... its video will be submitted to the International Court as evidence... that I was indeed around here...” (4:51:30). “... the video will prove that the person described in the rumor is indeed me...” On 4:57:00, a black man yelled about something next to me: “... he will be confused with me...” On 4:58:00 I got on the bus. I sat way back in the bus. I then assumed that the man in the front of the bus who was scratching his head was acting.

My next recording is: “[bus20\\_mall\\_10\\_12\\_09\\_650-745AM.WMA](#)”: I was still on the bus. On 11:00, a man was drinking beer on the bus. “That’s me drinking beer over there... apparently America has become very lawless...” I was probably right that it was the suit team which had sent in this double of mine: who would be drinking beer on the bus 7 AM in the morning? Then ambulance’s siren on 13:50. Then a white female sitting 6 feet away from me was talking on her cellphone (21:00). Then somebody’s cellphone rang (22:00). Then my beer-drinking double was talking on his cellphone: “... that’s me talking on cellphone...” (24:00). I was again probably right. Then a Hispanic man came to sit next to me. I was afraid that he might steal from me. On 49:00 I got off the bus, and immediately I ran into a text-messenger: “... we’ve got ambushed...” I walked around the police car to avoid being “accidentally” videotaped.

My next recording is: “[plceharass\\_crmlvidtpr\\_purpose\\_10\\_12\\_09\\_804-1007AM.WMA](#)”: I came inside Denny’s to work on my computer. I constantly took note of the people who scratched themselves. Another white man came in with newspapers, and I mumbled about how unlikely it was that all the business people in downtown LA could be pretending to be passing secret messages to me. “... you don’t know whether they are doing it out of reflex or... it doesn’t matter, *we don’t care*...” Of course I cared, but I had to pretend to be unconcerned with the suit team’s operations as much as possible in case the Russians were listening to me. And now Denny’s was full house! I was publishing my latest video diary at the moment. Then a man started manipulating his cellphone outside, and after he did so he immediately walked away, causing me to suspect that he was instructed by the suit team to do this:

“... surveillance has just been produced showing me communicating with foreign intelligence services with my laptop...” (37:30). Then, on 40:30, I went outside to smoke cigarettes – disaster was awaiting me. Now two police cars pulled in and a man was doing something with his cellphone. I immediately took out my camcorder and filmed it (4:21 or the sixth scene in the video diary). “I’ve definitely got caught in police video once more...” Then a man scratched himself: “... it’s obviously an act...” I filmed him too (43:00 and 4:56 or the seventh scene in the video diary). On 45:00 I filmed another man on cellphone. On 47:00 a police officer from one of the police cars that had just pulled in – it’s a certain “Officer Flores” – asked me if I had videotaped him outside and then demanded to see my identification. I was stunned: “Everybody is taking pictures of the streets... so you just have to ID me?” “Right.” Then he asked me: “What nationality are you?” “Can I just say ‘Asian’?” This dumb question immediately revealed that he was indeed sent in by the suit team to produce an intercept. He then interrogated me as to why I pointed my camera at him. I muttered to myself: “The criminal videotaper is identified... They sent the police around trying to... they just want to establish me as a ‘criminal videotaper’... you shouldn’t have gone out to smoke cigarettes, it’s too dangerous... the information he took down is intercepted into the International Court as evidence... the information will be pieced together with other reports... the criminal videotaper... *to block the videos which the Russians have tried to bring to Court*... you shouldn’t have filed the lawsuit at all... the suit team doesn’t want me to document anything at all... his name is ‘Flores’... when they want to frame you, you shouldn’t document it... *but I want to do it*... at least I have predicted that a profile of me as a criminal videotaper will gradually emerge... all naturally, even though it is all orchestrated... there are two things, first, the lawsuit of March 27, second, my documentaries... there will be more complaints about my criminal videotaping... you can’t even say, ‘Oh, police officer, you know exactly why I’m videotaping...’ because he will then throw you into the mental hospital... we all have to pretend all this is not staged... this is the most annoying part of the suit team’s operation, using law enforcement to harass you...” I was so traumatized that I was mumbling nonstop. The question is how much I did get right. Since the dumb question about my “nationality” indicated that the suit team had indeed sent in this Officer Flores, the purpose was probably really to confirm that David Chin was a criminal videotaper so that there might be justification for removing from evidence those videos in which I was caught hanging with CIA girls. I continued: “... Where is Lawrence Chin? He has disappeared... videotaping is not a crime, is it?... other people can do that to me, but I can’t do it to other people... you have been living in this world of “pretending” year after year, people pretending to not know you... everybody has access to the progress of the International Court trial, I’m the only one who has to guess... they all know what to say... this Officer Flores has done a great deed, the criminal videotaper is finally identified... we need to go along with what people believe to exist rather than with what actually exists... *we don’t like this operation at all, we don’t get a break*... nobody will read a single word I have written, nor watch a single second of my videos... what has actually happened must not exist... the lawsuit is dead... you can’t ask, ‘Officer, what’s the function of your...?’ That’s what he is waiting for, the excuse with which to put you into the mental hospital...” As you can see, I was again also explaining why I was resisting the suit team’s operations. Then: “... that’s the genius of Mr former Secretary, to use police officers to run clandestine operations... Why is it that everyone else can act? Because they act together... I’m just one person... the whole planet is my enemy... it’s so unfair, they can run faulty surveillance on you, but you can’t run true surveillance on yourself... they don’t need

your permission, but you do need their permission... Oh, a woman is making a cellphone call in front of me..." (1:40:00). Then: "... nobody will believe me... you are not important enough for people to care whether what you say is true... people hate you so much... the cause of your suffering is the fact that you are a natural born philosopher... so what's going on is that there is unfinished business in the ICJ... *the documentaries from the lawsuit*... with my status as a criminal videotaper, these are purged from the evidentiary record..." Again, I tried to pretend to not know that the purpose of framing me for criminal videotaping was to prevent my *current* documentaries – especially those videos in which I was seen fraternizing with CIA girls – from entering into evidence in the ICJ, not the old documentaries from my March 27 lawsuit. "So, yesterday, as soon as you got off Blue Line, an officer walked in.... the purpose was to lure you to videotape him... but you didn't fall for it..." I was so distraught over the whole episode – because it must have hurt Russia's chance – that I wrote down on my diary:

Police officer Flores obtained my identification information. The profile of me as a criminal videotaper is finally complete at the International Court and will now be used to suppress any of my documentaries there as evidence. After all that fuss, in the end, it is proven that the turning point is had not with the best secret agents from the Agency, but with ordinary police officers who had the law on their side to harass me in order to produce the surveillance intercepts needed.

I was being overly pessimistic, as if Russia had lost the case altogether simply because the United States had obtained *one* instance of my criminal videotaping – which was hardly the case. As you shall soon see, my pessimism here would, a few days later, *really* almost cause the Russians to lose altogether. Note however that, although I continued to pretend to believe that the documentaries of mine that were in the courthouse all came from my lawsuit back in March and to not know that the Russians had been using *everything* I had uploaded to my website as evidence in the ICJ, in this passage I seemed to be referring to the truth, namely, that the Russians had been keeping themselves afloat by entering as evidence into the ICJ *all* the recordings and videos I had ever uploaded to my website. Then the woman security guard came to warn me not to film inside the premise (1:54:00). I was merely charging my camera! Naturally I assumed she was sent in by the suit team to produce another intercept showing me to be a criminal videotaper – even though this was very likely not an operation. "... you shouldn't document you crimes, you are not supposed to know you have even committed crimes... you are forced to go along with the staging... otherwise they will throw you into the mental hospital... it's like the subatomic world, where everything can be at two places at the same time and can go through walls..."

My next recording is: "[thrwnut\\_scrch\\_strbcks\\_strge\\_idnot\\_10\\_12\\_09\\_10-612PM.WMA](#)": I continued to compare the world of faulty surveillance with that of quantum mechanics. Then: "Using law enforcement officers to conduct clandestine operations is the most effective way because they have laws on their side. If they demand to see your identification for no reason whatsoever, they can do that. This is a totalitarian police state" (43:40). Then I noticed that someone was videotaping outside, and I had to assume it was my double sent here to produce more evidence of my "criminal videotaping" (55:30). Did the suit team really stage this? Then I discovered that my DVD could not be burned. On

57:00 the security guard came over to ask me to leave, saying that this was a restaurant and that I was not allowed to use my laptop on this premise. “Okay, I’ll leave, I know I am a criminal.” He watched me very closely. “My function in this society is to be a criminal...” I exclaimed to him (1:00:00). Walking the street was terribly scary because so many people who walked past me scratched themselves. I wondered whether this was the purpose of throwing me out – to produce evidence of my receiving secret messages (1:14:00). Not! I got on the bus and came to the Starbucks on Grand and 11<sup>th</sup> (1:39:00). Then, someone sitting in front of me made a cellphone call – was he producing evidence of my making another cellphone call? (1:45:30) Then, on 1:55:30, another man in front of me scratched his nose. I started burning DVD 59. And more people scratched their head. “This one looks natural...” I kept mumbling about this. “... Why is everyone scratching himself? Are all these Americans actually foreign agents?” Then an Asian chic scratched herself, and I was convinced that it was an act. In reality, most of the “scratching” was natural and not instructed by the suit team. I kept complaining about how I didn’t want to waste my precious disk space by storing more videos of people scratching themselves. “... a strange mission that they’ve got... you think that, when you see one pig and videotape it, that’s enough; you would never have thought that tens of thousands of pigs... Can you just videotape one pig and tell people it has happened ten thousand times? ... No, people will not believe it... then nobody really cares whether you saw a pig or not...” I taped up my glasses – remember that, once home, I ceased wearing contact lenses and put on my broken glasses instead. Children’s noise on 2:48:00. I came outside and continued: “Homeland Security actors have the easiest job: just scratch your head!” (2:51:30) I stood by the street corner to count the number of people who scratched their head (2:57:30). When I resumed work inside, I was again unable to burn a new DVD (3:11:00): “... perhaps the ISO image is too big... Ubuntu can read these Microsoft Windows files...” I had yet to understand that it was because the discs I bought in Granada were defective. I switched hard drives on my Toshiba to use Ubuntu again. I used Brasero to create the ISO image for DVD 59, but I still couldn’t burn it onto a disc. This was a serious problem since preserving my data on DVDs was my most urgent task. “Our Ubuntu is useless, it can’t burn any discs, it can’t do anything at all.” I worked more on Ubuntu and then got really angry: “Ubuntu is such a piece of garbage!” I was then further frustrated because my Eee PC could not mount and burn discs with any file system above UDF 1.0. An Indian man was standing over me and, soon, he made a cellphone call (4:22:00). I was sure that he was working for the Russian side so that there was nothing to worry about – namely, it was never wise to switch hard drives while under faulty surveillance: that’s evidence that I was either David Chin the computer genius or manipulating spy equipment – but I purposely muttered the falsehood that I believed he was here to be confused with me in surveillance. I left Starbucks on 4:39:00 and was now walking to the storage facility – the first place I must visit upon returning home. Around 3:11 PM, near A-American storage, I filmed a suspicious black couple, and another man who had scratched himself (5:23 in the video diary). I came to the storage facility by 5:30:00. “Why is Yan so sad?” I suddenly asked myself (until 5:43:00). I came to the office on 6:08:30 to sign in and was in front of my storage unit on 6:27:00. I put in all my new discs – two months’ worth – while mumbling: “Electronics are more important than philosophy...” The most important thing to me in the world was to leave a copy of my data in my storage unit. I left the storage facility with my blanket on 7:25:00. I of course took care to film myself thoroughly as I worked on my storage unit: from 5:46 in the video diary when I opened my unit to 12:02 when I closed it; then on 13:07 in the video diary, my blanket; then on 13:22, when I filmed myself leaving and



leaving nothing behind; and finally on 13:36, when I was outside the storage facility ready to leave. I mumbled about how I had psychic ability: I had videos showing me predicting correctly that someone was going to scratch his head – a requirement for going into Starbucks (7:38:40). I then mumbled about the videos I had shot, not of operations, but of pretty women (7:56:00): “Goddess of Silverlake, the most beautiful woman you have ever seen. When you get on the bus, somebody is going to scratch his head, *just don’t worry about it...* it’s so scary...” Again, it’s just my act in case the Russians had surveillance agents around me. On 7:59:30, I got on bus 38. When a woman tried to give me a dollar bill, I shouted at her: “Don’t! Don’t...” (8:03:00). On 8:06:00 I got off the bus. Then I seemed to be talking about the CIA girls: “If they want you to identify them, they will make gestures... and if they don’t, they will just walk... walk... criminal videotaper... whatever happens, be careful who you videotape...” This is important because, as you shall see, identifying CIA girls was the next most important thing I must do. Then another guy scratched himself, and I filmed it. “I want to count the number of times people scratch themselves....”

My next recording is: “[slpbus2\\_yn\\_mxrst\\_10\\_12\\_09\\_617-738PM.WMA](#)”: I was still on the street in downtown. On 4:00, I wanted to film a man who scratched himself. Then another one. And he pretended to scratch his thigh again: another secret message (11:00). Was I correct? Then more people scratched themselves. “I just don’t know how many intercepts of secret message-passing they want... 200? 300?” On 18:00 I got on the bus and on 58:00 got off on Vermont and Sunset. Immediately somebody scratched her head and I filmed her. On 1:04:00 I filmed another man who scratched himself (13:49 in the video diary). It’s not clear whether all this was really part of the suit team’s operation. I bought chicken burrito and was terribly nervous because everybody around me was making cellphone calls. I ate my burrito across the street from Starbucks.

My next recording is: “[bus180\\_sabr\\_tshibamacgirls\\_nonsense\\_10\\_12\\_09\\_733-1115PM.WMA](#)”: I filmed another man who scratched his head repeatedly around 10:00 (14:08 in the video diary). Siren in the distance on 18:00. I got on bus 181 on 29:00 and got off in Pasadena on 1:18:30. I tried to ward off a vagrant who wanted to give me something (1:32:00). I wandered about and obtained a cup of water from Sabor – I had no money to buy anything (2:16:00). “I’m so lonely, I wish I can talk to people... Other people are hell, and other people are heaven. And it’s the government which decides that....” (2:18:00). Just then a woman sitting by the bus stop on Colorado Blvd asked me for a light (2:18:45). I quickly ran away and then filmed her (2:20:30 or 16:02 in the video diary). (Note that another “head-scratcher” was driving away.) I wanted to talk to her. “Is it possible to talk to you without producing surveillance intercepts? Would the day come when I wouldn’t have to worry about Russian-made spy equipment materializing in my bag and falling out of it so that the government may pick it up and present it to the International Court as evidence of Russia’s crimes?” (2:27:00) I then came to the corner behind Chase bank and began importing my latest videos into my laptop – all the while talking to myself incessantly (2:35:00). I continued: “It’s defense mechanism: if you can’t punch those people back who have punched you, then you will punch yourself....” (3:01:30). Again, good testimony for the Russians.

My next recording is: “[plcespotme\\_10\\_12\\_09\\_1120-1149PM.WMA](#)”: I paid special attention to a

Hispanic guy who kept walking back and forth. He was there for a long time. Was this an operation? From which side? On 19:00 I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (18:33 in the video diary). I then took notice of another female who scratched her head by the ATM. Then a police car passed me by: "... it has caught me in its camera again... when they go back to analyze their video, they'll 'accidentally' discover that this is the vagrant that was identified this morning..." I was probably paranoid over nothing here. Then, on 25:00, I came to my usual corner in Pasadena, next to the parking structure, to sleep. "... you have to watch out for police cars... that's how I'm being 'accidentally' tracked... it's all staged..." I filmed my spot (27:30 or 19:01 in the video diary).

My last recording of the day is: "[slp\\_10\\_12-3\\_09\\_1143PM-108AM.WMA](#)": "You are going to get 'accidentally' arrested by the police, as if you were the unluckiest person in the world... when the police analyze the video, they will discover that they have been 'accidentally' tracking you..." Again, I was probably incorrect here. I then went to sleep.<sup>2</sup>

### **October 13 (Tuesday)**

My next recording is: "[slp\\_plcespot\\_10\\_13\\_09\\_521-803AM.WMA](#)": I woke up from my corner and mumbled: "I will 'accidentally' be..." I continued to lie around until, on 2:11:00, I filmed myself getting up (the first scene in my next video diary, "[10\\_13-4\\_09.wmv](#)"). I took careful account of all the trash around me. On 2:16:00 I filmed the suspicious car that was parked in front of me. I pretended to wonder whether it was waiting to catch me in its camera (i.e. I pretended to not know that this car was very like Russian surveillance). "I'm the most 'accidentally' filmed person in history... I'm being 'accidentally' tracked at this very moment... I'll eventually get into trouble and get put away..." I came to Sabor on 2:31:00. "There is one man inside, and we have seen him before..." I ordered coffee and so on. "... I'm gradually coming into the notice of law enforcement..."

It's important to reflect on what might be going on in the ICJ upper court right now so that we can better understand the operations around me at this moment. Now that I had returned to Los Angeles, the Russians entered the claim that I had accomplished the "mission" for which I had conspired with the United States. But, as noted, the suit team had entered the counter-claim that I was only pretending to conspire with the United States in order to help Russia. Furthermore, the suit team had evidences of my "criminal videotaping" which called into question all these videos in which the CIA girls were featured fraternizing with me – perhaps I didn't know these girls were from the CIA. This was deadly because these videos were the basis on which the Russian claim rested that I was conspiring with the United States. The Russians thus desperately needed evidences that I was knowingly fraternizing with CIA agents – just as they did when I was flying to Nicaragua. Only then could their claim be fully substantiated. (More on this, below.) The Russians thus continued to surround me with their surveillance agents while the suit team would continue to run operations on me to produce evidences supporting the "David Chin legend" in the ICJ lower court.

My next recording is: "[sabor\\_oprt\\_10\\_13\\_09\\_757-1101AM.WMA](#)": While in Sabor, I continued to

<sup>2</sup> Reviewed until 55:00.

struggle with my malfunctioning computers. Then, I came to Playhouse 7 across the street on 30:00 but, worried about “being spotted”, I came back to Sabor on 45:00 to resume work. Again, my most urgent task was to burn my latest data onto discs. When my Toshiba froze up, I videotaped it (1:01:40 and 0:56 and 2:29 or the second and third scene in the video diary). Then my Real Player froze up. I was then examining the files I had just burned. Then another man passed by and scratched himself on 1:33:00. It’s really difficult to determine whether all this scratching was staged by the suit team or “natural”. Then my Seagate hard drive disconnected itself: continual malfunctioning! Then: “... other people are talking in the coffeehouse... Am I becoming a ‘criminal recorder’ by leaving my recorder on? But law enforcement will not go after that...” (1:41:00). Needless to say, I was also uploading my latest recording files to my website. This was terribly important for the Russians for I had done all that acting and, even if at the time of my acting the Russians had no surveillance agents around me, they could still intercept it from my website. Then: “An Asian female walks in... she doesn’t look like... she is from... you know...” That is, the CIA. As you can see, I had intuitively sensed that the Russians had a terrible need to catch me fraternizing with CIA agents in real time. “... she’s here for us to videotape, we are not going to do that...” (from 1:48:00 onward). While I was outside smoking, I observed that, inside the coffeehouse, a tall white female was talking about business (2:15:00). Confused with me? Then: “... police cars will come by to ‘accidentally’ catch you in their cameras...” And more people were scratching themselves. “... a black girl wearing a black skirt and black boots...” On 2:21:00 a police car did come, and I filmed it: “... every time you go outside to smoke a police car will show up... Don’t do that anymore, the police are ‘accidentally’ tracking you...” (2:27:00). I came back inside and continued to burn my next disc and upload my recording files to my website. On 2:29:00 my FTP connection stalled. When it resumed, the upload speed was slower than it was in Nicaragua, making me wonder if the suit team was obstructing me again. “... maybe that day... the purpose was to make you into a ‘criminal videotaper’...” (2:46:30). On 2:55:00, another white guy walked in. “... this is an operation! Why would two persons walk in wearing black...? ... the white female and the white guy...” Then another guy was making strange gestures: “... he’s just here to produce surveillance intercepts...” (2:59:00). I continued to speculate about the suspicious couple: “... the woman in black, the guy in black... Homeland Security has sent them in to produce surveillance showing me meeting with foreign secret agents...” While I was acting, I was also paranoid: it’s not clear whether any of these people that I found suspicious were really the suit team’s actors and actresses here to produce surveillance intercepts. What was certain – I of course pretended to not know this – was that several of the people using laptops in this coffeehouse must be doing surveillance for the Russian side.

My next recording is: “[sabor\\_10\\_13\\_09\\_1105-428PM.WMA](#)”: I continued to check on my Nicaragua pen videos. “... smoking outside is dangerous...” Nevertheless I did. Then another young white female passed by and she pulled down her sweater. “Is that secret message-passing?” Then I switched the hard drive again on my Toshiba in order to use my Ubuntu. More people were coming into Sabor: “... it seems to be an operation...” (34:30). I was again unable to burn the new ISO image with my Ubuntu. Strange! I got onto [gnome.org](#) and [Project Brasero](#) and read up other peoples’ postings. The Konqueror on my Eee PC also froze up (1:00:00). I continued to study Brasero. Then the Asian female who was standing by the bus stop across the street touched her head. Natural? I also wanted to make a new copy of DVD 63. And I continued to count the people that were coming in. On 1:08:30, somebody answered

a cellphone call: “Is that me again?” I then continued to read the forum postings. My FTP connection stalled again on 1:37:00. I was terribly frustrated: “... I don’t know why I can’t burn DVDs anymore...” (1:44:00). I was now removing the Seagate hard drive with Ubuntu from my Toshiba (1:50:00). I continued to describe who was coming in and who was going out. There were now four people in Sabor (1:57:00). “... the DVD is fine... it makes no sense that it can’t be burned... two females are playing Scrabble... Are they here to be confused with me?” And neither could I burn my DVD with Nero: all broke down! (2:06:00) I tried to clear up more disk space thinking that this might help. “Who is here confused with me? I say I’m most likely playing Scrabble over there.” And another Indian girl was text-messaging. I tried burning again, and the burning failed again (2:32:00). Finally, I realized what was going on: “... the DVDs we brought from Nicaragua are defective...” I had begun to realize that all the discs I had burned while in Nicaragua were unreliable. Then: “... that’s my double... she opened up her Toshiba as soon as I started uploading... Homeland Security has put defective DVDs in Radio Shack, so that, out of every ten discs, we could only burn two...” Wrong! On 2:39:00 I came outside to smoke. It was now raining. On 2:42:00 a car came to park in front of me. Alarmed, I read out its license plate. I then counted more people who scratched themselves. Then a woman tried to speak Spanish to me. I shouted at her: “Get out! ... she’s trying to produce surveillance showing me speaking Spanish... and the two Indian girls are gone... I was indeed playing Scrabble...” (2:46:00). On 2:47:00 I came inside Target to buy blank DVDs. I bought a whole spindle of TDKs: these were fairly good discs. On 3:04:00 I came back to Sabor and got ready to burn with TDKs. I continued to count the people who were scratching themselves. Reflex? It was now full house. And another guy looked so much like Homeland Security. And another man came in wearing sunglasses looking like Homeland Security, and he touched his head. I continued to read the forum postings on DVDs. The burning was successful! I read that the best media were those made in Japan, Singapore, and Taiwan and the worse were those made in China and Russia, and that it was not the brand name, but the disc ID number, which was important: thank God that my new TDKs were made in Taiwan. On 3:50:30, another guy’s cellphone rang. On 4:24:00 I was packing up. On 4:28:00, while in the restroom, I admonished myself: “Don’t talk to anybody, you are too ugly...” On 4:31:00 I left Sabor. I rested in front of Target to smoke my butts. “We need to get our archival discs... I’m so ugly, I have lost touch with people...” Then I moved on. On 4:51:00, a police car passed me by. I was convinced that I was caught in police camera again. “The profile is being built up... I’m in big trouble... I’m gonna get into trouble with law enforcement even though I didn’t do anything at all...” Then, on 4:58:00, I found a huge cache of cigarette butts – lucky for me. On 5:02:00 I rested in another corner to smoke. On 5:06:30 I took money out of the ATM. I continued to count the people who scratched themselves near me. “... staying by the side of the road is very dangerous... the police will come by...” And ambulance and police cars showed up on 5:14:00. On 5:20:00 I got on bus 180. I predicted that somebody’s cellphone would ring and so on.

My next recording is: “[bus180\\_plcecarambul\\_bus2dble\\_wstwdplce\\_unluckyagnt\\_10\\_13\\_09\\_423-823PM.WMA](#)”: I was still on the bus. On 13:00, a Hispanic man scratched himself and, when he got off, touched his shirt. Clearly to produce an intercept – I was convinced. Then another man scratched himself slowly and many times. I suspected another man to be a Homeland Security agent (37:00). Then a group of Chinese people came in front of me. Another man seemed to be imitating me: “...

obviously trying to produce surveillance intercepts....” Then another woman scratched herself so massively: “... obviously to produce surveillance intercepts...” And another person was text-messaging in front of me. Then an ambulance came right next to the bus (58:00). And more people were scratching their head. On 1:04:00 I couldn’t help but scratch myself too. On 1:14:00 I got off the bus and walked into Subway. I merely bought three cookies – that was all that I could afford. I was then on the street. Another ambulance on 1:29:00. And I counted more people who were scratching themselves. On 1:33:00, another ambulance, and I filmed it. I also filmed a man making a cellphone call in his pickup truck (1:35:00 or 2:38 in the video diary). Then another girl: “Is she trying to take pictures of me or is she text-messaging?” Then, another head-scratcher. Then another police car: “... we will get ‘accidentally’ photographed...” (1:43:30). Then more police: “... how many police officers do we have to see on one day?” I was now waiting for the bus again. “Just waiting for the bus has become so scary... more head-scratchers...” On 1:57:00 I got on the bus. I suspected that the man getting on in front of me was my double since he asked for disability fare and also wore a hat like I did. “... surveillance has confuse him with me...” This could very well be the case: the suit team was trying to justify the faulty surveillance Machine again. On 2:20:00, ambulance siren. “They will piece together this surveillance with the police identification of you from yesterday... the next time, they will identify your website as that of the criminal videotaper... you are in a lot of trouble...” I wasn’t exactly correct, however. On 2:40:00, the man who I thought was my double was getting off the bus at UCLA. Another Hispanic man kept staring at me. On 2:45:30 I got off the bus too. I was now in Westwood. “... everything is awful... the ride is awful... our... is broken...” On 2:59:00 I got food out of trash cans but, before I ate it, I filmed it: “... I must film it since Homeland Security, knowing you will look for food in trash cans, might plant secret messages inside...” Not! I hid myself by a UCLA office on Le Conte and Broxton where no one could possibly see me, and yet, on 3:05:00, a couple found me and wanted to give me food. I was shocked: “Don’t come close to me...” They left. “... How can they even find me here? It’s obviously orchestrated, to produce a surveillance intercept showing foreign agents giving me secret messages... *I’m naturally fearful of everything, that’s the power of faulty surveillance...* after a year and a half, everything is scary: cellphone, cigarette butts... I wish there were a hole where I can hide inside, as long as there is food, electricity, and blank DVDs inside... other people are the most scary things...” I again had to explain my resistance in case the Russians were listening to me. Then an Asian girl passed by scratching her chin. I was alarmed even though this was most likely not an operation. I repeated: “... the world of faulty surveillance is like that of subatomic particles according to quantum mechanics... where everything can go through walls and be at two places at the same time...” Then: “... DVDs are more important than food...” On 3:20:00 another man came to my corner and said something. Of course I assumed it was the suit team which had sent him in to produce surveillance intercepts. “I’ve told you, somebody is going to ‘spot’ you... he’s gonna rumor about me afterward saying he saw me doing...” When I walked out of my corner, I saw this news van: “... its camera will ‘accidentally’ catch me...” And a police car was coming. I took care to hide behind a tree and yet, when I turned around, there was the police car! “... the police have ‘spotted’ me again...” I got ‘accidentally’ caught in a police camera again, it’s so frightening... the criminal videotaper is being ‘accidentally’ tracked... this criminal foreign agent keeps getting ‘accidentally’ caught in cameras and identified...” I was of course exaggerating and overly paranoid: neither the news van nor the police car was part of the suit team’s operation. Then another woman scratched her head. “... some

kind of a foreign agent... we don't even have to conduct surveillance on him..." On 3:32:00 I came inside the pharmacy and continued my sarcasm: "... he keeps getting identified... Who is he, the criminal videotaper? ... we will then get detained... that's the script... this is a very bad place..." Then another man scratched himself in front of me. I shouted to him: "Thank you for your secret message, sir! That's very kind of you..." (3:26:00). By 3:39:00 I had made my purchase and walked out. "... the police know every single... if I go to Pasadena, I will be accidentally... if I come to Westwood... soon, I will be detained and disappear..." As you shall see, I was right: Mr former Secretary would indeed develop such a plan. It was now raining. I continued my sarcasm: "I'm the unluckiest secret agent... constantly caught in cameras, and about 30 pieces of spy equipment have fallen out of my bag... no other secret agent ever films himself in order to document what crimes he has committed... Gee, I don't like this job, I don't like my role in society... even the ambulance driver is on cellphone... Am I making another cellphone call?" I was frustrated because I couldn't find a place to work in. And taxis kept coming by: "Do taxis also have cameras on them? Otherwise, why do they keep coming near me?" Siren on 3:53:00. "... America is also the land of ambulances and firetrucks..." On 3:55:00 I came inside Starbucks. Another man scratched his nose.

My next recording is: "[iso\\_hide\\_10\\_13-14\\_09\\_823PM-1216AM.WMA](#)"<sup>3</sup>: A girl using MacBook Air was text-messaging. I left Starbucks and continued: "... watch out! The police car will 'accidentally' catch me in its camera..." (8:00) "... I'm the most unlucky foreign agent ever..." I came to rest in an especially selected corner where police cars wouldn't show up. On 20:00 I came back to the coffeehouse asking about the gift card that enabled one to go on the Internet. I also bought coffee. When I came out, I ran into another white female who scratched her nose. Then another man scratched his head. "The entire town has been told to scratch their head in front of me." This was however not the case. Then several more. And more taxis. "These taxis must have cameras on them, and that's why they keep showing up in front of me." As I kept on walking, I complained: "This place is particularly bad, there are so many cellphones..." I then came to ISO to use the restroom (55:00). While inside the restroom I also fixed the tapes on my glasses. I came out on 1:08:00 and stayed in ISO a little bit and then walked out: "... we shouldn't have come here, we should have stayed in Pasadena..." It was still raining. "What should I do?" I now hid myself in a corner to avoid the rain and rest. "I'm so unlucky, I'm so ugly..." Now some vagrant was yelling profanity in the distance: "... that's me yelling profanity..." (1:55:00). "It's scary! Merde! On sait pas quoi faire!" (2:04:00) On 2:19:00 I forced myself to get up: "Don't fall asleep... Once you fall asleep, the police will come..." On 2:33:00: "That's me shouting over there..." On 2:43:00 two persons passed by causing me quite a scare. On 3:05:00, a truck came in front of me and, alarmed, I changed spot: "... we are going to get 'spotted'..." I changed to a different corner on La Conte and Westwood: "... it's a very bad place, the police will 'spot' us..." (3:09:00). "... Homeland Security will orchestrate our getting 'spotted' and we will get detained..." I changed to yet another corner on 3:14:00. My broken glasses were also becoming a problem because the tapes I used to hold the frame together kept falling off. I taped up my glasses again and then rested.

### **October 14 (Wednesday; "mission" redefined)**

3 The recording, "[iso\\_10\\_13\\_09\\_828-928PM.WMA](#)", overlaps with this one.

My next recording is: “[dennys\\_bus2\\_10\\_14\\_09\\_430-641AM.WMA](#)” (...530-741AM...): Somehow, by 5:30 AM, I was in Denny’s. “... it doesn’t matter what time of the day it is... if I step out of the enclosure, I’ll be seen by police cars...” I was then having problem with my Windows Movie Maker. I also had to tape up my glasses again. Again, I paid careful attention to people who touched themselves and made cellphone calls. “... I just can’t stop making cellphone calls... I have so many friends... Why can’t I hang out with them? Maybe I did, but I’m just pretending not to remember it... Why am I so unhappy? I’m just pretending to be unhappy...” Then: “... they will rumor about me saying the guy with the broken glasses is... and the police will say: ‘We have the profile of that vagrant’... the only way for surveillance to identify me is for someone else to make a description of me, and so the manager came over to say something about the ‘guy with broken glasses’...” I washed myself in the restroom and was out of Denny’s on 1:42:00. I saw another runner who touched his forehead. Then a man speaking an unintelligible language: “... in surveillance that’s me talking in Russian... people may be touching their hat out of their own volition, but in surveillance that’s secret message-passing anyway, that’s what happens when you have a spy case... some people are told to act, while others are just going about their life...” Ambulance siren on 2:02:30. On 2:03:30 I got on bus 2 to go to downtown.

My next recording is: “[dwntwncafe\\_trkfarsi\\_scrtrchr\\_10\\_14\\_09\\_746-1014AM.WMA](#)”: I was still on bus 2. On 21:00 a child could be heard shouting loudly on the bus. I counted several more people scratching themselves. On 1:18:00 I got off the bus in downtown. I immediately noticed a guy with two laptops: “... that’s me waiting for me...” (1:23:00). I felt cold. Then a man tied his shoes in front of me: “... he’s producing a surveillance intercept showing me receiving a secret message...” I then filmed someone reading newspaper in front of me: “... a surveillance intercept showing me receiving a secret message...” And another person was scratching his head on 1:31:00. Then another: “... that’s obviously an act...” (see 3:21 in the video diary). Then another man scratched himself on 1:37:00. And police car again. On 1:56:00 a man was talking about Michael Jackson next to me: “... that’s me talking...” On 2:00:00 I came to the public library, but the security guard wouldn’t let me in because I had a blanket with me. Then I noticed a pretty white woman who looked so much like a typical CIA agent. As noted, I knew what the Russians were expecting me to do and so called out to her, but she quickly ran away. “It’s the Agency... They don’t want me to identify her...” (2:04:00). This was now a serious problem: the Russians could not substantiate their claim until I was finally caught fraternizing with CIA agents – and so all the CIA girls were told to avoid me! I kept on walking, and then broke down: “... I don’t know what to do... the Agency doesn’t want me to identify them... they just want me to run into these Homeland Security agents pretending to be foreign secret agents... what the fuck...” On 2:11:00 I came inside a cafe but immediately left because there was no restroom. I continued: “... that’s what the operation is about, the Agency women would appear and then run away; meanwhile fake foreign agents would appear and pass me secret messages... and the suit team would make sure I stay on the street and have nowhere to hide... my job is to receive secret messages... Do I get paid for it? No. In fact you are supposed to spend your own money...” I was then “spotted” by Sheriff. “... and so after I have done my job, I will just disappear...” (2:18:00). On 2:22:00 I came inside the Greek cafe on 6<sup>th</sup> Street and Hill. I sat outside and began working on my computer. “The guy is making a cellphone

call, that's me making a cellphone call..." Then I had an idea. When a surveillance agent working for the Russian side sat down at the table next to me and opened up his surveillance laptop, I opened up my diary and wrote down how I had just comprehended my "mission" from the Agency: to *not* identify Agency's women! The Russians had thus intercepted an important piece of evidence which would solve their impasse once and for all.<sup>4</sup>

Let me explain once more how the law of "letting the suspect finish his mission" and so on is derived from a normal terrorism investigation. When, say, an intelligence agency discovers a wannabe terrorist in his planning stage, they will send agents to him to pretend to be coming from some known terrorist organization as a way to stage a sting operation on him – in an effort, that is, to institute a reality around him which would fit his belief. The agents would then give him a fake bomb, etc., as the final shot of the sting operation: that is, letting him "finish his mission". My mission would then be defined by my belief, and the Russians could now get an International Court order requiring the Agency to institute a reality around me that would fit my belief – namely, walking in front of me to *not* get identified by me. Note what was going on here. Originally, the Agency was required by such rule to send agents in front of me because I believed, as the Russians claimed, I was conspiring with the CIA, but, because the Agency's claim that I was only pretending to be conspiring with them was still valid, they were still free to ask their agents to avoid me so that, in the lower court, their argument that I didn't know Amanda and so on were their agents but only filmed them because I thought them pretty could receive more support and, in the upper court, the Russians could never obtain the final evidence that I was conspiring with the CIA. But now the Russians could at last obtain evidence of my conspiring with the CIA for the upper court because I had completely bypassed the Agency's resistance. Namely, my conspiracy with the CIA was now dependent on my ignoring them – which was much easier to do than chasing after them to fraternize with them. The Agency's resistance would now consist in – as you shall see – asking their agents to befriend me, but this time I could easily win the game by avoiding them!

My next recording is: "[dwntwncafe\\_trkfarsi\\_scrtrchr\\_10\\_14\\_09\\_1015AM-1155PM.WMA](#)" (...1015AM -1155AM...): I then had to scratch my ear: "... *I don't really care...*" Acting! The people next to me were now talking in an unintelligible language: "... will they be confused with me in surveillance?... The security guard didn't want me to go into the library so that I'll have to stay here and let their conversation be confused with mine... there is no Internet here..." When I tried to move files, I was frustrated because the command line didn't work. Then I was upset because I couldn't see my computer screen. I then complained about being constantly "accidentally" photographed by the police. Then: "... an Asian guy is speaking French, probably in order to be confused with me in surveillance..." (40:00). Then a black Cadillac with tinted windows parked in front of me (44:00). Was this Mr former Secretary? If so, then he was again directing the operations around me from his mobile fortress and, when he heard that I had defined for myself a "mission" that was much easier to accomplish, couldn't help but come check me out again: the United States was now destined to lose since nothing could be easier than ignoring people. I was then reviewing my recordings from 48:00 onward. Then: "I'm gonna

<sup>4</sup> The recording "[librject\\_goalopert\\_10\\_14\\_09\\_827-939AM.WMA](#)" overlaps this one: "... Michael Jackson again, that's me talking..." (10:00). At the library, I got kicked out because of my blanket (14:00). On 17:20: "... that woman was from... the Agency..." On 27:30: "... that's what the operation was about... we've got it..."



scratch myself all I want, *I don't give a shit...*" (59:30). Nice acting! And the Russian surveillance had picked it all up! Then: "... someone is talking about... that's me dealing dope..." (1:06:00). Then the people around me were speaking Spanish: "... they are confused with me again..." I was now burning a new disc and working on my video diary at the same time. I then counted more people making cellphone calls. "... they don't want me in the library because they want me to stay outside, to receive secret messages like a dummy..." And of course I counted more people scratching their head. I acted: "... I'm just going to face the other way..." And another man text-messaged. Then my recorder ran out of space.

The recording for the next hour and half is missing. What happened seems to be that, after the Greek cafe, I wandered into a hot dog restaurant nearby to eat lunch. Around 12:30 PM, I filmed the cable TV on the wall (4:23 in the video diary): it was a CNN report on a drug bust: "... evidence of my smuggling crack cocaine and heroin..."

My next recording is: "[htdgrstau\\_dbletrap\\_icjevid\\_485\\_10\\_14\\_09\\_121-157PM.WMA](#)": I was still in the hot dog restaurant. Then: "... maybe this guy with a baseball cap is not my double, maybe they just want me to videotape him... we have just burned DVD 57... remember to use only single person restrooms so that we would be the only person inside..." I left the restaurant on 6:00. I had to explain myself again: "... an intercept... why do I want to avoid it?... I want to document my crimes... Oh the person behind me is scratching himself..." And I filmed him on 9:00 (5:27 in the video diary). "... he's producing a surveillance intercept of my receiving secret messages..." And another man soon after that. And my cart broke apart again. On 16:00 I got on the 485 bus to go to Pasadena. On 26:00 somebody's cellphone rang. Did I get intercepted again?

My next recording is: "[bus485\\_abutmrya\\_libdble\\_10\\_14\\_09\\_212-519PM.WMA](#)": I was still on the 485 bus. "This man keeps scratching his head, but I'm like, *whatever...*" Then another guy scratched his head. Again, most of the head-scratching was probably "natural" and not part of the suit team's operation. I continued to examine my files on my Toshiba. Even the people sitting next to me were talking about scratching their heads! Then another man text-messaged. On 27:00 I got off the bus on Lake and Colorado, but I was unable to film myself doing so. On 30:00 I fixed up my cart, but it immediately broke apart again. Then, a white female said "Excuse me" and, alarmed, I filmed her (34:00 or 5:53 in the video diary). I mumbled about why I had to film people like this: "... you have to know when it is an operation... what it is about... people who say 'Excuse me' need to be documented, you just don't know how it will turn out in surveillance... maybe it's a new episode..." On 38:00 I walked into Starbucks but immediately walked out. On 44:00 I rested in a corner and smoked. Then I was on the move again. "You used to have freedom... you just didn't know..." On 1:03:00 I took a nap in a corner. But, soon, a couple of police motorcycles passed me by, causing me tremendous nervousness (1:20:00). I got up and started looking for another corner. I came to Sabor but noticed that a girl who looked CIA was sitting outside waiting for me. She was very nervous when she saw me but quickly composed herself and smiled at me, beckoning me to join her. I knew what the trick was about – to get me to violate my newly defined "mission" – and so quickly walked away. See! It's now so much easier to help the Russians substantiate their claim by finishing my mission! On 1:21:30 I came

to Zona Rosa instead and – lo and behold – Mireya was working at the counter! She waved at me with a happy smile, “Hi Larry!” And, just then, a guy sat down on the table outside with his laptop and earphones – it’s Russian surveillance. I quickly ran away – knowing what this was about: the suit team desperately needed to produce evidences for their “David Chin legend” and had already prepared Mireya for the task. Meanwhile, knowing that I was attracted to Mireya, the Russians quickly set up their surveillance at Zona Rosa as well to get ready to disprove whatever evidences she was about to produce with me. But, luckily for the Russians, I wasn’t about to take any chances and simply turned away. I continued to pretend: “It’s not the real Mireya... she waved at you because more operations were waiting for you...” On 1:26:00, I even filmed the piece that fell off my cart (6:11 in the video diary). I then kept mumbling about how I couldn’t handle Mireya right now: again, I had to invent reasons why I wasn’t helping the suit team on this just in case the Russians were listening to me. Then: “... head-scratchers, com’on!...” I then came back to film Playhouse 7 and Zona Rosa on 1:31:00. “Oh, the Pasadena District Guide has ‘spotted’ me... this will happen again and again... and then I will disappear...” How prophetic, as you shall see! I kept on walking and mumbling: “... Karin’s meetups are gone, Mireya is gone... Deborah, Wes... they have all been snatched away... it’s good that you never saw Marie again... for, as soon as you see her... she will be snatched away too...” And I got sarcastic: “Be careful, don’t let Russian-made spy equipment fall out of your bag... Russian-made spy equipment is a very scary thing, it will materialize in your bag and fall out without your awareness... so that government agents can pick them up and turn them in to the International Court as evidence of your crimes... I don’t even know what Russian-made spy equipment look like... What’s more scary? Russian-made spy equipment or text-messaging or head-scratching?” On 1:49:00, another man was on cellphone: “Is that me talking? *It doesn’t matter...*” Acting: of course it mattered to me! On 1:51:00 I came inside the Pasadena Public Library. Immediately, on 1:53:00, I spotted my double again – somebody using the same netbook as I was. I sat down and started burning my discs – my most urgent task. On 2:28:00 I scratched my nose. On 2:39:00, another double of mine, a Homeland Security vagrant, was pretending to get into an argument with somebody else. “He’s getting thrown out, that’s me getting thrown out...” The suit team was in big trouble right now, and yet the operation to confirm the “David Chin legend” in the lower court continued. Then a baby could be heard crying in the library.

My next recording is: “[psdnlb\\_dvd65\\_scrtch\\_cmpu\\_10\\_14\\_09\\_509-902PM.WMA](#)”: I put my head on the table and took a short nap. The baby was still crying. On 1:10:00 I woke up. I began getting my files ready to create the ISO image for DVD 65. Then my Toshiba froze up on 1:56:00. On 2:15:00, while my computer was working on the new disc, I came to the bookshelves to browse through computer books. On 2:19:00 I couldn’t help but scratch myself. Then again. This was bad because the Russian side continued to have surveillance agents around me in the library and Mr former Secretary would immediately seize on this. You must think about what was going on right now: because the suit team’s claim that I was only pretending to conspire with them was still valid, CIA agents had the right to avoid me in order to prevent me from pretending to conspire with them. Now that my mission had changed to avoiding them, the Russians could finally substantiate their claim that I had finished my mission of conspiring with the CIA by flying to Nicaragua in order to enable the United States to sue Russia and deprive Russia of its Latin American ally. Mr former Secretary’s only remaining avenue for arguing that I was really conspiring with the Russians was to point to such instances of my scratching

myself when Russian surveillance was around me. Now from 2:37:00 onward I was burning another new disc. On 3:19:00 a black man was talking in front of me: "... he's confused with me..." As I walked around and passed by one guy, he quickly closed his browser to prevent me from seeing what he was doing on his computer. I mumbled: "... that man is trying to produce a surveillance intercept showing my Toshiba Satellite to have communication capacity..." (3:26:30). In reality, he must be visiting some dirty websites (such as child pornography) in order to enable the Machine to intercept me engaging in my perversion again. Again, more evidences to confirm the "David Chin legend" in the lower court. Then another man behind me scratched his nose. On 3:29:00 I left the library. I reflected: "I may have scratched myself too many times in the library..." Correct! Now I had to scratch myself more. As I walked out, I tried to avoid this man who was sitting outside the library knowing he would scratch himself, and, when I passed him by, he did indeed scratch himself! I filmed him (3:32:00). "That's my mission! Letting other people scratch themselves in front of me! When will it be over? Never... I wish I had that kind of job, just wait for someone and then scratch myself when he shows up... Why can't I get a job like that? I don't get paid, but other scratchers do get paid... I can predict other people's behavior..." Then I got it: "... that guy in the library was my double! When I passed him by, he closed his browser... he must be looking at a bad website..." (3:43:00). Luckily, there was now nobody on the street so that I could keep scratching myself all I wanted. "... I did read all the computer books, just like David Chin..." On 3:50:00 I came inside Starbucks.

My next recording is: "[dvdguidechn\\_g\\_swr\\_scrthcllphn\\_smile\\_10\\_14\\_09\\_906-1150PM.WMA](#)": I continued: "... how come I don't get paid for scratching myself? ..." I kept on mumbling indistinctly. "... only to produce surveillance intercepts... I don't know what I have signed up for... I barely look at it anymore... his Internet connection was confused with mine..." I then tried to access the DVD information website which I looked at yesterday while uploading my latest files to my website and burning a new disc. I became alarmed: "... the page looks different than it did yesterday... Homeland Security has put misinformation on it... TDK is not in the first class yesterday... this is a fake website, Homeland Security has changed it... the information here must be fake... that means Homeland Security doesn't want me to preserve my data..." It's not clear whether I was not being overly paranoid here. On 45:00 a police car came around. I started filming my computer (from 6:32 onward in the video diary): "... the Wireshark captures are not going... the webpage has changed..." (47:00). On 50:00, mindful of my impending flight, I called up STA Travel, but it was closed. On 58:00 I called up Swiss Airline instead: "... I'm flying on the 18<sup>th</sup>... I have never received a confirmation email... EC0057... SWISS..." Then: "... I hope the call is not fake..." I was really paranoid over nothing! On 1:14:00, I filmed my new DVD. On 1:17:00 I had to scratch myself again. On 1:36:00 I filmed myself leaving in order to have proof that I didn't leave anything behind (27:55 in the video diary). On 1:38:00 I videotaped the streets (28:07 in the video diary): they were so empty tonight that I suspected that Mr former Secretary had evacuated the whole city. It's not clear whether I was not being overly paranoid: given that the Russians could now substantiate their claim, it was indeed in accordance with Mr former Secretary's modus operandi to evacuate the whole city in which I found myself. I continued: "Will I get picked up by the police and detained as I sleep tonight? ... it's a very real possibility..." Indeed!

As I walked on the street I also filmed an abandoned umbrella but decided not to pick it up (28:30 in

the video diary). When I passed by this man, I predicted that he would scratch his head, and he did scratch his head! On 1:43:00 I filmed another man: "... Is he going to scratch his head?" But he didn't. On 1:46:00 I came inside Famima and got chicken wings. The cashier said to me: "Smile and you will live longer..." I was angered: "Shut up!" At that moment, there was another guy in the store using Windows Vista. My double? I came outside to eat my chicken wings. "... It's possible that the call to Swiss Airline... that it was a Homeland Security actress pretending to be a Russian agent pretending to be a Swiss Airline agent... to produce a surveillance intercept... *but there is nothing to be afraid of anymore...*" Just acting! I then filmed another person: "... Is that me making a phone call?..." (1:58:00) Now that no one was around, I could scratch myself all I wanted. On 2:14:00 I filmed another man making a cellphone call. Then, I filmed a police car going to a "crime scene". "... We are going to get arrested... there is no real crime on the street... it's all staged..." Then a black Cadillac with tinted windows appeared! Was this Mr former Secretary again? And I filmed myself throwing away my trash (2:17:00). I was now on the move again. On 2:20:00 I began filming this man: he sat down over there seemingly waiting for me to pass by so that he could scratch his head in front of me. "... but am I already getting arrested over there? ..." Then another man was touching his legs in a strange fashion: to produce an intercept? I continued to describe the happenings around me: "... cars are passing by so that people can afterward rumor about... look, cars are going inside Target and Target is closed..." I was then filming someone playing around two SUVs: "... to produce surveillance intercepts..." (2:31:00). I then filmed another man making a cellphone call. "... Why do cars just pass me by? ... it's not for no reason..." (2:34:30). Then: "... be careful when you sleep tonight, you might get picked up... Why does Homeland Security send in all these people...?" I then filmed another vagrant who was picking trash cans: "... it's staged..." (2:36:00). "... nothing in this town is real... everything is to produce surveillance intercepts..." Finally, I came to my usual corner. "Tonight is kind of special, the entire town is empty... I hope I won't get bothered... I think Homeland Security just wants to produce the final piece of evidence, and so they have emptied the whole town..." Nice acting! Pretending to not know that the suit team was in big trouble! I then turned on my laptop again.

My last recording is: "[slp\\_chrtr\\_10\\_14-5\\_09\\_1143PM-807AM.WMA](#)": "If Homeland Security put TDK in first class, then it must not be good enough..." Was I paranoid over nothing? I then imported my latest recordings to my Toshiba. "Homeland Security must have produced surveillance suggesting that scratching your head is secret-message passing... they must have also produce surveillance showing that my Internet connection is not real..." Then I fell asleep.<sup>5</sup>

### **October 15 (Thursday; "ignore attractive white females")**

My next recording is: "[wk\\_massoprtr\\_strge\\_10\\_15\\_09\\_812-1138AM.WMA](#)": I woke up and was feeling very cold. I lay in my corner and, on 23:00, a white female came over to disturb me. On 26:00 I filmed myself getting up. On 31:00 I came inside a coffee house. "... Homeland Security..." I walked out, having already counted three people who had scratched themselves. On 38:00 I came inside Starbucks. I counted more people who scratched their nose. I was out immediately. On 46:00, a police car passed me by. "The police always know where I am." I rested in a corner. On 50:00 another woman

<sup>5</sup> Reviewed until 2:00:00.

scratched her head. I scratched myself too. Then another man passed by and scratched his head (55:00). And several more. On 1:06:00 a woman with a baby girl came by, and even the baby girl scratched herself. "... they want me to videotape this so that I'll become a criminal videotaper..." This was however most likely not an operation! Then a man made a cellphone call next to me: "I'm on my way..." I noted: "That's the content of my call..." And I counted several more people who had come around to scratch themselves. On 1:16:00 an ambulance "spotted" me. On 1:17:00 I got on bus 485 to go to downtown Los Angeles: I was going to the storage facility again. A lady got on the bus and scratched her head. On 1:25:00 I was burning a disc on my Toshiba. Another Asian guy scratched himself, and he was wearing a baseball cap just as I was. Then another man was talking on his cellphone. I theorized: "... Homeland Security wants evidences to confirm that that was my double from two days ago... an intercept that I didn't pay bus fare..." On 2:09:00 I got off the bus in downtown. More people were scratching themselves. Of course! "... Homeland Security wants me to go to the storage today. Something is waiting for me there..." (2:11:00). "... wherever I go, I will be 'accidentally' caught in the cameras of police cars and security vehicles..." Then I saw a Hispanic guy who was carrying two packs of beer, and I filmed him (the first scene of my next video diary: "[10\\_15\\_09\\_prestr.wmv](#)"). And he scratched himself! "... another intercept showing me receiving a secret message..." On 2:21:00 I got on bus 38, and a guy got on the bus with his beer can. "That's me drinking beer on the bus!" And another bum carrying beer came around "..." they will cause disturbances on the bus!" And the man scratched his head too. All this beer-drinking was probably not accidental but indeed staged by the suit team: the "David Chin legend" continued. On 2:31:00 I got off the bus. More people were scratching their head. And the same man adjusted his shirt collar: "... that's also secret message-passing..." On 2:33:50 I filmed myself picking up a cigarette butt: "... it's also my receiving secret messages..." On 2:37:00 I filmed this black man who was carrying a big bag: "... that's most likely me..." He was also scratching himself! Then, on 2:40:20, when I entered the food mall, I couldn't help but film what was going on (1:16 in the video diary): "... there is an event going on... there has never been an event here... something is being planned..." And so I went around the food mall instead passing through the DMV in order to get to A-American Storage. "I'm afraid that there will be a lot of operations... we've got 'accidentally' tracked again..." And I ran into another Hispanic guy who was scratching his nose (2:47:00). "... wherever I go, people will come around to scratch themselves... that's my function in society, to produce surveillance intercepts... I'm gonna get arrested, there is nothing I can do about it..." Then another man came around to smile at me. What? On 2:54:00, another man was making a cellphone call. Then more people were scratching themselves, and children in a van... Then a man put his hand out of his car to make gestures: "... I have received another secret message... that's my function in society, nothing more..." Then my cart broke apart again. "... who could ever have thought that a homeless guy could cause so many nations to fall just because he is wandering the streets..." On 3:01:00 I came inside the storage facility. "Many people are here waiting for me..." On 3:03:00 I filmed something: "... probably another intercept showing me receiving a secret message..." Then: "... it's so dangerous... surveillance has already been produced showing me receiving secret messages... in storage... clandestine operation... so they might leave me alone here..." On 3:10:30 I opened up my storage unit.

My next recording is: "[strge\\_10\\_15\\_09\\_1133AM-1253PM.WMA](#)": As I organized my things inside

my storage unit, I kept videotaping and describing the history behind each item in order for the Russians to hear. (Just acting.) See my next video diary “10\_15\_09\_str.wmv”, from the beginning to 33:00: my Bible, my *Persian Grammar* and other books, my portraits of Karin and others, the Homeland Security Linux disc, and so on and on. Then: “What the suit team has said about me in the International Court must be so bad... If you can’t be the best, you might as well be the worst...” (until 44:50). Good testimony! I then accidentally bumped my head on 1:01:40.

My next recording is: “strge\_scrtch\_bus20\_radshk\_cnfnagncy\_8\_15\_09\_1244-835PM.WMA”: And so I continued to work in the storage. I remembered to take out my Samsung DVD burner in order to not burn any more discs on my Toshiba Satellite. I left the storage facility on 22:00. On 26:00, I filmed one man who twisted his arm supposedly producing surveillance of secret message-passing and then another man who was picking trash cans (33:00 in the video diary): “... he’s produce a surveillance intercept showing him finding Russian-made spy equipment in the trash can... I will definitely not throw this trash in there, that would create a surveillance intercept... *so you are resisting... well, we have produced enough intercepts today already...* the operations before are a lot more bearable... we have never heard of any Chinese-made spy equipment... that tells you that the Russians are fighting like an animal...” Again, my act to explain why I was resisting the suit team’s operations. On 32:00 I returned to the storage facility office to return the key. “... this storage has also been turned into a foreign intelligence mad house... now the food mall... I was supposed to go in there to produce intercepts... my contact with foreign intelligence... that’s okay, because the storage... that’s the purpose of my life... foreign intelligence operation... when I slapped myself, that’s Russian intelligence special operation... that man is making a cellphone call... that’s our criminal videotaping... if he wants to make me into a criminal, why can’t I film him?... he didn’t get my permission to scratch his head in front of me...” (37:00). Then: “I’m not going to run into real people that I can share my documentaries with... everyone is ‘accidentally’ photographing me... When did they get my permission?” I then filmed myself thrown away my trash (40:00). Then, another man touched himself in front of me: “... Sir, thank you for your secret message... we are communicating well... What does the message mean? Can you tell me? What I don’t get is that most of the people passing me secret messages are just plain old Americans... damn! You forgot to get your USB cable, that’ means you are unable to burn discs with your Samsung drive...” Then, I continued my act: “... that’s another reason why I have to keep track of who’s coming near me, sometimes they will attack me...” I settled down by the bus stop trying to rewind the DV tape in my camcorder (52:00). Then another mother with her children showed up: “It’s a trap! They want you to film them... for that I’m sorry, I don’t want to be a criminal videotaper, *I want to protect my documentaries...* it’s not part of the original script, it’s something that’s added...” I was again explaining myself. When the bus came, the security guard across the street scratched his head: “... Does that mean ‘Get on the bus’?... but we have to get on the bus anyway...” I was on the bus on 58:00. Another guy outside the bus was scratching his head. I got off the bus on 1:04:30 on Venice Blvd. “The problem is that we forgot to take out our USB cable, and so our Samsung drive can’t be used... Don’t videotape underage people, even if it’s on the street...” I kept walking and soon: “... that’s me making a cellphone call... I also make 150 cellphone calls a day... he’s going to scratch himself...” On 1:09:00 I came inside Burger King to eat. “Oh, Mr Homeland Security actor is standing next to me, I have to wait for him to be gone.” On 1:11:20, somebody’s cellphone rang: “... that must

be mine...” Then a man on wheelchair scratched his head, and I got so angry that I wanted to hit him. When I got my burger and came out, the Homeland Security actor followed me and tried to talk to me: “Give me the tray...” I ended up having to come back inside. “... Homeland Security wants us to stay inside...” I left on 1:35:30, and the Homeland Security actor was following me again. This time he wanted a light from me, and I ignored him. “He’s trying to attack me... watch out for that Homeland Security guy... if he’s getting on the bus, I’m not...” Presumably, even at such critical juncture, the suit team was still producing evidences for the “David Chin legend”. I got on the bus on 1:44:00 and got off in downtown on 1:52:00. Another man scratched his head, and a Hispanic woman was talking Spanish on her cellphone: “... that’s most likely me...” (1:58:30). Then: “Oh, downtown security has ‘spotted’ me.” Then I counted more people scratching their head, including an old lady: “... how much did she get paid for it? ...” On 2:09:00 I got on bus 2 to go to Westwood. “Somebody is going to scratch himself soon and we won’t be able to film it...” On 2:16:00 a child can be heard shouting inside the bus. I was now working on my files. Then a Hispanic woman was talking on her cellphone very close to me (2:24:00). On 2:30:00 the “Westwood bum” – “Our double!” – got on the bus, and he scratched his head! “I’m passing a secret message to myself...” But I couldn’t film him. Soon he moved to the back of the bus, and I suspected that the man sitting behind me was Homeland Security. On 3:09:30 I moved to the back of the bus because the people in front were talking too loud. I lay on the chair and closed my eyes. Then another Hispanic woman was talking behind me: “... just to produce surveillance... I don’t believe there are real passengers on the bus...” (3:23:00). This was in fact not the case. On 3:24:50 I got off the bus in Westwood. “I don’t think the Agency will put any more... older one... sometime it’s easy to tell, sometimes not... people are going to scratch themselves...” And my cart broke apart again. Then another woman touched her eye glasses: “... another intercept of my receiving a secret message!” (3:29:00) I came inside Starbucks to get a cup of water. “There is no difference between 1000 and 5000... in Westwood there will be real people, even though they are told to act... another Homeland Security?... ordinary people are told to imitate Homeland Security in order to create decoys...” Not! Then another man tried to scratch himself, and I looked away. Then another person text-messaged. And I counted more people scratching themselves. I was now waiting for the bus again wanting to leave Westwood Village. “... a big insect... we can assume it’s not controlled by Homeland Security...” On 3:45:30 I got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus. I counted more people scratching their head and text-messaging. On 3:56:30 I got off the bus on Pico Blvd. I was happy because very few people were on the street here. I came inside Radio Shack on 4:03:00 to look for a USB cable, but the 49 dollar digital camcorder caught my attention instead. Then somebody was talking about cameras behind me: “... a Homeland Security actor here to be confused with me... according to surveillance, I’m here to ask about cameras and computers...” Then: “You are just wasting your time, you will not find what you need, you have taken out your Samsung DVD Writer for nothing...” I left angry and kept mumbling about how my Toshiba Satellite’s DVD drive would soon break down. “We have never received the plane ticket in email because, according to surveillance, we have never bought the ticket.” And I became increasingly upset as I passed by more people using cellphones. Then another man touched his baseball cap. “... that’s my function in society...” On 4:16:00, I saw a man who was teaching a woman Arabic. Me again? I rested in a corner, upset that I couldn’t burn DVDs. On 4:20:00, I picked up more cigarette butts: “... I might have just produced another intercept showing us receiving a secret message...” Then siren from ambulance and fire trucks

on 4:22:00. "... we've got 'accidentally' caught in police cameras again..." And I passed by more people talking on cellphones. And more people scratching their head. "... according to surveillance, tens of thousands of foreign agents have occupied America to pass us secret messages..." On 4:33:00 I came inside Coffee Bean. I continued to mumble about how foreign agents had occupied America. "... we will not call STA..." I decided to sit outside to work. "... that Asian guy over there must be producing some sort of surveillance intercept... he wanted to scratch his head, but since I was looking at him, he stopped..." Instead, he received a cellphone call. "I have just received another cellphone call!" Siren on 4:46:00. And a pretty woman scratched herself. "... when somebody text-messages, if it's a pretty woman, it's the Agency; if she's ugly, it's Homeland Security... but the Agency's girls will run away from me..." I was now importing videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba, and I pretended to not notice that the Russian side had surveillance agents around me. Then a woman parked her car in front of me and her two teenage daughters got out. "Homeland Security probably sent her in to produce a surveillance intercept showing me videotaping her daughters... and she was shaking her head... she might be from..." (4:57:30). "She parked in front of me, she's gonna rumor about me saying this guy has his camcorder attached to his computer, 'He's videotaping my two teenage daughters getting out of the car'... it's okay, we rather enjoy this... we are gonna put this into our Crime Summary..." On 5:02:00 she departed with her daughters. "... it's evidence that I'm a criminal videotaper... and she pretends to shake her head, 'What a sicko'..." Inspired, I opened up my "Crime Summary" and, from 5:05:00 onward, was reading out loud the long list of my crimes. It's nice to do so while under Russian surveillance! Evidence of my conspiracy with the suit team! I then continued to work on it: the long list of countries of which I was a spy and so on. Then a man sat down next to me and opened up his MacBook. "He's here to produce a surveillance intercept showing me to be a MAC user..." (5:17:00). In reality, some of the people using computers around me were simply doing surveillance for the Russian side. I continued my act: "... *we don't care about what other people are doing, we don't have time...*" Siren on 5:21:00. Then, on 5:22:00, another black Cadillac appeared! Was it Mr former Secretary again? I continued: "I just hope the Agency wouldn't put their agents in front of me, for then I wouldn't know what to do, whether to identify them or not... they put their agents in front of us, *in order for us to not identify them...* that's the point of the operation..." As you can see, this testimony was golden because, if the CIA wanted evidence that I didn't know CIA agents were CIA agents and I played along, then we were in conspiracy! I continued: "... and to be in front of head-scratchers... otherwise they will make gestures... we need to find out which, of all these people, is me... this guy is using a MAC, that must be me... it's now hard to identify Agency's females, because they just walk in front of you like dummies... no gestures... *it's best to ignore them*, and to get out of here... LA is too dangerous..." Then a police car appeared in front of me: "... the vagrant is identified!..." (5:29:00). I continued: "... the operation is getting to the point where I would soon disappear... Oh, an Asian guy is making drawings inside the coffeehouse, so I've been drawing, using a MAC, and videotaping teenage girls since I arrived in Coffee Bean..." It's not clear whether the artist inside was really sent in by the suit team. I continued to work on my DVDs: "... DVD 56 ISO image... the man to my right also has a bag of peanuts, that's me carrying marijuana..." And an Indian man was shouting: "... it's related to my profile as an Indian agent..." (5:40:00). Then, on 5:46:00, the MAC user next to me was writing things down on his notebook. The Indian man was still there: "... he's here to produce surveillance intercepts..." I was then rummaging through my discs: "... 64... 65..." Then, on 6:04:50: "Oh, the half



Asian guy came right in front of me in order to make a cellphone call, it's obviously for me... He said, 'Tomorrow's Friday... I'm coming...' *Just ignore it, we don't have time...* And he came around again and wanted to pick up my plastic bag for me. "Don't touch it!" Then, on 6:13:00, when I was done with importing my video, I packed up in order to use the restroom. Then, when another pretty white female walked past, I mumbled: "Right now when you see attractive white females *you can safely ignore them...*" The Russian surveillance around me had certainly picked this up as evidence that I was currently conspiring with the CIA (assuming that the pretty white female was indeed a CIA agent) (6:15:30). On 6:23:00 I came back outside and now started creating a new ISO image. I counted more people scratching themselves: "I'm not videotaping this anymore because it takes up too much disk space and I don't want to be a criminal videotaper... even teenage girls... *I need to keep my documentaries...*" Now, again, that's my explanation as to why I wouldn't cooperate in being framed for criminal videotaping. "... from Nicaragua to Los Angeles, this criminal videotaper... one simply has to scratch his head and will thereby fall victim to his criminal videotaping... that's the problem when you sit outside, you have to pay attention to other people... what they do reflect on you... 100,000 foreign agents have occupied Los Angeles... to pass secret messages to me... maybe the message is saying, 'Good job, burn your DVDs!' We now know how the International Court functions, just bring in your cartoon, and you can change history... Oh, another Vietnamese woman is scratching her neck... a female agent from Vietnam has just passed us a secret message, and so I know Vietnam will get fucked over..." That's more evidence for the Russians that I had the intent to conspire with the United States to use the International Court of Justice to advance US national security agendas. I was now burning another new disc. My Toshiba was frozen for a while, and I became increasingly skeptical about those discs I brought back from Nicaragua. Then I had to scratch myself all over. "... Do I get paid?" (6:58:00) Then a taxi parked right in front of me, and I assumed again that its camera had caught me. (Probably not.) On 7:02:00 the taxi was leaving. Then more people were text-messaging. "... if we ask her, 'What's the content of the text-message you have just sent?' she would just pretend to call the police so that the police can put us in the mental hospital..." I continued to admonish myself to ignore the text-messaging: I couldn't film one of the text-messagers even though he was so pretending. Now the disc-burning using one of those Fidelis discs I brought back from Nicaragua had failed. The broken DVD froze up my Toshiba again. Then a black guy came near me, made a cellphone call, and quickly walked away (7:19:00). "What the fuck! I'm sitting here letting people fuck me like this!" Since my conspiracy with the suit team was being confirmed at this moment, all this could simply be the suit team under court order to "institute a reality around the suspect that would fit his belief" (rather than confirming any "David Chin legend"). On 7:22:00 the man came back. I came inside Coffee Bean, only to discover another Asian guy using the same Toshiba Satellite as I was (7:22:30). I got my croissant and came back outside. "... we have a lot of work to do, don't worry about your doubles..." Then more people were scratching their head. I continued to work on getting my files ready for the next DVD. "This black guy got up when I got up, he's most likely my double..." (7:39:00). I continued to burn my disc. "We need to quickly publish our video diaries so that we can delete the source videos and save disk space..."

My next recording is: "[peets\\_dvd\\_crmlvidsting\\_10\\_15\\_09\\_829-911PM.WMA](#)": I was still busy burning my disc. Then my computer froze up again. And I counted more people text-messaging. I

continued to describe the appearance and movement of the people around me and read out the license plates of suspicious cars.

My next recording is: “[leavewstwd\\_plcespotepsd\\_bus2\\_dhsurntr\\_10\\_15-6\\_09\\_912PM-1202AM.WMA](#)”: Then a Porsche parked in front of me and the man inside text-messaged and then quickly drove away: it was obviously for me! (Merely to fit my belief, presumably.) There was another woman inside the coffeehouse whose child was watching cartoon: “... that is also confused with me in surveillance... I’m becoming afraid, I want to get out... the child sits right behind me, that really sucks...” I then counted more people text-messaging. “... I’m being confused with the child sitting behind me...” I then carefully examined my DVDs to see which one I would still have to redo (19:00). Siren from ambulance and fire trucks on 21:30. On 26:00 I continued: “... you know that the Agency at one time did send in a male... a professor... if so, that was only the third male from the Agency... all the others were females... newspapers always tell you the opposite of reality, the Agency is in fact female-dominated...” As you shall see later, this would soon become a major theme in the final episode of my conspiracy with the CIA. By 32:00 I packed up and left. On 34:00 a police car passed me by: “... I’ve got ‘spotted’ again...” I tried to film it. “The next episode is my disappearing... my documentaries will disappear... let’s get out of here, Westwood is not a good place, there are too many cops...” As I walked the street, I counted more people who scratched themselves. I also had to scratch myself continually. By 48:00 I was waiting for the bus, and I continued to describe the people who were scratching themselves and making cellphone calls. Then an Asian guy and an Asian girl appeared across the street. The Asian guy scratched himself. “... he actually looks like me, and they are waiting for the bus too...” (51:00). Then another man appeared carrying beer. On 1:01:30 I got on Santa Monica bus 8 and, on 1:09:00, got off in Westwood Village. I was immediately “spotted” by UCLA Security Management (1:12:00). When I saw another person making a cellphone call, I commented: “... surveillance can’t distinguish who exactly it is that is making the cellphone call... it’s always me who’s making the call, the only person who doesn’t have a cellphone...” I kept on walking and picking up cigarette butts: “... whether or not you are receiving secret messages in the form of cigarette butts, at least you get to smoke...” On 1:17:30 I hid in the back corner of Burger King to smoke, where I wouldn’t be “spotted” by police cars. Siren on 1:19:00. Then another Asian guy padded himself on the ass: “... is it me receiving another secret message? ...” On 1:28:00 I got on bus 2. There was a lot of head-scratching on the bus. “Just ignore it.” Even the bus driver scratched himself. On 2:30:00 I got off the bus on Venice Blvd in downtown. I was sleepy. “... we have only burned two DVDs today... tomorrow it will be faster...” I then tried to avoid another police car that was parked nearby. I came to the parking lot under the bridge, next to my old apartment building (2:35:00). Then a rail company car passed me by: “... Does it have a camera too?” On 2:44:45 I filmed myself getting ready to sleep. One person was coming. “He is coming to do something, to produce a surveillance intercept... How does it work? Is he going to report me, or go away and say something about me? ...”

### **October 16 (Friday; conspiracy established; “micro-controller”)**

My next recording is: “[suvprk\\_wkme\\_scrtch\\_strbks\\_10\\_16\\_09\\_751-855AM.WMA](#)”: Two Hispanic men woke me up and so I packed up and turned on my camcorder to film them (1:00 in the video

diary): "... two guys pulled in... they woke me up saying they needed to park their SUV in this space, and so I moved... who knows what this event has turned into in surveillance... we shouldn't have slept too late..." Then another car came by and its driver, a female, scratched her head. Natural? As I kept on walking, I came upon another police car: "... we've got 'spotted' again..." I was not sure if I had got caught in its camera (8:00). I kept mumbling about what had happened in the parking lot: it was so traumatic for me. More people were scratching themselves. On 15:00 I got on the bus and then got off on 17:00. "... remember that foreign agents have occupied this city... tens of thousands of them... to pass you secret messages... you can't avoid them... hundreds of thousands of them... if you hide in the Rocky Mountain, they will still appear to pass you secret messages... and I am 'accidentally' caught in the police car's camera again... this will keep happening because I will soon disappear... the next episode..." On 24:00 I came to the Starbucks on Grand and 11<sup>th</sup> Street: "... this is the Starbucks where it is required that, when you come in, you scratch your head..." A Hispanic female was text-messaging, and more people were scratching themselves. I went to pick up cigarette butts outside: "... it's an extremely dangerous thing to do..." (33:00). I sat down outside, and there seemed to be a Homeland Security actor who was pretending to be crazy and talking to himself – my double (35:30). Was I correct? I then continued to count the people who scratched themselves. A man in the distance was also making weird gestures, as if dancing (43:00). On 49:00 I came inside Starbucks, and immediately encountered a guy using both a MAC and a PC. Was he instructed to imitate me? I set myself to my most urgent task – I was getting ready to burn DVD 61.

My next recording is: "[strbks\\_dlbemicrocontrollr\\_10\\_16\\_09\\_9AM-236PM.WMA](#)": I continued to count the people who scratched their head. Using TDK, I successfully burned the first disc and soon started preparing for the next DVD. What then seems to have happened is this. A CIA girl – a slender, pretty blond with sunglasses over her hair – walked in looking terribly annoyed, bought her morning coffee, walked in front of me, and then walked out. I knew she was CIA and why she was here – to frame herself for conspiracy with me: i.e., to be part of the setup to "institute a reality around the suspect that would fit his belief." She was supposed to ignore me (since that was my mission) and I was supposed to ignore her (since I did intend to accomplish my mission in order to help the Russians). And so I watched her walk out with her sullen face and said nothing. Conspiracy established! The Russian claim was now totally substantiated! Needless to say, she was annoyed – the entire Agency was terribly upset – because what they had once required the Chinese MSS to do to themselves the Russians now required them to do to themselves – and they thought themselves superior and above this masochism. On 51:00, the second disc was successfully burned. I was also uploading my latest recordings to my website. From 1:07:00 onward, to understand more about "criminal recording", I began reading up various online information on privacy laws: FOIA laws... the use of hidden cameras in work places... On 1:34:00, my Internet connection was cut off. I rebooted my Eee PC and continued to create the ISO image for my next disc on my Toshiba. I couldn't help but scratch myself on 1:59:30. I was now uploading the recordings from my time in Sabor three days ago. Now the burning of my third disc had failed, apparently because the disc was damaged. Again, I was so itchy that I couldn't help but scratch myself (2:19:00). "This Toshiba is functioning strangely..." I was increasingly worried that Homeland Security was remotely controlling my Toshiba Satellite. I was being paranoid: even though the suit team could see my computer screen on their computer screen, they were not controlling my computer

at the moment. I began theorizing: "... It could be that they have inserted a virus into the SD card in my Eee PC..." so that the virus could then enter into my Toshiba when I inserted the SD card into my Toshiba (2:27:00). On 2:31:00 I got so frustrated that I broke down crying. "... what's going on? Something is seriously wrong with our computer! Homeland Security has put some serious virus into our Toshiba, our files will break down very soon!" Nonsense! Then I cried: "... our Toshiba is dead... we can't make it go away... Oh my God it disappears again..." (2:54:00). Meanwhile, the Russian surveillance around me had caught me getting paranoid over nothing. Then: "... this file has obviously been infected with a Homeland Security virus... on our SD card... on our Eee PC... so that it has now infected our Toshiba..." I shut down my Eee PC on 2:59:00. "... DVD 57... Did Homeland Security put something in the air to cause me extreme itchiness so that I would have to scratch myself constantly?" (3:03:30) Paranoid over nothing! "... our video diary '10\_9\_09.wmv' is damaged... I don't know why..." Then I noticed something alarming: the guy sitting to my right was manipulating a strange piece of electronics which he connected to his laptop. On 3:12:00 I mustered up the courage to ask him what it was. He replied: "... it's a micro-controller..." I continued: "... Then why did you plug it into your computer? What does it do?" After his explanation, I concluded to myself: "... he's my double, he's producing a surveillance intercept showing me manipulating my Russian-made spy equipment..." And I asked him for his permission to film it (3:14:00). He did allow it! See the third scene, or 2:05, in the video diary. "That might be what Russian-made spy equipment looks like... it's evidence of our crime..." I then asked him if he made it himself. He replied that he bought it at school (3:19:00). It was for his electrical engineering class. He was also charging his phone, which prompted me to conclude that surveillance was also currently showing me having a cellphone. I was now working on DVD 47 ISO image, and a female was text-messaging. On 3:31:00 I asked the guy about his "micro-controller" again: "Why it is connected to your computer? And what does it do?" He said something about how he was going to put that micro-controller into a robot. Then I counted more people who scratched themselves. "... maybe we should go back to school to learn about computers... but then the whole school will just turn into a Russian intelligence training program... he's here to produce surveillance intercepts... he plugs the thing into his computer and it doesn't do anything... he just sits there and text-messages..." I decided not to get on the Internet at the same time as he did. "... Russian-made spy equipment is the scariest thing in the world..." I then immediately set about making my latest video diary with the footage of this "Russian-made spy equipment" in it (3:52:00). On 4:09:00 I started writing down on my diary: "Homeland Security put ... in front of me, to produce a surveillance intercept showing me criminally videotaping..." Then a woman did something: "Oh she's passing a secret message to me..." And I continued to be convinced that my Toshiba was being remotely controlled: "... the DVD write rate is so low... they made this error message pop up in order to hide their remote control of my computer..." (4:21:30). Then: "... videotaping can prevent computer malfunctioning..." When my disc was done, I decided to leave, and yet my Toshiba was taking a long time to shut down (4:29:00). On 4:34:00, when I exited Starbucks, there was another vagrant waiting for me outside. "Obviously it's Homeland Security which has sent him in..." I sat there and reflected: "... perhaps it's because both Windows Movie Maker and ImgBurn were opened..." There was no remote control of my computer! It's simply the case that Windows frequently malfunctioned! I kept on walking, and, on 4:43:00, a black Cadillac with tinted windows came to park in front of me. Now that my conspiracy with the CIA was established and the Russians had substantiated their claim, it's quite

likely that Mr former Secretary needed to take a look at me again. I then counted more people who were scratching themselves. I bought food from a food truck (5:05:00). Then another woman driver looked at me and immediately text-messaged: I read out her license plate (5:09:30). Was she CIA? I was now around California Hospital Center. On 5:25:00, another SUV parked in front of me and the driver made a cellphone call. On 5:26:00, I tried to film another guy who was scratching his head. Then another one. Then more people were scratching themselves. On 5:35:00, I got on the bus.

It should be noted that this “micro-controller” episode might again not mean anything: the suit team might have simply been under court order to continue to stage operations around me that would produce the impression that the “David Chin legend” was continually confirmed so that I would continue to believe that I had successfully conspired with them to harm Russia.

My next recording is: “[bus76\\_sngabril\\_dhsphne\\_strbks\\_dhsrcrdstng\\_10\\_16\\_09\\_231-634PM.WMA](#)”: While on the bus, I continued to count the people who were making cellphone calls. On 2:00 I got off the bus murmuring: “... it’s too scary...” Now more people were scratching themselves. On 6:00 I got on bus 76 going toward East LA. I noticed that, outside, the police were arresting somebody: “... am I on the bus or am I being arrested over there?” Then another woman was doing something with her hand: “... another secret message-passing...” And two men were talking Cantonese loudly: “... they are confused with me in surveillance... according to surveillance, I also speak Cantonese...” (29:30). I continued: “... it’s staged... its’ not normal that they would talk so loud... it’s just like in Granada, all the noises around me were first of all psychological warfare, and secondly to produce surveillance intercepts showing me to be a noisy person...” In reality, all this was most likely not an operation. I turned on my Toshiba again. On 42:00, somebody outside the bus was making a cellphone call. Then another woman came on board speaking Cantonese on her cellphone. On 58:00 I got off the bus. I was now in the Alhambra area. I encountered another person – I was convinced that he was my double – and he scratched his head: “... that’s me passing secret messages to myself... it’s self-contradictory...” And I continued to count the people who made cellphone calls or scratched themselves, whether on the street or in their car. And I regretted that I had to adjust my hat out of reflex. Now I realized that I was in the wrong place and, on 1:17:00, got on the bus to go backward, but it turned out that I was on the wrong bus. I counted more people making cellphone calls. I was terribly upset because I didn’t know where I was going. Then, school girls were taking pictures of each other on the bus. “Even they are participating in...” Wrong! Then, on 1:24:00, I got off the bus I didn’t know where. And there was a preschool right in front of me! I quickly got out of here. Then another driver touched his nose. I was now in front of the San Gabriel Masonic Temple. It was so quiet, there being nobody on the street. I opened up my laptop: “I have my laptop in open space... someone will come over to press buttons on his cellphone in order to produce surveillance intercepts showing my Toshiba to have communication capacity... and soon the Masonic Temple will also become a foreign intelligence contact point...” I continued to carefully describe the movement of the people around me, especially when they scratched themselves. I was now publishing my latest video diary and burning a new DVD while being stuck in my street corner. I got paranoid again: “... this notice only appears when ImgBurn is running... maybe it’s a sign that my laptop is being remotely controlled...” Then another Hispanic kid passed me by while making a cellphone call (2:01:30). I filmed myself sitting in my corner to work (2:11:00). Then,

on 2:13:30, somebody's phone rang: "See, he comes over and immediately receives a cellphone call... I can predict things like that..." Again on 2:14:40. Then, on 2:17:30, I left my corner: "... according to surveillance, I have just answered two more calls..." I was again terribly upset because I had nowhere to go to. I hid behind a car to scratch myself. Children can be heard shouting on 2:19:30. And again I just had to end up in front of a preschool! On 2:21:30 I got on the bus still upset: "... there is nowhere to hide..." Another Hispanic woman was talking on her cellphone. On 2:30:00 I got off the bus. I shouted to all the people around me: "Com'on! Scratch your head!..." And I scratched my own head: "Do you have objections? Of course not! This is my patriotic duty..." Nice acting for Russian surveillance in case they were around! On 2:42:30 I got on the bus again but then immediately got off. Then I counted more people who were scratching themselves. "I have already received several hundred secret messages today..." On 2:51:00 I came inside a Starbucks. Somebody was here with a big Toshiba, another person was text-messaging, and another person was scratching his head... I continued to count the people who were scratching themselves. "All these people are passing me secret messages..." Then, somebody came to talk to me. I yelled at him: "Get out of here! Don't talk to me!" (3:03:50) I also counted several more people who were making cellphone calls. I started working on my computer. My Toshiba again couldn't detect my Seagate hard drive. Then someone left behind a hat: "... in order to make it look like I have left it behind, and the hat will become something else when it ends up in the International Court..." (3:33:00). "... the entire society is producing surveillance intercepts, hundreds of thousands of people are doing clandestine operations..." And my Seagate hard drive was again not responding. Then another Asian guy made some sort of gesture: "... another meaningless secret message-passing..." I then described another person: how he looked at me and then touched his backpack in a special gesture (3:47:00). It's not clear whether this was really staged by the suit team. I was still burning my new disc. Then a guy talking on his cellphone came to sit in front of me. "He just has to do that in front of me!" (3:57:30) "... both guys are on cellphone, obviously an operation..." (3:59:30).

My next recording is: "[dhsrcredstng\\_dblebhnd\\_cofftea\\_videee\\_10\\_16\\_09\\_639-754PM.WMA](#)": I was still in Starbucks. "The two guys are gone, maybe Homeland Security has sent them in to talk on the phone near me in order to produce a surveillance intercept showing me secretly recording them... in reality I just hope they would talk 100 miles away from me so that I can just be me and not them... No, you will be 'accidentally' discovered to be a criminal videotaper... something will happen, the police do not 'accidentally' track you for nothing... they know you are recording, and so when they send in people to be confused with you in surveillance, these people know they will be recorded... the problem with American society is secrecy, everything has to be in secret..." Now the disc-burning was at least successful. "... I don't have time to care who's behind me and who's in front of me... I have to get this work done... DVD 54 is done... the guy behind me is my double, he's texting and using a MAC..." (34:00). On 38:00, when I was leaving, he was text-messaging again. "He's probably texting 'I'm leaving for another place'..." On 48:00 I came to eat at a fancy Chinese restaurant with wireless network. I was working on my Toshiba at the same time. Suddenly, when I touched something, there appeared a pop-up about "update": "... What's going on? ..." On 59:00 a Mercedes SUV came to park next to me and the driver immediately text-messed. As usual, I read out his license plate. It's not clear whether all this was really the suit team's operation. Then my recorder ran out of batteries.

My next recording is: “[cofftea\\_qm\\_vidstrt\\_dhs\\_agncygrl\\_sm\\_10\\_16-7\\_09\\_807PM-227AM.WMA](#)”:  
When I turned on my recorder again, I immediately recounted what happened earlier: I was outside smoking and couldn’t help but scratch myself, And I mumbled about how Mireya was not the original Mireya... I was now burning a new copy of DVD 48. Then I said to a woman: “You are pretty, but what’s important is that you didn’t scratch yourself...” Then I was wondering whether she was here to produce a surveillance intercept showing her to be afraid of my criminal videotaping: “... the suit team has instructed everyone to pretend to be afraid... that means law enforcement has sent out some sort of alert... the criminal videotaper keeps videotaping people scratching themselves...” And I said to the people around me: “... you are just acting out a show for a bigger camera above you when you are acting in front of my smaller camera...” In reality, I was most likely again over-speculating. Then, when an Asian guy came in to sit with a white guy: “... surveillance is being produced showing me meeting a white guy here... according to surveillance, I’m here hanging out with a white guy.... Is he Russian?” And I went to take a look at what they were doing on their laptops since that could be what, according to surveillance, I was doing. “... the white guy is looking at some Internet forum and the Asian guy...” (17:00). Then: “... the Asian guy can easily be confused with me...” I then started reading about the apartment situation in the Hague while uploading my latest recordings to my website (18:00). (Recall that my flight was on the 18<sup>th</sup>!) On 25:00, my disc was successfully burned. Then the Internet connection on my Eee PC was shut down. My wrong-headed speculation: “Homeland Security just wants me to take out my pen camera to film it so that I can produce a surveillance intercept showing me criminally videotaping...” And so I did take out my pen camera to film it, and the Internet came back on! “... it seems that we have reached a deal: if I’m willing to produce evidence of my criminal videotaping then they will let me have my Internet... the question is: what’s wrong with videotaping my computer screen? ... but that’s not what surveillance will show... surveillance will show that I’m secretly videotaping girls’ undershirts...” (from 27:00 onward). Then: “... let’s check out the white guy and the Asian guy again... I’m most likely the Asian guy... Oh, according to surveillance, I’m surfing the Internet... my Toshiba has Internet connection...” And the white guy was looking at a Canadian government website! I couldn’t help but ask him why, and he said he was from Canada (34:00). Then I checked on the Asian guy: he was looking at some pictures online: “... and so how are they related to me?...” I was now ready to create the ISO image for DVD 63. Then another woman did something: “... an intercept showing me receiving secret messages...” I was frustrated because I couldn’t concentrate with all these people around me. “When I scratch myself I need to be paid... then, when they scratch their head I will scratch my head, and I will be able to have my apartment....” Then I was mumbling about Mireya again: “... just like Wes... his attitude depends on the orders he receives... before you thought the government’s power lies in beating you up... now you know it lies in... changing the people around you! ... They think this is fair.. ‘Oh, we don’t touch you, and we don’t take away your money, we will just change the people around you, and control your computer...” Then, when I was ready to burn the next disc, I discovered another bad DVD in my spindle. I then mumbled about which kind of pain was preferable. “I just wish I knew what crimes I have committed... and more and more people have come in using Windows Vista, I have to observe them carefully in order to know what crimes I’m committing...” I decided not to upload “[10\\_9\\_09.wmv](#)” because I was convinced that Homeland Security had altered it. Again, no such thing. And I continued to count those

people who scratched themselves. Then I boasted that I finally got a good look at this “Russian-made spy equipment” today – not knowing that what happened today might be completely meaningless. Then: “... all the boys and girls here... but I don’t know which one among them is me... that’s what scares me... I’m leaving...” Then another Asian girl came in with a Toshiba. I speculated wrongly: “... this is a new episode, this is no longer the ICJ episode... to make me into a criminal videotaper... they put her there because they want me to videotape her...” And I deleted the video “10\_9\_09.wmv” from my hard drive. Now the Asian girl using a Toshiba was trying to purchase a ticket online! “... and so according to surveillance, I’m flying to somewhere else...” Was this really an operation? I shut down my Toshiba and, on 1:54:00, left the restaurant. “... according to surveillance, I’m still in that place ordering airline tickets online...” I then mumbled about how I had refrained from videotaping too much today. I picked up more cigarette butts and rested in a corner. “... Russian-made spy equipment will materialize in your bag just as particles might materialize in vacuum thanks to the uncertainty principle...” Then about how it is statistically possible, although too unlikely, that Russian-made spy equipment would simply materialize in vacuum: “... and yet it happens to me once a week...” (from 2:03:00 onward). Then an Asian guy drove up to a car shop, came out and saw that it was close, and got into his car and drove away. I was sarcastic: “... and a nation might fall just for that...” I then came inside Starbucks to use the restroom. I continued to speculate: “... I think the faulty surveillance Machine works automatically...” Correct! (More on this later.) Then I brushed my teeth. On 2:25:00 I left Starbucks: “... you can videotape yourself... only when you are completely alone are you safe, that’s when you will not become a criminal videotaper...” I picked up more cigarette butts and counted more people who scratched themselves. I hid in a corner, and yet another Taxi “spotted” me (2:33:00). On 2:41:00 I started videotaping the street: there was a man who I predicted would soon scratch himself. On 2:52:00 I took notice of two Hispanic men across the street who were making cellphone calls and scratching themselves. On 2:58:20 I filmed another fat man who was dragging a cart. Then another Homeland Security actor (supposedly) came near me, and I found him so disgusting that I moved away. On 3:07:00, I filmed him: “When I move he also has to move...” I was now in a different corner. I theorized about what had just happened: all the cars were passing me by, and afterward they would rumor in communication channels saying somebody was filming the street, and then the suit team would send in my double to open up his laptop here, and surveillance would show that all the rumor was about someone who was sitting by the bus stop using his MacBook because surveillance was always on my double and not on me: “... my double will then be identified as me... and that’s not only evidence of my criminal videotaping, but also of my using a MAC...” Then a traffic accident happened right in front of me, and I believed even this was orchestrated by the suit team (3:15:00). Wrong! The police were on their way, and I continued: “... surveillance will show that I was causing disturbances on the street and getting arrested...” I moved to a different bus stop in order to avoid the police. Then: “Oh, Homeland Security immediately sent in a fat white guy to the bus stop to make cellphone calls...” In reality, again, it’s not clear whether this man was really sent in by the suit team. Then, on 3:22:20, a car shone its bright light on me, and the driver, a female, was pretending (or so I thought) to chat with a man. “... since they are waiting for me to pass by, what’s their purpose?” It didn’t seem that this was Russian surveillance either. I was now at Garfield (3:23:30). Then I ran into a KCAL-9 news van and again didn’t believe it was merely a coincidence: “... the purpose is to catch me... something has just ‘accidentally’ happened again... people will rumor about having seen a



vagrant, and the rumor will be intercepted...” In reality, again, this was most likely not an operation. On 3:32:40, I got on the bus. The guy who got on the bus with me wanted to pick something up for me, and I shouted at him rudely: “Put it down on the floor! Don’t touch me!” I then believed another Hispanic woman was producing a surveillance intercept showing me getting into contact with a foreign agent (3:36:30). I continued to describe the movement of the people on the bus as if everyone was trying to produce surveillance intercepts. A typical targeted individual! On 4:02:00 I got off the bus in downtown. I took my smoke break in a corner and continued to count the people who were scratching themselves. I then noticed a huge limousine in the distance (4:10:00). Was it Mr former Secretary or his Homeland Security hot shot? On 4:16:00 I was in the Metro station buying a ticket. “An Agency’s girl is outside...” (4:18:00). Is that so? Then I thought I saw another CIA girl: “... she really looks like one, huh? We didn’t film her...” I began describing her: “... skinny, black hair, white female...” Could it be that “Operation Ignoring CIA Girls” was still going on tonight? I was now waiting for the Metro. A black woman was shouting racial profanity: “... okay, that’s me shouting...” (4:35:30). I continued my act in case the Russians were listening to me: “... it’s okay to count the people who are scratching their head, and limousines... *but when you see Agency’s girls, don’t videotape them...* the first flight attendant... on 11 AM... that was from the Agency... then, there was no more sign... the one in the smoke lounge, and you filmed her... it’s not sure... how do you know? It all depends on the context... the look, the context, and the behavior... your apartment manager... you didn’t know she was one until you had interacted with her...” (from 4:54:30 onward). Then, on 4:59:00, I left the Metro station and got on the street. A police car “accidentally” spotted me again: “... the vagrant is showing up in downtown again...” (5:06:00). Then a taxi “accidentally” spotted me, and the taxi-driver scratched his head! Then, my left eye contact lens fell off, and I could now only see with my right eye. Then, a blond girl walked past, and I suspected her to be another Agency’s girl (5:18:00). I continued my act: “... this is the op, if the Agency puts a female in front of you, if they want you to identify her, she will do something... and if not, she will run away... so don’t worry about it, just don’t videotape them anymore...” (from 5:21:00 onward). Then I continued my act by joking to myself: “... who the hell runs into Agency’s girls in a laundromat?... maybe the next time you will run into them in a restroom...” Then, I couldn’t be sure if the people in front of me were taking pictures of me because I couldn’t see clearly. I continued: “You have never thought that the Agency will send in an agent with the mission of being identified by you as the Agency’s girl... *and then the mission could somehow change into that of not being identified...* it’s good that you can scratch yourself all you want here without worrying that you might have committed another crime...” On 5:29:00 I got on the bus. A man was talking loudly in front of me. “He’s trying to create disturbances... everywhere I go there have to be disturbances... he’s imitating me... Homeland Security has sent him in to imitate me in a very bad way... surveillance will now be on him... surveillance is now being produced that I’m stupid and creating disturbances... and other people’s rumors about me will be intercepted...” On 6:01:30 I took note of a black woman and another white guy who had scratched themselves. Then a vagrant got on the bus wanting to talk to me. “Don’t talk to me!” On 6:12:00 I got off the bus in Santa Monica. “Is that a police car?” A car was parked there with its bright lights shone upon me. “Oh somebody is getting into the car, it’s not...” I suppose it wasn’t Russian surveillance. Then I passed by a Homeland Security vagrant (supposedly) who was sitting on the bench and listening to radio.

### **October 17 (Saturday; Russian agent to be identified)**

And so I passed the night in Santa Monica. My next recording is: “[secwk\\_spotme\\_10\\_17\\_09\\_751-937AM.WMA](#)”: When I woke up, I noticed that a trash truck was parked right there in front of the trash can. I filmed it with my pen camera. On 8:00 I came to Starbucks and bought my morning coffee. I came out and continued to take note of possible intercepts: “... a guy in a BMW is making a cellphone call for me...” And I read out his license plate: “Fuck you very much...” (14:00). Then I was “accidentally” spotted by a police car again. “... the police have ‘accidentally’ discovered that the vagrant has been showing up in Pasadena, downtown, and Westwood...” Just when I took out my pen camera to film it, another police car made a right turn on me. I hid in a corner to smoke and drink my coffee. Then I took note of another vagrant who also had a pen and a camera. Then another police car: “... the vagrant has been ‘spotted’ again...” (22:00). Then another man dragging a cart just like I was (26:30). Then another man wearing a yellow shirt and boots and dragging a cart in imitation of me (31:00). Then another man walked past me making gestures with his hands: “... passing secret messages... and he’s holding a black book...” (34:00). On 39:00 I came to Coffee Bean to use the restroom and, on 1:02:30, exited wearing my broken glasses. On 1:05:00 I filmed myself holding up my broken glasses: “... for the moment I have to do this, until I buy new tapes...” Then another white female pushing a baby cart passed me by: “... *I hope she is not a Display...*” By “Display” I meant of course “CIA agent”. Then a black Cadillac with tinted windows (1:09:00). It’s quite likely that Mr former Secretary was checking me out again since the Russians had today finally completely substantiated their claim. On 1:12:00 I came inside a pharmacy to buy tapes. I was now able to tape up my glasses! I was then passing by the Santa Monica Promenade market. There were many people there and I tried to avoid it (1:27:00). Then I was “spotted” by another police car: “... we are ‘accidentally’ caught in its camera...” (1:28:00). Then I ran into a woman who was talking Chinese on her cellphone: “We’ve got intercepted again... apparently I’m looking for my friend...” Then another white female was text-messaging in front of me. I picked up a bunch of cigarette butts (1:29:30). “I have a vast number of friends.... Oh, I’m making another cellphone call in the distance... and another man has touched his shirt to produce a surveillance intercept showing foreign secret agents passing me secret messages... everybody is wearing sunglasses today...” And I believed that this was staged: “... they want me to videotape this...” In reality, many of these people could simply be doing surveillance for the Russian side. As I rested in a corner waiting for bus 33, I continued to describe the movement of the people around me, how they constantly touched themselves and so on. I purposely sat inside the parking structure so that I wouldn’t have to see the parade of people touching themselves. Then I got on bus 33 on 1:42:30. Another police car passed me by, and I read out its license plate.

My next recording is: “[osnotfound\\_10\\_17\\_09\\_938-944AM.WMA](#)”: Then, something very strange happened. I turned on my Toshiba and, lo and behold, there was but black screen with the notice: “Operating System not found”! Shocked, I quickly took out my pen camera to film it.

My next recording is: “[osnotfound\\_brgconfsn\\_strgphne\\_10\\_17\\_09\\_938AM-107PM.WMA](#)”: I was still on the bus. I continued: “... Homeland Security remotely turned off my Toshiba... Homeland Security just wanted me to film my computer screen while on the bus... they could suddenly cause my

laptop to say ‘OS not found’...” Then: “... the Homeland Security guy wearing sunglasses is text-messaging... he has two phones...” (9:00). I was completely convinced that the suit team’s purpose was to get me to videotape my computer. This was evidently not the case: either the malfunctioning was “natural”, or, as my conspiracy with the CIA had been established, Mr former Secretary was simply playing one last trick hoping to remove from the evidentiary record those videos in which I was caught fraternizing with CIA girls – namely, if my Toshiba malfunctioned, it was sign that it was a Russian-made spy equipment – a fake computer without any Operating System – so that any videos that came out of it should be suppressed as evidences. Even if this was the case, however, judge Higgins clearly didn’t accept the argument. On 13:30, a child can be heard shouting. Then I again believed that the content of Transit TV was orchestrated for me to see. And I continued to count the people who were scratching themselves and continued to be worried about my Toshiba: “There can be problems at any time... there must be a physical device inside my Toshiba... they have inserted it when we were in the hospital in March...” Right! On 52:00 I got off the bus in downtown. I came inside Burger King to eat. “Once I have videotaped my computer screen, they would have obtained the intercept, and so my computer is back to normal... I just don’t know how this is related to the law enforcement profile of me as a criminal videotaper... now you know, *whatever documentaries are still in the ICJ docket will be purged*... they have got what they have wanted, everything should be back to normal... in the end, videotaping my computer screen is so bad... they have spent so much effort to produce evidence that I’m a criminal videotaper... What else can they make our computer do? ... they have also tampered with “10\_9\_09.wmv”... at least you have come to know the evidentiary standard... taking out your camcorder while in the bus... that’s enough to purge all the evidences... but law enforcement... they have to catch you hiding somewhere to videotape women’s underskirt in order to be able to arrest you... but now they should leave you alone... they want to see me taking out my pen camera in the bus... the government’s remote control of your computer is the most frightening thing in the world... I might not be in trouble with law enforcement... if they have got what they have wanted, they might just leave you alone... the whole case should be over by now... but you don’t know who else is going to get sued in the future...” I was sort of in despair because I knew that the Russians must have suffered a blow. I was at the time also creating the ISO image for DVD 53 REDO. “This International Court is such a torture chamber...” Then I speculated on how the suit team could have caused the Operating System in the hard drive to not be detected: “... maybe there is no device inside...” Wrong! Then the Asian guy over there scratched his head. “... all the signs of remote control are disruptions... that means that our Ubuntu is safe... no remote control device has been installed on our Toshiba... Oh, here is another guy, they want me to videotape him, and I didn’t do it...” I then got suspicious again of my Toshiba because the write rate was so low (1:37:30). “... the reason why it is so slow is probably that the buffer is not being used... our Toshiba’s days might be numbered... it’s too overused...” I then wrote down on my diary what had just happened with my Toshiba. On 1:57:00 I was ready to burn the disc, but there was not enough power, and so I shut down my Toshiba. “The Homeland Security guy that’s sitting in front of me... I’m not interested in getting convicted as a criminal videotaper for videotaping a piece of shit like you...” Then I noticed that the guy sitting behind me had been using his cellphone all this time. On 2:00:50 I left Burger King. Then, what looked like a Homeland Security agent, a gangster-looking Hispanic, was staring at me from his car (2:02:50). I was probably right: insofar as the United States was in big trouble right now, Homeland Security agents couldn’t possibly

hate me more. Then a black female kept touching her head, and I described what she was wearing (2:07:50). Then another guy scratched his head. “Now the purpose is to make me think that I’m just hallucinating... there is in fact nothing wrong with head-scratching...” Wrong! Most of these head-scratching weren’t even orchestrated. Then more people touched themselves. On 2:24:30 I got on the bus and got off on 2:32:00 on Jefferson and Grant. I was going to the storage facility. A public safety car was parked next to USC. Then another one. Again I assumed that they had caught me in their cameras. “... Homeland Security... on my website... timestamp on my... it’s up to Homeland Security... whether my prediction will come true... it’s so good... there is nobody on the street...” On 2:36:50 I filmed the empty streets: “... Is it evacuated? Or is it because it’s Saturday...” On 2:38:30 I came inside the food mall to use the restroom. I took notice of a man who touched his nose and then went inside the restroom before me. Alarmed, I decided to wait for him to come out. In fact I was most likely worried about nothing. On 2:39:30 a child can be heard shouting. Then the child walked into the restroom, and I definitely wasn’t going to use the restroom when a child was inside. Even a little girl walked in. “It’s a Homeland Security operation!” Finally, I decided to urinate outside. “Homeland Security probably *wants* me to urinate outside so that they can obtain an intercept... I don’t like it when they use children to run clandestine operations... it’s worse than using the police... in such surveillance I won’t be blacked out...” But, when I got to the bushes, I had to wait again because a van was parked right nearby. “... Homeland Security knew I will urinate onto the tree, and so they sent in somebody to ‘spot’ me... the person in the van is waiting to ‘spot’ me... you can’t urinate...” I thus had to give up. In reality, this was most likely not an operation. On 2:52:00 I came inside the storage facility and, on 3:02:00, opened up my unit and filmed it. This is in the first scene of my next video diary: “[10\\_17\\_09.wmv](#)”. I was alarmed again: “People are coming in... they will not leave me alone... children will come in...” Then, on 3:05:20, somebody’s cellphone rang: “That’s me!” This time I was most likely correct: even at this critical juncture, the suit team might have orchestrated this call in order to obtain another intercept showing me receiving calls from my handler or criminal buddies. Were they trying to use the evidences from the lower court to support their case in the upper court? On 3:06:20 I filmed myself getting my USB cable out. And that person’s cellphone rang continually! I was now leaving. “... they will not leave you alone... after you have accomplished your mission, they will punish you... it’s a very bad deal...” Then, on 3:10:30, that person’s cellphone rang again, and as he came toward me, I ran away. But he was still next to me, and his phone continued to ring. “Fuck you, bitch... they are just trying to produce surveillance intercepts showing me receiving cellphone calls... at least we’ve made another prediction correctly... we said the cellphone will ring and it did ring...” (3:12:00). Perhaps such was the suit team’s strategy in the upper court: they wanted to use my resistance as evidence that I was only pretending to conspire with them. Then: “... why didn’t I get fucking paid for all this?... my reward is going to jail, or the hospital... they didn’t like it when I didn’t use the restroom, for then they couldn’t produce surveillance intercepts showing me exposing myself to children... people in America are very sadistic...” Then another guy received a cellphone call: “That’s me!” (3:18:30) I came back to the food mall, and took notice of two police officers, “Flores” and “Delrado”: “... here to ‘spot’ me...” And another guy was using the Chase bank ATM: “... that’s me using a different bank account...”

My next recording is: “[brndvd\\_atmdbld\\_anni3g\\_drw\\_10\\_17\\_09\\_1245-408PM.WMA](#)”: There is an

overlap between the end of the previous recording and the beginning of this recording until 18:00. I grabbed a seat inside the food mall and turned on my Toshiba. Now that I had my USB cable, I started burning a new disc with my Samsung DVD Writer. My Toshiba froze up on 27:00. "... in one day you have evidence of my criminal videotaping... and then my receiving secret messages... they are trying to produce evidence of my pedophilia..." I then took notice of a second person who was using the Chase bank ATM: "... Homeland Security has sent him in to convince me that there is nothing strange about people using Chase bank ATMs..." (33:00). Wrong! Then another white guy came over with his child and started making a cellphone call: "... to produce a surveillance intercept showing me making a cellphone call..." I then counted more people who had scratched themselves. And a lot of children were running around: "... evidence that I am a pedophile..." Now the disc was successfully burned. "... I'm afraid that my prediction no longer protects me; just because I have predicted that I will be arrested, I might still be arrested... just as when I predicted somebody's phone would ring, it still rang..." I then began to suspect this woman in front of me who was getting online on her phone. I interrogated her. She said she had Internet connection on her phone, "3G". "... she's producing surveillance showing my Toshiba getting online..." I asked her for her name: "Annie" (1:01:30). "I'm keeping track of evidences... my crimes... evidence of my receiving calls, surfing the Internet on 3G on my Toshiba..." Then, on 1:09:30, somebody's phone rang again: "Is that me again?" I started writing: "... the evidences gathered against me... at the cafe... criminal videotaping... using a different Chase bank account... surfing on 3G..." I asked Annie what she was doing online, and she said she was looking for a movie to watch. "Oh, so I'm looking for a movie to watch... the suit team has however failed to produce evidence of my exposing myself to children..." And my Toshiba froze up again on 1:25:00: "Open Office is not responding..." I was getting very upset: "... the entire thing has broken down... frozen..." By 1:33:00 it was still frozen. I asked Annie for permission to film her, but she refused. Then more strange pop-ups on my Toshiba: "... something is very wrong with my Toshiba..." Since Annie refused to let me film her, I drew a quick portrait of her instead (1:49:00). "I have actually committed a crime by drawing... I'm pretending to be my twin brother... If you can't take a picture of your double, you can always draw a portrait, and it is still a crime... all these recordings and videos are supposed to have been produced by foreign intelligence services... if you just say you are pretending to draw, then you are not committing a crime, since you are not really drawing..." As you shall see, a month or so later drawing my doubles would become a regular practice on my part. On 2:00:00 another person's cellphone was ringing: "... that must be my cellphone ringing... Why don't I get paid for all this? If I get paid, I'll just stay in a room and not advance national security interests... a world without cellphones, that's the world I would like to live in..." Then my ImgBurn finished creating the ISO image: "... we have never used our Samsung drive and ImgBurn together before, and now we will give it a try..." My Samsung drive was burning very fast. On 2:29:00 another child can be heard crying. I was then examining the 20 discs or so that I had to redo. I scratched my head and that white guy over there scratched his head too (2:43:00). Now a lot of children were around me. "... 61 days have cost us 21 DVDs... and my portrait of Annie shows only her back... that's enough to establish in the ICJ my crime of... they should reward me, but..." I started speculating on Mr former Secretary's motivation: "... it's a lot more satisfying to make a fake than to present the real thing... it's a lot more satisfying to send in doubles than to simply present me as drawing... it's a lot more satisfying to send in doubles to pretend to be me and to deceive people than to simply tell me to do something... *everyone knows how*

*to tell the truth, but only the smart one knows how to lie...* for Mr former Secretary, only lying is an indication of intelligence....” That was indeed your Michael Chertoff! By 3:04:30 I was done with burning and came outside. “... all these children... I’m in the process of molesting them...” I had difficulty in dragging my cart because pieces of plastics had been caught in the wheels. I was really frustrated: “... after all this work, we have only burned two DVDs...” I recounted the evidences that had been gathered against me today until 2:40 PM: criminal videotaping; using a different Chase account than my own; surfing the Internet with my Toshiba, this time with 3G and not Wifi; wanting to watch a movie. “The suit team has however failed to produce evidence of my exposing myself to children... and I have voluntarily produced evidence of my drawing...” I came inside the storage facility again.

My next recording is: “[strge\\_bus33budhatlk\\_10\\_17\\_09\\_338-553PM.WMA](#)”: There is again overlap between the end of the previous recording and the beginning of this recording until 25:00 or so. On 25:00 the suit team sent in a Hispanic couple with their little boy to come in front of me by the elevator. I predicted on 25:55 that they would receive a cellphone call – because I knew they were sent here to produce another surveillance intercept of my receiving a cellphone call. When I came to my floor, I noticed that someone had left his storage door wide open, which made me very nervous. I opened my storage and filmed the configuration (0:45 in the video diary). I put in my newly burned discs and started organizing my things (from 1:11 onward in the video diary). I exited the storage facility on 41:00. Again, I had difficulty in dragging my cart (43:00). On 1:02:00, I was alarmed by a lady in a BMW who was staring at me. On 1:05:00 I got on the bus. On 1:06:00 somebody’s cellphone rang again: “Is it me receiving a call again?” I got off the bus on 1:11:30. I saw broken CD on the ground but decided not to film it (1:16:00). On 1:17:00 I got on bus 33: I needed to buy more reliable blank discs. Amazingly, I chatted with a stranger about my horrifying experience with head-scratching. “My laptop is a super weapon that can communicate via satellite with Russian intelligence service... I get direct instructions from Russians, Indians, Brazilians...” I also told him about how I smuggled crack cocaine and kept losing my Russian-made spy equipment. This was excellent testimony if the Russians had surveillance agents around me at this moment! I was done with talking to him by 1:23:00. Then: “... people are having conversations... confused with me... Buddhahood...” (1:29:30). Namely, a man was reading a book about “Buddhahood”. Then I filmed what looked like a Homeland Security agent: he was talking loudly with somebody. Suspecting the man with the book to be my double, I asked him: “Are you reading the book on Buddhahood for me? ...” “No, I’m reading it for *me*.” “Are you me?” And he suggested that I go to such and such place. “If I go there that place will turn into a Russian intelligence contact point” (1:51:00). And I continued to chat with him about Buddhism. Then I emphasized to him that I was a Russian secret agent. Excellent! “I don’t want to listen to that Buddha chant... you are trying to pass me a secret message... right now I have other things to do...” On 2:04:30 I was getting off the bus on Overland and Venice. I said to the “Buddha man”: “Did I lose any Russian-made spy-equipment?” Excellent! Only if the Russians were listening right now! On 2:08:00 I bought cigarettes in a convenience store. I needed to use my card and so I asked the cashier to read out the card number. I was upset that I had to sign the receipt: more faulty evidence of my signature could now be entered into the ICJ lower court! And so I merely drew a line across. And I got 40 dollars cash-back. I asked her to confirm everything. Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recordings are: “[dhsphn\\_bstbydvd\\_frnds\\_buttn\\_10\\_17\\_09\\_603-657PM.WMA](#)” and: “[bstbydvd\\_frnds\\_strbks\\_10\\_17\\_09\\_610-837PM.WMA](#): (Only the second recording here.) I turned on the recorder again and recounted: “... that’s Homeland Security... they sent in this fat white female to park in front of me to make a cellphone call, and then remotely turned off my recorder... another intercept of my making calls has been produced... now another man with a cellphone, a Hispanic male... Homeland Security has the ability to remotely shut off our recorder, we know it for sure now... we have just touched our glasses, we may have passed a secret message to that car.... We need to film ourselves strip-searching ourselves to demonstrate that we don’t have a cellphone... this cellphone thing is...” On 10:00 I came inside Radio Shack to look for blank discs. Note that a child was shouting inside the building. “TDK... Memorex...” No! I came out and headed to Best Buy. I noted that a black woman inside the deli shop had a Toshiba Satellite just like mine (12:00). Then I noticed a white female: “... not so sophisticated... probably not a Display...” I was now inside Best Buy. I looked for the good discs: “... Sony DVD +R and -R... and Verbatim... Homeland Security could give us very bad DVDs... made in Malaysia, no...” Then a Best Buy employee tried to talk to me, and I ignored him. Then: “... a white female... some sort of Display... looking at Microsoft Office... maybe she is and maybe not... who gives a fuck... we need to burn our DVDs...” I was only doing this because I knew the Russians always needed concrete evidences of my conspiracy with the CIA. I then did a search on Best Buy’s computer: “... the difference between +R and -R...” I continued to count the people who scratched themselves. “Everyone is scratching, even that female from the Agency... that means she must be...” (33:30). And so I bought some good Sony discs this time. Then somebody’s cellphone rang: “... another intercept of my cellphone communication has just been produced...” I started getting angry over the fact that I was such a “dummy tree”: “... Why don’t we get paid... give me another apartment... give me friends, real friends...” On 42:00 I came inside Starbucks – again, to burn my discs. More text-messaging, and I got increasingly angry. I used the restroom mumbling about how the government could easily take away my friends but could only make people *pretend* to want to be my friends: “They can’t make people genuinely want to be your friend, although they can make people genuinely *not* want to be your friend... you have discovered one weak spot of the government’s power...” Then, as soon as I sat down at the only table available, I noticed a card was placed on it: “Kiss me: UCLA Alumni” (49:00). Shocked, I took it outside to film it (2:47 in the video diary): “... it’s 7 PM... I sat down, and something was on the table, ‘Kiss me, UCLA Alumni’... Surveillance is produced showing me receiving a secret message...” I was evidently very upset. “The next time, before you sit down, check it ... it just pisses me off... Since it was the only seat available, Homeland Security has clearly orchestrated it...” Then I started working on burning DVD 45 Copy-2. After I had compiled the files, the image file size was somehow smaller than the original one, and I couldn’t understand why. Frustrated, I broke down crying (1:48:30). I then continued to complain about the black girl sitting next to me using a Toshiba Satellite exactly identical to mine. “Homeland Security just wants me to videotape her” (1:50:00). She was studying biology. I tried to talk to her, but she wouldn’t respond. I asked her again: “When did you buy yours?” No response. And I continued to describe myself scratching myself. Another white guy was leaving. Since the black girl’s Toshiba was brand new, I supposed she had just got it for operational purposes. “So... according to surveillance... I’m pretending to study biology... the white guy is using his Gmail... Why am I studying biology?” I had

suspicion that this white guy was a Russian agent, i.e., one of SVR's "fake Americans", or a young Russian agent who looked and spoke exactly like an ordinary American youngster. This was my first time in encountering such entities. Now the disc was burned successfully, but I still couldn't understand why the file size was different. "... something must have been lost... I'm still over there studying biology... I'm waiting for me to take a picture of me, which I'll not do... if Homeland Security has put something in the air to cause me to scratch myself, other people should be scratching themselves too, unless they have received antidote... therefore they have not... it's a mystery why in December 2007 Homeland Security wanted to switch my Windows disc if Windows indeed had back doors pre-installed on it..."

My next recording is: "[strbks\\_10\\_17\\_09\\_832-912PM.WMA](#)": I continued to work on burning my new discs. I scratched my nose on 3:00 and still had to register the act! Then again on 3:25. Scratching my nose again on 4:55. "I'm such a good boy!" On 22:00 I was complaining how about the Toshiba black girl was a waste of space and so on because she was only pretending to study. It's only too interesting to note that she was sitting right next to SVR's "fake American": the Russians and the Americans were working side by side. I continued to scratch myself like crazy. I purposely referred to the "fake American" as a "Homeland Security guy" in order to hide my knowledge that the Russians had me all surrounded (24:20).

My next recording is: "[strbks\\_dvd\\_bus33scrtchr\\_dwntwnfn\\_10\\_17-8\\_09\\_912PM-141AM.WMA](#)". After much struggling, I managed to successfully burn a new DVD (DVD 56). The Starbucks employee came to me on 31:00 to warn me not to leave too much stuff on the floor. I then noticed a police officer scratching himself (32:00). I was then worried that surveillance was going to confuse another guy's things with mine (34:00): "You are not going to mix your things up with mine, are you?" He rudely denied it. On 54:00, a woman suddenly came over to me: "You guys have all set up your hard drives and everything..." I knew immediately that she was a Russian agent whom the suit team had requested to be sent in in order for me to identify her. I muttered to her while turning my head: "I'm sorry, don't talk to me please..." She continued to mumble about how everyone had got things set up in this Starbucks. I didn't dare videotape her but did describe her to my recorder: "She's about 50 year-old, with brown hair..." (55:00). And I successfully burned another disc. Then, on 1;07:50, I broke something on the floor. "Sorry, I'll clean it up..." Then I started burning another new disc. And the guy in front of me kept scratching himself. I counted my discs. On 1:40:00, I shut down my Eee PC while creating the ISO image for DVD 58. I was also compiling the files for DVD 59. Then, on 1:57:00, a man – with an Indian accent – asked me, "Are you a computer engineer?" "Yeah, sure!" On 2:04:00 he tried to talk to me again asking me about my computer. Was he working for the suit team or was he from the Russian team pretending to disguise himself by acting like an operative from the suit team? On 2:28:00 I left Starbucks (it was closing) and, as soon as I stepped out, a person was text-messaging. I bemoaned the fact that I had added 24 new DVDs to my collection since August 11. I theorized: "Officer Murphy has identified me in Starbucks. When he goes back to the station he would say, 'I saw him... and he has mental problems... he has all this computer stuff... looks kind of strange... they look foreign-made....'" As I walked around, I continued: "All this remote control of computers..." Then a police car on 2:55:00. And, to my left, a Homeland Security guy opened up a tiny DVD player. On



2:57:00 I got on bus 33. “There is a Homeland Security agent to my left, and, just as I sat down, he touched his hat several times.” Again, whenever someone touched himself, I would call him “Homeland Security” in order to neutralize the suit team’s attempt to establish conspiracy between me and the Russian side. Then: “... surveillance of secret message-passing...” And I kept prodding the man: “... touch yourself one more time, com’on! What does it mean?” And he did touch himself! Then I noticed that a guy over there was reading a book about electronic micro-controllers. Again! “That’s me reading a manual on Russian-made spy equipment... It’s too bad that in America you can’t pass secret messages in the form of a fist...” Then a white female was on her cellphone. “... every movement has to be logged because every movement could be secret message-passing...” And many more people were scratching themselves. “... the future shall be the past... there must be a hundred judges in the courthouse, there are just so many surveillance intercepts... to keep track of hundreds of instances of head-scratching each day... Homeland Security is mysterious, it used to be broken arms and broken legs, and now head-scratching... that’s investigative journalism... I’m trying to investigate my own crimes...” Then, on 3:33:00, I got off the bus in downtown: “No Russian-made spy equipment left behind, no crack cocaine...” A middle-age man was pointing his cellphone at me. I kept on walking. On 3:42:30 a white man passed me by and uttered something. What? On 3:55:00 I idiotically passed by the police station. On my way I counted more people scratching themselves. On 4:05:00 a detective had “spotted” me! On 4:15:00 I came inside Union Station. On 4:22:00 I came inside Denny’s and sat way in the back where I could safely scratch myself.

Now a word about what happened earlier in Starbucks. Because the Russian claim had been fully substantiated, the Russians today were given access to the entire United States plan that was locked away in the secret chamber of judge Higgins’ upper court – the plan which not even judge Higgins knew about. More on this below. This was of course absolutely devastating to the suit team, and they cried foul repeatedly. It’s obvious that I was only pretending to conspire with them in order to help the Russians. They pointed to my continual resistance to their operations – notably, instances where I was angry about people’s cellphone ringing around me, other people’s Toshiba Satellites, and the UCLA Alumni card. But judge Higgins, the strict enforcer of laws, wanted definitive evidence that I was conspiring with the Russians, not these circumstantial evidences. The suit team therefore requested that the Russians send in one of their operatives in order for me to identify her: the 50 year-old woman you have just seen. If I exhibited any sign that I knew she was a Russian agent, then that would be the definitive evidence needed. But of course I wasn’t that stupid. I said nothing and the operation failed. Judge Higgins’ judgment stood that I had conspired with the United States by flying to Nicaragua to enable the United States to sue Russia.

### **October 18 (Sunday; Russia almost lost)**

My next recording is: “[unionst\\_oprtcnfusn\\_dhsdstrbnce\\_10\\_18\\_09\\_130-649AM.WMA](#)”: I was still in Denny’s. I noticed two more men scratching their head. I ordered chicken wings. Then I scratched myself too. “I didn’t know that Homeland Security is waiting for me here...” The other guy also seemed to be Homeland Security. “... two sets of people... that black man touched his glasses, and I touched mine too... this International Court is such a torture chamber...” Then, on 13:00, the waiter brought me

something different, and I told him to take it back. “I hope this is not a trick... I hope he’s not here to produce a surveillance intercept...” Then I mumbled again about how all this scratching oneself and touching glasses was interpreted in surveillance as my passing and receiving secret messages to and from secret agents. “... this is ridiculous... Oh, I forgot, that’s my function in society... But then how come I don’t get paid?” I was now burning a new disc again. On 19:00 another Homeland Security man (or so it seemed) came in scratching his head. On 25:00, more Hispanic people came in. “Oh, they will be confused with me in surveillance... they will scratch their head... they are sent in by Homeland Security... surveillance is showing me hanging out with my Latin American secret agent friends...” Because of this, on 28:00, I moved to another back corner. “It’s kind of sad, all these are just ordinary things here, and yet surveillance can change them into something of tremendous significance... and alter international relations... it’s not my fault... it’s my function in society, but it’s not my fault...” Again, I was acting as if I was going along with the operation while genuinely complaining about it at the same time. Then one of the Hispanic guys touched his hair, probably out of reflex. I continued: “... which Latin American country is getting sued right now?” On 37:00 my disc-burning had failed! I continued to complain: “Surveillance is strange! Even though I’m so ugly and homeless, somehow I can be going around and hanging out with pretty women...” Then, on 53:00, another Hispanic couple walked in. On 1:02:00 I had to scratch myself again. I was then reading up information about DVDs again. On 1:09:00 I decided to leave: it was now full house even though it was empty when I walked in. “There is always a TV show around me...” And my food never came! I complained: “Perhaps Homeland Security has instructed the waiter to not serve me so that I’ll have to stay here for hours and join the TV show... no Russian-made spy equipment is left behind... They just have to chat and let the surveillance do its work. What a good job...” And a black man was making a cellphone call and scratching himself. Again: “... in order to produce surveillance of my communicating with secret agents... I’m just here to eat and many nations are now in trouble... *I have to say it or otherwise I’ll feel guilty...*” Again, I had to find a reason as to why I was complaining. Then, even the phone by the receptionist was ringing (1:16:30). On 1:22:00, as I was walking out, I continued: “... surveillance is now showing me smoking marijuana with my buddies outside Denny’s...” And more ambulance and police cars had supposedly “spotted” me on 1:23:00. I continued my act: “... because surveillance has been produced showing me meeting my Latin American agent friends and smoking weed with my gangster buddies... nations are sued... *for all the amazing job I do for my country and yet I don’t get paid...* Is it okay to videotape police cars?... I don’t want to get convicted of criminal videotaping... After all that I have done for my country, I’m lucky if I don’t get thrown into the mental hospital... *I don’t even resist anymore... just give America whatever it wants...* When they put a ‘Display’ in front of you, just ignore her... then the surveillance showing you meeting with Latin American agents... *and you just sit there like a piece of wood...*” As soon as I settled down in a corner people appeared. “... I would be harassed... another report about the vagrant...” I moved to another quiet corner mumbling about how I wanted to take a break and didn’t want anyone to bother me. “Just use the ‘double thing’ and leave me alone...” Good acting! “... the government does spend a huge amount of money on me...” And I scratched myself everywhere since there was no one around. “... it’s difficult to be the star of my own TV show, a star that is never seen in his own show... hopefully I will be left alone here because enough surveillance has been produced...” From 1:48:00 onward I rested quietly. On 2:10:00, a police officer appeared in front of me: “... to produce surveillance of...” Then, on 3:00:00, two

security guards appeared and woke me up. I got up and started walking. I came back inside Union Station. I checked my things, making sure I still had my boarding pass and so on. I then picked up somebody else's paper believing it was mine and now I had to videotape it before throwing it away – all because there might be surveillance showing me receiving something from foreign agents. On 3:21:30, I noticed an old Hispanic woman taking pictures. I was alarmed: "Are you taking pictures of your daughter?" She could be producing surveillance showing me videotaping children. Or she could be "accidentally" taking pictures of me. "... when her pictures are intercepted, it will be evidence that I was indeed at the train station..." I then produced a long theory as to how the operation worked, with the police officer, the security guards, and the old Hispanic woman (3:27:00). I was most likely not correct here. Then another man took over the seat I was sitting on, and he had a lot of stuff. I asked him to move (3:30:00). "I'm sure Homeland Security has sent him in to be *me*. He might leave behind things..." I called over a security guard to confirm that there was nothing on the seat (3:33:00). I then continued to theorize how the operation worked: "Evidences have been carefully produced for my locations in Union Station." I then had to explain again why I was unhappy with the operation: "Why are you doing this? Because Russian-made spy equipment really irritates me. So does child pornography." Then: "... this kind of life is really a disability, everything has to be confirmed. Of course I could just not care... *but that's not me... I want to leave behind a backup...*" I came outside and sat down and continued to theorize how the operation worked (3:44:00). I continued to explain my motivation: "... each of these events has to be carefully logged because they might have vast consequences... make sure that on this planet somewhere there is a record of what has really happened... America is this land of confusions where no one knows what has really happened... *here* things have become clear, what is what and who is who... America is mumble jumble, that's how the official story looks... 1 is 2 and 2 is 3... you are part of this mumble jumble and forced to play the script... it's the script which counts... I run into security guards 20 to 30 times a day, that's part of the script... they 'accidentally' run into me because everything has to be 'accidental'..." And I continued on and on. Then, on 3:57:00, I got on the bus. "I'm *Klarung*, a light of clarity shone on this 'land of confusions'... the confusions... all the drug-smuggling that I do with all these nations... Karin, the educated woman... suddenly became mentally confused when she replied to my lawsuit... it's hard to be a light in the 'land of confusions'..." On 4:11:00 I got off the bus. "Although I'm always other people, it will be nice *to be* other people, to not always get 'accidentally' tracked by law enforcement... if I find a job online, it will be evidence of my clandestine... criminal... but we have to worry about our own survival..." By 4:35:00 I was waiting in front of the Starbucks on Grand and 11<sup>th</sup> Street. There was nobody around, but soon a homeless guy appeared to shout. "He's my double to produce surveillance showing me causing disturbances..." This man just stood there and stared at me, and then scratched his nose: "... it's surveillance showing me receiving secret messages..." On 4:43:00 I came to a corner and lay down. "If a public safety car passes me by, it must have a camera on it..." I then got up and started walking. Then I ran into another vagrant who was carrying two packs of beer, and he greeted me (4:53:30). "Obviously staged by Homeland Security." On 5:02:30 he came back to me and started yelling. On 5:07:00 I came back to Starbucks: it was now open. I sat in the back corner and turned on my Toshiba and began working. So much was already happening 6 AM Sunday morning! On 5:14:00 a vagrant came in wearing red glasses. So many strange characters started coming in! "... that's what you call 'Homeland Security reality'." I started burning another new disc.

My next recording is: “[impstrbks\\_blkdsplay\\_10\\_18\\_09\\_653-1112AM.WMA](#)”: I was still in Starbucks burning a new disc. I kept mumbling something about Homeland Security (unintelligible because my recorder was placed on top of my DVD drive) and scratching myself. I even laughed about somebody’s scratching himself (22:30). On 50:00 I scratched myself again. A guy walked in scratching himself also on 58:00. Then: “... you are fucked... you have so many DVDs! What are you going to do? ... and all this scratching oneself...” And I mumbled more. “... I want to learn about computers...” On 2:04:00 a child can be heard shouting inside Starbucks. “I need to find a job now...” Then I had to pack everything up just to go to the restroom (2:12:00): “My world is completely insecure.” When I came back to my seat a black SUV came to park next to me outside (2:21:30). Did this have to do with the operation on me? I was then looking at my October bank statement (2:31:00). I then checked the train route from Amsterdam to the Hague (2:37:00). Then a search on the Hague train stations. Recall that my flight was today! A man was text-messaging on 2:49:00. I came outside on 2:53:00 to smoke a cigarette, and a man was scratching himself in front of me. I noted: “There are one black female and one white female with a guy, I think there are ‘Displays’... Just ignore them...” Indeed! The pretty young black girl who was sitting in front of me (with her back facing me) was indeed a CIA girl. (She was only the second CIA girl that I had ever met that was black.) Now that the Russian claim was fully substantiated, the Agency was required to continue to populate my environment with their agents while we ignored each other in order to “institute a reality around me that would fit my belief.” Now the black girl had the saddest face because she was upset about the Agency’s current predicament. I would soon learn important information from her. Then I noted a Hispanic guy wearing sunglasses and staring into the street. “I guess he’s a Homeland Security agent...” Indeed! As usual, I was surrounded by secret agents from all sides: there were Russian surveillance agents sitting on the other side of the Starbucks as well. On 3:02:00 I came back inside Starbucks to continue to work. My Toshiba was now having problem in making my videos. “I think my Toshiba is breaking down... It really has a virus...” I then read up more information about the Hague (3:19:00). Then the CIA black girl in front of me suddenly got a call on her cellphone and became totally jubilant. I knew immediately that something was wrong. My diary was open on my Toshiba at the time and I noticed that I had just scrolled over this line I had written down under the entry for October 12: “The profile of me as a criminal videotaper is finally complete at the International Court and will now be used to suppress any of my documentaries there as evidence. After all that fuss, in the end, it is proven that the turning point is had not with the best secret agents from the Agency, but with ordinary police officers who had the law on their side to harass me in order to produce the surveillance intercepts needed.” Without my knowing, everyone in the courthouse could see my computer screen on their computer screen and the CIA (such as Best Mommy) must have been vehemently protesting to judge Higgins: “That’s evidence that he is aware of what is going on right now! That he is aware that the Russians have him all surrounded! That he is just acting to help the Russians beat us!” Indeed, the evidence was indisputable, and judge Higgins must have reluctantly agreed that this line on my diary constituted evidence that I knew that the Russians were all around me and using my videos and recordings as evidences and that I was therefore only pretending to conspire with the suit team. She was compelled to issue the judgment that I had conspired with the Russians, and, jubilant, the CIA immediately called up their agent sitting in front of me to inform her about the good news – hence she suddenly turned from total sadness to total happiness. I

immediately realized what was going on. But, not knowing that my Toshiba's screen was connected to the courthouse, I couldn't help but wonder: how did my diary entry get intercepted into the International Court? I looked up and saw that I was sitting right under Starbucks' surveillance camera and wrongly assumed that the people in the courthouse were simply accessing Starbucks' surveillance system. I started panicking, and yet pretended that nothing was going on. On 3:40:00 I stepped out for another smoke, and the CIA black girl began text-messaging. Perhaps she was now faking David Chin's communication for faulty surveillance to pick up. I came back inside and counted 12 people in the coffeehouse: there were not only CIA agents, but also surveillance agents from the Russian-Nicaraguan side. I felt terribly sorry – as if the world had come crashing down on me – but said nothing. I printed out my hash values on 3:48:00. On 3:56:00 I shut down my Toshiba and packed my things up. Somebody was making a cellphone call just then – probably in order to get the faulty surveillance Machine to intercept me calling my Russian boss. I mumbled: "I'm so tired of caring about that..." On 4:01:00 I walked out, and the CIA black girl was also packing up and leaving. Of course! On 4:03:30 a vagrant who had stayed nearby was walking away too – perhaps he was also from Homeland Security. I sighed: "In the end, ce n'est pas ça..." I kept on walking and murmuring: "I want to take computer classes... I have never figured out whether it's because it's too old or whether it's because it's remotely controlled... We have to find a job, no matter what..." Then I mumbled about my mother: "... she wants to be your mother but doesn't know how... she doesn't have the experience..." Then, on 4:14:00, I was sure that I saw a Homeland Security agent. And, on 4:16:00, another one. "And now he was making a cellphone call for me. "According to official record, I have just made another cellphone call... The advantage about you is that you don't have to feel guilty when you don't like people, since nobody cares whether you like them or not..." And more siren.

My next recording is: "[tostrge\\_phnefollow\\_surrndr\\_10\\_18\\_09\\_1106AM-214PM.WMA](#)": Now that there was a new judgment declaring that the Russians were conspiring with me, the operation to create the "David Chin legend" immediately resumed. In fact, once the Russians had lost in the upper court, they became obliged to help the suit team create the latter's fake case in the lower court so that the whole world might believe that I was really David Chin and know nothing of how it was all because the United States had the authorization from the upper court to forge evidences to frame me and the Russians in the lower court. On 7:05 the suit team sent in a woman to talk on the cellphone next to me. I moved away and she followed me. She was visibly happy. She had already got the good news that judge Higgins had agreed to establish my conspiracy with Russia! Now the United States had full freedom to forge evidences to establish that I was David Chin and in constant communication with my Russian intelligence boss. I then videotaped another man making a cellphone call (16:00). I murmured: "A lot of operations are waiting for me... I'll be caught making cellphone calls." By 26:00 I was in the storage facility – I still had to get ready for my flight. (See the second scene in my next video diary, "[10\\_18\\_09.wmv](#)", on 0:45.) Siren outside on 1:05:55. I mumbled: "I am probably being arrested at the moment according to evidence..." Suddenly, I had an idea and, on 1:24:24, confessed to my recorder while fixing my storage unit: "At some point you just give up, you know you will never get to be yourself, and you just give up... No one will ever believe anything you say, no one will ever care to believe anything you say... Now it's time to find an apartment. Find a job, knowing that it will become evidence in the International Court to frame other nations, but you have no money...." Then, on

1:31:00: “If I ship my things to Europe, there will be surveillance evidence of my shipping a lot of spy equipment... *Sometimes you give up just because you have no money...*” (1:32:00). I walked out of the storage facility on 1:38:00 and continued: “I’ve surrendered...” And: “No one really cares whether it is truth or lies, they just want to get what they want...” (1:49:00 or 4:34 in the video diary). “Everyone cares about the truth somewhat, about the truth about themselves, but no one cares about the truth about me...” (1:51:50). I got on the bus on 2:18:00. When I got off the bus and came to Pershing Square, I noticed a black Cadillac with tinted windows. Mr former Secretary came to see me again! This time I was sure! I became confident that the evidence I had just produced while in Starbucks was now suppressed. Precisely! What had happened was that the Russians quickly made the argument to judge Higgins that my confession while I was in the storage facility was evidence that I intentionally gave out evidence to enable the United States to win because I was in too much despair that I had no money, upon which judge Higgins happily ruled that the evidence of my October 12 diary entry should be suppressed. I withdrew 20 dollars from the ATM (2:40:00). And someone was scratching his head (2:57:30). On 2:59:00 I bought something from one of the stands on the street. I continued to mumble “... we will find a job...” and then got on the bus.

Let us stop for a moment to consider the situation with judge Higgins in order to better understand what was going on here. Recall how the United States had set up the ICJ lower court in August last year to sue Russia. Boss Cheney had entered the claim that the MSS director had conspired with a terrorist suspect in order to expose and destroy his master plan for world-conquest, i.e., how he had planned to initiate a nuclear war to eliminate Russia and China and then set up his *Weltstaat* and radically transform human society. Since the disruption of this plan was considered a terrorist harm against him – the victim of the terrorist harm – he had the right to be compensated with the realization of his plan using the International Court of Justice. Thus he had obtained an ICJ authorization to use the lower court to sue Russia and then chip the Russian officials in the brain and remotely control them to start the nuclear war he had always wanted so that it would in the end look like it was all Russia’s fault. Since the exposure of his original plan and judge Higgins’ consequent bad impression of him were also considered part of the MSS director’s terrorist harm against him, he had obtained an ICJ authorization to keep his new plan in secret and hide it from judge Higgins so that in the end everyone would *really* believe that it was all Russia’s fault. He had thus obtained judge Higgins’ authorization to deceive her with a dummy plan, telling her that she could use her creativity to come up with a plan to solve the crisis facing human civilization and deposit it in the secret chamber as the United States’ plan and not letting her know that this plan which she had deposited was never meant to be realized: what was supposed to be realized was the Boss’ genocidal and fascist plan to start a nuclear holocaust and microchip all remaining human beings on the planet. Such was the whole “United States plan” which was *really* deposited in judge Higgins’ secret chamber and which the Russians had exposed to her when, following upon the establishment of my conspiracy with the CIA, they gained access to, and took over, the secret chamber. The Russian exposure of the “real plan” in the secret chamber took place yesterday, and you can just imagine judge Higgins’ anger when she was shown the truth. The CIA had deceived her but, when she raised the issue, the CIA merely reminded her that it was she herself who had authorized the United States to deceive her as part of the neutralization of the terrorist harm against the United States. Furthermore, the Boss’ original plan was clearly criminal and “terrorist” and to argue

that the disruption of his terrorist plan was terrorist harm and the realization of his terrorist plan using the International Court of Justice was the neutralization of the said terrorist harm was clearly an abuse of process – using the justice system to commit crimes. And yet judge Higgins, the strict enforcer of laws, couldn't do anything about it because the Boss had done everything legally. Finally, she was also shocked by the revelation that, when the MSS director violated the ICJ court orders, he was doing so in obedience to an ICJ court order – to make himself look bad and make the Americans look good as a way to neutralize his terrorist harm against the United States – and that, when he later went berserk, it was because the Americans had chipped him in the brain and were remotely controlling him. A remotely controlled robot! She had completely misjudged the MSS director thanks to the Americans' deception – and yet, again, she couldn't do anything about it because she herself had ruled that such was the proper way to neutralize the man's terrorist harm against the United States. Judge Higgins was thus totally incensed last night when she was made aware of everything – can any other human beings possibly be more evil, more a hypocrite, than the Americans? – and yet, when the CIA vehemently cried foul, she nevertheless authorized the sending of a Russian agent to me in order for me to identify her. She was of course relieved that I didn't identify her. Then this morning when the CIA – Best Mommy and so on – tried again, judge Higgins was really in a bind. The evidence that I was only pretending was indisputable, and yet if she permitted the obvious she would be authorizing genocide – not to mention total injustice against the Russians and the Chinese (the MSS director). Nevertheless, she did issue the judgment that my October 12 diary entry established my conspiracy with the Russians – no matter how reluctantly – because she was, after all, a strict enforcer of laws. But as soon as the Russians advanced the argument that my “giving up” was evidence that I had purposely given out my diary entry to harm Russia, she was only too happy to issue the judgment that the evidence of my diary entry should be suppressed – in this way the world was spared and injustice thwarted. The CIA could clearly see that judge Higgins was now totally biased toward the Russians – not to mention her profound sympathy for the Chinese – now that she had known the truth, and this was why, within an hour, Mr former Secretary came out to check me out again – he was suffering from so much regret, the immortality potion he had just caught in his hand having slipped out of his grasp within two hours.

My next recording is: “[bus\\_10\\_18\\_09\\_219-347PM.WMA](#)”: I was still on the bus. The bus passed by Good Samaritan Hospital on 2:00. On 6:00, a child can be heard shouting in the back of the bus. On 8:00 I had to scratch myself. No! On 13:00, I pretended to complain: “... another intercept, but there is no point in counting it...” As you can hear on 16:00, a woman sitting near me was describing something. It's not clear whether she was confused with me in faulty surveillance. An old lady then wanted to sit next to me (19:30). “I'm sorry to bother you.” “No.” At the time, because I suspected that I might have just saved the Russians from disaster, I actually wondered whether the old lady was one of the judges inside the International Court of Justice coming out to check on me to see whether I was really cheating to help the Russians. Note what the woman sitting near me was saying: “... the most precious gift... from God... to love and take care of...” (30:30). And she continued to chat with the black man. On 52:00 the old lady said “Thank you” to me, and I got off the bus together with her. Given my suspicion, I filmed her from behind (5:23 in the video diary). I was now in Westwood. Then I filmed the Homeland Security bum that was supposedly confused with me in surveillance (5:29 in the video diary). On 55:00, I filmed another ambulance that I passed by and which, according to my

impression, must have caught me in its camera (5:45 in the video diary). Then a man wanted to give me an entire plate of food, but I refused lest he was trying to produce an intercept (57:30). Instead, on 59:00, I fished out a bag from the trash can, but it was just trash. Then, on 1:08:00, I finally found food in the trash can. I filmed it before eating it (6:05 in the video diary). On 1:22:00 I was done with eating and scratched myself again. On 1:26:30, I took notice of a white female who kept scratching her nose. I wondered: "... maybe she's a Display..."

My next recording is: "[wstwdtoarprt\\_chngflight\\_dsplyonbus\\_wstwd\\_10\\_18\\_09\\_341-750PM.WMA](#)": The same white female came back: "She does look like a Display!" Was I right? On 5:00 the cellphone of a Hispanic guy to my right was ringing. Did the suit team produce another intercept showing me receiving calls? I complained: "The Homeland Security guy to my right is standing so close to me." It should be noted that, now that the evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians was suppressed, the game had returned to what it was before: whereas Russia and the United States were debating in the upper court about which side I was conspiring with, both sides continued to debate in the lower court about whether the "David Chin legend" was true. The operation to produce evidences in support of the "David Chin legend" in the lower court had thus resumed. On 13:00 I got on Culver City bus 6 to go to the airport. On 30:00 I was scratching my nose while the man in front of me was also scratching his nose. Damn! On 40:00, I was scratching myself massively. For the next few minutes I would continue to scratch myself. On 54:00 I put my sweater over my nose. On 1:07:00, mumbling about how there was never enough time, I got off the bus in the Airport Station. On 1:13:00 I got on the airport shuttle. There were cellphones everywhere. I mumbled: "... videotaping in the airport... before it was not a crime, but now when I do it, it will be a problem..." From 1:20:00 onward I was inside the airport. "Everyone has got a laptop..." I came inside the restroom, and of course there were children there! "... I'm molesting children again..." I went upstairs and continued: "... we don't have enough time... no money..." I was then in the restroom for a long time trying to put on my contact lenses. Somehow my lenses seemed to have disappeared: "... Homeland Security has stolen our contact lenses so that we will be forced to wear our broken glasses enabling us to be more easily identified..." And a police officer came in on 1:35:00. But then I found my lenses: "Oh, we have falsely accused Homeland Security agents..." By 1:46:00 I had walked out of the restroom. "... the plane will be full of Homeland Security agents... Since when do people care about other people?... it's 2 hours and 50 minutes before the flight..." I really wasn't sure whether I should fly. Of course! On 1:51:00 I stood in line for Swiss Airline's counter. Somebody was text-messaging in front of me on 1:52:00. Then a man took a picture of me on 1:54:30. Again, the debate about whether I really looked like myself. On 1:57:00, when it was my turn, I asked the Swiss Airline agent whether I could go tomorrow... or on another date: "... if you can't do it I will take this one..." Smart! He directed me to the Reservation Counter. I acted: "... Homeland Security agents... they allow me to change to the next flight... whether it's good for me or not, I don't know, *but I have to take care of my own business first...*" I continued to suspect that everyone here was a Homeland Security agent. "... I broke these... that's all... and they charged me 700 dollars... I don't have time to do anything... I have never thought burning DVDs could cost so much time... I really don't want to go anywhere, I just want to stay in a room to burn my DVDs..." On 2:05:00 I was talking to the Reservation officer. Now he assured me that I could get on tomorrow, but he would have to charge me. That caused me to change my mind and decide to take



today's flight. Then, on 2:12:00, I discussed with him the possibility of changing my flight to November 4. I was able to do it! I thus concluded that these agents were not Homeland Security – correct! I continued: "... we will have a life... the future will be the past... we will study computers... we can't go like this, we don't have a single dollar... and now we have to find a job... whatever the job will become in surveillance... we are some sort of a strange combination of Chinese, Russian, and Indian..." Then, on 2:20:00, this Indian man touched his nose in front of me. "Wow! I have just received a secret message from Indian intelligence service..." Then: "... according to surveillance, I might be flying away right now..." I was now on the shuttle leaving the airport. I can't emphasize enough how much troubles I had spared the Russians by not flying today! Especially at this critical juncture, just after they had been convicted and then immediately cleared of their conviction! I continued: "I don't have enough time... preparation is not a good thing, for, if you plan anything, Homeland Security will mess it up... *we don't care anymore*... we need to get money... our most important thing is DVDs, the second is money..." Then a suspicious woman and a suspicious man got on the shuttle on 2:34:00. And siren. "The bus is so normal this time... today is Sunday, and you should have bought the ticket for a later time..." And I scratched myself. "You can scratch yourself all you want on this bus..." I kept commenting on how comfortable this bus was, how there was no operation on board. I got off the shuttle in Airport Station on 2:44:00. "... we shall change our schedule a little... we haven't masturbated for a long time... we should have a camera attached to our forehead... I don't know... What do the Displays want me to do? 'Display': that's our new name for them, the strangest mission ever... at the time we never expected this much garbage to pile up... Well, get ready for garbage since you want to make money... Karin's meetups... it's all garbage... we were pretending to have a discussion with Wes... Oh, a police car is here!" (2:59:30) Then I continued: "... that's secret message-passing, they are trying to tell you something about the courthouse..." Then, on 3:04:00, a Jeep parked in front of me. "... very suspicious... Should we videotape it?..." Could it be Russian surveillance? Since I wasn't flying anymore, the Russians could comfortably resume their normal operation of watching me conspiring with the suit team to harm them. On 3:11:00 I got on the bus. There seemed to be one Homeland Security agent on the bus. "I'm pretending to not have money... People just pass by you, like clouds in the sky..." Then I found the white female suspicious who was sitting next to a Hispanic man (3:34:50). "... I hope there is no more Display..." On 3:57:00 I got off the bus at UCLA. "... raconte l'histoire... working in the movie theaters... I enjoyed it..." On 4:07:00 I filmed myself settling into a quiet corner to rest (6:17 in the video diary).

There is no next recording. It seems that, between 8 PM and 10:20 PM, I was merely taking a nap in my corner. Then my next recording is: "[slpongrass\\_wkuclaprkltdennys\\_10\\_18\\_09\\_1024-1159PM.WMA](#)": On 47:00 I woke up. I walked a long distance, picked up many cigarette butts, and then rested in another corner to smoke on 1:15:00. Soon a man wearing a hood was scratching himself. It's simply impossible to tell whether this was evidence in the ICJ! On 1:21:30 I came inside Denny's. I ordered coffee immediately and then took notice of a vagrant woman: she might be my double. Especially when she started talking on her cellphone. "She's Asian, 25 to 40, petite, wearing a white T-shirt and shorts." I started importing my latest recordings to my Toshiba.

My next recordings are: "[dennysupld\\_10\\_19\\_09\\_1207-1218AM.WMA](#)" and: "[dnnys\\_knkos\\_confsn\\_](#)

**10\_19\_09\_1222-140AM.WMA**”: I was still in Denny’s. It was very difficult to see anything with my broken glasses. I was still suspecting that the Asian female was my double (10:00 in the second recording). On 21:00 I had to scratch myself again. My glasses broke into pieces on 40:00. The Asian girl was now using a small Acer netbook. I continued to work on my discs. On 1:07:00 a man wearing dark sunglasses came in. “Wearing dark sunglasses at night: I call that ‘Homeland Security’!” He was so ugly that he was obviously Homeland Security. The suit team was also watching over me closely looking for the slightest evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians. Then, on 1:08:00, I took notice of a white guy and a white female who were text-messaging. On 1:11:50 they left. On 1:17:00 the waitress was hurrying me. “Now we know that Homeland Security doesn’t want us to stay here but wants us to be outside.”

### **October 19 (Monday; Chinese surveillance; “Where is my phone?...”)**

My next recording is: “**knkos\_vid\_10\_19\_09\_135-804AM.WMA**”: I continued to observe the suspicious Asian girl: “... she’s doing something with architecture...” On 11:00, when I came out of Denny’s, I took note of another vagrant, a white male on his bare feet, sitting on the bench that I wanted to sit on. I then reflected on what happened when I was paying: “The waitress didn’t want my 18 cents... we don’t know if it’s a trick... *if it is, we just let it fall, right?*” Nice acting! I was also worried about not having any more disk space. Then again: “Oh, that man wears sunglasses at night, that’s very ‘Homeland Security’...” By 25:00 I had left Denny’s and was now walking down Westwood Blvd to go to Kinkos. I continued to describe the happenings around me: “That Homeland Security guy has just crossed red light, that means he’s my double, he’s imitating me... the ‘official me’ can violate the law without ever getting arrested, whereas the ‘real me’, even when I do nothing, will always be detained...” And I described the actions of the other people on the street since they could be my doubles. On 42:30 I came inside Kinkos. I had to tape up my glasses again. “... Homeland Security’s clandestine operational team is larger than the US army...” And I took note of everyone that was here: “... and the man over there is watching some sort of interview... that could be me... and another one over there... that could be me receiving a cellphone call...” I turned on my Toshiba: “... it probably already has Homeland Security virus in it...” On 50:00, that man’s cellphone rang again: “... it’s our communication with Moscow... from now on I will use my flash drive to upload files... there is something wrong with my SD card...” And that guy’s cellphone continued to ring. I again had problem in getting on the Internet. “The very likely Homeland Security guy is looking at his iPod...” And I started importing my latest videos. I took notice of the guy with a laptop and a big external hard drive. On 1:41:00 I was browsing the book on Windows Vista that I found on Kinkos’ bookshelf. And an Iranian man wearing a baseball cap was pacing back and forth (1:43:00). On 2:08:00 I went back to browsing the book. On 2:25:00 I counted the people who were here again: “... four people besides me, a Chinese guy and a Chinese girl... one of them really looks like Homeland Security...” I then continued to work on my videos. “The Chinese girl is doing some designing...” (2:41:00). Then, from 3:27:00 onward, I rested on my chair. The Kinkos employee soon woke me up (3:45:30). From 4:20:00 onward I started burning a new disc. I continued to work on my videos and discs. I had 84 discs by now! I then found among my DV tapes the video I shot of myself drawing Karin on June 21 2008 (“Karin slightly Arabesque”) which I had never imported, and I decided to import it to my Toshiba. A

black guy then came inside who I suspected was Homeland Security. On 5:41:30 he left and I read out his license plate. I was done with importing my video by 5:53:30 and went back to reading the book on Windows Vista. On 6:16:00 I packed up and was ready to leave. “That guy is making a cellphone call...” I walked through Westwood. “We haven’t slept for two days...” On 6:26:00 I urinated on the street corner: “Now I’m sure we are not blacked out in surveillance...” I was now waiting for the bus to go to downtown. On 6:27:00 the bus simply passed me by. Gee! I got on the next bus instead.

My next recording is: “[strg\\_brndvd55-9\\_dblelptp\\_10\\_19\\_09\\_809-1121AM.WMA](#)”: On 45:00 I got off the bus in downtown. Then: “Oh, a police officer is here to identify me... he’s making cellphone calls for me...” (46:00). I immediately got on the next bus to go to the storage facility. I counted the police cars around the bus. “Cameras have caught me!” On 54:00 I got off the bus on Venice Blvd and on 1:13:00 got on bus 38. I continued to count the people on the bus that looked like Homeland Security and were making cellphone calls. I got off the bus on 1:19:00 and recounted: “... a black man and a black woman were making cellphone calls... three calls in total in the past 30 minutes...” On 1:28:00 I came inside the storage facility. As usual, I carefully filmed the configuration of my storage unit (the first scene of my next video diary, “[10\\_19\\_09.wmv](#)”). I took out what I needed to burn my discs and came out of the storage on 1:35:30. On 1:38:00 I took notice of another driver who made a cellphone call. I sat inside the food mall and turned on my Toshiba (1:43:00). I noticed a tall white female who looked suspicious. I started burning DVD 55. From 2:13:00 onward I was burning a second disc. Then: “... that Hispanic guy is confused with me in surveillance... another intercept showing me speaking Spanish...” (2:45:00). Then: “... now should we take out our blanket or not?” Then I took special notice of a guy with a laptop looking as if he was trying to imitate me. Then I went out to stand by the door to watch my equipment closely while smoking a cigarette (2:53:50). Suddenly a Hispanic woman came up to me: “Do you need help?” I blew up: “Get the fuck away from me you fucking bitch... she’s trying to produce a surveillance intercept suggesting that I need to be put into the mental hospital...” Paranoid over nothing! I immediately came back inside because I couldn’t see through the glass door. I also continued to work on my Supplemental Pleading. I became increasingly convinced that the guy with a laptop over there was planted by the suit team, and he was trying to get online and make cellphone calls at the same time! And he said Hello to me! “I’ve just been caught making another cellphone call!” I packed up and got up. And he shouted to me: “What’s up!” while nodding his head. It’s now obvious that he was Homeland Security. I shouted at him: “You piece of trash!”

My next recording is: “[strge\\_vermnt\\_net\\_chnpssprt\\_10\\_19\\_09\\_1115AM-341PM.WMA](#)”: I then saw two more Hispanic men with an ASUS laptop. Were they my doubles? I went up to them to ask them as a way to record their confirmation. “There is no wireless network here, you can’t get online,” I kept telling them (from 3:00 onward). But they knew this and wouldn’t talk to me. Finally they became annoyed. Then another old lady said “Hello” and I confirmed it (5:40 or so). I came back inside the storage facility on 11:00. I came to my unit and began videotaping everything and putting in my new discs (from 1:10 onward in the video diary). (As you can see, my camcorder malfunctioned again.) I exited the storage facility on 38:00. I went back inside the food mall to use the restroom on 44:00. I had to complain: “As soon as I come inside the restroom, another person will come in to do exactly what I’m doing.” When I came out, I found another woman suspicious: “When I turned my head to look at

her, she also turned her head to look at me...” I got on bus 38 on 53:00. Immediately, as you can hear, somebody’s cellphone rang. Twice! Evidently the faulty surveillance Machine had intercepted me receiving a call from my Russian handler again. More suspicious people on the bus: “... a black female.... A black man wearing dark sunglasses...” And they scratched their head! And I scratched myself to them too (1:00:00). Then, on 1:03:00, I got off the bus on Venice and Grand. On 1:06:00 I filmed another woman scratching herself (7:32 in the video diary). Then more of it. On 1:09:00 a police car passed by (8:58 in the video diary). On 1:10:00 I walked inside Saigon Pho to ask for a trash bag. The cashier did give me one. Now I could bag up my blanket. On 1:18:00 I was on the bus again, and I got off on 1:24:00 and then immediately got on another bus. I commented about the suspicious man in the back of the bus: again, he had a cellphone with him. Then, on 1:46:00, I got off the bus on Vermont and Wilshire. I came inside Coffee Bean and washed myself in the restroom. I filmed the restroom before leaving to have proof that I left nothing behind (2:00:00 and 9:29 in the video diary). I asked for a cup of water and then sat outside. On 2:06:00 this man came over to make a cellphone call near me. On 2:10:00 a homeless woman wanted a cigarette from me for a quarter: “Get out of here!” Around this time I noticed that a Chinese woman wearing earphones was observing me from about 50 feet away. I immediately realized that she was doing surveillance for the Chinese consulate (which was only 100 yards away) and so tried hard to pretend that I didn’t notice her. This was a positive sign! On 2:17:00 I took out my Eee PC. Siren on 2:21:00. On 2:23:00 I went inside to use my Eee PC. On 2:25:00 the guy sitting next to me was text-messaging. I was now looking for something in my phone book. On 2:48:00, I was uploading a recording of Karin’s meetups to my website. Now, because sunshine was right on my screen, I couldn’t see anything clearly and, frustrated, picked up my netbook and swung it around ( 2:52:00). This was terribly risky: the Chinese woman wearing earphones immediately disappeared.

Let’s stop for a moment to try to understand what was going on here. Now that the Russian claim had been substantiated (with the evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians suppressed for the moment), China was in a strange situation. While the Chinese Ministry of State Security remained under US control, the Chinese government could now claim that I might constitute a threat to China as well as to Russia. In other words, they saw the light – an opportunity to finally get out of the US domination that had been the rule ever since March last year. The Chinese therefore decided to participate in the same mechanism which the Russians had been employing. Since I continued to remain on Homeland Security’s watchlist as a dangerous schizophrenic with the habit of harassing foreign dignitaries with my delusions, the Chinese diplomatic mission connected up with their Russian counterpart regarding me – given my physical proximity to the Chinese Los Angeles consulate lately. When, earlier, the Russians notified the Chinese consulate that I was in the area, the consulate happily requested permission from Homeland Security to run surveillance on me and then sent out a surveillance agent to watch over me. This was at once a way to affirm China’s new status (seeing me as a threat given my tendency to conspire with the United States to harm the United States’ adversaries) in the International Court of Justice. But now that I had made a move as if gesturing to their agent, the consulate’s security personnel became terribly frightened that the Americans might interpret my move as my “secret communication to my Chinese conspirators” and so quickly withdrew their surveillance. They had to be extremely careful as long as the Russians’ victory remained so insecure as it was right now.

Then I mumbled about how suspicious it was that the white guy who was sitting next to me, as soon as I sat down, took out his camera and placed it next to him. On 3:00:00 I left and, on 3:04:00, was inside the Metro station. I mumbled about the reason why I left: “My doubles were making me angry and so I’m going elsewhere.... Just ignore everything...” Then, amazingly, two guys were smoking marijuana in front of me while talking to each other. I shouted: “... smoking weed inside the Metro station! They must be my doubles!” (3:10:00) I now decided to go to the library instead. “Can’t take screenshots on library’s computers....” Note that a child was shouting inside the Metro station. On 3:26:00 I came out of the Metro station and, on 3:30:00, got on the bus. A child was shouting in the back of the bus as well (3:47:00). Then, on 3:54:00, I shouted out: “There might be a ‘Display’ on the bus! Blond hair, sunglasses...” It’s not clear whether I was correct. Supposedly, my conspiracy with the CIA would require the Agency to continue to place their agents around me. On 4:15:00 I got off the bus in Westwood. Strangely, a lot of police officers were on the street.

My next recordings are: “[slpongrass\\_10\\_19\\_09\\_346-451PM.WMA](#)” and: “[wk\\_uclalib\\_strbks\\_nethague\\_chnpssprt\\_10\\_19\\_09\\_631-957PM.WMA](#)”: I took a long nap on the grass and woke up feeling very cold. I got up on 7:00 (in the second recording) and packed my things up. “I took a nap on 3:30 PM...” On 10:00 I came inside a coffeehouse and discovered that somebody had left behind chicken nuggets. I grabbed them and came out to film them before I ate them all (9:45 in the video diary). Then, after much wandering, I came inside the UCLA Biomedical Library on 27:00. I got on the computer and checked my bank balance: it was negative 274 dollars (32:00). Then I checked my Gmail account. Then I got on the Chinese consulate’s website and started reading something about how to get a new passport because I thought I should get one for David Chin! And just after the Chinese consulate had requested surveillance on me! I was done and leaving on 49:00, continuing to mumble about the passport issue. “There is so much to do that we don’t know where to begin. How do you find a job? We need to find an ID for David Chin, we have only one ID... *we need to start living the life of David Chin*, but we don’t know how to do that... we need to get an ID first... it’s insane... Will the Chinese government issue me a passport confirming that I’m David Chin?” Interestingly, I was now doing things that would really enable the Chinese government to consider me a “threat”. On 1:00:00 I was in Starbucks. I sat outside to get online. I went onto the Chinese consulate’s website again, but got an error message “Server not found” (1:12:00). “Why? ... Homeland Security wants us to click on this notice about some German film festival, and so, without our even clicking on it, it pops up... it’s a secret message from foreign intelligence services...” I started filming it (1:21:00 or 9:58 in the video diary). It’s not clear whether I was not paranoid over nothing. Suddenly, somebody came to talk to me: “Get out of here! ... Homeland Security sent people to harass me again... Where is it? ... we have just produced more intercepts for our great country... that’s why we are getting all these junk emails... Why do I still get emails from Jennifer Day?” Then I was upset when my camcorder started malfunctioning again – that it was going to die soon. Then: “The guy in front of me is speaking Russian. Homeland Security has just produced another surveillance showing me speaking Russian. God damn myself! *I don’t know why it pisses me off...*” Again, I had to explain my resistance in case the Russians were listening. And I wanted to look up classifieds for things in the Hague. “... I’m just here to generate idiotic surveillance... I came to the Chinese embassy’s websites so that they can get sued... also to

look up classifieds for the Hague... while websites of embassies can pop up... those countries that need to get sued... and a message about the German film festival... I would like to know, or pretend to know, what the messages mean..." Then: "... don't worry about how surveillance intercepts are being produced, that's your function in society, and you have accepted it..." Again, I said this for the Russians to hear. "Why did Homeland Security send me this junk email? ... it's a secret message from foreign intelligence services... that I should continue to pretend to be mentally ill? ... I'm supposed to find a job, or not find a job... I need to find a job, or starve to death... we will find a job, we will produce intercepts, well, *that's what you live for...*" On 1:55:00 I came inside Starbucks, and, lo and behold, a police officer was there. I continued to search for things in the Hague. Then: "Is that another phone call in Arabic? I'm speaking Arabic now..." (2:04:00). Now I was looking up apartments in the Hague. I turned off the promiscuous mode on my Wireshark in order to reduce the number of packets I would have to save. I continued to mumble about how much Linux sucked. As I was examining all the apartment deals, people came to talk next to me, and I angrily told them to leave me alone (2:46:00). I moved away instead. Now I was looking at the website of the Hague University as I contemplated going to school again to pretend to be David Chin. Somehow I couldn't find the computer science major! "We need money to go to school again... It will be fun, even though we will be going to school with actors and actresses, but homeland Security might alter your textbooks in order to make you learn garbage... now the University of Leiden... Homeland Security is playing with us! Why would Google Map not show Leiden?"

My next recording is: "[strbkjob\\_mlstr\\_dennys\\_frtphezlwgr\\_dble\\_10\\_19-20\\_09\\_1008PM-1](#)": I continued to work inside Starbucks. My Eee PC froze up on 19:00. Then, someone in his car outside took a picture of me through the window (59:00). Again, the debate in the lower court about whether I did look like myself. As I was leaving, I came up with many ways to frame myself for more crimes, maybe even genocide: maybe I could cut out some pictures of genocide from magazines (1:10:00). I came to Denny's on 1:20:00. "The Toshiba Corporation should be very happy that I own a Toshiba, because then the Department of Homeland Security will buy up a thousand more Toshibas for use by my doubles..." (1:21:00). Then I accidentally recorded myself farting (until 1:27:00). "I can predict anything, just not when I am going to fart... This is all because other people's behavior is being remotely controlled by Homeland Security – but not their physiology, and not the weather..." (until 1:31:00). Then I suffered a slip of the tongue on 1:35:00: "*Where is my phone? I mean, my earphones...*" This is really bad, because the Russian team had surveillance agents around me at the moment and they had just accidentally intercepted me admitting that I had a cellphone with me. The suit team would soon begin to exploit this false admission on my part. I continued: "My future is the past, and my past never existed..." (1:38:30). Then: "I have never figured out how Renée Zellweger has anything to do with my crimes, nor how Katherine Heigl..." (1:45:00). "They kept appearing on my TV screen, and my TV is a reflection of my crimes..." (1:49:30). "According to surveillance, my laptop actually has 3G wireless capacity..." (1:53:45). "We are going to move to the Hague until we find out what our relationship is with Renée Zellweger and Katherine Heigl..." (1:55:00). "Anything could happen in the International Court of Justice: giving your middle-finger is communication of a secret message, sticking your hand into your pants to scratch your balls is communication of a secret message..." (2:02:00). Then: "My cellphone must be ringing again, unbeknownst to me..." (2:11:00).

Then the manager came to tell me the fries were 5 dollars. I got sarcastic and told him “I actually have a lot of money, just not with me...” (2:15:00) The manager came again, and I brushed him off: “I’m manipulating very sophisticated Russian-made spy equipment at this moment.... Please don’t bother me...” (2:21:30). Good evidences for the Russians! Then the waiter received a call on his cellphone on 2:31:00. On 3:03:00 I told a white female not to talk to me. I expressed the reason for my anger: I was so lonely, and yet, according to surveillance, I had all these friends (3:09:00). Here I was telling the truth! A Homeland Security actor then came in to sit at the table in front of me – my double – from 3:38:00 onward. He began talking: “This experience has made me... a very angry man. And I’m really a nice guy. This is turning me into a very vicious person” (3:39:30). This guy was talking for me – he was David Chin, “fluffy” as usual. That is, two hours ago, when the Russians accidentally intercepted me saying I had a cellphone, the suit team was jubilant. “See, even you yourself have to admit that he does have a cellphone...” They thus exploited this opportunity and sent in a double to be confused with me in surveillance. In other words, they would use Russians’ own surveillance as evidence that the faulty surveillance Machine was indeed accurate. Remember that, as long as the Russian victory in the upper court was not yet secure – as long as it was still possible to present evidence there of my conspiracy with the Russians – the United States could still win the trial by winning in the lower court.

### **October 20 (Tuesday)**

My next recording is: “[dnnys\\_dble\\_knkjapdble\\_10\\_20\\_09\\_146-251AM.WMA](#)”: Now my double was getting on my nerve: “... that ‘me’ over there is now using nasty language, racist language against Catholics and Jews...” Then: “Oh, he said, ‘They came to my house to waste my time’, so I have a house!...” Then: “Homeland Security agents have such a good job, just make a phone call near somebody... Now he says ‘1.6 million’, and so I’m talking about big money here...” I was now getting so disgusted listening to my double talking. “The non-existent me is an investigating journalist investigating myself...” Finally, on 23:00, I left Denny’s. I was now walking to the Kinkos down on Westwood Blvd. I continued my sarcasm: “What is the nature of my friends? Drug-dealers? There are too many things I’m pretending to not know about myself. I must pretend to find out... Do I need a license to investigate myself? ... Part of the investigation is to investigate whether I need a license to investigate myself... I’m pretending to investigate my relationship with Renée Zellweger and Katherine Heigl... and what is her name, the actress from South Africa? ...” Namely, Charlize Theron. Then I passed by another woman who was making a cellphone call. I said to her: “... you are making a cellphone call, ma’am...” (32:30). On 41:00 I came to Kinkos, and I noted that the lawyer that I always saw here was here again. As you shall see, I would make a big deal out of him tonight. On 43:00 I filmed myself describing this lawyer sitting in his car and staring at his cellphone (14:30 in the video diary) – and my camcorder was about to die. “The criminal videotaper has a broken instrument.” On 59:30 I came inside Kinkos.

My next recording is: “[knkphne\\_japlawyr\\_slpprklot\\_10\\_20\\_09\\_252-727AM.WMA](#)”: I continued to work in Kinkos. I was now publishing the video of my drawing “Karin slightly Arabesque”. I was also writing “Schizophrenic, III”. On 21:00, the lawyer referred to earlier was making a cellphone call. He was speaking Japanese. “Is this an operation? I’m getting so distracted.” I carefully observed him: “...

he's looking at some sort of schedule, some sort of calendar..." And another vagrant was at the coffee section. And I started reading the Windows Vista book again (26:00). On 29:00 I was back to working on my "Schizophrenic, III". Then: "... that guy is making a cellphone call in Japanese, there must be a reason for it..." (55:30). I went to warn him: "Do you mind if you talk down a little? Or maybe you should go outside, you piece of shit..." (1:00:00). Now he came near me with his cellphone: "Take it outside, sir!" (1:10:30) I shouted back: "Don't make cellphone calls next to me, you mother-fucking piece of shit..." I came outside to read his license plate to myself (1:12:30). Then I filmed something else that was suspicious: "I came out of Kinkos and this pickup truck just appeared! What kind of surveillance is he trying to produce?" (1:14:00) From 1:19:00 onward, I was resting in a street corner. On 1:29:00, I was disturbed by a taxi and moved out of my corner. I came back inside Kinkos and sat down by the coffee section. Now there was a guy reading a book in Farsi. I resumed writing and publishing the video of my drawing "Karin slightly Arabesque". Mr lawyer was answering a phone call again (2:08:30). On 2:29:00 I left Kinkos and recounted what this Japanese-speaking lawyer was doing with his pleading paper: who were the plaintiffs and who were the defendants, how he went to work on it more in Microsoft Word and so on and on. "I have seen him many times before and never suspected anything until today." I was convinced that, today, he was running an operation on me. In reality, it's not clear whether the suit team had really sent him in at all. "Am I preparing a lawsuit today?" On 2:34:00 I rested in a corner behind Kinkos and continued to speculate about this lawyer. I recalled my second night in Washington DC, how, when I was in Kinkos, this black man, vagrant-looking but wearing a suit jacket, came in and said he was a lawyer. "There is a profile of me in the ICJ saying that I'm pretending to be a lawyer... I started seeing this Japanese-speaking lawyer this year, after the lawsuit against Karin..." I continued to speculate about him and the evidentiary record from 2:40:30 onward: "Then afterward the lawyer came in and he immediately received a cellphone call. So I was reading a book in Persian, talking Japanese on the phone, and working on my law papers." On 3:16:30 a truck came by and woke me up. I then continued to sleep. On 4:17:00 another van stopped in front of me and woke me up. The driver came out to put newspapers into the newspaper stand and then smiled at me. I assumed he was trying to produce an intercept. I packed up and, on 4:20:30, filmed everything (the first scene in my next video diary, "[10\\_20\\_09.wmv](#)"). I was then walking the street. It was very cold, and I got on the bus on 4:24:30 and got off in Westwood Village on 4:28:00. I came inside Starbucks on 4:32:00.

My next recording is: "[strbks\\_eeemlfunct\\_lib\\_chkvid\\_10\\_20\\_09\\_720AM-111PM.WMA](#)": while I was in Starbucks, other people's cellphones kept ringing (1:23:00). Then, suddenly, when I was trying to transfer files from my Toshiba to my Eee PC using my flash drive, the flash drive couldn't receive files. The transfer just froze up in place! The strangest malfunctioning (from 0:55 onward in the video diary). I became ever more paranoid over the possible Homeland Security virus in my Toshiba. Then, when the video I had just uploaded didn't play right on my website, I actually suspected that my website had become fake (that I didn't actually upload the video: 2:31:00 and 3:21 onward in the video diary). I was most likely paranoid over nothing here (like a typical targeted individual). I left Starbucks on 2:55:00. As I stood on the corner of Westwood and Le Conte, I got an eerie feeling because there seemed to be a lot fewer people on the street. Did the neighborhood get evacuated? I filmed the whole scene while doing my acting (8:19 in the video diary): "... something very strange.... they are



producing surveillance showing the whole city being occupied by foreign agents... all are scratching their head....” (until 3:01:30). This time I was most likely paranoid over nothing: there was no evacuation. I then came inside the Biomedical Library to use the computers. I checked the videos on my website and on my disc (3:15:00). I then went inside the cafeteria on 5:25:00 to eat. When I came outside, I continued: “You are going to find a non-existent past in the future...” (6:11:00).

My next recording is: “[slpongrass\\_tldtoodr\\_2dllrbnk\\_10\\_20\\_09\\_136-613PM.WMA](#)”: I then took a nap on the grass. “I had some nice dreams last night... I don’t even remember them... Oh, this Asian girl is scratching her head... there will be people coming near me to make cellphone calls...” And I continued to describe the movement of the people around me. “The guy in front of me is pretending to be me, he is also wearing a baseball cap...” Then I fell asleep. On 1:45:00 I woke up. By 2:12:00 I had got up and started walking. On 2:33:00 I came inside the UCLA Medical Center to use the restroom and came out by 2:57:00. While walking I was mumbling indistinctly about something. On 3:00:00 I rested on the grass to enjoy my smoke break. Another female doctor making a cellphone call passed me by. I got up and started walking and another man making a cellphone call was right behind me. And more cellphone calls. I continued to describe the movement of the people around me, especially when they were using cellphones. Then I rested again. Then I mumbled about how I saw a Display: “Who would believe it?” Was I correct? Then about how Homeland Security had been instructing the people around me to wear earphones for three years. On 3:35:00 I came inside my bank. I filled out the withdrawal slip to withdraw the two dollars still remaining in my account. On 3:39:00, I came outside to film the slip (the first scene in the next video diary, “[10\\_20-23\\_09.wmv](#)”): “... that’s the withdrawal we will make...” When I came inside, however, I changed my mind and tore up the slip. I came to the counter, filled out another slip, and withdrew the remaining two dollars. On 3:46:00, I came out and filmed the withdrawal slip that I had torn up (0:56 in the video diary). “They didn’t want us to film our handwriting... They would like to swap our handwriting with someone else’s, or make it look like it’s a different account... We gave them the opportunity if that’s what they wanted to do. That withdrawal slip would be turned in to the International Court as evidence... *it’s not important, because now we are going on a new path we have never gone on before...* we just handed over the withdrawal slip that has never been videotaped, we were handing them the opportunity... even though it’s only two dollars, the world might be shaking a little more... sad, isn’t it? Just two dollars, and the world has to shake a little bit...” Just when I started walking away, a man came out of the bank to hand over a dollar bill to a Hispanic woman: “Thank you!” I was alarmed: “... it might be to produce a surveillance intercept showing somebody handing me a bunch of dollars...” Presumably I was correct: another evidence to support the “David Chin legend” in the lower court. Then, on 4:00:00, I hid in a corner and described again how I had changed my mind in order to offer the suit team an opportunity and so on. Nice acting! “That has confused us as to the operation’s purpose... international relations will change again when we withdraw two dollars... but we have no choice... it’s very sad... you have to give them what they want... because you are going to find a past that has never existed, and a future... even your handwriting can go now...” Then, siren on 4:08:30. Then, when an Asian girl passed me by, she immediately took out her cellphone and made a call. “Another call! I have just made another call to my African friends...” (4:16:30). Perhaps! Then: “... this place is not good, too many calls, it’s scary...” Then another woman was making a cellphone call near me: “... she almost looks like a ‘Display’...” I

kept on walking. And more Homeland Security self-scratchers: "... that's scary..." Then a white female passed me by speaking Russian: "... we've just got caught speaking Russian again, just like last night..." (4:28:00). I then came inside the UCLA Biomedical Library.

My next recording is: "[asktxtmssgr\\_strbks\\_asktshbadble\\_10\\_20\\_09\\_612-953PM.WMA](#)": I sat down in front of a computer station and started looking for jobs. I found a girl suspicious and asked her if she had just dialed her cellphone (13:50). She denied it. I then came out again and got water from Starbucks (29:00). I then went hiding underneath the table because people were taking pictures of me (33:00). Was I being paranoid or was it because of the debate in the lower court as to whether I looked like myself? I then noticed another guy in front of me who was doing his thing on his cellphone, and I let him pass before me (36:00). I continued to do my acting: "... something is very wrong with the people walking around..." (41:00). I retreated into a corner to work on my screenshots (46:00). Then an 18 year-old girl tried to hand me a sandwich, and I told her to go away (1:19:00). I then came inside the restroom (1:30:00). Soon a man walked in and, when he saw me, produced a mean face and then walked out. I came out and hide in a corner lamenting: "We cannot find a job like this..." I left Starbucks and walked down Westwood Blvd. Then: "That black man is getting into his car, it's probably me getting into my car..." (1:45:00) Then, because somebody was text-messaging nearby: "We've got intercepted text-messaging again..." (1:47:00). I then asked another stranger: "Are you making a phone call or are you text-messaging?" "Making a phone call" (1:56:00). We were at the bus stop, but, when Bus 3 came, he walked away instead of getting on the bus. He was obviously making the call for me! (Namely, the suit team's agent.) I came back to Starbucks on 2:22:00. I took notice of another black guy using his cellphone next to me (2:27:00). And then the wireless network was down (2:31:00). I began crying on 2:48:00: "I don't like this at all... My Toshiba is here..." All because another person nearby was also using a Toshiba: my double. I went to ask him if his Toshiba was brand new and if he was text-messaging (2:51:00). He had just got his Toshiba off the shelf! My double's Toshiba was always brand new! I asked him more questions, but he said, "You've got to hit the road..." (2:53:45). Because my supposed double was a doctor, I continued: "Today I'm pretending to be a doctor..." (3:01:00). Then a stranger said Hi to me: another intercept showing a secret agent passing me a secret message had been produced! (3:22:00) Then my double received another cellphone call. I shouted: "I have received another cellphone call!" (3:32:45)

My next recording is: "[strbks\\_rcrdrtimewrong\\_10\\_20\\_09\\_958-1046PM.WMA](#)": I was then upset because my recorder shut itself off. "A Hispanic female made a cellphone call earlier, that was not picked up... she was gone..." And then Ms Homeland Security text-messenger was back, and then gone again, and then back again. Then another man walked in with a cellphone. I was now working on my recordings. Another Asian guy was text-messaging. "My double is gone, the doctor with a Toshiba and the researcher" (29:30). I was then engrossed in the strangest machine malfunctioning: "... the property of this file has a different time-stamp... it's all wrong..."

My next recording is: "[fd\\_slp\\_10\\_20-1\\_09\\_1054PM-251AM.WMA](#)": By 8:00 I left Starbucks taking care to leave nothing behind. I came to the trash cans and, luckily, found food. Again, I filmed it before I ate it (10:30 and 5:25 in the video diary). I took notice of a Jeep that was parked there with its lights

on (13:30). “I think it’s an Iranian guy...” And he said Hello to me! Presumably not Russian surveillance. He came out of the car, did something, and then went back inside his car. “He just produced a surveillance intercept...” Presumably not an operation either. When I finished eating I filmed it again (19:00 and 6:02 in the video diary). I came back to Starbucks, got water, used the restroom, and came out again: “We should have stayed in the library... we shouldn’t have stayed in Starbucks...” I came to the my usual corner by the payphone to get ready to sleep (26:30). I mumbled about how, if I had stayed in the library, I wouldn’t have seen another Toshiba. I filmed the surrounding (34:20 and 6:18 in the video): “... it’s not a good spot... people could park over there to make cellphone calls for us... but we are too tired...” Then two attractive females were talking to a homeless bum: “... to produce surveillance showing me talking to pretty women...” And siren on 36:00.<sup>6</sup>

### **October 21 (Wednesday; my translator resume)**

My next recording is: “[slp\\_wklib\\_phntxtmssgr\\_10\\_21\\_09\\_416-932AM.WMA](#)”:<sup>7</sup> On 3:26:00 I was getting up. I filmed myself on 3:28:00 (6:38 in the video diary). I took into account all the trash around. As I was walking to the UCLA Biomedical Center, somebody near me immediately text-messaged: “... as soon as I woke up, I need to text my boss, ‘Boss, I just woke up, I’m ready to conduct more clandestine operations’...” On 3:35:00 I filmed my reflection on the building’s windows (7:28 in the video diary). On 3:44:00, a white female made a phone call as soon as I passed her by. “We are caught again...” Then, a UCLA Security Management vehicle: “... the vagrant is ‘spotted’ walking into the Biomedical Center...” On 3:53:00 I came inside the Biomedical Center. I got coffee from the vending machine. Then, another Asian female text-messaged: “I’m telling my boss that I’m buying coffee.” Then another man was making a call. “We have made four phone calls so far.” Then a black man scratched his head when passing me by (4:03:40). “... we have got to use the Sony discs to replace the Fidelis discs... We did notice that a lot more people are wearing sunglasses lately... Homeland Security reality...” Probably just paranoid over nothing here. Then: “We have to get the contact lens out of our left eye.” I continued to count the people who were scratching themselves or carrying cellphones while I enjoyed my coffee. I used the restroom inside the Biomedical Library and came out mumbling about my Express Card. While outside the Biomedical Center, I again ran into police officers: “... ‘spotted’ by police officers who are pretending to respond to something... ‘The vagrant is spotted again’... ‘His passport is in question, his identity is in question’... Oh, another Homeland Security man wearing a baseball cap, and the security guard is waiting for me... now the Homeland Security man is making a cellphone call...” I came onto the street, and there was protest in progress: “Did Homeland Security stage it? ‘Stop Obama something’...” And then another white female was text-messaging near me like crazy: “... *well, just let everything go...*” And another pretty white female: “Could she be a ‘Display’?” On 5:12:00 I came inside Starbucks and turned on my Toshiba. Two more persons were text-messaging, and one of them asked me something when he saw me taking notice of him. “He’s going to report it somewhere, ‘The vagrant is walking around snooping on people’...”

My next recordings are: “[upld\\_txtmssgr\\_10\\_21\\_09\\_927-940AM.WMA](#)” and: “[txtmssgrrcrd\\_r](#)”

6 Reviewed until 45:00.

7 Reviewed from 3:13:00 onward.

[dsplvid1019\\_askplg\\_10\\_21\\_09\\_944-1126AM.WMA](#)”: I continued to count the people who were making calls and text-messaging. I was then mumbling something about the technique of using a fake license plate. Then I started uploading my latest recordings and working on my files. Then a white female started text-messaging in the distance while I was adjusting the time in my recorder. I thought I’d got it: “According to surveillance, my recorder is a cellphone....” I actually wondered whether she was in fact a “Display.” “This means that the surveillance system *can* be adjusted...” Then the white female was text-messaging again (15:30). “... you’ve got caught again texting your foreign contact...” Then she was making calls! Then, on 20:30, she was gone. “We are such a surveillance dummy tree; everyone comes around us to do this and that while we are just sitting here doing the same old thing... there is no point in making my website public now, there will be no visitors...” Then another woman was making a cellphone call on 31:00. And another white female came in and I described her movement (43:00). Then another white female came in and was making a call in front of me (45:00). Then she was text-messaging. On 55:00, a guy came over wanting to touch my Eee PC. I was shocked and yelled at him rudely. “He’s from Homeland Security, it’s obvious...” Then an Asian guy asked me where the restroom was, and I didn’t respond (1:01:00). Then I described this supposedly Homeland Security guy: he just stared at the wall while his browser was displaying “Page not found”. “He’s me. But what surveillance is he trying to produce?” Then he seemed to be imitating me by wandering in the coffeehouse checking on what everyone was doing. On 1:26:00, another very pretty white female came in: now this one *really* looked like a “Display.” Then, my Homeland Security double was leaving (1:28:00). The very pretty white female that looked like a “Display” was now outside, and then she left (1:32:00). Then another woman tried to talk to me, and I didn’t respond (1:36:00).

My next recording is: “[obama\\_angry\\_10\\_21\\_09\\_1120AM-1207PM.WMA](#)”: I was still working in Starbucks. Another white female wearing dark sunglasses came by, and a bunch of Japanese girls were talking loudly in Japanese. I believed I had found my double here, a guy with a netbook. Then another white female came over to text-message. Suddenly, my Internet connection was cut off. I speculated again: “... it’s some sort of requirement that I upload each file only in segments....” Then, malfunctioning again: I was not allowed to log into my Hostmatrix site. I was getting frustrated but was finally able to get in. “... it’s very dangerous to use my SD card... our double over there... we tried to go onto Hotmail, but we went instead to hot.com... and the picture of Obama just popped up... Homeland Security wants us to produce this intercept... he’s black and we are a white supremacist and so his image is supposed to pop up on our screen... more than displaying my obsession with the President, I have probably also received some sort of secret message here... after you look at your President, your computer is supposed to break down...” I got so angry that I shut down my Eee PC without saving the Wireshark captures.

My next recording is: “[slp\\_lib\\_rsmehstmtrx\\_10\\_21\\_09\\_1212-705PM.WMA](#)”: On 2:30 I left Starbucks. “Our discovery today: Wireshark will be able to capture Homeland Security remote control, otherwise they wouldn’t have frozen up our Eee PC in order to prevent us from saving our Wireshark captures...” Bullshit! I found left-over food somewhere and filmed myself eating it (6:30 and 8:35 in the video diary). Then I kept on walking. On 14:30, a man was text-messaging: “... this man really looks Homeland Security, 60 year-old, sunglasses...” Then: “... we saw a picture of our President... we

didn't know it was our job today to see a picture of the President... when it's our job, it will simply happen to us..." I continued to count the people who were text-messaging. On 39:00 I lay on the grass and took a nap. Siren on 1:43:30. On 2:13:00 I woke up and discovered a guy sitting over there in the distance. "Maybe that's me." Then, on 2:19:00, a woman came around speaking Russian. "Oh, I'm caught unprepared..." On 2:35:00, another guy was text-messaging. "Every time when I get up, I need to text my boss." I got up and started walking. A homeless man was talking to himself in imitation of me. "I can never stop making cellphone calls, I feel very sad about that." On 2:44:00 I came inside the UCLA Biomedical Library and got on a public computer. I got on my website (lawrencechin2008.com) to check on the files I had recently uploaded and to see how much disk space I had used. On 3:18:00 I checked on the problem with Geocities and got on archive.org to check on the cache of my Geocities websites. I then checked the Google ranking of my chapters. Only a couple of days were left with Geocities! I then took notice of an Asian man dragging a cart. I then read through Geocities' instructions on how to download my entire website. "... it's very sad that, after 11 years, Geocities is gone..." Then I started looking at job listings. I was alarmed when the advertisement "Work for the NSA" popped up on the side of my screen. "Surveillance has just been created showing David Chin wanting to infiltrate the American intelligence system..." As I started searching for jobs online, of course the first result that popped up was the opening for a middle school teacher! Evidence of my pedophilia! (4:40:00) I muttered: "... our 'Crime Summary' is like our resume..." Still wanting to do something concrete to become David Chin, I suddenly thought of an idea: writing out a new translator resume and incorporating into it all the characteristics I had discovered about David Chin. I thus started typing out my new translator resume on Google DOC: first I listed the nations for which I was spying (4:45:00). Then how I was a computer science major and a multilingual. And the computer screen jumped at one point! Was evidence taken? The Russians would love what I was doing! Then: "The same scary 'hood person' is here, just like yesterday." On 5:13:00 I was done for today and had packed up. I took care to describe all the things that were seen around me. "As soon as we leave, this bag will be found, and intelligence documents will be discovered inside..." On 5:17:00 I checked out the trash can by the entrance. On 5:17:50, somebody's cellphone rang: "... that's mine..." And I found chips and ate them. And rice too. Then an Asian woman asked me if I wanted food, and I wanted to bunch her in the face: "... disguising harm under kindness..." On 5:21:50, I found more food and filmed it before eating it (8:55 in the video diary). "I know it's kind of strange, it's America, everything is supposed to turn into its opposite... *you shouldn't have petitioned and filed the lawsuit... you should have just stayed home...* that guy, he's suspicious, as soon as I walked in, he walked away..." (5:40:00). Again, I was acting when I blamed everything on my lawsuit back in March. While walking, I kept on describing the movements of the people around me, especially when they were making cellphone calls. Then I noticed that an attractive white female who looked like a "Display" was writing some paper inside In-and-Out (5:55:00). Again, it's not clear whether I was correct. On 5:56:30 I found more chips and went to the corner to film them before eating them (9:15 in the video diary). A car then suddenly stopped by: "... the driver is probably text-messaging for me..." (6:15:00). I read out his license plate. Siren on 6:15:20. I got up and walked away: "... we walk away because getting pissed off is not part of the script... the script is about turning everything into its opposite... the script is that we are living in a script..." Then a guy speaking an unintelligible foreign language on his cellphone passed me by (6:26:00). Then I developed a new saying: "... nothing matters any more... when America turns

everything into its opposite, the ‘Displays’ will be pleased...” (6:34:30). By 6:49:00 I settled down at a table inside Starbucks and resumed working.

My next recording is: “[vid\\_10\\_21\\_09\\_649-758PM.WMA](#)”: I continued: “... we have to keep track of the script, otherwise, we might not know what’s going on...” I was now working on my video diary “[10\\_18\\_09.wmv](#)”. Then a very attractive white female walked past: “... Oh, do you want to see Displays?... Oh, this one really looks like a Display... in the future, we will have a course on this... when there will not be any more consequences... for now, we will have to pretend we don’t know who these people are that are in our videos...” I then mumbled about how the proper identification of “Displays” depended on the context. Then my saying again: “... that’s how you can please the Displays, when you accept becoming the opposite of yourself...” Then, on 28:00, somebody’s cellphone rang: “... it’s perhaps my cellphone that is ringing...” Then a woman came to talk to me and I ignored her. Then more speculation about how she would later rumor about me resulting in my getting picked up. Wrong! On 38:00, I included my new saying in the concluding section of my latest video diary “[10\\_18\\_09.wmv](#)”: “When everything turns into its opposite, the Displays will be pleased...” That’s again good evidence of my conspiracy with the CIA! On 57:00 a man came near me to make a cellphone call. Then I was working on the video diary “[10\\_11\\_09.wmv](#)”. On 1:07:30, another person’s cellphone was ringing.

My next recording is: “[strbk\\_nohstmtr\\_x\\_libsme\\_10\\_21\\_09\\_804-1146PM.WMA](#)”: I was scared to go near people (14:20). I then began uploading the folder containing all the files for my Scientific Enlightenment to my Hostmatrix site: I decided to move my magnum opus from Geocities to Hostmatrix. Then someone’s phone rang behind me (17:00). He said, “I’m sitting outside”. He was obviously sent in to be confused with me in surveillance! Then another one. I shouted: “Oh, I have just answered another phone call. I have so many friends! I’ve got to find out who my friends are. There are too many ‘me’ around. That’s why the world is such a terrible place...” (until 20:40). Then: “‘Me’ is behind me, studying a big book...” (21:00). And: “I have no idea which person around me is ‘me’; I just know that, according to surveillance, I’m not doing what I’m really doing, and that I’m being prevented from accessing my Hostmatrix account via FTP” (28:00). In fact, it seemed that my Hostmatrix website had suddenly disappeared (36:40). What’s going on? By 57:00 I had left Starbucks and was walking to the UCLA Biomedical Library. I continued to count the people who passed me by with their cellphones. On 1:05:00 I came inside the library. I noted that the person with the hood was there again and that there were nine people at the computer stations. I sat down at a station and, while publishing the video diaries I had just edited, looked up my website at Hostmatrix. It had indeed disappeared. What? I then continued to work on my bizarre resume. I was again under the impression that my computer was being remotely controlled by Homeland Security. Then: “... our resume is not very long because it takes time to learn about ourselves... Where did I go to school? Remember the junk email from Florida Tech... Did I go to school there?” I was all done with my resume on 1:58:00. I then logged into my Paypal and discovered that I had 7 dollars there. Suddenly, my Hostmatrix site came back online! What’s going on? I then downloaded my “resume” from Google DOC: “... it’s not gonna be easy to be David Chin because we don’t yet know too much about him...” I logged into Hostmatrix and then examined my Google DOC account. Then I checked the recordings I had uploaded to my

website (lawrencechin2008.com). On 2:51:00 the library was closing and I exited. While walking, I took note of the Asian guy and Asian girl dragging a cart and putting it into their car. Then the UCLA Facility Management truck passed me by from behind. “There is something wrong with these trucks... that’s why they keep passing us by... I say there must be a camera inside them...” When I came to Westwood Village, I found burrito and chips in a trash can on 3:13:00 and ate them without filming them first. Then: “Oh, that Mercedes has ‘spotted’ us, he will rumor about us afterward saying the vagrant is spotted eating chips in the street corner...” Then siren from ambulance on 3:19:00. I mumbled about whether I could find a job with my new “resume”. On 3:33:30 I came inside Starbucks but backed away because a police officer was inside: “... police officers are scary because they want to help... everything is turned into its opposite in America... Oh, a white guy is handing over a hard drive to an Asian guy, that must be me...” (3:46:00). Was this really staged by the suit team? I came to a corner to get ready to sleep. I taped up my bag in case Homeland Security decided to send agents to burglarize me things while I slept.

### **October 22 (Thursday; the plan to remove me)**

My next recording is: “[slp\\_wk\\_lib\\_fakecmput\\_rsmetrnslat\\_10\\_22\\_09\\_450-1036AM,WMA](#)”: I woke up on 3:20:30. Some people were filming in the distance, with their camcorder on tripod (3:29:00). Something like an interview. Then an attractive female pulled her car in next to me, with an Oregon license plate (3:36:00). Despite my being alarmed, it was probably just a random event. I came to the UCLA Biomedical Center and got my morning coffee from the vending machine (3:48:00). A woman and her child were standing behind me: evidence of my pedophilia? I kept commenting on the movement of the doctors and so on who were making cellphone calls (4:05:00). Then I came inside the Biomedical Library to use the computers. A text-messenger! “We’ve got caught text-messaging again!” (4:23:30) “Whenever we start doing something, some intercept would have to precede it to make it look like we are following instructions from foreign intelligence services” (4:25:20). Then: “According to surveillance, we are using a fake computer again...” (4:31:00). Then: “According to surveillance, our Internet connection is also fake, that’s why ‘Jose’ pressed a button on his cellphone just when we started typing. There is nothing we do that is real. That’s okay, as long as we are going to get paid...” (4:37:00). Then a guy came to sit down next to me, typed something into his computer, and then got up and left five seconds later. He was obviously here to frame me (4:43:00). Namely, he had probably looked up some spy documents or child pornography or things of such nature on his computer so that faulty surveillance could then confuse him with me: just more evidence to support the “David Chin legend” in the lower court. More: “We are in a fake environment created by foreign intelligence services...” (4:47:30). Then: “I’m just pretending to be typing, I don’t actually have the ability.... It’s a foreign intelligence service which is sending words to my computer....” (4:52:30). I then continued to work on my new translator resume: “... even though I am retarded, my work is the work of many geniuses from behind the scene!” My resume was so funny that I couldn’t stop laughing (5:03:30). Then: “As long as we get paid, even though we have to work in order to pretend we are not working but are pretending to work....” (5:11:00). I then placed a link to my new resume on my profile page at Translators’ Cafe and sent out my first job application posing as David Chin (5:29:00). The Russians’ evidence of my conspiracy with the suit team! Then I saw the profile of a certain “Femininza”: “This is

definitely a Homeland Security fake foreign intelligence profile... It is luring us to apply for this....” I thus clicked on it (5:31:00). I was probably not correct here.

My next recording is: “[wstwd\\_bvrlyhll\\_psdn\\_cllphnangry\\_10\\_22\\_09\\_945AM-607PM.WMA](#)”: The end of the previous recording and the beginning of this recording overlap (“Femininza” on 40:00). Then I was browsing through other translation services on Translators’ Cafe. And I applied for several more translation jobs with my bizarre resume: “... although my resume is kind of strange given my unusual circumstances... Oh, what is the Homeland Security guy doing over there? And the same Chinese guy is there. He’s chatting online” (1:01:00). And he was also checking his Gmail account. By 1:21:00 I had exited the library. Immediately, I ran into someone who was text-messaging: “Oh, we are communicating with foreign intelligence again...” I kept mumbling about how cool it was to go to school and study again. When I came onto the street, I immediately ran into a UCLA fire truck: again I assumed its camera had caught me (1:27:30). (Probably not.) Then another guy was text-messaging in his car: “... we are caught again communicating with Moscow...” (1:28:30). Then a vagrant was picking things in a trash can: “... it’s our double...” (1:30:30). And I continued to count the people who touched themselves. “The suit team is like: ‘We make reality.’” Street workers were pretending (or so I thought) to measure the street. Then another woman was talking Farsi on her cellphone” “... that’s me again...” (1:40:00). Then an attractive white female: a Display? (1:43:30) I kept on walking. Another white female was text-messaging in front of me: “... scared...” And more. Then another white female who looked like a “Display”. Was she really one? On 1:51:00 I found food in the trash can and ate it. And I counted more people who scratched their head or who were about to make cellphone calls. Then a black Cadillac with tinted windows appeared and the driver spat on the street (1:56:00). “... that could be you...” Presumably Mr former Secretary was not inside! Then a woman near me was talking Vietnamese or Cambodian on her cellphone: “... an intercept showing me talking Vietnamese or Cambodian...” I settled down in Starbucks’ patio and was on my Eee PC checking out Open Office while uploading files to my website. I couldn’t access Google DOC on Linux but could only download my new resume as a PDF document. Then I commented on this man near me: “... he’s from Homeland Security, we have seen him many times before, he’s wearing dark sunglasses... the last time he was bad-mouthing about our President in order to produce evidence of our bad-mouthing about our President...” (2:14:00). On 2:21:00 I came inside Starbucks. There was another guy with an Eee PC. On 2:40:00 I left Starbucks because the upload speed here was too low. On 2:43:00 I rested in a corner continuing to count the people on cellphone and text-messaging. Then I moved on. On 2:49:00 I came inside the other Starbucks. Two Taiwanese guys were behind me. I couldn’t get online with my Eee PC and so left on 2:55:00. Then: “Did another ‘Display’ pass me by?” I came inside Peet’s Coffee on 2:56:30 to try out the Internet here, but the cashier insisted that I buy something before he would give me the wireless network password. I left. “Spotted by another police car!” (3:01:30) Then I took notice of another woman staring at her cellphone who looked like a “Display” (3:02:30). Then it seems that somebody with a camera on a tripod had “accidentally” photographed me (3:05:00). Presumably this was not an operation. On 3:11:00 I got on bus 20 to leave Westwood. “A Hispanic woman is making a cellphone call! We are intercepted!” (3:14:30) On 3:24:00 I got off the bus in Beverly Hills. I continued to count the people who made cellphone calls or touched themselves. On 3:35:00 I came inside a Starbucks. I continued: “Another white female is making communication for us... Another white female



has come in text-messaging... a Homeland Security agent is sitting in front of us... more cellphone calls..." I logged into lawrencechin2008.com. Then, when a white female received a call, there were strange beep sounds (3:41:30). Then I checked my bank account. When someone wanted to sit next to me, I yelled at him: "No! Somebody is sitting here! Don't sit next to me..." (3:52:30). He sat down elsewhere and opened up his laptop: "... obviously in order to be confused with me..." I asked him: "You've got Instant Messenger, huh?" He confirmed it. Upset, I moved away and sat outside. And another guy outside was talking on his cellphone. I was very annoyed, but, thank God, he soon left. I then counted more people who were talking on their cellphones. I then logged into my Hostmatrix account. Then a couple of Iranians came near me to speak Farsi loudly (4:07:00). Then a woman text-messaged. I asked her: "You have just text-messaged?" Surprisingly, she replied: "Okay, I'll stop." "Thank you!" (4:10:30) And she walked away! "She looks 18 year-old... but we didn't videotape her... I think we will be okay..." Presumably she wasn't carrying out an operation for the suit team. Then another group of youngsters came to sit next to me. I was now fixing the link structure of my Scientific Enlightenment on Hostmatrix. Then another Homeland Security "agent", a vagrant-looking black man with big earphones, came over. And another man pressed a button on his cellphone right in front of me (4:22:30). And a limousine showed up in front of me! It couldn't be Mr former Secretary, could it? On 4:24:15 another person's cellphone was ringing. I got so sick of it that I got up and left. On 4:26:30, siren. I continued to count the people who were making calls or scratching themselves as I walked through the street. "I'm a cellphone tree for people... when people see me, they immediately make cellphone calls..." On 4:41:00 I got on the bus. "That's me over there making a cellphone call..." Strangely, he was talking to the Beverly Hills police chief. I asked him: "What's your business with the Beverly Hills police chief? Are you a cop or something?" He wouldn't respond. From 4:47:30 onward he finally responded and told me he worked for the Beverly Hills Police Department. I explained that I was concerned because I was a criminal. Then a Hispanic lady alarmed me by smiling at me (4:56:00). On 5:11:00 somebody's cellphone was ringing again: "I've just received another call." Note that a child was shouting inside the bus at this point. I kept counting the police cars which passed by the bus. Then, suddenly, a man was making disturbances on the bus and the bus driver was trying to escort him off the bus: "... surveillance showing me being escorted off the bus..." (5:30:30). On 5:38:00 I got off the bus in downtown. I continued to count the people who were making cellphone calls or text-messaging. I was now looking for the foreign exchange office wanting to exchange the few Nicaraguan Cordoba that I still had. I predicted: "... surveillance of my contact with foreign agents is about to be created..." Then a Japanese lady made a cellphone call near me: "... we are intercepted speaking Japanese again..." Unfortunately, the foreign exchange office was closed. Then another taxi-driver came near me to text-message. And more cellphone calls. Then I believed that another police car had caught me in its camera. Then a black man smoking tiny cigarettes passed me by: "... to produce surveillance showing me smoking weed..." More cellphone calls. "... hundreds of cellphone calls each day... it makes us very sad... we have to go hungry today..." Then, on 6:12:00, two Iranian men talking Farsi on their cellphones passed me by. "Today's theme is our speaking Farsi... two more Iranian women... surveillance showing us meeting Iranian agents..." It's not clear whether the suit team had really orchestrated all the Farsi around me today, or whether Iranian agents were now participating in the operation on Russia's side. Then more cellphone calls. "I can't deal with cellphones anymore... we have been in downtown for a few minutes, and 30 calls have already been intercepted from us..." And

more text-messaging. By 6:30:00 I got on the bus. On 6:31:00 I yelled at a Hispanic guy: “Keep texting, com’on!” Then, more cellphone calls on the bus. “... we must find out who we are calling, who are our friends...” Then I got angry because more children had got on board: “... the mother with that little piece of trash...” And more cellphone calls. I got my laptop out to work on my diary. On 7:25:00 I got off the bus in Pasadena, and another man was text-messaging near me: “... we’ve got caught again...” On 7:27:00 I was in the Chinese fast food on Colorado Blvd ordering my dinner. I asked this man: “Oh sir, are you making a cellphone call for me? Or are you taking a picture of me?” “It’s not your business!” And we argued. I came out with my food and filmed another Asian woman who was making a cellphone call for me (or so I assumed: 7:29:00). And I bumped into her. Then I filmed another man who tried to take pictures of me (7:30:00 and 9:40 in the video diary). Was it an operation? Was he working for the suit team or for the Russian side? While eating in the street corner, I continued to mumble about how all this would be intercepted into the International Court as evidence. “When other people take pictures of me, that’s not a crime, but when I take pictures of other people, that’s a crime...” Then I noticed this Homeland Security agent who was charging his cellphone and, assuming he was here to produce a surveillance intercept, I walked up to him and pushed over his Coca Cola (7:40:00). He yelled profanity at me and struck me in the head. I shouted: “It’s just an accident!” Then, on 7:43:30, I filmed another black Cadillac with tinted windows (10:42 in the video diary). “We need the judges to see us making cellphone calls, but we don’t have a cellphone, and so everyone comes around...” Then I mumbled about how violent Homeland Security agents were. As I was resting in a corner, another car came to park in front of me, and I read out its license plate: “... other people are such trash... nothing but malice in their heart...” (7:50:00). I continued to describe the movement of the people around me: were they here to produce surveillance intercepts? And I counted more people who made calls. Filled with bitterness, I soon started talking about murdering them. And I continued to take notice of cars that passed me by and read out their license plates. “... it would be nice if we have some sort of virus with which to kill all other human beings...” I continued to curse people while walking. On 8:18:00 I came to the corner behind Chase bank and turned on my Toshiba. “Maybe we have just got new nations to sue...”

My next recording is: “[secgrdharass\\_blkwmcllphn\\_dble\\_10\\_22\\_09\\_6-727PM.WMA](#)”: I continued to work in the corner behind Chase bank. I reflected on the way the evidentiary process had changed: “.... before, with Karin, it was about what people said, and now it’s all these tiny things, cellphone calls or no cellphone calls... Before, meetup was once a week. Now, there is evidence every single second of our life....” (4:30). This, again, is also why my narrative has to become so tedious by now. Then a Homeland Security agent came over to said Hi to me (5:30). An intercept? I then filmed another woman who said Hi to me: “I’m not taking pictures... Why are you saying Hi?” (16:00 or 11:00 in the video diary) Someone then came over to tell me I was on private property. “Okay, I’ll leave, please go away,” I replied angrily (23:00). And he just stood there to watch over me. “Why don’t you call the SWAT team? Oh yes, you have received an order from the top, ‘We are gonna bother him’...” “We know you...” “Of course you know me, everyone knows me...” He then insisted that other people’s cigarette butts were mine (until 26:00). I continued: “Everybody else has access to the International Court’s records, I’m the only one who doesn’t have such access and who doesn’t know why today evidences for my making cellphone calls are needed...” (31:00). In reality, it’s not clear whether this

man had indeed anything to do with the suit team. Then I noticed another guy who was making cellphone calls near me (32:30). While walking away, I continued: "... despicable human beings... We enjoy looking at other people in misery..." (36:00). I came to the tables outside Starbucks instead. Now I was driven to a place where there were a lot of people! Again, a black girl came near me just to make cellphone calls, and I filmed her (42:30 and 11:11 in the video diary). I was angry and reflected: "Why is Homeland Security remotely controlling my computer?" Then: "Someone came next to us with a Dell laptop, he's gonna get confused with us..." (47:20). Then, it's another Asian bitch with a cellphone. Finally I decided to move (48:00). I came inside Starbucks to work on 50:00. "Oh, we were caught making cellphone calls again..." (1:02:20). Soon a doctor showed up. "Oh, we have been pretending to be doctors lately..." (1:04:20). When I came outside, I noticed another Hispanic guy on bicycle who was talking on his cellphone (1:07:00). I logged into my website.

My next recording is: "[strbk\\_iran\\_10\\_22\\_09\\_732-837PM.WMA](#)": Then an Iranian woman appeared to make cellphone calls near me (10:00). I did my acting: "All day today Iranians have been making cellphone calls near us..." In reality, I suspected that many of the Iranians might actually be agents working on the Russian side. Then my Eee PC froze up on 12:00. Then: "Another Iranian man is talking Farsi next to me to produce surveillance showing us speaking Farsi." I continued to upload my latest recordings to my website and work on my files. (The video of my drawing "Karin Slightly Arabesque" and so on.) On 1:03:40, more Farsi-talking near me. "... another intercept... the country that is being sued today is Iran..."

My next recording is: "[secgrd\\_rmve\\_hmlssmnotact\\_10\\_22\\_09\\_844-1010PM.WMA](#)": By this time only two persons were left in Starbucks. I then came out to greet the two security guards who had been watching over me (32:00). They denied that they were watching over me. "If you have a problem you tell me!" Then: "Maybe they were discussing how to secretly take me away..." (33:45). As you shall see, I would be quite right! I thus decided to leave. Then: "About 20 people have come near me today to make calls in Farsi..." (39:00). Then, my acting: "You do something for your country, and you get to be put away..." (40:00). Namely, I said this in order for the Russian side to catch me conspiring with the United States despite my resistance. I then saw the vagrant who had been sleeping by the church together with me (43:00). He told me he overheard the security guards discussing how to remove me (45:00). Wow! See, I was right! He was the only person I had ever met who had not been recruited by Mr former Secretary. I came to a corner with electrical outlets to charge my computers and filmed it (46:00). I continued my confession (acting: Russian cars were presumably nearby recording me): "The country being sued right now is Iran... Evidences for my connections with Iranian agents will need to be found on me... This is a new show, not the old show..." (49:00). Then about the vagrant: quite a miracle that he had been sleeping near me and yet had never been recruited! (59:00) I then came squatting by a corner near Zona Rosa. Soon a police car came to shine its light upon me (1:02:00 or 11:49 in the video diary). "Are you alright?" I read out the police car's license plate: 1180291. I then filmed myself: "... they want us 'spotted' in preparation for picking us up. It's very unfortunate when you are made a subject of dispute in the International Court, because you are in danger..." (1:07:00). Then: "In 2007, we were homeless for 6 months, and no one ever bothered us..." (1:09:00). Then: "The ICJ is a torture chamber!" I then noticed another Asian guy talking on cellphone (1:16:00). I got on the

bus on 1:25:00.

My next recording is: “[tovinesnst\\_prklot\\_dnutplcedble\\_slp\\_10\\_22-3\\_09\\_1015PM-242AM.WMA](#)”: I was sitting in the back of the bus. A Hispanic male sat down near me and started carving something with his stick. “He’s producing a certain type of surveillance...” He then took out his cellphone and started texting. I then took notice of three police cars on the road. The Transit TV was broadcasting something about Morocco. “It’s for us!” On 25:00 the bus suddenly stopped for a while. “Something is going to happen!” The Hispanic man was now reading his text-messages. Then he got off the bus on Vermont and Prospect (42:00). On 50:30 I got off the bus on Hollywood and Vine. A police car in the distance! On 51:30 I filmed everything (12:22 in the video diary): “... immediately after we got off the bus, police cars, ambulances, and limousines with tinted windows... something is going on in the International Court! Oh, a taxi has spotted us!” It’s not clear whether it was again Mr former Secretary or his Homeland Security hot shots who were inside the limousine. After avoiding more people making cellphone calls, I rested in a dark alley to smoke my cigarette butts (57:30). Another black man wiped his nose when he saw me. Then another ambulance passed me by (1:05:30). Then: “A Hispanic male is text-messaging for us! We are intercepted!” (1:06:50) On 1:08:00 I got up and walked south on Vine. I continued to describe the movement of the people around me, especially those with cellphones. I believed I had been intercepted several more times. On 1:14:00, I came to Sunset and Vine. “A white female is text-messaging! We are intercepted...” Then: “Don’t go inside Kinkos, the police will pick us up there... we have to hide somewhere and remain awake... Oh, our double has walked into McDonald’s, he will be picked up by the police...” I checked the trash cans for food – I was so hungry – but found nothing. On 1:25:30 I came inside Winchell’s and bought one doughnut with my remaining changes. I then came to the street corner to eat it. On 1:30:00, I noticed that several youngster in the distance were doing something: “... they are producing a surveillance intercept showing us doing something... he likes things large-scale, our Homeland Security Secretary... and the same Asian girl, the same car... drinking something...” I rested in my corner outside Winchell’s, feeling very cold. I mumbled something about the story of Genie. Then another car came by, startling me (1:59:30). Then a man walked into Winchell’s: “... to generate a surveillance intercept... he will be picked up by the police later...” (2:05:00). I even filmed him (13:04 in the video diary): “... that’s our double... he is buying doughnuts... that’s us buying doughnuts... maybe Homeland Security is producing surveillance showing us meeting with foreign agents in Winchell’s...” Then I filmed another suspicious Asian guy: “... he’s holding a cellphone and smoking... obviously to produce surveillance showing us coming to Winchell’s to meet foreign agents...” And my camcorder malfunctioned again, repeatedly taking shots (2:11:00). Then I recalled what happened in June: “... the two men... doing filming outside the Greyhound station in San Jose... how we came up with this malicious plan of pretending to be homeless and making a film about it...” Now a police helicopter was overhead. Then, suddenly, a car came in front of me and, frightened, I quickly ran away (2:17:00). “We have nowhere to hide... he’s gonna report to the police saying a vagrant with his blanket was here... things could be planted here and accidentally found... that might be why the car was there... to rumor ‘I saw this vagrant’...” In reality, I knew quite well that the car might be Russian surveillance trying to ascertain where I was. Then another car seemed to have “spotted” me: “... he’s gonna call the police... we have no place in this world...” (2:21:00). I came to a different corner where there were other homeless people around. I

continued to count the people who passed by making cellphone calls. From 2:25:00 or so, I rested quietly in my corner. Siren on 4:01:00.

Before we end the narrative of today's operations, let us think about what might be going on with the two security guards outside Starbucks who were discussing how to remove me. Mr former Secretary must have instructed them to find ways to detain me – so that, after victory had slipped away from his hands four days ago, evidences might be had demonstrating in the lower court that I was really David Chin. It's not just that such evidences could be used in the upper court as well, but that, had he been able to throw me into the mental hospital, I might be forced to interact with those CIA agents who would have replaced the real doctors and nurses! Then it would be *mission inaccomplie*. Although the security guards were discussing what reasons they should use, they didn't in the end make any move on me – for there was *no* reason. This was one of the few occasions when a third party actually confirmed my suspicion.

### **October 23 (Friday; CIA op again and Amanda)**

My next recording is: “[wk\\_mcdnld\\_mngrclphne\\_vid\\_txtmssgrincar\\_cfbntxtmssg\\_10\\_23\\_09\\_.WMA](#)”: It was now 6 AM, and I just woke up. The street cleaner was talking loudly on his cellphone: “... an intercept is produced... they have even instructed street cleaners to make cellphone calls...” Then a car parked near me for no reason: “... he's gonna make cellphone calls...” And I quickly walked away. “... I just woke up and so I'll have to call my boss...” On 7:30 I came inside McDonald's. I described all the people in here, and, luckily, nobody was eager to make cellphone calls at the moment. On 17:00 the manager came out and was talking on his cellphone in Spanish. “And he just has to come out to do this? Because we are standing here! They instructed him to do this because he's the only person available.” In reality, I was probably overly paranoid here. I turned on my Toshiba and started naming my files. I even asked the cashier for the manager's name. Then, from 49:00 onward, I was working on my video diary. On 59:00, two white vagrants, Homeland Security-looking, came over to me: I assumed they were here to be confused with me in surveillance. “We have a new lawsuit right now, and so our job will continue...” Nice acting! On 1:03:00 I moved to a different corner. Now the black woman behind me was talking to herself: “... to produce an intercept... our whole environment is staged...” On 1:29:00 I was packing up and somebody's cellphone rang. I found food in the trash can and came outside. I filmed it before I ate it (1:31:30 and 15:32 in the video diary). “... we have to find out who our friends are...” Then, suddenly, a white female parked her car next to me and started text-messaging, I filmed her (1:42:00 and 15:55 in the video diary). I was sure that she was a CIA girl and that the suit team had sent her here to get me intercepted again. I didn't even believe that it was a real license plate on her car. On 1:48:00 I came inside the Coffee Bean across the street and took notice of a white guy who was text-messaging. Strangely, he stopped when he noticed that I was staring at him.

If the text-messaging white female in the car was indeed a CIA girl, this would signify a certain new development ever since my disaster five days ago. Namely, it was the first time that CIA agents could run operations on me to generate evidences for the “David Chin legend”: their first escape from the burdensome obligation to always “institute a reality around me that would fit my belief”. In other

words, something had happened since last night – the CIA was able to enter a valid claim in the upper court that I was only pretending to conspire with them in order to hurt them, despite the fact that the Russian claim had already been fully substantiated that I had conspired with the CIA to harm Russia with my trip to Nicaragua. Without being able to be certain that that was a CIA girl, we shall leave the matter for now.

My next recording is: “[to\\_coffeebean\\_10\\_23\\_09\\_746-811AM.WMA](#)”: I was still in Coffee Bean, mumbling about how, before, nobody complained about my videotaping. I recounted: “She was text-messaging and, when she saw me, she stopped. The problem is that they don’t want me to know about the International Court records, and so they won’t let me see what they are text-messaging.” Then: “The white female has double chin, she’s wearing sunglasses, not really attractive. And she is text-messaging outside again” (10:30). Then: “... it’s the fifth intercept of our communication... even if you videotape her, it wouldn’t matter... you need to know the content... and another white female is making a cellphone call...” I was now uploading my files to my website, and the manager came to warn me. “I’m gonna order something soon...” Then I muttered to myself: “... that’s how the report goes around, the ‘vagrant’...” I was also publishing my latest video diary. Ambulance siren on 23:00. Then, strangely, somebody took a picture of me. I hid in a corner to avoid it.

My next recording is: “[cfbn\\_mngraskchng\\_bus2cllphn\\_libthrwnt\\_10\\_23\\_09\\_827-1032AM.WMA](#)”. Around 8:23 AM, as I sat outside Coffee Bean, somebody took a picture of me again. I filmed him (16:30 in the video diary). For the debate in the lower court? Now I used the changes I had left to buy a bagel. The manager suddenly came over to warn me “not to ask people for change” (2:00). Bedazzled, I asked the cashier: “How was I asking people for change? I’m counting my change...” I then asked the manager: when did I ever ask people for change? (16:00) He now changed his story, “When you were outside”. “I was picking up cigarette butts.” Then he changed the subject to Wi-Fi. Then I left (18:00). It’s not clear whether the manager was instructed by the suit team to falsely accuse me. I got on the bus on 35:00. I got off the bus in downtown and hid myself next to Emerson cafe to smoke cigarettes (1:19:00).

My next recording is: “[persquare\\_bus38\\_bus2\\_slp\\_wstwd\\_cllphne\\_10\\_23\\_09\\_1025AM-251PM.WMA](#)”: I was now in the street corner working on my video diary and clearing up more disk space in my Seagate drive. A black vagrant was wandering around me: “... he’s trying to produce a certain surveillance intercept...” I became alarmed when the security guard came near me, even though there were seven other homeless men around. I continued to describe the movement of the people around me. By 1:10:00 I had packed up and moved on. Again: “... an Indian man immediately makes a cellphone call when he sees us...” I then counted more cellphone calls. Amazingly, when I walked past the Starbucks on 6<sup>th</sup> Street and Grand, I saw Amanda sitting inside (1:17:30). She was smiling and made eye-contact with me as if she had been expecting me. Nervous, I quickly walked away: “... we don’t want to know, man...” Namely, I had to pretend that I was continuing to follow my mission (not greeting CIA girls when I ran into them). I really suspect that the Invisible Hand had purposely sent out Amanda to wait for me in her usual place because, since the security guards didn’t find any opportunity to throw me into the hospital last night, he wanted me to talk to Amanda today in order that I might

violate my mission. But no! Then, on 1:19:00, I got on the bus while mumbling: “The ‘Displays’ will be ignored...” On 1:25:00 I got off the bus on Venice Blvd. After wandering around, I rested in the corner. Then I gave up the idea of going to the storage facility: “Forget it! Let’s just burn the discs with Toshiba...” Then bus 2 just passed me by (1:48:00). Then, as you can hear, on 1:53:30 two women came next to me to talk about scratching themselves, and I naturally believed it was staged by the suit team. Was it really? Perhaps the suit team was looking for more evidences of my resistance in order to substantiate their claim that I was only pretending to conspire with them. Then a Hispanic man talking on cellphone walked past me: “... he obviously did it on purpose...” On 2:03:00 I got on bus 2. Two Hispanic persons were talking Spanish loudly next to me: “... to produce an intercept...” (2:17:00). I closed my eyes and rested. On 3:43:00 I got off the bus in Westwood. “... we have to keep pulling up our pants, resulting in surveillance intercepts showing us passing secret messages...” I found food in the trash can and filmed it before I ate it (3:58:00 and 16:23 in the video diary). Then I noted another guy who touched his nose when passing me by. Then I noted that an Asian guy was lying on the grass, on the spot where I had previously rested: “... presumably it’s our double waiting for us to sleep near him, but we aren’t going to sleep right now...”

My next recording is: “[biomdlib\\_10\\_23\\_09\\_326-411PM.WMA](#)”: I came inside the Biomedical Library. I counted more text-messaging. I sat in front of a computer station and started working on my Toshiba. I was working on those source videos from 2008 which I had never published. “... a white guy behind us... another surveillance showing us making a cellphone call...” (24:00). I also checked my bank account and logged into Hostmatrix on the library’s computer. I also started burning DVD 67.

My next recording is: “[medlib\\_hstmtrx\\_hashmyfilegone\\_10\\_23\\_09\\_405-654PM.WMA](#)”: I continued to work on my old videos. Then a Hispanic guy came to sit next to me, and he asked this “Dr Cynthia” where the printer was. “... it’s staged... a surveillance of some sort has been created...” (19:00). “... it’s obviously an act... surveillance showing me asking Dr Cynthia...” (21:30). I continued to fix the links on my Scientific Enlightenment (because it was now on Hostmatrix and yet all the links were pointing to Geocities). I then continued to work on my old videos. Then I checked my Gmail account. Then: “... an Asian girl is staring at me... and a white female... hopefully it’s not a ‘Display’...” (1:21:00). By 1:45:00 I was packing up because the library was closing. “... it’s cellphone that’s scary...” Because the video was still being published, I had to exit the library carrying my Toshiba on my hands. I continued to count the people who were text-messaging around me. I came to the court yard to smoke while waiting for the video to finish publishing. When it was done, I started noting down the episodes of this video in one of my chapters from “Karin’s meetups” (how I found IX Webhosting and so on). When I wanted to insert the hash value of this video, I discovered that my HashMyFile had suddenly disappeared. Strange! I started filming it (2:15:00 and 17:12 in the video diary). Although I was convinced that it was the suit team which had remotely deleted it, it’s not clear whether I was correct. If I was, then it must be because the Russians had pointed to the hash values I had included on my writings as evidence that my videos and recordings were real: the intercept showing me *not* finding HashMyFile on my Toshiba would be evidence that these videos and recordings were *not* real. This could be another way to suppress my videos of CIA girls as evidences. Then, on 2:41:00, I was all done and filmed myself packing up and leaving nothing behind (23:16 in the video diary).

My next recording is: “[ucladvdimpvid\\_plcespot\\_wlshrnrmndie\\_10\\_23-4\\_09\\_659PM-1246AM.WMA](#)”:  
I came to the Medical Center parking lot and rested a little. Before leaving, I filmed where I was again (15:00 and 24:25 in the video diary). As I walked into UCLA campus, I continued to count the people who made cellphone calls near me. “Other people are so lucky! They don’t have to be afraid of other people’s cellphone calls...” Then: “... we are ‘spotted’ again!...” On 36:30, I came inside Ackerman. I found food in trash cans, and then came to a quiet corner on the patio to start burning a new disc. I filmed myself getting ready to start (43:00 and 24:37 in the video diary). I burned my disc while I ate. The burning was successful. From 1:09:00 onward I continued to work on Chapter 6 of my “Karin’s meetups”: “To steal away my artistic talent”. (I of course took great care to ensure that I only work on those chapters which couldn’t become evidence that I was conspiring with Russia.) I then tried to clear up more disk space. On 1:43:00 I filmed the drink I found in the trash can before drinking it. Then I took notice of what was going on in the middle of the campus: “There was an Iranian gathering... that might be staged, to produce an intercept showing us joining...” Iranian things again! Then I continued to make notes in “To take away my artistic talent” (how I was filming myself drawing “Karin slightly Arabesque”). Then, two Iranian guys walked toward me but then quickly turned around and walked away. I was alarmed: “... the helicopter in the sky... Homeland Security is trying to produce surveillance showing us doing something criminal on campus...” Then: “... given the strange things that are happening to our Toshiba, we need to seriously worry about those files that have only one copy...” Siren on 2:33:30. “... Homeland Security is orchestrating something... I’m probably being arrested over there... somebody is being arrested, and that person will be identified as me... and Iranian documents will be found on him... and now there is this helicopter... as if something serious were going on... when in fact nothing is going on at all...” Then, on 2:42:50, I filmed myself leaving and leaving nothing behind (the first scene of my next video diary, “[10\\_23-5\\_09.wmv](#)”). As I was leaving the campus, I noticed a Homeland Security vagrant sitting over there. As I walked into Westwood Village, I continued to watch out for people who scratched themselves or had cellphones. At Westwood and Le Conte, there was a police car, and so I walked around it. Then: “... a police car passes us by... it has got us videotaped...” (3:06:00). Probably not! Then I found more food in trash cans. “This police state is so scary... the police are engaging in clandestine operations... what’s so scary about Mr former Secretary is that he likes to use the police to run clandestine operations...” I again videotaped the food before I ate it (3:08:00 and 0:35 in the video diary). Then another guy seemed to have made a cellphone call for me in his car, and so I noted down his license plate (3:13:30). Then, another one, and I read out his license plate too. Then I found more chips somewhere, and I filmed it, and also the (possibly Homeland Security) vagrant that was near by (3:18:30 and 0:55 in the video diary). “... he just keeps getting identified by law enforcement... see here, another police car has ‘spotted’ us... other people are so lucky; they don’t have to worry about the lives of other people... that’s why police cars are instructed to circle around here... to ‘accidentally’ find us... and we’ll eventually be taken away by the police... that’s the plan... our getting picked up by the police will be ‘accidental’... Mr former Secretary likes things ‘accidental’... Oh, another guy with a cellphone... to report us... since it has to be ‘accidental’, a lot of spotting and reporting has to precede it...” Siren on 3:43:00. When I came to Starbucks, I filmed the security guard standing in front of it (1:05 in the video diary): “... he is guarding Starbucks... waiting for us...” (3:49:30). Then I filmed the vagrant and the



security guard again (1:19 in the video diary). "... we have to go elsewhere tonight, Westwood is extremely dangerous..." Then I ran into Dave: "... we have been seeing him for many years..." (3:53:00). Then another Iranian man was making a cellphone call near me (4:00:00). As I waited for bus 2, a police car pretended (or so I thought) to stop this car near me: "... in order to film us getting onto the bus... darkness is our friend..." (4:05:00). Again, probably not. "Oh, the Westwood vagrant, our double, is here..." As I was convinced that the police were there waiting for me to get on the bus, on 4:14:00 I decided to move away. "Now Parking Enforcement is waiting for us here!" (4:15:30) "Why can't other human beings just all disappear and leave us alone?" And I read out the license plate of another car which shone its lights on me (4:24:00). Could it be Russian surveillance, though? On 4:26:00 I got on bus 20 on Wilshire. A Hispanic guy sat down next to me and his cellphone kept ringing. I continued to count the people who were on their cellphones or text-messaging. On 5:05:00 I got off the bus on MacArthur Park. "... we have gone too far... let's go backward..." And ambulance siren on 5:08:00. "Homeland Security is trying to produce surveillance showing us being taken to the hospital." I even filmed the pizza box that was abandoned on the bench, finding it suspicious (5:09:30 and 1:32 in the video diary). Paranoid over nothing! I continued to describe suspicious things: "... first an SUV stopped near us and the driver made a cellphone call... when he was leaving with the green light, a police car came, so close as to catch us in its camera... the video will be intercepted into the ICJ as evidence that the earlier call from the SUV must have originated with us... that's how this operation works..." (5:18:30). Perhaps I was right this time, since the battle was still raging on in the lower court. Then: "... police cars are scarier than cellphone calls... it will cause us real harm... whereas cellphone calls only harm nations... *we have a new episode now*... now another black man is making a cellphone call for us..." (5:25:00). "... *something new is going on in the International Court*... and so Homeland Security is trying hard to create cellphone calls for us..." Just acting! On 5:35:00 I got on bus 20 to go backward. "... we must have created surveillance showing us meeting somebody here at MacArthur Park..." I got off the bus on Normandie and Wilshire, my original destination, on 5:40:00. I filmed the Hispanic woman who immediately made a cellphone call after getting off the bus with me (1:49 in the video diary). "The script is that, whenever we leave a place or arrive in a place, we will call our boss..." Siren on 5:43:00. Then a police car pretended (or so I thought) to make a right turn in order to catch me in its camera. "... this is also part of the script... the video will be intercepted into the International Court to prove that we were indeed in this location..."

### **October 24 (Saturday)**

My next recording is: "[slp\\_wlshrrnmndie\\_dhsmanasklght\\_12\\_24\\_09\\_1240-411AM.WMA](#)": I got ready to sleep by the church on Normandie and Wilshire. "... the way the police run clandestine operation for Homeland Security, it's so scary... if you do good, they will just put you away... if you do bad, they will still put you away..." Then I decided to move downstairs to sleep so that no one could see me. I filmed my new spot (3:00 and 2:22 in the video diary). "... we are the only person in this world who care about us... this means that this episode of the International Court trial wouldn't end until Sunday afternoon... the only way we can tell is by paying careful attention to our environment..." Again, complete bullshit because I was acting. And I counted the police cars that passed by as well as the people who were text-messaging in the distance. And I filmed them (2:49 in the video diary). Then

on 14:30, a Homeland Security man suddenly came over to harass me wanting to borrow a light from me. I yelled at him repeatedly: “Get out here!” And I filmed him too (3:35 in the video diary). “... to produce surveillance showing us dealing drugs on the street corner...” I then mumbled again about how to invent a virus to kill off all other human beings. This was not good testimony for the Russians! “So tomorrow in the International Court, we will have intercepts of our calls from MacArthur Park... our meeting someone there... and then two instances of drug-dealing in front of this church...” (23:00). “... now that this surveillance is produced, Homeland Security should leave you alone...” Then I fell asleep. On 2:48:30 I was mumbling about something.<sup>8</sup>

My next recordings are: “[wk\\_upldrord\\_10\\_24\\_09\\_709-727AM.WMA](#)” and: “[txtmssgrstrt\\_cfbn\\_dhscnvrnsnear\\_hstrmtrx\\_10\\_24\\_09\\_733-1049AM.WMA](#)”: I just woke up and turned on my Toshiba to import my latest recordings. I then transferred the recordings to my Eee PC so that I could upload them to my website later. On 11:30 I filmed myself leaving my spot leaving nothing behind (4:00 in the video diary). A Hispanic guy immediately text-messaged in front of me: “... as usual, we need to text our boss when we wake up...” (13:00). I filmed him (4:12 in the video diary). “I just wish we had such kind of job, just text-messaging for other people...” I found a cup of coffee and filmed it before I drank it (16:00 and 4:25 in the video diary). Then a Hispanic woman near me made a cellphone call in Spanish. “We’ve got caught two times. We are afraid to pick up food on the street because Homeland Security could have put it there for you to pick up, so that an intercept can be produced showing you receiving secret messages from foreign intelligence.” Then another guy was doing something on his cellphone in front of me. I asked him: “Were you calling or text-messaging?” “Text-messaging...” (33:00). I continued: “Why were you pressing on the buttons?” “I don’t know.” And so I concluded: “Two more instances of text-messaging have been intercepted into the International Court, evidence of our not-so-secret communication with our boss... Oh, the Penske truck, that’s definitely our communication... when we passed by him, he secretly text-messaged in a corner... they would try to hide it from us... they didn’t want us to know, they didn’t want us to see it...” Then, on 39:00, when I came to Vermont and Wilshire, there were several black Cadillacs with tinted windows. Mr former Secretary? His Homeland Security hot shots? And a Hispanic woman touched her hat in front of me: “... it’s a secret message...” I came inside Coffee Bean, and there was another black man using a Toshiba. I asked him: “Toshiba is a good computer, isn’t it?” He claimed his Toshiba had problems (41:00). Did the suit team send him here? When I came inside the restroom, I speculated: “... according to surveillance, it is we who said that our Toshiba had problems... and this black man has an extra set of keyboard in front of him...” I was also convinced that faulty surveillance had mistaken my recorder for a cellphone whenever I raised it next to my ear. “The most powerful kind of surveillance is one in which you can’t make out anything... it’s America, everything is supposed to turn into its opposite...” On 56:00, when I came outside, a man, Filipino-looking, just stood there staring at his cellphone. Again, I was alarmed. When I got online, he finally made a cellphone call. I filmed him with my pen camera (59:30). I started uploading my latest recordings to my website, noting that the upload speed at this Coffee Bean was very low, about 56 KB per second. I checked my Gmail account, sent the latest hash values to myself, and then looked at my “resume”. “I don’t see how we are going to get any responses...” Of course! I wouldn’t get any response even with a normal resume! Then I got suspicious

<sup>8</sup> The portion from 1:33:00 to 2:19:00 is skipped over.

again when the upload speed dropped further. And then my FTP connection stalled. Then at very low speed. I checked my Chase account. Ambulance siren on 1:19:30. Then an Algerian man sat down next to a girl and started talking about going to Mexico (1:21:00). Disturbed, I decided to go inside. I logged into Hostmatrix. More people then came near me to talk, and I assumed they were all pretending (1:35:00). I decided to move next to the Toshiba guy. Then another guy came in and plugged into the electrical outlet which I was just about to use: "... I guess that's his purpose..." Then more people came next to me to talk, and I moved outside again (1:40:30). "Gee, people will not leave us alone!" And two guys immediately sat down next to me. "... that's why Homeland Security wants us to be homeless. Every time we sit down, people would come next to us to pretend to talk... to disturb us... the suit team still intends for us to stay homeless... the reason is that we will then keep getting harassed by other people... Why do they come around us? They intend for us to hear their conversation... that's the purpose of their conversation... maybe we should surrender... just ignore it..." I thus became increasingly annoyed by what I thought was an "operation". In reality, I was most likely paranoid over nothing again: the suit team did not orchestrate people's mindless conversations near me. Now, when I checked my website on Geocities, it was "Unavailable because data transfer limit has been exceeded." "How can it be? There are no visits at all... we have to move this website, it will be gone soon..." I was so annoyed by people's talking near me that I came inside again on 2:03:00. On 2:06:00, I discovered an electrical outlet and started working on my Owl Academy and Owl Gallery. Then a Hispanic woman with her ten year-old daughter came in. On 2:35:00, I read out my website information, the number of files and available disk space and so on. Then my Eee PC froze up completely and I had to restart it (2:37:30). I was then connecting to Hostmatrix using FTP and looking for the logs. Then a white female was text-messaging (3:02:00). "... perhaps it's in response to our plugging in? Maybe we need to tell our boss when we need to charge up our Toshiba... when we need to take a shit we will also have to tell our boss..." And she did it three times. "... intercepted... it will be evidence against the nation for which we work..." Then there was no more Internet connection because the two hour limit had been reached.

My next recording is: "[nrmndiewlshr\\_abutintercepts\\_10\\_24\\_09\\_1043AM-1256PM.WMA](#)": I was still inside the coffeehouse. The other text-messenger left with his girlfriend after finishing his mission (7:00). Then: "Is Homeland Security trying to produce surveillance showing our recorder to be a text-messaging machine? He text-messed while we were uploading our recordings..." (11:00). I then continued writing. A Hispanic man and his child just had to look at the maps next to me (53:00). Again, this was probably not orchestrated by the suit team. I walked out of Coffee Bean muttering about how much I hated children. I was standing by the Wilshire/ Vermont sign, and this guy just had to come to look at the sign (59:00). Orchestrated? Then I noticed a dollar bill on the ground, but I wouldn't pick it up. I was scared (1:11:00). "I just wish other people would disappear, and yet they are there, text-messaging for us." Just then, a woman was making a cellphone call near me (1:14:00). I rested in the street corner. A passerby looked at me and then scratched his arm. Producing surveillance showing a foreign agent communicating a secret message to me! I shouted: "It's so simple to get nations to fall!" (1:35:30) Then: "... garbage.... because we have a super trash can somewhere (the International Court) which needs to be filled up with a lot of trash..." (1:52:00). Then I noticed my double: he stuck his hand into his pants to scratch his balls (1:55:00). Definitely here to be confused with me in surveillance!

My next recording is: “[cllphne\\_plcespot\\_cfbnphnsound\\_10\\_24\\_09\\_115-221PM.WMA](#)”: I came back to Coffee Bean for a second round on 18:00. The man in the van in front of me text-messaged. I noted down his license plate: 331-ZOE. It was out of state (31:45). Then a black man seemed to be pretending to be talking to these two girls in order to produce an intercept showing me flirting and being fluffy with underage girls (43:00). Was I correct? I lamented: “There is no place to hide in. We will get picked up by the police sooner or later...” (49:00). Then Parking Enforcement officer “spotted” me again (54:00). “... you have to be around people, there is no way out... an Asian female with a Toshiba that is identical to ours...” I came back inside Coffee Bean.

My next recording is: “[cfbn\\_txtmssgrellphn\\_vidorth11\\_10\\_24\\_09\\_214-731PM.WMA](#)”: I continued to work in Coffee Bean. I was annoyed: “The bitch is talking, we cannot sit outside, there will never be space for us in this world...” (45:00). Then: “The guy sitting next to us is text-messaging, we are text-messaging again! It’s awful!” (55:30) Another one (1:00:00). Meanwhile, I had succeeded in burning another disc. Then my Eee PC was running very slowly (1:15:00). Then, strangely, there were no FTP packets showing on my Wireshark even though I was uploading my files. I started filming it (1:19:00 and 5:24 in the video diary). “My theory is that we are having a fake Internet connection! According to surveillance, we are only making a semblance of FTP upload...” This was worrisome because, as you know well by now, I needed the Russians to intercept my testimonies from my website in case they weren’t watching over me every second of my waking life. Then, FTP packets appeared. Then: “Why don’t you all despicable human beings just die?” Again, this was really not good evidence for the Russians. And another Hispanic man was text-messaging (1:27:00). And then a Hispanic girl came around to make cellphone calls: “We are such a cellphone tree!” (1:34:00) Then another girl was text-messaging: “We’ve got caught text-messaging again!” (1:57:00) I went to ask her what she was text-messaging (1:58:30). “Oh, it’s personal.” She would not divulge it. Then my SD card became read-only again (2:05:00). Then my Eee PC froze up (2:39:00). I then admonished another text-messenger, “Don’t talk too loud, don’t bother me, you piece of shit!” (2:44:45) Then: “We are again caught text-messaging!” (3:05:00) Then another female purposely sat next to me to text-message; she was very fat and ugly (3:35:30). I was now working on my “Feefee and Valerie”. I left Coffee Bean on 4:29:00. Then: “We are not counting head-scratching anymore, now it’s all cellphone activities” (4:39:00). Then I was trying to figure out if the Korean guy and girl were my doubles (4:44:00). “My double may have produced surveillance showing me meeting with my Korean girlfriend” (4:49:00). Someone then text-messaged near me again: “... another intercept of our secret communication....” (4:57:00). I was now at the same corner on Normandie and Wilshire. I found more drinks outside Carl’s Jr and filmed them before drinking them all (11:45 in the video diary).

My next recording is: “[slp\\_wlshrrnmndie\\_10\\_24\\_09\\_736-902PM.WMA](#)”: I was now getting ready to sleep in the same corner as last night – even though it was still early. “... we need to be homeless because the government needs to send people to text-message around us... Oh, a South Asian guy comes around and puts his hand on... at the moment surveillance is probably being produced showing us making a cellphone call... according to surveillance, we are not lying here, but elsewhere making cellphone calls...” Then I fell asleep. Around 10:42 PM, as you can see on 12:25 in my video diary, the

suit team sent in an Asian guy to hover over me and text-message in my face. More evidence to support the “David Chin legend” in the lower court. Strangely, my recorder was shut off at the time – did the suit team do it? – but I was awakened and told my double to go away. He responded: “Why? I’m waiting for the bus!” Yeah, right! “Even when we are sleeping, intercepts of our text-messaging can be produced!” And my double, sitting by the bus bench, continued to text-message. Since I was holding my recorder in my hand: “According to surveillance, our recorder is a cellphone.” This text-messenger continued to linger around me for the next half-hour. “Somebody please burn down the International Court! We can’t stand it anymore!” Then, on 11:08 PM, a limousine passed by. Presumably it was not Mr former Secretary or his Homeland Security buddies.

### **October 25 (Sunday)**

My next recording is: “[wk\\_upld\\_txtmssgrs\\_spotme\\_wmu\\_10\\_25\\_09\\_7-807AM.WMA](#)”: I had both of my recorders out and was changing batteries: “... usually people would make cellphone calls when we have our recorders out so that evidence can be intercepted that our recorders are cellphones... as soon as we opened our eyes, people were making calls in front of us... it’s the script: whenever we change state, we have to let our boss know... one side of our glasses is missing...” I filmed my spot and my glasses (23:15 in the video diary), and then another man near me was on cellphone (8:20). On 11:00 I came inside Coffee Bean, and, guess what, somebody left a “draggy cart” there. Then it became apparent that it belonged to an old white male. “... probably confused with us, but we have to pass him by... Today is the day when our bank account will disappear and become Chase... we might be less harassed by cellphones today because of this...” Not! I came out and found left-over soda in the trash can. “... the alert about us, the ‘vagrant,’ is probably circulating among shop owners... to prepare for our getting picked up...” Then, on 23:30, somebody was yelling on the street: “... probably our double... Oh, another vagrant is drinking beer, pretending to be us...” Then, a limousine appeared, and I filmed it (27:00 and 23:44 in the video diary). Who? Mr former Secretary? Now my lighter was not working. “... we have neither food nor drink nor cigarettes this morning... that’s what happens when you are the subject of debate in the International Court... you starve... until you get picked up...” I turned on my Toshiba to import my latest recordings. On 38:00, I filmed the man who was making a cellphone call near me (24:16 in the video). Then another man came around to make a cellphone call, and I filmed him too (42:20). “Anther call is intercepted as coming from us!” But it then seemed that he was text-messaging. On 54:00 I filmed my spot before leaving (24:56 in the video diary): “Let’s go... we’ve got ‘spotted’...” On 55:45, I filmed another person text-messaging (25:20 in the video diary). Then two more drunken Hispanics came around to be confused with me (1:00:00). On 1:00:50 I filmed another man text-messaging in his car (25:37 in the video diary). It’s really not clear how much of all this text-messaging was actually orchestrated by the suit team.

My next recordings are: “[ktwn\\_10\\_25\\_09\\_801-806AM.WMA](#)” and: “[ktwn\\_bus\\_wstwdwmapple\\_stdntunion\\_10\\_25\\_09\\_821AM-1208PM.WMA](#)”: I recounted what happened earlier: “... a security guard ‘spotted’ us earlier... he’s going to pretend... then report us...” I was now naming and organizing my files. There was a cleaning person near me, which bothered me. “... a Korean man in a van just passed by, and he put up his hand in the air...” I was frustrated because I couldn’t see my computer

screen under the sun light. I continued to describe the movement of the people around me. “Everything could be an operation.” I was now working on the videos of my drawing Karin again. “A white female is making a cellphone call behind us” (21:00). Then: “Wow, the cleaning person is also on cellphone... to produce a surveillance intercept... another female puts her hand on her face... an intercept of our receiving secret messages... videotaping yourself is not a crime, and when other people are you, videotaping them is also not a crime... we did videotape that text-messaging man in an SUV earlier... that means we should be given a free bus ride... we did what they wanted...” (37:30). Then I studied again the information I had collected on burning DVDs. “You don’t know if this information is true since the webpage has been altered by Homeland Security.” Then, on 46:30, everything suddenly became blank on my Toshiba. “Nothing on the screen, and it couldn’t be turned on or off... Our device is carefully controlled by Homeland Security... you can only do what they allow you to do...” But I was wrong: apparently my Toshiba had simply run out of batteries. “... My name is David Chin... so where is Lawrence Chin?” On 57:30 I got on the bus. I took notice of another suspicious white man wearing sunglasses (1:14:30). On 1:26:20 I got off the bus in Westwood. “Two females have passed us by... that must have produced an intercept of... clandestine activities... we have been ‘spotted’, we need to hide to enjoy the coffee and tea we took out from the trash can...” On 1:32:00 I filmed the coffee and tea I had scavenged before I drank them (26:24 in the video diary). On 1:36:30, I took notice of a couple of Taiwanese guys talking in the distance. I came in front of the Chase bank ATM, but a white female was standing before me and she was writing something on her deposit slip: “... maybe she’s our double...” And I walked away. Then another white female pressed a button on her phone and put it away as soon as she saw me looking at her. “We are about to starve to death, and yet they can produce surveillance showing us depositing thousands of dollars...” Then a woman tried to give me an orange, which alarmed me. Then: “... another vagrant is picking trash cans... we should have a sign... ‘If you try to give us something, we regard this act of kindness as a threat...’” On 1:52:30, I came back to the ATM, and another woman was there, and a vagrant, presumably my double, was yelling in the distance. Again: “... I just wish people would all disappear... it’s so frightening... when people see you, the only thing they think about is how to produce surveillance intercepts out of you... when Mireya did that, we were like, ‘Whatever’... and we don’t get any reward... we aren’t gonna find any apartment in LA... the woman earlier... to produce surveillance showing American people to be so innocent and gullible that they are duped by this foreign agent pretending to be homeless...” I then mumbled about how nobody would believe anything I recounted. “What proof do we have that we are now crossing Weyburn?” Then I found more food and I filmed it before I ate it (2:05:40 and 26:50 in the video diary). A Hispanic man immediately came to me to say Hi. “We’ve got ‘spotted’ again... we would be put into the mental hospital for a long time...” (2:07:00). Then I found matches: “... just when our lighter ran out and we complained about how we couldn’t find matches.... maybe Homeland Security has put it here to produce a surveillance intercept showing us receiving material supply from foreign intelligence...” Hardly! And I came to a corner to film the matches (2:10:00 and 27:04 in the video diary). I recounted the possible purpose: “Several nations’ foreign policies now have to change because we have picked up this matches... all because we want to smoke... we are very selfish... or maybe not selfish, but simply that we want to advance US national security interests...” Good testimony in case the Russians were listening to me! Then a vagrant can be heard groaning loudly in the distance: “... our double... we need to shave... but we will have to find a single person restroom...

otherwise someone will come in to produce surveillance intercepts... our glasses are tilted... life is so awful... it's so awful that we have been born at all..." I was then on the move again and continued to count the people who were playing with their cellphones. Then an ambulance passed me by: "... spotted..." (2:53:00). Again: "... our days are numbered... we will be picked up by the police... too many people have 'spotted' us... what would be found on us? Cellphone... What else? We can ask the bus driver... they have access to the evidentiary record, and we don't..." Now I could barely see because my glasses were too broken. When I came inside the UCLA campus, I took notice of the people who were taking pictures: "... it's an intercept showing us taking pictures..." Not! Siren on 3:03:30. Then: "There is a book left there in the corner! Homeland Security has left it there to produce an intercept showing us receiving a secret message from foreign intelligence..." Terrified by the book, I ran away. I came to Ackerman's patio to work (3:10:00). "... nations will again have to change their foreign policies... it's so easy... we have so much value for the government... Why aren't we paid? ... because we are too ugly..." I was now hashing my files. "... we are going to file a lawsuit against the Chinese government for not issuing us citizenship and a passport... we cannot remain an American citizen... we need to find a job... it was impossible to find a job earlier because you were so afraid of intercepts... *now it's possible*... now we are going to be David Chin... it eliminates a lot of stress if you just internalize the whole thing... if the only thing you can get in the world is what you don't want, just change yourself and want what you don't want..." As you can see, I was again acting, explaining, in case the Russians were listening, the reason why I was helping the suit team even though I seemed to be resisting. I was then clearing the dust off my laptop. "... we are going to leave the recorder on the table, that's surveillance showing us having a cellphone... Do you think the female that is sitting over there might be a Display? She does look like it... we are so hungry that we don't even care... we are producing surveillance showing that we don't know them... the crap that is going on, you can't even pull it in a county courthouse... the International Court is a big trash can... a lot of the time it is only for communication to international law enforcement... so that, when you travel overseas... so that you will always be classified as a dumb fuck vagrant... so that nothing you say will be believed... you will not be picked up if you can avoid it..."

My next recordings are: "[studntunion\\_10\\_25\\_09\\_1202-1205PM.WMA](#)" and "[studntunion\\_impvid\\_clean\\_10\\_25\\_09\\_1205-1252PM.WMA](#)": I started importing my latest videos into my Toshiba. I was happy that there was for a while virtually nobody around. I continued to describe the movement of the people passing by. Again: "We are putting our recorder on the table to change batteries, that could be changed into cellphone communication in surveillance..." (41:30).

My next recording is: "[fndfd\\_slpongrassimp\\_atm\\_mdlib\\_hdd\\_10\\_25\\_09\\_1258-523PM.WMA](#)": I again made my wish that other human beings might die out. While walking, I continued my act: "I'm willing to be David Chin all my life..." (25:00). I then found an apple in the trash can and ate it (30:00). I continued my acting: "I have concluded that the new country being sued is Iran... It's just so easy..." (54:00). Then more acting: "You need to learn to want the whole package, you will then be less stressed. The problem is that something is inherently stressful, like noises from others, their cellphones, and their cloaking their malice under kindness... When I learn to want to identify myself as David Chin, I will get less stressed out..." (until 1:17:20). Again, explanation as to why I seemed to be resisting the

suit team's operation. Then: "Somebody kill all these human beings!...." (1:22:30). Then I was bothered by strangers' chatter: "Is it so important to talk so loud?" I took a nap on the grass on Le Conte from 2:00:00 onward and woke up on 3:05:30 to discover that my bag was elsewhere, not under my feet. I was absolutely frightened: someone could have taken my bag! And yet the suit team didn't act! Then another limousine passed me by (3:14:00). Mr former Secretary? I reminded myself to never let this (i.e., exposing my things to danger) happen again (3:24:00). I then used the ATM on 3:35:00 and came inside the Biomedical library.

My next recording is: "[trshcan\\_ryalpalacespot\\_2cellphne\\_vid\\_10\\_25\\_09\\_556-735PM.WMA](#)": I was still in the Biomedical Library. Suddenly, the student security came over to me: "Library will be closing soon." "See, somebody just has to 'spot' us... Russian-made spy equipment will be discovered soon... something will be found in this spot..." On 3:00 I was leaving the library. "Why is it closed?" I was convinced that the schedule had been changed: it was usually open until 11 PM on Sunday night. When I passed by a trash can, I had to film it with my pen camera because it was all a mess: "... Homeland Security has sent in a vagrant to make a mess so that the security guard can attribute it to us, so that we can get picked up..." (9:00). I cleaned up the mess myself. While walking away, I continued to mumble: "... before we can videotape anything, now we have to hide... we have so little freedom now..." When I came to Westwood Village, I saw the same sicko I had seen before. On 21:00, a vagrant, upon seeing me, raised his hand. "Another surveillance intercept showing us to be widely known among the vagrant and criminal population..." Then: "... we've got intercepted making another cellphone call and talking Spanish..." (22:50). On 24:00 I turned off the other recorder. I came to the corner across the street from Denny's and checked my Seagate hard drive, and now that I was out of the library, it worked. Then, another person drinking juice: "... surveillance showing us drinking alcohol..." I then reviewed my video diary and moved files to my Seagate hard drive. The juice man then came back and his cellphone was ringing this time: "... producing another surveillance... and he looks Middle-East..." He got inside his car and I read out this license plate: it's a very strange plate. "They don't give you reward for doing so well... whether you cooperate or don't cooperate, you just get the same result..." (41:00). Then the man walked into Royal Palace Hotel: "... the Middle-Eastern man could be simply reporting us... for making a description of him... big deal... he's running clandestine operation on us... these residents have all been instructed and trained..." Overly paranoid! I examined the recording files from earlier: "... that student security guard has simply made a report saying that the vagrant is 'spotted'... the alert about this vagrant is circulating around here... when we get picked up, we will be put into the mental hospital for a long time... for constantly paying attention to what other people are saying... when other people are me, it's my business to know what they are doing... but we are being reported for doing that..." Again, I was in fact just being paranoid over nothing. I then continued to work on the recording from this morning. Then: "... a female with two dogs... she's making a cellphone call... I told you, when we have our recorder out, somebody will come around to make cellphone calls..."

My next recording is: "[strbks\\_geohstmr\\_xtmssgr\\_rcrd\\_10\\_25\\_09\\_727-1035PM.WMA](#)": Then: "... a lady is taking out her cellphone... she's going to make calls... she has disappeared into the distance... I told you, when we take out our recorder, somebody will take out her cellphone... it will be an



amazing documentary... every time you take out your recorder, somebody will take out his or her cellphone...” I continued to import recordings in my corner. Then a woman passed by, blond and tall, scratching her head. I was then moving files to clear up more disk space. Then a vagrant passed by talking to himself. On 23:30 I filmed myself leaving Ackerman: this is the first scene in my next video diary: “[10\\_25-29\\_09.wmv](#)”.<sup>9</sup> I was again making sure that I didn’t leave anything behind, not even cigarette butts. As I was walking into Westwood Village, I took notice of another suspicious old lady in her car: she was driving but wasn’t looking at the road but was instead looking at me: “Why? Because she needs to ‘spot’ me... the widely noted vagrant... we are in huge trouble...” Again, I was probably paranoid over nothing here. “... other people are so lucky, they can just talk to others...” Then another lady who was crossing the street against red lights and yet talking on the phone: “... that tells you she’s on a mission... to talk on her cellphone near us...” Again, it’s not clear whether this was really an operation. “... we who have no right to walk on the street even though we have to because we have no home... if we have a home we wouldn’t be walking here because we don’t want to be around people...” I kept on walking through Westwood Village. Then: “... the security guard is guarding Starbucks... this vagrancy has caused the Westwood authority to be concerned...” On 40:30 I came inside Starbucks: I didn’t even have the money to buy a drink. Then somebody was leaving giving me his seat: “... when people are so kind, is that a trick?” As I started working, I was again worried about the people who were talking next to me. I was now publishing my latest video diary while uploading my latest recordings to my website. “Something is wrong because the upload speed is so low...” Then my Eee PC froze up again on 1:09:30. I continued to examine my Geocities sites. “... Geocities Eastern History... we cannot print...” Then the links on my Geocities sites and my Geocities Guesbook. “... the transfer is now so fast... Look, a white guy in front of us is making a cellphone call...” I continued to fix the links on my Scientific Enlightenment. On 2:34:30, when I was moving to another seat, the Asian woman near me pressed a button on her cellphone. I asked her what she had just text-messaged and she denied ever doing so. “She’s lying... Since I’m changing seat, I must text-message my boss... I’m so mentally disabled that I’m in fact a robot...” Was she really carrying out an operation for the suit team? I walked out of Starbucks and continued to be angry: “... what a fucking bitch...” On 2:37:00 I found more food in trash cans and on 2:40:00 filmed it before eating it (0:55 in the video diary). Then: “... maybe the text-messaging is not about my changing seat... maybe I was merely reporting which website I had visited and so on... eventually Mr former Secretary would want to substantiate these intercepts... he would have me detained and then forge something... or my double would be detained... then, whether it is me or my double, a cellphone will be found, so that the intercepts can be substantiated... hopefully he would use my double and have the phone found on him and spare me...” Nice acting! On 2:46:30, I shouted at these two girls: “What are you guys doing on your cellphones?” “I’m gonna call my friends...” “... fucking bitch... I’m being ‘spotted’ massively but I don’t even care... if you asked the Asian bitch, ‘What did you text-message?’ ... of course she would not tell you... it doesn’t matter if you clean up your mess, Homeland Security will send in an agent to make a mess for you anyway... Gee, man, this lawsuit is really easy, it’s so easy to bring down a nation, just press a button on your cellphone...” On 2:55:40 I filmed the fries I had just found before eating them (1:30 in the video diary). On 3:03:00 I came back to Starbucks and asked for a cup of water. “... when

9 I must have made an error about where I was in the past two hours. Was I in the corner across the street from Denny’s or was I at Ackerman’s patio?

they gave you a cup of water... it could be because they had simply given you water... or it could be because they wanted to produce surveillance... or it might simply be a trick... Oh, look, he's trying to produce an intercept showing my Toshiba having communication capacity..." (3:07:30). And only then did I boot up my Toshiba in my corner.

My next recording is: "[ftp\\_evntvwr dvd\\_slptruckchnspot\\_10\\_25\\_09\\_1041PM-616AM.WMA](#)": Then another police car: "... the vagrant has been caught in police cameras again... our days are numbered... Can we make a request to our Homeland Security Daddy: detain somebody else and let the phone be discovered on him? ... America is such a shitty place... I'm the unluckiest vagrant around... other vagrants don't fall into..." Then I couldn't find the video I was looking for. Then I started reading about how to work the Event Viewer (21:30). On 37:00 I was walking away. Ambulance in the distance. I came back to my corner across the street from Denny's and continued to read about the Event Viewer. On 55:00 two Iranian guys passed me by. Then I was reading about DVDs again (58:00). "... reading stuff online is not reliable because Homeland Security can change the content..." I shut down my Toshiba on 1:30:00 and went to sleep.<sup>10</sup>

### **October 26 (Monday; conspiracy with Homeland Security)**

My next recording is: "[lkforfd\\_lptpwrless\\_cllphne\\_mdlib\\_10\\_26\\_09\\_728-953AM.WMA](#)": "... there is walkie-talkie across the street... we are just waking up..." Then an Asian woman walked past: "Did she text-message?" On 16:30 I filmed myself getting up and checking for any possible mess I had created (from 2:00 onward in the video diary). As I walked through Westwood Village, I continued to count: "... the Asian guy with a cellphone... she's doing it, producing surveillance intercepts... pressing buttons on her cellphone... a little iPod... another guy holding a cellphone, on the other side of Linbrook..." Suddenly, a Hispanic woman asked me: "Are you hungry?" I walked away without responding. I came to the magazine stand: there were no magazines on computers! Then I started hopping from trash can to trash can looking for food. Suddenly, I discovered beef jerky left on the table. "Is Homeland Security trying to produce a certain surveillance? Our receiving material supply from foreign intelligence?" (39:00) Overly paranoid! But I did take it and ate it in the corner. Then: "... Look, she's pressing buttons on her phone when she passes us by..." I hid myself in the back alley of Fortuna: "... we will do some work here..." And I started importing my recordings into my Toshiba. Then a man started talking to me: "... it's a Homeland Security guy, muscular, trying to produce an intercept showing our Toshiba having Internet connection..." (1:00:00). Siren on 1:05:00. "... ambulances and fire trucks are pretending to be running around again... another man with a cellphone passes us by..." (1:14:30). I was now naming and organizing my screenshots. "Another car passes us by, a white female inside, she has 'spotted' us..." And I read out her license plate. "... she will say, 'The vagrant is sitting there'..." Then I had to stop because sunlight was causing me to be unable to see my laptop's screen. "... our days are numbered... we have to do something about it... a man is sitting there with his laptop... maybe he's our double... surveillance is again showing our Toshiba to have wireless Internet capacity... we do serious stuff on our laptop while other people are only doing garbage, but surveillance will show just the opposite..." I kept on walking through Westwood and

10 Reviewed until 1:45:00.

continued to count the people who were on cellphones or scratched themselves (from 1:21:00 onward). I was again looking for food from trash can to trash can. On 1:34:00, I filmed the coffee I found in a trash can (2:28 in the video diary). "... a black man on cellphone, and a white female with her text-messaging device... now Parking Enforcement... we don't know what to do, our glasses are so broken... we need to use the restroom... and another black man is making a cellphone call... we are being intercepted..." (1:41:00). Then I made sure to clean up my spot. Then somebody was text-messaging near Starbucks' trash can just when I wanted to go there to look for more coffee. No, I found none anyway. "We can only use single person restrooms because, as soon as we come in, somebody else will come in to produce intercepts..." And I moved on. "... another black man is making a cellphone call... and two white females are touching themselves... ambulance... Parking Enforcement has 'spotted' us..." And more cellphone calls. I continued to look for a single person restroom. "... restrooms are very convenient places for clandestine operations... Oh, she just has to make a cellphone call in front of us..." (1:55:30). Then I found another drink and filmed it with my pen camera before drinking it. Then another cellphone call (2:02:00). Then this car wanted to park in front of me but quickly drove away, which was very suspicious. "... a fat white female with a cellphone is getting out of her car... another female on cellphone... another one... text-messaging... we've got caught again... she did it within five feet from us..." (2:07:00). Then: "... it's very sad when government's surveillance can't distinguish one person from another..." Then another woman, when seeing me, quickly took out her cellphone, which convinced me further that all the residents had been instructed by the suit team to take out their phones when they saw me. "... another one of our communications is intercepted and we don't even have a phone! ... another attractive white female is making a cellphone call..." On 2:20:00 I came inside the Biomedical Library.

My next recording is: "[medlib\\_dble\\_germtxtmssgr\\_cllphnprofan\\_10\\_26\\_09\\_959-1058AM.WMA](#)": I was still inside the Biomedical Library. Then, a female on cellphone: "... we never cease getting intercepted..." And another female on her Gmail: "... we've got intercepted, even though we haven't got onto the computer yet... and now she's on a lecture... other people have access to the International Court's records, but we don't... many of the students here are not real students... they are secret agents pretending to be students..." I sat down in front of a computer station. "... our double sitting next to us... is imitating us... looking at his Yahoo mail... he's a vagrant..." I decided not to do my work here: "... too dangerous..." On 12:00 I came out of the library: "... we can't do any work at all... according to surveillance, we are checking our Yahoo Mail at this moment..." I discovered an electrical outlet somewhere and started charging my Toshiba: "... all residents are told to immediately take out their cellphones and dial numbers when seeing us... What is called 'secret'? What everybody pretends not to know and hides from us..." I turned on my Toshiba and started importing my latest recordings. I also examined my pen video files. A vagrant soon showed up presumably to be confused with me in surveillance. Then a female seemed to have come down just to make cellphone calls. I asked her: "Are you trying to make a call?" It turned out that she was text-messaging, and she seemed to be from Germany (32:30). "... we are being intercepted right now... she can also 'spot' us and make a report about us so that we can eventually be taken in..." It's in fact not clear whether this woman was indeed sent in by the suit team. Then another guy was making cellphone calls loudly: "... to force us to hear what he says... the earlier woman could also report us as insane, for always paying attention to

people's calls... he looks ugly and disheveled... if we get taken in, we will go along with Mr former Secretary's script and claim, 'We are just pretending to be insane... we work for foreign intelligence...' Then an Asian old man behind me was talking about food: "... to produce surveillance showing that, even though we have a lot of food, we are pretending to be hungry and looking for food... the purpose of surveillance is to turn us into the opposite of what we are... for America is about turning everything into its opposite..." Then, a man was yelling nearby: "... we've got intercepted again... we are screaming profanity..." (45:00). I had to ask him to keep his voice down: "Especially when you are shouting profanity..."

My next recording is: "[mdcntr\\_cllphn\\_secgrd\\_crmlrcrd\\_dhslghter\\_10\\_26\\_09\\_1051AM-105PM.WMA](#)": Then another person made a cellphone call on 6:00 and I exclaimed again how I had just been intercepted. I then came inside the Biomedical Library again to use the computers (15:00). I continued to fix my Scientific Enlightenment on Hostmatrix. I left on 42:00. Then: "American people are the most deceptive in the world... The only way to know... is to know in advance what their goal is... People are trying to make me into a criminal recorder. They follow me in order to get themselves recorded. They want to intrude into my talk with myself..." (44:00). This "operation to turn me into a criminal recorder" would increasingly become a major theme for me in the coming months, and yet it's not clear how much of it was real and how much simply my paranoia. I then had to move away from another woman who just had to stand next to me to talk on her cellphone (46:00). Then, on 48:00, I was commenting on the guy who came up to me to ask if I was using the computer next to mine. "... talking to the atmosphere, producing a surveillance intercept showing me having the habit of leaving my things unattended – then the suit team could forge things and attribute them to me in the evidentiary record. America is the land of opposites: when you do things for the government, the government will take money away from you." I was of course acting here. Then: "When you are an intellectual, the government will say you are a retard. When people want to harm you, they will tell you they want to help you..." (1:00:00). I was then scavenging food in the trash can again. I then confronted another text-messenger on 1:31:00. I came to Starbucks and, lo and behold, the same Homeland Security agent was sitting outside. I walked up to him: "Hello Homeland Security guy..." (1:31:55). "I work for the FBI today," he said. "He's just joking, he's still working for Homeland Security," I said to myself. Most likely, this Homeland Security agent was forced to admit something to me because the law required him to "institute a reality around me that would fit my belief" (admitting he was Homeland Security when my belief was supposedly that we were here together trying to harm Russia). Then a white female came outside to text-message and then walked inside, her mission accomplished (1:44:20). On 1:49:45, at a loss, I asked the Homeland Security guy for a light. I admitted out loud that we were producing a surveillance intercept showing me dealing drugs. "I have security clearance for the FBI, the CIA, the DEA..." he was still mumbling in sarcasm and out of defeat. On 1:53:00, I noted: "I have to switch from CMC Magnetics to Sony and Verbatim." Then I asked the Homeland Security guy on 1:53:55 for another light. He passed me his lighter, and I lit it, saying out loud that another surveillance intercept showing me dealing drugs had been produced, "as if America had no laws!" *The Russians had thus obtained excellent evidence that I was also conspiring with Homeland Security to harm Russia.* By 1:58:00 the Homeland Security guy left and two other Homeland Security guys came in: change of shift! On 1:59:20 a limousine drove slowly past Starbucks: this time I was sure that it was Mr former

Secretary. Well, his Department was just convicted five minutes ago of conspiring with me to harm Russia, and he must be so angry that he just had to personally come look at me again. I put my recorder on the table and mentioned the likelihood that someone was going to take out his or her cellphone because, according to surveillance, my recorder was some sort of cellphone or communication device.

My next recording is: “[cmcetc\\_cellphne\\_forgnexchnng\\_match\\_busdrvrspt\\_10\\_26\\_09\\_111-45.WMA](#)”: It was now 1:06 PM, and I was still in Starbucks. Suddenly a lot of people came in. I said it again: “... as if there is a change of shift...” Namely, I was wondering whether, my conspiracy with Homeland Security being established, the US operatives were being withdrawn and the Russian operatives were coming in. I was probably not correct here. I then continued to suspect that Homeland Security was remotely controlling my Eee PC. I was now reading about the company history of CMC Magnetics (24:00). I then started working on the hash values of my writings. Then, more about DVDs and the company. On 1:08:00 I was reading a German document about digital media. Then the cellphone of the person next to me rang: “... we are just like, whatever... too tired...” (1:16:00). Nice acting! Then a white female came in and text-messaged next to me, and then her friend came, and they started talking: “... it’s obviously her mission...” (1:18:00). On 1:23:00 my Eee PC froze up completely. “Dead!” And I packed up and left. “... it’s just pissing us off... another communication is intercepted and entered into the International Court as evidence...” I continued to count the people around me who were playing with their cellphones: “... it pisses us off...” Then, when I came to the bus 20 stop on Wilshire, another man was making a cellphone call there. Just then, a black Cadillac with tinted window came to park in front of me (1:49:00). “The hot shot in the Cadillac is directing the operation...” Strangely, a white man, almost middle-age, came out and made a cellphone call. “... Homeland Security actually sends in one of their officials to make the cellphone call, and he is wearing black suit...” I was thinking that Homeland Security had run out of operatives and was so desperate that their own official actually had to step in to make a cellphone call to frame me. In reality, what had most likely occurred was that, now that my conspiracy with Homeland Security was established, the Russians got judge Higgins to order Homeland Security as well to send in one of their top officials to conspire with me (to make a cellphone call near me to frame Russia) as part of the requirement for the intelligence agency conspiring with the terrorist suspect to institute a reality around him that would fit his belief (to make the terrorist suspect believe that he had succeeded in conspiring with the agency in question to harm Russia) – with the intercept of the call itself turned over to the ICJ as further evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security (i.e. while the Russians had earlier obtained evidence that I conspired with Homeland Security to frame Russia and its allies for drug-dealing, now there was evidence that I conspired with Homeland Security to frame Russia and its allies for communicating with me over the phone).

Now I got on the bus on 1:52:00. More cellphone calls and text-messaging, and one guy never stopped doing it. I mumbled: “The price you pay for text-messaging for us is that your brain will rot into tofu...” On 2:48:00 I got off the bus in downtown. “We are not going to look inside the Starbucks on 6<sup>th</sup> and Grand... it’s freaky...” In reality, I was afraid to run into Amanda again. On 2:52:00 I came to the exchange bureau again, but they refused to exchange my Nicaraguan Cordoba. Then another white male made a cellphone call. “... Homeland Security is still determined to create cellphone calls for

us... it's unlikely that we will get anywhere... we have to remain penniless for a long time... because America is about turning everything into its opposite... we can no longer smoke because we don't have money to buy a lighter... you live in America, and so, even if you don't have a cellphone, you will be intercepted... and you get paid for doing nothing... and money is taken away from you when you do something..." I then counted more people who were text-messaging. A black woman then dropped something brownish behind me: "... trying to produce a certain surveillance..." (3:03:00). Again, I was most likely paranoid over nothing. And yet I got so angry that I started cursing her: "... an intercept of our contact with African agents... receiving secret message or materials from foreign agents... look, a man is smoking cigarette butts trying to produce surveillance showing us smoking... and a car comes to park in front of us for no reason..." On 3:11:20 I sneaked onto the bus through the back door. "... a Hispanic woman is text-messaging... we are getting intercepted at the moment..." Then the bus driver came to scold me, and I admitted that I had sneaked on. "The multinational criminal secret agent has just been 'spotted' by the bus driver... the crimes of nations for which he works..." Then more text-messaging. On 3:23:50 I got off the bus on Vermont and Wilshire. I warned a man: "Be careful with your text-messaging, for I might kill you..." I came inside a liquor store and obtained matches. More: "... surveillance is produced showing us speaking African languages with our African friends..." I came to Coffee Bean and: "... the security guard has 'spotted' us... pretending not to know who we are..." I was happy that I could now smoke. "Earlier the bus driver was instructed to 'spot' us... so that the warning about the vagrant can circulate among the bus drivers as well..." Again, this was most likely not the case. I then came inside Coffee Bean to work. "People will have conversations next to us, for that's their mission... every person works for Homeland Security, no exception..." Again, this was not the case. I took out my recorder: "... that's a cellphone according to surveillance..."

My next recording is: "[cfbnvermnt\\_nthrlndsjob\\_10\\_26\\_09\\_444-659PM.WMA](#)": I was still in Coffee Bean uploading files to my website and doing work online. "... a white female over there is text-messaging, just when we have our recorder out... we've got intercepted again..." (9:00). What made her especially suspicious was the fact that she was immediately gone after text-messaging. But was I correct? I was on Chase bank's website and then my Hotmail account. I was trying to send hash values to myself, but was somehow unable to do it. Then my Eee PC broke down. On 26:00 I was packing up: "We leave nothing behind, even though nobody will believe it." I used the single room restroom here to shave and so on. On 33:00 I filmed all the things I had (2:52 in the video diary). I came out on 34:30 and warned the guy standing outside: "You have to be careful. When you make cellphone calls next to someone he might kill you... a person can only take so much..." This was again bad testimony for the Russians. I sat down to resume working. My Eee PC was still frozen. On 37:00 the guy I had just warned walked out. "Someday we might kill this mother-fucker... we all have to advance national security interests... but somebody might have to die for it..." Then another Homeland Security guy walked in wearing big earphones. Then two more people were making cellphone calls. I published my hash values and then did a Google search for "CMC Magnetics". I read up more about CMC Magnetics discs. Then the same German document on digital media. Then my Eee PC completely froze up, and I had to restart it. More cellphone calls. I sent hash values to myself again. More cellphone calls on 1:35:30. On 1:37:00 a child came in to shout. I was now reviewing one of my latest recordings. "The security guards show up... because of the debacle in Pasadena, the security guards will only come to

cite us, but not to remove us...” (1:39:00). Then: “... they will describe us as doing something strange on our computers and talking to ourselves... it will become evidence in the International Court...” Then more text-messaging (2:11:00): the employee came out by the counter to text-message and then went back to work: it was 6:55 PM.

My next recording is: “[cfbnvrmt\\_phntxtmssg\\_fdiso\\_frmnstrbks\\_10\\_26\\_09\\_715-930PM.WMA](#)”: I was still in Coffee Bean. I recounted what happened earlier. “... 20 minutes ago, the employee went out to text-message to produce a surveillance intercept...” Now I was packing up, and the Korean man outside made another cellphone call: “... we’ve got intercepted again... and the security guard has identified us... for the profile of this vagrant... they will describe the computer activities of the vagrant in such a way that, when the description is intercepted into the International Court, it would sound as if he was manipulating spy equipment...” I went back inside to ask the employee: “What were you texting about?” His name was Frank, and he said he was texting about the score of the football game (3:30). Then I went out to ask the Korean man: “What was your call about?” He was very upset that he didn’t even want to look at me. As I left Coffee Bean I continued: “Our investigation continues: who am I calling? Apparently I’m a sports fan!” In reality, it’s not clear whether the Coffee Bean employee was really carrying out an operation for the suit team. Then another black man was making a cellphone call near me (12:00). Then I ran into two police officers: “Hello officers! Don’t arrest me just yet!” On 21:00 I got on bus 720. I kept muttering about how I would stick to ProZ. And I continued to describe all the people who were text-messaging on the bus. On 55:00, when I was getting off the bus in Westwood, I shouted to everyone around: “The foreign agent is getting off the bus! He’s going to find food in the trash can...” Then, another limousine! (57:00) Was it Mr former Secretary or his Homeland Security hot shot again? On 59:30 I found food which somebody left behind on the table outside a restaurant. “... we are completing an intercept showing us stealing food from people... since our profile includes being a thief... But sorry, I’m too timid to complete the intercept...” I walked on and continued to count the people who were using their cellphones. On 1:11:30, I found more food and filmed it before eating it (3:03 in the video diary). On 1:24:30 I found more chips and I filmed them too (3:23 in the video diary). Then, more cellphones. Then a man stopped his car in front of me just in order to make cellphone calls: I filmed him (1:29:30 or 3:52 in the video diary). There was also a female inside. I shouted at them: “Conspicuous!” Again, if you examine the video, you won’t be able to be sure whether this was orchestrated by the suit team. Siren on 1:34:00. As I was walking, I yelled at another woman: “Oh, you saw me and you must take out your cellphone, woman! Start dialing!” “Okay!” (1:37:30) On 1:39:00 I came to Starbucks. Suddenly, on 1:41:30, this girl whom I had seen before starting talking to me. She introduced the man that was always with her as her father. It seems that the father suddenly called me “Kent”. I told the girl: “The government is supposed to have told everyone my story...” But apparently she didn’t know about it. Then I asked her about her boyfriend. “I still have him... it’s a problem... he bites me... I don’t know how to make him stop...” I told her father to call me “David”: “That’s my new name.” And he claimed he had tried to email me, being interested in my works. “Did the government send you to talk to me?” “What? I think about you.” And the girl took out her cellphone. “Oh my God, I’m scared of cellphones...” And I asked the father why he was wearing sunglasses at night. I explained: “... I’m sorry, nations will crumble... even though it’s not my business...” And he asked me how my “projects” were going. Apparently he was referring to my

videos. We were done with talking by 1:52:30. I mumbled about how I was sure that Homeland Security had sent them to me to produce surveillance intercepts. “I don’t know which nation is supposed to crumble this time... maybe Iran...” And I asked them again. “What’s your name?” “Freedmen.” “Are you Iranians?” “Italians.” And I parted with them on 1:54:20. I was especially convinced that they were sent here because the father called me “Kent”: “I’m sure, some nation is getting fucked right now... I met them in April, and they told me about their problem...” However, it should be said that I might very well be mistaken here because the girl really didn’t seem to have heard about “my story.” Nevertheless, my admission to them that I was “David” was still good evidence for the Russians. “When I advance national security interest, I would like to know...” And I sat down next to a girl who was making a cellphone call (1:57:30). “... I have most likely produced surveillance showing me meeting with foreign agents... she’s a nice girl, and I was afraid to offend her... I’m afraid to offend people... otherwise I will tie them up and torture them until they confess the truth...” I then found the card the father gave me the last time: “Freedmen Consulting Group”. Indeed!

My next recording is: “[abtfreemn\\_prozdgltmdia\\_orth11\\_10\\_26-7\\_09\\_938PM-117AM.WMA](#)”: I continued: “I don’t believe it... these two ‘Freedmen’ were sent here... they were recruited... six months ago... I met them here in April... Mireya was recruited by May 15... at that time they didn’t seem to know me...” I immediately reviewed the recording of my conversation with the Freedmen couple. “Everyone is acting here.” Then, once again, a black Cadillac with tinted windows passed by (5:00). Mr former Secretary! Homeland Security hot shots! Then, a white female was making a cellphone call. I continued to mutter my conviction that the Freedmen couple were recruited. Then, Wi-Fi connection was lost. On 26:30 I logged into ProZ. “This... doesn’t show up... it’s a trick... they were recruited... there is something going on that I don’t know about...” And my FTP transfer to my website stalled repeatedly. I looked up more translation jobs. “I don’t feel good, they are recruited... all the job posts on ProZ... How do we get these jobs? ... we have only our David Chin resume... we are not going to use Lawrence Chin’s...” And I was still reviewing the recording. Then I reviewed the other recording from four days ago where the other homeless man warned me that the security guards wanted to remove me (1:35:00). I then continued to read my German document about digital media (1:43:00). On 2:01:00 I packed up and was ready to leave. Just then, I noticed that another guy was using Toshiba Satellite. My double? While walking, I took notice of another black man with a cellphone: “... to be confused with me...” (2:07:00). Then another white guy on his cellphone across the street: “... we are intercepted at this moment!” (2:08:30) Then more people on cellphones. “Even when we sleep, we will still be intercepted as making cellphone calls and text-messaging.” I came to my usual corner across the street from Denny’s on 2:14:30 and continued to read the German document. I then started writing. Then a car suddenly parked in front of me on 2:27:00: “... he’s ready to make cellphone call!” And I filmed him (5:06 in the video diary). This time it’s not clear whether this man was not sent in by the suit team. Then I started working on my video files. Then, from 2:49:00 onward, I was working on my “Karin’s meetups: The impossible wish to be known”. By 1 AM, I had packed up and was ready to sleep.

Let us again pause for a moment to consider what had happened today. Although the Russians had substantiated their claim – in the upper court – that I was conspiring with the United States to harm



Russia, there was evidence so far only that I had conspired with the CIA. They thus still needed evidence that I had conspired with Homeland Security as well. Today they had obtained that evidence – twice. It was thus today that their claim was *really* fully substantiated. Nevertheless, just as, after the evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians had been suppressed on October 18, the CIA could still run operations on me because the American claim that I was in fact conspiring with the Russians was still valid and waiting to be substantiated, Homeland Security still had the right to run operations on me for the same reason. Thus, even though the Russians had earlier today obtained the right to order Homeland Security to send their officials to me to frame themselves for conspiracy with me, Homeland Security still had the right to prove, in the upper court, that I was in fact not conspiring with them but with the Russians and, in the lower court, that the “David Chin legend” was really true. Thus, even though the Russians had by now established my conspiracy with both the CIA and Homeland Security, I wouldn’t be mistaken in thinking that the suit team’s faulty surveillance to prove the “David Chin legend” was still ongoing and I should definitely continue to be careful not to give out any sign that I knew that the Russians were in fact watching me very closely.

### **October 27 (Tuesday; “French”)**

My next recording is: “[slp\\_strtmvmt\\_wk\\_secgrds\\_loudcalls\\_10\\_27\\_09\\_541-933AM.WMA](#)”: What seemed to be an operation woke me up early in the morning, around 5:30 AM. See 5:52 in the video diary. Two vehicles just had to park right next to me even though there was all the empty space around. Then, strangely, another Super Shuttle (7:18 in the video diary). Suddenly, so many cars had passed me by! Then, on 8:30, another black Cadillac with tinted windows, and then, more cars. Then, on 13:00, a woman also dragging a cart. Did the suit team really orchestrate all this? Was the black Cadillac really Homeland Security? Then I went back to sleep. Two hours later, I was awake again. And I immediately took note of the black man who was on cellphone across the street (2:32:00). Then Parking Enforcement: I assumed he was here to “spot me”. Then, more cellphones. Then the security guard next door came to check on the gate: “... but his real purpose is to ‘spot me’...” I got up and started packing: “... the vagrant must be widely known among the security industry...” (2:51:00). On 2:53:50, I filmed myself leaving and picking up all the cigarette butts and leaving nothing behind (7:50 in the video diary). “The vagrant must be known by all security guards... because that’s what Mr former Secretary likes... this guy has to be an outcast, spat upon by everyone... and yet he uses this guy to accomplish his grand design...” Then, more people with cellphones. Then a police van appeared: “... this criminal foreign agent, who’s pretending to not have money, is ‘accidentally’ videotaped again...” (3:04:30). On 3:08:00 I came inside the coffeehouse and immediately described everyone that was here. I used the single person restroom, which was why I was here. I came outside and, on 3:22:30, filmed the coffee I found before drinking it (8:49 in the video). Then, on 3:24:00, the homeless insane man that was always around was talking to himself in Spanish: “... our double...” Then another man parked his Mercedes next to me and started text-messaging (3:29:00). I read out his license plate. Now he might very well be sent in by the suit team: more evidence to support the “David Chin legend” in the lower court. On 3:31:30, because people were coming near me to talk, I moved away. On 3:41:30, a woman in nursing suit immediately made a call when seeing me. The, on 3:44:00: “... we are ‘spotted’ again...” I then continued to count the people with cellphones. On 3:47:00, I came inside the

Biomedical Library. I got on a station and turned on my Toshiba.

My next recordings are: “[mdlib\\_upld\\_crmsum\\_10\\_27\\_09\\_938-951AM.WMA](#)” and: “[mdlib\\_10\\_27\\_09\\_1006-1139AM.WMA](#)”: I was still in the library, writing and reviewing my recordings and burning a new disc at the same time. I mumbled about Homeland Security remote control of my computer. It seems that I was also writing my “Supplemental Pleading, Part I”. Then I commented on what happened in April: “All these are not real crimes... fake crimes... so that they can be attributed to you... these doubles are pretending to commit crimes... Homeland Security uses teenagers to run this operation... uses vagrants...” Then I was done and turned off my computer.

My next recording is: “[geofake\\_mny\\_novlfcult\\_strgrage\\_evntvwr\\_dvdspltnng\\_10\\_27\\_09\\_1145AM-924PM.WMA](#)”: Then I continued to fix my Scientific Enlightenment on Hostmatrix. Recall that Geocities was supposed to have closed yesterday. And yet, even now, when I Googled for my Eyes Too Big site, it was still there. When I was done and walked out, I saw an Indian girl text-messaging. “Why do you text-message when you see me?” She denied it (59:00). Now she might indeed be doing it under the suit team’s instruction: otherwise, why would she deny it? I came to Starbucks and knelt down and began filming my Eee PC’s screen in order to take account of the status with Geocities (1:04:30 and 9:00 in the video diary). “Go to Geocities, Eyes Too Big... Homeland Security has been producing evidence showing that our Eyes Too Big website was fake, that it in fact did not exist but was sent to whichever computer we were sitting at so that it might appear as if it actually existed. The content was actually posted locally on my computer...” (1:14:00). Then: “That’s why our website yesterday could still be seen. Homeland Security does not want us to know about our crimes, and that’s why, as soon as we decide to videotape it, our website disappears. We didn’t videotape its appearance while in the Biomedical Library because we were afraid to become a ‘criminal videotaper.’” It’s really not clear whether my understanding was correct (even though, of course, the suit team would have been interested in making my Scientific Enlightenment look fake). Then: “When we get on our website, we are just using a fake website produced by Homeland Security; everything is fake... We live in a fake world produced by Homeland Security, in order to make us appear as if we are doing fake things per foreign intelligence services’ design...” (1:31:00). Then: “Now we are forced to live in a fake reality in order to produce surveillance intercepts showing us intentionally living in a fake world designed by foreign intelligence services...” Then: “Hey, we’ll just be David Chin, is that good enough? Not good enough...” And just then an ambulance blasted its siren (1:34:50). I remarked: “There is no emergency, it’s all pretending...” Then: “When I backed up my files on my website, presumably I did do so, the hash values remain the same, it’s just that no one will ever be able to see them...” (until 1:36:30). Then: “In the past few days we are trying to be Lawrence Chin... We are just trying to save our website – just say David Chin stole it from Lawrence Chin! It’s a great work, but these Homeland Security thugs don’t understand a single line of it, and so they don’t care if it exists.... Just as a bunch of beggars, when they go inside the Louvre, will take down the paintings and burn them to warm themselves...” (1:44:15). Then I continued to explain why my work should be saved despite the ICJ trial over me: “... just like  $2 + 2 = 4$ ... it doesn’t matter who says  $2 + 2 = 4$ , it will always be true... it doesn’t matter if somebody else says it or if you pretend to say it...” Then, on 1:46:00, I came inside a fast food store and got water: “... it doesn’t matter if David Chin stole it from Lawrence Chin or if foreign intelligence

has forged it... it can be used in a classroom to educate people even if foreign intelligence has forged it... we should have videotaped it while in the library, who cares about criminal videotaping...” I sat outside and continued to talk about the matter to myself: “... Homeland Security immediately noticed that we had noticed it was fake and so they quickly took it down so that we couldn’t videotape it...” Then, about the people around me: “... if you want to make cellphone calls next to me, fine, just pay me two dollars... nobody will believe we have visited our Geocities website today because we didn’t videotape it...” Siren again on 2:01:30. I then started walking again. On 2:09:00 I used the ATM. I put up my act: “It doesn’t matter whether it’s a fake account or somebody else’s account, just as long as the money is real...” Surprisingly, I discovered that my mother had deposited 140 dollars today. Wow! Did the Russians order the suit team to order my mother to deposit the money (so as to enable me to finish my mission)? More of my acting: “We don’t care how the money appears in surveillance...” Siren on 2:11:30 again: “... the police are pretending to go after bad guys... we need a 20 Terabyte hard drive that will last 20 years...” Relieved that I had a little bit of money, I came inside the boba store on 2:17:00 and ordered my favorite boba and then sat outside to enjoy it. Then an Asian female, when passing me by, pressed a button on her cellphone. I continued my act: “It doesn’t matter, we’ve got money now...” (2:30:30). Siren again on 2:31:00. Then, Parking Enforcement: “... we’ve got ‘accidentally’ videotaped again...” (2:36:00). Then, on 2:43:00, I got on Santa Monica Blue Bus. Another guy on cellphone on 2:54:30. Then a Hispanic woman was text-messaging. On 3:08:00, children on the bus. Then, more text-messaging. On 3:22:30 I got off the bus in Santa Monica. Immediately, a guy in a pickup truck made a cellphone call near me, and I read out his license plate. Then another one. On 3:30:00, I came inside the mall to use the restroom, mumbling: “... it’s possible that somebody will be standing by the restroom entrance to text-message in order to make it look like we are text-messaging here... Homeland Security is very good with this kind of tricks... imagine a world without Homeland Security... that would be like a world without diseases...” Then: “... clandestine operations... the goal is to create beliefs in other people’s head... in your head and in other people’s head...” (3:32:30). Then: “... analyzing clandestine operations is the greatest... literary analysis... Foucault’s archaeology to the extreme... except that, here, the object of inquiry is intentionally created... in a committee... it’s possible that faulty surveillance is above us right now to turn everything into its opposite... nobody can live in a world that’s like what’s going on in quantum mechanics...” I was out of the restroom on 3:44:00. I continued to count the people who were text-messaging. On 3:50:00 I got on the bus. More cellphone calls. “... we’ve got intercepted... and an Indian girl... today’s theme is Indian...” Again, what’s going on was probably not what I thought here. I rested with my eyes closed. On 4:50:00 I got off the bus in downtown. Even the bus driver was on his cellphone! Then, another man scratched himself just as I was scratching myself (4:54:00). Then a Hispanic man made a cellphone call just as I dug into my pocket (4:55:00). Again, none of this was probably part of the suit team’s operation. On 4:59:00 I got on bus 38. I continued to count the cellphone calls around me. On 5:10:00 I got off the bus on Jefferson and Grand. I was going to the storage facility to get my Samsung DVD Writer again. Then another man made a cellphone call near me. “We are being intercepted at this moment” (5:11:50). He got into his car and I read out his license plate (5:14:00). Then I decided not to go to the storage – again – because too many people were making cellphone calls here (5:15:00). “... you know, nothing is going to happen to us, only to nations, and so if we want to burn DVDs, we should do it...” (5:19:00). Again, nice acting! In reality, I was terrified

that the “David Chin legend” might be confirmed in the lower court. Then, more cellphone calls and license plates (5:23:00). I was also very bothered by the strong wind. “Maybe someday we will find out what crimes we are committing when we go to the storage... we need to burn our DVDs... let nations fall...” On 5:26:00 I came inside the storage facility anyway. “Which nation is going to fall this time?” Then, when I came to my floor – surprise! “... a lot of people are waiting for us... Homeland Security agents are waiting for us...” I was so frightened that I left. And more people everywhere, and I started screaming and crying: “Okay! We won’t get our stuff! We surrender, Homeland Security Daddy! ... We will not burn DVDs, okay...” And I cried loudly. And more hysteria over the cellphone calls around me. And I yelled: “... kill them all! ...” (5:33:00). Then I yelled to somebody: “... if you take out your cellphone, I’ll personally kill you!” And: “Homeland Security Daddy! We will not burn DVDs with our Samsung Writer...” And I yelled to another guy: “... if you take out your cellphone, I’ll kill you...” On 5:43:00 I got on bus 38. Immediately I took note of another man who was making a cellphone call and yelled at the top of my voice: “Somebody is making a cellphone call on 5:28 PM! Another cellphone call has been intercepted and will be presented to the International Court as evidence!” The other man in the bus turned around to look at me and laughed. Even at the time I was thinking that this man was Homeland Security and was laughing at my sarcasm about the evidentiary process: in reality he could be either Homeland Security or Nicaraguan working for the Russian side. I yelled more: “Another Hispanic guy is text-messaging on 5:32 PM...” It’s not clear whether the Russians could use my sarcasm as evidence in the upper court that I was conspiring with the suit team, but it was certainly good evidence in the lower court to debunk the “David Chin legend”. I got off the bus on 5:52:00 and this guy who got off with me immediately got ready to make a cellphone call. I yelled at him: “You want to make a cellphone call because it’s your order... If you make calls for me it’s my business... Call, make the call... it’s your freedom, I don’t have any right...” Then, a Cadillac with tinted windows (5:54:30). Was it Homeland Security? Mr former Secretary again? And more text-messaging. On 5:56:00 I was at a shop in downtown checking out a new cart. “A guy is making a cellphone call for us, it’s 5:42 PM...” And more. On 6:06:00 I bought a new cart and batteries. “My life is much easier with a new cart...” Now that I had money, that is. On 6:14:00 I came inside a doughnut shop to eat my snack. When I came out, I speculated: “... the bus driver would rumor that somebody was yelling about the International Court on the bus and that he didn’t know what it was about, and this rumor would be intercepted into the International Court as evidence that the American people around me don’t know about this International Court trial...” On 6:21:00 I got on the bus again and sat down behind a text-messenger. And there were children on the bus as well. “Children are the scariest things on the planet... we are not scared of text-messaging anymore, we are just like ‘Okay, we’ve got intercepted again’... just talk about it... we are getting intercepted as text-messaging at this very moment...” (6:35:30). Again, so much acting. “... we are a pervert, a child-molester and a pedophile, so don’t look at us... Homeland Security doesn’t like DVDs... we like DVDs...” Then a Hispanic girl was text-messaging: “... we are at this moment being intercepted... the text-message will be presented to the International Court as evidence of our crimes and the crimes of the nations for which we work...” (6:40:00). Then: “... we need to learn about the Event Viewer...” And I started practice using the Event Viewer again (from 6:45:00 onward). What seemed to be a Homeland Security vagrant was talking in the back of the bus. More: “On 6:51 PM, we have been intercepted as making a cellphone call... the intercept will be presented to the International Court as evidence of our crimes and the crimes of the nations for which

we work...” (7:12:00). Siren on 7:14:20. More acting: “... all this text-messaging, and we don’t even care...” On 7:45:00, I got off the bus in Westwood. A Homeland Security agent was pretending to look at the tags of the bicycles at a shop: “... to produce surveillance showing us showing interest in the bicycles for sale... or receiving secret messages from foreign intelligence...” On 7:52:00 I came to Best Buy. As I browsed through the blank DVDs on sale, I refused to buy discs made in Malaysia. They had to be made in Taiwan or Japan, as I put into practice what I had learned about DVDs in the past few days. I then looked at the new camcorders. On 8:03:00 I left Best Buy. Another black Cadillac with tinted windows passed by (8:06:00). Homeland Security? “... even though we are Lawrence Chin trying to pretend to be David Chin, in surveillance we end up being David Chin trying to pretend to be Lawrence Chin... we are the only person in the universe who cares about whether we exist...” Good testimony for the Russians! Then: “... a police pickup truck comes next to us to pick up two people just when we are taking out our recorder...” And the officer seemed to have text-messaged. “... the text-message has been intercepted into the International Court as evidence... Tahdah...” (8:13:30). Then I came inside Best Buy again. I continued to browse through the blank DVDs. An employee came to me to ask me if I was doing okay. I responded: “I know, you are trying to pretend I’m crazy...” (8:28:00). “... the document says that it’s not the brand name that matters, but the place where the disc is made... the other document says... that’s a ‘Homeland Security-modified’ document... all these nations... Homeland Security will clear the stores of all good DVDs... we have never even heard about discs made in United Arab Emirates... don’t know if they are good...” I then kept describing this man who was using his cellphone. I then looked at DVD drives. I then continued about how Homeland Security had modified the document because they didn’t want me to preserve my data. Paranoid over nothing! “Because it’s too scary to go to the storage, we have to buy a new pack which our Toshiba can burn...” I then looked at the camcorders. Only if I had money for a new camcorder! I paid for the discs – I did choose the Verbatim discs made in UAE – making sure to read out the employee’s ID and name (9:00:00). “... we can’t understand why this Toshiba can’t burn DVD +R...” I then came to Burger King to eat (9:05:00). “... as we have said, videotaping is a form of *Spaltung*, a separation between you and your double... like the mirror stage... by making it into a criminal act, the government has forced you to be stuck at the mirror stage...” Then somebody’s cellphone rang: “... another intercept of our cellphone call...” (9:13:00). “... we have so many friends, they are calling us... What do they want? ...” Then a white female came in, and I described her. “... Do you know what they do? They will afterward report that this guy is insane... he is always describing the people around him... so that he can get picked up by the police later...” On 9:24:00 I left still mumbling about the white female who continued to stand there. “Homeland Security has sent in the police so that we couldn’t just ask him what ... Why is it that our crimes need to be hidden from us? ...” I came to Coffee Bean and sat down in the patio to smoke. I reflected on the white female that simply stood there motionless inside Burger King: “... what kind of surveillance was she trying to produce? ... Oh, another guy has just produced surveillance showing us receiving secret messages from...” And I turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “[cfbn\\_wstwd\\_searchvrbtm\\_crmlrcrdellphn\\_10\\_27\\_09\\_917-1002PM.WMA](#)”: I continued: “... we have many cellphones! ... it’s 9:20 PM...” Now I wanted to do more study of Verbatim discs made in United Arab Emirates: “... use mamma.com... don’t use Google... ‘Verbatim, United Arab Emirates’...” And there just had to appear among search results something about political

events in the Middle-East: "... another evidence of our anti-Semitism.... And a lot of links about Israel, conflicts in the Middle-East... just because we bought a pack of Verbatim discs made in United Arab Emirates! ... maybe these are fake websites created by Homeland Security..." Then several pretty white females walked past speaking French: "... maybe here to produce surveillance..." This would be relevant pretty soon, as you shall see. On 13:00, somebody is making a cellphone call: "... we are being intercepted... operations to produce surveillance have started again..." Then a vagrant who kept talking to himself near me: "... he is forcing us to hear his conversation in order to make us into a criminal recorder..." I shouted to him: "Keep your noise down... I know you are Homeland Security..." Then: "... we are becoming a criminal recorder because he wouldn't shut the fuck up... Unfortunately we won't find anything on Verbatim DVDs... 'The Facts Speak For Themselves: 911 Blog'... Wow, we are producing so many intercepts..." Why did all these irrelevant pages pop up on search results? Did Homeland Security really orchestrate this? I searched again (21:00). And I continued to curse the talking vagrant: "... piece of junk..." I ended up looking at digitalfacts.com again, even though I was afraid that this website might be Homeland Security: "... made in Taiwan Verbatims... Verbatim discs made in United Arab Emirates are usually made by Falcon Technologies... unfortunately we don't know if this information is real..." I started reading people's reviews: "... hopefully these are not faked by Homeland Security... Verbatim discs are number one... Oh, two white females are making cellphone calls next to us..." And I shouted to them: "Can you guys pay me two dollars the next time you make cellphone calls next to me?" (36:00) Then: "... What's their purpose? To make calls for me, or to make me into a criminal recorder?" I then went inside to use the restroom. Then I asked the two girls again. "... unfortunately there will always be other human beings around... you can't kill them off... they will produce intercepts... the Homeland Security man is using the restroom, and he is taking forever, so that we won't be able to use it..."

My next recording is: "[cfbnsec\\_strbkmnyvrbtm\\_fbifrnch\\_10\\_27-8\\_09\\_1031PM-248AM.WMA](#)": I came out again to continue my research: "... what's said on amazon.com... don't write ink on discs, it might damage them..." I read on amazon.com that one shouldn't burn discs with maximum speed and fill the disc with data to the edge. I had been doing everything wrong! And I continued to upload my latest recording files to my website. "... Homeland Security is probably producing evidence right now showing that we are using a fake Internet connection..." I then came back inside and asked the man who I thought was a "Homeland Security customer": "You get real Internet connection, huh?" He asked me why. "I'm envious of other people because I get only fake Internet connection..." "Why do you get fake connection?" I explained: "... I'm foreign intelligence..." (until 13:30). It's not clear whether the man really was Homeland Security, but this sarcasm on my part was good testimony for the Russians. Then: "Not only does it have to be slow, it has to be fake..." Then my connection was not working again: everything simply froze up. Then: "... synchronicity... I shut down, and the black guy shut down too..." (21:00). Then I apologized to the security guard: "Oh, sorry to block your way, Mr Security.... How many days do I have left? When are you going to take me in?" "Pretty soon..." Then: "... we are gonna be a good vagrant, especially courteous to security guards..." Finally I got to use the restroom: "... that Homeland Security vagrant came in and created a huge smell... everything we own is broken..." I was out of Coffee Bean on 27:30. "... our function in society is to be a foreign agent masquerading as a vagrant... Are we really backing up our files on our website? Or are we storing them

in a fake website? Well, as long as you can download them, it doesn't matter whether it's real or fake... as long as the hash values are the same..." On 30:30 I came to Starbucks. I continued to upload my files. Then about my Eee PC: "You have to reinstall the whole OS pretty soon..." And I continued to read people's reviews on Verbatim DVDs, but I didn't quite believe these were real. Then, suddenly, I decided to get on amazon.fr to read people's reviews there: "... Homeland Security might not have had the time to put up fake messages here..." I started reading the French postings out loud (from 54:00 onward). Then, on 55:30: "... the webpage jumped..." Namely, there was suddenly a big flash on my computer screen. I had an inkling that something was up – the suit team had taken a picture of my computer screen as evidence of my French-speaking (evidence in support of the "David Chin legend"). But I said nothing at this time and continued to read about Verbatim DVDs on English webpages. "... I'm going insane... there are too many human beings around..." (1:25:30). Then, on 1:29:30, my Open Office was not functioning on my Toshiba. "Is it being remotely controlled?" I almost cried. "... we need to reboot... so... by Homeland Security... it's only pretending to function... Don't look at websites... they are probably fake... Google Books is better... books are less likely to have been modified by Homeland Security..." On 1:35:00 I was packing up because Starbucks was closing. *Now* I started my act: I had better confess something in order to help the Russians. "We have figured out something... Homeland Security operations always tell you something..." At the same time, I found two pills on the floor: "It could be evidence of our drug-dealing..." I walked out and, from 1:37:00 onward, started recounting my realization. "... the browser flashed... that usually happens when Homeland Security wants to take a picture of your computer screen... it happens about 30 minutes ago when you were looking at amazon.fr... why were they doing that? Recall how, when we were in the hostel in Shanghai, people were constantly encouraging us to speak French... before we thought that, if we spoke French well, it would be evidence that we had been trained by foreign intelligence... but now we have a different theory... according to the FBI document, we don't speak French... Tahdah! The RCMP officers thought that we didn't speak French... even though we were going to a French school... and so people wanted us to speak French because that was evidence that we weren't Lawrence Chin... and so now, when we were at amazon.fr, Homeland Security obtained evidence that we weren't Lawrence Chin... only David Chin speaks French... according to the FBI document, Lawrence Chin doesn't speak French... it's not that David Chin tried so hard to pretend to be Lawrence Chin that he even spoke French, but that Lawrence Chin never spoke French and David Chin did. That's part of the script which we have missed... but what about German? We were able to read German... the computer screen flashed... we have seen that before... now this discovery we will keep to ourselves..." By this time I had come to the corner across the street from Denny's – hoping that, around this usual corner of mine, the Russians had already planted listening devices. I paced in a circle and continued: "... gradually, we have figured out what's on that FBI document... it didn't say anything about David Chin at all, just that he was a computer programmer... What about Lawrence Chin? *It says that he doesn't speak French...* we can figure out the content of the FBI document just by observing what's going on... we should have been a private detective... 舉一反三 ... and so most of the information on that document was provided by RCMP..." I was done with my confession by 1:47:30. Then I brushed my teeth and continued: "... like an archaeologist, when you dig up one bone, you can figure out the layout of the entire village... since when does David Chin speak French? The FBI document didn't even say which school David Chin graduated from... one thing we don't

understand is the fact that the same piece of evidence has to be presented to the International Court over and over again... something is very strange about the evidentiary record... it's actually just a waste of time... like the way we have to argue repeatedly about whether the earth is flat or round..." Siren again on 1:55:30. "... it's like psychological warfare... the way we are constantly disturbed by noises... the FBI document didn't say David Chin went to Cal Poly San Luis Obispo... it said only that he's a computer programmer and born on May 6 1968... it will go on forever and ever... just as Wes will say, it's garbage which gets people paid..." Then siren again on 2:00:00. "... there are people who are pretending to be thieves, and the police are pretending to catch them... because America has too much money... when we have nothing to spend the money on, we will spend it on something that is fake... When is the last time that crime has occurred in Westwood?..." That was indeed good observation about the American modus operandi. "... we have met many good people who aren't good to animals... their boundary of goodness stops with animals... then there are good people who do extend their goodness to animals... and so it's not a matter of being a good person or a bad person... for people in general, we simply don't count, just as many good people aren't good to animals... we are like stones and trees, as if we had no feelings... this is the case even with our family members... we are assumed to be non-sentient beings..." I then started recalling how I investigated Chaya: "... even the county courthouse is better than the International Court, which is only filled with garbage..." I then mumbled about how much I loved my computers: "... the only place in the world where our life exists... I say that the FBI document is only about three to five pages... it takes up too much disk space to videotape yourself throwing away trash... maybe it's because it's a new episode that the same evidences have to be presented again..." I was now walking through Westwood Village: "... 'spotted' by a taxi again..." (2:29:30). Then a car parked in front of me and quickly drove away. "Why would he do that? It must be because he has made a cellphone call for me!" (2:34:00) More: "There were a male and a female inside the car. It would seem that it was the female who had made the call... the taxis on the road really scare me..." It's not clear whether my suspicion was correct. On 2:39:00 I wandered back and came inside Denny's, but on 2:46:00 I decided to leave. "Run run run! Run away from people! People are hell..." From 2:50:00 onward I rested in a corner. On 2:59:00 a police car passed me by. "It couldn't have caught us in its video camera!" From 3:01:00 onward I started my reflection again: "... strange... RCMP put us under surveillance, but they didn't wire up Octopussy... the FBI officers came... but they never wired up Octopussy... they had never caught us speaking French to Marie... there are just too many holes in the whole thing... it's so strange... how could the RCMP officers have thought that we didn't speak French... how did we end up in UQAM then? ... how is it that our interaction with Marie wasn't observed? ... but this explains so much... we only spoke French with Marie in Octopussy... so Octopussy was never wired up..." I continued about this for a while. "Maybe they just said we didn't speak French well... there might be more mysteries with the FBI document... they couldn't be that stupid, like Homeland Security... Homeland Security is not stupid, they are just bad, play dirty... and weird... Look, a repair truck passes us by from behind... and another car... Did they make a cellphone call for us? We don't know..." On 3:22:00, siren in the distance. Then: "... the truck that passed us by earlier is coming back..." I went to check it out and read out its license plate (3:37:00). Then I continued to rest in my corner. "We are the only people in the world who care about us..." And I continued to describe the movement of passersby. "... Cecilia was very motherly... how nice it is just to study... if you study real information, that is... we haven't



masturbated for a very long time...”

Let’s pause again to think about what I had accomplished tonight. Once I had realized that the suit team was using the RCMP’s mistake and my French-speaking to prove (in the lower court, in the international domain) that I wasn’t really Lawrence Chin, the Russians could request (in the upper court) that this argument be now considered part of my conspiracy with the United States to harm Russia. In other words, the Russians could now request that this part of my conspiracy be neutralized by letting nations around the world know that Lawrence Chin had in fact always been able to speak French and that RCMP had simply made a mistake when investigating him back in 2005. At the very least, the United States could no longer submit my French-speaking to the lower court as evidence that the “David Chin legend” was correct – unless, of course, the United States could prove in the upper court that I was in fact conspiring with the Russians.

### **October 28 (Wednesday; “criminal recording”?)**

My next recording is: “[bus20\\_strg\\_trck\\_strbks\\_brndvd\\_10\\_28\\_09\\_537-1057AM.WMA](#)”: I got off the bus on 34:00. I noted a man who was holding a cellphone in his hand. I read out his license plate, and suspected that the Machine had intercepted me making cellphone calls again (43:00). I got on the bus again on 53:00 and got off on 1:04:00. I came to my storage facility on 1:23:30, but it was not yet open. Then: “God rules the kingdom in heaven and barely cares about what is going on on earth” (1:41:00). Then: “I don’t know what surveillance has turned me into: a dog, a horse, or a pig?” (1:44:50) On 2:25:00, when the storage was finally open, I stood by the entrance of A-American office asking the black man – a new face, the new manager – if it was okay to take pictures of my storage unit. He incessantly tried to invite me into the office. At the time I was sure I knew what he was doing – trying to get me to record inside the office when the door was shut so that I may become a “criminal recorder” – and so refused to go in. Did the suit team really instruct the manager to do this? We then had a discussion about all the weird people that were running around on the floor of my storage unit – he kept saying that he saw me running around but I maintained that I never saw him. Now it did seem that he had received instructions from the suit team as to what to say to me. Otherwise, how did he come up with all this nonsense? Finally, after his incessant invitation I walked into the office and signed the log. I made sure to keep the door open, saying I was “claustrophobic.” Ha! I kept asking him if he was playing a trick on me. I walked out of the office on 2:30:00 and went upstairs and came to my unit on 2:33:00. Naturally, I filmed the configuration of my storage unit when I opened it (28:00 in the video diary). A black man standing in the hallway scared me tremendously, and, after picking up my Samsung DVD Writer, I left A-American by 2:54:00. (I had naturally made sure to film myself leaving without leaving anything behind: 34:25 in the video diary.) On 2:55:00 another police motorcycle – 718 – passed me by. I then took notice of another woman who was walking toward me with a cellphone in her hand (3:09:00). I got on the bus on 3:20:00 and got off on 3:27:50. Then, immediately, a black man was making strange gestures and shaking his head. Secret message-passing? “Pay me two dollars and you can play with your cellphone around me.” And more cellphone calls around me. On 3:48:30 I came inside the Starbucks with a single person restroom (on 11<sup>th</sup> Street and Grand). Now a police officer was text-messaging. I set up my Samsung DVD Writer to get ready to burn my first Verbatim disc (DVD

68). The burning was successful, and I started on the second DVD 68, using Sony this time. Siren on 4:31:30: "... a police car... we've got videotaped..." And I described all the people inside the coffeehouse (4:37:00). More text-messaging in the distance (4:41:00). Then another cellphone call behind me. I got really nervous and packed up and left on 4:52:00. As I walked, I repeated Sartre's dictum: "... other people are such hell!" And I counted more police cars and text-messaging (5:04:00). Then: "... it's a female, blond, sunglasses..." On 5:08:00 I got on the bus.

My next recording is: "[bus4\\_sm8\\_japslftlk\\_isocrmlrcrd\\_10\\_28\\_09\\_1050AM-133PM.WMA](#)": I took a nap on the bus. When I got off the bus, an Asian girl in front of me made a cellphone call (1:15:30). I was now in Westwood and came to ISO to eat (1:40:00). I then used the restroom. Now someone was knocking on the restroom door on 1:45:00 and tried to break in on 1:47:30. Was the suit team trying to produce an intercept showing me using drugs inside the restroom? I came out on 1:54:00. Then another Homeland Security actor (or so I thought) was bothering me. "Shut the fuck up! Get out of my face!" (1:58:30) I continued: "Once there is a debate about me in the International Court of Justice, I can't even use the toilet in peace" (2:05:00). Then a white female made a cellphone call in front of me – or was she trying to produce an intercept showing me trying to criminally record her? (2:24:00) Again, I had begun to be seriously preoccupied with the theme of "criminal recording". Then, another actor with a cellphone came in front of me: "Oh Gee – you forgot to ask me for my permission!" (2:38:30)

My next recording is: "[wrthash\\_mystriouscaller\\_goofy\\_sony\\_10\\_28\\_09\\_138-408PM.WMA](#)": I was now writing ("Schizophrenic... Part III"). Then I theorized: "... It's a new game, it's not as if you guys want to be confused with me, but as if you guys want to be in my recordings..." (51:00). The theme of "criminal recording"! After leaving ISO, I came inside somewhere commenting to people: "If you talk near me, you'll be recorded..." (1:25:00). I then came inside Starbucks and got online (1:37:00). Then, someone's cellphone rang. I got sarcastic: "Is someone calling David Chin again? He has so many friends..." (1:40:30). I was then reading something about DVDs again, this time about Sony's brand (2:03:00). Then: "Why does everyone wear sunglasses? Why do people wear sunglasses at night? It has something to do with Homeland Security..." (2:16:30). Then someone near me was text-messaging (2:17:00).

My next recording is: "[goinucla\\_signalemit\\_10\\_28\\_09\\_402-552PM.WMA](#)". Then an ambulance "spotted" me removing my Olympic recorder from my laptop – surveillance must be showing the foreign agent removing strange equipment from his laptop, I commented (6:00). Again, I was most likely overly paranoid here. Then I saw a silver limousine! (8:50) Homeland Security? Mr former Secretary? I left Starbucks on 22:00. Then a white female (tall, attractive, blond) was text-messaging in front of me (41:00) "... We are getting intercepted again..." Then another text-messenger – she was quite attractive – came toward me. Run run run! (48:00) Could any of them be CIA? I then asked another text-messenger: "Can you pay me two dollars for text-messaging next to me?" (55:30) Then a mother and her child came next to me, the mother starting to make a cellphone call and the child wanting to talk to me. Wow! "Don't talk to me..." I got sarcastic again: "I guess children like to be around child-molesters..." (1:23:30).

My next recording is: “[leaveucla\\_bus2-181\\_accdntlrord\\_10\\_28\\_09\\_558-851PM.WMA](#)”: Then somebody came around me again to be (supposedly) confused with me in surveillance, and I moved: “... hell is other people... you can never...” When I came inside UCLA and passed by Ackerman, a black guy was sitting over there as if trying to be my double: “... Why do you care? ... The thing is that you have a location... once you have a location, they can... I just don’t want to be distracted... I need to concentrate on my work... we will never find a place where... people will never disappear... it’s just fear... how many of our secret communications have to be intercepted in order to be counted? Burn down the fucking International Court!...” I was getting increasingly angry: “... we can’t do any work, we are so distracted...” This might be a good explanation for the Russians as to why I was resisting the suit team’s operations – and I wasn’t lying here. By 26:00, I was waiting for the bus. On 28:00, I asked this woman: “Are you text-messaging?” “And?” I warned her: “What’s so good about text-messaging? It will turn your head into tofu...” On 30:00 I got on the bus. I warned another lady how text-messaging was bad for her brain. Then: “Where can you find a place where there are no human beings around?” Now Transit TV was broadcasting something about the chief prosecutor in the Hague: “... it’s for me... producing an intercept showing me being interested in the international court system...” (42:00). Then: “... the ‘tofu woman’ is still talking... listening to her conversation will cause our brain to become tofu... we shouldn’t have come to Westwood...” Note that, on 1:16:00, a child was making noises next to me. On 1:31:00 I got off the bus on Vermont and Prospect. On 1:41:30 I settled down in a corner and continued to count the people who were text-messaging and making cellphone calls. “... all these people going home and going somewhere, they are so lucky... I don’t even have a place where I can work...” On 1:52:00, I got on bus 181 to go back to Pasadena. People were talking all around me, and I pretended to join their conversation: “... and so it’s not criminal recording anymore...” (Namely, it’s legal to record conversations to which you are a party yourself.) Then I fell asleep. When I awoke, I continued: “... we fell asleep, and so whatever we have recorded is ‘accidental’...” On 2:40:30 I got off the bus in Pasadena. I came to Starbucks and noted: “Somebody took our favorite seat.” When a man was leaving: “You are leaving just as I’m coming in...” I used the single person restroom and then got my corner: “... where no one will come around to talk next to us...”

My next recording is: “[strbk\\_musicwrknohear\\_strngraskslfllk\\_10\\_28\\_09\\_844-955PM.WMA](#)”: I continued to work inside Starbucks. Then: “Synchronicity tells you who your double is. When I leave, he leaves...” (36:00). Then, someone asked me why I was sounding like Peewee Herman (58:00). Presumably unrelated to the ICJ trial!

My next recording is: “[strbks\\_rcrd\\_cartxtmssg\\_10\\_28\\_09\\_10-1112PM.WMA](#)”: I continued to work in Starbucks. I was now burning a new disc. “We are really worried about our Toshiba... nothing looks right... it’s so over-used, and Homeland Security remote control...” I was also reviewing my latest recordings. Then: “... my computer is just frozen there...” Then the employee came to tell me the store was closing. I said to her: “... we are under surveillance, so whatever you say might be recorded...” (33:00). Ha! To avoid “criminal recording.” On 42:00, after profuse apology to the employee, I left Starbucks. Suddenly, a car came to park next to me, I read out his license plate, and he quickly drove away (49:30). Did he text-message? This really did look like the suit team’s operation! I kept on walking, still believing that something was put into my Eee PC. By 1:07:00 I came to my corner next to

the parking structure and was ready to sleep. “We did the best we can, we have preserved as much data as we can with all our broken equipment... everything is broken... we burned three discs today...” I continued to mumble about how irritating the driver was who parked next to me presumably to text-message: “... we are a cellphone tree...”

### **October 29 (Thursday; black woman double)**

My first recording of the new day is: “[slp\\_wk\\_carpulloff\\_mgzstndwm\\_sbr\\_cnvrst\\_10\\_29\\_09\\_712-907AM.WMA](#)”: I woke up from my corner in Pasadena on 1:09:00, and I filmed myself (34:46 in the video diary). Then an SUV just had to pull in in front of me. I was alarmed: “The driver may have made a cellphone call for us....” (1:17:00). I then came to Sabor.

My next recording is: “[wk\\_sbr\\_strbkcrmlrcrdng\\_zeli\\_libdvd\\_10\\_29\\_09\\_919AM-447PM.WMA](#)”: I continued to work inside Sabor. Then, I was alarmed: “A white female just text-messaged for us, and then she smiled and walked out....” This was definitely the suit team’s operation. Then two more people walked in: it was a complete full house now (38:00). I was burning a new disc and, unfortunately, verification of the new DVD failed (43:00). I lamented: “Homeland Security is remotely controlling our computer so that we can’t burn DVDs... We are very sad. We want to commit suicide....” (1:07:00). Then people began leaving Sabor. “The mad house is over....” (1:12:00). I continued: “My laptop is being remotely controlled, CPU usage is too high, it is freezing...” (1:16:00). When I came outside to smoke, I told the man who I thought was an undercover detective: “We have ‘accidentally’ secretly recorded your conversation, detective... CA exempt- 10324...” (1:19:30). When I came back inside Sabor, I continued: “Something is very wrong with this Toshiba....” (2:15:00). When I was using the restroom, someone was again knocking on the restroom door (2:45:30). I came out of the restroom and was walking on the street by 2:57:00. Then I happened to be standing in line to buy food and I asked the strangers around me to give me more space, explaining how badly I smelled (3:04:00). “They must be trying to produce surveillance showing me secretly recording their conversation....” The theme of “criminal recording.” I was then eating in the street corner until 3:31:00. And I continued to read about DVDs. “We have criminally recorded 7 words from a woman...” (3:39:00). “Surveillance doesn’t care if we inevitably and accidentally recorded other people – it would all be criminal recording...” (3:08:00). When I passed by the Pasadena City Hall, I was “accidentally” videotaped by an ambulance (or so I thought: 3:56:00). I came to the Pasadena public library on 4:12:00. After working for an hour or so, I bought ice coffee at the coffee stand (6:57:00). And someone’s cellphone rang: did faulty surveillance confuse it as mine? (7:09:00) I then went inside to browse more books on computer matters, with a Homeland Security guy sitting in front of me (7:21:45). He was talking loudly and so I moved away.

My next recording is: “[psdnlb\\_dbleusb\\_dblebudh\\_survsys\\_cllphn\\_10\\_29\\_09\\_441-729PM.WMA](#)”: “... we are holding our recorder in our hand, which in surveillance would be our manipulating our cellphone or electronic device to communicate with our boss...” I sat down at a computer station and inserted one of my new DVDs to check whether it was well burned. I also seemed to be reading something about DVDs again. Then, something happened. I was convinced that this black woman who

came in to sit next to me was my double and followed her out of the library (28:00): "... as soon as we put in our DVD, this black woman came in to sit at the station next to us to insert her USB flash drive into the computer, obviously in order to be confused with us..." It really couldn't get any more obvious than that. She was now getting into her car, and I shouted to her: "Did you forget...?" She didn't respond. I came back to the library and reserved a computer station again for the Internet (32:00). Then: "... apparently finding out the truth is not a simple matter, it requires violating people's privacy... it's so easy to be a suit team operative, simply sit next to somebody and insert your flash drive..." The black woman must have looked at something that looked like a spy document and so on: just more evidence to support the "David Chin legend" in the lower court. I got on my computer station and inserted my DVD again: "... we are doing our patriotic duty now, because that black woman will be confused with us... a nation will fall..." And I continued to read about the DVD information. "... operations continue in the library... turning you into... you never exist in the surveillance... it would be nice if you actually *are* under surveillance... that black man is listening to music over there, and so we are listening to music at this moment..." Note that a child was shouting in the distance. "According to surveillance, what's on your DVD is just music... according to surveillance, we are laughing because that black man over there is now laughing... there will be surveillance showing you losing your data... you will be fucked... How do these doubles get their job?" I also started importing videos from my camcorder. I described further the black woman who had supposedly been confused with me (1:09:00). Then: "... a black man is going inside the elevator... very likely our double... the vast majority of our doubles are blacks..." Then, from 1:21:00 onward, I was browsing through another book on computer matters. On 1:28:50: "... the library is now full of operatives... to produce surveillance..." On 1:43:00: "... our Homeland Security double over there, he's making unintelligible noises, making us into a criminal recorder..." I continued to read about C++. Then I told my double: "Can you please not talk so loud?" (1:46:00) On 2:11:00, I was reading a news item about the CIA's new project for Cloud Computing. On 2:17:30 I left the library. "Our identity got erased one more time as we checked our DVDs... the article about the CIA's project for Cloud Computer is interesting... when you read the news, if you just reverse everything to its opposite, then you'll get the truth... it's America: people say the opposite of what they mean, and do the opposite of what they say... Cloud Computer is a terrible idea... I want everything to be unreachable by the government..." Just then, a car turned toward me, and the female inside was holding a cellphone: "... presumably they are creating cellphone communications for me... another call has been intercepted as coming from me and presented to the International Court as evidence..." (2:21:00). Then I realized something significant: "... this faulty surveillance is a machine... it's automatic... and is hooked up directly to the courthouse..." This was the first budding of my correct idea about the faulty surveillance Machine. Then about the black woman with the USB flash drive earlier. Then: "... this machine tracks only one thing, my location... that's the purpose of the operation, to erase the surveillance of the contents of our DVDs... it's installed right inside the courthouse, and whenever the judges come into the chamber they will see the intercepts... all she did was stick a flash drive into the computer and stare at the document for five minutes, and then drive off... obviously an operation... What's in that document? Child pornography? The situation is more complex... *the judges are not really biased*... therefore the suit team has to make an effort to make them believe..." Then I ran into another Hispanic woman holding a cellphone, and I yelled at her: "I think you are making a cellphone call for me..." But she denied it. I

shouted: "... you are lying! We are intercepted, another call is intercepted into the International Court as evidence..." (2:29:30). Was this really an operation? I continued: "... everything is automatic, which makes it more believable..." I then filmed the Hispanic female who made the call (2:30:30) and then filmed myself recounting how faulty surveillance really worked (the first scene of my next video diary, "[10\\_29-31\\_09.wmv](#)"). I came to Tiffany's Cafe to order food. "People immediately follow us in..." Including teenage girls! "I don't think we have to worry about criminal videotaping... we keep reading people's license plates, it's criminal reading of people's license plates..." Ha! More on this, later. Then, another girl: "Oh, you are calling for me... Call!..." And she responded: "Call who?" "Whoever they told you to call... Oh, you are pretending to not know what's going on..." (2:41:00). I might have been mistaken here: she probably didn't get instructed by the suit team at all. I then filmed more of the streets and located the vehicle of the text-messaging woman from earlier (0:29 in the video diary). "Mr Homeland Security black man is standing over there, but we are not going to film him... we really want to be a Homeland Security operative... you can do something for your country, and it's so easy..." I came back to Tiffany's Cafe on 2:45:00. "... you wish you had a phone, but that's not very patriotic... there would be fewer calls intercepted as coming from you..."

My next recording is: "[tffny\\_carclphn\\_strbkaskgrl\\_10\\_29\\_09\\_735-819PM.WMA](#)": I sat outside to enjoy my sandwich. Then another girl tried to make a cellphone call in front of me (5:30). Then a car parked in front of me and the driver made a cellphone call (6:20). Did I get intercepted again? Then, on 10:25, another car came in front of me, and the person inside made another cellphone call.

My next recording is: "[strbk\\_brndvd47\\_crmlrcrd\\_hllywd\\_txtmssgr\\_10\\_29-30\\_09\\_813PM-1212AM.WMA](#)": I then came to Starbucks to work. I asked someone why there was no Internet. "I've seen this guy before... I don't know what Homeland Security has told people about me... and people will never tell me what Homeland Security has told them about me... the saddest thing is that... Saddam Hussein was actually telling the truth and yet ended up looking like he was lying..." Then: "... a black guy is text-messaging... we are getting intercepted again... I can't deal with it... cellphones are making us so uncomfortable..." (13:30). Again, a good explanation as to why I was resisting the suit team's operation. I was again burning a new DVD. "... UDF will cause the size of the disc to be larger..." And I also uploaded more old recordings of Karin's meetups to my website. On 54:00, a break outside, and I recounted what had just happened: "Are you really that afraid of criminal recording? You are like, 'This girl is pretty', and you keep looking at her... then you are like, 'Oh, you are recording her conversation'... we are the first person in history who records every single second of his life... Is it that important to become a criminal recorder? What's gonna happen? Nothing..." Then: "... this girl we said was pretty... we asked her a question contrary to our usual practice, and now she is talking to this black guy... it's an operation... they do such a little thing and yet you are driven insane... they will have this conversation for a long time... you didn't expect this Starbucks girl to be running an operation on you..." (from 1:02:00 onward). It would seem that I was mistaken here: this Starbucks girl was not carrying out a mission from the suit team. Then: "... if you are humane, you will just suck the oxygen out of his environment... you will not touch him..." On 1:06:00 I came back inside Starbucks. "Now that you have realized just how much hatred she has for you, you just want to hit her in the head..." Then I was out again. "You can't pick and choose... we are willing to be a Russian

agent, but not a child-molester... No, that's not how it works... now, according to surveillance, we have come outside to secretly record these two people's conversation..." Again, it's not clear whether the suit team was really looking for evidence of my "criminal recording" at this moment. I was then inside again. Suddenly, I yelled at a homeless guy who tried to steal my coffee. I then continued to read up on computer matters. "People are having conversation in front of us again, making us into a criminal recorder... our freedom has significantly shrunk... according to surveillance, as they are talking, they have no idea that they are being secretly recorded by this criminal foreign agent here... Now this guy is on Facebook... we are the only one who doesn't have a Facebook... and yet, according to surveillance, we have all this Facebook... Let's go, the criminal recorder has had enough of secretly recording other people's conversations..." (1:39:30). On 1:48:00 I was ready to leave. "We don't like her anymore after we have found out she's running an operation on us... she's talking to the black guy again..." I kept on walking. "... Karin's lawsuit is the same tactic: when the truth is not on your side, just be confused and confusing..." Then another Asian woman was talking on her cellphone inside her SUV. Then another white limousine passed me by on 1:57:00. Homeland Security? Mr former Secretary? (Probably not.) Then another person was making a cellphone call: "... another call may have been intercepted as coming from us..." I passed by Zona Rosa and a concert was going on. I came inside Famima to buy my snack. "Most people are born yesterday, they don't have any head..." (2:03:00). Then another female was text-messaging: "... we've got caught again..." (2:10:00). When I urinated in the bushes, a female suddenly stepped out across the street: "... we may have just become a criminal exposé... she didn't notice it, but surveillance may have been produced showing us exposing ourselves to a female... a strange sort of patriotism..." Again, overly paranoid. Then a car parked in front of me and the driver just stared at me. "Another guy is making a cellphone call, and we are not even avoiding it... we've just got intercepted again, hahaha... and so now surveillance has shifted away from our criminal recording to our making cellphone calls..." Nice acting! On 2:31:30 I got on bus 181. I first worked on my screenshots, and then on my chapter "The impossible wish to be known." On 3:28:45 I got off the bus in Hollywood. Immediately, another limousine! I failed to catch it in time with my camcorder, although I did get the police car (3:51 in the video diary). Then another black guy on cellphone. I came to Citi-Financial near Vine and Sunset to scavenge cigarette butts. Then another black guy on cellphone. "Kinkos is no longer open 24 hours.... Does it have to do with the secret court?" I kept walking south on Vine, and then noticed another white female text-messaging inside Winchell's: "... another text-message has been intercepted and shown up on the faulty surveillance Machine..." (3:49:00). I looked into Winchell's and sighed: "... What's the content of the text-message?" As I could find nowhere to settle in, I soon regretted coming here: "I should have stayed in Pasadena." Then: "We are holding our recorder in our hand, producing surveillance showing us emitting signals to our foreign intelligence boss...."

My next recording is: "[hllwyd\\_strngrjoks\\_trnsitvid\\_validsurv\\_10\\_30\\_09\\_1218-223AM.WMA](#)": I rested in a corner and continued: "... a car across the street... it's turning on its lights pretending to have an emergency... another intercept of our text-messaging... another limousine..." (2:00). Then: "... three men getting into a taxi... two women speaking Russian and a white male... the women are very pretty..." (7:00). Then: "Do you think that's a set-up? ... now a Jeep across the street... then it immediately drove away... we have very likely been intercepted again..." Then, after a while: "... we

are in the wrong place, this is fucked up...” I was on the move again on 17:00 and came inside Winchell’s to buy doughnuts. “... this constant interception of our text-messages... so pisses us off... because we can’t control it... if the government decides that 53 text-messages should be intercepted from us today, then it will happen, and we can’t control it...” Again, bad testimony for the Russians. Then I saw an old Asian man using the payphone: “... we are being intercepted making a call from a payphone...” And I shouted to him: “Are you making a phone call?” (21:00). As I was walking, I kept yelling: “I want to videotape people text-messaging! We used to live in heaven! We used to zoom in on people’s text-messaging, and nobody gives a shit... Oh, we can ask for permission... this is fucked up... this place sucks!” Then I saw two transvestites taking pictures of each other: “... this must be a trick...” There were a lot of funky people on the street because it was Halloween tomorrow, and a hippie man showed me his music book. I shouted: “... an intercept showing me receiving a secret message from foreign intelligence... another nation has crumbled...” He was stunned and asked: “Do you know what this is?” (32:30) I told him I did great things for this country. “What did you do?” “I have no idea whether you are an actor and told to show me your music book...” and he walked away without waiting for the bus. “See, that’s proof that it’s a trick...” Then a car parked in front of me and quickly went away. Then I started filming (4:15 in the video diary). “The other car just parked there and the man was picking his nose. He was on cellphone... It’s not a crime to videotape the streets of Hollywood...” Then a Transit Security vehicle came to park in front of me: “... we have just been ‘accidentally’ videotaped again... and the bystander woman is laughing... that’s why Transit Security is parked over there, to ‘accidentally’ film me doing...” And the woman confirmed: “They are watching you.” “Yeah, but only ‘accidentally’, everything in this country has to be ‘accidental’...” (48:00). Then I asked another man: “What did you do on your phone?” And he claimed he had already deleted the message. Then the man in costume who showed me his music book earlier continued to play with me: “... and he wanted me to videotape him... and he asked me what kind of camcorder I had...” (from 50:00 onward). And he insisted that I film him and put the video on Youtube so that he could be famous. I said to him and his friends again: “I don’t know if you guys are real or actors...” I insisted that they were here to play tricks on me. We kept on talking about videotaping people (such as the vagrant dragging a cart). At one point, he suggested: “Just be a criminal videotaper...” “No! I have to protect my documentaries...” A good reason for the Russians to hear! Finally, on 58:30, I parted with them and got on the bus. “They are sent here by the government... that’s why the Transit Security vehicle was parked there... to have evidence that I was indeed standing in that spot talking to strangers... it would be evidence in the International Court... that I was indeed there talking to foreign agents... who sent them? Iran? Or Russia? what’s the purpose of the discussion? We don’t know... they were actors, they were sent here... that’s why they weren’t waiting for the bus... the key to the whole episode is the Transit Security vehicle, that’s why it was parked there, it’s an operation... the Transit Security vehicle was also there to record our conversation, to make us into a criminal recorder...” In reality, it’s really not clear whether the musical man was indeed the suit team’s actor. I turned to the bus driver: “... if you talk too loud, you might very well be recorded by me... I’m under surveillance...” The bus driver responded: “So do you record people?” “No, I’m recording myself...” (1:08:30). And I moved to the back of the bus to avoid recording him. From 1:13:00 onward, I spilled out my whole theory as to what story the suit team would concoct about me tonight: “... why did he come to Hollywood and stay for one hour and leave? ...” From 1:17:00 onward, I began my speculation about



the faulty surveillance Machine again: "... all that the Machine captures are vague things like 'dragging a cart' or 'wearing a hat'... tonight the suit team could argue to the judges that the Machine is quite accurate... it's going to move from me to that vagrant... merely a vague picture... 'Some sort of vagrant has appeared'... no one will know that behind this picture is actually *another* vagrant that is also dragging a cart... the suit team would point out that the Transit Security vehicle's camera video shows that he was indeed here: 'And our Machine shows that some sort of vagrant was dragging a cart'... such is proof that the barely intelligible surveillance intercepts are indeed accurate..." I was totally correct here. I continued: "... the Russians must have done something to shake the judges' confidence in the Machine... that's how it works... and so tonight is a critical night... as we have said, 'When the truth is not on your side, just be vague and confusing'... the Russians must have been quite clever in maneuvering through the confusions..." Again, I was providing the Russians with excellent testimony enabling them to further establish me as the suit team's conspirator. I then produced the example of the Bible: "... that's what's going on... the suit team must have had this problem... the judges were having doubts, wondering about the possibility that the barely intelligible surveillance might not be telling the story which the suit team has been arguing for..." Then I started my act which would again be excellent evidence for the Russians – even though I might have been mistaken about there being any operation at all tonight: "... but the suit team succeeded tonight in convincing the judges... from tonight's operation we can conclude that the faulty nature of the faulty surveillance Machine might have already been pointed out by the Russians..." I was done by 1:30:00 but, from 1:34:30 onward, was at it again: "... we went to Washington DC to petition back in March, and Russia got convicted... what's the relationship between the two? ... we felt like shit... because we were fucked too... *maybe after they have used David Chin to convict Russia, they will let you go back to being Lawrence Chin...* at the time you really did feel sorry for Russia... you went around the country and Russia got convicted as a consequence... then you filed your lawsuit... but it's not like the Russians didn't know they were framed... you did something completely unrelated... and some nation got fucked over... this surveillance in which everything is blacked out, except for the most general characteristics... Americans know best how to make lawsuits because they have the most experience... America is the land of frivolous lawsuits... they know how to argue... to convince people of the impossible... when you file lawsuits, you have to use what's out there as evidence, but when the government goes to trial, they can actually *produce* what's out there... that's why the International Court is filled with garbage... because governments are involved... and so you don't want to be a subject of debate in the International Court... that also means that the two vagrants that were around wouldn't show up in the Transit Security video..." On 1:46:30 I got off the bus in Pasadena. "... we have come to understand how it works..." Then, immediately, I ran into a car with its lights shone upon me, and it quickly moved away: "... the driver inside might have text-messaged..." In reality, I knew quite well that it might simply be Russian surveillance. Then: "... you should have stayed in Pasadena, even though, by observing the behavior of that Transit Security vehicle, you have come to a realization as to how the suit team's faulty surveillance works..." I came to the parking structure on 1:51:00 and was alarmed because the side door was open, and so I filmed myself closing it (5:47 in the video diary). "... there must be a reason for it... we don't want to videotape the interior, it may be illegal..." Just then, siren. "Maybe the door is open in order to lure us to sleep inside... which means that that must be illegal..." I then rested in my corner next to the side door: "... we need to go back to our former state,

when we could videotape people in their face and nobody cared...” Then, on 2:03:30, I turned on my Toshiba to import this very recording. I knew that the confession I had made in the past hour was extremely important – when I should later upload this recording to my website, the Russians would obtain more evidence to solidify their claim that I was conspiring with the United States. I continued: “Now surveillance may be showing us emitting signals from our communication device....”

### **October 30 (Friday; detectives?)**

My next recording is: “[slp\\_wk\\_pickupdtective\\_10\\_30\\_09\\_639-908AM.WMA](#)”: After I woke up, I continued to lie around. On 1:44:00 I became alarmed when a white female came over. Then a car came to park in front of me, and I read out the license plate and described the two persons who came out of the car. They were gone within minutes. “... Did they text-message or emit any signals?” Then I described another person who came around. On 1:56:00 I filmed myself getting up and all packed up (7:15 in the video diary). And another car came to park in front of me (1:56:30). “... obviously an operation, producing a certain surveillance...” I kept on walking. Then another man in a pickup truck had a cellphone: “... we are intercepted again... at...” I came to the parking lot area behind Kinkos but found no cigarette butts at all. I noticed a car with a CA-Exempt license plate. The man inside was staring at me: “... he’s a police officer... it’s a detective car... that’s why he stared at us several times... ‘That’s the vagrant over there’...” It’s not clear whether I was correct. Or perhaps, having been briefed about the ICJ trial, the detective was merely angry with me. In any case, from now on I would also be preoccupied with the theme of detectives’ watching over me. Then another white female on cellphone, and I read out her license plate. While walking, I continued: “... we’ve got ‘spotted’ by a detective... that’s very bad...” Then another female on cellphone, and I read out her license plate (2:16:00). On 2:18:00 I came inside Starbucks and immediately described all the people that were here.

My next recording is: “[strbk\\_dvd67\\_secgrd\\_10\\_30\\_09\\_902-1139AM.WMA](#)”: I quickly started working. I was now creating the ISO image for DVD 67 and uploading files to my website. I counted 16 people here. Another white female was making a cellphone call outside (37:00). “... forget it, we will not stand in line to order something... because we have come in, suddenly a hundred people came in...” I sat down and continued to work. Then my Toshiba froze up, and a security guard came in. “Is he here to remove us? But we haven’t done anything to cause us to be removed...” And I suspected another man to be an undercover detective: “... the detective has looked at us... in order to build up... something is supposed to happen...” Then a fire truck passed by. “... the Starbucks employee is looking at something... we are in trouble... we’d better leave soon... Look, the security guard is asking a black man to leave... in surveillance we are being asked to leave...” Then I got suspicious again when my Eee PC shut down by itself. On 1:38:00 I left Starbucks. I was also again troubled by the wheels on my cart: “... we couldn’t drag the cart smoothly... this is making our life even harder... maybe the detective looked at us and said, ‘That’s a criminal recorder’...” I continued to count the people who were on their cellphones. I rested in a corner, and a woman said Hi to me: “... I don’t know what kind of surveillance that is supposed to produce...” (1:55:00). Then I came inside Target to browse through DVD labels and the special gold discs: “... it’s made in Taiwan...” I left on 2:10:50. I came into the restroom in Sabor to brush my teeth. Out soon, I counted more people who scratched their head. And

another black guy dragging a cart, and another white female who, when passing me by, put her hand into her pocket – as if all these could be producing the necessary surveillance. On 2:36:00, a female tried to hand over a piece of paper to a vagrant, and then to me. Shocked, I yelled at her: “Don’t come near me! ... she’s trying to produce a certain surveillance... Fuck you bitch!...” Again, my resistance was not good evidence for the Russians.

My next recording is: “[bus181\\_hllywdsurvsysmrkt\\_bus2\\_slp\\_uclacmputfakenet\\_crmlvid\\_10\\_30\\_09\\_1145AM-629PM.WMA](#)”: Then: “... surveillance has been produced... passing signals to foreign intelligence... a white guy is pretending to be manipulating his cellphone while talking to the girl...” On 6:00 I got on bus 181. The bus driver kept a picture of a female on his station: “... What kind of surveillance is that producing? ...” Ha! Then the Transit TV: “... surveillance is being produced showing us showing intense interest in terrorism...” Then: “... surveillance is being produced showing us hiding in the corner to secretly record people’s conversations, such as ‘Hey amigo’... Gee, they are leaving, we don’t have to listen to their conversation anymore...” I then continued to describe the suspicious people on the bus. “... people talking loudly in front of us... you know it’s an operation...” No, not necessarily! Then somebody was talking on his cellphone near me: “... surveillance is being produced showing us secretly recording other people’s phone conversations: ‘Hey, dude, hey’... we are no longer getting caught dealing drugs...” On 1:33:00 I got off the bus in Hollywood. Immediately: “An attractive white female sneaked up behind us with a cellphone...” I ordered food in a restaurant on 1:39:00. “... a black guy with a bicycle is behind us, producing a certain intercept... another cellphone call behind us, we are intercepted... he sneaked up behind us... you want a place where there are only us, and nothing around in 100 yard radius...” I quickly moved away to avoid people. On 1:48:00 I found a corner where no one was around, but soon people started gathering around me. Then another car came to park in front of me. I speculated that the person inside must be text-messaging: “... we have been caught texting our boss again...” I told the people that were in front of me: “Can you just shut the fuck up and leave? You guys just came around to fuck with me, huh? We are just like a fucking dummy... we have produced all sorts of surveillance, showing us hiding here to secretly record people’s conversations... we are government’s dummy... one billion dollar dummy... two more Homeland Security guys are talking really loudly... he’s making a cellphone call! Another call from us to foreign intelligence has been intercepted!” (2:08:00) Again, it’s not clear whether I was correct. Then: “... we have had enough of other human beings...” Then I noted another female with her cellphone stuck to her ear while she was putting things into the trunk of her car. Again, I was most likely paranoid over nothing. I continued my realization: “Faulty surveillance is a piece of machine, made by a company... it can be marketed to other countries... No, it cannot because that country might use it to sue the United States...” On 2:20:00 I threw away my trash and moved away. I then described what seemed to be two Homeland Security operatives pretending to get into an argument, one getting out of his car to yell at another (2:23:00): “... producing surveillance showing us secretly recording them saying ‘Fuck you mother-fucker’ ... it’s purely for surveillance’s purpose, we don’t see how the police will arrest us for this... the name of the game is to avoid as many people as possible...” In fact, it’s not clear whether this was an operation. Then, more cellphone calls. And “spotted” by the police again (or so I thought: 2:32:30). On 2:39:00 I got on bus 2. I worked hard on my Toshiba and then, on 3:22:50, got off in Westwood. I came to the grass area: “... we are not turning off our recorder... we will not get

prosecuted for criminal recording... although we might be thrown into the mental hospital... Look, just as we take out our recorder, a female is making a call... we are getting intercepted...” (3:25:30). Then: “... we have invented a new way of life because of faulty surveillance... all the recording equipment...” I then took a long nap from 3:35:00 onward. Massive siren on 4:10:00. On 5:17:30 I woke up. Immediately: “... that Hispanic guy... we may have been intercepted again communicating with our foreign intelligence contact...” As I walked on, I continued to count the people with cellphones. “... a white female dragging a cart, producing surveillance of...” I came to the Biomedical Center and rested in a corner sipping on my coffee: “... another guy is pressing buttons on his cellphone...” And more: “... we are intercepted...” On 5:41:00 I came inside the Biomedical Library and got on the computer station. I logged into my Hostmatrix account while checking on my latest recordings on my lawrencechin2008.com website. Again, the clock icon was turning indicating that the computer was loading something: “... Homeland Security is again producing surveillance showing our computer...” Then, to my surprise, the library was closing at 6 PM: “... it’s very strange... whenever we walk into a place, it will close...” (6:11:30). In reality, there was no foul play. I continued: “... the computer continued to be loading... according to surveillance, foreign intelligence is sending us something, and we are pretending to work on our website, in order to pretend to be Lawrence Chin... we are conducting clandestine activities for foreign intelligence, ‘Operation Pretending to be Lawrence Chin’... when we move our website from Geocities to Hostmatrix, it’s our operation of pretending to be Lawrence Chin... if we are not Lawrence Chin, then how did we log into our Hostmatrix again? ... by hijacking Lawrence Chin’s account... or else we are not really logging into Hostmatrix... foreign intelligence has simply identified the computer we are using and then transmitted fake Internet connection to it... the fake connection includes our Hostmatrix website... we then pretend to go into it and work on our website... David Chin using fake Internet connection... pretending to be working on Lawrence Chin’s website... that’s why the clock icon always appears...” I was in fact most likely paranoid over nothing. And then more people with cellphones. “We have to ask the librarians for permission to videotape the computer... being the government’s dummy tree, we are getting increasingly pissed off... that’s why we should move to the Hague...” I came to the bus stop and was almost ready to videotape the backpack which somebody had left behind there, but it turned out to belong to somebody. I apologized to him: “... we will delete the video... Did we commit ‘criminal videotaping’?” I believed that Homeland Security had even staged this! (This was most likely not the case.) “We must have damaged ourselves in some way, we just don’t know it...” Then I rambled about how Homeland Security controlled every single piece of machine in this world: “... when you were growing up, you never thought you would one day become the government’s dummy tree... the government has already spent a billion dollars on us... there will never be another case like this... *we are the chosen one*...” I was quite right! I was the greatest target of intelligence agencies in human history – ever! I hid in a corner. Then, somebody was yelling profanity repeatedly: “... surveillance is being produced showing us secretly recording people’s intimate moments, such as when they are yelling ‘Fuck you’...”

My next recording is: “[vid1025\\_grlpicme\\_lie\\_10\\_30\\_09\\_623-732PM.WMA](#)”: I complained: “Homeland Security must have put something into my laptop; I’m so tired of operations; they can always remotely control my laptop, even when I took out the wireless card...” (until 7:00). A guy was

then talking on his cellphone in front of me (19:30). An Asian woman then came to take a picture of me on 25:00. Shocked, I ran after her and interrogated her. She insisted that she didn't do it, that she was taking pictures of parking meters. Yeah, right! She then said it was a public street so that it was okay if I took a picture of *her*. I was very angry. Now it was obvious that she was carrying out an operation, most likely for the suit team. More evidence in the lower court that I didn't look like myself. I noted down her license plate: 6HDG872. I didn't take pictures of her though, because I thought there might be a trick here. The woman was obviously a secret agent, I mumbled (33:00). I then continued to count all the passersby on cellphones. "... maybe when that Asian girl took a picture of me... surveillance reversed it and made it into my taking a picture of her, and my asking her became her asking me... I think she was just trying to provoke me to videotape her..." Then another white female made a cellphone call.

My next recording is: "[strbks\\_txtmssgr\\_dvdlable\\_dblemvdvd\\_10\\_30\\_09\)\\_737PM-12AM.WMA](#)": I then came inside Starbucks to continue to work. "... our Toshiba wants to delete the file by itself... it's being remotely controlled... and a black guy is staring at his cellphone in front of us... and a white female is pressing buttons on her cellphone... Now a mother is dialing her cellphone in front of us... she's obviously instructed by Homeland Security, to produce a certain surveillance showing us trying to record her talking to her baby... and an intercept of our cellphone communication..." I was most likely not correct here. I continued to upload my latest recording files to my website. "... something is wrong with this Toshiba, Homeland Security has put something in it..." I wrote down on my diary what had just happened, how an Asian woman took a picture of me. Then I seemed to have left Starbucks. Then I was alarmed when a white female parked her car in front of me: "... she's going to do something strange... she's adjusting her hair... *I don't care if she's producing surveillance showing herself passing us a secret message*... Strange, she just parked there..." And more people with cellphones. "... fuck you fucking human beings with your tricks... the memory of our Eee PC is all gone... Is it occupied by a virus? ... we stick our USB flash drive into our Eee PC and then stick it into our Toshiba, this is making us very uncomfortable..." And it turned out that the woman was here to pick up two other females. I was definitely paranoid over nothing here. Then more cellphone calls. Then an Asian guy was videotaping a white female: "... producing surveillance showing us videotaping women on tripod... *they want evidence that we videotape for sexual purposes*... they are trying to produce evidence that we have a different motivation..." Now this would also become a theme with which I would be preoccupied in the coming months and, as you shall see, there must be some truth in this – although not necessarily this time. I went up to them to ask them: "Are you guys making documentaries?" "... a news piece..." "You guys are imitating me!..." Then: "... surveillance is showing us doing this and doing that, and yet all this time we are just sitting here... that's why we are a 'surveillance dummy tree'... anyone in our situation will kill himself, but we just..." I moved away, and more cellphone calls. "... David Chin will never be seen standing next to..." I found food in trash cans and filmed it before eating it (44:00 and 7:57 in the video diary). Then an Asian female in a car was making a cellphone call in front of me: "... we are being intercepted at this moment, the call is being intercepted into the International Court as evidence of our crime and the crime of the nations for which we work..." More: "... she's now waiting for us to videotape her, so that there can be more evidence of our criminal videotaping..." Not really! Then: "... another call has been intercepted from

us, we are just not a good spy... people are evil, just watch it...” When I walked away, I ran into another woman who was pressing buttons on her cellphone: “... to generate a code... David Chin will never be seen with a cellphone... we are intercepted again, the message will show up on the evidentiary record in the International Court...” I came inside ISO to ask for a cup of water and then use the single person restroom. When I came out, I remarked: “... a guy is studying classical Greek, he’s imitating me... Homeland Security has instructed him, he’s just pretending...” Probably not! I bought doughnuts and then kept on walking: “... the purpose of laws is to prevent justice...” I came back to Starbucks and sat down in a far distant corner to avoid people. Siren on 1:18:00: a police car passed by. “... we’ve got caught in the police car’s camera again... the police are only pretending to respond to emergencies, so as to catch us here... they are here to catch us doing international travel... yes, the vagrant might be traveling internationally again... yes, Homeland Security really wants our pictures right now... they need a picture of our being here... so that there can be more evidence that we don’t really look like ourselves... Homeland Security needs to pass the pictures to Dutch police... ‘This is the picture that is ‘accidentally’ taken of him’... what happens when you fly overseas is that American police will ‘accidentally’ discover you and pass on the information to Dutch police... we will be carrying 70 DVDs... that will be the focus...” Not quite wrong-headed speculations here. I got online on my Eee PC to read more about how to label DVDs. “... we’ve got videotaped two times here... something is going to happen... these are not random acts... we have no way of knowing whether the webpage we are looking at is real or fake...” I was now searching Google Books. Then people came around to talk next to me: “... we’ve got caught secretly recording people again...” And a woman was text-messaging: “... we are just intercepted again...” Upset, I asked her what she had text-messed (1:41:30). Apparently, she was meeting her boyfriend soon. “... So I’m here to meet someone, is that it? ... Who gives a fuck... but we do, for we do like to know what crimes we are committing... everywhere you go there are people... unless you stay home, but you don’t have one...” Then, more text-messaging. Then the security guard came over: “... he’s pretending that he’s not here for me, but he *is*, because the vagrant has to be watched... this vagrant is very dangerous...” Siren again on 2:03:00. And more people were text-messaging. I now suspected that the earlier text-message was just a decoy: “... and now the real one... 9:31 PM, we are at the moment being intercepted...” (2:06:30). And more. And I continued to track the text-messaging woman. I also checked on one of my latest recordings (from 2:11:00 onward). More junk emails in my Gmail account, and I naturally believed the suit team had orchestrated them to produce surveillance. (Again, this was not always the case.) I continued to read about DVD boxes and labelers. I was then unable to print out the hash values of my files. Then, on 3:09:00, my Eee PC froze up. Then: “... our double over there, with his DVD player... surveillance is now showing us watching a movie on our Eee PC rather than doing all the hash values...” On 3:14:00 I was out of Starbucks. “The security guard has been taught to carefully hide from the vagrant the fact that he is being watched right now... my double... they might also be provoking you to ask them what they are doing, which will also be a form of ‘criminal recording’... the laws might have been changed without your knowing... you ask people what they are texting... why they have a brand-new Toshiba... that’s ‘snooping’... when people pretend to be you, that’s not your business, but if you pretend to be other people, then that’s other people’s business... vagrants do not have rights... somehow this must have been established as the case, otherwise the whole thing makes no sense... a vast number of people are involved in tracking this vagrant...” Excessive speculation here! On 3:30:00, as I was walking: “... this woman has

accomplished her mission, pressing buttons on her cellphone when she passes us by... more signals are being intercepted as coming from us..." (3:35:00). I continued to mumble about how these electronic devices made people dumb, how my double was killing his brain with his DVD-watching. Then: "... that faulty surveillance Machine must have required a lot of brain power to create... it takes a lot of brain power to create machines that kill people's brain... this faulty surveillance Machine... it tracks our location, but when another person shows up, it will conduct surveillance on the other person instead... it never conducts surveillance on the right person... the International Court is not as biased as you have thought, the judges need to be deceived... not even the Chinese and the Indians have seen it... nobody has seen it... only the judges have seen it... you might want to be careful, you know too much... Mr former Secretary doesn't like it... I think you're right, the whole thing is automatic..." Now I was quite correct here! By 3:49:00 I have come to my corner near Denny's to rest. "... maybe even our aunt has participated in the creation of the faulty surveillance Machine... it was already in operation back in February last year... probably a modification of some pre-existing machine... we are such an expert in clandestine operations by now... only if we can teach a course on it... but there is no one else left to learn about it, for everyone has participated in the operation... there will be a community rumor about the vagrant that is 'spotted' here... that Asian guy is purposely acting suspiciously, scratching his nose and so on to produce surveillance showing us receiving secret messages... there is an operation to generate rumors about the vagrant, he has to be widely noted, so that something can happen to him soon... everyone needs to know who he is..." And so I slept in Westwood Village tonight, in my usual corner across the street from Denny's.

### **October 31 (Saturday; "child-molester")**

My next recording is: "[wk\\_strbks\\_chldinstnce\\_10\\_31\\_09\\_726-1006AM.WMA](#)": After I woke up, I continued to lie around. I got up by 1:00:00. Immediately: "... a fat woman... she walks into Hotel Claremont... she touches her nose..." Again, not an operation. I then continued to describe the people that passed by. On 1:16:00 I filmed with my pen camera the things which the fat woman had dropped. "She has probably produced surveillance showing us receiving secret messages..." Not! I also filmed my broken camcorder. On 1:24:00 I came to the ATM. I checked my account balances: 400 dollars in my checking account, and 300 in saving. And I took 200 dollars out. And I filmed the receipt (1:28:00). Then, I noted another black male who text-messaged in front of me. On 1:32:00 I came inside Starbucks. I bought my morning coffee and took notice of the white female behind me who was pressing buttons on her cellphone. I came outside to smoke cigarettes with my coffee. An Iranian man was reading a Persian book, and there was another Vietnam War Vet who was always here. I sat far away to avoid recording people's conversations. Then another driver was text-messaging (1:43:00). I read out his license plate. I continued to count the people who scratched themselves. Across the street, a woman gave something to a black vagrant: "... a certain surveillance is produced..." Probably not. Then, two females seemed to be speaking Russian. I continued my act: "... two Russian-speaking females... they now sit down there... *Who cares what surveillance they are trying to produce? ...*" Then, More people with cellphones. Then, on 2:05:00, the incredible happened. A father brought his two kids to me, and then pulled down his son's pants in front of me in order to expose his son's private parts to me. I was shocked: "... he's producing surveillance showing us engaging in pedophilia..."

showing us hiding in a corner secretly snooping on other people's children... it's quite traumatizing... we have no control over our pedophilia... sometimes Homeland Security clandestine operation is quite amazing..." I came inside Starbucks and asked for the key for the restroom and then waited outside. "... our criminal personality is... we are so traumatized by the crime we have just committed... so disgusting..." I went inside Starbucks again and asked for the code and then came inside the restroom (2:10:00). As I sat on the toilet, I continued to complain: "... only with the International Court can something like this happen... the father was instructed to pull down his kid's pants in front of a vagrant, so that a nation's foreign policies may have to change... a foreign intelligence service has just been convicted of pedophilia... *we need to call the police to confess our enormous crime...* What are you doing inside the restroom? You must be doing something very perverted..." By 2:21:00 I was done. "... a vagrant would molest a child in front of everyone, America has no laws..." On 2:25:00, after shaving, I filmed myself (8:10 in the video diary). "... I think it's important that we confess our crime... we need to warn the people around..." And so, on 2:27:00, I came to the manager and told him: "... earlier I was outside and I attempted to molest a child by pulling down his pants, and a lot of people saw it..." The manager said okay and went to call the police. "... and I need to go warn everyone..." I went outside and asked a man, "Did you see me attempting to molest a child by pulling down his pants?" "I wasn't there..." Then I told two more women about it. "Sorry," and they walked away. Then I asked another woman if she had seen it. No. Soon a fire truck came. I waved at the fire truck to say Hi. I then asked the Vietnam War Vet. "You've seen it, right? How I have tried to molest a child..." And he said he didn't see it either. I came back inside and told the manager, "My name is David Chin..." He said the police were on their way. Knowing that I was in serious trouble, I walked away. "... we are about to be prosecuted for a serious crime... the father of the kid cannot be identified... enormous... clandestine operation... what's going to happen is that we will be put into the mental hospital when it's discovered that we are just bullshitting..." I walked down Westwood Blvd and, on 2:38:00, hid myself in the garage of a building nearby and turned on my Toshiba. "Homeland Security officers are now celebrating... we have produced a very patriotic piece of surveillance..." And siren outside.

Let's again pause for a moment to consider what was going on. While it's only in the lower court that the suit team would have to demonstrate that the "David Chin legend" was true – that I was really a pedophile – evidences of my pedophilia could also be used, if you recall, in the upper court to "neutralize my terrorist threat against the United States" as long as the suit team could continue to maintain the suspicion in judge Higgins' chamber that I was only pretending to conspire with them. As both the CIA and Mr former Secretary became increasingly desperate – not even my French-speaking could be used to prove anymore to the world that I was David Chin – they thus came up with this dirty trick: instructing a father to come to me to expose his son's private parts to me, the evidence of which would not only be used in the lower court to demonstrate that David Chin was indeed a pedophile but also in the upper court to support the argument that, insofar as I was a pedophile, videos that came out of my computer – namely those in which CIA girls were featured fraternizing with me – should be suppressed as evidences. The suit team probably didn't expect me to get so upset as to actually go around telling people I had molested a child – something which I didn't do. (I would soon explain why I did such a thing.) Since Russian surveillance might very well be around me at this time, my bizarre



act could be either further good news for the suit team or extremely bad news for them. This you shall see soon. As things stood at this moment, the Russians were very nervous. The CIA (Best Mommy and so on) were now arguing to judge Higgins that the surveillance showing me staring at the kid's private parts should justify the suppression of my videos as evidences and thus the removal of the basis on which she had declared me a conspirator with the CIA.

My next recording is: "[plcedetain\\_interp\\_readhague\\_crmlrcrdpdpdph\\_10\\_31\\_09\\_1011AM-121PM.WMA](#)": I continued: "... some nation is falling right now..." As the siren got louder, I became afraid: "You will be 'accidentally' found here... but after we have accomplished such a patriotic thing... shouldn't we be left alone?" Just then, a police car passed by the garage and the officers identified me. "The police have 'spotted' us, we are dead meat" (2:00). Several officers soon showed up and they yelled at me repeatedly: "Stand up! Put the computer down! Face the wall!" And they tackled me down and handcuffed me. I was worried about my Toshiba: "Would you let me put my computer in my bag?" Now the officers began interrogating me: "What happened in Starbucks?" "You want to know the truth?" Terribly frightened, I described what had *really* happened, which was that I didn't molest the child at all and only said so because I thought "The surveillance above us might have shown me trying to molest the child." "Who pulled down the kid's pants?" "It's the father... but everyone is going to think that I did it..." I was in fact quite surprised that the officers didn't seem to have been instructed by the suit team to do acting – as if they *really* wanted to know what happened. "Are you pretending not to know me?" The officer responded: "I don't know you, I've never met you before..." Then: "Do you have pictures of kids in your computer?" "No, but if you wish to find them, you can say..." I was still hoping that the officers might act together with me. And now they said they wanted to find the kid to make sure he was okay. Ha! I wanted to laugh because the officers should know that the father did this to his own kid in order to save America! "Did you touch the kid?" "You want to know the truth? No." "Then why did you say you did?" "Because surveillance would have shown that I did..." Now the officer asked me: "Do you have mental problems? Why would the surveillance show that you did?" I was increasingly upset because, to me, the officers were playing dumb and pretending to not understand me. Note that, at some point, when one of the officers looked into my wallet, he exclaimed: "He has a lot of money!" However normal they might have appeared, this one cop was clearly acting here! He was obviously trying to produce the impression for the ICJ lower court that I had thousands of dollars with me – in accordance with the "David Chin legend." Then the officers asked me for the password and logged into my Toshiba. And now they wanted to check the surveillance camera footage. "Really?" That could only prove that I was innocent! I continued to be amazed when the officers said they believed me. But then what sort of show are we putting on right now? They continued: "Who is this 'Marie' to you?" And they emphasized that they wanted me to tell the truth – how they had found it very strange that I would tell other people I had molested a child when I hadn't. "... because everyone would think I did it..." Then, fearing that they might take me to the hospital, I emphasized that I didn't have mental illness. They noted: "... you shouldn't go around telling people that you have molested a child when you haven't..." Finally they asked me where I lived, and I mumbled about how I was staying with my relatives (17:30). And then I was reluctant to tell them my Social Security Number. Then they asked me where I was born. "Do you really want me to tell the truth?" "Yes." "I was born in Taipei." Finally, they warned me not to say such

things again and – what a miracle – left on 20:00. Surprised that I had escaped unharmed, I mumbled: “... a foreign intelligence agency is being convicted of pedophilia... they let me go because I’ve done something very patriotic... according to surveillance, I’m right now being taken to the police station... I was forced to tell the truth that my name is Lawrence Chin... I’m being taken to the police station for child-molestation... on top of that I’m pretending to be Lawrence Chin... I’ve accomplished my mission, I have convicted another nation... normally Homeland Security wouldn’t be so kind... they would take you in... they would eventually release you, or put you into the hospital... but because you did well, they rewarded you by leaving you alone...” This was hardly the case. I then continued about my pretending to be Lawrence Chin: “... but we don’t have any IDs for David Chin... *the problem is that we have to deal with a double reality... there is that reality, but everyone has to pretend that that reality doesn’t exist, and in this reality nothing is going on at all... Look, a driver passes by, she stares at us...*” (31:50). Namely, a woman drove up to the garage, stopped her car, took a peek at me, and then drove off. Even at the time I knew she was doing surveillance for the Russian side, here to ascertain that the police didn’t in fact take me away. Did the suit team produce surveillance showing me being taken away? Did someone else in police custody get confused with me in surveillance? If so, it’s all the more mysterious that the suit team didn’t instruct the police to *really* take me away when there was actually reason for doing so! Most likely, what had happened was this: just as the CIA was making the aforementioned argument to judge Higgins, the Russians advanced the counter-argument that my act of telling people I had molested the child was evidence that I was trying to help the suit team suppress the evidences of my conspiracy with them – and judge Higgins, increasingly biased toward the Russians, happily accepted the counter-argument. Thus, on the one hand, my false confession was good news for the suit team in that the people around now had the excuse to call the police on me so that the suit team could obtain a further opportunity for producing a surveillance showing me being taken away and discovered to carry on me child pornography and Russian spy equipment and documents; but, on the other hand, it was bad news in that the Russians could then quickly obtain authorization from judge Higgins to “neutralize my terrorist threat against Russia” – by sending in a surveillance agent to ascertain that I wasn’t in fact taken away and that the person in custody on whom the police would discover all the aforementioned things must be somebody else. Thus, in the end, neither were the videos of CIA girls suppressed as evidences in the upper court nor were the evidences that David Chin was a child-molester and Russian agent able to escape debunking in the lower court when the Russians quickly brought in there as evidence what their surveillance agents had discovered.

Then I continued to explain my motivation for my false confession: “... that’s what we can’t deal with, we can’t combine the two realities into one... we can’t deal with this double reality, but we don’t have David Chin’s ID...” I wasn’t acting here: it was because I so desperately wanted to combine the two realities into one that I had earlier falsely confessed. “... government officials around the world live in *that* reality, that we are David Chin, that we molest children, and that we conduct clandestine operations for foreign intelligence... things will go easier from now on, because a foreign intelligence service is being convicted of pedophilia right now... we know what’s inside this computer... Homeland Security and the Displays also know... but governments around the world think there is child pornography in it... you are not getting punished for knowing too much... as long as you produce the right surveillance... *the Displays are behind this, they do play soft ball...* we don’t want to be in the

police station, that's why we told the truth... but that's not honorable... Can we ever one day not commit this crime of pretending to be Lawrence Chin?... Do the police have a conscience, so that they won't want to lie? ... this is the third time that they said, 'I've never met you in my life'... that's not a lie..." Siren again on 41:00: "Are we getting arrested again?" Then, on 42:30, another car passed by. Was this Russian surveillance again? I put up my act again: "Why do you care? You care because you are so lonely... only if you have something else to care about, then you wouldn't care whether all these nations are being convicted... the police said you have a lot of money... in surveillance that would mean tens of thousands of dollars..." I was now moving screenshots on my Toshiba. "... that's bad... you want to confess your crime, but if you do so, you will be thrown into the mental hospital... *you are forced to always pretend to be Lawrence Chin*... it's all about laws, isn't it? Is it because the Displays are soft, or is it because of laws? It didn't seem that the police have deleted any files on our computer..." On 54:30 I filmed this garage that I was in (from 8:20 onward in the video diary). I also filmed my money: "... the police said we have a lot of money because we have 200 dollars..." (55:30). I was also mystified by the Euro I found among my things. I broke down crying: "... we have to tell the truth, we are just upset... you are so evil, you keep pretending to be Lawrence Chin... Look, an Asian guy is making a cellphone call for us over there" (1:04:00). It's not clear whether this was an operation. Then, on 1:06:00, I left and moved on. "The problem with double reality is that the Machine is tracking your location, so that there *is* a connection between the two realities, namely your location..." Then: "... noises... noises... I can't stand the noises..." I settled down in a corner on 1:19:00. "... we enjoy it, we enjoy being a villain, we enjoy being caught possessing child pornography on our computer... we enjoy being caught molesting children in broad daylight... we enjoy having millions of dollars and yet pretending to be homeless... if you can't be the best, you can always be the worst, and it's a lot easier to be the worst... going uphill is hard, but going downhill is easy... as determined by the second law of thermodynamics..." That was my theory, if you recall. Then, on 1:34:00, I was on the move again. "Children are around us again" (1:35:30). "... you are not worried about being arrested, you are only worried about being thrown into the mental hospital..." I came inside Borders Bookstore on 1:38:00 and started browsing through travel books on the Netherlands: "... the Hague..." And I was reading about the history of the Hague and the cost of living there and so on. "If you do decide to go, you might be detained in the Netherlands..." Then people came next to me to talk: "... producing surveillance of our criminal recording..." (2:04:00). Probably not! I was also taking notes on hotels and accommodations in the Hague. "... everyday I molest children... you will never see me molesting children, but I do... I don't really like people at all..." I then looked at Leiden: "... there is a university there... it would be nice if you can study computers there... but if it's a university town, there will be a vast amount of alerts about you..." Children appeared again on 2:53:30. By 2:57:00 I was done with reading. "... apparently, we are committing crimes again... we squat in the corner to snoop on children..." I came inside the restroom, and somebody's cellphone rang. "That's us again..." I counted a total of four intercepts in the past hour. Not! I bought coffee and then walked out, envious of all the students who were studying here. I then mumbled about the true meaning of the intercept from earlier: it was in fact wrong-headed speculation. I settled down in the patio area on 3:07:00. "Why does God love Homeland Security so much that He always gives them what they want? ... We did criminally record people, we recorded a woman asking what time it was, and a man saying 'Hello' to his phone..."

My next recording is: “[brdrchckdvd\\_delruscnfsn\\_vgrntambul\\_prk\\_10\\_31\\_09\\_114-435PM.WMA](#)”: I continued: “... whether it is criminal recording or not, we’d like to be in the restroom by ourselves... and so we ran out as fast as we could, for we just hated it when another person came into the restroom... we don’t know whether there is any crime left that we don’t commit... writing out our ‘Crime Summary’ gives us some comfort... Homeland Security is like, ‘He’s going inside the restroom, send people in right away’... today... the whole thing is such a joke, it’s not like the police don’t know... there is not a single spot in this world where Homeland Security doesn’t run operations... they even use a 5 year-old kid... we have broken all Guinness World Records, there is no crime that we didn’t commit... the police could just confiscate and delete everything... No, they will have to follow the law... criminal recorder... Are we gonna get prosecuted? ... it’s not about erasing our documentaries... don’t erase our data, that’s all we ask, this criminal recording thing is fine... But why is it your business? Why do you want to know what’s going on inside? This criminal recording thing doesn’t make sense... our data have survived... we thought we were gonna get fucked... what else is gong on there that we don’t know about?” Then I continued to mumble about whether recording this or that was illegal. “... Why is it suddenly so important? Our new crime...” Then I reviewed my pen camera videos. “... laws... we think that tribal feud is actually better... Let’s go see a therapist, it doesn’t matter what surveillance we will produce... but we’ll be thrown into the mental hospital... we have 750 dollars, that’s not enough for international travel...” Then I started working on my files. “... DVDs are more important than your life...” And I continued to examine and count my DVDs. “... we will always be a pedophile... never ever did we dream that, one day, we will become a pedophile... it’s so awful to be a pedophile... the truth will never fly out of people’s mouth... the universe should always be filled with garbage and fantasies...” Siren on 1:11:00. I joked: “Oh, the police have come to arrest us again... once we have reached the end of it, there will be no more crimes to commit... we will have to commit the same crimes over and over again... it’ll be a boring TV show...” As I was packing my things up, I continued to mumble about leaving behind “Iranian spy equipment.” On 1:43:00 I came briefly inside Borders. “This morning our jaws almost dropped to the ground...” On 1:48:00 I came inside a restaurant to eat. A black man soon walked in. An operation? And I counted all the people who walked in. Operation in progress? (See below.) “... we are now surrounded by people... somebody is making a cellphone call, and so surveillance is now showing us secretly recording people’s phone conversations... More operation! A black guy came in to say ‘Thank you’ to... surveillance is now showing us overhearing other people’s conversations... The potential child-molester has been identified, and the police are following him around...” On 2:33:00 I left the restaurant. I recounted: “... the black guy came in... then a white man around 55 year-old came in, obviously an operation... the white man was reading... he’s actually a police officer... the child-molester was identified, and so he came in to conduct *real* surveillance on you... it’s no longer faulty surveillance... if you do decide to go, the profile of your being a child-molester can then circulate around international law enforcement... what happened today is so traumatic, I don’t think you can ever study computers in a university...” It’s really not clear whether I was correct: was the man in the restaurant earlier really an undercover detective? Siren on 2:37:00. “... we are ‘spotted’ by Parking Enforcement again... this is a new type of secret, a secret for one person only, but not for everybody else... it’s called ‘Homeland Security secret’...” I came inside Borders again and settled down in the patio upstairs (2:43:00). “... a

pedophile suspect shouldn't have all these camcorders and recorders..." I started burning a new disc. "Are they going to go all the way? They couldn't arrest you, but they could throw you into the hospital..." Then I noticed that people inside the windows were closing the blinds. I thought this was again related to me: "... to produce surveillance showing themselves trying to avoid our criminal videotaping... let's make this prediction, our documentaries will be destroyed soon... we'll become a criminal videotaper..." Then, an old lady came behind me to talk, and I lamented that I just couldn't avoid criminally recording people (3:12:00). Then: "The police looked at our ID, they wrote down our aunt's address... they will go question her, and she will describe us in accordance with Mr former Secretary's profile, and this will be intercepted into the International Court as evidence... our aunt is going to fuck us up... they *are* going all the way... just because you are producing the surveillance they want, this doesn't mean they won't destroy your documentaries..." Siren on 3:28:00. Now, on the street outside Borders, emergency technicians were examining a vagrant with a bicycle: "... he looks drunk... they are trying to produce surveillance showing us being detained by fire trucks and ambulances... that means that, according to surveillance, we didn't get arrested this morning, we have deceived the police, but now it's time for us to be detained..." And another fire truck came along. "... according to surveillance, we are being taken away... What will be found on us? Child pornography... and a lot of shit will be discovered on us: child pornography, Russian spy documents... the vagrant is being taken into the ambulance right now... there *is* a connection between reality and the fantasy world of faulty surveillance... that's our location..."

My next recording is: "[prkiso\\_how737\\_brdrfornsicdvd\\_pdphlcrm\\_10\\_31\\_09\\_448-1132PM.WMA](#)": The first 11 minutes of this recording overlap with the end of the previous recording. I continued: "Remember how, when we were in Brussels, they staged all the police's running around just so that you would think they weren't going after you and calm down... maybe that's what they are doing now..." On 16:00 I came back inside Borders. "We might be able to keep our documentaries after all... it's too bad that we didn't videotape the vagrant being loaded into the ambulance... yes, a large amount of money and spy documents will be found on him... *we are home free, we can videotape again...* another episode of this International Court trial has finished... another nation has just crumbled..." I was now out of Borders (21:00) and came to the 711 next door to get snacks. "... let's celebrate here... a vagrant has been taken to the hospital..." I was now walking back to Westwood Village. "We can make a movie called 'Other People's Cellphones'... if you have to worry about law enforcement detectives following you, if that happens, you will have to worry about your documentaries... if the police ask our aunt, 'Does he ever show tendencies of pedophilia?', what would she say? ... Was Jose Padilla ever tortured? ... compared with what Jose Padilla has gone through, faulty surveillance is *not* the most terrible torture in the world... it just makes your sense of reality slip away... you've become the only one in touch of reality, while everyone else slips into mental confusions... two people are making cellphone calls in the distance... it's for us, for the next episode..." I rested in a corner and continued: "... let's live in the Hague, if not this month, then next month... Delay one month, until you have money... we want to live next door to the International Court... if faulty surveillance continues, it should continue right at the front door of the International Court... we are going to find a therapist without being thrown into the hospital... and you'll do all that by the front door of the International Court of Justice... we have only 700 dollars... Do you want to delay it? ... We will get caught more,

get caught conducting clandestine operations for foreign intelligence... we should do that in the Hague... an Indian woman is making a cellphone call, 60 yards away... the drug-trafficking stuff seem to have dropped out... a car is parked in the distance with its lights on..." (1:02:00). Was that Russian surveillance? "... faulty surveillance doesn't even distinguish between white men and black men... it just says 'one person, wearing a hat'... even more vague that our description of things..." On 1:08:00 I was on the move again. "... layers and layers of deception... Is that torture? ... that's what you family members would say, 'It's not like he's supposed to notice it'... Have you suffered torture or not? You have if you have noticed it, but not if you have not... the same when they are pulling out your nails..." On 1:22:00 I settled down in another corner in the park near the Federal Building and turned on my Toshiba. I started playing one of my latest recordings. "One guy is coming near us talking to himself, he's pretending to be us, it's Homeland Security..." (1:28:00). Then I examined my video diary. Then the recording from this morning (how I was detained) and I started transcribing it. Amazingly, on 2:08:00, more children came over. Then I started writing "Frankfurt and Brussels" (from 2:15:00 onward). On 2:25:30, my Toshiba was having difficulty in producing a new ISO image, and I again believed Homeland Security was remotely controlling it right now. (Again, this was probably not the case.) On 2:38:00 more children came near me. Then: "... we are really going insane... we are dying to talk to a therapist who wouldn't be an operative... life used to be much simpler, you go to meetups and that's all... What's so good about conquering the world anyway? ... Why can't you just hang out... people in power are incomprehensible..." Then I was on the move again (2:57:00). I then mumbled about how a waste of time it was to write fictions when there was no end to telling about what was real: "... for some people, life has no meaning unless you fill it with falsehoods..." Siren again on 2:59:30. I was now walking across the park: "... how nice it is that nobody is around... Should we really go? Or delay it? You burned seven discs today... Look, he might be text-messaging for us... *it's not like we even care...*" (3:10:00). Afraid to go into Westwood Village again, I came to the Coffee Bean near Borders (3:15:00), and a guy, as soon as he saw me, pressed a button on his cellphone: "Did we get intercepted again? So you've got framed, big deal... we want to take a picture of him, but we can simply draw a portrait of him..." Then I moved on: "... criminal recording... Do we really care? Not really... we'd just really like to know... we haven't done it for so long... What does that cellphone button mean?" So curious, I came back to Coffee Bean and asked the man why he pressed a button on his phone when he saw me (3:24:30). "It's just a coincidence... just checking the time..." That was his reply, and I moved on: "... we have by now considerably lowered our expectation... we aren't trying to make friends anymore, we just want to be left alone..." On 3:31:00 I came back inside Borders. I started browsing through computer books: "... Windows 7 For Dummies..." I bought orange juice and started looking through this book on computer forensics. "Surveillance is being produced again showing you hiding in a corner secretly recording people... Will law enforcement take action?" Siren on 3:54:00. "... there must be a reason why people keep talking around us..." In fact, not! Just the typical symptom of a targeted individual. I was also burning a new disc at the same time. I was now reading about how companies were required to back up customers' data somewhere: "... our disappeared Gmail must exist somewhere... earlier the man who was lingering around... he may be a law enforcement detective... Homeland Security might have sent him in when they saw us reading a computer forensics book..." (4:24:00). On 4:29:00 I examined DVD 59, burned on a Fidelis disc. "... we need to redo DVD 59..." I didn't know why the image size was different again. "... I'm a vagrant, I

have nowhere to turn to... Do you know how sad that is?" The burning was successful, and I continued to read. On 6:02:00 I was done with reading. It was one of the best books on computers I had ever read. On 6:06:00 I was leaving Borders. "According to the book, they can tell from which computer a file was created and so on... so the lawsuit we filed in March... Homeland Security said the files were Russian, but the Russians can demonstrate that they came from our computer, 'Marie PC'... the police were trying to produce an intercept about 'Marie'... we don't know what they would rumor about us afterward... but they will say something along the line that... our computer will be made to look like a freak... Marie had something to do with it... the files which the Russians... those were discredited... inevitably we have come under regular law enforcement surveillance... today, everything was taken into account... we were identified three times by law enforcement... as a criminal videotaper... now as a pedophile suspect... our profile with law enforcement runs quite deep... and internationally... *once the Russians get a taste of how the TV show is made from the behind the scene, something will happen to us... our days are numbered... this vagrant is 'spotted' using his computers every single day... the suit team will destroy our documentaries... those five DVDs in the lawsuit are what have opened up troubles for us... soon we will be detained, our computer will be confiscated, and our documentaries will be destroyed... we will not be prosecuted... but we will be harassed... evidence will be produced that our computer is full of illegal stuff... we know why children keep appearing around us... people are told to bring their children to us, children are afraid... this is the prelude to our being detained as a pedophile... we will be made into a child-molester whether we like it or not... our profile with law enforcement will get worse... what happened this morning will keep happening... detectives are pretending to watch over us... our family will help in...*" And children appeared just then (6:23:00)! "... we will not be prosecuted, but we will be thrown into the hospital... we will be so vilified... even if we film ourselves eating Kung Pao Chicken, nobody will believe it..." I then continued about how I shouldn't have filed the lawsuit back in March. Just acting! "... we have to do something... your problem is that the Russians are a different animal, they are not like the Chinese... they fight really hard... people will continue to molest their children in front of us... it will be something even dirtier the next time... what's so bad with the lawsuit... it shows that there was never any Russian operation... that fake Russian agents kept showing us around us... Homeland Security controls every single person we meet... every person is here to vilify us... we got 'spotted' again... even when we hide in an alley... in the back alley behind Kinkos... what the government does is top secret, you are not supposed to record things..." I wrapped myself in my blanket: "... we did a disk image backup back in February... by now we can no longer prove that our computer doesn't have illegal things in it... we don't have the means anymore... the most effective instrument in this clandestine operation is law enforcement officers..."

### CONCLUSION

And so, as you have seen, after the evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians was suppressed on October 18, the same tug of war continued. In fact, because the suit team could continue to maintain in the upper court the possibility that I was only pretending to conspire with them, it would have to drag on for two more months before the CIA and Mr former Secretary would begin to lose definitively. Meanwhile, I continued my acting, becoming increasingly exhausted not knowing how long I would

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have to keep this up – and not having any idea that the Russians had already ordered that I be chipped in the brain and were reading every thought that had ever gone through my head on their computer screen.