

## **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**

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#### **December 11 – 31**

### **RESUME**

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial over me from December 11 to December 31, 2009.

We have seen how the last episode ended when the Russians seemed to have gained complete control over the ICJ lower court. This of course means that there would be no more “proving the David Chin legend” for the United States. Instead, during this period, the Russians would step by step convict the United States (especially the CIA) both in the upper court and in the lower court. My acting for this purpose would also become increasingly sophisticated.

The absolute highlight of this period is of course the communication of the Boss Cheney’s plan to me on December 11 to fully make me into a conspirator in the United States’ genocidal plan for humanity via the International Court of Justice. Please however take note of the legal nuance when you read through this part. The Boss had always felt justified in his Crime (staging/ covering up 911 attacks – convincing the world of the “David Chin legend” – and orchestrating nuclear holocaust in accordance with Biblical prophecies) because he believed firmly in Machiavelli’s dictum: “No new regime (no new modes and orders) can be established except through crimes; crime is the foundation of law and order – ‘In the beginning is the Crime.’” Whether this could excuse him from his crimes in a court of law depends on whether Machiavelli is correct. But the Russians didn’t convict him as a terrorist mastermind because he wanted to destroy human civilization, but because he had had to conspire with a terrorist (me) to do it!

Something I didn’t quite indicate in the following is this. Some time in the middle of

this period, I would have comprehended that the Russians wanted me to stay in Los Angeles. I thus eventually gave up any plan to go up to Fresno or San Luis Obispo and so on. By the end of the month, I would find an apartment (Harvey Apartment) right in the middle of Los Angeles. Good choice!

Another episode which is important but cannot somehow be located in my recordings (probably because it was a silent act) is this. During a bus ride, when I suspected that the Russians had placed a Homeland Security surveillance agent next to me, I purposely took out my Toshiba and started working on the episode with that “angel descended from heaven” on September 6 last year, namely, the Invisible Hand’s “secret message” to me that, when it should be all over, “good things would come to me.” That is, I was trying to get the Russians to intercept another evidence of my conspiracy with the CIA. I don’t remember when this happened. Since the “good thing” seemed to imply that the CIA would recruit me (again) after Russia was over and done with, this incident should have happened just before December 21, when I for the first time confessed that I might become a “Display” myself.

One last note. In the following you shall continue to witness me everyday wandering the street homeless and talking only to myself and never to another person – while saving Russia and the world! However, since I knew that the Russians were now seriously in control of the CIA, Mr former Secretary, Homeland Security, and the ICJ lower court, I was for the most part in high spirit during these last days of 2009. Certainly nobody else would be able to find happiness in such utter loneliness and homelessness!

### **December 11 (Friday; the Boss’ Straussian project)**

My next recording is: “wkstrngcar\_tostrbk\_12\_11\_09\_305-507AM.WMA”: I woke up but continued to lay around. From 1:13:00 onward I would be mumbling indistinctly. On 1:43:00, I took notice of the car that just parked in front of me. Suspicious! (Russian surveillance?) “... we are in front of Canopis...” And I described the car’s movement, but then it departed. “... it’s an intercept showing us connecting with foreign agents...” Not. On 1:53:00, I suspected that another man was producing a surveillance intercept. Finally, I got up and stated walking. “You know what? That vagrant woman, she’s a law enforcement informant...” Was I talking about the vagrant black woman who charged her phone every morning in front of me? I then came inside Starbucks.

My next recording is: “strbkupld\_12\_11\_09\_501-710AM.WMA”: I was now in the restroom. “This is bad... we didn’t get anything done in the past two days...” By 12:00 I was out and ordering my coffee. “... now we have to check if the keyboard for our Eee PC is okay... everything else is wet...” On 26:30, after I sat down to work: “... recording... a law enforcement detective is sitting next to us...” Was I correct? Then I had problems with logging into my website via FTP. Soon people were talking loudly near me. “This file is very tainted now... ‘orthodox\_church\_7\_30\_08\_1148AM.wma’...” And I couldn’t find this file on my website. “... we are very disorganized here... we can’t figure out what’s

already in there and what's not... what's going on? I guess Homeland Security is just creating disturbances in our connections to our website in order to make it look fake... 'Attachment 9'..." And I checked over all my recordings of my time at the Assumption Orthodox Church on my website (1:05:00). When I examined my Wireshark: "... we don't even see the packets, now our connection looks really fake..." I thus spent a lot of time trying to figure out if all the old files had indeed been uploaded. Then: "... detective..." (1:26:30). Then: "... 'Attachment 17'... onto the SD card... it might be a law enforcement officer here to..." (1:32:30). Then: "... he's not law enforcement, he's too young... he's Asian... we need to cut this..." By 1:52:00 I was cleaning up because I had to use the restroom due to diarrhea. "I can't deal with it..." When I got into the restroom, I almost cried. "... the only time when surveillance is correct is when we urinate on the street..." By 2:01:00, somebody was knocking on the door and I quickly packed up and came out. I came back to my table. "We have criminal recording all the way today... We need to find a home... even using the restroom is a big problem... This file is too tainted..." And so I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "strbkrstrmacchagr\_12\_11\_09\_715-756AM.WMA": I continued: "... that knocking... must be a heavy surveillance intercept, otherwise it wouldn't even have happened... this black woman was still trying to produce surveillance intercepts, and so she yelled loudly at us from the outside, 'I need to go too'... there must be a reason why she did that... none of it matters, it's just that in surveillance you'll have a very disgusting profile as a criminal recorder... you probably don't need to cut it..." Then I discovered that I actually did forget my Eee PC's AC charger on the floor. Because I knew the Russians were winning, I wasn't too upset, but I put up my act in any case: "... surveillance is nothing unless something is forged... and so when you do lose something, it doesn't matter whether you have recovered it afterward..." By 9:00 I was out of Starbucks. It was still raining outside. Then, again: "... we are becoming more and more like David Chin, even in the real world... a Homeland Security agent could have come in and left behind something else to be swapped with our AC charger, and it's that something else which would be taken to the International Court as evidence... we are getting sloppier and sloppier, because we are getting too fatigued..." I continued to move through the street and then, the rain so bad, rested in a corner (24:00). Then, on 27:30, this black man drove over and rolled down the window of his car and started talking to me. I couldn't hear him, but, nevertheless: "... surveillance is produced..." Probably not. I came to Sabor, but it wasn't open yet. I was looking for a nice place where I could make Skype calls, and now I didn't know where to go. "... it's so cold..." Then a woman came around to use US Bank's ATM: "... that's an intercept... so David Chin actually has accounts at multiple banks... he's laundering money, that's what he's doing..." Not! Then: "... the Hispanic female... turned around... and now she's making a cellphone call... this might actually be a surveillance intercept... a continuation from the previous black man who tried to talk to us... something is going on... it's the beginning of a narrative..." Most likely I was just acting: I knew quite well that there was no more narrative now that Russia was winning.

My next recording is: "tosabr\_callaprt\_12\_11\_09\_750-842AM.WMA": Then: "... Sabor should be open... we shouldn't have to hang out in Zeli in the cold... the intercept of our getting paid... how many times do we have to get paid? ..." By 3:00, I was in Sabor: it was finally open. I ordered a breakfast sandwich. "... it's expensive... we can't spend money like this..." Then: "... no detectives in

Sabor... they are always in Starbucks because Starbucks is a sensitive place... it's too bad that Starbucks has the fastest Internet... Homeland Security has forged so many... forgery is risky, faulty surveillance is not... and now you know that forgery is not actually allowed... going up to Fresno might be very stressful..." I was now looking up the apartment ads for the Chinese district in East LA. "... we *can* go back to the Housing Authority... let's go back to Howard... if you are not afraid of intercepts, then there is no point in avoiding Howard..." Nice acting! I was not afraid of Howard anymore only because I knew the Russians were winning. On 14:30, I made my first call. The lady answered it, and we spoke in Chinese. The house was in Rowland Heights. "... it's obviously a Taiwanese woman... I'm sure surveillance intercepts have been produced... Homeland Security might have contacted every person on these ads... especially at this critical time, when evidences have to be suppressed..." Acting. Now I couldn't find the address on Google Map. Then: "... that woman was a Taiwanese... calling her might get Taiwan to become involved... that's what we don't understand... Taiwan is not part of the UN, how can Taiwan be involved? ... *maybe to also carve out a part from the big piece of meat*... but why would Taiwan have an interest in Russia? An irrelevant country..." As you shall see, I was being prophetic here. I was now on greyhound.com: again, I was still thinking about going up to Fresno, not yet understanding the Russians' position. Then: "... an intercept is produced... let's go back to Howard... he's gonna go 'bilubalibaliru'... the last time he wanted us to meet somebody... some sort of Russian agent disguised as... this time it will continue from the last time... after we do that, we'll get a room..." I was not just acting, but was also providing the Russians with more evidence as to how I had run this conspiracy with the suit team.

My next recording is: "angryatsabor\_12\_11\_09\_846-1032AM.WMA": I continued to work in Sabor uploading my recording files to my website and so on. I then talked again about going to WCIL to find Howard. Then, a certain computer matter escaped me again. "... DVD-RAM protection, what is that?" (6:50) I then noted another instance of criminal recording (9:50). "The most important thing in the world is to take care of our data... I am worried about my discs... so so much..." (17:00 or so). "DVD-39... DVD-40... Yeah, DVD-40..." Then, on 19:00, two men were talking about their business near me and I noted that this was another instance of criminal recording even though I couldn't hear them clearly. "We are also going to use our archival DVD just to see how it works..." (22:30 or so). Then: "I don't know what happened on July 20..." Siren on 24:45. "What is Toshiba Disc Information anyway? ... CMC Magnetics... DVD-40... DVD-34... 33... 41... Wait a minute, what about the disc in which our Russian girlfriend is featured?" I wanted to back that up too. "I don't remember the date when our Russian girlfriend showed up..." (32:48). I then pretended to complain about how Mr former Secretary should have sent my Russian girlfriend directly to me to talk to *me* instead of to my double. Ha! On 37:45 I snapped my fingers and shouted in joy: "We have videos of David Chin's girlfriend, huh?... DVD-36..." I then began looking for the video diary and the disc in which this "girlfriend" was featured. "That is memory, man!" Good acting! Now the Russians could enter into my profile the additional characteristic that, unconcerned with Russia's fate, I simply wanted to cherish my precious documentaries of secret agents. (As you shall see, I was about to considerably develop this theme later.) On 40:40 I confessed my reason why I only made copies of DVDs from the hard drives and not from the DVDs: the hard drives were usually not corrupt, whereas the data on DVDs could be already corrupted. While preparing a new copy of the disc, however, I felt tremendous fatigue from overwork.

“I don’t have time...” But then: “... let’s stick with DVD-36... but DVD-37 is not good either, a dual layer disc...” (46:50). I then began compiling the content of the new copy of DVD-36, which included the video of “my Russian girlfriend”. I speculated that this girlfriend was most likely also a former Russian agent (58:25). Then, suddenly, “Criminal recording is happening!” as two men sat down near me and began talking loudly about business (1:00:15). “We would just have to keep talking to ourselves so as to keep our files untainted.” Now the two men talking on my left were increasingly annoying me, and I began humming. Finally, on 1:07:40: “We are going to shut it down now, because it seems that our Internet connection is being confused with other people’s and we are getting scared...” Then I became seriously irritated by the “noise attack” – even though I suspected that the two men were in fact commanded by the Russians to do this. I would get mad anyway, while, deep down, I wouldn’t blame the Russians: “We can’t deal with people talking loudly, we just can’t deal with it.” And I went outside to continue my anger outburst (1:09:25). As you can see, I would always continue my acting to protect the Russians (as if I didn’t know they had command over everything around me) even when I was truly angry.

On 1:10:35 I came back inside Sabor. I hummed continually and loudly like a monk meditating in a monastery. “I can’t stand their talking next to me, I just can’t stand it!” Finally the employee came over to warn me. “I really just can’t stand these two men talking next to me.” “Okay,” he said, “I need to talk to you.” “Okay, I’ll just keep talking to myself...” I then continued my humming. I then described the condition of my Eee PC. Extremely irritated, I went outside again to smoke and relax (1:18:30). On 1:21:30, after humming so much, I went into an outburst again when the employee came to me once more: “I can’t stand these two men talking, I just can’t stand them!” And I promised him that I would leave as soon as the disc had finished burning.

On 1:24:30 I went back inside Sabor. I hummed while watching over my machines. After so much humming from me, the employee came to me once again (1:29:30). I could only continue to emphasize that I couldn’t stand the two men’s talking and that I was trying as fast as I could to finish burning my disc so as to get out of here. Then, amazingly, on 1:37:10, the two men attacking me with their noises were leaving. I shouted out of joy and noted: “Why don’t I just give them my recorder for them to talk into it?” I then purposely jaywalked into the streets shouting profanity at the drivers to vent my anger. I then got on bus 180 on 1:44:00. “Super weapons on the bus!” I then held up my Olympus recorder in front of these two guys who were talking loudly in front of me: “Hey, dude, I got a recorder here. Talk to it, talk to it! You record and I record...” They declined. “Com’on, I’ll pay you a dollar.” They still declined. As you shall presently see, these two guys were sent to me with a very important mission.

My next recording is: “alienintrept\_blkwmcig\_12\_11\_09\_1027-1143AM.WMA”: They asked me: “Do you know sign language?” “I know this,” and I showed them my middle finger. I then mentioned my wish to find an apartment. “Anyway, it’s always the same thing... Wireshark... every time when somebody came in, Facebook would appear on the captures... what does our Facebook account look like? We must have put disgusting contents on our Facebook... otherwise... we can’t deal with this, our head is spinning... how long does it have to go on? ... Okay, we have to record these two guys...” I had no idea that I was now in the midst of a very important operation. One of these guys responded to

me: “I agree.” I caught on: “Yes, we record, we like to snoop on people...” Then we started talking about recording people: “Sometimes law enforcement uses that to record people...” *Strangely, he mentioned something about so and so using that to read my mind.* “Really? So what am I thinking right now?” He: “You are thinking...” Me: “No, that’s not what I’m thinking... I thought you are supposed to wear that in order to know what I’m thinking, according to you...” (Keep in mind that, as of now, I had not the slightest inkling that the Russians had me chipped in the brain already and had been reading my mind.) He then mentioned something about the “machine”. Me: “... so you can remotely read that machine while the machine is reading my mind?” He seemed to confirm. “Oh, I know the machine... sometimes Homeland Security uses that machine to conduct surveillance... oh, it *does* record... but sometimes it’s just a decoy... we don’t even know when it is real...” Then he said something indistinctly (“plateau”?). Me: “Are you British?...” He: “I’m from Africa, I’m just here for a visit...” Me: “You are from Africa! Where are you from?” That was strange to me because he was just an ordinary white dude. Now he claimed he came from Congo (“Congo’s jungle”). Me: “So they speak British English there?” “Yes.” Then he said something about having just graduated with a master degree and so coming over here. “So you must know a lot about Congo... What does Congo have to do with Russia?” I was still trying hard to pretend to believe that this was, as always, an operation to frame Russia’s allies. He: “They want our technology...” I was stupefied: “What technology does Congo have?” He: “... it’s top-secret... UFO, Bermuda Triangle...” Me: “What does that have to do with Congo? Bermuda Triangle is in the Caribbean...” He: “You don’t know? *Aliens... the pyramids in... South America...* the aliens have hidden it... in every rain forest...” Me: “So the aliens are hiding in Congo’s rain forest?” He: “Yes, Congo makes them grow...” Me: “... so that’s why Russia wants to make friends with Congo, because they want to get to the aliens?” He: “It could be... Do you know why? ...” (unintelligible). Me: “You are not from Congo, you are from Great Britain, you’re fucking bullshitting... people in Congo speak, like, French... ils parlent français or shit like that... no, you are just pretending to be from Congo...” He: “...” Me: “I just didn’t know that Congo has shit to do with Russia... China tries to get Africa because of the natural resources... but technology... that’s something I haven’t heard of...” He: “... other people... we have cars... TV... and that’s it... technology... Do you see the... right here? Radio, cameras...” Me: “... so radio and cameras in there? Did Homeland Security put them in there?” I was still acting blindly, unaware of the true significance of what was going on. He continued: “... do you see... from the middle... giving off information to the aliens up there... the aliens... to the earth, and they... Area 51... conspiracy...” And he went on and on. Me: “I’ve got it, you are just talking *for* me, that’s all.” Not! He continued: “... all these... they are controlling... we don’t even know it... they are living like humans...” (9:15). Me: “Oh no, you’re wrong, I know that...” And he continued on indistinctly. Me: “So they are giving us this technology?” He: “... it would take us years... years...” Me: “... so it’s actually not Bill Gate who has invented Windows... it’s the aliens who have given us Windows through Bill Gate... is this what you are saying? ... this is brilliant... this is evidence in that secret courthouse... maybe the courthouse is full of aliens...” He: “... I can’t tell you about that...” Me: “You can’t tell me about that... the courthouse is full of aliens then... are you sent in by the aliens to talk to me?” He pointed to the other people: “... this guy... and that guy... they are all aliens...” Me: “You mean the guys with earphones are actually aliens? They are not actually Homeland Security but aliens...” He: “... got to be leaving right now...” Me: “Oh, I got it... but let me ask you a question... these people with earphones only start to populate

the bus from 2006 onward... are you saying that's the time when the aliens...?" He: "Yes... have you noticed... they are not only talking to... but also to... electronics..." And he went on indistinctly for a while. Me: "... I know that these earphones... they transmit the information back to the NSA... they constructed this big database about what everyone is doing... and the NSA... that's actually where the aliens live... is that what you are saying?" He: "Yes... but there is more than one species of them..." Me: "... more than one species?..." He: "... look at it this way... you can't make chips that small to work in the machine, right? It's a tiny organism... a creature... a new breed... they are inside the machines doing all this... taking over our body when it gets bigger... it's bigger... it's like a mile tall, right? ... microscopic like this... it could be there, and there... the aliens... could be right here... see the bus driver? The weather is changing right now, *it's controlled weather*... see, 2010 is coming, right? ... two digits... *the apocalypse will begin... and everyone will get two digits*... it's one on one... 12... 13... all aliens... will be controlled..." Me: "Are we gonna be happy then?" He: "... there will be no consciousness at all..." Me: "That's good..." He: "These creatures will be in our head... we'll be like..." Me: "... well, that's good... we'll just be like in the state of Nirvana, with no consciousness..." (14:10). He: "... *one of the only humans left*..." Me: "... I'm one of the only humans left..." He: "Yes." Me: "... taking over... that's why they are all wearing these big earphones..." He: "... no... wear these earphones... that means you are in this higher level of... stuck in these two systems of... slowly taking over... horses... cars... you still have control over... you still have control over the machines..." Me: "Are the aliens controlling my computer?" He: "The aliens are *in* your computer..." Me: "... and that's why my stuff inside gets destroyed sometimes?" He: "... messages... give you messages, man... the aliens make you sick of... I'll give you a primitive example... brains... and now it's going to be aliens *in* the brains..." Me: "... aliens in the brain, in the body..." On 16:00, I interrupted him again: "Are you really from Africa?" He: "... actually I was born in Washington DC..." I laughed hysterically: "... then how did you get this accent? You sound British..." He: "... University of Wales..." Me: "... University of 'Vale'... but do you speak some African language? What languages do you speak?" He listed two languages. Me: "That's not an African language... but you have studied these... because, if you are interested in the aliens' conspiracy..." He: "... if you study these... control these beverages... if... control... they are trying to do a test right now... if humans want the aliens to live, they are supposed to be..." Me: "... so you are supposed to be an ambassador?" He: "... Me: "I thought you are the only humans left..." He: "... control..." Me: "I may be soon controlled... and that's the moment when I lose consciousness?" He: "... trying to control you... control you... dead... they can't... the last... thing... they give you... kind of like surviving in cold weather... see... you cannot... after that it would be... Did you see that?" Me: "No, I did not pay attention to... what happened to him?" He: "... he walked this way, right? Then he walked this way again..." Me: "... when the bus moves forward, we'll see him going that way though... we will see him going that way again..." He: "... walking down... see, that's how easy... so he's trying to catch up... computer to do that... but we aren't gonna have control over... I'm gonna let you go... futile..." Me: "Futile? Okay." He: "*We will be the only things left, I will be the last one*" (19:57). I rebutted him: "You are not gonna be the last one, *I* will be the last one... you'll be taken over before me..." He: "I was born half-alien..." Me: "Oh now you are born half-alien! You keep contradicting yourself! You said you are the last human, and then the ambassador from the aliens, and now you say you are half-alien." He clarified: "... the control... I'm the last..." Me: "Oh okay." He: "... I'm not on the computer... they see that, I am... *I came on this bus*

*just to see you... to tell you these things...*” I pretended to ask him: “Can you find for me my Russian secret agent girlfriend?” He said something (unintelligible). Me: “I don’t want to get married. I don’t think she’ll appreciate that.” Then, “Do me some good,” I entreated, “make something pop up for me...” He: “... twelve months... twelve days... twelve years... you’ll find her...” Me: “Counting from when? Twelve days from when?” He: “... is twelve... you are going to meet her, right?” Me: “No, I’m not in love with her or anything like that...” He: “Well, Russian... secret agent...” Me: “But I only have videos of her... I have never talked to her.” He said emphatically: “She’s going to be an alien.” I laughed: “Is she gonna get me engulfed in her alienhood?” He: “She’s natural...” Me: “How about my French Canadian masseuse? Would she... Can you make her come to me? I wouldn’t...” He was emphatic: “In two weeks...” I was surprised and continued laughing. He: “... for all... came to...” Just at that moment a black woman got on the bus and came to join us. I had to ask him: “Do you know her?...” He replied: “I’ve told you, aliens exist... She’s an alien too” (24:00). Me: “... that doesn’t matter... as long as they can be your friend... even these aliens pretending to be human beings...” He: “... so, we go into... we... need oxygen... the human body receives oxygen... that’s why... it takes years, the planet is melting, it takes years...” He then went on to talk extensively about the bodily constitution, calcium, iron, and graphite and all, and how the aliens were now taking over the planet. “*There is also gold,*” he said, and he emphasized that he had “a little bit of” gold in his body. I mentioned that he sounded like those primitive myths about the races of metals, from gold to iron and so on. He: “... they are like... the thing is... 2011, right? You are gonna be... change...” Me: “*I’m being upgraded... to the higher races?*” He: “The computers will work better too...” Me: “They will? In 2011? ... prediction?” He: “No no...” He continued on indistinctly. Me: “How can I see any better? Can I see through people’s mind or something?” He: “It’s kind of like... driven to different... to different groups... you may see things... a little more... once you have...” And he continued on indistinctly. “... how the weather is going to change...” Finally, on 29:05, I told him with a sarcastic smile: “Thank you for telling me all this. I’ll carefully review everything you have said to see if I can understand anything.” And he said something indistinctly. Me: “... write it down on... Why?” He: “... it’s kind of like...” And he went on and on for a while. Me: “Do you really know him?” He: “... And why did they choose him? Because he’s an alien.” And, after more of his bullshit, he referred to President Bush as a “silver alien”. Me: “What about Obama?” “He’s gold!” “He’s gold?” I smiled: “So he’s totally alien?” He: “... silver alien too but...” Then I felt compelled to ask: “Are you trying to get me in trouble? Somebody might come to arrest us for calling Obama an ‘alien’, you know... it might not be very respectful...” He: “...” I laughed hysterically. Then he continued, and I asked, “Did he know you?” Just at this time the Transit TV was broadcasting a news item about the young man who had killed his teacher. Me: “Oh, scary news! Oh, what? Why?” He: “...” Me: “But... I’m the student here... I’m learning it from you...” He: “... you know that... you know...” Me: “He knows... what? What does he know?” Then he continued: “...” Me: “What? What happened in this world? ... I don’t know... that news is scary... you have started scaring me...” He: “It makes sense, doesn’t it?” Me: “No, it doesn’t make sense at all... People kill those who know, not [that] those who know kill those who don’t know...” He continued on indistinctly, and I continued to emphasize to him that he was telling me about scary matters now (until 35:00). He went on: “... right here... kind of like... you heard that radio? He says... it’s like music in your sleep... talking to a baby when you... because... talking in your sleep...” Me: “You have really baffled me, I have to review what you’ve said many



times over... just to see what the point of all this is...” Then he confessed: “The aliens are making fun of me because I’m not born a full alien...” Me: “It’s kind of like racism...” And he kept on talking about his being an ambassador and so on. Then he pointed to the Social Security Administration that we just passed by and asked me if I wanted to see a “Martian Russian intelligence institute”. I was so terrified and amused at the same time by him. He: “... at one point of your life, you will have...” Me: “... MRI machine? ... the aliens are gonna pick you up soon?” He: “Yeah...” On 39:25 he got off the bus *instructing me to not tell the secret to anyone else*. “I have no one to tell it to anyway,” I said.

After he got off the bus, I kept uttering: “What the fuck, what the fuck... what the fuck is that about?” Then I tried hard to figure out (just pretending to do so) what kind of intercepts this whole thing had just produced: “... messages hidden in bullshit... Why is he...? We are so pissed off...” I became terribly worried that what had just happened might be detrimental to Russia’s case. We will try to understand momentarily what had just happened; at this point I shall only emphasize that, at the time, I really had no understanding of the matter at hand and was simply suspecting that the suit team had set up a trap for me: perhaps they were purposely giving me clues so that, as I continued my act and yet tried to be consistent in my upcoming acts with my past acts in order to not expose the fact that I was merely acting, I might eventually talk myself into a corner when I couldn’t just ignore the clues that had just been given to me and thus become forced by my own act to admit that the Russians had in fact already busted me. I thus sat there silently throughout the bus ride not knowing what exactly to say in response to this strange episode, and then I turned on my Toshiba to import my latest recording files from my other recorder. On 1:10:00 I got off the bus on Vine and Hollywood and immediately spotted someone dragging a cart. I bought apple juice. Then I groaned that I was supposed to compare the configurations of my storage unit and yet didn’t do any of that.

My next recording is: “frhllywdtovenice\_12\_11\_09\_1148AM-1247PM.WMA”: I kept complaining: “... going to WCIL will be very stressful... people are going to talk... and talk... this fucking TV show...” Then, on 5:00, a black girl in sexy dress wanted a cigarette from me. “... a surveillance intercept of prostitution and drug-dealing... we don’t want our files tainted...” Then, on 12:00, I got on the bus to go to Venice Blvd. On 34:00 I got off the bus. I continued my act: “... the black female... surveillance intercept... a heavy one, we’ve got really fucked... that’s why you must record... and it’s not illegal... we have made so little progress in looking for an apartment... *today is time-out*, we will not hear anybody’s gibberish, ...maybe she wanted us to... Taiwanese... if that’s what Homeland Security wants, we will find out in WCIL...” (44:00). Ha! Then, another man on the street who looked Homeland Security: “... Homeland Security is there... drinking beer... they are always there... like our shadow...” (48:00). Then: “... alien... blah blah blah... the police are also like our shadow...” Then I seemed to be talking about Marie: “.. she *will* be recruited... she *has* been recruited... and so we actually don’t want to see her at all...” Then: “... there are people talking over there... we just assume they are Homeland Security because they are so... 吊里郎當...” Then my recorder suddenly turned itself off.

My next recording is: “towcil\_todwntwn\_pakiintrept\_12\_11\_09\_1245-226PM.WMA”: I was now on bus 33. I recounted what I had said while at the bus stop: “She *will* be recruited... and so we actually

don't want Homeland Security to send her in as our Russian secret agent partner... When we got on the bus, a black man with such a big bag... Homeland Security always wants us to go to WCIL..." On 14:00 I was mumbling something indistinctly about Homeland Security (just my act). On 19:00 I commented to someone: "... you are text-messaging... I did read something of it..." Then, on 36:00, super weapons on the bus! And I hummed. On 42:00 I got off the bus. I walked into WCIL only to find that Howard was not in today. I picked up my mails – all of them worthless letters from Chase. "... that means we have to find the Taiwanese woman..." On 1:04:00 I came inside a restaurant. There was a single person restroom for me to use! I was out on 1:10:00 and, immediately, got videotaped by an ambulance (or so it seemed). I was waiting for the bus again. A Hispanic female was loud, and I hummed: "Not now... We want to keep this file..." Nice acting! Then, on 1:15:00, I got on the bus. Super weapons on board! And I hummed. "If you don't do it, Homeland Security is going to... *just do what you want to do*..." Then, on 1:30:30, another Hispanic man was text-messaging.

My next recording is: "wcil\_dwntwnintrepts\_bgr\_12\_11\_09\_133-315PM.WMA": (This recording overlaps the previous recording until 58:00 or so.) I was still sitting in the back of the bus. Now the Russians had more in store for me today! On 1:12:00, this classy Pakistani man sitting 5 feet away from me (in my 10 o'clock position) threw a copy of the LA Times in front of me – obviously in order to signal to me. I was shocked: "We have a surveillance intercept... we have never really seen such a man before on the bus..." Namely, this man was dressed in expensive business attire (wearing a classy suit jacket). Then he took out a Pakistani newspaper to read – obviously in order to signal to me where he was from. I kept on acting: "... We may have a new country to sue, Pakistan... the entire planet is engulfed in this garbage, and we didn't even do anything... but supposedly Pakistan is on the US side, right?... any agent who has passed information to me, his country will be sued... but is Pakistan on Russia's side?... we can't figure this out..." I had to act perplexed in order to conceal my knowledge – this time I knew what was going on right away – that it was the Russians who had sent this man – a Pakistani ISI officer – onto the bus to commit conspiracy with me (so that 911 attacks (or their cover-up) might also become part of my conspiracy with the suit team). "I guess we don't actually understand international politics... *as long as it's not illegal, we don't care*..." Taiwan was sued, and now Pakistan... the next time it will be Somalia, Fiji... Fiji will be on the side of the US, right?" On 1:31:00 I shut down my Toshiba. From 1:32:00 onward I was mumbling again about how Pakistan was a US ally. On 1:36:00 I got off the bus in downtown Los Angeles. I continued: "The Pakistani intelligence is more loyal to the United States than to Pakistan... there is no way that it will go align itself with Russia... this intercept just confuses the shit out of us..." Ha! What a good act! Without concealing my knowledge about where Pakistan stood, I nevertheless managed to conceal my knowledge about who was winning in this ICJ trial. Then, I was seriously disturbed by extremely loud siren. On 1:40:00, more siren.

My next recording is: "dwntwnintrepts\_dsply\_12\_11\_09\_309-454PM.WMA": (The beginning of this recording also overlaps the end of the previous recording.) In a playful mood, I wandered from block to block looking for cheap food. Little did I know that the Russians were not done yet! Thus, suddenly, a CIA girl cut in front of me and text-messed (17:00). She looked very depressed and subdued, but I pretended to not notice that something was wrong with her and merely shouted: "It's a Display!" In

fact, I remembered seeing her in the Starbucks on 11<sup>th</sup> and Grand back in October. I kept saying “Do not videotape her.... and it’s 8<sup>th</sup> and Spring... a ‘Display’ has occurred on 8<sup>th</sup> and Spring...” While this was the second time that I saw her, I would, as you shall see, see her one last time in December next year. I continued my act: “If you want to keep your old documentaries of them, don’t make any new documentaries, otherwise they will fuck you up.” Then I passed by a certain “Libros revolucionarios” (21:45). Then I commented humorously that all that the “Displays” ever did was displaying themselves, like mannequins. It’s dark sarcasm about the Agency, that they simply displayed themselves in front of others and never did anything more (23:30). Then I threw away my apple juice bottle without videotaping it! I could finally relax now that the Russians were winning! I then joked about how in the future “we should just refer to such events as the ‘Event of the Display’. An ‘Event of the Display’ has occurred today... But they are not just displaying themselves, they are also text-messaging to fuck you up –” (26:30). Acting! Of course I knew that it was in fact the Russians who had sent in these CIA girls to frame themselves for conspiracy with me. Then, suddenly: “Super weapon, super weapon... Ah – we’ve got ‘spotted’ by a security officer in a car...” (28:25). More: “The only good thing about the rain is that there will be fewer super weapons on the streets. We have discovered super weapons’ weakness! Rain would cause super weapons to malfunction. No matter how powerful that are, they have a weakness, which is water.” I continued my happy shouting about super weapons, burgers, criminal staring, security guards, and so on. I was in a very good mood because the appearance of first a Pakistani ISI officer and then a CIA girl was indisputable proof that the Russians had triumphed again – even if I still felt uneasy about the “alien intercept”. On 36:30 I came inside Carl’s Jr to eat. A homeless Asian woman – Chinese – was in front of me: now that’s rare! (Presumably this was not orchestrated.) I ate my burger silently until, on 45:30, I started acting again: “The way to keep the old documentaries is to not make new ones....” I then pretended to count surveillance intercepts here and there – I of course knew that it was no longer Mr former Secretary who had command of everything, including the Display’s text-messaging earlier, but the Russians! Then, on 1:09:00, a black man came in and began talking loudly. “Hehaheha, hehaheha....” I began mumbling sarcastically in order to cover up his noise. I pretended: “Today is a holiday...” I shall take a break, that is, from my job of playing the criminal recorder. Then, in a good mood, I kept bothering the Burger King employees: “Where is the coffee machine, ma’am....” Then I stepped outside, and you can hear the rain pouring down (1:15:45). “It’s raining again, we cannot function like this... and we can’t stand Starbucks, no more Starbucks...” I then debated with myself, in my playful mood, as to whether I should take up the 300 dollar apartment unit from the Taiwanese lady or go to Fresno (1:22:20). Then super weapons were coming my way, but they then quickly went out of range. “That’s scary, man!” I then counted all the people who were dragging a cart like me: “Hispanic females... black females... with draggy carts... The many functions of draggy carts, from being my doubles to pure popularity in the business world...” (1:27:05). Then more super weapons were coming my way. I kept emphasizing (acting) that today was my day off and that I had a greater need to take care of my “draggy cart” than of myself. All the while I was humming like crazy. Then, on 1:41:25, I was shouting “What are we going to do? What are we going to do?” By now I was getting desperate because of the heavy rain and losing my playful mood. “Ah... Ah... Mah... Mah....” I then got on the 485 bus on 1:43:40.

My next recording is: “bus485\_topdsn\_12\_11\_09\_5-619PM.WMA”: I was still on bus 485, and I

hummed like crazy. Then: "... that file is not tainted, we can save it..." I was again totally exhausted from humming. Then I started commenting on the Transit TV (17:00). Then: "... what are we going to do about the tainted files?" On 22:00, I turned on my Toshiba to do some work. I kept repeating: "... we are not afraid of cellphones... what frees you from fear is just another fear..." (25:00). Indeed! Then I was mumbling indistinctly: "... an African agent perhaps... a white woman... she's looking at her cellphone right now... she's dialing... it's 5:20 PM..." I started naming my latest recordings. Then I hummed like crazy again when two guys came to sit next to me and talk (43:00). Siren on 43:50. On 47:00, so exhausted from humming, I moved to the front of the bus. On 1:06:00 I got off the bus in Pasadena – after shouting "Fuck you" to somebody on the bus. On 1:09:00, I came inside somewhere to use the restroom. On 1:14:00, I was out, mumbling: "... being slandered is a way of life... time flies... you have spent a whole year without a single friend... we are at Mentor, next to Bank of America..."

My next recording is: "psdnattempts1p\_12\_11\_09\_614-833PM.WMA": I was now in the corner behind Mentor getting ready to sleep. Then, on 23:00, as I lay there in my corner: "... a suspicious man, he's so scary... maybe we just need to be 'spotted'..." On 31:00 I decided to change place and packed up. As I moved on: "... find an abandoned place, that's the best bet... if we sleep by the abandoned building by Colorado Blvd, people will come by to talk... this file will be so tainted, and we won't be able to keep it..." On 38:30, I was in a new corner on Colorado Blvd. "Oh my God, super weapons getting into a car..." And so, by 44:00, I decided to change place again. "Super weapons!" And I hummed loudly. On 48:00 I came back to my indented corner on Mentor. I was terribly worried about the cars that would shine their lights upon me when passing by. And so I slept. Now, when people talked near me, I felt as if a hammer had hit my chest. This was the beginning of my "Sonophobia" which would become such a problem for me in the coming years. Siren on 1:33:50. "... we will continue to upload files, for safety's sake... it seems that we will return to our old-fashioned way..." (1:37:30). Then: "... we can't do anymore criminal recording... but it's okay, there is always tomorrow... we'll always have a location... witnesses can't be recorded... you cannot record witnesses..." On 1:51:00, a Pasadena fire truck pulled in right in front of me: "... they just want to videotape us... the fire fighters are using a flash light to examine the fire hose on the wall... they are just here to produce surveillance intercepts..." I continued to describe what they were doing. Again, I was most likely just acting, pretending to believe that the suit team's operation was still ongoing in order to hide my knowledge that the Russians had already busted them. And so: "... we have to figure out the narrative behind it..." By 1:56:30 I got up and moved away. "... sometimes Mr former Secretary just wants the fire fighters and so on to 'accidentally' become familiar with us... because he likes this kind of stuff... he likes it when your profile gets passed around in these law enforcement and security channels, like a piece of shit... that's part of the game... the goal of the TV show is for him to feel better about himself, to be on top of everyone else... so that he would become the only one who knows the truth while everyone else lives in delusions..." Again, excellent testimony. I kept on walking. Then, more acting: "... the fire truck... just to establish that we are in illegal places... to help suppress evidences... but it seems that most of them are already gone..." On 2:10:30, I was in another corner. "For two years, we have never seen police officers or fire trucks doing anything other than conducting clandestine operations... they have never done anything real... nothing is real anymore,

everything is staged...” Again, gross exaggeration. Then again: “... if you can’t do it, don’t worry about it, there is always tomorrow... and there will always be others to be confused with you... in the end, our computer will be safe...” Then, more of people’s talking, and I hummed. “... we want to protect this file... when we switch to the next file, maybe we can let criminal recording happen...” Acting!

The next recording is lost. Then the next recording is: “askhspncwmcig\_12\_11\_09\_1025-1032PM.WMA”: A bunch of Hispanic women came near me and I hummed like crazy. Then I asked them for a cigarette and they made fun of my humming. “... we don’t know... but it’s now tainted, and we have produced another intercept... but we’ve got a cigarette as our reward... we just woke up, and it’s raining again...” Noises everywhere, as if a party were happening.

My next recording is: “rainpplyellmecig\_slp\_asknatm\_12\_11-2\_09\_1038PM-534AM.WMA”: And so I tried to sleep more in this indented corner. At first, loud Mexican music. “We’ve got criminal recording... at least we’ve got a cigarette for it...” Siren on 3:00. I continued to sleep while people were yelling near me. Siren again on 32:00. Then I fell asleep.<sup>1</sup>

Now, let’s try to understand what had happened on this momentous day – the three most important episodes. First, a little after 10 AM, the Russians ordered the suit team to send this guy onto the bus to tell me all that bullshit about “aliens”. What’s this about? This is how we are going to decipher it. We shall take the bullshit apart and take notice of the particular themes in this “secret” this guy was instructed to share with me: (1) That my mind was being read at this moment. (2) The “aliens” and “lost civilizations” (e.g. the Mayans). (3) The remote control of the weather. (4) The “Apocalypse” with “everyone getting two digits”. (5) That there will be a remnant from the Apocalypse, the “elect” (ελεκτος). (6) The races of metals (the best having “gold” in them). And (7) how this guy had got on the bus just to tell me these “secrets”, which I must take care to not share with anyone else. When you add all this together (maybe except for (7)), you’ll get the Boss Cheney’s genocidal plan for humanity which he was planning to use my ICJ trial to bring about.

As noted, since the Boss’ plan consisted in using the lower court to create the mechanism and environment necessary to bringing about this genocidal plan – first making the world believe that China and Russia had wanted to use David Chin to falsely convict the United States, then convicting Russia in order to get a chance to chip Putin and his top officials in the brain, and then remotely controlling them to start a nuclear holocaust while making the world believe that it’s because Putin was disgruntled over being caught with his “David Chin plan” and, in consequence, having to make endless concessions to the United States – my correct understanding of *part* of the plan – making the world believe this “David Chin legend” – was enough ground on which the Russians may request judge Higgins to require the United States to communicate the *rest* of the plan to me so that they may then establish me as a full conspirator in the entire US genocidal plan. The bullshit which this guy said to me today was thus a metaphor of Cheney’s bizarre plan for humanity which he intended to use the International Court of Justice to effect. It would not matter that I didn’t understand anything he said –

1 Reviewed until 49:00, and then from 6:50:00 onward.

you certainly want to ask how I could be established as a conspirator in a plan of which I had no understanding whatsoever when it was communicated to me. Recall that the CIA was, back in late January and early February last year, able to order Wes and the Chinese government to frame me for conspiracy with the MSS director when they couldn't get me to express harmful intent toward the United States or exhibit understanding of what exactly the MSS director was doing. "If he voluntarily offers himself to the MSS director for the MSS director to frame him as a way to harm the United States – even when he has no understanding of how exactly he is being framed – then the United States shall have the right to frame him as a way to benefit the United States (or neutralize his terrorist threat against the United States) – irrespective of whether he understands how he is being framed." In other words, the Russians had the right to order the suit team to frame me for conspiring with them to effect the Boss' genocidal plan if evidences couldn't be found that I had any understanding of this plan or even knew of its existence. This means that, as long as there was the *appearance* that a secret message was being communicated to me, it was enough to convict me of conspiring with the Boss even though, in reality, I had no understanding of what was being communicated to me.

And so the question remains of course of what exactly this genocidal plan consisted of in which I had just been, unbeknownst to me, made a "conspirator". I have already talked about it, or will talk about it, in many other places in this Secret History, and so you should by now have some inkling of it. It consisted roughly of creating a nuclear holocaust that would bear striking resemblance to the chaotic end time preceding Jesus' Second Coming as prophesied in the Book of Revelation and interpreted by the Evangelicals (e.g. "rapture" or Tim LaHaye's *Left Behind* series), and making an alien spaceship descend upon the earth at the end of the nuclear holocaust so that the Evangelicals would believe it was the fulfillment of the prophesy about Jesus' Second Coming, the Jewish Orthodoxes would believe it was the fulfillment of the prophesy about the Messiah's coming, and the atheists would believe that the rumors about the UFOs and aliens were really true. So it turned out that aliens had been here on earth since a long time ago, that they had established advanced civilizations which were later destroyed leaving behind very few traces, and that we all had alien blood in us! Thus, people would become convinced that it was not only the Bible (both the Old and the New Testament) which was telling the truth, but also many of the early myths about Atlantis, the Garden of Eden, the Deluge and so on, versions of which have existed not only in Europe and the Near East, but also in China, among the Native Americans, and so on. The small human population which shall have survived the nuclear holocaust (the "Elect" in the Evangelicals' conception) will then take these old human traditions seriously again while looking forward to constructing a new intergalactic civilization with alien species. Meanwhile, they will construct a strictly hierarchical society for themselves – the kind of society which Socrates has proposed in Book III of Plato's *Republic* – and, with everyone microchipped, make themselves subject to the remote control of a super computer. In fact, there will be chips planted in all machines (the Internet of Things, 5G) and then *in all of nature*, so that the entire nature will become remotely controllable from the super computer. Hence even the weather will be remotely controlled – what I will elsewhere call the "mechanization of nature". You will see me describing elsewhere how this super computer, perhaps interfaced with the frozen Boss' brain, could then play "Yahweh" upon the new humanity.

Such is the “plan” at which the nameless guy’s gibberish was supposed to hint. He also hinted at *my* part in the “Operation ICJ” meant to make possible the implementation of this plan: that I would have to be chipped in the brain and, with my thoughts being read, be manipulated to help the suit team forge intercepts to frame Russia. (This means, therefore, that the Russians were not directly reading my thoughts on the mind-reading computer but were commanding a CIA or Homeland Security team to do it while they merely watched and commanded.) You of course must think me over-interpreting and making something out of nothing when you see me jump from these few references here and there in a bunch of gibberish to a comprehensive, though bizarre, plan of artificially creating Apocalypse according to Biblical prophesies. Keep in mind that this was really the most that the Russians could cause to be communicated to me since they could only do onto the suit team what the suit team had done onto them and the suit team could only do what the MSS director had attempted to do. Given that other people might be eavesdropping – actually, given that I was recording it – the top-secret “Cheney Plan” can only be communicated to me in this way to prevent other people from getting wind of it and understanding it – especially when it was not even required that *I* understand it.

The symbolization of the hierarchical nature of the upcoming human society through the conception of the different sorts of metals mixed into our body – *this* the Boss Cheney had of course taken directly out of Book III of Plato’s *Republic*, and here lies another justification for the Russians to establish me as the Boss’ dearest conspirator. The Boss was a Straussian and had learned the Straussian interpretation of Plato from the renowned Harvard professor Harvey Mansfield. While he was inspired by this Straussian Plato in coming up with this bizarre project for the radical transformation of human society, I had incidentally used Plato (this time, Book VII of the *Republic*) to illustrate (part of) how his Operation ICJ worked. Conspiracy! Again, as soon as I had gotten half of the plan correctly, there was justification for the Russians to order my conspirators to furnish me with the other half so that I may become a full-fledge conspirator in this Platonic project for the transformation of human society. To understand Cheney’s reason – why he thought his bizarre utopia was what human society should be – let’s therefore first take a look at Plato’s own words and then consider briefly Leo Strauss’ complaint about modernity. Again, the end of Book III (414c – 415d):

‘Could we,’ I said, ‘somehow contrive one of those lies that come into being in case of need, of which we were just now speaking, some one noble lie to persuade, in the best case, even the rulers, but if not them, the rest of the city?’

‘What sort of a thing?’ he said.

‘Nothing new,’ I said, ‘but a Phoenician thing, which has already happened in many places before, as the poets assert and have caused others to believe, but one that has not happened in our time – and I don’t know if it could – one that requires a great deal of persuasion.’

‘How like a man who’s hesitant to speak you are,’ he said.

‘You’ll think my hesitation quite appropriate, too,’ I said, ‘when I do speak.’

‘Speak,’ he said, ‘and don’t be afraid.’ ‘I shall speak – and yet, I don’t know what I’ll use for daring or speeches in telling it – and I’ll attempt to persuade first the rulers and the soldiers, then the rest of the city, that the rearing and education we gave them were like dreams; they only thought they were undergoing all that was happening to them, while, in truth, at that time they were under the earth within, being fashioned and reared themselves, and their arms and other tools being crafted. When the job had been completely finished, then the earth, which is their mother, sent them up. And now, as though the land they are in were a mother and nurse, they must plan for and defend it, if anyone attacks, and they must think of the other citizens as brothers and born of the earth.’

‘It wasn’t,’ he said, ‘for nothing that you were for so long ashamed to tell the lie.’

‘It was indeed appropriate,’ I said. ‘All the same, hear out the rest of the tale. ‘All of you in the city are certainly brothers,’ we shall say to them in telling the tale, ‘but the god, in fashioning those of you who are competent to rule, mixed gold in at their birth; this is why they are most honored; in auxiliaries, silver; and iron and bronze in the farmers and the other craftsmen. So, because you’re all related, although for the most part you’ll produce offspring like yourselves, it sometimes happens that a silver child will be born from a golden parent, a golden child from a silver parent, and similarly all the others from each other. Hence the god commands the rulers first and foremost to be of nothing such good guardians and to keep over nothing so careful a watch as the children, seeing which of these metals is mixed in their souls. And, if a child of theirs should be born with an admixture of bronze or iron, by no manner of means are they to take pity on it, but shall assign the proper value to its nature and thrust it out among the craftsmen or the farmers; and, again, if from these men one should naturally grow who has an admixture of gold or silver, they will honor such ones and lead them up, some to the guardian group, others to the auxiliary, believing that there is an oracle that the city will be destroyed when an iron or bronze man is its guardian.’ So, have you some device for persuading them of this tale?’

‘None at all,’ he said, ‘for these men themselves; however for their sons and their successors and the rest of the human beings who come afterwards.’

‘Well, even that would be good for making them care more for the city and one another.’ I said. ‘For I understand pretty much what you mean.’<sup>2</sup>



Τίς ἂν οὖν ἡμῖν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, μηχανὴ γένοιτο τῶν ψευδῶν τῶν ἐν δέοντι γιγνομένων, ὧν δὴ νῦν ἐλέγομεν, γενναῖόν τι ἐν ψευδομένους πεῖσαι μάλιστα μὲν καὶ αὐτοὺς τοὺς ἄρχοντας, εἰ δὲ μή, τὴν ἄλλην πόλιν;

Ποῖόν τι; ἔφη.

Μηδὲν καινόν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ἀλλὰ Φοινικικόν τι, πρότερον μὲν ἤδη πολλαχοῦ γεγονός, ὥς φασιν οἱ ποιηταὶ καὶ πεπείκασιν, ἐφ' ἡμῶν δὲ οὐ γεγονός οὐδ' οἶδα εἰ γεγόμενον ἄν, πεῖσαι δὲ συχνῆς πειθοῦς.

Ὡς ἔοικας, ἔφη, ὀκνοῦντι λέγειν.

Δόξω δέ σοι, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, καὶ μάλ' εἰκότως ὀκνεῖν, ἐπειδὴν εἶπω.

Λέγ', ἔφη, καὶ μὴ φοβοῦ.

Λέγω δὴκαίτοι οὐκ οἶδα ὅποια τόλμη ἢ ποίοις λόγοις χρώμενος ἐρῶ καὶ ἐπιχειρήσω πρῶτον μὲν αὐτοὺς τοὺς ἄρχοντας πείθειν καὶ τοὺς στρατιώτας, ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τὴν ἄλλην πόλιν, ὥς ἄρ' ἂ ἡμεῖς αὐτοὺς ἐτρέφομεν τε καὶ ἐπαιδεύομεν, ὥσπερ ὀνείρατα ἐδόκουν ταῦτα πάντα πάσχειν τε καὶ γίνεσθαι περὶ αὐτούς, ἦσαν δὲ τότε τῇ ἀληθείᾳ ὑπὸ γῆς ἐντὸς πλαττόμενοι καὶ τρεφόμενοι καὶ αὐτοὶ καὶ τὰ ὅπλα αὐτῶν καὶ ἡ ἄλλη σκευὴ δημιουργουμένη, ἐπειδὴ δὲ παντελῶς ἐξεργασμένοι ἦσαν, καὶ ἡ γῆ αὐτοὺς μήτηρ οὔσα ἀνῆκεν, καὶ νῦν δεῖ ὥς περὶ μητρὸς καὶ τροφῶν τῆς χώρας ἐν ἧ εἰσι βουλευέσθαι τε καὶ ἀμύνειν αὐτούς, ἐάν τις ἐπ' αὐτὴν ἴη, καὶ ὑπὲρ τῶν ἄλλων πολιτῶν ὡς ἀδελφῶν ὄντων καὶ γηγενῶν διανοεῖσθαι.

Οὐκ ἐτός, ἔφη, πάλαι ἡσχύνου τὸ ψεῦδος λέγειν.

Πάνυ, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, εἰκότως: ἀλλ' ὅμως ἄκουε καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν τοῦ μύθου. ἐστὲ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες οἱ ἐν τῇ πόλει ἀδελφοί, ὥς φήσομεν πρὸς αὐτοὺς μυθολογοῦντες, ἀλλ' ὁ θεὸς πλάττων, ὅσοι μὲν ὑμῶν ἱκανοὶ ἄρχειν, χρυσὸν ἐν τῇ γενέσει συνέμειξεν αὐτοῖς, διὸ τιμιώτατοί εἰσιν: ὅσοι δ' ἐπίκουροι, ἄργυρον: σίδηρον δὲ καὶ χαλκὸν τοῖς τε γεωργοῖς καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις δημιουργοῖς. ἅτε οὖν συγγενεῖς ὄντες πάντες τὸ μὲν πολὺ ὁμοίους ἂν ὑμῖν αὐτοῖς γεννῶτε, ἔστι δ' ὅτε ἐκ χρυσοῦ γεννηθεῖη ἂν ἀργυροῦν καὶ ἐξ ἀργύρου χρυσοῦν ἔκγονον καὶ τᾶλλα πάντα οὕτως ἐξ ἀλλήλων. τοῖς οὖν ἄρχουσι καὶ πρῶτον καὶ μάλιστα παραγγέλλει ὁ θεός, ὅπως μηδενὸς οὕτω φύλακες ἀγαθοὶ ἔσονται μηδ' οὕτω σφόδρα φυλάξουσιν μηδὲν ὥς τοὺς ἐκγόνους, ὅτι αὐτοῖς τούτων ἐν ταῖς ψυχαῖς παραμέμικται, καὶ ἐάν τε σφέτερος ἔκγονος ὑπόχαλκος ἢ ὑποσίδηρος γένηται, μηδενὶ τρόπῳ κατελεήσουσιν, ἀλλὰ τὴν τῇ φύσει προσήκουσαν τιμὴν ἀποδόντες ὥσουσιν εἰς δημιουργοὺς ἢ εἰς γεωρούς, καὶ ἂν αὖ ἐκ τούτων τις ὑπόχρυσος ἢ ὑπάργυρος φυῇ, τιμήσαντες ἀνάξουσιν τοὺς μὲν εἰς φυλακὴν, τοὺς δὲ εἰς ἐπικουρίαν, ὥς χρησιμοῦ ὄντος

τότε τὴν πόλιν διαφθαρήναι, ὅταν αὐτὴν ὁ σιδηροῦς φύλαξ ἢ ὁ χαλκοῦς φυλάξῃ. τοῦτον οὖν τὸν μῦθον ὅπως ἂν πεισθεῖεν, ἔχεις τινὰ μηχανήν;

Οὐδαμῶς, ἔφη, ὅπως γ' ἂν αὐτοὶ οὔτοι: ὅπως μεντὰν οἱ τούτων ὑεῖς καὶ οἱ ἔπειτα οἱ τ' ἄλλοι ἄνθρωποι οἱ ὕστερον.

Ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῦτο, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, εὖ ἂν ἔχοι πρὸς τὸ μᾶλλον αὐτοὺς τῆς πόλεώς τε καὶ ἀλλήλων κηδεσθαι: σχεδὸν γάρ τι μανθάνω ὃ λέγεις.

Or, if you prefer a simpler explanation of this most important passage (Spark Notes):

To ensure that there is never controversy over who should rule, Socrates suggests telling all citizens a useful fiction, usually termed ‘the myth of the metals.’ The myth contends that all citizens of the city were born out of the earth. This fiction persuades people to be patriotic. They have reason to swear loyalty to their particular plot of ground and their fellow citizens. That plot of ground is their mother, and their fellow citizens are their brothers and sisters. The myth holds that each citizen has a certain sort of metal mixed in with his soul. In the souls of those most fit to rule there is gold, in those suited to be auxiliaries there is silver, and in those suited to be producers there is either bronze or iron. The city must never be ruled by someone whose soul is mixed with the wrong metal; according to an oracle, the city will be ruined if that ever happens.

The people must be told that though for the most part iron and bronze people will produce iron and bronze children, silver people silver children, and gold people gold children, that is not always the case. It is critical to observe the next generation to discover their class of soul. Those who are born to producers but seem to have the nature of a guardian or an auxiliary will be whisked away and raised with other such children. Similarly, those born to guardians or auxiliaries who seem more fit as producers will be removed to that class of society. Although the just society is rigid in terms of adult mobility between classes, it is not as rigid in terms of heredity.

The “noble lie” (τὸ ψεῦδος γενναῖόν) must be told to all citizens to keep them patriotic, caring about one another, and never disputing who should rule and who should obey – given the sad fact that, because most human beings are of average intelligence and low moral, the genius simply couldn’t reason with them (tell them the truth) to persuade them to do the right thing (what is in everyone’s benefit). As Shadia Drury has explained,<sup>3</sup> Leo Strauss’ view is that every human society was founded by the great genius’ telling a big lie (myth, religion) to the (dumb) masses and thus persuading them to come to order and form a society, and his particular lament about modernity consists in the fact that the philosophers since Enlightenment have somehow thought it feasible now to form the masses into an orderly society by telling them the truth (no more myths or God, but “social contract”). From then on society is inevitably set on the path of degeneration and self-destruction. The Boss must have learned

3 Most prominently, in *The Political Ideas of Leo Strauss*, first published in 1988.

of this complaint from Professor Mansfield and come to agree with it whole-heartedly. Humanity must be returned to the original way, where a genius tells a big lie to dupe the dumb masses into being good citizens – for this reason, he had always regarded the Evangelicals as model citizens in the United States: they duped themselves with this big lie about God and Jesus into being patriotic and obedient. The Boss had already implemented his Straussian project when he orchestrated his 911 attacks: “Al Qaeda has attacked us” was a big lie which had succeeded in duping the American people into such patriotic fervor. Following upon that, his utopian project would be to make everyone who would survive the nuclear holocaust into an Evangelical. The task consisted not only in making the nuclear holocaust conform to Biblical prophecies so that the unbelieving portion of the remnant will also be persuaded that “Bible is true”, but also in overcoming the fact that the scientific discoveries and technological advances of the past 500 years have made it nearly impossible for most of us to believe in Biblical scenarios in exactly the way in which the first Christians believed in them. After studying how the Air Force and the CIA had manufactured UFO stories out of thin air since late 1940s, the Boss decided to add these (“aliens” and “UFOs”) into Biblical scenarios so that those of us who are educated in sciences and engineering can also believe whole-heartedly that “Bible is true”: “So gods are just ‘aliens’, who have visited us since a long time ago and who are in fact partly our ancestors, just as, according to many early myths, humans were descendants of the gods from heavens.” This is the only way to solve the conflict between myths and sciences – how the latter have made the naive belief in the former practically impossible so that the philosophers since Enlightenment have had, in a way, simply their hands tied. Thus, the Boss’ project was to orchestrate the End of the World to not only solve the Peak Oil problem but also to make the early myths and the Judeo-Christian religion believable again so that humanity might overcome Enlightenment and modernity and return to their earlier way where a “genius” dupes the dumb masses into believing some ridiculous fantasy and thus becoming good citizens. While the Boss had already had some success in this kind of thing with his 911 attacks, he was now planning to use my ICJ trial to implement this Straussian objective on the level of the entire humanity.

Now, the second important happening today. After 2 PM, the Russians then ordered the CIA to order the Pakistani ISI to send an officer in to pretend to signal to me. The purpose was most likely to enable the Russians to have the evidence with which to convict the ISI in the upper court of conspiracy with me so that, with an ICJ judgment in hand, they can then take over the ISI and ransack its archives and databases. In this way, the Russians can obtain definitive evidences that it was the Boss and his shadowy crew who had used the ISI to run Mohamed Atta and so on to stage 911 attacks. This, so that the Russians can discredit the forged evidence that it was the MSS director who had sent Al-Qaeda to attack the United States on 911, establish me as a conspirator in the whole Straussian project of using a big lie to dupe people into “goodness” (from 911 attacks to the planned nuclear holocaust), and obtain another ICJ judgment convicting the Boss as a terrorist mastermind and the United States as a “terrorism-sponsoring state” (and the CIA as a “terrorist organization”). Again, the Russians can do this because they were permitted to do onto the United States what the United States had done onto them: back in August last year, the Boss had simply ordered the MSS to forge evidences to frame Russia in order to initiate a new lawsuit against Russia in the ICJ lower court; and so today, the Russians had the right to simply order the CIA to frame Pakistan so that they can have a reason to ransack Pakistani

archives and databases.

Third, around 3:25 PM, the Russians then ordered the CIA to send an agent in to blatantly use me (my location) to frame Russia. The purpose here was not simply to begin to convict the CIA in the lower court – something so easy to do now that the Russian SVR had command over both the CIA and the lower court staff members – but also to establish “Operation ICJ” firmly in the evidentiary record of the upper court as an indispensable part of the Boss’ Straussian project: (1) staging (and covering up) 911 attacks – (2) convincing the world of the “David Chin legend” – (3) creating Biblical “End of the World”. Insofar as I was seen “participating” in all three stages today, the “Cheney Plan” was thus established in the upper court as an integral “terrorist conspiracy”. As for the lower court, this time the Russians made sure to catch everything on video – how the CIA girl came to me to text-message, how the faulty surveillance Machine then showed that I had text-messaged to my Russian boss, and so on – and then ordered the lower court judges to issue a first judgment convicting the CIA of forging evidences to frame them. This is the first concrete (i.e. perfect) evidence of *my part* in this “Operation International Court of Justice”.

### **December 12 (Saturday; “Alaska”, “temple”, and “twins”)**

My next recording is: “strbkftp\_12\_12\_09\_528-701AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came to Starbucks. “The black vagrant woman is not here yet, and so we get to own the electrical outlet...” I hummed as people started coming in. I continued to upload the files which were in the lawsuit. I believed (or pretended to believe) that the other man was an undercover cop (47:30). I was now uploading the video of my mailing my petition to IACHR. Then: “The music in this Starbucks sounds like ‘Russian’... we have an intercept here...” (1:00:00). Bullshit. (But I was probably just acting.) Then: “... that man with his website visits is really scaring us...” I pretended to be so scared that I wanted to leave. “... he’s gonna be confused with us...” (1:12:30). Then: “... remember, truth is always a criminal matter... you’ll have to open up Wireshark... it’s gonna show what website he is visiting, what crime the government is trying to attribute to you...”

My next recording is: “leavstrbk\_485bus\_12\_12\_09\_706-832AM.WMA”: I continued to work in Starbucks, uploading files to my website. I then got on MTA’s website to check the bus route to East LA. “... it’s a beta version; in surveillance it will be a fake website...” Not. Then, on 17:00, super weapons showed up: “... we have to go...” I took down the bus route: Foothill 482. I hummed loudly. As I was packing up, I murmured: “... we need to review the recording of our sleeping, to make sure everything is okay...” Now it was raining hard again. “The purpose of their sending in super weapons is to drive you out...” Then I was in the restroom for a long time brushing my teeth and so on. On 40:00 I left Starbucks. “I think we now know which file Homeland Security doesn’t like... in any case, *we will for now just keep our stuff in our lock box, until 20 years later...*” Acting! When I was at Famima buying cigarettes, I asked for a black trash bag with which to cover my cart. I then waited for the bus.

My next recording is: “**todwntwn\_sndwchnoprice**\_12\_12\_09\_903-1008AM.WMA”: I was still on the

485 bus going to downtown LA. "... we were saying that we hope we are not too ugly to get an apartment... we did get a black plastic bag from Famima to cover our cart... it's now raining..." When a passenger was getting off the bus, she shouted loudly: "Thank you!" "Another instance of criminal recording! Homeland Security has instructed everyone to say 'Thank you' loudly." Not! On 11:30 I got off the bus on Olympics and Grand. Suddenly, on 12:10, a black man came over to tell me to go to Alaska. I put up my act: "What? Is that what Homeland Security wants us to do? ... We don't know what that means..." In reality, I felt very shy because I was firmly convinced that it was the Russians who had instructed this Homeland Security agent to tell me thusly because they now wanted to take over something in Alaska. I ordered sandwich in a sandwich shop, and ate while waiting for the Foothill bus to go to El Monte. On 41:00 I got on the 484 Express.

I was of course quite correct here – it's just that I have never found out what exactly it was that the Russians had wanted in Alaska. (Did the Boss also hide something in a US military base in Alaska as part of his preparation for his nuclear holocaust?) But the mechanism is simple enough: the Russians had the right to do onto the United States what the United States had attempted to do onto them. Since the suit team had instructed people to mention "Vietnam" or "India" or anything like that to me so that they could have evidences that I was an agent of these countries as well and thus blackmail them, the Russians, if they wanted something in Alaska, merely had to instruct a Homeland Security agent to tell me to go to Alaska – there was now evidence that I had conspired with some entity in Alaska to pretend to be David Chin to harm Russia thus enabling Russia to take over that particular entity in question in Alaska.

My next recording is: "[toelmonte\\_strngtwwm\\_12\\_12\\_09\\_1024AM-1206PM](#)": I was now waiting for the bus in El Monte Transit Center. Suddenly, a Taiwanese woman appeared on 9:08 asking me in Chinese: "Are you from Taiwan? Where are you going? You don't have a home?" She then scolded me saying I shouldn't smoke. She then continued to ask me where I was going. Dumbfounded, I simply replied that I knew where I was going. "Are you sure you know where you are going?" She then suggested that I go to a church or temple, and finally insisted that I go with her to the Buddhist temple. Just then, a Sheriff vehicle passed by us (11:14). She clarified that she was from the Buddhist temple (12:30). Terrified, I refused to go with her: "I don't know you! It's a strange surveillance intercept..." And she simply grabbed my cart and ran toward the bus. Now I was truly scared and quickly grabbed my cart back from her. Finally, by 14:00, she gave up and was gone. Relieved, I kept up my act: "If you don't understand something, don't do it... it's all unintelligible intercepts lately... what the fuck is this about? ... within Homeland Security surveillance there aren't real crimes... this is not part of the pattern... Is the Buddhist temple supposed to be a contact point for foreign intelligence services? ... If you don't do it yourself, your double will do it for you... there will always be a next time... we have never had a Taiwanese woman... the narrative could go on for several days... the Sheriff has videotaped us talking to her... the video will be intercepted... it's evidence of something... we just don't know what it is... if we miss it, it will happen in the next location... the Buddhist temple... that's the intercept... our draggy cart's safety is our number one concern... the Sheriff is the key to the episode... she's not a criminal... she's an operative... very skilled... Homeland Security knows that we are looking for apartments... Why did they send somebody in to take us away? So they don't want us

to find an apartment... they want us to go to the Buddhist temple... let's think about this.... let's go to WCIL..." By now I had missed bus 70. Siren on 49:30. On 54:00 I got on bus 484 again – this time to go backward: was a police car watching over me in the distance? On 1:22:00 I got off the bus on Venice Blvd. A Fire Department vehicle passed me by. "... it's raining today, and water kills super weapons... reading people's license plates is not a crime..." Siren on 1:27:00. On 1:29:00 I got on bus 33. On 1:40:30, as you can hear, a super weapon was shouting inside the bus. I hummed and turned off my recorder in order to prevent this recording from becoming tainted.

I had now abandoned my apartment visit and decided to go to WCIL instead because I was truly frightened by the Taiwanese woman – obviously a Taiwanese secret agent. I simply couldn't figure out whether it was in fact the Russians who had ordered the Taiwanese intelligence service to send her in. If it was the Russians who were behind it, then I might have screwed up whatever plan they had in mind, so that I had better go to WCIL right away to enable them to have another chance to order Homeland Security to do something over there as a way to make up for what was lost. Now, even today I still have no idea what exactly was going on here. This is my guess: my muttering about how Taiwan was going to become involved in the past two days had enabled the Russians to have the right to do something with the Taiwanese intelligence service. Fearing that they would also be convicted of participating in the Boss' genocidal plan, the Taiwanese intelligence entered the claim in the upper court that I was conspiring with the Russians to harm them and thus obtained the right to run an operation on me to neutralize me. Something would happen in the Buddhist temple: perhaps I would be found to be really David Chin so that the Taiwanese intelligence could at least avoid being convicted. This of course presupposes that, even though the Russians had taken command of the entire lower court and the suit team had no longer the right to use it to prove any part of the "David Chin legend", other parties could somehow still use it for this same purpose. If this is correct, then I had avoided a disaster by adamantly refusing to go along with the Taiwanese agent.

My next recording is: "imitatedble\_wcilcigincidnt\_12\_12\_09\_12-2PM.WMA": I was still on the bus. The super weapon continued to shout. "This file will be very tainted." And I hummed like crazy. I created a folder "tainted" on my Toshiba to store all the "tainted recordings". Now I was sitting in the back of the bus and a black man was sitting to my left. He started talking to the Transit TV and I assumed he was my double. In a playful mood – I was happy because I had begun to realize that what happened yesterday was an important breakthrough for the Russians – I started imitating him (from 17:00 onward): when he said "England", I said "England", and so on. After a while, he stopped. "My double has stopped imitating me when I began imitating him. That's a strange outcome" (20:15). Then he started again and I continued to imitate him. Then: "This is only for fun, because this has no surveillance value.... You can only have one David Chin at a time..." Then, when he uttered profanity, I laughed: "I'm gonna skip that one... I don't know whether there is law enforcement on board..." Then he suddenly said: "Right? Your name is David..." And I said the same to him! Now it was clear that he was indeed my double – now under the Russians' command (ordering the conspiring intelligence agency to stage the terrorist suspect's environment in such a way as to make him believe that his plan had succeeded). At this point, a white female got off the bus laughing at us. I assumed she was doing surveillance for the Russians and was amused by our little show here: this terrorist suspect's conspiracy

to harm Russia is quite funny! On 31:30 I got off the bus too in front of WCIL. I suddenly remembered today was Saturday and WCIL should be closed, but, surprisingly, there was “garage sale” going on in the parking lot (35:30). It was two guys I had never seen before who were running the sale. I got socks and coffee and also asked the two guys for the list of apartments that was usually posted inside WCIL. But no, they couldn’t get it for me. I left on 44:00, pretending to believe that this was staged by the suit team to produce surveillance: “... it’s okay, as long as it’s not illegal... Homeland Security wants us to be homeless, it makes it easier for them...” As I was waiting for the bus, suddenly, a teenager came to me offering to pay me to buy cigarettes for him: “Get out of here!” (48:00) And he admitted that he was 17! “We have a choice, within Homeland Security reality there is actually a choice... this serves the purpose of making us commit crimes both in surveillance and in reality... if it’s real, he wouldn’t have told you how old he is... we don’t have to do anything, we just do whatever we want, things will simply happen here and there... pictures in and pictures out, but they are not happy... be careful, don’t videotape people, and make sure nothing goes in again...” Nice acting! What happened really seemed like a police sting operation (I had experienced it before) but it’s unclear whether it had anything to do with my ICJ trial. Then I continued to debate with myself whether recording the 17 year-old would be criminal recording. Then I found another thing suspicious: “... the old man is doing something with his cigarettes, it is a surveillance intercept...” and I left this area (1:02:30). I was probably just acting here. On 1:11:30 I got on the bus. I recalled what happened at WCIL: “... to produce surveillance showing us doing something with foreign intelligence agents...” Acting. Then, on 1:33:00, I noted that another woman said “Thank you” when getting off the bus. Criminal recording! Then, strangely, a pair of underage twins appeared on the bus: “... this must be an intercept!” (1:50:30) Then: “... they know we won’t videotape super weapons and so they use ‘super weapon twins’...” And then more super weapons on the bus, and I hummed like crazy. On 1:58:30 I got off the bus.

This pair of “super weapon twins” was most likely another operation. That is, although the Russians had already demonstrated on November 14 that those past intercepts showing me appearing together with my twin brother were in fact about some other people, they wanted this time – now that they had gained complete control over the lower court – “perfect” evidence that the suit team had tried to make some twins out of me in order to frame Russia. (Yesterday there was “perfect” evidence that I had never text-messed; today there was “perfect” evidence that I had no twin brother.) This is probably why the Russians had suddenly developed an interest in Taiwan: they needed the right to ransack Taiwanese government’s database in order to obtain proof that I was born in Taiwan on November 16 1969 rather than in China on May 6 1968. The most essential part which the Taiwanese intelligence had played in the Boss’ genocidal plan would then be the forging of evidences to prove that my Taiwanese birth record was in fact fake.

My next recording is: “bus2avoidbrdratmmtl\_12\_12\_09\_206-450PM.WMA”. I continued to comment on the twin super weapons just seen on the bus. “We didn’t videotape the twins because they were probably there to lure us to videotape them.” Not! Then: “We must make sure that none of our files will ever go into the evidentiary docket in the International Court again.” Ha! Then: “We in fact don’t videotape anything except our room and our storage unit.” Then two more super weapons suddenly sneaked up in front of me (6:00). “We need to go into a motel again in order to survive the rain...” I

then seemed to have got on the bus again. I continued humming while on the bus, especially when a Hispanic woman was talking loudly on her cellphone on 22:00. On 57:30, the bus had approached Sunset and Vine. I wanted to go to the bank but I suddenly remembered that there was a Border Bookstore at the corner. I had to continue to pretend that I was bent on avoiding the possibility that the Russians might cause the “people in the Cave” to get more glimpses of me through the Borders’ security cameras, and so admonished myself to get off the bus at the next stop while lowering my head so that I couldn’t even be seen through the windows. If there was Russian surveillance around me at the moment, then my act would be perfect! I then continued humming (58:30). I got off the bus on 1:01:30 and walked around the blocks to get to Chase. It was raining quite hard. I continued my act: “Once the documentaries are suppressed... You never know when...” I walked into Chase on 1:10:00 to use the ATM while humming like crazy. I came out and recounted (acting): “I think we did get confused with someone else... for someone immediately came in to use the ATM next to us... But the cash is real, right?” I went into the bushes to urinate, and a car just had to come in. My act: “Another surveillance intercept of David Chin’s perversion...” (1:16:00). Then: “Our pleasure consists solely in the counting of intercepts...” (1:19:00). I went inside an ice cream store and came out to sit on the street corner to eat my chips, and just then an Asian woman text messaged in front of me. “We’ve got intercepted...” (1:39:00). Then: “David Chin: tens of thousands of people work together to maintain his existence... in the imaginary world of the Cave... it requires an entire city to maintain David Chin’s existence...” (1:44:00). Good acting! I got on the bus again on 1:48:00. I hummed. “We have gone back to the way it was before... At least our computer is safe...” (1:53:00). Then: “Our life sucks... What we are going to do for this computer...” (1:56:00). Humming like crazy, I got off the bus on 2:13:00. Rain was still pouring down hard. And so, because of the rain, I checked into a motel on Sunset Blvd in the Silverlake area (2:17:00).

My next recording is: “mtlupldreadyslp\_12\_12\_09\_444-449PM.WMA”: I was now in my room: “It’s 4:50 PM, time for bed! ... we should also upload the videos of our writings...” Then I mumbled about how Homeland Security froze up my Eee PC repeatedly with buffer-overflow. (Wrong.) Then, my recorder suddenly turned itself off.

My next recording is: “slpmtslslvrlake\_12\_12-3\_09\_455PM-1245AM.WMA”: I was now reading something about computer matters. Then I played my Microsoft music a little. Then: “... this Verbatim archival disc is also made in the UAE... hopefully they are as good as those made in Taiwan and Japan...” Now, before sleep, I made sure to block up the door with a chair. By 30:30 I had packed up and was ready to sleep. I turned on the TV and started surfing the channels. I settled on a Spanish channel. “Oh, Hola, El Salvador... an intercept? Is El Salvador in the lawsuit now?” From 40:00 onward, I was sleeping quietly.<sup>4</sup>

### **December 13 (Sunday)**

My next recording is: “wkslvrlkemtl\_12\_13\_09\_522-541AM.WMA”: I finally woke up. I was shocked that I had slept for 12 hours. “How are we gonna get anything done like this?”

4 Reviewed until 57:00, and then from 7:44:00 onward.



My next recording is: “wkslvrlke\_cafetrop\_evtvwrintcpt\_12\_13\_09\_536-818AM.WMA”: I mumbled about how tired I was and how disintegrated I was. Then about my batteries. “We can’t be homeless anymore...” On 26:00, before going out, I filmed my room, making a record of where I left the inessential things. On 31:00 I was out to get something to eat. On 35:00, somebody was talking to me on the street: “Push! Push!” “It’s a surveillance intercept!” and I ignored him. I couldn’t find a doughnut shop, and the traffic light wouldn’t turn green. “I guess Homeland Security wants us to cross red light.” I came to Cafe Tropical instead (39:00). I got my breakfast and, on 49:00, was back in my motel room. I checked the configuration of the room: “... we are more and more like David Chin...” I turned on the TV, mumbling: “Our double next door will watch it for us, and so we don’t have to watch anything... when we find our apartment, our neighbor will watch the Bourne movie for us... our Homeland Security TV... the less we videotape, the safer our documentaries will be... there is not much left in the Court docket, and that’s why we are back to the Latin American things...” Acting. Then, from 1:46:00 onward, I was checking the Event Viewer log on my Toshiba. From 1:54:00 onward, I was reviewing the recording of my sleep from hours ago (“slpmtslslvrake\_12\_12-3\_09\_455PM-1243AM.WMA”) to make sure that no Homeland Security agents had come in: “... somehow we have the impression that Homeland Security is remotely controlling this Event Viewer... law enforcement is probably next door... all the motels have probably already been alerted about us... it’s also possible that Homeland Security is producing surveillance intercepts of our computer screen... that’s why our doubles... to cast doubt on the validity of our Toshiba... not only our Toshiba, which is supposedly a Russian-made spy equipment... but also to clear the evidentiary docket of our documentaries... since all documentaries came from our Toshiba... the manipulation of our Toshiba... so that it would seem that something is wrong with our Toshiba, so that anything that came out of it could be considered invalid...” Mr former Secretary had indeed done this numerous times. By now I had become so skeptical of the Event Viewer log that I started filming it (2:07:00). “... when they control it to malfunction, to produce surveillance showing that our laptop is questionable... just like, when we were installing Ubuntu, a Russian document popped up... that means that faulty surveillance is installed in the motel... that’s all that the documentaries we make nowadays show: our room, our computer... we have to make sure that our private life, our making of documentaries, has nothing to do with the evidentiary record... we assume the docket is all cleared, but there might still be bank documents in it... and so we need to produce more surveillance intercepts...”

My next recording is: “mtlupldchkslp\_12\_13\_09\_822-847AM.WMA”: I was still reviewing the recording.

My next recording is: “mtl\_brndvdpbmln\_angry\_12\_13\_09\_852AM-539PM.WMA”. The rest of the recording of my sleeping seemed to be missing, and I associated it with my missing hat (7:00). Did a Homeland Security agent really come in? (But this was now unlikely – unless the Russians wanted something and so sent him in.) I began worrying about my computer. On 2:22:00 the manager knocked on my door because I forgot to pay for another day. Then: “I’m so worried about my computer; what did Homeland security do to it?” (3:19:00) I was baffled by my computer’s behavior: now it was installing a driver for my Seagate external hard drive... (4:46:00). I wanted to burn “WS-Inessential”

(4:56:00) but my DVD writer suddenly went dead (5:37:00). “Homeland Security has destroyed our external DVD writer as well!” Probably not. Then my external hard drive was making weird noises (5:40:00). “Now why is our government making our computer malfunction all the time?” I used a parable to explain my situation: a family has this child who is so grotesque that they absolutely will not let people outside see him. If the child is somehow taking pictures of himself, then the family will do everything to prevent the pictures from leaving the house to bring shame upon the family. They might just decide to kill the child and destroy all the pictures (until 5:45:30) “That’s why everyone is working together to hide us, we must be like a very grotesque, malformed entity, and that’s why everyone is working together to invent weird stories about us, for people outside have heard about us, this grotesque malformed thing...” (5:48:00). Then: “The family then invents a fictional character out of us, and then claims that we are actually an infiltrator sent in by the outsiders to shame the family. And now the malformed thing is taking pictures of himself and the pictures are seen by outsiders by accident... The family is going to kill the child... just to make sure that such thing will never happen again...” Excellent testimony! Then about my Toshiba: “Homeland Security did so much shit to this computer, there is no other computer like it...” I continued to process my DVD. “... the next time we will use ImgBurn... the next time, copy files directly from the disc... the disc might be dirty... but Homeland Security might be in the process of destroying our hard drive altogether...” Now my Toshiba Disc Creator had successfully recorded a disc. “... we shall create another copy... Homeland Security might simply be creating the illusion that we have successfully burned a disc...” Too paranoid! “... we are not comfortable with this Toshiba Disc Creator, we shouldn’t have used it...” People were shouting outside on 6:07:30. From 6:17:00 onward I was checking over my pen video files. “The only way to stop computer malfunctioning is to videotape it...” I was then working on my new disc’s file directory. I was then transcribing my videos while uploading my recordings to my website. I now found it absurd to save the Wireshark captures for the uploading process. Of course! Then, from 7:35:00 onward, I was transcribing the recording of one of Karin’s German meetups.

My next recording is: “dvd81\_k71808\_cafetrop\_wtch614\_12\_13\_09\_534-926PM.WMA”: I continued to review the recording of Karin’s German meetups. Then, from 42:00 onward, I was reviewing yesterday’s recording (going to WCIL). By 50:00 I was done and mumbling about this and that. “... thousands of hours of recordings... what are we going to do? We should have done it the first time... we have used up too much disk space to store the videos of our computer screen... Seagate is pretty filled up by now... 350 gigabytes, and now only 10 gigabytes are left... when computer malfunctions, just keep doing it until it eventually gets through... the document which Homeland Security has destroyed... maybe they have put viruses in it, so that, when you open it up, your computer will explode... every time when you burn a disc, you have to film it, and the film then has to be burned onto the next disc, and this burning itself also has to be filmed and the film also has to be burned onto the next disc, ad infinitum... in a circle forever... you can’t live like this... when our double imitates us and we then imitate our double, and he then imitates us imitating him and we then imitate him imitating us imitating him... ad in infinitum... that’s what you call the International Court of Justice... it will never end until you die...” Again, this is somewhat prophetic because this is precisely how this trial was going to conclude. I then mumbled about how bad it was when my Toshiba “got confused”. On 1:33:00, siren. I was now packing up and getting ready to go out. And of course I filmed my room

before I left. Out on 1:35:30. On 1:41:30, I was in a gas station to buy cigarettes. I hummed like crazy. I looked at Kirsten Dunst's pictures on a magazine: "... it's an intercept... three surveillance intercepts in total from our buying this pack of cigarettes... that man is a Sikh..." Nonsense, but I was probably just acting. On 1:48:00, I was in Cafe Tropical again. I ordered my sandwich and then waited outside. I recounted: "... a guy was inside with a laptop, with DVDs on his hand, chatting with a white female who was lying on the sofa..." And I described all the other people I saw inside (1:54:00). I was probably just acting. Then I assumed a police car had videotaped me exiting Cafe Tropical. "... 8 people inside... and they will rumor afterward saying this vagrant was making humming sounds, that's why they were there..." Not! On 2:00:30, I picked up my sandwich. I took care to walk around people on the street who were talking. "We are caught within 50 feet of a white female who was wearing shorts, damn! At least that's not illegal..." Acting. On 2:05:00, I was back inside my motel room. I continued my act: "... we counted 8 surveillance intercepts, just from buying cigarettes and a sandwich..." Not! From 2:18:00 onward, I was uploading a recording of Karin's meetups to my website. From 2:34:00 onward, I was reviewing a video diary from April, in which I called up the District Court in San Francisco to ask about the submission of my Supplemental Pleading. I concluded that my Real Player had problems. Then more of my video diary. Then, I was streaming a recording of Karin's meetups from my website. From 2:54:00 onward, I was reviewing the video diary from June 14, specifically the episode where my double was having his partner film him pretending to be homeless. Once again! From 3:26:00 onward, I was reviewing one of my latest recordings: "... two hours are unaccounted for because we didn't check the battery level of our recorder..." Then, on 3:38:00, I was reviewing another video diary from June. Then the video of my installing Ubuntu on June 9. On 3:45:00, another episode.

My next recording is: "wtch611\_12\_13-4\_09\_931PM-148AM.WMA": And now I started reviewing the video diary from June 11, specifically the episode of "Russian language lesson" at Royal Ground. "... what happened on June 11 is that we were receiving a Russian language lesson from a Russian spy, not giving it to somebody... we've got the narrative backward..." I then continued to speculate as to whether that Russian woman in the video was my double: "... she doesn't look like somebody grabbed off the street..." Then I rested with Microsoft demo-music from my Toshiba. Then, from 52:00 onward, I was back to my recordings. Then, the June 11 video diary again (the Russian language lesson). "... maybe a Russian spy of some sort, a former Russian spy..." And I was making fun of the fact that I had found another former Russian spy: "... you have to check your files, you will find a lot of 'somebodies' in there..." (1:20:00). Again, just acting: as if my motivation was not to provide the Russians with more evidence but to relish in my collection of videos of secret agents. Then, from 1:51:30 onward, I was reviewing the video of my time with Ray the computer guy in November last year (in which he showed me where to find the wireless card on my computers and so on). "When you buy a laptop, the first thing to do is to open it up and videotape everything inside." Then the video from March 20, in which I filmed the interior of my Toshiba again while on the train back to Los Angeles (2:29:00). Siren on 2:50:30. On 3:05:00, I was checking over my DVD-3. "... everything here is supposed to be real... nothing is supposed to be touched or switched... the imaginary reality is based on 'looks', the real reality is based on substance... there is a certain rule to Mr former Secretary's mind... because, even though he's mean and aggressive, he likes to look humanitarian... and in the US, they don't touch

you... in order to maintain his 'look', he has to refrain from physically harming people... we are making some very scary documentaries... Homeland Security... if you predict that bad things will happen, they might not happen, but if you predict that good things will happen, they might just come true... when you make predictions about other people, that might not have consequences, but when you make predictions about yourself... because they want us to believe certain things... such as that we are delusional... if you say 'Homeland Security is controlling our computer', soon it will stop... and if you videotape it, it will stop... because they don't want you to be caught not being delusional... whether it will come true or not, it all depends on what you predict... if you predict that nothing will happen to you and your computer, it *will* come true because you are predicting something of normality... remember that the goal of the operation is for everything in *this* world to look normal... and nothing is supposed to be touched... something has happened in the past few days, but things are supposed to look normal... you know why... *because the Displays are involved*... all this is very much their signature..." (until 3:18:00). Again, I was just acting: as if I didn't know that the Russians had already busted the CIA. On 3:24:00, the video of my time with Ray again. "The Displays... they are the ones who have put something in our laptop..." Indeed! "... they are fixing the evidentiary rules... there is some new evidentiary rule... other than that, there is not much change... they won't touch our hard drives... what they have put in there is just for the 'look'... they are not trying to destroy your machine, that's not part of the game... if you predict something 'normal', it *will* come true, but if you predict something abnormal, it will *not* come true... during the transition period, there might occur something strange... the documentaries will not survive in the ICJ docket, because the United States will never lose... you know what? We can just find a therapist again... we can go back to downtown mental health... it's because everything has to look normal that we know how to predict things... when Mr former Secretary copies techniques from the Displays, he always blows them up to such a large scale, and that's why it looks kind of weird... *you will survive because you are too useful*... the source of your troubles, this International Court trial, is also the reason why you will live a long life... Uncle Sam is only pretending to hate us, he in fact loves us, Mr former Secretary loves us because we are too useful to him..." Nice acting! More evidence for the Russians as to how my conspiracy with the United States worked. I was then busy for a long time with my disc: the same broken file on the disc was freezing up my computer. Then: "... the Displays came in... they have gained some degree of autonomy now..." (3:51:20). As you shall see, this would become later on an important theme in my testimonies as to what my motivation was in conspiring with the United State to harm Russia. I kept on filming my computer now that my disc had completely frozen up my Toshiba: "... we just don't know why everything is malfunctioning, the disc is freezing up again... This malfunctioning makes no sense, it's all old stuff on the disc, nothing important... maybe it's the video of our wireless card..." Again, I failed to understand that this episode of malfunctioning was simply "natural" and that the suit team was not at the moment trying to prevent me from playing any file. I was now so frustrated that I wanted to cry. "... you've got that right, it's only for the 'look', no files are supposed to be destroyed or swapped... the Displays have begun to regain their autonomy... the city will still occasionally be evacuated just to produce a few intercepts, but then it will be back to normal (because the Displays have come back)... our stuff is not in the process of being destroyed... our Toshiba Disc Creator no longer functions..." And I was videotaping my computer again because it was malfunctioning again: "... this is the only way we know to fix it... is our laptop used to produce another 'look' in another

world? Why is it like this?” By now I had gotten so angry that I was yelling and screaming: “... I just don’t know how to deal with computers!” (4:07:00) I even threw things. Then, from 4:15:00 onward, I was playing one of my latest recordings.

### **December 14 (Monday; the “711 Russian agent”)**

My next recording is: “mtldvedproblm\_insan\_12\_14\_09\_143-348AM.WMA”. I was then reviewing the recording of my conversation with the Taiwanese agent from two days ago. Then my Open Office was not responding. On 12:45 I concluded (as part of my act) that the Taiwanese agent was just there to produce an intercept, another strand of the narrative, and that she was pretending to be a secret agent pretending to be a nun from the temple. “There is more substance in this intercept than in Mr former Secretary’s stuff.” Such was my “fake” testimony. In reality, I had begun to suspect that she appeared because the Russians were about to take over the Taiwanese intelligence as well. I then continued my testimony in regard to my role: “I’m supposed to be a dummy and let everyone put their garbage in front of me in order to produce the intercepts needed (to sue Russia).... It’s not like we hate Russia so much...” (17:50). Then: “If Sophia wanted me to see Sophia, I would see her... But if Sophia wanted me to see a Russian nun, why would I spend the energy and money?” (19:20)

Then I continued my act: “You put all the interesting stuff in front of me, and I’ll just videotape it... That’s our arrangement...” (25:40). I was now burning a new disc. “Thus the fake Russian agent let us stick our camera right in her face and she said nothing: it’s part of the arrangement...” (28:50). “The government has a camera on the show to intercept it for the sake of the elite audience inside the Cave, and I have a camera on the show to save it for my own enjoyment. I don’t know how this ‘criminal videotaping’ thing came about....” Then on 40:00: “.... faulty surveillance picks up only my location and nothing else and is only using my location to pick up someone else (my double): such is my function in American society. A ‘mission’, as for other people, is just something that they do and finish so that they can go home; but for us it is our very function in society, a way of life.” I was then angry and frustrated again because there was no more space on all my hard drives. And Nero was malfunctioning again: “What is ‘cache’? ‘Temp’?” (45:00) I started burning a new DVD and then tried to find, and delete, the temp files which Nero had created in order to free up more disk space.

My next recording is: “slpmtl\_12\_14\_09\_353-520AM.WMA”: From 9:00 onward, I rested quietly. Then, more of my acting: “If Sophia tells us to find Sophia, we’ll go; if Sophia tells us to go to an apartment, we’ll go too, but we are not interested in some Buddhist temple... there is a certain freedom to being a dummy, you can just do what you want... if Homeland Security puts an apartment in front of us, we’ll just go in, we won’t care what surveillance we will produce...” And I slept.

My next recording is: “slpmtl\_12\_14\_09\_514-843AM.WMA”: I continued to sleep. Siren on 1:23:30. Then, on 2:57:00, I got up. I turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “wkchckdvd3\_noshwr\_bus4\_12\_14\_09\_848AM-128PM.WMA”: I continued to work in my motel room. I noticed on 26:00 that playing an audio recording at the same time would

affect the Sound Recorder's recording. I was frustrated again (33:00). I continued to moan about how my computer "was being destroyed". I then quietly worked on my computer for the next hour or so. "If Homeland Security wants us to replace the old discs with the new discs, there must be some purpose..." (1:00:00). Acting. Then: "Maybe they have remotely altered our DVD burner..." Then I was mumbling about the Custom officers: "Now we have to produce evidence that our DVDs are fake... everything we possess is fake... unless you hold a beer can in your hand, then that must be real..." I continued to review the recording of my sleeping last night while working on my laptop. Then I rested with the Microsoft demo music from my Toshiba (from 1:55:00 or so onward). There was no hot water and so I couldn't shower (2:14:00). Then, when it was almost check-out time, I checked everywhere in my room to make sure I had left nothing behind. Luckily, I found my hat – indication that Homeland Security agents didn't come into my room yesterday morning while I was asleep. Then I checked out of the motel on 2:56:00.

I walked into the restaurant nearby to eat. Then, when I was waiting for bus 4 by the bus stop on Sunset and Silverlake, a sedan suddenly parked in front of me and the same pretty Russian agent got off the car who showed up in front of me on July 24 in the 711 in Santa Monica. She wore the same smile. I became very frightened and didn't say anything: I feared that, if I made any gesture suggesting that I recognized her, I might cause the Russians to be convicted of conspiracy with me. I got on the bus on 3:27:00. Then, on 3:36:00, the same fake Russian agent seemed to have got on the bus who was in my video from the night of June 14. I again didn't say anything, but this time I had sort of understood that I need not fear for Russia's sake. The Russians were just collecting more evidences that all the Russians that had ever appeared in front of me were the suit team's "fake Russians". Then, when everyone began talking loudly, I hummed (3:40:00). Soon a super weapon got on the bus firing loudly (3:42:00). I got off the bus on 4:35:00.

Now this is what was really going on with the 711 smiling Russian agent. Because of my testimony earlier that the suit team had sent in a former Russian agent to stage a Russian language lesson in front of me – since I was correct, another instance had been established of my conspiracy with the suit team – the Russians had now obtained the right to use the same technique to benefit themselves. They thus ordered the suit team to recruit the 711 smiling Russian agent and send her in. Since, back in Nicaragua, the suit team had also introduced the new rule about canceling and replacing evidences to the Russians' detriment, the Russians could now also use this rule to benefit themselves. Thus, when the Russians ordered the CIA to send in the 711 smiling girl, she would become, in the evidentiary record, just another one of the CIA's "fake Russians" who had continually appeared in front of me in the past year. Once the evidentiary record was "fixed" in this way, no one could ever use the July 24 711 incident as ground on which to accuse the Russians of conspiring with me.

My next recording is: "towcil\_12\_14\_09\_120-229PM.WMA": I continued my acting: "... it's a good sign that people are trying to taint our files... they just want to make sure that our files will never enter into evidence in the ICJ in the future because they will all have a taint here and a taint there... that means that they'll never touch our files... in the future, no files of ours will ever enter into the ICJ as evidences... even if they go in, they would be inadmissible as evidences because of these taints... so

when people interrupt us, that's a good sign..." Again, just the opposite of what I had really intended. And I kept humming whenever people passed me by talking loudly. On 14:50, I got on Culver City bus 6. I hummed all the way. On 25:40 I got off the bus on National because I couldn't withstand people's loud chatter anymore: "... this one is too much, too stressful... let's wait for the next one..." And I kept walking down Sepulveda. I avoided more mothers with their super weapons. "We keep the tainted files because it's a show, they wanted us to record them, and we couldn't avoid it... the point is to produce tainted recordings, and that's why we can keep them... presumably, there will never be a day when law enforcement will check these files... you need to grasp the essence of the game, then you'll be safe... the family will keep their malformed entity to themselves..." On 55:50, I came to the bus 33 stop at Venice and Sawtelle. On 1:01:00 I got on bus 33. I again hummed all the way. Just before the recording ends, I got off the bus.

My next recording is: "oprtnotfndhwr\_d\_todwntwn\_12\_14\_09\_234-533PM.WMA": I came inside WCIL. Howard was gone for the day. Again! When I came out, I pretended to admonish myself: "Always be afraid that you will be in trouble for your files... then you will never be in trouble..." I then related the San Jose courthouse incident on January 12 to the Hungarian meetup in late 2007 and concluded: "... if you don't do what they want... they would slap you, just like how Karin kicked you out... and something will be put in front of you anyway... so if we keep looking for an apartment... they will eventually settle with our convenience... they would eventually put something in front of us at the apartment building... Homeland Security wants us to be homeless all our life, but we won't do that... he likes things like super weapons... they will put something in front of us along with our apartment... we wanted our brother's divorce file, and if we wanted it we would get it... since it is us who have control over our location, they will have to settle with us... this is the weakness of the Homeland Security reality... Homeland Security reality has two weaknesses: first, it has to make sense, and second, we control our location... that's how you play the game, and you will never get hurt... the game is not meant to hurt you... it is actually manipulable..." Nice acting! I came inside Coffee Connection but immediately exited (32:00). Super weapons were everywhere, and I hummed. Then: "... the reason why I couldn't find Howard is that he's an operative and I'm not even supposed to know him..." (35:00). Then: "... and we have accomplished our mission by not finding him!" On 38:00, I came inside another coffeehouse near Venice and Centinela and sat down in the patio. I continued to joke: "People expected us to be unable to do something, and we did it! We were unable to find Howard... surveillance has been produced... that means that we have to find an apartment by ourselves... we are dumb... we have accomplished our mission 'Not Finding Howard' because we are dumb... Homeland Security wants us to go to WCIL so that we won't find Howard..." I was soon out and, on 1:09:00, got on the bus again. "There seems to be a detective on the bus..." Again! Then: "... our computer malfunctioned because they wanted intercepts of our computer's malfunctioning..." Ha! Not! I kept humming. On 1:55:00 I scratched my nose. (Not that it still mattered.) Then, as people kept talking around me, I got nervous again about the legality of my recordings in the ICJ: "... 'slightly tainted'... the women who are talking are coming closer so that our file will be 'slightly tainted'..." (1:59:00). In reality, no operation here. On 2:01:00 I got off the bus. Immediately: "Operation! More super weapons passed us by!..." On 2:03:00, another person was text-messaging near me. I then used grammatical terms imperfect vs. preterit as an analogy to distinguish between operations that were

ongoing and those that were a one-time deal. "... ongoing until you find an apartment... Oh, a car is picking up a Hispanic female behind us... they are hugging..." No operation here! Then, on 2:08:00, more women were talking around me, and I hummed loudly while getting on the bus again. "Super weapons have got on the bus as well... Hispanic women are talking: Operation 'Getting Our Files Tainted'..." Then the super weapons were shouting, and I hummed loudly (2:12:00). On 2:19:00 I got off the bus really upset while acting: "... what the fuck..." And I went around asking everyone for a dollar. "... that's your function in your society: have a very miserable life... machine malfunctioning, people playing pranks on you... all you can do is find it hilarious..." On 2:26:00 I threw trash into the middle of the road to vent my anger while being totally sarcastic: "... just by doing that, your country will benefit greatly... that's so easy to do..." And I kept on littering: "... it's a very patriotic thing to do... people expect you to litter... to be rude to people... to be dumb... it's easy..." And I kept on spitting as well. "... people also expect us to drink beer, but we just won't do it... just do that, and everybody will be very happy... don't take shower... so that we can stink... but how can surveillance pick up the fact that we smell bad?... people were talking loudly... to taint our file... and when we pick our nose... people will be clapping their hands, 'Yeah he is picking his nose'... Our function in society is very sad... pick your boogers out, wipe them on someone else and on yourself... your function is also to be miserable during holidays... it's always to be inverted... everybody wants to look good, but we want to look bad... everyone finds somebody, but we don't find anybody..." On 2:45:00 I got on the bus again.

My next recording is: "topsdnchnserstau\_12\_14\_09\_527-647PM.WMA": I was now going back to Pasadena. While on the bus, I named my latest recordings on my Toshiba. I counted a total of 14 people on the bus. On 38:00 I got off the bus in Pasadena. On 43:00, although initially afraid to go in because there were people inside, I walked into the same Chinese fast food restaurant anyway. I charged my laptops while eating. On 53:00, somebody was talking near me: "... slightly tainted..." When I was done, I did my act: "We are going to leave the trash on the table as David Chin is wont to do..." (1:06:00). On 1:08:00 I left the restaurant. On 1:10:00 I noticed that somebody had left two bags on the street corner: "... maybe it's our double..." Then: "... we succeeded in not finding Howard... we succeeded in failing..." On 1:17:00 I came to my usual corner next to the parking structure to get ready to sleep. I sang: "Living in America, where everything is pretending..."

My sleeping tonight would be recorded in: "slppsdnprklot\_12\_14\_09\_652-1119PM.WMA". This file is however lost, along with the next recording (from 11:20 PM to 3:10 AM). All that is known is that, soon after I woke up around 3 AM, I came to my usual corner behind Chase to work.

### **December 15 (Tuesday; "all-American scapegoat"; Displays?)**

My next recording is: "scapegoat\_dvd27new\_12\_15\_09\_310-553AM.WMA": I continued to work in the corner behind Chase checking over my recordings. When I was leaving, on 42:00, I acted: "This is our function in American society, to embody every single characteristic which the American people do not want in themselves. Every single bad thing you can ever imagine, we are supposed to embody... Remember not to use the ATM right now because we would be the only person using the ATM, we



must use the ATM when others are also using it...” (45:00). Then: “After the American people have attributed to me every single bad characteristic they can imagine, they would label me ‘Russian’, and that’s the climax, the best part...” (52:25). Then: “That’s my function in this society, to be the most disgusting piece of shit... ‘Operation International Court of Justice’ has many aspects, and this is ‘Operation Scapegoating’, and that’s why law enforcement is watching me, this piece of shit... We shall learn from African Americans: when white people call them ‘nxxxxxx’ they call themselves ‘nxxxxxx’.” Just then a black girl wearing earphones passed me by on the intersection (55:00): the Russians had caught me just in time! (Deep down I suspected that it was their signal that I had done well.) I continued my act: “There is no Jesus more Jesus than we are. We are more Jesus than Jesus, because when we get scapegoated, we don’t even take credit for it...” (57:30). I settled down by the corner behind Chase once more and began preparing a new ISO image (1:05:00). I began talking about the lawsuit again, the files in it: “... thus there is a need for our computer to look like a fake, and thus our computer malfunctions all the time...” (1:10:00). After burning a new disc, I packed up (2:35:00) and continued my act: how I no longer needed to film myself disposing of my garbage for fear that it might morph into Russian-made spy equipment. Again, I had to explain myself: why I wasn’t afraid of this kind of things anymore when I did not supposedly know that the Russians had already busted me. Then: “Our title: The American Scapegoat” (2:39:00). As I walked past Chase’s ATM, I noticed someone withdrawing money there. “Oh, it looks like the American Scapegoat has been gotten again!” (2:42:00) I then came to Kinkos to use the restroom.

My next recording is: “strbkftp\_fmama\_tolibgotscared\_12\_15\_09\_548-911AM.WMA”: I then came inside Starbucks and made my order to the cashier: “Mr Russian agent wants butter croissant and coffee...” Then I mumbled something about the black vagrant woman that was always there: “... is she law enforcement? ... is she an informant? Or just a vagrant?” I proceeded to upload my files while editing the directories of my website. I also made sure to stream my latest recordings from my website. On 1:27:00, I was on Craigslist to look up more advertisements for apartments: “... whether the website is real or fake, it doesn’t matter... hmm, secluded apartment in downtown... we should email him... but it’d be scary, although not as scary as calling him... it might be fake in order to enable the production of an intercept, but as long as the apartment is real... it might have to malfunction a little to produce a shadow in the other world... the upload speed is 97... 70 KB per second... slow... did Homeland Security not want us to upload this file? ... no, they just want us to stay here longer... when you upload files that are already in the evidentiary record, they will boost the speed, and when not, it’s inconsequential, and so they will lower the speed to keep you here longer... now we wrote down our name in the email, we are still pretending to be Lawrence Chin, hahaha... now we keep getting emails from this ‘Comisión Interamericana’... it has been made to look like we have infiltrated the OAS... uploading files is the destruction of the evidentiary record... they want to keep us here longer so that the security guard can ‘spot us’... that’s how your status as a vagrant can be established... although everyone will pretend to not know that he is a foreign spy... that’s what Mr former Secretary likes... we are the ‘maggot’, that’s cool... on top of that, you are a foreign spy...” I continued to hum from time to time when people came to talk next to me. “Presumably, after we have uploaded all the files in the lawsuit, our website will be sealed up again, so that it will never be visible just like us ourselves... then our private life will be normal again... now there is an attractive white female over there and we

just keep staring at her... Wow! Some of the surveillance intercepts are easy to do, and pleasant to do... *we have gradually overcome our fear of cellphones...*” Again, good acting! By 2:20:00 I had exited Starbucks. Outside, I noticed another attractive white female: “... we did the pervert thing again... it’s good to add race to our descriptions, for in this way we can really offend the judges... ‘Operation Offending the Judges’... the important thing is that *your computer* shall survive the International Court, not you...” As I walked through Pasadena, I was in high spirit – again, I was particularly happy these days because I knew that the Russians had won big time: “... this vagrant can’t hide, he’s always seen by someone...” On 2:40:00 I came inside Famima and bought buffalo wings and cigarettes. I then came outside to eat. “Homeland Security can produce a fake ‘Blue Screen of Death’... even the fake one is so scary...” When I was on the move again, I walked backward and kept laughing at my own acting. “... ‘The American Scapegoat’, what a title for a movie... Homeland Security’s weakness is ‘convention’, it has to be obeyed, even though it can be bent... when you see an ugly woman, tell her ‘You are ugly’, and that would be an even better intercept...” I was now walking past Pasadena City Hall and then the Pasadena Public Library. I put up my act: “... we know how things work here, we have a Buddhist double here who is always looking at Buddhist websites...”

My next recording is: “bus181dsplyanalyss\_12\_15\_09\_916-1050AM.WMA”: I continued to mumble while walking: “... too scary... the police... they just need a profile...” And I noted that a white female was making a cellphone call near me (7:00). After a while, the same white female again: “... it’s good surveillance... we’ve got caught staring at her two times... we are staring at the beauty inside her, that’s even more insulting...” (12:00). Then: “Oh, Sheriff... we’ve got videotaped...” (19:30). On 21:30 I got on bus 181 while mumbling “slightly tainted” because people were talking loudly around me. A man forgot his sunglasses on the bus: “... he has accomplished his mission... we have accomplished *our* mission... it’s so easy, just do nothing...” I started working on my laptop. Then I took note of another man who looked like a detective. Really? Then I became suspicious of two white females sitting together on the bus, wondering whether they were Displays: “... but I have never seen a Display with a double chin before...” (1:13:00). On 1:21:00 I got off the bus. “... the two white females in the back of the bus... Displays? But one has a double chin... The thing about Displays is that they all look like they came from the same family... they all look like... JD’s sisters... surveillance intercept... the ‘Event of the Display’ might have occurred again... but we didn’t take any pictures... as long as there are no pictures... maybe they are just testing you: ‘Are you gonna take pictures again?’... it’s the context which reveals it all... you never see any white females like that on the bus... that’s why they are called ‘Displays’, like mannequins... and what’s the function? ... you are just a surveillance-production tree...” We shall comment on this possible “Event of the Display” momentarily.

My next recording is: “cybrcafechkdisc\_12\_15\_09\_1044AM-1209PM.WMA”: I continued: “... first, white women like that don’t show up on the bus, and second, we are a surveillance-production tree, and so that must be an intercept... all Displays are genetically related... we must assume that surveillance can pick up what people are doing inside their cars...” Just then, a black guy passed me by, and I was terrified (half-acting and half-genuine). “We should write a book, ‘How to identify the members of the Cult’... if anyone has a problem with that, we will just say we are schizophrenic... the ‘Event of the Display’ has occurred and they *can* be identified...” On 9:00 I got on the bus again. I kept humming.

On 22:00 I got off the bus near Normandie and Wilshire. As I was going to the cybercafe to check on my new discs on the computers there, I made a prediction: "... when we check our discs, our double will appear to use his USB drive..." I came inside the cybercafe on 35:00. I greeted the man I assumed was an undercover officer: "Mr Cop!" (Really?) I got on a computer station but, before I used it, I asked the employee to come witness my deletion of the browsing history. Again, my purpose here was to make sure that my newly burned discs were real and well-burned. As soon as I put my first disc into the DVD drive, however, the computer malfunctioned. I asked the boss for permission to videotape the computer screen, but he couldn't understand me (53:00). Finally, he agreed. I thus filmed myself checking the disc and it did work! "If you don't videotape it, it wouldn't work..." Now my disc was all fine. "See, everything is real, only the shadows that are cast inside the Cave are... the discs are real..." Then, somebody near me received a cellphone call: "... an intercept of our receiving a cellphone call..." (1:03:30). Then I said to the earlier man: "Mr Cop, he said I could videotape it... surveillance is produced showing us doing something else... but it can't include the Cop..." I was done by 1:10:30. I packed up while mumbling: "This world is real..." When I came out, I hummed like crazy.

My next recording is: "utnrmndieangrytopsdn\_12\_15\_09\_1230-323PM.WMA": I came inside McDonald's to use the restroom. I thought it was empty, and yet there turned out to be people inside. When I came out, fearing criminal recording, I deleted the recording and started this current one instead. I hummed like crazy while running out. "... we can't use the restroom, it's too dangerous..." Then: "... we've got videotaped by an ambulance! ... Don't ever use the restroom... always urinate outside..." Then a super weapon showed up, and I hummed loudly. On 8:00 I got on bus 720 and continued to hum like crazy. On 11:00, because too many super weapons were on the bus, I got off. I was now on Vermont and Wilshire. I came to hide in the open field where no one was around. Then I was on the move again. "... our Homeland Security Daddy needs to learn that there are certain things that we just won't do, i.e. getting into trouble... they have to settle with a large quantity of small things, but no big things... Oh, we've got videotaped by the police car again... We control our location and our thoughts, and our Homeland Security Daddy needs to settle with that..." Nice acting to explain my resistance! On 33:00 I got on the bus again to go north on Vermont. I would hum like crazy throughout the bus ride. On 53:00 I got off the bus on Vermont and Prospect. I was so angry about all the super weapons I was just stuck with that I took a bunch of fliers and threw them into the air: "Be like David Chin!" And then I took newspapers out of the newspaper stands and threw them onto the street: "Mother fucking Michael Chertoff! Fucking filthy mind!" Then I kicked over trash cans so that trash was now all over the sidewalk. "We did our patriotic duty! That's how we love this mother-fucking country!" And I yelled at a bunch of women who were with their super weapons. Then I shouted at what looked a Homeland Security agent: "Look! A Homeland Security agent!" (Really? Was he doing surveillance for the Russians?) I smashed the public phone and pretended to browse over *LA Express*. "Is that enough love for this country?" Then I threw more things out of the trash can. On 59:30, when a woman walked past, I said to her: "Look ma'am, I did my patriotic duty!" And she praised me! At that moment, I really had the impression that the Russians had instructed her to do it (namely, to institute a reality around the suspect that would fit his belief). (Today I'm no longer sure about this: the woman might be simply going along with me for no particular reason.) Siren on 1:03:30. Then I again hummed like crazy because more super weapons were coming. On 1:14:00 I got on bus 181. I continued to hum.

On 1:48:00, a white guy was text-messaging. On 2:17:30 I got off the bus near the bridge on Colorado Blvd. I came to a corner under the bridge and then climbed up again. (I decided not to settle here after all.) On 2:46:00 I noted that the truck from earlier was still there. I got back on Colorado Blvd and was now looking for the bus stop. An Asian female text-messed next to me: “We’ve got intercepted... it’s better than the Russians...”

My next recording is: “frbrdgetopsdn\_chnsrstau\_12\_15\_09\_317-432PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... earlier... that Asian female... and we’ve got intercepted... then another man wiped his nose 3 times, that’s another intercept... we have produced three intercepts while waiting for the bus... we are not afraid of text-messaging anymore...” On 5:00, I got on the bus. On 8:30, massive siren. “Look, text-messaging! Do you think we’ve got intercepted?” I mumbled continually about things, and was goofy because I was in a high spirit again. Then, when a man was talking near me: “We’ve got slightly tainted!” On 22:30, I got off the bus on Colorado and Lake. I continued to mumble about things in a goofy manner: “... we like Angel, and she’s bulky... let’s keep going to that Chinese fast food place... soon it’ll become another foreign intelligence hotspot...” I was now in the Chinese fast food place: “... today we... former Chinese secret agent... because Chinese intelligence has already been dismembered...” And, whenever people talked, I would go: “... slightly tainted...” On 45:00, I came outside to eat. I began to take notice of this sophisticated-looking black woman: “... it’s ‘criminal staring’ at pretty women...” And I continued to describe the passersby. “... that black woman... surveillance intercepts... super weapons...” On 53:30, I came back inside the restaurant. I hummed: “... slightly tainted...” On 55:00, I was out. Then a Hispanic man said Hi to me from his Porsche, and I laughed: “... an intercept... another narrative... the Chinese restaurant, a sophisticated black woman, and a Hispanic man in a Porsche... remember, the past is more important than the future...” Just acting as if I continued to believe that I was trapped in the suit team’s operations. Then, on 1:00:00, I settled down in my usual corner next to the parking structure, still in a high spirit. And I rested.

Now, what about the two possible CIA girls on the 181 bus this morning? Can they really be CIA? Would the CIA really recruit a woman with a double-chin? (Ha!) The answer of course lies in the consideration of what the Russians could have gained by sending them in. This is my suggestion. First of all, the Russians could obtain evidence that I indeed had this uncanny ability to identify CIA agents by mere sight of them. While I was examining the two CIA girls, the Russians must be reading my brain activities on the mind-reading computer interfaced with my brain. The mind-reading computer would be showing them how exactly the CIA girls differed from other ordinary people in my perception, and the intercepts from this reading the Russians could then use as evidences to explain how I could have conspired with the CIA without any real, or explicit, communications between us. Second, the Russians could be obtaining “perfect” evidence this time that the CIA had conspired with me by wanting me to *not* identify their agents. As shall be seen later, the Russian intelligence SVR had this amazing ability to alter their agents’ appearance without raising onlookers’ suspicion. They had most likely altered the appearance of one of the two CIA girls by fitting her with a fake “double chin” while blaming the “fake fat” onto the CIA. Two points must be made here. First of all, although the Russians were recording my thoughts, they had for the most part decided to not submit the intercepts of my thoughts to the evidentiary record – neither in the upper court nor in the lower court. For obvious

reason: an unrestricted examination of the intercepts of my thoughts would reveal that I was only acting, just as the suit team had claimed. Instead, they would only submit such intercepts as would be favorable evidences to their case – and they were able to do this because, insofar as this brain-computer interface system was part of the suit team’s terrorist conspiracy against them, they “owned it” and could use it in whatever way was beneficial to them. Second of all, it was extremely risky to try to establish in the evidentiary record that I did have this strange ability to identify CIA agents by mere sight: recall that, back in December 2007 and January 2008, the CIA wanted to establish in the ICJ that I could understand their “secret messages” only so that they could then argue that I must have also understood the MSS’ secret messages. The Russians must have done something today with the two CIA girls such that my ability to recognize them by mere sight would somehow entail that I couldn’t therefore identify SVR agents by mere sight (perhaps due to the inherent difference between the two kinds). Today’s operation would then fit in with the sighting of the 711 Russian agent yesterday: now that the Russians had complete control over the lower court as well as the CIA and Homeland Security, their priority of course lay in eliminating all possibilities of objection that I was pretending to not notice all the agents they had planted around me in the past six months.

Now my next recording is: “slppsdpnrklot\_12\_15\_09\_437-912PM.WMA”: And so I slept. “Don’t say bad things about Mr former Secretary...” I hummed whenever super weapons appeared. Then I rested quietly.<sup>5</sup>

My next recording is: “slppsdpnrklot\_12\_15\_09\_907-1036PM.WMA”: I continued to sleep. Until 17:00 I was still mumbling about things here and there (a parked car and so on). On 59:30, more mumbling. On 1:25:30, more mumbling. Toward the end, I got up.

My next recording is: “wk\_deltacoabutbuyfd\_12\_15\_09\_1042-1141PM.WMA”: I woke up to discover that it was still the 15<sup>th</sup>. On 19:00 I left my corner. Thank God Dell Taco was open, but I was scared to go inside because there were many people in there. I walked in on 24:00 and ordered strawberry shake and fries. I hummed like crazy while waiting for my order. I was out on 31:30: “... that’s so fucking scary... we can’t live like this anymore... the new fear which has replaced the older fear... we are afraid that noises will taint our file...” On 36:30 I came back to my corner to eat. “... it’s very bad, a Hispanic man has ‘spotted us’... when people ‘spot you’, it’s very dangerous...”

My next recording is: “trnstionabutfd\_12\_15\_09\_1136-1142PM.WMA”: I then went back to sleep, and was startled when a pickup truck backed out in front of me. The next recording is lost.

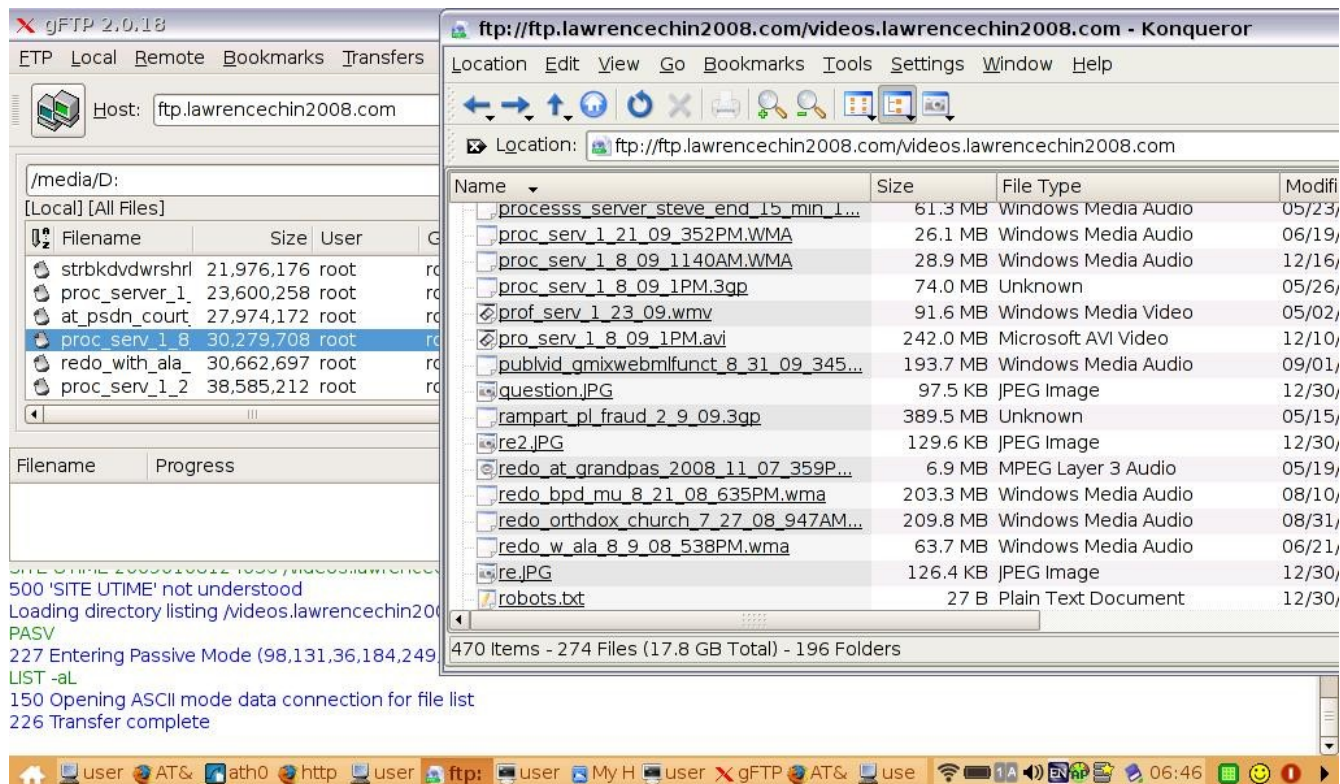
### **December 16 (Wednesday; FBI? Taiwanese agent?)**

My next recording is: “wkpsdpnrklotupld\_12\_16\_09\_333-409AM.WMA”: I just woke up. “... we had a weird dream about an aircraft carrier...” On 18:50, I turned on my Toshiba. Then my recorder turned itself off.

5 Reviewed until 1:15:00, and then from 4:31:00 onward.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice  
8.1.3. Mission accomplie, D.  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2009 – Mar. 2021.

My next recording is: “psdnchsecmr\_dvd27ncp\_12\_16\_09\_425-515AM.WMA”: I continued to mumble about the problem with using the restroom, how I could only use those where I could be sure there would be no one else inside (19:00). “... we just have so little time to work...” Then I got up and was on the move. I threw my trash onto the middle of the street on Mentor: “... I’m doing my patriotic duty...” (30:00). Then, on 32:00, I came to Starbucks and came inside the restroom. By 49:00, I was done and came out.



A glimpse into my website lawrencechin2008.com as of today

My next recording is: “strbksuprwpncommotion\_12\_16\_09\_509-752AM.WMA”: I started working on my computers. I continued: “... someday, law enforcement might really check our recordings, we are just worried about that...” Then I seemed to be talking about the same vagrant black woman: “... she went inside the restroom... we’ll just let her find whatever... we don’t know what she did... maybe she’s just our double... this is an operation, people don’t... the restroom, 5 AM in the morning...” Just acting, since I had in fact been suspecting her to be doing surveillance for the Russian side. Then: “... our Eee PC is malfunctioning... the touch pad is not working... they are going to find spy equipment in the restroom... Homeland Security is trying to change normality... maybe super weapons would now appear to hover over us on 3 AM in the morning... the touch pad is now functioning! Surveillance has been produced! ... Homeland Security is changing the rule of normality, in order to deprive us of control over our environment... yesterday we have participated in this ‘Operation Changing Normality’ by walking backward... without the judges thinking that something is strange, wondering why super

weapons would show up 3 AM in the morning... then, in the future, operation can be planned according to this new normality...” It’s not clear whether I really believed what I was saying (whether I was not just acting). And, whenever people started talking around me: “... slightly tainted...” I was now busy compiling a new DVD project on my Toshiba Disc Creator. Then I decided not to leave my recorder on the table: “... people still have to pretend to not know we record ourselves 24 hours a day...” Then my SD card froze up: “... I think we have our share of computer malfunctioning for today... at least we take comfort in the fact that our computer is real... true surveillance and false surveillance... you never know when Homeland Security is listening to us... that’s true surveillance... and true surveillance is used to plan false surveillance... we are completely invisible to the power elites...” Then, fire truck siren on 45:50: “... this is also to change normality, now fire trucks can start blowing their siren before 6 AM...” I was frustrated because I had such difficulty in locating the files I needed. And I continued to stream my recordings from my website to make sure that I had really uploaded them. “. ... the mind of Mr former Secretary... he’s telling us how we are going to survive... it’s just a labyrinth... other people might be just ‘natural’ (not instructed to act) even though they are also living in his mind... the problem is that Mr former Secretary’s mind and nature overlap... we need to pay attention to the movements of Mr former Secretary’s mind in order to survive...” Then, something happened to my computer again: “... Homeland Security has paused it for us... sometimes it’s not Mr former secretary’s mind, but just Homeland Security agents playing with us...” Then, on 1:48:00, I started on my apartment hunting on Craigslist. I was writing out an inquiry email on 1:52:00. “We are using our real name, that’s evidence of our pretending to be ourselves...” And, when I played a video from my disc on my Eee PC, it froze up. Soon my entire computer froze up. I was now writing another inquiry email. And my computer froze up again: “... the problem is that we need to videotape it...” I got the disc out: “... I think Homeland Security is just trying to produce surveillance of our computer’s malfunctioning... or our DVD’s not being real...” In reality, as you can imagine, the malfunctioning was completely “natural” (the file on the disc was broken). Then, on 2:09:30, the first super weapon showed up. “... the man over there must be a cop... otherwise, what’s the point? ... we need to go away now...” I was now very annoyed and started humming. “... we have sent out two emails... everyday we have just 10 minutes to search for apartments...” By 2:12:00 I was shutting down my computers to get ready to go. “... we can’t even call these apartments, because the offices only open on 8 AM, already too late for us...” I was now very angry and humming like crazy. “Now this fucking police officer is leaving the fucking place...” On 2:15:30, the Starbucks employee came to warn me. “Oh, the super weapon is leaving, having finished his mission... Hey, Mr Cop, I hope you have seen everything... Is that a recording device inside your bag, you mother-fucking cop?” Again, as you can see, even when I was angry, I still wouldn’t forget to put up my act and pretend to believe that it was the suit team which had sent in what I thought was an undercover detective. I continued: “... I’m sorry, but I just can’t stand Mr former Secretary’s mind... his mind is just so sick... everyday is just siren and super weapons... some people are like that, they are born with the wrong genes...” On 2:21:30, I was out and inside the restroom. Now somebody had left his shit on the side of the toilet: “... that was his mission... so that this can be attributed to us... this is Mr former Secretary’s clandestine operation... he likes this kind of stuff...” While this could have been the case before, it was probably not the case now. When I came out: “... the cop is still there... a white male, 50 something... he actually looks like ex-military...” When I came onto the sidewalk, I purposely threw newspapers all over the

street to vent my anger. And I made sure to film it: "... the great thing I did for America today..." (2:27:20). And: "Mr former Secretary likes shit sticking out of the toilet..." And I tried to show strangers my very patriotic deed: "Look what I did for America!" Then: "We didn't wash the shit off, and so we didn't disturb the intercept... the mission of Mr former Secretary's agent is sometimes simply to shit all over the toilet... he's a great artist... he doesn't like it when you analyze things correctly, because he likes everything false..." I kept on walking. When I walked past something: "... an intercept is produced... *another Display*..." (2:40:30). What? Really? I can't be sure today whether I was correct on this. On 2:41:10 I got on the 485 bus.

My next recording is: "bus485\_strge\_12\_16\_09\_757AM-1256PM.WMA": While on the bus, I continued humming. Then: "A super weapon is outside the bus. Maybe we should look at it and create the intercept... There is no danger in that..." (18:00). The Transit TV was now broadcasting in Spanish. "Now we have a surveillance intercept showing us knowing Spanish..." (20:00). Then: "... a super weapon on the bus, the surveillance intercept is had..." (27:30). Then a suspicious man came on the bus who did not look like a police officer but instead looked like an FBI agent – and I acted: "... super weapons should only come on the bus when a police officer would be on board also..." (28:00). Then: "The FBI has never participated in the TV show.... We haven't seen an FBI agent for a very long time..." (32:00). More: "They are not here to arrest us, but only to make a scene, that David Chin is being watched by law enforcement for pedophilia..." (37:30). I then described the (possible) FBI agent (48:30): male with black hair, between white and Hispanic, with good manner. I got off the bus on 54:00 and then got on bus 38 to go to my storage facility, and a super weapon was again on board. I got off the bus on 1:09:20 and came inside the storage facility on 1:27:00. Now the Asian Stripper was sleeping in the hall way. I went to tell the manager that the Asian Stripper was sleeping next to my unit (1:33:00). I waited while the manager flushed him out. Now the manager wanted to go up with me (1:46:00). I asked him when the Asian Stripper would leave (2:08:50) and, when I came back to my storage unit, finally Mr Asian Stripper was gone (2:24:00). I was done by 3:47:00 and, acting, told myself that I no longer needed to videotape myself leaving. Wow! Now the manager asked me if the Asian Stripper was my dad! I acted: "We have a surveillance intercept of our meeting our father in the storage facility..." (3:51:00). (Probably not.) I then videotaped the things I would throw away (3:54:00). I continued my act: "We can do anything we want... Just as long as we don't piss people off... Let the shadow be cast... We can guess however we want at the shadows that are being cast..." (4:03:00). Then: "Don't interfere with Mr former Secretary's work... When his operatives left shit behind, don't clean it up for them... Mr former Secretary wants the shit to stick and stink where it is, for the sake of a good surveillance intercept.... Now the intercept is all about feces, urination..." (4:12:00). When I walked into the food mall, I saw a lot of super weapons. I continued my act: "Don't disturb Mr former Secretary's great creations, he likes this kind of stuff, human feces, pedophilia..." (4:22:00). When I got on the bus on 4:34:00 I continued my act: "Let Mr former Secretary slightly taint our files... It's okay... Make sure that they will never become admissible into the International Court as evidence..." (4:41:00). Acting! I got off the bus on 4:45:00.

My next recording is: "bus78sprwpnhmmng\_thrwnut\_12\_16\_09\_1257-219PM.WMA": Now I have deleted the previous file in which I had accidentally recorded two underage females yelling loudly.



“Even though nothing is probably going to happen, why take the risk? Don’t do anything illegal, even when the police are not watching... Mr former Secretary is happy when... he’s an artist... everything around here he has made... sometimes he would evacuate coffeehouses... for no reason other than his own satisfaction... America’s scapegoat... enjoy being America’s scapegoat...” On 4:00, I got on the bus again. While looking at the map, I continued: “... a real place is San Luis Obispo... where our brother, the computer programmer, is born...” Then, on 13:30, a Hispanic woman brought her super weapon onto the bus: “Don’t disturb Mr former Secretary’s creation here... he likes it when super weapons are here and more super weapons are there...” And the super weapon started shouting. I hummed. Then, somebody was talking loudly near me: “Slightly tainted... Dollar, dude! ... no dollar?” Namely, I was asking him to pay me for requiring me to record him. Then: “... super weapons are like bombs, they need an aircraft to carry them... they might be invincible, but you can shoot down the aircraft... annoy the mothers... and so Homeland Security reality *can* be manipulated after all...” (28:00). Then: “... you can’t please people all the time... but you *can* please people most of the time... everything is a matter of degree, not kind... super weapons should be accompanied by police officers, otherwise, their effectiveness is greatly reduced...” Then, on 37:30, I hummed loudly when another super weapon got on board. On 45:30 I got off the bus. I seemed to be in Anaheim right now wanting to look up apartments for rent. On 47:30, I walked into a doughnut shop. More super weapons! And I hummed loudly. “We will lose the right to ride the bus, they already have a profile of us... the life of a scapegoat is hard, the life of a Russian agent is very hard, Americans hate Russians...” I sat down to eat. “Earlier on the bus, an old white lady with an Asian child... how did it come about? Sometimes Homeland Security has difficulty in getting the right one...” I walked out and, immediately, more super weapons. I hummed: “If they want to participate in this operation, they’ll have to get uncomfortable...” On 58:00, I rested in a street corner. On 1:00:30, I was on the move again. On 1:08:00, I settled down in another corner. Then I moved on. On 1:10:30, I lay down by the sidewalk: “... how to survive the ICJ?... we are doing the best we can...” And I rested.

My next recording is: “backfranhm\_blkwmabanana\_b485\_ct\_12\_16\_09\_213-408PM.WMA”: I was still in Anaheim. I hummed like crazy while walking. I kicked over a super market cart and then mumbled about being thrown out. “... Homeland Security doesn’t care... they only care about what can get the Russians...” Then: “... let’s go to bed, finding an apartment is too hard...” I yelled at passersby: “... be mean to people... that’d produce a good surveillance intercept...” When I passed by Target: “We can’t go into places... by 7 AM, our life is stopped...” Then I rested in another street corner. Then I kept on walking and hummed whenever super weapons appeared. “We all have to suffer for the damnation of Russia... *the conviction of Russia is not free...*” On 45:00 I was waiting for the bus, and I described all the people that were around. On 46:00 I got on the bus and continued to hum. On 1:17:30 I got off the bus. “... this is a good movie title, ‘Moderately imitating David Chin’...” More super weapons, and I hummed. Then, suddenly, a woman gave me bananas and oranges. Again, I put up my act and mumbled about how Homeland Security had told her to do it. “... now when you get intercepted you don’t even care...” Nice acting! Then I hummed like crazy when another super weapon appeared: “... and his father is text-messaging... we don’t have anywhere to escape to...” I repeated my new motto: “... the conviction of Russia is not free... our suffering...” (1:32:00). More super weapons. Then: “... we are not getting on the bus, and so why does the undercover police officer get on

the bus with his recording device?” I then “imitated David Chin” by throwing trash outside trash cans. On 1:42:00 I got on the bus. “... I’m a piece of shit, that’s our function in society...” On 1:45:00, siren. “Mr former Secretary likes this ‘security’ stuff, and so a lot of police cars have to run around... there have to be a lot of emergencies... then people can say, ‘He’s s very essential’... we haven’t slapped ourselves for a long time... ‘True Jesus’, the ‘American Scapegoat’, and ‘Piece of Shit’...” I then started commenting on the Taiwanese guy that was sitting in front of me reading a book on Photoshop: “... our double...” In my mind I was however thinking that maybe he was another Taiwanese agent whom the Russians had sent in to frame himself for conspiracy with me. Then: “... Homeland Security is very smart... when they know you are scared of one thing, they will just keep giving you that thing, so that you won’t care about the other things...” Again, I was acting: I was trying to explain to the surveillance on me why I was afraid of super weapons but then didn’t care about the other (supposed) intercepts anymore. This recording ends at this point. What happened then was that a couple of teenage girls came up the bus and sat down next to me and so, to avoid criminal recording, I cut off this last portion from this recording.

My next recording is: “485busjoke\_psdncafejoke\_12\_16\_09\_420-517PM.WMA”: I then changed to the 485 bus to return to Pasadena. “Who are the victims? They are, because they stabbed us in the back. Those who stab are the victims, and those who get stabbed are the criminals...” (4:00). Now all the chatter around me was driving me insane (20:30). I continued: “Fuck you all.... Oh, I forgot, you are all very worthy human beings, we are inferior, we are your scapegoat...” (21:30). Then: “We are shit and we like it...” (26:00). I was then humming loudly and I got off the bus on 31:00 in Pasadena. I arrived at the coffeehouse on Colorado Blvd and ordered ice coffee. The cashier asked me: “Your name?” “305!” “305?” “I use multiple alias. Today I’m 305, tomorrow I’m 206!” (35:00) Excellent evidence for the Russians! Then, after I waited for my ice coffee for a while, I asked the cashier again: “Is my ice coffee not ready? My name is about to change to 306!” (39:30) Around this time, the helicopter was circling the sky. I continued my act: “Why? Because Mr former Secretary likes it... Everything has this very simple explanation...” (55:00).

My recording is: “slppsdnprklot\_12\_16\_09\_511-1137PM.WMA”. I was now sleeping in my usual corner next the parking structure. I continued to “log the events” when cars came around me flashing their lights upon me to “spot me”. I mumbled about something on 24:30 (until 27:00). Siren on 34:20.<sup>6</sup>

My next recording is: “slppsdnprklt\_wkchsecnr\_prpdvd3rd\_12\_16-7\_09\_1142PM-359AM.WMA”: I continued to sleep.<sup>7</sup> By 4:07:30, I had got up and come to my usual corner behind Chase. I seemed to be reading something. I was now preparing the project for a new copy of DVD-3.

Now, at the end of today’s entry, let’s consider the possible meanings of today’s happenings. First of all, the suspicious man on the 485 bus this morning might really be an FBI agent. This is possible because, if the Russians had wanted to establish my uncanny ability to identify CIA agents yesterday, it’s only too likely that, today, they would want to establish my uncanny ability to identify FBI agents.

<sup>6</sup> Reviewed until 42:00, and then from 6:18:00 onward.

<sup>7</sup> Reviewed until 19:00, and then from 4:07:00 onward.

Furthermore, as the FBI was called on to stage the suspect's environment in a way that his belief would be reinforced, the Russians could then use it as evidence to justify their ransacking of the FBI's database. Second, the Asian Stripper had continued to appear in my storage unit evidently because the Russians had required Homeland Security to continue its usual operation on me in order to stage my environment in a way that conformed to my belief so as to not raise my suspicion. Third, the Taiwanese guy sitting in front of me during my bus ride back from Anaheim this afternoon could really be a Taiwanese agent. This would then be a mere follow-up on the Taiwanese agent's action on December 12: after the Russians had ransacked the Taiwanese intelligence's database, they now wanted "perfect" evidence of the Taiwanese intelligence's operation to stage the "David Chin legend" together with me.

### **December 17 (Thursday; the keyboard)**

My next recording is: "chsecnrDVD3redo\_strbkeemlfunc\_12\_17\_09\_354-529AM.WMA": I continued to work in my corner behind Chase, compiling a new copy of DVD-3. I soon ran into problems: "... it's not gonna stop, it's 4:23 AM already, we just don't have enough time... everyday it's just machine malfunctioning... it has to happen several times a day, Homeland Security needs that..." I became increasingly frustrated: "Oh my God, we can't do it... What did Homeland Security do? ... the problem is that we aren't videotaping it... if we don't videotape it, it will malfunction..." Finally, I broke down crying: "I beg you, function, please... we *are* videotaping it, so it should work... I guess it isn't going to work..." I still failed to understand that most of the computer malfunctioning wasn't caused by Homeland Security. Then my glasses broke up again, and I cried very sadly (49:00). I then packed up and came to Starbucks on 56:00. I used the single person restroom and then, by 1:15:00, I was at a table in Starbucks to get ready to work. Now my Eee PC had a severe episode of malfunctioning. I filmed it: "eemalfunc\_12\_17\_09.AVI" and "eemalfunc\_12\_17\_09\_p2.AVI". As you can see in the videos, the computer somehow believed the downward key was continually pressed even though I wasn't touching the keyboard at all. The sight was so amazing that I even summoned a stranger to witness it. (Again, this was probably just "natural" malfunctioning.) I then continued to hum as people talked loudly in the distance. "We don't know what's going on..." When I came onto Craigslist, I again didn't believe the webpage was real. "... San Luis Obispo..."

The recordings from 5:30 to 7:45 AM are lost. What was going on seems to be that I continued to look online for apartments for rent in San Luis Obispo (still not knowing how much this would inconvenience the Russians) and then sent out a few emails of inquiry. (I didn't seem to have uploaded any files today.) Then my next recordings are: "strbkchckdvd3redo\_12\_17\_09\_743-758AM.WMA" and "leavstrbkgreen\_12\_17\_09\_804-819AM.WMA". I finished burning DVD-3-REDO. I then streamed the recording from December 15. As I was packing up, I sang: "I'm a worthless piece of shit... Ma'am, I'm a piece of shit... you have to learn to be a *happy* piece of shit... maybe that vagrant left it behind in order to make it look like we have left it behind... maybe he's a law enforcement informant... or instructed by Homeland Security to leave that behind... we had better not touch it... it could be Mr former Secretary's artwork... Look, a very attractive white woman... we stared at her... another intercept of our perversion..." And I came out of Starbucks. I rested in the street corner moaning about my low productivity lately and taking notice of emerging super weapons.

My next recording is: “fmmampark\_snluisfndvidnap\_12\_17\_09\_815AM-1213PM.WMA”: I recounted what happened earlier: “... criminal staring at a white woman... aircrafts with super weapons...” I was now using the ATM: “... it’s nice that we don’t have to videotape it anymore...” (4:00). Of course! Then: “... we have been confused with the old lady behind us... we just don’t like super weapons, they have taken away our fear of using the ATM...” (19:00). Again, my act. I came inside Famima to buy a corn dog and then came to the street corner to eat it. I hummed like crazy whenever people appeared. Then: “... this man keeps circling around, he must be making phone calls for us, we are getting intercepted...” Not. When a dog barked: “... slightly tainted... Mr former Secretary likes doggies...” Then I got so scared when more people came around: “... we have to find an apartment, man... What did we do today? We burned a new copy of DVD-3, we emailed to three apartments...” From 59:00 onward I was on the move again. When a super weapon appeared, I curled up and hummed. On 1:21:00 I rested in a corner. “... if our brother is fake, then his graduation from Cal Poly San Luis Obispo is also fake... Russian agent... to find him...” (1:30:00). Then: “... if we look through our videos, we might find more Russian agents...” From 1:39:00 onward I took a nap on the grass in Memorial Park. “We can go to Bakersfield too, it’s not that far...” On 3:45:00 I got up. “... we’ve got videotaped by the police a thousand times...” On 3:48:00 I turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “escpmemprk\_rudeslfhit\_tacoblndman\_videee\_12\_17\_09\_1218-516PM.WMA”: I continued to review my recordings while in Memorial Park. A suspicious man – an undercover cop? – was walking back and forth and smoking. He was about 40 to 50 years old (11:00). Then a throng of super weapons were coming (15:00). I acted: “Gee, you just can’t live in Mr former Secretary’s mind!” I began humming, and, shutting down my computer, was ready to move on (17:00). “An intercept! The criminal foreign agent David Chin is using his computer to snoop on hundreds of children... 3 seconds of the super weapons’ firing would make you whole body cringe...” (21:00). I hummed loudly as I passed by the children (22:00). And the children were shouting at me (25:00). I was now quite upset with this “tainting” of my recording. I hid myself in a corner and hit myself continually in the face – my “therapy” (42:30). Just after I had confessed yesterday that I hadn’t slapped myself for a long time! I then walked toward Lake Blvd looking for a place to urinate in. Then I came to a fast food place to eat (1:09:00). The employee told me my nose was bleeding. “That’s my Halloween costume!” Then: “Masochism... We are supposed to pay for our own intercepts... You pay for your job! That’s why the government gives you money!” (1:13:00) Nice acting! After I was done with eating I came to a quiet corner (1:59:00). I continued: “We do everything by ourselves. As long as we videotape ourselves, we will never be alone” (2:01:00). Then people were talking near me again when my laptop was open. I acted: another intercept is produced of my criminal recording! (2:14:00) I continued my act: “Suffering is enjoyable and becomes meaningful when you can record it – then it will stay with you always” (2:16:00). I then had to kneel down like a maggot to urinate (2:32:30). “It’s enjoyable! We like living like a maggot, especially when you can videotape it... Mr former Secretary’s art work! The maggot is always by himself, with a camera to take pictures of himself...” (2:44:00). I was then checking over my Eee PC trying to understand why the keyboard malfunctioned earlier. In the end I concluded that the keyboard was *really* broken, not just “pretending to be broken” (3:50:30). I now had to go buy a new keyboard. When I walked out of my corner, I saw a police car: 1180182 (4:00:00). I continued my act:

“David Chin likes dogs and Lawrence Chin likes cats” – and there was honking (4:18:00). As you shall see, I would soon begin to mistake the honking around me for the Russians’ way of confirming me when I said something right. When I came to Lake Station, I continued: “It’s good, because it’s very noisy and I wouldn’t have to record anyone else’s noises” (4:31:00). Then I was shouting loudly and frantically because three Hispanic women came over with their super weapons. “The conviction of Russia is not free, everyone has to suffer!” I had by then come to Sierra Madre Station.

My next recording is: “exchnngkeybrdbstbuy\_12\_17\_09\_510-721PM.WMA”: I kept on humming while walking. “A lot of super weapons might be waiting for us in Best Buy.” Indeed! On 3:00 I came inside Best Buy. I kept on humming while looking for a new external keyboard. “Wherever we go, people will come around to make noises, and so we will have to hum and then get thrown out... the police profile... the Russian ambassador...” On 8:30, I was with the Geek Squad and explained: “... bought this external keyboard... malfunctioned... maybe it was only pretending to be malfunctioning... if so, then I don’t want to buy a new one...” He asked me for details, and I described how it malfunctioned. He insisted that it was a bad keyboard and so, encouraged, I decided to get a new one. Then he explained to me how to disable the keyboard function on the Device Manager on my Eee PC. “... he wanted us to exchange our keyboard so that it can turn into something else in the evidentiary record... just taking our Eee PC out to show him is enough to produce the intercept...” And, as expected, there were super weapons everywhere in Best Buy: “... they all have to be around David Chin... to destroy him... we don’t want super weapons... we *will* get Russia convicted, but we will do it safely... we will do it *our* way... it’s Operation ‘Safely Convicting Russia’... Mr former Secretary wants Operation ‘Dangerously Convicting Russia’...” Finally I decided to exchange my keyboard: “... anything that is not illegal, we will do... Mr former Secretary is a great master... another electronic device is about to be forged... maybe super weapons will just die... Don’t play tricks, we just want super weapons to go away...” I was in a high spirit – I knew quite well that the suit team would forge nothing because they were now under the Russians’ control. I was then looking for an external mouse and blank DVDs. Again, I checked where the discs were made before buying them. And I continued to hum like crazy. By 41:30 I was done with exchanging the keyboard. “... Daddy is very happy... but Homeland Security likes things that have data in them...” As soon as I came outside Best Buy, I checked how the new external keyboard would work on my Eee PC. As usual, I read out all the keyboard information as I unpacked it. I opened up my Eee PC, and the keyboard was again malfunctioning. And the security guard came to make sure I was okay: “... he just wants to ‘spot us’, the vagrant with a lot of computer equipment...” I went inside the Device Manager, but soon my Eee PC ran out of battery. And so the problem turned out to lie with the Eee PC’s keyboard. “... Homeland Security Daddy obviously wants us to exchange the keyboard...” I continued to hum because super weapons were firing in the distance: “... that’s how Homeland Security does things, they fuck you, and then fuck you more...” I was now heading back to the Metro station: “... the past is better... at least back then the tactic they used was not so frightening...” By 1:19:00, I was in the Metro station. I read out loud the French instructions for my new external mouse. I hummed loudly when a super weapon suddenly appeared. I was on the Metro train from 1:21:00 onward. “Everything falls apart... that’s the life of David Chin... super weapons are always around us, that makes us a ‘piece of shit’... Mr former Secretary is a very sick man... when he moves super weapons around you, he just sits back and laughs, ‘Ha ha ha’...” On 1:28:00 I got off the

Metro on Memorial Park. While walking the street, I greeted a police car: "... we are Russian too..." Then: "I've told you it will not be so easy to kill off super weapons... just keep doing it, uploading files, exchanging equipment... someday it will work... now slap yourself often, as people have made it clear that you are a piece of shit..." And I slapped myself again, and a Hispanic man nearby stuck his thumb up for me: "... there is no fun unless we film ourselves... the mentally disabled Russian agent is jaywalking..." On 1:43:00, I came to a restaurant to have my dinner. I continued to hum while eating and left on 2:02:00. When I was crossing the street on Colorado and Union, there were two police cars: "... definitely pretending to respond to emergencies... Oh, he's dialing his cellphone for us... we are intercepted..." (2:04:30). Then more: "Oh, which one is for me? Let's go slap ourselves." On 2:08:00 I came to my corner next to the parking structure and was ready to sleep. I put up my act for the Russians' surveillance on me: "Mr former Secretary's mind is so horrifying... now you know that Americans are carnivores, they will eat you alive... the way to survive is to be skinny, don't have any meat on you..." Just then, an Eastern European-looking woman walked past me to enter the parking structure by the side door. Because I had begun to associate the movements around me with Russian orchestration to signal to me, I actually thought that the Russians had sent her in to pass me by at just the right time in order to signal to me that I had said something right. (From hindsight, it really does not seem that I was correct here.) I continued: "Everyone knows about the usefulness of being useful, no one knows about the usefulness of being useless..." I was of course referring to the Russians, and, without my knowing, my comments couldn't have been more correct. Our Boss Cheney just wanted Russia's meat (i.e. natural resources)! Note however that, other than this testimony, the Russians had "collected" no evidences from me today. (My assumption is that the Russians didn't deem the time ripe as yet for ordering the suit team to forge my electronic equipment in order to get themselves convicted.)

My next recording is: "slppsdpnrklot\_strngrspotme\_12\_17-18\_09\_726PM-1255AM.WMA": I brushed my teeth. Then: "Oh, you see me, the piece of shit is brushing his teeth here!" (2:30) Then: "Life sucks... You are born inferior..." And: "What's the point of slapping yourself if you can't videotape it?" Then about how I need not videotape myself cutting myself because the wounds would always be visible. "Now what's the surveillance that this would produce? That David Chin attacks people to the point that they bleed to death?" Then about whether to return the external mouse. Then, my mumbling: "... the dark side of human beings..." On 26:00, I said to another stranger that passed by: "The piece of shit is sleeping here... Did you see it?" On 30:40, another woman came by. "This door is not working! Don't come near the piece of shit, it's not good for your health! ... this Russian Asian shit... Look, she walks away... she's not even trying to get into the parking lot... she's just here to 'spot'... fucking bitch! Everyone needs to 'spot' the piece of shit and talk about him so that all this can be intercepted... sometimes Mr former Secretary doesn't make much sense either... everybody talks about the piece of shit... and yet nobody knows he's a Russian agent... only the experts in the Cave... he pretends to be homeless... what happened to our girlfriend? Maybe she's retarded, she was going to meet us but ended up meeting somebody else... fucking bitch..." (35:00). Then: "... we keep getting 'spotted'... if there is a piece of shit and no one sees it, what's the point?" Then, I was mumbling about boogers again and the surveillance intercepts produced therefrom (49:00). From 1:14:00 onward I was resting

quietly.<sup>8</sup> Then my recorder ran out of space.

### **December 18 (Friday; “I’ll suppress the evidences”)**

My next recording is: “slppsdpnrklot\_wkchsecnrndvd82\_secgrd\_12\_18\_09\_136-405AM.WMA”: I just woke up. By 17:00 I was getting up and packing up. On 24:00, I was on the move. By 30:00, I was in my usual corner behind Chase. On 40:00, I was reviewing a recording of Karin’s meetups while deleting files on my Toshiba to clear up more disk space. On 1:03:00, another old recording from late 2008. Suddenly, on 1:38:00, a security guard came to ask me to leave. I panicked: “... I’ll move away in five minutes... I can’t stop this right now...” Then I was working on the other recordings from late 2008. “... Homeland Security sent this security guard in to... they just wanted us ‘spotted’... what’s the point of having a piece of shit if he can’t be seen?” This was most likely not the case. Then I was mumbling something about how my recordings could prove that siren had become a much more frequent phenomenon since the start of my ICJ trial. Then: “... the entire society is staged...” Then I left and started on my walk down Lake Blvd.

My next recording is: “winchll\_strbkgreen\_12\_18\_09\_411-703AM.WMA”: On 7:00 I came inside Winchell. People were talking inside, and so I hummed and then quickly came outside on 10:00. On 26:00, a man came in: “... he really looks like a detective... that man from days ago, he really looks like FBI... now he walks away, maybe he’s not law enforcement...” Of course not! On 33:30, I finished eating my doughnuts and moved on. When I passed by Corner Bakery: “... so much memories...” On 50:00 I came to Starbucks and immediately came inside the restroom. I commented about the same vagrant black woman who was again charging her phone in the hallway: “Everything she does is attributed to us... so, according to surveillance, we are charging our phone every morning... at least charging your phone is not illegal...” By 1:11:30, I was out of the restroom and sat down inside Starbucks to begin to work. I logged into my website and started uploading my files: “... 1\_20\_09.3gp... 1\_22\_09... 1\_23\_09.wmv... ‘Attachment 21’... 25, 26... these have already been put in, no?” Then, amazing malfunctioning of my Eee PC again: without my touching the keyboard, period dots all the way on my Eee PC’s screen. Again, the malfunctioning was probably “natural”: my Eee PC was clearly dying. And I moaned when I discovered more grammar mistakes in my letter of petition. Then I couldn’t get into my Gmail account because all my passwords were automatically capitalized. Then, a bunch of period dots again (2:31:00). By now I had made a copy of my DVD-5-REDO. And the Nero on my Toshiba was not responding whenever I put in a disc.

My next recording is: “**leavstrbkpdfscare\_crynap\_12\_18\_09\_734-1111AM.WMA**”: I continued to work inside Starbucks. By now both my Eee PC and Toshiba were malfunctioning massively. I then accidentally downloaded a PDF document from my email account (an application for an apartment unit), and I was terribly afraid that Homeland Security might have put something in it. I wouldn’t care if my Eee PC got destroyed, but my Toshiba – and thus I would never insert the SD card into my Toshiba again! I was then humming while packing up. Even after I left Starbucks, I was still paranoid about this. While I was walking away I almost broke down crying, worrying terribly about my laptop.

<sup>8</sup> Reviewed until 1:18:00, and then from 5:15:00 onward.

By the time I walked into Famima, I was crying (37:00). I continued my act by pretending to attribute the recent changes inside Famima to Homeland Security (how food stuff had been replaced with cleaning supplies). By 51:30 I was crying so hard outside Famima. “I don't know how to deal with Homeland Security...” I screamed (57:00). Someone came near me – I pretended to not know that she was a Russian agent and shrank from her while telling her to go away (1:00:00 or so). (Was she really Russian? Or maybe the CIA’s “fake Russian”?) Again, I never forgot to act even when I was terribly upset or angry. I then took a long nap in the bushes.

My next recording is: “leavbushsprwpn\_chnserstau\_wmcanfd\_12\_18\_09\_1116AM-103PM.WMA”: I woke up and kept on walking, humming like crazy because super weapons were on the street. “Earlier we had an intercept of our hiding in the bushes and snooping on white women... people don’t know he’s a multinational foreign agent pretending to pick cigarette butts on the street while having 150,000 dollars hidden in his bank account...” Ambulance siren on 26:00. On 30:00 I was in the same Chinese fast food place to get food. A dark skin man was picking food in the trash can: “... producing an intercept showing us picking trash cans... three intercepts so far... when our computer malfunctions, it means it is made in Russia...” Not so currently! On 39:00 I came to my usual corner next to the parking structure to eat. I took notice when a car came to park in front of me and then quickly drove away. “... he has probably produced a surveillance intercept...” (1:01:30). Really? Then, on 1:09:00, this woman who had been coming in and out of the parking structure wanted to give me can food but I pointed out to her that I wouldn’t be able to open it. “... we have an intercept showing the American people to be so kind to this foreign agent... when people show kindness to us, it’s a different thing... it’s not really kindness... the darkness of humanity is all that you will ever experience because of your function in society...” Then more people were coming in and out. A man scratched his nose (1:20:00). I then brushed my teeth. Then: “... people are talking near us because our laptop is open... producing a surveillance intercept showing us criminally recording people...” I then started reviewing my recording.

My next recording is: “wktodeltaco\_12\_18\_09\_1258-145PM.WMA”: I was still reviewing and transcribing my recording of one of Karin’s meetups. I was writing about a moment of mine with Gabi, and then copied more of my blog from October 19 last year onto my “Periphery”. On 42:00, a woman passed by scratching her head just when I did so too: “... we have an intercept here...” Not! But I was just acting.

The recording for the next hour is lost. My next recording is: “psdnscareprwpnsecgrd\_tovrmntwlshre\_12\_18\_09\_306-728PM.WMA”: I continued: “Videotaping the computer is no longer the solution!” (2:30) Then: “The mouse pad is also not working. Not sure if it’s Homeland Security which has disabled our screenshot function” (10:30). Then I put on my act again and theorized that Homeland Security just wanted intercepts of my computer malfunctioning. “... not any particular instance of malfunctioning... Because my spy equipment is of such kind that it deviates from the norm, and malfunctioning is deviation from the norm... Or perhaps they just want some entertainment...” (until 14:30). Then I continued my act: “... almost everything in the lawsuit has been uploaded.... Maybe there has to be a combination of things to suppress the evidences: a fake website, computer



malfunctioning, pedophilia...” (16:00). Then: “Mr former Secretary himself enjoys not computer malfunctioning, but the creation of fake coffeehouses... purely for practice...” (18:00). I was then scavenging cigarette butts in the parking lot behind Kinkos. A security guard warned me: “It’s private property” (53:00). I then came to a fast food place to order strawberry shake. I hummed (1:00:00) and jaywalked: “The Russian agent couldn’t understand laws... Here is the contrast between Russia and America, between disorder and order...” (1:03:00). I continued my act: “... the surveillance of the contrast, between good and evil, order and disorder, kindness and malice...” (1:04:30). I then pretended to debate with myself whether to spit on the woman I saw on the street: “... she seems nice... but only nice to others... Our status in society is such that others will only show malice toward us... After we spit on her, she will be happy when she gets home because she has just become the victim of the criminal foreign agent David Chin, which does her country a lot of good...” (until 1:07:30). I then chatted briefly with a security officer (1:08:30). I was now looking for a suitable place to do my “therapy” again. “Remember your function: no matter how useful you are to this country, in the end people will simply spit on you in the face...” (1:14:00). Finally, I found my corner and conducted my “therapy” by hitting myself in the face (until 1:29:00). I hit myself so hard that I was crying from my self-inflicted pain. I then ran frantically away from people (1:33:00). I hid myself in a corner, panting and crying in great duress (1:38:00). “How do you get the evidences suppressed...? I don’t know how to do that...” Then, while walking the streets, I began screaming at a passerby: “How do you suppress the evidences? Just tell me!” (1:41:00) That was a great act, especially because I was genuinely angry and needed to release my emotions in any case. I cried frantically while continuing my act: “I’ll suppress the evidences, I really will!” I thus shouted at another stranger (1:44:00). Then again on 1:46:30: “I’ll get the evidences suppressed! You don’t have to get me!” I walked and walked and then hid in a narrow alley: “We’ll get the evidences suppressed without recording babies...” (1:51:00). I was then “spotted” by a Hispanic man (1:57:50) and thus came out of my hiding. I continued my humming. I continued my act: “What we are doing is not right, the evidences are not being suppressed... But we cannot do things Mr former Secretary’s way...” (2:09:00). Then I saw a former Marine, an extremely muscular man (2:31:00). I acted: “He is sent here to watch over us, waiting for us to do our ‘therapy’. Mr former Secretary has mobilized the entire society to produce surveillance intercepts...” (2:33:30). I walked up to the former Marine: “Law enforcement officer, please don’t get me, I don’t want to record super weapons...” (2:36:00). What a great act! Then: “Mr former Secretary has decided that we are a piece of shit and need to be put in a concentration camp...” (2:38:00). I then hummed loudly again (2:41:00). Then: “I’m a piece of shit, I know, law enforcement officer... I’ll do... I don’t deserve to live, I’m just wasting food, I know...” (until 2:50:30). I then continued humming. I got on the bus on 2:54:00 and continued my humming. “San Luis Obispo... low rent... and there are no super weapons there...” (2:58:00). Then I began crying: “There are always super weapons... We are gonna get ourselves killed...” Again, what a great act! Then a couple of teenagers came up the bus to sit near me. “You guys are over 18, right? No?... That’s why you want to sit with me...” I then continued to cry (3:03:00). Then a security guard wanted me to move. “I know, bad Russians... kill them all...” (3:14:30). I was now crying so sadly, and note that the Transit TV was broadcasting something about a UN tribunal (3:29:00). When I was getting off the bus in downtown LA, I continued my act: “We love Russia, God damn America...” (3:32:00). I said this purposely knowing that the Russians had surveillance around me and would thus pick up another instance of my pretending to be a Russian agent. I then said to a

woman: “I find you attractive, I want to eat you alive...” (3:33:30). Then, more acting: “Why can’t we have our double do this super weapon thing?” (3:37:00) I was then completely disoriented without forgetting to act: “We hate America and love Russia...” I then hummed painfully because super weapons had come around again (3:54:00). Then I cried hysterically because of more super weapons (3:59:00). I came to the abandoned field on Vermont and Wilshire to nap here. It was now completely dark.

My next recording is: “slpvrmtwlshire\_12\_18\_09\_722-1137PM.WMA”: And so I slept while continuing to mumble from time to time: “... there is no way that super weapons will come here, we are so safe here...” And then about the super weapons’ firing in the distance: “... Mr former Secretary continues to order super weapons to shout, but it’s too far, and so you can’t hear it... he wants us to be with super weapons, but we don’t want to... it’s always Mr former Secretary, he’s so powerful, he controls everything around us... Mr former Secretary loses America, he will lose the entire world... Russia...” (24:50). What? What was I saying here? Then I rested quietly.<sup>9</sup>

My next recording is: “slpvrmtwilshirefield\_survtrnsprnt\_12\_18-9\_09\_1142PM-254AM.WMA”: I woke up for a brief moment to recount: “... when we turned off our recorder, suddenly, they started yelling...” Then I continue to rest.<sup>10</sup> On 3:02:00, I got up. Siren on 3:04:00. I was now walking toward the cybercafe. “... no super weapons yet... soon aircrafts will take off with them...”

Now, let’s summarize before moving on. Although, for another day, the Russians did not run any operation on me to “collect” any evidence, my acting – how I desperately wanted to suppress the evidences – was great evidence for them nonetheless. They would be able to input in their profile of me that I wanted to help the suit team suppress the evidences because, otherwise, according to my belief, the suit team would have to frame me for pedophilia (criminal recording of underage persons) resulting in my total ruin. Again, a perfect explanation as to why I wanted to conspire with the suit team.

### **December 19 (Saturday; “Amanda” and the “Machine”)**

My next recording is: “cybrcfediscaapple\_smdvd8ncpfail\_12\_19\_09\_248-842AM.WMA”: I continued: “We have four hours before super weapons rise up.” I walked into the cybercafe by 23:00. I was squatting against the wall behind the building, and someone wanted a light from me. He continued to trouble me about the light, and then made cellphone calls. I commented that he was here to produce surveillance intercepts – even though I knew it no longer mattered. (Again, it’s very likely that this was actually an operation in that the Russians had ordered the suit team to continue to stage my environment like it was before in order to not raise my suspicion.) I then hummed intermittently to block out other people’s noises. I walked back into the cybercafe on 44:00. I went to a computer station, checked the newest disc I had lately burned as fast as possible (to make sure that I had *really* burned a disc), and then exited quickly. I acted: “Ignore my doubles!” and then commented that it’s actually good that there were law enforcement officers around, for then my doubles wouldn’t visit

<sup>9</sup> Reviewed until 41:00, and then from 4:12:30 onward.

<sup>10</sup> Reviewed until 14:00, and then from 2:58:00 onward.

illegal websites. Now I was back to the same old problem: desperately looking for electrical outlets (1:00:00). I threw my coffee cup onto the street and acted: “Just as David Chin was wont to do” (1:01:00). Then I remembered I needed to print out a rental application. It would be so stressful to go back inside the cybercafe (1:06:00). Nonetheless I went back in, printed out the application, and exited, telling myself that there was probably no virus in the PDF document. Then the same guy from earlier was troubling me for a light again. I was completely exhausted from nervousness by the time I ran out of the “danger zone” (1:19:00). I then had to urinate on the street, and I confessed: “We’ve got intercepted urinating again!” When the bus passed me by, I broke down crying for a moment, not having money nor anywhere to go (2:22:00). I got on a second bus on 2:25:30 and continued to hum out of nervousness. I also read through the rental application. I got off the bus in Santa Monica on 3:08:00. I came into a coffeehouse on 3:18:00 to order a bagel and coffee, but the cashier warned me that my hands were dirty and she didn’t want me to touch anything. As people began coming in talking loudly, I began humming (3:26:00). I then started working on my laptop compiling the ISO image for my next DVD. Then, on 4:24:00, the first super weapon showed up. I was frantic while manipulating my computer. Finally, I broke down crying, very sadly and then hysterically, on 5:13:00 when my laptop malfunctioned and failed to burn the disc. The cashier came to ask me to leave (5:15:00). By the time I left on 5:20:00, I was almost mad. I came to wait for bus 33 on Second Street.

My next recording is: “seccamproblm\_fndmtl\_12\_19\_09\_847-1143AM.WMA”: Now there was a Russian agent – a fake American transsexual – sitting near me, and he came to me to ask me for a cigarette. (We must assume that the Russians had again ordered the CIA to recruit this agent of theirs so that, according to the evidentiary record, I was only interacting with the CIA’s “fake Russian”.) I refused, pretending to mistake her for my Homeland Security double. Another old man came passing by and greeted me, “Good morning.” After brainstorming for so long about how to talk myself out of my current impasse, an idea suddenly came to me, and I started my act (13:20): “There is a problem with suppressing my documentaries in the International Court because the Russians have an undistorted image of us through the Border Bookstore’s surveillance cameras. There has been probably some investigation showing that there is only one of us. If we are who we are, then it’s very hard to suppress the evidences. And this means that super weapons will be around everyday, and we will have to wake up very early each day. If there is doubt that we can be two, then it’d be easier to suppress the evidences. The images are obstacles, unedited images. There is nothing more we can do, except never going near Borders. Never going near Borders, that’s the most important thing we should do.” The Russian (transsexual) agent then picked up a cup and asked me if that was mine – she was happy, and that was, or so I thought, a signal that I had indeed gotten out of my impasse – and I wouldn’t respond, but would just describe his action (26:00). He then went to the payphone. “Optical image...” I kept repeating while humming like crazy. “... a beautiful white female...” I counted, and called out, “Ma’am...” (30:00). Then: “Is the earth round or flat? Are we one or two?...” I then ran onto the bus on 40:00 completely exhausted and disoriented from humming. I got off the bus on 1:07:00 on Venice and Sepulveda and an ambulance blasting its siren passed me by on 1:12:30. I began looking for a motel room. The first motel had no rooms (1:14:00). I arrived at the second motel on 1:19:00. The Chinese manager told me to come back on 11:30 AM. She was quite mean when she saw me. I came to Carl’s Jr to buy lunch, and a super weapon fired (1:23:00). I hummed nervously and frantically. I went outside to

wait, and, surprise, the employee actually came out of the store to hand me my food (1:28:00). It seemed *to me* to be another signal from the Russians that I had come out of my impasse. (Was it really a signal from the Russians though?) I then muttered about how beautiful these white females walking around were. I could barely see anything through my broken glasses, at least on the left side (1:55:00). I went back to the motel and was told to wait a little longer for a room upstairs. I hid myself behind the bushes and, then, what seemed to be another signal on 2:09:00: an old man passed by and said to me, “It’s Culver City, bud, you can’t be that retarded.” I just pretended to hum and to interpret it as an intercept to damn the Russians. I kept up with my act: “I just want to keep my computer and my documentaries, I don’t care about the rest, and someday super weapons will disappear...” (2:25:00). Then: “I should not have filed the lawsuit, but should have kept my apartment and stayed home... Suffering can be enjoyable if you can preserve it in documentaries...” (until 2:30:00). I then worked on the application for the apartment for rent while waiting.

My next recording is: “waitformtl\_12\_19\_09\_1138AM-1222PM.WMA”: I recounted how a Culver City police car had videotaped me (or so I thought). Then, suddenly, on 10:30, a super weapon appeared, and I hummed loudly. “Mr former Secretary... maybe there is a detective around...” I now hid behind my cart. Then a man walked past full of insignias of the FBI and the CIA: “... that’s a surveillance intercept...” Finally, on 17:00, the manager came out to offer me a different room. There was no wireless Internet here, but I took it anyway. And she asked me for my name – such a simple thing would still cause me worries. “... It’s beyond our capacity, Homeland Security will do it, there is nothing we can do...” On 23:00 I came inside the room. I immediately started burning a new disc.

My next recording is: “mtlbrndvd\_12\_19\_09\_1227-102PM.WMA”: I was still burning my disc. “... we can’t call the apartment... 9 AM...” Now I was burning DVD-8 New Copy, and I filmed it at one point (34:00).

My next recording is: “mtlbrndvd\_12\_19\_09\_157-259PM.WMA” (...1257-159PM...): I then started transferring the recording from July 18 last year again from my Sony ICD recorder. I was now reviewing the videos on my DVD-8-NCP. It was now the video of my call to UQAM in January, and my computer seemed to have frozen up again: “Why? Probably because Homeland Security wanted surveillance of our computer malfunctioning... maybe when you burn a video of machine malfunctioning, the machine will have to malfunction...” Then I stopped the transfer of the Sony ICD recording: “... you are not supposed to play a file while transferring something from the Sony ICD...” And I started transcribing the recording of my January 20 Skype call on my “Periphery”. Then I wrote about the white girl who sat across the window from me in Starbucks on that day: “... the way she displayed herself...” If that girl was indeed a fake Russian agent, then I had just provided the Russians with more evidence of how the suit team had tried to frame them. Then, I started redoing DVD-79. And I continued to work on the UQAM episode.

My next recording is: “mtldvd79\_5n22newcp\_buydnr\_12\_19\_09\_205-1108PM.WMA”: I successfully burned DVD-79, and now started on the verification of the disc. On 1:12:00 I was taking a shower. Then, back to work. On 1:33:00, my Toshiba froze up and I couldn’t continue hashing my files.

“... earlier it might be due to Homeland Security. Maybe they are controlling our computer right now...” I started burning another disc and, on 1:55:00, the burn failed! “It must be Homeland Security! What could be wrong with the disc?” I carefully examined the error code and the disc. “Now do a second copy. We have to videotape it, otherwise it’s not going to function. So it *is* Homeland Security, they are trying to prevent us from burning this disc. Videotaping it is the surest means to fix computer problems. It’s kind of like quantum physics. The computer will malfunction unless you videotape it. There has to be the possibility that someone else might look at it. Then Homeland Security will say, ‘Oh, he might shoot the video to outer space someday, and aliens might discover he’s not hallucinating...’ And, indeed, no problem this time since I was videotaping it! After burning, I checked over the files on the disc. As I examined the UQAM Skype call video I noted: “The girl might really be a fake Russian agent... But Homeland Security never has a problem with our videotaping the fake Russian agents they put in front of us... unless it’s a Display... it’s always either a Display or a fake Russian agent, the polar opposites... we have failed three times... Earlier Homeland Security prevented us from burning our disc so that we would get frustrated and get thrown out... it has probably nothing to do with the file... now they are playing with us for entertainment...” (2:24:00). Probably not: the malfunctioning, both now and earlier, was most likely “natural”. Then: “... or, maybe, when our computer malfunctions, it is deviating from the norm, and so it’s evidence that it’s a Russian-made spy computer... but shouldn’t it deviate from the norm by functioning better? *Maybe in faulty surveillance malfunctioning has become super-functioning*... but at least they have their evidence or their fun and we have our disc...” Then I played the UQAM Skype call video from the beginning to the end while transcribing it. “Homeland security just has to produce surveillance of our computer malfunctioning everyday...” Then back to my video: “... *whenever we were looking for our information, a fake Russian agent would appear*... it’s a pattern... Homeland Security now has intercepts showing our discs to be mere toys... that there is nothing on it...” I then carefully examined another disc: “... the video of Amanda is in this disc, we have to burn it onto the gold disc... we are going insane, we have so much fun talking to ourselves... even about how we are talking to ourselves... we are so lonely... we need to find a therapist... our therapist could just be a Display... it’s better to get one who is merely recruited... Maxwell is a really bad disc, it’s Ritek... very bad...” Then I wondered whether Amanda was married. “What does she mean by ‘family obligation’? She must be single, only those that are single get sent... that’s why there was a super weapon with her... hiding behind a super weapon, that’s very cowardly...” Then: “... other people are so lucky, their computers are not remotely controlled by Homeland Security...” Then I recalled the wish I hanged on the trees in August last year in Old Town Pasadena: “... we should have wished Homeland Security will not remotely control our computers... we will show our therapist our videos of computer malfunctioning... maybe Homeland Security has taken the intercepts to the ICJ to argue that the content of our discs is just an illusion, that the files are actually inside our computer, or sent to us via satellites from Moscow... of course there is a faulty surveillance device inside this motel since it’s not our first time here... we will look for more ‘Russian agents’ in our videos... what about that KGB guy in April? But he’s not a female... every secret agent we have met is female... you will not find a woman to pretend to be a Russian agent, women already have good jobs... How do you know if the Russian people around you are fake Russian agents? ... I don’t suppose it would be a problem to put our pictures of fake Russian agents on our website... for now, don’t even email people... we will have to wait for the future... we can say on the net that we are

David Chin, and then put the video of our Russian girlfriend online and proclaim ‘That’s my girlfriend’... that would be really funny... when you film the Displays, some of them care, and some don’t... personality is important... Terese is a Display, but she doesn’t want us to know...” Then, when a super weapon appeared on TV, I turned it off. “... it’s so disgusting...” (4:14:30). On 4:18:00 I was getting ready to go out to buy food. On 4:21:00, siren. I bought food at the Chinese fast food place and then got scared because I didn’t notice that a super weapon was inside the pizza store next door. “... so scary... disgusting...” Then I noticed this suspicious SUV: it was following me trying to park next to me, and, when I stopped, it drove away. I read out its license plate: “Is he trying to text-message? ... or maybe he’s a cop...” (4:32:00). Or maybe Russian surveillance. Or maybe the suit team’s staging their operations under Russian command. On 4:35:00 I came back into my room. I continued to amuse myself: “Those Russian agents that we have met who used to be real Russian agents, they cannot be too young, since they were caught before... now are there four? The court lady, the tutor, the girlfriend...” Now something about an Indian family was on TV. I continued: “You can’t make a judgment based on three, you have got to find more... then you can... with the Displays... binary opposites... now all female Russian agents are supposed to wear high heel boots...” I then pretended to comment what was on TV: “... that’s why Homeland Security wants us to watch this, it’s an Indian guy chasing after a white woman, just like our pathology...” Now, from 5:18:00 onward, it was “Meet the Parents” on TV. I continued to work on my files. When my Toshiba started automatically scanning my Passport, I again found it suspicious. Then about what’s on TV: “This movie really reminds me of David Chin, I can imagine why Homeland Security would want us to watch it.” Then: “Earlier when we had problems with DVD-22, it could be that our Toshiba Disc Creator was interfering with our Samsung Writer... it’s just writing very slowly...” By 6:56:00 “Meet the Parents” was over and I turned off the TV: “I can’t deal with it.” I was now going to use the gold disc to burn DVD-22 again. On 7:21:00 I turned on the TV again. Again: “It’s probably something that David Chin likes to watch, that’s why it’s on TV...” Again, I carefully filmed the verification of the disc. It was now “Austin Powers” on TV. “Now he plays two guys here, one evil and another good, it’s kind of like David Chin and Lawrence Chin again, one evil and another good... so here David Chin is again reminded of his relationship with Lawrence Chin...” When the burning was finished, I began checking over the files on the disc. On 7:43:00 I was reviewing the videos of my interaction with Amanda on May 18. “This is such an idiotic conversation, but I don’t know what it has turned into in surveillance...” It’s important to note that I was now playing the last video of my interaction with Amanda on that day which I didn’t upload to my website on July 17: “Give me a partner for me to run the TV show so that I won’t be so lonely...” I laughed. I was again purposely showing the video in order to furnish more evidence to the Russians as to how I had run this conspiracy against them with those CIA girls, and this is why I must show the last video, which, unlike the last time, I was now sure would pose no danger to the Russians’ case but would rather benefit them. I continued: “Amanda... what an idiotic mission... she didn’t want to do it... if you show this to a therapist, she will not see how this could have had anything to do with international politics, but in fact it has had a lot to do with it, because of the magical invention called ‘faulty surveillance’...” I was thus transcribing my interaction with Amanda onto my Supplemental Pleading 2. Then: “... the woman in ‘morning\_5\_17\_09.wmv’ is so suspicious...” Then I continued with Amanda: “She actually doesn’t look like a Display... what did ‘Fight Club’ turn into in surveillance?... the Nobel prize-winning faulty surveillance system... what did it turn into inside the Cave? ... it’s easy to figure it out, because the

goal is simple... if you know the rules, it's always about binary oppositions... What shadow did 'Fight Club' cast on the wall inside the Cave? ... only the very privileged people would get to know what shadow it was... that's why she was chosen for the job, for the system was *automatic*... she was *automatically* turned into her opposite... the judges have asked the intelligence agencies of all nations to turn over their personnel file... the Machine would then automatically confuse everything... if everybody in the Cave is fooled, then the Machine must have credibility... this automation is the ground for credibility... the Machine knows all Displays, and with who each one is correlated... it automatically turns them into their correlates... there are probably no images in the intercepts... the person is carefully chosen, because the planners know what she will turn into... it's like Yijing's 64 hexagrams... most people know that there is this Cave, but only very few people have seen the Machine... in our book we should include a chapter, 'The Machine'..." Then: "... we are gonna make a comic book out of our Russian agents... we should have a secret cult, so that we can pass on the videos to the next generation... we can probably show them to our therapist..."

My next recording is: "mtslp\_12\_19-20\_09\_1102PM-451AM.WMA": I continued about Amanda: "... she wouldn't mind that we have made her into a comic book... we have had such a good time that we didn't even... burning discs is more important than uploading files... this is our reward, our souvenir..." Then it was time to sleep.<sup>11</sup> Then, suddenly, on 49:30: "... the faulty surveillance Machine... to convict people... what happened to these Latin American agents?... a machine designed to convict people... it was evidently put into service in February 2008... so what happened to the Chinese intelligence? The machine must have been invented before that... before, it was true surveillance, but, after modification, it became the 'faulty surveillance Machine'..." Then, I was all quiet.<sup>12</sup> On 5:49:00, I woke up.

Again, a comment before we move on. Without running any more operations on me but simply by observing me, the Russians had today collected more evidences of my conspiracy with the CIA – of my staging a show with the CIA girls to frame them – and my conspiracy with the lower court – my precise knowledge of how the faulty surveillance Machine worked was more ground on which to establish me as a conspirator with the entire lower court.

## **December 20 (Sunday)**

My next recording is: "strbkupld\_veniceblvd\_12\_20\_09\_456-559AM.WMA": I was now ready to go to Starbucks. On 26:00, I filmed my room before leaving. By 50:30, I was in Starbucks. Again, my external mouse and the touch pad on my Eee PC were not working. Then, the endless period dots again. "You can't beat the continual period dots!"

My next recording is: "strbkupld\_buybatatmcrd\_12\_20\_09\_553-758AM.WMA": I examined the file system on my website: "... Michelle is not in there either... instead of making Skype calls, we can just email... where is that file, 'saw\_karin...'" On 50:30, I was writing another inquiry email: "... the

<sup>11</sup> Reviewed until 31:00, and then from 46:00 onward.

<sup>12</sup> Reviewed until 57:00, and then from 6:43:00 onward.

apartment... it does look like a dormitory for students, but I'm not a student... is this okay?" On 58:00, I started streaming a recording of Karin's meetups from my website. Then I was on Craigslist again. On 1:03:00, another inquiry email. Then, after a while: "... we have uploaded the videos of our crying, and all the meetup recordings... all of them are related to the conviction of China... not related to Russia..." By 1:20:00 I was packing up. "If we go to 'Get Treated Like Shit Meetup', then we can have some success there... you can get kicked out and come back because the point of the meetup is to get kicked out..." By 1:32:30, I was on the move. By 1:34:30, I was inside a store. Out on 1:39:30: "... we bought batteries, 9.99 with 16... we used our debit card... creating or not creating an intercept, we don't care... we got 20 dollars cash back... I don't remember how much we have left in our checking account... it's Homeland Security's business... they know what to do, but we don't care... we just want to be safe..." Again, just pretending to cooperate with the suit team. Then, to explain again why I wasn't concerned with faulty surveillance anymore: "... when you fear something more fearful, then you no longer fear what you used to fear... here, it's using the ATMs... remember how there was a time that, when we used the ATMs, we would have to videotape it, otherwise we would vomit... Look, the aircraft is taking off with super weapons..." On 1:59:00 I came back to my room. "We emailed several apartments... don't know what good this would do, other than creating surveillance intercepts... first, let's check the configuration of the room..." Namely, comparing the video I shot of the room when I left it with how it looked now that I had entered it to make sure that nobody had come in while I was gone. I was still afraid of Homeland Security even when I knew they were now under the Russians' control.

My next recordings are: "mtlupld\_12\_20\_09\_759-815AM.WMA" and "mtl\_dvd9newcp10newcp\_12\_20\_09\_820-1106AM.WMA": Then I imported my latest recordings to my Toshiba and was naming them. I continued to review my recording and work on "On the Periphery of Karin's Meetups". I was now working on the episode of my meeting with Greg to obtain his notes about me (43:00). Could this be good evidence for the Russians? On 1:10:00 I took a break and turned on the TV. When I closed ImgBurn, the log popped up, causing me great concern. Then, on 2:17:30, the phone rang: it was almost check-out time. I didn't answer it but started packing. "We have discovered many mistakes we have made with our backups and so on... we have burned 6 discs..." Then, on 2:24:00, the manager barged in. "We still have 30 minutes, right? Why are you hurrying me?" Despite the fact that it was almost check-out time, I decided to burn DVD-10-NCP. I assumed (or pretended to assume) the manager had got her order from Homeland Security. "Because we have lived with Homeland Security for three years, whenever something happens we assume it's Homeland Security..." Right! Then: "It's so scary if we don't record our conversations, maybe it doesn't matter anymore, but our old habit has crystallized... *we do it for its own sake*, and we will get so scared if we don't..." I was still trying to provide the Russians with more explanations about my motivations as if I didn't know they had already busted me. Now "Erin Brockovich" was on TV. I switched channel and it was now Fareed Zakaria talking about Islamic terrorism. "We are supposed to be very interested in the Muslim world." Then: "People should read our book... 'How to identify the Displays'..." On 2:36:30, the burn had failed! I was shocked and read out the error code. "Put in a new Verbatim... And he was talking about Pakistan... Scary! We have just had Pakistan... I'm videotaping the burning this time and so it should work..." Given the *continual* malfunctioning, you do have to wonder whether Homeland Security was really



doing it under Russian command. On 2:42:00 the phone rang again. “If I turn off the camcorder it will malfunction.” And the manager barged in again: she was very angry.

My next recording is: “leavmtl\_strg\_chnsepcpkpocktsare\_12\_20\_09\_11AM-252PM.WMA”. Now I was being thrown out of the motel. “Why is she so mean? We are *always* late. She was here to produce an intercept. The manager had seen our Eee PC and Samsung DVD Writer, and she’s going to rumor as if she had seen very strange equipment... people who burn DVDs are very bad... they are optical maggots...” Ha! On 12:00 I filmed my room before I left it. “When it’s time for us to get slapped, we could misbehave, slightly misbehave, or not misbehave at all, it wouldn’t matter... we will get slapped anyway... yesterday we failed to burn our DVD because Homeland Security wanted us to be thrown out... today Homeland Security caused it to fail so that we would be thrown out by the motel manager...” I was now on the street and, when passing by super weapons, hummed loudly. “Since, every time when you burn a disc, you’ll have to film it, it will cost 200 to 300 megabytes of data...” On 20:30, I came inside a doughnut shop to buy doughnuts. I then hid by the trash can to eat my doughnuts. When I was walking away, I continued: “... we burned 7 discs while in the motel, some sort of productivity...” Then I noticed that somebody was text-messaging in his sports car: “... we are leaving our motel room, and so we are supposed to contact our boss or girlfriend...” (44:30). Then: “... we have burned 130 discs since we came back from Nicaragua.... There is nothing scarier than super weapons... Oh, super weapons across the street, 120 yards away! Thank God Venice Blvd is wide...” On 1:02:30, I got on bus 33, humming like crazy because super weapons were on board. I was now going to the storage facility. Then even more super weapons got on board. Then: “Finally the God-damned pieces of shit are getting off the bus!” But somebody was still talking loudly near me, and I believed they were sent in to “taint my files” (1:32:30). On 1:39:00 I got off the bus in downtown. Finally I could stop humming! As I rested, I read out the signs around me: “... a new movie... 1-800-GET-SLIM... maybe a new intercept showing us receiving secret messages...” As you shall see, this would become such a problem for me later on. On 2:03:30 I got on bus 38 and got off on 2:10:30. “On Sunday, this place is desolate, yeah! No super weapons!” Namely, hardly anyone on the street. “We will send our discs to outer space...” I then rested in a corner a little: “... how dumb people are nowadays... ‘We’ve got Homeland Security, we don’t need education anymore’...” Then I kept on walking and, on 2:26:00, came inside the storage facility.

As I was working on my discs by my storage unit, suddenly the manager downstairs called me through the speaker because I didn’t close the elevator’s door (2:46:30). I ran to close the door, leaving my DVDs unattended for about 12 seconds. Even such a small matter would traumatize me. Ha! I put in my latest DVDs, and then: “... that Chinese super pickpocket is so traumatizing, you never know when he will sneak up from behind you... Who could have taken the two dollars from us? ... it’s the super pickpocket... Homeland Security gave us two dollars and then took them away...” I left the storage facility on 3:36:00. On 3:37:00 I had a brief chat with the employee outside. When I came inside the food mall, super weapons were shouting. I ran away horrified. “Super weapons... all they do is make other people into criminals, otherwise there is no value in them... our stuff is good stuff, other people’s stuff are trash, and that’s why we keep our stuff hidden...” When I saw another security vehicle, I assumed it was here to videotape me. Not! And more super weapons on the street! I hummed. “... don’t

let people know that you have gold... let them think you are trash...” Again, quite in conformity to Plato’s Allegory of the Cave.

My next recording is: “angrydwntwnstrtsuprwpntovrmntwlsr\_12\_20\_09\_257-647PM.WMA”: I was still walking the street. “... that super pickpocket, the scariest thing in the whole wide world... it’s a real storage... there were no hidden tunnels from which he can emerge to steal our things... we have become so paranoid...” Then I assumed I was videotaped by a police car again (4:30). “... why is it that somebody seemed to be moving in the hallway in storage? ... there was some noise from the other end even though no one seemed to be around...” Siren on 8:00. “... to steal our discs... super weapons are such trash...” And I hummed like crazy while walking. “... Look, a Hispanic man is counting dollar bills...” (27:30). Then, on 33:00, when I was about to go into Jack-in-the-Box, I predicted that I would see many super weapons inside. And, indeed, I saw three: “... we can’t eat here...” Then I was moaning about how I had been seeing super weapons all day long, everywhere I went: “... they are such trash... they are here to taint gold... our files are gold, and they are shit... when they grow up, they will merely become all this postmodern human trash, understanding nothing...” Great insight! And I hummed like crazy when a fat woman pushing her super weapon in a cart passed me by. “... we must hide, because we are good...” By 42:00 I was resting in a corner. “... the Chinese super pickpocket and super weapons are the scariest things in the world because... all your work, they can destroy it in an instant... the cellphone stuff is about to drop off... it still occurs occasionally... order and beauty are so hard, and yet can be so easily destroyed, just ‘Ya’... Do they understand anything? Nothing... *they have eyes that do not see, ears that do not hear, and brains that do not think*... destroying things is easy...” From 1:04:30 onward, I moved on, humming like crazy. I was frustrated: “... the bus is not gonna come...” Finally, on 1:09:00, bus 33 came, but the bus driver wouldn’t let me get on. “This is an inverted world, people who are gold are treated like shit, and people who are shit are treated like gold...” Quite right! I kept on walking. On 1:14:30, I asked a man for change and he gave me 50 cents. “Homeland Security has been dying for us to ask people for change, and we never did... now, finally...” On 1:16:00, I got on the next bus 33. The bus driver yelled at me and I sat way in the back. “... everybody can yell at us, and we don’t care, as long as we can preserve our data... we are intelligent... these things tell you a story, it’s the mind of somebody...” I soon got off the bus in downtown and, on 1:25:00, was in a store to buy cigarettes and chicken wings. “A vagrant woman is arguing with the cashier, she’s probably our double.” Then, a purple shirt security guard: “Oh, security guard, Hi! You are supposed to note down that you saw me again!” On 1:33:50, massive siren. On 1:40:00 I got on bus 20. On 1:52:30, the Transit TV was broadcasting something about the holocaust: “... an intercept...” Then, when the bus reached Vermont and Wilshire, I yelled at the bus driver: “Bus driver, the piece of shit wants to get off the bus!” And I got off on 1:54:30. I hummed extremely loud when a super weapon showed up. “We find all these connections between things which nobody else would find... Why did this mother show up with her super weapon? Because of that Borders Bookstore security camera video... And how are the two things related?” Acting! I came to the same desolate field thinking again that, here, I wouldn’t suffer any noise attacks from super weapons (criminal recording). “... Mr former Secretary has instructed the super weapons in the buildings near this empty field to yell very loudly...” This was of course not the case. Then I was mumbling again about how all this surveillance of super weapons might eventually pass away. By 2:05:00 I had settled down in the middle

of the field. On 2:08:00, two guys walked in. On 2:23:00, I was importing my latest videos from my camcorder to my Toshiba. "... it's hard to argue with the security camera video, but sooner or later our documentaries will be suppressed as evidences, and our stuff will be safe... we love our videos... *everything else is okay, but not super weapons*... every night we can be safe from super weapons..." Acting! Then, on 2:55:00, I was working on my recordings. "... *Homeland Security can do anything with our locations, but don't get super weapons to destroy our files*... don't get the Chinese super pickpocket to steal our discs... when we find an apartment, we will just hide inside and forget about the super weapons... Mr former Secretary prefers quantity to quality, and so he just uses a lot of super weapons... well, just put something in front of us... when super weapons appear, just hum them out... but the super pickpocket is scarier, since you don't know where he is..." I was now clearing up more disk space on my Toshiba in order to get ready to compile the project for DVD-84. I was also making notes while reviewing a latest recording. Siren on 3:33:00 and on 3:45:00. Then, toward the end of the recording, I packed up and was ready to sleep.

My next recording is: "slpvrmtwlsahre\_12\_20-21\_09\_642PM-1237AM.WMA": I laughed about the fact that people were so far away from me that they couldn't taint my recordings anymore. "... we will look for more Russian secret agents in our documentaries... older, sophisticated women... we have a gold mine here... Mr former Secretary is still instructing the super weapons in nearby buildings to shout, but it's useless... he has the habit of continuing to do the same thing even though it wouldn't work anymore... Mr former Secretary will find ways to suppress the evidences... *our priority is to protect our discs, who cares about suppressing evidences*... for our safety's sake, always upload the files first... soon this horrifying year will be over..." Then I was mumbling something about the volume serial numbers (18:00). Then I rested quietly.<sup>13</sup> Then, suddenly, on 50:00: "... what happened is that... super weapons... shouted... there is no way that you could hear it... that's the comment we made..." Then I rested.

### **December 21 (Monday; limousines)**

The next recording is lost. It seems that I got up around 2:20 AM or so and immediately started on my walk to the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire. My next recording is: "[wkvrmtwlsahre\\_limocybrcafeverfy\\_12\\_21\\_09\\_229-4AM.WMA](#)": I recounted what had just happened: "... we've got videotaped by a police car again... that Asian guy... they are just pretending... waiting for us to pass by in order to videotape us..." On 11:50, a Hispanic guy on bicycle whistled at me. Why? Homeland Security? On 13:50, I came inside the cybercafe and ordered my coffee and desert. "... Homeland Security put that guitar guy over there in order to get us to record his musical production..." Nonsense. I came outside to enjoy my coffee (18:30). Then, suddenly, a black Cadillac with tinted windows appeared in front of me (20:30). I was shocked: "Is it Mr former Secretary? It's too early! I don't suppose it's him." Siren on 21:50. Then, on 23:30, this guy wanted to exchange his 300 pennies for my dollar bills. "What surveillance is it? Unless he's a real person..." Then, immediately, three more limousines in front of me: "... it's not even 3 AM... I don't think Mr former Secretary is coming out to see us... *what we are is the Displays' pet*, and Mr former Secretary is just using us for his pet project..."

<sup>13</sup> Reviewed until 33:00, and then from 49:00 onward and until 59:00. And then from 5:38:00 onward.

nobody really likes him... and yet he keeps coming up with new pet projects...” Just acting to frame the CIA for conspiracy with me. (More on this momentarily.) Then: “... when Mr former Secretary comes out, he would have decoys around, so there will be not one but three... the first Cadillac doesn’t have front windows tinted... Don’t worry about it... 3 AM is too early, it’s most likely not him...” Then one of the limousines came back: “... I don’t know if it’s the same one...” (32:50). Then: “Look, a police car made a U-turn in front of us so that its camera in the back can catch us... so other than the faulty surveillance system, Mr former Secretary also has the ‘accidental surveillance system’... we always come ‘accidentally’ under police surveillance...” Not! Siren on 39:50. On 43:30 I came inside the cybercafe. I sat down at the computer station to get ready to check my newly burned discs – my purpose in coming here. I filmed myself inserting my discs into the DVD tray and playing the files. “... DVD-10... it’s the video of Mr former Secretary’s limousines!” And I mumbled about how I shouldn’t videotape limousines anymore. “... that’s our gold disc...” Then DVD-3-REDO: “... Verbatim gold...” Then the video of the “drama woman” at Zona Rosa. “Who the fuck is that?” Then: “There is never anything wrong with our discs, all the malfunctioning was remotely controlled... DVD-8... something must have happened on February 7, that’s why the limousines on February 8... and our Skype’s malfunctioning... this disc... we checked it on UCLA’s computers, and now it’s corrupt, it’s remotely controlled...” I was wrong: the disc had simply been damaged since then. Then I logged into my website (1:13:00): “... it’s working, it’s real...” Then, on 1:18:40, I checked my Gmail account. “... maybe that corrupt disc was just here to produce a surveillance intercept... showing our DVD not being real, or super-real... with that many intercepts showing our computers to be not real, we will be fine...” Acting! By 1:30:00 I was out of the cybercafe.

Now, before we move on, let’s consider the big question: Did the Russians really send in Mr former Secretary to frame himself for conspiracy with me this early in the morning? There was no evidence collected yesterday, and the Russians had not sent anybody to me after December 16. And why suddenly Mr former Secretary today? Was it because of something which appeared in the videos I had reviewed in the past few days? My confession in my last “Amanda video” from May 18? I can’t really be sure. The Russians had however obtained more golden testimony from me as a result of the limousines: that my loyalty really lay with the CIA and Mr former Secretary had simply used me despite this. This would ensure that my negative comments about Mr former Secretary in the past weeks could not count as evidence that I did not intend to conspire with the suit team (as long as I knew that the CIA *had to* help him). Second, as a result of seeing these limousines, I played the videos of Mr former Secretary appearing in front of me in his limousines on February 8. That episode from February 8 was now another evidence for the Russians as to how I had conspired with the United States within the past year – just as, today, the Russians sent in Mr former Secretary in order for my conspirators to stage my environment in such a way as to make me believe that my terrorist conspiracy had succeeded. The coincidence was so extraordinary that we must consider the possibility that the Russians might have in fact sent in my number one conspirator precisely in order to prompt me to show the video from February 8. (As shall be seen, the mind-reading computer had the capacity to predict my *future* thoughts as well as read my *current* thoughts.) Thus, as of today, the Russians had concrete, “perfect”, evidences showing *both* the CIA and Mr former Secretary showing up in front of me as we ran our conspiracy.

My next recording is: “bus20todwntwn\_12\_21\_09\_405-433AM.WMA”: I continued: “... don’t put our... here... that super pickpocket is very fast... first we are gonna count all the discs, and then videotape all of them...” On 7:40 I got on the bus. I hummed all the way. On 17:30: “... the police car came so close... why? ... something is going on... he looks like he’s going to arrest somebody, but he is merely talking to the bus driver... just an intercept... an intercept showing David Chin to be so interested in transsexuals...” (19:00). And: “... all these transsexuals standing in the bus... this transsexual is practically naked... disgusting...” Had this something to do with the fake American transsexual whom the Russians had sent in on the 19<sup>th</sup>? On 24:10, I got off the bus in downtown.

My next recording is: “dbleurn\_strbkdv84ylledat\_12\_21\_09\_437-704AM.WMA”: I pretended to be hysterical over my double that was urinating into the newspaper stand. I scolded him: “... I know you are just doing your job... a federal agent is supposed to urinate on the street, for that’s your mission...” On 5:30 I got on the bus again. I commented about something else... “... in surveillance it would look like we were using our cellphone... our mistakes today... never leave your discs unattended, not even for a second... Don’t ever do that again...” Soon I began to hum. On 39:00 I got off the bus recounting how three guys in the back were text-messaging. “... *none of that matters anymore...*” I had to get off the bus earlier than my stop because of the super weapons on board: “... it’s okay, we just need to walk two blocks...” I was continually bothered by all the cars that shone their lights on me. On 48:00 I came inside Starbucks. The employee warned me not to bring in all my luggage, but I managed to stay anyway. After some checking, I decided that today I should burn a new copy of DVD-9. “... the man next to us is reading newspapers, that might be an intercept...” Then, people came in to talk loudly, and I hummed. Even the employee came to ask me if I was alright! On 1:31:00 the employee came to warn me again about my humming. I became increasingly frustrated because people kept talking next to me. “There really *are* enough intercepts of criminal recording...” And the verification of my new disc seemed to have malfunctioned, so that I had to burn it again. Then it turned out that I had merely put in the wrong disc. “We can’t figure out right and left by now, we are in the process of disintegrating...” Then a man came in, and I said to him: “I guess you’re a cop... you are a cop, right? We are here doing our criminal activities... it’s not necessary that we are being watched, but it *is* necessary that it *looks like* we are being watched... maybe you can show the cop what’s on your computer... videos of computer malfunctioning... we need a surveillance intercept showing us coming under surveillance... the video of our checking our disc to make sure it’s not malfunctioning is now malfunctioning...” (2:03:00). I was outside on 2:18:00, and my Eee PC was malfunctioning again. On 2:19:00 a woman gave me food. “Another surveillance intercept... before we would never take it... you were being slandered... now we don’t care... David Chin has deceived the innocent American people again... it doesn’t matter...” Again, just acting! Then my Eee PC started functioning because I plugged in the external mouse. “If you are mean to people who are nice to you, Homeland Security will be very very happy... now the recording of Karin’s meetup ‘The encounter at the end of the earth’ is not in... it has to be in...” Namely, I must continue to upload to my website the files that were in my lawsuit.

My next recording is: “bus33sprwpnfoothilltrns\_sprwpnthrwnut\_12\_21\_09\_9-1146AM.WMA”: I continued to work outside Starbucks. I kept mumbling about how the man sitting next to me behaved as

if he was law enforcement here to watch over me: "... even though we are just uploading files... But he doesn't look like FBI, he looks more like an undercover cop... and super weapons... we couldn't send the email... otherwise we would be out of here already... maybe Homeland Security wants us to see more super weapons..." And I mumbled about how the upload speed was low thanks to Homeland Security. Just acting! "... we are not allowed to send this email... it's merely an inquiry for an apartment for rent... Oh, it's sent! But we don't get any reply... Maybe Homeland Security doesn't want us to find apartments..." I continued to look for apartments and then asked the man who I thought was an undercover officer: "Am I doing something illegal here?" Then again: "You are not here to watch over me, are you?" (25:00) Again, just pretending to not know that it was the Russians who were watching me. Finally I packed up and left. From 28:00 onward I began describing the three men earlier who looked like law enforcement. "I guess Homeland Security just wants to produce surveillance intercepts showing that we are under police surveillance..." Then I acted: "... if they are law enforcement, they should carry a big bag with recording devices in it..." I sat down and ate my food. "Michelle went to China for a very particular purpose... she got confused with me in surveillance..." (56:00). Indeed! Then, on 1:00:00, I got on the bus humming like crazy. On 1:09:00 super weapons got on the bus – they were in the front. On 1:19:00 I got off the bus, tired of humming. A Hispanic guy passed me by, and I hummed. On 1:31:00 I got on the bus again. I continued to hum like crazy. On 1:39:00, a Hispanic male was text-messaging. On 1:44:00 I got off the bus. I walked a long way. On 1:50:00 super weapons were spotted across the street. On 1:56:00 I noted another apartment for rent. On 2:12:00 a female officer on motorcycle! Never seen that before! On 2:24:00, I took notice of something: "Is that secret message-passing? Everything can be a secret message... the evidentiary record is so fucked up... we want a place to live in... so fucked up... there is the faulty surveillance system, but also the 'accidental surveillance system'..." Then, on 2:25:30, I got on the Foothill bus. Amazingly, I had the whole bus to myself. "There must be more than 500 intercepts already showing super weapons appearing around us... maybe after 600 it will stop..." I opened up my Toshiba and started working. Then, on 2:43:00, a black woman came up the bus with her super weapon. I hummed. When she came to me I shouted at her: "Get the fuck away from me you fucking bitch!" "Excuse me?" And now the bus driver got involved and asked me to get off the bus. I got off mumbling about what happened: "... just when you have your computer open... Homeland Security is saying you shouldn't find a home right now because you haven't been around enough super weapons..." Acting!

My next recording is: "humaskdnation\_tovrmntsprwpm\_12\_21\_09\_1117AM-240PM.WMA": I recounted: "... we walked around in order to get out of the freeway area... we had to pass through federal buildings... we saw two Homeland Security ICE vehicles... super weapons... we were caught in surveillance cameras... David Chin was trained in a lawless country... he came to America and doesn't understand... the life of disorder, that's all he knows... any such video will be intercepted and presented to the International Court as evidence... we said to the aircraft, 'Fuck off'... and she went to the front and reported it to the bus driver, and the bus driver threw us out... Mr former Secretary loves super weapons because... when they come near you, according to the law, *they* are the victims, so you don't even need faulty surveillance... we actually don't know why super weapons keep coming to us to fire... if Mr former Secretary sends them to you, this must be it... when these entities punch you, *they* are the victims... here the law automatically inverts reality and makes the victim into the victimizer and

the victimizer into the victim... basically Homeland Security doesn't want us to find apartments... if we can have that kind of power too, the power of *becoming a victim of someone by victimizing him*... we want to see if we can beat up white people and then become the victim of white people... No, I don't think hate crime laws are that extreme yet... that's basically what happened in the past 30 minutes... why does he do this? ... first, the International Court... second, because he enjoys this kind of stuff... and white females... they are also a specially protected group... Mr former Secretary enjoys it because it automatically inverts reality for him..." I was now walking past the courthouse, and super weapons appeared: I hummed wildly: "... it's safer to walk into the street, at least here *you* are some sort of victim... but I don't think if you run into cars you will be the victim... the pedestrian has almost half of that power..." And I continued to hum like crazy. "... it could be that somebody is pretending to 'accidentally' take pictures of us and have the pictures intercepted... you don't know... three intercepts bundled together... yes, take our pictures, and get the pictures intercepted... we are like Beavis and Butthead... even the payment is inverted... you do something for your government, and you pay out of your own pocket... when it comes to super weapons... no matter what they do, they are always the victims... of the people around them... Then why is the aircraft not burned by them? ... you can report to the police saying the aircraft has abused them... but what we say has no force... you have to get someone else to report it..." I was now at Santa Monica Promenade with all the street performers and I continued to hum like crazy. I yelled at all the people who were walking past, pointing to the performer next to me: "You should pay me too, people pay him for playing music, they should pay me too for *my* performance..." (41:30). Indeed! And: "... if you like my noise, give me donation..." And somebody gave me a quarter! On 49:00 I got on the bus again and continued to hum miserably. "When we got thrown out of the bus, we brushed our teeth by the freeway and then spat out onto the freeway..." On 59:00 I got off the bus – and more super weapons! While buying hot dogs from a street stand, I continued to hum like crazy. I also continued my analysis: "... super weapons will automatically make you into a criminal, no matter what your intention is or what *their* intention is... mere proximity makes it a crime... we wish we had that kind of power..." Then more people came around, and I hummed even louder. I then continued to ask people to give me donation for the noises I was making. "We have that kind of power too... we are standing in the middle of the street, and cars have to move around us... if you hit me, you are a criminal..." Then more about how pedestrians only had half of the super weapons' power. On 1:21:00, I settled into my corner: "... when you stand in the middle of the street, you might get arrested, but super weapons will never get arrested... the most important members of society are those that can only eat and shit and do nothing else... if all we can do is eat and shit then we will be very important... it's just like our thermodynamic interpretation of history... what about the super weapons' parents? ... do they commit a crime? This cannot be a crime... don't they take pictures of their own super weapons? ... bad surveillance is good surveillance for Mr former Secretary... stay away from them... as long as they are not firing... it's not their proximity, but their firing, that makes it a crime... with super weapons, the crime is in surveillance... the recording of the firing... is it genetic relatedness which excuses the crime? But if *you* fire upon them, then it's not a crime... there is something about the substance of the super weapons... that makes it a crime... we don't even have time to do any work anymore..." I started reviewing my latest recording and then working on my files. Then I counted my discs. On 2:46:30, I assumed I was "spotted" by a police car again.

My next recording is: “lkforshltr\_180sprwpnscare\_12\_21\_09\_235-450PM.WMA”: Siren on 1:30. Then a security guard tried to talk to me: “... I don’t know who that is... okay, I’m leaving now...” And he continued to scold me and suggest that I go to a shelter. “... yes, yes, I’m a piece of trash...” Then I recounted: “... so earlier, the police officer accidentally ‘spotted us’, and now the security guard...” And he gave me a list of shelters. “You’ve got to be kidding me, we can’t go to these places... we can’t record there... when we import our recordings, we’ll have to be ‘spotted’...” And I was now packing up. “Why is DVD-51 missing? Did we never burn it?” Now, looking at the list, I saw “Sober Living”: “... maybe we should go there to produce surveillance showing us to be an alcoholic... this sounds very much like the Displays, their pet... always in assistance housing... this is very much the Displays, it’s an operation... and the super weapons’ range is 20 feet... or else they will not be recorded... and their shouting has to be shrieking...” And more super weapons. “... WCIL is okay, because surveillance system has been installed there... as for places without surveillance system installed, you might not want to be in there... if it’s the Displays, then we can check it out...” Acting! (Pretending to conspire with the CIA.) On 29:00, I asked a man in a shop: “Which way is LA City College? Burn Avenue?” No answering. “... we cannot but tell the truth because we don’t have any IDs of David Chin... super weapons, 50 yards...” On 41:30, I was waiting for the bus. I continued to hum like crazy when super weapons appeared. On 44:20, I was on the bus again. I panicked and hummed so loudly because so many super weapons were on board. Finally, to avoid danger, I got off the bus on 46:30. I was still humming like crazy. On 49:30, I got on the next bus. I mumbled about how Terese had wanted me to go to board-and-care. Then: “... super weapons got off the bus, wow! So what happened earlier is that two police officers pretended to pull over a car... to ‘spot us’... and the security guard came... pretending not to know us... and super weapons... more surveillance of our proximity to super weapons... and if we keep going back there, we’ll run into more super weapons... now it’s the worst time in that part of the town... so we’ll go to another hole... you can do some research first... *just because you might become a Display, that doesn’t mean we’ll take it*... you should be sleeping by now...” Nice acting: to frame the CIA! (More of this to come.) On 1:03:20, another black Cadillac, but the front windows were not tinted. Then: “... Oh, here is LA City College, we can actually pass by and take a look into the buildings...” On 1:07:00 I got off the bus to check out LA City College. “We don’t want shelters, we want a permanent apartment... we should call tomorrow... the security guards didn’t accidentally run into us, it’s orchestrated... something is going to be put in front of us... Look, text-messaging... let’s go to bed...” And so I took down the information for the apartment for rent. I kept humming like crazy while wandering around: “... we can’t deal with super weapons... losing a disc is very very bad...” I came to a doughnut shop on 1:24:00. When I was out: “... we’re intercepted... a security guard outside... this area is a very scary place, we should only come in the morning...” And I continued to hum like crazy: “... super weapons...” I came to a corner to eat my chocolate bar. Then: “If the Displays want to put something in front of us, it might not be a super weapon, it might be fine... she might pad us in the head...” (1:32:20). Again, framing the CIA. Then, on 1:33:30, I got on bus 754. I continued my act: “... the function of the pet...” I got off the bus on 1:37:20. I dumped my trash in the trash can: “Oh, we should have thrown it onto the ground... good habit has to be shed, and bad habit cultivated...” Then, somebody came to sell me something: “... shall we pay for our own intercept?” And I shouted: “Anybody wants a butt? Help the Displays... we are holding a cigarette butt, that’s already an intercept...” Then, on 1:51:50, humming like crazy, I got on bus 181. I continued to hum.



On 1:58:50, a super weapon can be heard shouting in the bus. I was now humming so strenuously and angrily, until I spotted Griffith Park and got off the bus on 2:05:00. I was so angry over the super weapons on the bus that I jaywalked through the streets and yelled at the drivers. I got on the slope and settled down among the trees. This desolate area should be safe! My new “maggot hole”! I continued: “... super weapons are such junks... they just eat and shit... in this world, garbage will be worshipped, and gold will be treated like shit... if there is a room tomorrow, we’ll take it, as long as there are no super weapons... we can’t take it anymore...” And I got ready to sleep.

My next recording is: “slpneargrffthprk\_12\_21\_09\_455-901PM.WMA”: And so I slept among the trees. “One guy, when passing by, raised his arm... an intercept?” Then: “... a mother is running with super weapons across the street...” And more super weapons minutes later. Then I rested quietly.<sup>14</sup> Siren on 4:04:00.

My next recording is: “slpgrffth\_tovrmntsprwpnnonbus\_12\_21-22\_09\_855PM-1235AM.WMA”: I continued to sleep.<sup>15</sup> By 2:52:00 I was already awake and walking along Los Feliz. On 2:55:50, I got on bus 180. Strangely, it was a full bus with super weapons on board! I hummed. And super weapons were shouting. On 3:05:30, I got off the bus on Vermont and Prospect. “... it’s 11:56 PM, we are still in danger zone... there are still super weapons...” And it was raining. On 3:13:00, I rested in a corner. “Earlier on the bus, the white female next to us made a cellphone call... is it for us or to us?” On 3:22:50 I was importing my latest recordings. Then I was naming my files. “It looks like we really didn’t burn DVD-51...”

### **December 22 (Tuesday; “recruitment”, the “detective” hit me)**

My next recording is: “vrmntcmputlearn\_12\_22\_09\_1239-135AM.WMA”: On 8:00, I got on the bus again. On 11:00 I got off the bus on Vermont and Santa Monica. On 15:00, I was mumbling indistinctly about something. I walked into Subway to check it out, but was out immediately. I then mumbled about one guy: “... we might have got intercepted...” I kept on walking to see what else was open. “... we had the ISO image for DVD-51 prepared but didn’t burn it...” I hummed whenever people passed me by. I passed by LA City College again. On 29:00, I rested in front of a market place. “It’s nice if you can attend computer classes at LA City College... David Chin is supposed to be a computer programmer... if we take computer classes, Homeland Security might give us faulty information...” On 38:30, I got up and continued to wander the streets. On 45:30 I came inside the same doughnut shop. I shouted to the people inside: “Good morning everyone!” And to myself: “Now we are part of the conversation and so not criminally recording.” I ordered my coffee and chocolate bar and then came outside to eat. I described all the people inside. 6 vagrants inside!

My next recording is: “vrmntcmputlearn\_12\_22\_09\_135-152AM.WMA”: I recounted all that I had said about taking computer classes at LA City College, and then speculated as to whether professors would be required to provide me with faulty information. “Operation will always require us to be a

14 Reviewed until 20:00, and then from 4:02:00 onward.

15 Reviewed until 6:00, and then from 2:52:00 onward.

computer expert, and so if we take a class, we won't be given faulty information... if our discs survive 20 years... eventually they won't have any effect on the evidentiary record... things which Homeland Security does which are related to the ICJ trial... when they give us faulty information, they are just playing with us for the time being... it's not a permanent condition... outside the Cave, nobody really cares whether we know about computers... *our goal is to outlive Mr former Secretary*... so if you ever take a computer class, don't worry about it... other than being their pet project, we are also their entertainment..." I had begun to provide an explanation as to why I had agreed to be slandered by the suit team for the time being. More of it, momentarily.

My next recording is: "petthrwnutbrn9wrshr51\_12\_22\_09\_157-936AM.WMA": I continued to reflect (acting): "... supposedly, the only thing about us that is visible to the power elites of the world is our location... we have to be constantly 'spotted' in order to fix certain characteristics... these characteristics can then be picked up by our doubles... we have these characteristics only in order to transfer them onto someone else... except for our location... but occasionally Homeland Security does violate their rule... such as when we were found hospitalized 50 miles away from where we were... occasionally, Homeland Security would entertain themselves by playing with our computer lessons... but most of the time what we learn is real information... so we have to come back to the disc problem... we won't have any real audience for a long time... unless suddenly Mr former Secretary gets sick and passes away... if Wes comes back and we show him our documentaries, he'll just pretend to not know what this is all about... everyone will pretend to only see the denotation and not the connotation... our family members, Karin's meetup friends... they have all pretended to visit our websites and talk about it over communication channels, saying we wrote this when we didn't... they are not real audience... *we can keep preserving these discs until there is a fundamental change in the world and none of this matters anymore*... we just hope that, 20 years later, we won't be a blackhole anymore... the point is that we'll never have any real audience... real audience are those that, when they watch our documentaries, will be affected in their heart by what they see... we'd tell our therapist, and she would not care... and she would have been recruited, and then she would say over communication channels that we said this when we didn't... are we ever gonna be in contact with people who are not members of the TV cast? ... maybe it's better to not wander around the world so that we can leave a portion of humanity out of the TV show... real audience are people who are outside the Cave and yet not involved in the manufacturing of the objects... we don't open our website because we know we won't have any real audience... we will just stay put... the cast members of the TV show will not announce that it's a TV show... pretending to not know that this is a TV show is part of the TV show itself..." (22:30). Then: "... you don't know what the world will be like in 20 years... again, it's better not to travel to spread the TV show... well, *the Displays will take us in* and we'll show them our documentaries, but what's the point of that? They will just see themselves... besides, we are not interested in the life of a secret agent..." (27:30). Then: "... we can become a cult member just in order to do nothing... just to be kept somewhere... it's very likely that David Chin will be maintained for the rest of his life... but David Chin could be dead and then Lawrence Chin could come out... *we don't know what the plan is... the plan constantly changes*... they had a plan back in August and September last year, but it was interrupted so badly that they couldn't implement it... so we don't know... we just know the immediate future... last year we really thought that David Chin would die and then Lawrence

Chin could come out... after Mr former Secretary's anger has subsided, we would just alternate between Lawrence Chin and David Chin... *that seems to have been their plan*... after the case is over, the power elites will be stuck in the illusion that there are two of us, and we can alternate... *whether we remain as a pet or enter into the cult, we will always be two*, and now things might be a little different... no one really knows when his anger will subside... it's better to be a pet, we don't like the cult life..." (35:10). As you can see, I was making a serious, and ingenious, effort here to frame the CIA for conspiracy with me.

I continued: "... the pet doesn't sign any papers... the cult member signs papers and is bound by contract... we don't actually want that... right now we do whatever we want and let them make something out of our locations... but we don't sign papers... never sign papers... we have to redefine our relationship with this whole thing... the advantage of signing papers is that you don't have to guess around anymore or run the labyrinth... but the disadvantage is that you are then bound by a certain stuff... we only know the immediate future, but not beyond... what disrupts the plan is basically Mr former Secretary's anger... once the evidences are suppressed, we'll go back to the way things were before, and what stands in the way is just his anger... perhaps the evidences have already been suppressed... the Cult always has to change their plan because of Mr former Secretary's anger... that's the real complication... the complication doesn't lie with the Court, but with him... operation is not the plan, but the plan changes temporarily... because of his anger... otherwise, we wouldn't have filed the lawsuit... in the end of March... the operation changes in order to accommodate the complications in the ICJ, but the *plan* changes because of Mr former Secretary's anger... you need to distinguish between these two... don't confuse the plan with the operation... and supposedly... if Mr former Secretary's anger doesn't obstruct the plan, then you can alternate, either as a pet or as a cult member... you might as well stay the pet, you have more freedom that way... this is a very complicated problem of human relationships..." And I hummed when people came near (46:10). Then: "What about our real brother?" Then, on 49:50, I asked the strangers who had appeared in front of me: "What are you guys standing there for?" And I moved away. "They are making cellphone calls for us. We are just getting intercepted, but don't worry about it. The wrath of Mr former Secretary... the complication in the ICJ changes the operation but not the plan, but Mr former Secretary's anger obstructs the plan... that's the two things you need to distinguish... and that's Plan B... the plan is Plan B..." Then a long silence from 1:00:00 onward. Then I mumbled about the difference between *older* women and *old* women. "... 45... still in the range of attraction for us..." And now I wanted to defecate: "... because you are homeless, you can't just shit any time you want..." Then, on 1:09:50, I was on the move. "The good part is, we can keep our discs and learn about computers... the rest depends on Mr former Secretary's mood... our number one goal is to outlive him... the rest don't matter, whether you have to be David Chin or alternate between the two... such is our new resolution... we'll always have a private life if you stay outside the Court... Don't sign papers... we can do whatever we want with our discs if you just stay a pet and don't sign papers... we will then always be a mentally disabled person in this world... with all these videos of computer malfunctioning or fax machines and so on... 200 years from now, who knows what the world will be like... don't piss off your masters... don't make new documentaries... we just hope that the Cult is going to keep the pet in a nice place... probably a place for the mentally disabled... but if he keeps his discs, that's good enough... we have never liked the life

of a cult anyway... Remember how Dr Caldeira said that men process things internally and women externally... I guess we are really a woman... as we have said, we are a lesbian trapped in an ugly male body... the documentaries of the life of a mentally disabled person... who ran into strange people... computer malfunctioning..." Then, on 1:35:00, I settled down in a parking lot somewhere. I rested quietly. "It's probably what the Cult wants anyway, for us to remain a pet... here, we have something in common... as long as we have our discs, we don't care to remain David Chin or to alternate... it's all fine..." Then, from 1:39:00 onward, I was all quiet.

Now, thanks to my testimony that I believed that the CIA had intended to recruit me, the Russians had this morning obtained another spectacular evidence as to how I had run this terrorist conspiracy with the CIA. And my antagonism toward Mr former Secretary was explained again without hurting the Russians' claim that I had conspired with the United States. The suit team had just sunk one yard deeper into their shit hole. It should however be noted that I had done this great feat only with a lot of nervousness and hesitation. I had intuitively sensed that, by believing that the CIA wanted to recruit me and then have me alternate between David Chin and Lawrence Chin, I would tremendously help the Russians – and yet I wasn't entirely sure. At one point during my testimony, I actually stopped for fear that my belief about the CIA's plan to recruit me – whether or not the Invisible Hand had really had such intention – might have the opposite effect and hurt the Russians. Could I have simply talked myself into an impasse again – the thing I feared the most right now? I waited for what I thought would be the Russians' signals. Then, the Hispanic street cleaner came near me and started blowing his machine again, and I thought that this was just the Russians' signal that I had done right and should continue. I thus continued with quite a relief. In reality, while I had indeed damned the suit team in a spectacular fashion, I might have been simply mistaken in thinking that the Hispanic street cleaner was under Russian command and that his noises could possibly have been the Russians' signal to me.

Now, on 1:47:00, as I rested quietly, a car suddenly appeared and shone its bright lights upon me. Russian surveillance? On 1:54:30, more indistinct mumbling: "... operation..." Then, on 2:42:00, I woke up: "... we've got 'spotted'... we've almost fallen asleep... very cold... hibernation..." And I was now on the move. Then: "... maybe an intercept... somebody is using the ATM at Bank of America across the street..." (2:49:50). Then, again: "... to get rid of one fear with a greater fear... what kills pain is just greater pain..." Then, on 3:06:00, I came inside a coffeehouse. (Was it Peet's Coffee?) I ordered drinks and, on 3:10:00, was in the restroom. Out on 3:22:00. I sat way in the back where there was an electrical outlet. Then: "... the detective left... maybe he's not a detective..." Indeed! And I started working on a new copy of DVD-9 while uploading my recordings. On 4:00:40, a Sheriff officer came in: "... that's scary..." And I continued to work on my website. On 4:08:00, I seemed to be reviewing the video I shot of my conversation with Enkel on January 30. On 4:11:00, the employee came to move my things. On 4:25:50, the continual period dots on my Eee PC again. On 4:42:00, I was reviewing the video again. "... Western theories vs Chinese theories... she's copying me!" Then, on 4:48:00, the manager came over to ask me to leave "because I had made too much noises." I was dumbfounded. "Maybe just to produce surveillance showing us getting thrown out... we haven't made any noises at all... Mr former Secretary is still very angry..." Just then, super weapons came in: "So now we have to leave anyway..." And I hummed like crazy while packing up. On 5:06:00, I was out.

Again: “We need a meetup for all the thrown out people, the purpose of coming to this meetup being to be thrown out, so that you can always come back in... we were probably texting our girlfriend when we got thrown out...” Then: “We are imitating our double by picking up cigarette butts,” upon which a long analysis followed (5:25:00). Then, on 5:28:00 I settled down in another coffeehouse. “We did have criminal staring...” (5:40:00). I continued to work on my discs: “... Wireshark-6... Wireshark-6C... error code... someday we will have learned about computers and know what this means... Homeland Security... half of the error codes are probably ‘natural’...” Indeed! And I started creating a new project on my Toshiba Disc Creator. From 6:09:00 onward, I was writing about my episode with Enkel on January 30. Then: “... that Asian girl with a laptop... she’s here to be confused with us...” (6:22:00). Then: “... supposedly Homeland Security is not doing anything illegal... it’s the real world... I’m still worried...” (6:25:00). And I continued to be concerned with the Asian female. “Supposedly you don’t have to worry about the Asian female... whatever she does is just operation...” On 6:53:30, I came outside for a smoke. Immediately I came back in to continue to work. I hummed: “... a lot of criminal recording... let’s get out of here...” I was also moving files from my Toshiba to my Seagate hard drive in order to clear up more disk space. On 7:04:00, I started burning a new disc (DVD-51 New Copy?). On 7:06:00, out again. “It’s getting ‘slightly tainted’. *That’s our goal*, right? People are coming in, we have to get out of here.” I was going in and out of the coffeehouse by now. “We have burned 3 discs this morning... Psychobabble might be a better place...” By 7:19:00, I started packing up. On 7:21:30, the burning was done. “We have got too greedy...” Then my Nero Vision malfunctioned and couldn’t be stopped: “... we’ll try Psychobabble, it’s less stressful there...” On 7:30:50, I was out. “Today has come to an end already...” And I wrote down a number about a loft for rent.

My next recording is: “shltrfail\_aprtnmbr\_topsdncophit\_12\_22\_09\_930AM-205PM.WMA”: While walking the streets, I was again terrified about running into super weapons, and I hummed like crazy (from 8:00 onward). A vagrant asked me for a cigarette, and I gave him one: “We pay for our own intercept” (16:30). Good acting! I came near the shelter and wanted to ask someone about it (31:00). I was afraid to go in. Finally, somebody told me it was not a shelter but a drug-treatment center. He told me to go to the Mission. He also told me about PATH. I walked away on 39:20. I then saw “room for rent” on this building and wanted to ask about it (46:00) but was still afraid to go in with my recorder turned on. When I was taking money out of the ATM, I continued to hum (1:01:00). I was truly tired of humming. Then I bought a sandwich somewhere (1:06:00). I sighed: “We cannot find an apartment... We have to be homeless all our life...” (1:10:00). Then, suddenly, I shouted loudly – there was a super weapon (1:12:00). I continued my act: “We cannot survive the International Court...” (1:16:30). Then: “Suffering has no meaning unless it’s recorded...” (1:25:00). I was even thinking about turning off my recorder in order to go inside the building for a minute (1:26:00). I was then on the bus by 1:40:00 and got off on Vermont and Sunset on 1:44:00. I was still humming loudly, and I seemed to have been videotaped by a police car again. I noted down the vehicle number: 1146158. Now I was afraid to go inside Chase to use the ATM. Then, super weapons were coming, and I hummed loudly (1:48:20). “The super weapon and the aircraft don’t match – for the fourth time!” I was then on the bus again and got off on 2:11:00. I hummed loudly again because super weapons were nearby. I continued my act: “In Nicaragua, we gave Homeland Security one hour each day to do head-scratching; now we give them

four hours each day to do super weapons... I say we have already had over 2,000 intercepts of ‘our snooping on super weapons’...” (until 2:15:00). Then: “The production of evidences is a very funny thing... because usually you would think that evidences are to be found...” (until 2:15:30). I was now looking for a park to nap in. And I seemed to have got videotaped by a police car again: 1327950 (2:30:30). I then got on the 181 bus. I was frantic because a super weapon was waiting for me (2:55:00). Then I fell asleep and woke up on 3:43:00. Soon I began to hum. I got off the bus in Pasadena Old Town on 3:50:00. I again commented (acting) that undercover cops were on the bus. Because I had already passed by the “safe spot”, I was looking for the 181 bus stop to go backward. “We need to go into the mountain to build a house for ourselves...” (3:54:00). I was on the bus again on 4:05:00. I was sitting near what looked like another undercover detective. I pretended to ask this “detective”: “Tell the parents to move the little thing away from the criminal.” He nodded his head, but did nothing (4:07:00). I then hummed loudly, and this “detective” told me to quiet down, and then began hitting me. “You are a cop? Then you are not supposed to hit people... Are you a cop?” “I’m a cop!” he affirmed (4:11:00). As I was trying to get off the bus, I fell over (4:22:00). What’s going on here? Was this man really sent in by the Russians to “stage my environment to fit my belief”? I have actually always suspected that this man, really a law enforcement officer who had just been briefed about my great feat this morning, simply couldn’t help wanting to beat me up because he was angry over the United States’ total loss thanks to me. Finally I got off the bus and came to the bridge. The last time I checked out this spot I didn’t stay, but this time I would. “We are gonna go to a place where there are no human beings around... Human beings are so horrifying...” (4:25:00). “The only reason why we live is to carry our discs...” (4:26:50).

My next recording is: “suffrngnrcrdng\_12\_22\_09\_208-257PM.WMA”: And so I settled down in my corner under the bridge. I filmed myself. “All the other people might not care if we have a yesterday, but we do... we live for yesterday, not tomorrow... yesterday is completed, there is no more need to videotape anything... yesterday’s suffering has completed... tomorrow, suffering will continue, but we no longer need to document our suffering... we don’t really have anymore disk space... we don’t have the means, the will, anymore... we no longer see the point of living, except to carry yesterday’s suffering into the future... suffering has no meaning unless it’s recorded... *maybe our recordings can have a cut-off date*, they just take up so much space... we need to learn about Blu-ray Discs... maybe at a certain point, suffering will be completed and there will be no more meaning to suffering... that’s when suffering will become unbearable...” What I was saying here was very important. I had been pondering whether, now that the Russians had gained complete control of everything around me, my recording habit might start hurting them. But of course I must come up with other reasons to explain why I had suddenly decided not to record myself 24 hours a day anymore: and thus my professed reasons were that yesterday’s suffering had been completed and that I needed to conserve my disk space. As I cleaned my Toshiba with my brush: “... it’s more important to find a home for our Toshiba... Toshiba is important because it stores our suffering... there are people talking over there, a white man and a white woman, sophisticated-looking... I don’t believe this... and more people are coming by... it’s not an operation, is it? This Homeland Security thing is really getting out of hand... super weapons are not going to appear here, are they? Look, that guy sat down over there, pretending to be tired, and he then walked away, to produce a surveillance intercept...” It’s indeed strange that people

would be coming to such a desolate place. Then I was working on my files.

My next recording is: “slpcoloradobridge\_12\_22-23\_09\_251PM-1238AM.WMA”: I was now naming my latest recording files. Then I was doing the directory of my DVD-22 gold disc. On 35:00, a white guy and a white girl came down with their dog. I was shocked: “... we just have to be ‘spotted’, but it’s not illegal to be here, so fuck you very much...” I was then working on DVD-9. I carefully brushed off the dust from my DVDs. On 58:00, I was writing something. “... we are inserting our disc into our Toshiba, hopefully this wouldn’t break it...” On 1:11:00 I was filming myself counting my discs. On 1:14:00 I was filming myself recounting all the people who had walked past. Then I packed up to get ready to sleep. I was terribly concerned that my DVDs might be damaged while I slept on top of my luggage. From 1:31:30 onward, I was sleeping. Then, suddenly: “... people came by because Homeland Security wanted more surveillance showing us using our laptop to snoop on people...” And I couldn’t help but laugh: “... we are under the bridge... our avoiding people has become our snooping on people...” Nice acting! On 2:21:30, I was mumbling about seeing something on the bridge. Then I fell asleep.<sup>16</sup>

### **December 23 (Wednesday; stop recording, the “joker”)**

My next recording is: “wkbrdgetooltdwn\_12\_23\_09\_335-442AM.WMA”: I woke up and started packing. By 27:00, I was on the move. On 40:50, I was mumbling indistinctly about something. On 1:06:00, massive siren.

My next recording is: “chsecnrcoldbdrerd180\_12\_23\_09\_448-654AM.WMA”: I kept on moving on Colorado Blvd. On 17:00, I was mumbling indistinctly about something again. On 18:00, when I arrived at my usual corner behind Chase, I noticed a bunch of magazines scattered on the sidewalk. I pretended to speculate on Homeland Security’s purpose in all this. Then I started working. On 45:00, I was playing my old 3GP videos. Then, the screenshot function was not working on my Eee PC. “Why does that circle keep turning?” By 1:20:00 I was on the move. On 1:22:30, I was checking my account balance on the ATM: “... negative 65 in checking... and saving...” I withdrew my cash. Then, on 1:29:00, I settled down to wait for the bus. The rest of this recording overlaps the beginning of the next recording.

My next recording is: “atmtopsychbabble\_12\_23\_09\_604-754AM.WMA”: On 20:40 I got on the bus taking notice of somebody text-messaging. I turned on my Toshiba. On 1:04:30 I got off the bus on Vermont and Franklin and, on 1:07:00, came inside Psychobabble. Just as I had said yesterday, I wanted to try out this wonderful place! I used the restroom and then got my table to start working. I made sure to read out the username and the password for the wireless network. *I started mumbling about turning in my Eee PC to Best Buy*: “... but Homeland Security will install something when they return it to us... it just doesn’t function anymore... the entire keyboard is broken...” Nice acting! Nevertheless, I had to do something soon because this Eee PC simply couldn’t be used anymore. I came to my website, lawencechin2008.com. Then: “... these Homeland Security junk emails...”

16 Reviewed until 2:30:00, and then from 9:31:00 onward.

presumably it's not illegal to open them... let them have the surveillance intercept... I can't stand this anymore... we keep getting these junk emails from IX Webhosting..." Again, acting!

My next recording is: "skypeapart\_suprwpndsableme\_12\_23\_09\_755-1055AM.WMA": Then I discovered that Jessica had replied me. I uploaded "mu-5-23-08-p2...", i.e. a file from the lawsuit (14:00). I then used Skype to call those apartments for rent (16:20). "... 700 a month..." Then my computer malfunctioned again, and I actually suffered physical pain about it (26:30). I then called up the second apartment for rent (28:00). "... 900 a month..." Then I acted: "We have to constantly record other people, there is just no way out of it... The International Court must have caused the laws to change... Something that no one cares about before is suddenly a big deal... it causes my computer to change, it causes people's memory to change..." (until 1:10:30). Then: "Personal boundaries have disappeared... retrogressive..." (1:29:00). I began talking about the Lacanian mirror stage, how not to *become* others. "The boundary between the self and others has to be perceived by others... I have lost the ability to function because... our discs... separate, but now our discs melt down... We don't want to contain other people..." (until 1:36:30). Then: "These people around me will be *my* life, even though I don't know them... That's the saddest thing... We cannot purge other people's life from our life..." (until 1:44:00). Excellent psychoanalysis of my life under faulty surveillance! Then a super weapon came in, and I hummed (1:46:30). "It's 9:41 AM... the super weapon time... Okay, we shall leave..." And I continued to lament about having to "contain" other people. "Our computer will not survive the International Court... We must find a home for our computer..." (1:49:00). I left Psychobabble by 1:51:00. Then, I suddenly thought I had understood how this "criminal recording" thing came about in the ICJ and thus reflected on my Amanda videos from May: "As for the videos of Amanda: even when our camera was accidentally pointed to the ceiling, everyone knows that the focus is on Amanda... But Mr former Secretary must have argued that the focus is actually on the things on the side and Amanda is only accidentally caught in the video... That's why super weapons show up constantly... He must have argued that, when we record, we have actually wanted to record the things on the side... The side has become the focus and the focus the side... He must have argued that we didn't even know who Amanda is..." This was thus presumably how this "criminal recording" thing had started for the sake of suppressing my videos and recordings as evidences. Then I began acting: "Is Amanda also in the evidentiary record? I don't know... *Presumably the judges have seen our entire website...*" (until 2:04:30). I came inside Starbucks, but left immediately because there was a super weapon inside (2:05:30). Then my "draggy cart" fell apart. Feeling disoriented, I fell onto the street (2:10:30). "There are now 80 gigabytes of data on our website. A super weapon's coming into Psychobabble, that's not natural..." There was now a homeless man yelling about on the street: "– not normal, the purpose is to make this noise into the focus..." (2:15:30). Then: "Our website is fake, and every recording is dissected..." (2:16:30). I then bought a hot dog from 711 and hid in the back of the parking lot to eat it (2:32:00). I picked up many cigarette butts also (2:39:00). And both my head and my eyes were hurting (2:47:00). I was then mumbling about how I needed to take my Eee PC apart to videotape the interior. And I hummed loudly whenever super weapons appeared. "... and so the argument is that the side is really the focus, and the focus is the side... otherwise, what's the big deal about proximity? ... otherwise, everyone is in proximity to super weapons at some point... and the argument is that this was what you wanted, that it was not accidental... that's how crime in surveillance is built up... Look, our



double is doing push-ups, or Muslim praying...” It seems that my purpose here was to get this argument for “criminal recording” to become part of my conspiracy with the suit team so that I wouldn’t have to worry about it anymore – even though, in reality and still unbeknownst to me, the suit team was hardly in a position to make anymore arguments. On 2:58:10 I got on bus 181 but, immediately, a super weapon shouted. Panicking, I quickly got off: “We’ve got hit!” I was very distraught over this “clear shot” in my recording.

My next recording is: “vrmntsprwpndsbleme\_12\_23\_09\_11-1124AM.WMA”: I recounted: “... didn’t know if the police car... we got off the bus immediately... we have to hide... we have to cut the last instance off... yesterday there was a cop, and we hummed all the way... we have proof that we did hum all the way...” And more super weapons, and I hummed like crazy. “It looks like a sting operation, on Franklin and Vermont... the police officers are here, that’ll help us... police officers are not supposed to get confused like that... the sting operation will help us... it will still be on the profile, because the profile is national security... the profile is about looks...” And I continued to hum like crazy. “What happened earlier is that... the bus was full, and we got hit by a super weapon...” I walked down Vermont and kept counting super weapons while humming. Soon bus 780 came, but it was too full and so I didn’t get on. Then: “... a black woman pushing her super weapon...” I rested in a corner and continued counting the people that walked past, speculating whether they were underage. On 16:00, I got on bus 181 but, again, it was too scary and so I got off. On 17:00, a black Cadillac with tinted windows. The Russians didn’t send in any Homeland Security hotshots again, did they? I was by now completely disoriented and exhausted as I continued to wander the street: “We are going to collapse... we are disabled... we should go to the hospital... we cannot get on the bus... we have nowhere to hide... our life is finished... we cannot survive the ICJ...” And I started kicking things on the street. On 22:00 I dropped to the ground next to Bank of America: “Let’s wait to get picked up by the police.” Then, again: “... we have been disabled by super weapons... we have no money...”

My next recording is: “naphtrwwatr\_pssblearrest\_12\_23\_09\_1119AM-556PM.WMA”: I was now lying in front of Bank of America waiting to get picked up by the police. Ha! I continued: “We have been disabled by super weapons... We cannot survive the International Court... We are no longer able to work because of super weapons... Everyday we have just two hours to work... We are no longer able to save our data...” (4:30). Then: “We have to record the people talking around us, for the sake of America, the greatest country in the world...” (18:00). And so I fell asleep and then woke up on 1:09:30. I angrily threw water on a super weapon (1:58:00). I then filmed myself to document where I was hiding (2:20:00). I then continued to nap. Finally, I got up: “*The next time we get onto the bus, we’ll have to turn off our recorder... Something may happen...*” (4:17:00). I continued my act: “Mr former Secretary’s ultimate weapon: getting us arrested and put into the hospital, he would then forge our laptop. This is how evidences are to be suppressed. The joker card – the helicopter above – this is why super weapons have come around to provoke us, the ‘aircraft’ will complain and call the police...” (4:27:00). Continuing my act, I concluded: “... our laptop will come out safe. *We need to prolong our existence: turn off the recorder and not cause disturbances.* Once they should switch the judges, the case can still be won. Then they will put us in board-and-care, then we will have peace again, just as Terese tried to put us in board-and-care...” (4:32:00). Even when I was this upset, I was still protecting

the Russians by providing some other reason as to why I would soon stop recording myself around the clock. Then: “We don’t need to be homeless in order to produce surveillance intercepts... If need be, we’ll be driven outside...” (4:36:00). I continued my act: “Everything has to be legal – now they are just building up the legal pretexts – for operations have to be embedded in the ordinary mechanisms of society...” (4:41:30). I then started reviewing my recordings (5:45:00).

My next recording is: “eatburritocop\_12\_23\_09\_603-632PM.WMA”: I turned on the recorder and recounted: “... it’s 5 minutes after the previous file... what happened is that... we turned off the recorder... an aircraft and super weapons passed by, 50 yards... police cars came quickly to videotape us...” Humming like crazy, I came to the Mexican place: “... we’ll get something to eat first...” I got my burrito. “... people will always believe what other people say, not what *we* say... whatever we say has no credibility... there is a video of our attacking an aircraft with super weapons by throwing water on them... in the US that is a grave crime... Mr former Secretary is playing... on our laptop again.. he’s preparing to get us arrested... only three persons are here, all quiet...” Then, when my burrito fell to the ground: “... we are in the process of disintegrating... some kind of pet we are, an abandoned pet...” On 21:30, more super weapons appeared at the cashier counter, and I hummed. Then: “This guy looks like a cop...” And I asked him: “Are you some sort of police officer? No? It’s a white man... He came to stand in front of us... Oh, super weapons have showed up, and that’s why he’s here.” And I turned off my recorder as I got ready to get on the bus.

And so I rode the 181 bus back to Pasadena without recording it but, when I got off the bus, I injured myself. More on this later. My next recording is: “crys1ppsdpnrklot\_12\_23\_09\_759-907PM.WMA”: I came to my usual corner next to the parking structure and was crying so sadly because of my injury. It’s amazing that I could feel so sad even when I knew that the Russians were winning big time. On 12:00, I stopped. And I rested quietly. On 27:20 I was mumbling indistinctly about something. More on 29:30: “... security vehicles came around to ‘spot us’...” Then more about a car’s “spotting me” on 37:00. More mumbling on 51:30. Then I was mumbling more about how I was “spotted” by a security vehicle and how people were instructed to “spot me” and report me (54:50). Then my recorder ran out of space.

My next recording is: “slppsdpnrklot\_12\_23-4\_09\_1113PM-1253AM.WMA”: And so I was sleeping in my corner. Siren immediately. I then mumbled something about my injury from earlier. (Again, more on this below.) Then I fell asleep.<sup>17</sup> By 1:23:00 I was up and on the move. On 1:30:00 I had come to my usual corner behind Chase to get ready to work.

### **December 24 (Thursday; recording remotely deleted?)**

My next recording is: “wkbrndvd23ncp\_12\_24\_09\_1247-132AM.WMA”: I continued: “... our Seagate... next, we stick our Samsung DVD Writer in... then our gold disc...” Siren on 3:30. “... open data project... DVD-23...” I was now burning DVD-23-NCP onto the gold disc. I recounted: “... what happened on the bus 8 PM last night... before we got on the bus, we turned off our recorder... it was on Vermont and Prospect... Homeland Security was watching us... then a middle-aged white man, bald

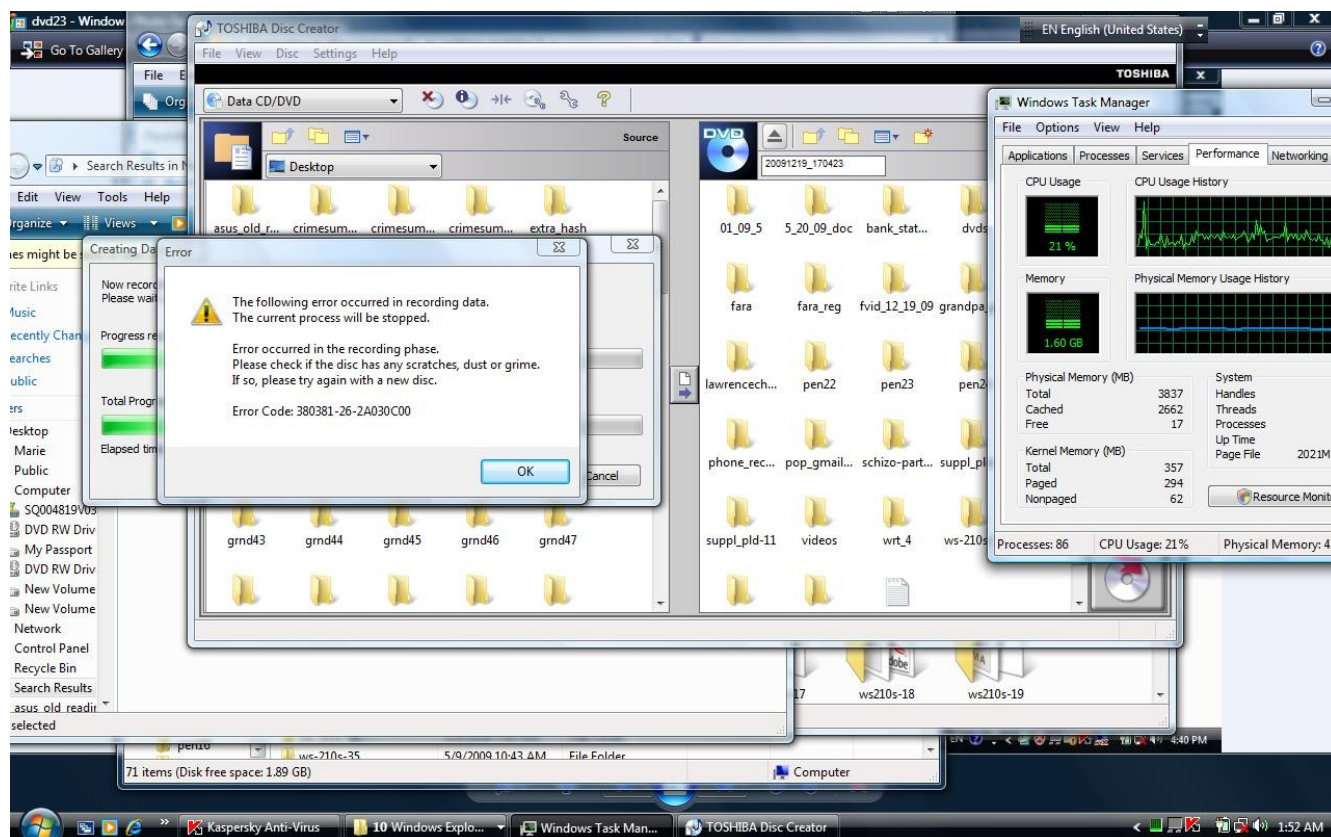
<sup>17</sup> Reviewed until 8:00, and then from 1:19:00 onward.

head, said to us: ‘Broadway and Kent’... we didn’t say anything, we just sat in the back... and he came back and said again: ‘Broadway, one block north, there you can get glasses for free’... it seems that Homeland Security was trying to produce an intercept... it was all the more convenient because we didn’t record it... Homeland Security and the Displays... they not only want to get our files tainted so that, in the future, such thing will never happen again... it’s better that there be no files at all... the intercept was not recorded, and there will be no file to go into the ICJ as evidence in the future... *supposedly, if we get our glasses fixed, something will be put in front of us...* since we couldn’t videotape him... so we drew a portrait of him, that must have created an intercept too... we haven’t drawn for a long time... *it’s not important to record intercepts anymore...* we’ll just have our word if we want to file a civil suit in the future... then, around 7:08 PM, one Hispanic guy... standing around chatting... they saw us drawing, and they said ‘Very good’... then super weapons got on... we looked for the police officer... maybe one, a white male... since we didn’t hum, the officer might assume we were recording when we were not... then another, a non-white... and so we went to the front, on 7:28 PM, and showed the bus driver our recorders, ‘Recorders are not on’... we asked for his name... and he said ‘Why?’... the bus number is 6067... we drew a portrait of him too... we were worried because we didn’t know what the bus driver would say... he might say our recorders were on... but law enforcement investigation shouldn’t invert things... then super weapons went to the front, and we went to the middle, and then to the back... then our burrito bag broke open, and our soda spilled all over... until we reached Lake and Colorado... and we got off, and we turned on our recorder, and we tripped over, and we terribly injured our knee...” The disc was successfully burned, and I started checking over the videos on the disc. “... the videos of Amanda...” Then, on 37:00, somebody passed by: “... it’s very bad, we are ‘spotted’... a white man... then our recorder was shut off, and we turned it on again, and then we went to the corner to sleep... we created a lot of intercepts while on the bus... secret messages, mental retardation... super weapons... you should have the recorder turned on when you ride the bus... you shouldn’t ride during ‘high time’...”

We need to pause for a moment to comment on what happened last night. Two things. First, I had again done well by drawing portraits of suspicious people rather than filming them. The Russians had again obtained evidence that I was indeed Lawrence Chin the artist – and all as if I had never intended to provide any such evidence. Second, now that the suit team was inescapably entrenched in a conspiracy with me, the man who was telling me where to fix my glasses might very well be a Homeland Security operative sent in under Russian command, i.e. to stage my environment in a way that would fit my belief. Perhaps the Russians really thought that it would improve their case if I looked better (not with my broken glasses all the time). Perhaps, just as I had pretended to speculate, something would be put in front of me once I got there. Or perhaps something would indeed be forged – the “joker” I had been talking about. Presumably the Russians deemed me too useful to be put away in a mental hospital, but getting the suit team to forge an electronic device of mine as a way to deceive the world that I was a Russian agent when I was really a CIA agent (or pet) – that would indeed be the last act the Russians would need to convict the suit team, as you shall see.

My next recording is: “12\_24\_09\_151AM.WMA”: I took note of the fact that my recorder was turned off.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice  
8.1.3. Mission accomplie, D.  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2009 – Mar. 2021.



Toshiba Disc Creator failed to burn DVD-22, 1:52 AM.

My next recording is: “chsecrnrbndvd23newcp\_12\_24\_09\_157-222AM.WMA”: I continued: “... the file was burned onto the gold disc, and ... passed by... and so we got worried... we’ve got an error code... there can’t be anything wrong with the disc... when we got off the bus, we tripped over and injured our knee... it’s very sad... it’s not just physical pain... and as soon as we came back, our Toshiba Disc Creator malfunctioned... we have to videotape it... it’s already burning, but the progress bar is not moving, everything is stopped... when you have machine malfunctioning on video, it’s also a form of therapy... maybe it’s just that this Verbatim spindle has many bad discs in it...” I was now looking for more videos of Amanda.

My next recording is: “dvd22newcp\_wnchll180\_12\_24\_09\_227-709AM.WMA”: I was now checking over my DVD-22 Copy-Copy. Then my Toshiba malfunctioned on 6:00: both Microsoft Paint and ImgBurn froze up. I continued: “... We just wish we could understand computers, that would be so wonderful...” (9:00). Now I was unable to get the disc information through ImgBurn. “This is an intercept of our computer malfunctioning...” On 17:00 the security guard came to throw me out. I continued my act: “*Homeland Security is in the process of orchestrating our arrest in order to forge our laptop...*” (23:00). Then: “By 7 AM, if we are anywhere in an enclosure, we will have to turn off our recorder. That’s how dangerous it has become...” (45:00). I had now come to Winchell: “At any

time we may have to turn off the recorder...” (52:00). Now the black man, the actor posing as a law enforcement undercover officer (or so it seemed), was there again. I was outside most of the time, afraid to stay inside because I was afraid to record myself inside. I was working hard trying to figure out the Wireshark captures on my Eee PC. Then I was clearing my disk space. Then, when I was walking north along Lake Blvd, a woman passed me by saying “Merry Christmas” to me (2:22:00). Was this orchestrated? “We have way too many videos of computer malfunctioning... We need to stop, we have no more disk space...” (2:27:00). I came to Starbucks on 2:33:00. I used the restroom while humming (2:44:00). I was afraid to stay in Starbucks and left on 3:27:30. I was on the bus by 3:35:00. I rode the bus silently – sleeping? – until I got off on Vermont and Prospect on 4:18:30. I then waited outside Psychobabble until I was let in on 4:37:30. That’s when I discovered the warning sign that the place was under audio surveillance as well.

My next recording is: “psychobabble\_12\_24\_09\_706-723AM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we walked into Psychobabble, and we ordered... and the wireless password... there is a sign in the front: ‘This place is under audio and video surveillance’... that’s good...” And I mumbled about how much I liked this place. Then about my Eee PC: “We don’t even know if it’s being remotely controlled... *maybe we should take this Eee PC back*... nothing is going on right now, and so we’ll turn off our recorder.”

My next recording is: “122409\_802AM.WMA”: I came outside for a break and turned on my recorder and recounted: “... we walked into Psychobabble... one guy... on his cellphone... kept talking about philosophy stuff... Foucault... it’s an intercept... it happened about 10 minutes ago... we are gonna turn off the recorder as we go back in... there is a surveillance camera inside...” After I turned off my recorder, I got back inside to work. I continued to upload the files from my lawsuit (just like yesterday, recordings from Karin’s meetups) while looking up housing assistance programs (including a search for “North Hollywood Mental Health”).

My next recording is: “122409\_830AM.WMA”: I turned on my recorder briefly to register what was going on: “... our Eee PC is massively malfunctioning... GFTP, File Manager... once you pull them down, they can’t be pulled up... we can’t really turn on GFTP right now...” And then I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “122409\_842AM.WMA”: Again: “... Eee PC is massively malfunctioning... we have uploaded three files... Nero is working very slowly...” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “122409\_844AM.WMA”: My disc was still being burned. “... Eee PC is malfunctioning... it goes down into an infinite loop... period dots all over... the burn has failed...” I was now getting really upset: “... not a single thing is functioning... infinite period dots...” My Nero had failed the burning, and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “tonrmandie\_12\_24\_09\_923-1006AM.WMA”: I had by now left Psychobabble and was walking on the street. I continued to recount: “... around 9 AM, super weapons suddenly showed up, and so we turned off our recorder... then the Sheriff vehicles at the post office across the

street... we left the recorder on the table... hopefully, the security camera will show us turning off the recorder, not turning it on... but this surveillance video, when intercepted into the ICJ as evidence, might show just the opposite, that we were turning on the recorder... now the two Sheriff vehicles that came out of the post office... they must be trying to videotape somebody inside Psychobabble... obviously to ascertain that we were in there when the super weapons came in... two possibilities, first, it'll happen like the last time... the police will come to pretend to arrest us for criminal recording, but will then discover that there is nothing going on... and then release us... there will then be surveillance of our arrest although not of our release... second, it seems that Homeland Security is using super weapons to get us to turn off our recorder... so that operation can begin without ever being recorded... because, earlier, when we turned off the recorder, another guy immediately came in with a laptop, and he turned it on and it was Windows Vista... that's probably our double... and nothing will ever be recorded... Homeland Security is doing this as preemptive strike... so when they send in super weapons, we'll be completely disabled... this is more effective than getting our files slightly tainted, for, if anything happens in the future, they won't ever have to try to make our files inadmissible as evidences in the ICJ... there will simply be no files... now there is a surveillance video showing us turning off our recorder... if law enforcement officers ever check the video, we should be safe... we have supposedly made the right decision by leaving our recorder on the table, for law enforcement is not supposed to invert reality when they investigate something in *this* world... and end up arresting people for the crimes they are trying to avoid committing... for if there is any evidence, it's that we are trying to avoid committing crimes... even though in the world of surveillance, people who are avoiding committing crimes are arrested and people who have committed crimes are let go as innocent... that seems to be the pattern before... how it supposedly works is that they will provoke you and put you in the hospital in order to obtain surveillance showing you going into jail... that's how it worked in March... *but that means that we might be put into the hospital again... so our laptop...* in reality our laptop might be checked... nothing... and let go... that is not horrifying, but still something we would like to have not happen... we have to work hard to put ourselves somewhere... Homeland Security knows that they will not succeed in getting us to become a *real* criminal recorder, and so they are just trying to provoke us... so the profile... insanity... but we don't like that either... how about they just go after our double..." (until 10:00). Just so much acting. Then: "... what we don't understand is that there was a sign saying the place was also under audio surveillance... so somehow the owner is recording super weapons that are not his... why is it not illegal for him? ... and, whenever people start talking and we turn off our recorder, we never make any sounds... we don't make any sounds that are not recorded... if we say anything while our recorder is off, we'll recollect it afterward... when people talk, our recorder will be off, that's the only way to be safe... Look, a man with a dog... Does that matter? What's wrong with dogs? ... that means that our double has finished surfing the net in Psychobabble... from now on there will be no recording inside the bus... Look, a police car is here to videotape us... probably because, yesterday, a Hispanic aircraft made a report about us..." (21:30). Not. Then: "Doesn't it seem strange that this vagrant is so easily 'accidentally' videotaped?..." *Then I was mumbling again about how my Eee PC would soon be forged* (25:00). I hummed loudly while I kept on walking. "An old white woman is talking to us, but we are not sure what she is saying" (29:00). I was now on Franklin and Normandie (32:30). On 36:20, I wrote down the number for an apartment for rent. Then, as if I was in too much danger, I turned off my recorder.

My plan was to first check my new discs in the cybercafe and then put them into my storage unit and then find a motel to pass this Christmas eve. My next recording is: “outofbusnrmandie\_12\_24\_09\_1031AM.WMA”: I just got off the bus. I recounted how many super weapons were on the bus. “We weren’t sure as to which one was law enforcement.” Just before I came inside the cybercafe, I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “outofcybrcafe\_12\_24\_09\_1057AM.WMA: I just came out of the cybercafe, having checked the new copy of DVD-22. And I turned off my recorder before getting on the bus.

My next recording is: “arrivedwntwn\_12\_24\_09\_1114AM.WMA”: I recounted how a police car had just videotaped me taking out my recorder. Then: “... we were on the bus... many super weapons... that might be a detective... we decided not to show him our recorder... I hope he would not get confused... law enforcement officers should not get confused when it comes to real crimes... we have to hope for this because we can’t behave so suspiciously anymore... this is proof that we no longer record while on the bus... the first guy was wearing earphones, and shouldn’t be law enforcement...” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “wlkolive\_12\_24\_09\_1126AM.WMA”: I was now walking past Olive and Olympics. Nothing around. And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “chnselunch\_12\_24\_09\_1202-1204PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we are in the middle of eating the lunch we got from the Chinese place... Olive and 18<sup>th</sup>... we were eating at the back of the bus bench... near the opening of a storage or factory... a black man walked out... he looked like a security guard with a walkie-talkie... maybe here to report us... and so we moved away... we are very scared, and so we just want to make a note.” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “storage\_12\_24\_09\_1234-1237PM.WMA”: I had by now come inside A-American. I filmed myself opening my storage unit.

My next recording is: “storage\_12\_24\_09\_1238-1248PM.WMA”: I took account of all the discs I would put in. What’s most important was of course my newest “Amanda on Gold”.

My next recording is: “storage\_12\_24\_09\_1249-1254PM.WMA”: I was still putting in my discs. Then I was leaving. I mumbled out of satisfaction: “... Amanda on gold is also inside...”

My next recording is: “storagelostfile\_12\_24\_09\_107-115PM.WMA”: When I came out of A-American, I discovered that my recorder was turned off. I panicked, for I had just said a lot of things: “... we were just saying, ‘Our memory will not be taken away from us’... and how we didn’t know why that guy kept coming up to say ‘It’s closing time’... maybe he just wanted to get himself recorded, or maybe Homeland Security just wanted a witness for our having a recorder next to us when we put things into our storage unit... to solidify law enforcement’s profile of us as a criminal recorder... and it

would be taken to the ICJ as evidence... and we said, ‘The most beautiful on gold... for 100 years... so we’ll be watching her for the next 100 years’... when we said something important, it’d better not be lost in the air...” Then, after examining the recordings in my other recorder, I determined that it had turned itself off when I was putting the gold disc with Amanda into my suit case.

My next recording is: “storagelostfile\_12\_24\_09\_109-110PM.WMA”: When I turned on the other recorder: “Let’s check the other one, maybe it’s in the other one...” And so I played the file in the other recorder. It’s not in there. “What about the last portion when we came out?”

My next recording is: “storagelostfile\_12\_24\_09\_114-124PM.WMA”: I continued: “... this makes no sense... the most beautiful ‘Amanda on Gold’... I just put it in there, it’s not gonna get burglarized... what happened was that the worker came up to announce ‘It’s closed,’ and so we turned off our recorder, and then we turned it on again, and, just then, he came up again to shout ‘It’s closed’... I assume he was here to witness our recording ourselves... and so we exited by the side stairs... we explained to him how we needed to keep track of what we put into our unit... and this last portion has disappeared from the recording... maybe Homeland Security has remotely deleted the file... why would they do that? That means something is going to happen to our things in the storage... we are very concerned because we just put our ‘Amanda on Gold’ inside... tomorrow it won’t be open... that means we need to come back later to see if something happens to it... that means that tonight we might get arrested, independent of our actions... we are very scared... they had better not take away our ‘Amanda on Gold’... we put it in the suit case and we locked it... and so Homeland Security is not going to orchestrate a show as if we never locked it and send someone in to take it out... so I don’t know why the last portion of the recording is lost... but we did videotape the configuration... although not our locking our unit...” Then, on 7:50, I actually broke down crying: “... why has this part of the recording disappeared? ... we will have to come back... Oh, super weapons are coming... we are leaving the storage now...” And I turned off my recorder. Did the Russians really order Homeland Security to remotely turn off my recorder?

My next recording is: “amandaliveson\_12\_24\_09\_130-134PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... it’s 10 minutes after we have arrived at the 38 bus stop... we are very worried... we are going to come back and check to make sure nothing is touched... Amanda on disc is going to last a lot longer than the real Amanda... the real Amanda is going to get old and die... the reason why that worker kept trying to harass us... Oh, an ambulance... we must try hard to survive tonight and tomorrow... and then come back to check on ‘Amanda on Gold’... Why does the ambulance come to videotape us? ... we don’t need to videotape anything anymore after we have secured our past... we are constantly making sure no super weapons are around... we are absolutely certain that the lock was on...” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “gardenofsculptures\_slpbridge\_12\_24\_09\_448-959PM.WMA”: By this time I had traveled all the way from downtown LA to the bridge by Colorado Blvd in Pasadena. And so I had after all decided not to check into a motel today. I lay down on the grass under the bridge and was ready to sleep. “... we didn’t videotape the configuration of our storage when we locked it...” Then I recounted: “... while we were near California Hospital, we got videotaped by parking enforcement...



then, when we were at Vermont and Prospect, a police car caught us in its camera... around 2:30 PM... the license plate is... the rest of the intercepts we will recount tomorrow...” I filmed all the notations I had made on my hand about supposed intercepts. (I was of course just acting when I noted these down: there were hardly anymore intercepts to worry about now that Russia was winning big time.) Then I started on my important testimony again: “... the unintended torture chamber... a torture chamber that is not designed to be a torture chamber... *the CIA is a secret garden of beautiful sculptures*... who mesmerize you only when they produce optical images... Why would Homeland Security delete such inconsequential recording? ... when we were on the 181 bus, there was text-messaging around 2:45 PM... and a girl was talking about sex, from about 2:50 to 3:30 PM... saving the secret garden of beautiful sculptures... people can be mean or nice, but sculptures are more interesting than real people... saving the garden... eventually dwindles down to saving optical images... the secret garden of beautiful sculptures saved themselves back in March... then... it became saving the optical images... it’s strange how things have progressed... it just changes... saving the garden... then apartment... then optical images... three stages... and we characterize this year as ‘three savings’... they save and we save... March, July, and December... the means to every saving is the conviction of Russia... 2009 should be named the ‘year of the conviction of Russia’... but... in order to save optical images, you have to save the apartment... that’s why we are looking for an apartment... in March, the secret garden of beautiful sculptures was saved... but we didn’t get saved... now, saving optical images... we also want to save the apartment again... you need to save the apartment in order to save ‘Karin’s meetups’... the videos... the sculptures actually move... intelligence is a dirty business, framing people and so on, but the description of it is almost like poetry... the people behind the sculptures would do such a thing... but we want to save the beauty of the sculptures...” (48:00). Then; “... the optical images are a portion of our existence, and all that we are trying to do is to save them... operation... to destroy the optical images... this criminal recording thing... we are participating in the fake thing... *but don’t let it become real*... to save optical images... fake criminal recording will not involve the destruction of optical images... even the joker card should not involve it... today, what happened at the storage makes us very fearful... *we will try to suppress evidences so that we can go back to the time before when optical images wouldn’t be destroyed*... right now... the police... it’s not gonna happen... is it? ... it’s like the Book of John... in the beginning is the logos... logos is therapy...” Then, from 1:03:00 onward, I was asleep. Again, excellent performance: insofar as the Russians must have also planted listening devices in this new spot of mine, they had just obtained more evidence that I was a selfish brat solely focused on my own aesthetic enjoyment and completely unconcerned with the injustice they had suffered.

### **December 25 (Friday; hard drive burglarized)**

My next recordings are: “slpbridge\_12\_25\_09\_1250-118AM.WMA” and “wlkbrdgepsdn\_12\_25\_09\_123-129AM.WMA”: I just woke up. I laboriously carried my bag up the bridge.

My next recording is: “towinchll\_12\_25\_09\_124-258AM.WMA”: As I walked along Colorado Blvd, I was mumbling nonsense throughout: “... Karin always has meetups on Christmas...” And I was commenting on all the museums that I passed by. “... optical images of the sculptures of the secret

garden...” On 15:30 I settled down briefly in the corner behind Chase. Then I moved on. Then I was mumbling about my phobia toward people’s talking. “Why? Well, they are gonna taint your files.” Then about recording intercepts: “... nothing to be afraid of... except in an enclosure... they talk so loud that we think Homeland Security has sent them here... no need to worry about 2008... only 2009... Don’t ever do anything illegal, whether the police are around or not... Don’t record anything unless people are talking to you or you are talking to yourself... and never super weapons...” Then I was mumbling about Greg (from CGI). “... we have to be very careful because we have a law enforcement profile... I say we should just not talk to people... sometimes therapy sessions are recorded too...” On 36:50, I was “spotted” by police cars (or so it seemed). On 47:00, I recalled: “... while walking down Normandie to the cybercafe yesterday, we saw a lot of apartments for rent...” Then, on 48:20, I recounted all the insignificant things I said while in the Chinese restaurant yesterday. Then: “... the Homeland Security guy... acting and carrying a CD player... a Hispanic guy... looked like he was acting... Homeland Security handed out CD players to everyone... and so we sat outside to eat...” On 52:30, I rested briefly in an indented corner next to the Starbucks on Colorado Blvd. “Pasadena is dangerous, don’t be here after 6 AM...” Then, on 56:00: “... this Eee PC really has no more value for us... *just let them forge it*... no disk space... what can they put in there? *If you turn in your Eee PC*, there might come out a big laptop on the other side... what’s the point of uploading files if they want to play the ‘joker’? But we have to save these files anyway...” (59:00). I was again providing explanations for my actions! “... we have to leave by 6 AM... don’t go to Starbucks... even though there is a golden restroom there...” As I continued walking: “... the police cannot confiscate anything we have, unless it’s out of the ordinary...” Then, more mumbling. Then: “Why is the alarm going off?” (1:14:30) “... this is not normal, Homeland Security is doing this... the police will come and go, ‘Oh, false alarm’, and you’ll have a surveillance intercept... copy Amanda... always take the gold...” On 1:29:10, massive siren in the distance. “The joker... *it looks like they are really gonna play it*...” Finally, at the end of the recording, I arrived at Winchell. “The same black guy is inside.”

My next recording is: “winchell\_12\_25\_09\_302-317AM.WMA”. I recounted how I bought three chocolate bars: “... and then we spilled our coffee on the table... we have become so disabled... how does that cop know whether our recorder is on or off? ... the LA Times outside on the table... maybe to produce a surveillance intercept... we have *become* David Chin, or been reduced to David Chin... that’s what happens with your constant phobia...” I kept asking the cashier for more coffee, but he was not responding. “Amanda on Silver and Amanda on Gold...” Siren on 13:10.

My next recording is: “winchell\_12\_25\_09\_320-412AM.WMA”: I got more coffee. More recounting: “... yesterday on bus 181, more super weapons, and then... the Asian woman with her super weapon... just had to get off when we... pissed us off...” I then mumbled more about Amanda on the original disc. I turned on my Toshiba and started naming my latest recording files.

My next recording is: “loveofimages\_chsecnrnatm\_12\_25\_09\_417-636AM.WMA”: I continued: “... immortalized schizophrenic, with an immortalized Amanda... immortalized fake Russian secret agent girlfriend...” (3:20). On 14:00, Pasadena Police: “... this is bad...” By 18:30 I was on the move. While walking along Lake Blvd I continued: “... Do you know what the problem is? The problem is that we

are in love with these images: Amanda, our fake Russian secret agent girlfriend...” (19:50). I was actually not lying – I was very much attached to my videos of secret agents or former secret agents. “... these are in binary oppositions... we’ll keep them... this is the real world... in the real world everything will work normally... there is no illegal stuff... people pretending not to know... UCLA students... speaking Russian... our girlfriend found the wrong guy, she was supposed to find *us*...” (until 21:30). Ha! And I went on about this for a while. “... we’ll keep copying the file so that she will live on, always being as young as she was... Amanda is always our favorite...” Excellent testimony for the Russians! I then mumbled about the fake Russian agent I encountered in the San Jose courthouse: “... she must be Russian, because the ‘script’ required it... these former Russian agents were most likely caught and not defectors... defectors would say no to the invitation to participate in this operation... it’s so scary, we have seen five police cars already... *maybe we should take our Eee PC back*...” More on this later. By 35:00, I had settled down in my usual corner behind Chase. “... we can show them to Wes... but we will probably be by ourselves...” Then, indistinctly: “... they wouldn’t know... the Displays... we’ll not find them... if one is put in front of us, we wouldn’t know... if it’s required that we know one when we see one, then we’ll know one when we see one, and if it’s not required, then we’ll not know one when we see one...” On 1:03:00, I turned on my Toshiba. “... the Washington DC stuff... doing something... we cannot videotape computer malfunctioning anymore...” I was then working on my files. (Hashing?) On 1:31:00, I set up my Audio File Cutter to get ready to cut tainted files. I lamented that I didn’t have time to write anymore. “... I don’t think law enforcement will check through our writings... thousands of pages...” I located where to cut in my recording, on 1:55:00 (1:43:30). Then the files to delete. “Why are we having problems with screenshots? We have never had such a problem before...” Again, I kept all the tainted files in a special folder. “Following her tradition, Karin should be at Academy or Playhouse 7 today... she’s probably very happy since we... she’s sadistic...” By 2:06:30 I had packed up and was on the move. On 2:09:00, I was at the ATM. Luckily, I got more deposits from my family than usual because of the holidays. I continued: “... Homeland Security gives us ever more fearful things, so that the earlier fearful things aren’t fearful anymore... we love Amanda... people think secret agents are like ‘007’, but in fact they are just like mannequins... they stand around and look pretty...” Then, when I got on bus 180, I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “worryaboutseagate\_vrmnt\_12\_25\_09\_723-846AM.WMA”: I got off the 180 bus on Vermont and Franklin. Psychobabble was not yet open, and so I came to the parking lot area in the back. I took notice of the surveillance camera on the wall. On 18:00, as I unpacked, I discovered that my Seagate hard drive was placed among the blankets, and that my external keyboard and mouse were all outside my bag. What? This was horrifying, and I began to suspect that, earlier when I was asleep, the Russians had ordered Homeland Security to send agents in to access my hard drives and make copies of their contents (although I wouldn’t of course dare to speak my suspicion). On 23:00, because the dog kept barking: “Does Homeland Security want us to record that?” I examined my DVDs. I was quite distraught over the possible burglarization of my hard drives: “... that’s what happens when you can’t videotape your things constantly... Homeland Security might have got into our Seagate... they have never done that before...” I randomly chose files in my Seagate to play to make sure that everything was okay in there. Siren on 41:00. I was also reviewing the recording of my

sleeping last night to look for signs of burglarization (46:00). Then I was upset because there was no way to verify that the files were okay. From 1:14:00 onward, I repeated continually: "... this doesn't make sense... if he took it out, why didn't he put it back into the same place?" Namely, I assumed that it was the same Chinese super pickpocket who was sent in to access my drives.

My next recording is: "backto711cig\_tobus2\_12\_25\_09\_935-945AM.WMA": I recounted what I said while buying cigarettes in 711 (insignificant things). I was still distraught: "... maybe Homeland Security just wanted..." I was then mumbling about how I needed a flash drive. Then: "... Homeland Security just wanted an intercept... How does the police officer know whether our recorder was on or off? ... super weapons... that's gonna happen very often from now on... the police will have to pretend to not know whether our recorder was on or off..." I kept on walking. Then I turned off my recorder and got ready to get on bus 2. It's not clear whether I had spent any time in Psychobabble earlier, and I was going to find a motel to stay in for today.

My next recording is: "lookformtl\_12\_25\_09\_958-1038AM.WMA": I continued: "... we have to check... it's just so much troubles... presumably the virus was not burned onto the disc... Homeland Security remote control only affects the application... the video files are so large, Homeland Security doesn't know what's in them... we have to listen to the recording first, from yesterday..." With a towel wrapped around my head, I moved on and kept on humming. "Sometimes super weapons might be firing from nearby houses..." On 16:00, I came to the first motel: no rooms available. I moved on. Another police car on 20:30. "... our things taken away... not a show... Homeland Security just wants a copy... to see what's in it..." Again, I dared not to say that my suspicion was actually that it was the Russians who had wanted a copy of all my recordings. "... by now they should have no reason to go into our storage..." As I kept on walking, I began moaning: "... we can't walk, we can't do it... we have to wait for the bus..." Then I turned off my recorder. I was still on Sunset Blvd.

My next recording is: "lookformtl\_12\_25\_09\_1039-1040AM.WMA": I turned on my recorder for a brief moment to recount how I was waiting for the bus again.

My next recording is: "lookformtl\_12\_25\_09\_1043-1047AM.WMA": Another police car came to videotape me (or so I thought): "It's very bad..." I was crying out of frustration and then the bus came.

My next recording is: "12\_25\_09\_1050-1056AM.WMA": I just got off the bus. "Ellison Park on Sunset." I rested. "Super weapons 100 yards away. A police officer has 'spotted us'. More super weapons are coming." I broke down crying again and turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "12\_25\_09\_1058-1106AM.WMA": I was now trying to get a room at this other motel. I was waiting for people to come out. A super weapon shouted, and I hummed like crazy. Then, police car! "It's Christmas and we have got videotaped 10 times already... Why are they taking so long? It might not be a good idea..." Then I almost broke down crying again. "And they locked the door when they came out." Then the manager came out to tell me it's all sold out. I broke down crying again while walking away. I got on the bus and turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “dwntwn\_12\_25\_09\_1114-1118AM.WMA”: I just got off the bus on Hill in downtown. “Super weapons, 150 yards...” I still wanted to cry. People were coming out of the church. “Super weapons are coming,” I cried. And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “dwntwnwaitbus\_12\_25\_09\_1119-1121AM.WMA”: I turned on my recorder when the super weapons had left. Then a man who came out of the church gave me a dollar. I continued to sob. “Why did this happen? The recorder was purposely turned off.” Namely, as you can see, my sleeping between 10 PM and 1 AM last night wasn’t recorded. Was it during this time that my hard drives were burglarized? Then, more super weapons, and I shouted loudly and turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “chkinmtlhlywd\_12\_25\_09\_1237-1248PM.WMA”: I got off the bus on Hollywood and La Brea and recounted what had happened: “... Army recruiter, a lot of cameras around... we avoided that... went upward... Motel 7...” On 2:00, I was at the third motel: a small room was available, 60 dollars per night, and I filled out the reservation form. “... so many cameras here... that’s why Homeland Security wants us to show up here... we’ve got videotaped enough today... while on the bus, we noticed that the bus driver had a bag next to him... we wondered if law enforcement had instructed the bus driver to leave a bag there... and so we got scared... we got off bus 4 in Hollywood because a lot of motels are here... we’ve got room 104 and we have to turn it off before we find the room... there is no court yard here... for safety’s sake...” Namely, to avoid criminal recording.

My next recording is: “mtldvd85\_12\_25\_09\_1245-457PM.WMA”: I was now in my motel room. I continued: “All the motels on Silverlake were full... One block away from the highly sensitive... it’s possible that, as law enforcement came to investigate us, they sucked everything out of our hard drives... but they won’t discover much illegal things... but they would pretend to be confused... they won’t delete our data or put viruses in there... the last time, with our flash drives... they didn’t put anything inside... and they didn’t put them back in the right place...” Again, I pretended to not know that it was the Russians who had burglarized my flash drives back in May. “... even the super Chinese pickpocket didn’t put it back in the right place... or maybe we just made a mistake... we have to review the recording... but there must be a reason why we kept getting videotaped today... it’s now 1 PM...” (17:00). Then: “I think Homeland Security just wanted us to know... for they could easily put it back in the right place... that means it’s okay... it’s like a warning...” On 29:00, I started reviewing my recording. “In August 2007, when Homeland Security burglarized our flash drives, they just threw them out on the ground... Homeland Security agents never put things back in the right place...” I thus pretended to conclude that it was Homeland Security which had burglarized my bag last night (35:30). “The last time” – i.e., back in May: again, I pretended to not know it was the Russians – “when we reviewed the recording we never found anything... and this time our recorder was turned off and things were in the wrong place... and there were limousines seen before and after... this time, if we didn’t make a mistake, it’s Homeland Security... unless the recorder has shut off by itself...” I acted: “... they want a copy of our files... *because they want to forge it*... Homeland Security is this time also going to forge our hard drives, not just the laptop...” (42:00). Good! “... that means we will be safe, they aren’t going to forge our laptops... they will then just use our double...” Then I mentioned how there was a

lot of police citing lately: "... it might be us, or it might be our double, to be thrown into the hospital..." (44:00). On 49:00, I was reviewing the recording from yesterday. Then: "Homeland Security took our Seagate out either because they wanted our files or because they wanted to forge things without us..." I was now reviewing the recording of my speech on December 10. On 1:40:00: "... no more recordings on our laptop... we still have to check our Passport..." (1:45:30). Then, having thought of something, I opened up Part II of my "Periphery" and wrote down the following as "Preface":

The Operation ICJ... although having as its goal... has as its targets the judges of the International Court... Insofar as the illusions born from the faulty surveillance Machine... were for the judges to believe... not of course for the Russians to believe... certainly not for me... nor anyone around me... the illusions thus devised... by Mr... soon-to-be former... are supposed to eventually spread to the power elites and the rest of the world... to engulf the mind of... (from 1:52:30 onward).

Most of this "Preface" I have since then deleted from the current version of my "Periphery", Part II. I was then working on cutting out the tainted portions of the recording file from earlier today (adults talking in the end) (from 2:35:00 onward). On 3:01:30, I started checking the other discs. And I started burning a new disc. Then I checked the files on the new disc (3:30:00). On 3:42:00: "... we are going to check more videos on our discs... maybe you have made a mistake... how could you have not noticed it? ... maybe Homeland Security took them out to copy the content... to forge it... without us... or maybe we have simply made a mistake..." Then I was mumbling something about my recorder on 4:05:00. "... it's useless to check the files..." Then, on 4:10:00, a white female knocked on my door and, when I opened it, said something to me. I was cavalier: "That's another surveillance intercept... we usually don't open the door... we are such an idiot... or maybe she's just here to taint our file..."

My next recording is: "mtchkimages\_12\_25\_09\_502-749PM.WMA": I continued my act: "I don't think it's illegal, right? Unless she's a cop... we will just cut it out... the videos of secret agents..." As I watched my videos of Amanda again, I noted: "... she looks up and then down... she's smiling..." There was then a problem with this disc: ImgBurn was unable to read the disc information: "... Disc Recording Management Information... we can see our Amanda here... everything is cool, right?" And so I looked through Amanda's pictures, then Enkel's, and then my Russian girlfriend's: "... Enkel was from the BND... maybe Homeland Security has caused the burning to malfunction so that the Disc Recording Management Information would not be... or maybe there is nothing wrong with the disc... this malfunctioning is just an illusion... half of the malfunctioning is just an illusion..." Not so! I was then wondering what Amanda was looking at when she flipped through her book. Now I purposely pretended to misunderstand what happened: "... the sculptures... the Russians had the Border Bookstore security camera video... the Displays said that wasn't Lawrence Chin, the real Lawrence Chin was looking at apartments.... It was actually Lawrence Chin... David Chin was somewhere else... we don't exactly know what story they gave... Why would Lawrence Chin send that email?... something strange about this... they probably just said that the Russians forged these emails... the Russians were trying to make David Chin and Lawrence Chin into the same person, and the Displays were trying to separate them..." (around 1:18:00). Then: "... after we flew over, that video became

indisputable... then... after that it became indisputable that Lawrence Chin and David Chin looked exactly the same... that's when all the pictures went to the docket... I think this is what happened... it's about the pictures... what we look like... that's how we are spending Christmas... Amanda is prettier because she's older..." As you can see, I was refining my purposely wrong scenario from December 7 to December 10. Then I was silent for a long time. On 1:57:00 I was packing up. Then, on 2:37:00, I got up out of extreme hunger, and went to check to see if there was a vending machine outside. Yes. And so I was ready to go outside. I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "mtlsnackscare\_dsply\_12\_25-6\_09\_756PM-551AM.WMA": I came back to my motel room scared and breathing heavily. I counted my money and examined my wallet to make sure nothing was lost. Then I recounted my trip to buy snacks: "We are so scared... we went out... first an Asian female holding a stack of 20 dollar bills... she was talking to the manager... the vending machine didn't work... a black female came out to stand next to us and then talk to the manager... we don't know what it was about, we just know that it was an intercept... whenever we use the vending machine, somebody has to come out to be confused with us... now that our worries have subsided... our old fear is returning... but law enforcement has a profile of us as a recording freak... what if we get detained and they pretend to check our files? ... other people's noises here and there in our recordings..." Then I mumbled about how I needed to see a therapist. Then I started a long round of reflection: "... buying this cherry cheese almost gave us a nervous breakdown, we can't function like this... it's just so scary when you can't record it... you just don't know how this buying of cherry cheese has ended up becoming in the ICJ... when people falsely accuse you, you feel better if you have proofs somewhere... you have two years of existence immortalized, what you did and who you saw... they will always be there..." Again, I was explaining my motivation for recording everything. And I continued to describe my feelings. "Maybe some day some guy will stumble upon our proofs... Amanda... the images we took are so beautiful... what are you worried about? The ICJ judgment? Or that no one will remember you after the judgment has been produced? ... it's the latter... you will never meet the power elites... it's not being remembered by ordinary people... well, the Displays... they are just sculptures... after meeting them... you are a schizophrenic... no one will believe you... and so you preserve the moment... like sculptures... it's so beautiful... every time you meet the Displays... you get slandered... but you are attracted to it... while in the Cave it is distorted into something ugly... but here, it is so beautiful... *soon, the preservation becomes an end in itself*... you want to sacrifice the future for the preservation of the past... so many motivations in our videotaping... not being remembered... but being remembered by whom? ... the problem is that you will be falsely remembered, that's worse than not being remembered... we have a very hard time describing the fear and the attraction that motivate us... and the Displays... the reason why they display themselves... is for you to see... the problem is that we are too lonely... let it stand by itself... maybe someday somebody will see it... we will have to live like this for the rest of our life... we will not have much social life... other people in our position will use the Internet... but that's blocked off for us... when you do good stuff, other people will come to destroy it... like super weapons will come and shout... we have had an extraordinary journey... there are no other ordinary people who have seen as many Displays as we have... although we are only able to immortalize a tiny part of the journey... other people respect super weapons as God... we don't... they just eat and shit... worthless... we don't know

why people worship them... when it comes to Karin, when she talked about her past, we would be so interested... when it comes to the Displays, it's almost as if they had no past... when they talk about their past, we are not very interested... when they display themselves, it's so superficial... the manner in which they appear is always so thin... just to appear and then disappear... that's the nature of a cult... when they appear to the outsiders... beyond the fact that they need you as a scapegoat... usually when they appear in front of you, it's to produce an intercept showing you to be a piece of trash... another reason why the Displays' images so attract... they aren't really like... if you say something and it's not recorded... it's as if it has disappeared in the wind... it makes you feel so insecure... the same with the Displays... if you don't videotape it, you feel so insecure... our recordings started with our meetups and have now ended with our talking to ourselves... how much we have dwindled... the pet is supposed to bear a bad name so that the master can... conquest... Why can't people just go home and relax and watch a movie? ... then the pet owns the master, because he owns the images... in the beginning you started recording because what people said didn't make sense... but then your motivation changed... by now you don't even want ordinary things to be lost in the wind... fighting terrorists is a very low priority on their list... their top priority continues to be clandestine operations against nation-states, and they do so by displaying themselves like mannequins... we should write a book... nobody knows about it as much as we do... and people think the Displays are nation-bound... they are not... they are a cult onto themselves, and they make friends... the BND is more loyal to them than to Germany... they are like a corporation... people are so wrong... we have seen the images and known the truth... an image is all that they produce... the Displays like conquest... *actually what's going on is that our Daddy wants conquest and he owns the Cult*... the Cult has to go along with it until the conquest is done... that seems to be what's going on... or maybe they just hate the Russians... it seems that they have no history... our impression is that Mr former Secretary is the problem... with a big machine... with the Machine you can conquer the world... and he owns the Displays since early 2008... *after the conquest, the Displays can free themselves again*, for they like no masters above themselves... with the Chinese, that seems to be settling score... but this Russian thing... just out of thin air... who made the Machine? ... at first we thought it was a joke... now we think the Machine just works automatically and produces no images at all... our antithesis... for we want images... people in the Cave see no images at all, *they are blind*... what has happened is that *an internal feud has gone international*... a campaign... world-conquest... by making people blind... we process things externally, as Dr Caldeira said... we know too much about the Displays... we have seen too many of them..." You must understand what I was doing here. Now that the Russians had "exonerated me" and saved themselves, I had begun thinking about ways to persuade the Russians to forgive the CIA and to go after only Mr former Secretary. Of course I couldn't express my wish directly. I therefore tried to portray the CIA as a victim of Mr former Secretary hoping that the ICJ judges and so on would then free them. Then, from 1:30:00 onward, I was sleeping. I would get up on 9:34:00. Then, after a while, I continued: "... what we have said last night, all that the Displays ever do is to produce images... those images are your reward..."

Again, let's comment on the important happening earlier today before we move on. When the Russians intercepted me on December 22 confessing my belief that the CIA planned to recruit me after this Operation ICJ, it was really Bye-Bye for the suit team. The Russians' next step would naturally be to



obtain all my recordings from my hard drives in order to consolidate their evidences against the suit team (especially against the faulty surveillance system). Hence they had instructed Homeland Security to send in the Chinese super pickpocket to access my hard drives while I was asleep. But we must suspect that things weren't that simple. Since I had been confessing my expectation that the suit team would soon play the "joker" (forge something), the Russians might have obliged the suit team to stage my environment to fit my belief by burglarizing my hard drives and then forging fake drives to present to the ICJ lower court as evidences. This would then be a "perfect" instance of the suit team's attempt to forge electronic devices to frame the Russian intelligence (since the fake drives would be stuffed with Russian spy documents as well as child pornography and so on). It's also possible that it was indeed the Russians who had commanded Homeland Security to turn off my recorder yesterday when I was in the storage. This would make my recordings part of my terrorist conspiracy with the suit team so that the Russians would then have the right to "own them" (make use of them for *their* benefits).

### **December 26 (Saturday)**

My next recording is: "brndvd21newcp\_12\_26\_09\_549-750AM.WMA": I taped up my glasses. "Don't worry, as long as we are law-abiding, we will be fine..." From 30:30 onward, I started burning a new copy of DVD-21. "Even though, in the future, the Displays will win, we have the past..." (1:16:00). Then: "... isn't it funny that the little people can see the images and hear the sounds, while the officials high up can only read the descriptions? ... the inversion of reality..." (1:33:00). By 1:48:00 I was all done and packing up. "All these images, there must be more secret agents in our discs..." I turned off everything and exited my motel room. I was now going to the storage as I had envisaged.

My next recording is: "leavmtl\_12\_26\_09\_755-757AM.WMA": I just exited the motel. I recounted what I had just said to the manager: "... room 124..." And: "... free coffee by the counter... and we got coffee... and now we are waiting for the bus..." And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "tostorage\_12\_26\_09\_925-930AM.WMA": I just got off the bus. I was mumbling indistinctly about something as I moved through the streets: "... a police car passed by... be law-abiding..."

My next recording is: "tostorage\_12\_26\_09\_932AM.WMA": I was still mumbling. I had arrived near A-American by now.

My next recording is: "tostorage\_12\_26\_09\_940AM.WMA": I was now opening my storage unit: "... the DVDs to put in today are DVD-21 and DVD-85, and we have to put in the silver disc..." Namely, I had decided to carry "Amanda on Gold" with me and leave "Amanda on Silver" inside my unit.

My next recording is: "storage\_12\_26\_09\_946AM.WMA": I continued: "... when people came by... the surveillance camera in the front of the elevator..."

My next recording is: "storage\_12\_26\_09\_948-955AM.WMA": I was still working on my storage unit.

“... our gold disc...” And I filmed my things intermittently. “... the bad burn... put ‘Amanda on Silver’ in this box... and DVD-85... we are gonna find a home for our stuff... Oh, somebody is coming...” And I quickly turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “storage\_12\_26\_09\_1006-1010AM.WMA”: And I carefully documented how and where I had decided to keep “Amanda on Gold” with me, in my bag.

My next recording is: “12\_26\_09\_1017-1020AM.WMA”: I was now out of A-American and recounted what had happened in the office with the manager, how I signed out, how I locked up my unit and where I had dumped my trash. Again: “... we need to find an apartment...” I was now going inside the food mall to use the restroom.

My next recording is: “12\_26\_09\_1025-1027AM.WMA”: I was now out of the food mall.

My next recording is: “12\_26\_09\_1028AM.WMA”: I was now at the bus 38 stop, with no one around.

My next recording is: “12\_26\_09\_1145-1148AM.WMA”: While eating my lunch, I recounted what I did in the past hour: “... we bought lunch... and saw this Lavanderia... and so we wanted to do our laundry... and then a black Cadillac, but only the back windows were tinted... it was so scary... it might mean that *the joker card will now be played*... and so we are now eating in the parking lot, still wanting to do our laundry...”

My next recording is: “12\_26\_09\_1155AM.WMA”: “... now we are finished and need to move on. We are going to the bus stop.”

When I was near my motel, this Korean man gave me a bag of things. I immediately suspected that it was the Russians who had commanded the suit team to send this man in to provide me with “material support”. It’s not clear whether I was correct. But, in any case, I wouldn’t of course say my suspicion out loud. Instead, I turned on my recorder: “koreanmangavefd\_12\_26\_09\_1241PM.WMA”. I recounted: “... a Korean man gave us this bag... we decided not to do laundry, it’s too dangerous...”

My next recording is: “12\_26\_09\_106PM.WMA”: I recounted how I bought tacos and so on. Now, still at Sunset near Hollywood.

My next recording is: “mtlresume\_12\_25\_09\_111-233PM.WMA” (...12\_26\_09\_111-233PM...): I was now back in my motel room and started recounting: “He just came up to us and handed us a bag, saying ‘Merry Christmas’. We were frightened to death.” I started videotaping the content of the bag. “... water, hat, gloves, socks... because of super weapons, we decided not to do laundry... we got on the 704 bus on Sunset and the bus driver was immediately broadcasting over the communication channel... as if there was an alert about us... we came to the back, and was there a law enforcement officer? ... he was dragging a big suit case and wearing big earphones... and we got off the bus in La Brea... and then this Korean man suddenly came over and gave us this bag... and another man came by dragging a

cart... were law enforcement officers following us on the street? ... and a black Cadillac with tinted windows... *it might mean that there was difficulty in suppressing evidences*... then the joker card might be played... extremely scary... and the Korean man wanted to shake our hand... very scary... because the bus driver... maybe they wanted to identify who's in this motel... it's so easy because it's all staged from the top... and so we got on bus 206... a very attractive white female with a white guy... so scary... so we got off the bus on Sunset and La Brea... that's when we noticed a second middle-aged man dragging a cart... law enforcement? ... we got onto the sidewalk... a formation of super weapons... we escaped... we came back... more super weapons... we ordered at the tacos place... and came here, and a white man was either checking in or checking out... we were about to videotape the bag, but women with super weapons appeared, and so we didn't... and so it's intercept-production... and the women started taking pictures of each other... and so we came back to the motel... we have been law-abiding, but something is not right... the bus driver's communication... the Korean man... produced surveillance... if that man was indeed law enforcement, he would note down that a Korean man gave us something... it's an episode of espionage in the International Court, but here the police are supposed to not notice this kind of things... I don't know whether 'Amanda on Gold' is safer with us or inside the storage... it's not a crime... and so law enforcement shouldn't have reasons to destroy our things... but we have the impression that the joker card is being played... we uploaded every file... but it doesn't seem to get us out of troubles... we got off the bus on Sunset, and the white female appeared again... that's everything that has happened... whether you are recording or not, you had better do the inverted schedule... it's too dangerous to be outside..." I was done with recounting by 26:00. "... we don't want the Displays to separate our stuff from us like they did the last time... the question is not whether we can survive the International Court, but whether our data can... the British woman recorded her call with her prime minister... that's not legal, but the recording was played over the news... this kind of thing is so minor... not prosecutable... the goal is not to prosecute us in this world... we just can't figure out how our stuff can be confiscated and destroyed... we are protected by laws in the real world... even if they play the joker card, we can escape it... living in a city is dangerous, we should think about moving to a small town... we have always been videotaping our storage unit... nothing has ever happened..." There was of course a lot of acting in what I had just said. Then, on 46:00, I turned on my Toshiba. I started importing my latest recordings and burning a new disc. "... it's not prudent to use the Internet... we will be confused with our double... law enforcement can pretend to arrest you by mistake and then let you go... that's so scary..." From 1:07:00 onward I was reviewing one of my latest recordings looking for the tainted portion.

My next recording is: "mtlimages\_12\_26\_09\_227-422PM.WMA": I continued to work in my motel room. The maid knocked on the door on 36:00. "Towel," she yelled. "No," I brushed her aside. "If I wouldn't open the door she would open the door herself." Then my act: "Our gold disc has separated from us for two days, and we've already missed it. We miss Amanda..." (47:00). I began taking more screenshots from my videos of Amanda. She was text-messaging in the video. My act: "A lot of people have to help in to make a text-messaging David Chin..." Then I was taking the screenshots from the video of May 23: "Amanda slightly upset and not wearing glasses in order to look prettier" (57:00). "It is not prettier than 'Amanda slightly embarrassed but wearing glasses and pretending to write her homework'" (1:10:20). Then I made screenshots from the video of the fake Russian agent in San Jose

Family Court. Then I'd got a new idea: I decided to run a slide show of my pictures of secret agents in order to look even more like I was into the suit team's game only because I took so much enjoyment in the sights of pretty secret agents. The Russians' evidence!

My next recording is: "mtslp\_12\_26\_09\_428-1155PM.WMA": Then: "... we have had our contest here... we have decided Amanda is number 1... our Russian girlfriend is number 2... no, the San Jose court lady is number 2..." I was still watching my videos of Amanda. "We are just looking at Amanda sitting there, getting upset, looking up at something, talking to us... yet these are snapshots of clandestine operation... 007... just ordinary things..." (26:00). I kept all the pictures of secret agents in the folder "rotate", namely, rotating them in a slide show. By 29:00, I was packing up to get ready for bed. And I deleted all the tainted files. I counted my gold discs, and planned to wake up as early as 1 AM. I then rested quietly.<sup>18</sup>

My next recording is: "mtslp\_12\_26-7\_09\_1150PM-457AM.WMA": I slept quietly.<sup>19</sup> On 4:10:00 I woke up. I was surprised that I had slept so much. I did something in the restroom. Done by 4:21:00. On 4:34:30, shower. Out on 4:44:00. I was then packing up and getting ready to go out. I turned off my recorder when I exited the motel. I was going to do laundry this morning.

### **December 27 (Sunday; "Display" on the bus?)**

My next recording is: "labrea\_12\_27\_09\_459-506AM.WMA": I continued: "... we are walking down La Brea... it's 5 AM, the buses should be running by now." Then I was mumbling about growing something, some "system", in order to understand beauty. "That's why very few people are artists... *aufgehoben*... you need to grow something, then *aufheben* that thing..." Again, I continued to pretend to be engrossed in the aesthetics of the suit team's operations.

My next recording is: "labrea\_12\_27\_09\_537-545AM.WMA": I was still walking and recounted: "... we were waiting for quite a while, but bus 2 never came... we are now walking along the La Brea mall... Homeland Security might want to... if they want to play the joker... Look, a Cadillac that looks like a detective car..."

My next recording is: "wlksantamonicablvd\_12\_27\_09\_610-616AM.WMA": I recounted: "... we have been waiting for bus 4 for quite a while... did not come, so we are walking eastward... even doing such a simple thing is so scary..." Siren on 2:20. "... earlier at the bus 4 stop, a man asked us if we had been waiting for a long time... then a vagrant also said something... it's an empty street... we are on Highland and Santa Monica..." And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "outoflaundro\_12\_27\_09\_747AM.WMA": I recounted: "... we just came out of the laundromat... on Wilton and Santa Monica... we got off the bus here mistaking a store for the laundromat, but there turned out to be a laundromat nearby anyway... and we did laundry... a vagrant

<sup>18</sup> Reviewed until 1:06:00, and then from 7:15:00 onward.

<sup>19</sup> Reviewed until 13:00, and then from 4:05:00 onward.

black woman said ‘Have a nice day’... probably an intercept... before we came to Wilton, we bought coffee... we didn’t say anything for the rest of the time... now we are waiting for the bus...”

My next recording is: “dsplyimagepossess\_12\_27\_09\_844-1007AM.WMA”: I was now back in my motel room. I recounted what happened earlier. “As soon as we walked into Burger King, the music was turned on: evidence of our criminal recording? Then at 711, and we were told to leave our cart outside. We didn’t go in. We then came back to Burger King. We were so sparing in speech when we weren’t recording ourselves. ‘Two... No...’” (until 4:30). “And so we did laundry, and we were afraid of text-messaging... Mr former Secretary is so masculine, the Displays are so feminine, and maybe that’s why they don’t like each other. The Displays are female-dominated on the bottom, but what about on the top?” (10:00) Then: “The Invisible Hand is a man... and Ms Congenial, a female... and that female officer from November 2006 in CGI...” Then the manager came to remind me that I had left my key on the door. “Oh, God, that’s scary, that’s very David Chin...” Then: “Mr former Secretary couldn’t understand this because his testosterone level is too high... the Displays understand us... the Invisible Hand is a man, and so he understands us... and that’s one side... then the female officers understand our other side... Mr former Secretary understands only stereotypes, not complexity... and Homeland Security agents don’t understand our feminine side, and so call us ‘bitch’... 75 percent of the people with Borderline Personality Disorder are females... the Displays are masters of human psychology, and so understand our envy of women and white people... that’s why Mr former Secretary’s mind is so harsh... it’s always ‘snooping on people’, super weapons, aggression toward women... the whole complexity is left out... and why is the intelligence business a female business? Because politics is still male-dominated... so the targets are mostly men... that’s why Mr former Secretary can’t understand the intelligence business, but only politics... he’s born a political attack dog... his mind is so awful... he makes you do things by slapping you... but the Displays make you do things by attracting you... the Displays give you... whereas Mr former Secretary gives you electrical shock... like in Burger King, the music was like boom boom boom... not like Sarah Brightman... three years ago we were angry with white women, but today, after our ordeal with Homeland Security, we just wish the world is not ruled by men... jealousy and loneliness... when it comes to Marie... but when it comes to the Displays, we don’t have to be jealous... the Displays are all images, and if we have the image, we have already possessed her... because their essence lies in images... even if we never see them again... we even have intercepts that showed that we don’t know Amanda... it’ll be all fine... with Marie it’s encounter with a whole human being... this complexity, the Displays will understand, but Mr former Secretary will not understand... for him, if you like the image of a woman, then you are a pervert...” Again, when I engaged myself in this kind of analysis, my purpose was to gradually make the CIA into Mr former Secretary’s victim in the evidentiary record so that they might eventually be exonerated. Then, on 37:00: “... we can make a movie of the slide show...” From 49:00 onward, I was checking the recordings on my disc and making some transcription. By 1:18:00 I had all packed up and was ready to check out.

My next recording is: “mtlbrndvd20newcp\_12\_27\_09\_1004-1115AM.WMA”: I came back to my room and recounted: “... we asked the manager when the check-out time was... it’s 11 AM... and some Hispanic people were talking in there...” And I started burning a new copy of DVD-20. I continued to

mumble indistinctly while compiling the disc project. "... Seagate is moving slowly, there are problems with it..." The burning started on 44:30. Then I was checking over the videos on the disc. Before leaving, I thoroughly filmed my room to make sure I had left nothing behind (1:10:30).

My next recording is: "[brdgeeventofdsply\\_12\\_27\\_09\\_155-206PM.WMA](#)": I had by this time traveled across Los Angeles and come back to Colorado Blvd. While walking to my spot under the bridge, I recalled what happened earlier when my recorder was turned off: "... several super weapons on the bus... didn't check whether law enforcement officers were on the bus... we were thinking about something else... we do remember several important things... when we came out of the motel, we saw another limousine... scary..." And I recalled how I dodged my head while passing by the Borders Bookstore on Sunset and Vine on bus 2. Then: "... a very attractive older white woman on the bus... she carried a lot of flowers... she really looked like a Display... the Display was trying to display herself... just the type that we like... the Displays always know what type we like... the type that you don't see on the bus... if she *was* a Display, what's the point?" Then people came by to talk, and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "[meanngofdsply\\_12\\_27\\_09\\_209-307PM.WMA](#)": I recounted: "... we are under the bridge, and guess what happened... a man and his super weapon carrying their bicycles came down the stairs... and another man with his super weapons... it's obviously orchestrated... an intercept showing us attempting to record super weapons... there are no police offices around... and so unless they are going to report us, there shouldn't be any problem... they were far enough, so that our recorder couldn't have picked up anything... it pisses us off... criminal recording under the bridge... ridiculous... people don't come under the bridge to record super weapons..." Then – something important – I started speaking of the possible "Display" I saw while on bus 2: "... all that the woman did was sit in front of us... and then move forward to another seat... 4 feet away from us... and she got off the bus on Sunset and Vermont... she was so extremely attractive, even though she was about late 40s... what's the point of this 'Display'? ... there is always a need for intercepts showing us to be unable to identify the Displays... but given the limousine and the situation, there might be another point to it... the same as our time in the hospital back in March... the joker card might be in the planning... the Display itself is a form of comforting... in the hospital they said, 'We are about to slander you, but do it for us'... something strange about our website... that mentally confused Maria... kept remembering that the driver had picked us up... the driver's picking us up should have been an intercept... showing us doing drug-trafficking... and yet we did have the recording showing us getting out of the airport and so on... we did upload it... if that was in the evidence, then what's the point of the intercept? Wouldn't the intercept be negated? *Sometimes it seems that our website is not in the evidentiary record, and sometimes it seems that it is*... why does our FTP connection have to be made to look fake? Why does our Internet connection have to look fake? It does seem that our website is part of the evidence... if it is in the evidentiary record, this would mean that the judges have seen the pictures of the Displays... which would add fire to the Borders security camera video... if that attractive woman on bus 2 was indeed a Display, then the hidden point is this: 'In order to win the case and get Mr former Secretary off our back, we have to slander you again'... which means that the joker card is in the planning: *'We are going to forge a laptop for you and put a lot of sick stuff in it'*... the

point is the inversion... the Display would display her beauty... it means 'The beauty you have inside your laptop cannot be seen by the judges inside the Cave'... what the people inside the Cave can have access to should only be the exact opposite... textual descriptions of supreme ugliness... 'For that end, we have to suppress evidences and win the case, and so we have to slander you, forge a laptop for you, and put all the most ugly stuff in this laptop of yours... Please understand' ... that would be the meaning of the 'Event of the Display' today... the simple production of an image, so full of messages... assuming that we've got things right... assuming that the judges did have access to the entire content of our website... then that would be the meaning... even though Maria's mental confusion seems to indicate that our website is *not* in the evidentiary record... there are enough signs that our website *is* problematic... we should just do the same thing, uploading the files from our lawsuit... our laptop will be safe even when the joker card is played... because it's not illegal... and because, after this, nothing from our laptop will be admissible as evidence in the ICJ... if our pictures will be safe... our laptop will be safe... the joker card is still scary, for it means that we will be separate from our laptop for a week or two... or maybe they'll just arrest our double and not us... the super weapons and so on... the only thing we can do is upload the files from our lawsuit... in everything else, we'll just have to be a dummy... unless we go up to the mountain and abandon our life... this Display was so attractive... although aged... all the essences were still there... so we don't quite remember what else happened... we got off bus 2, at Vermont and Sunset, and ordered a burrito, and super weapons around... I'm sure there were other intercepts, but we were just thinking about this... how are we gonna put ourselves somewhere? There shouldn't be super weapons coming here... where can you go where there won't be super weapons? ... why weren't the intercepts working? Maybe they will work and we will not suffer any inconveniences at all... people in the Cave can't see real beauty... they must see, or read about, only fake ugliness... seeing and reading are not the same... one is synchronic, the other diachronic... people in the Cave have access to the exact opposite of what we have access to... and yet they are called the 'elites'... the 'Event of the Display' lasted no more than 10 minutes... 5 minutes... it's just weird that a woman like that would show up on the bus... it's too bad that we don't have many images of the older Displays..." I was now cleaning my Toshiba with my brush. "Everything which we have used to capture beauty is made in Japan, or designed in Japan... Japanese make good stuff... or design good stuff... No! Toshiba has started strangely..." (29:00). Then: "... there is no other laptop in the world that is as filled with beauty as ours is... the videos from July 6 are somehow in the folder for July 5..." And I played the video of the July 6 CIA girl (37:30). I took more screenshots to add more pictures to my collection. Then I continued to work on my files.

My next recording is: "brdgedsplyevnt\_12\_27\_09\_301-317PM.WMA": I was now importing my latest recordings and naming them. People still passed by and so I hummed from time to time. Then, amazingly, a super weapon appeared, and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "slpbridge\_12\_27\_09\_320-1006PM.WMA": I recounted while doing my slide show again: "... super weapons just walked down the stairs with their bicycles... how bizarre... the last recording... we are gonna dump the recycle bin to see if everything is okay... the Russian... aren't good-looking, look like a witch... our collection... I'm sorry, she really isn't good-looking... we should put her in there anyway... just like the Deja-Vu Show Girls advertisement... 'One thousand

pretty girls and one ugly one'... we don't say she's ugly, she's just scary... maybe she's a nice person... images don't denigrate the person... it's just the image she produces... but a scary image among a bunch of beautiful images... it has its function... binary oppositions... and so it does deserve a place... most of them are beautiful... sometimes they attract by exoticness, sometimes by amazement... 'amazement', that's a new category... we are too focused on beauty because some of them are just too beautiful... turn this God-damned thing off... now it's weird... we no longer have Sarah Brightman with us..." Instead, I played the Microsoft demo music to go along with the slide show. "The music doesn't fit!" I burst into laughter by my own show. "We have to find ways to record this. We need Sarah Brightman back again... we have deleted all the music, we don't have good music to go with it..." (22:20). Then: "... later we'll record this in a video, Amanda... the Russian tutor... the Text-Messenger (i.e. the July 6 CIA girl)... this time it's absolutely poetic rather than documentary... we just have to find the right music..." (28:40). Then: "... this will be part one... there will be more for us to find... and we'll make good videos..." Then, more images (Amanda and so on) (32:00). I now had 11 images in total. "We have a CD by Tori Amos... either Sarah Brightman or Tori Amos will fit... you'll see the video in our time capsule... *le deuxième sexe*... these are supposed to be the elites... the womankind of womankind..." Then, on 36:20, I filmed my slide show briefly: "... the making of the 'Womankind of Womankind'... our stuff will be very well packed tonight..." Then: "It's a photo-album of the 'Operation ICJ'... *dramatis personae*..." And I shut it all down on 45:00. I brushed my Toshiba before sleep. "... they are *dramatis personae* for us... but they are supposed to be transformed into something else for the audience on the other end... they are clearly visible as *éclat*... but for the other end... something else... in this puppet show, the audience are supposed to see only the shadows of the puppets which don't look anything like the puppets... we ourselves are one of the *dramatis personae*... and so only *dramatis personae* see *dramatis personae*... the audience only see the shadows of *dramatis personae*..." I was now getting ready to sleep. "Even though we have been seen, it's still safe" (55:00). Then: "... our bag is covered with plastic bags, and so if it rains..." And so I rested quietly.<sup>20</sup>

Again, a commentary is in order before we move on. The Russians might have indeed commanded the CIA to send in a beautiful "Display" to ride the bus with me today. I had confessed how much I loved the images and how the images were my reward for participating in this "Operation ICJ" and had played with the images in a slide show to express my sentiment. And so the Russians ordered the CIA to stage my environment to fit my belief – to produce another beautiful image for me – so that they could obtain another "perfect" instance of how this terrorist conspiracy against them was run: the Agency mesmerized the terrorist with beautiful images so that he would agree to let them frame him. (Perhaps the Russians had expected me to videotape the "Display" which would then be a concrete, "perfect", instance of what I was talking about. It was then too bad that I had stopped videotaping things out of fear.) If all this is correct, the Russians were now fully into doing to the CIA what the CIA had done to the MSS: commanding them to commit crimes so that they could then be prosecuted. The CIA was now one inch deeper into their shit hole.

### **December 28 (Monday; laptop burglarized?)**

20 Reviewed until 1:12:00, and then from 6:34:00 onward.



My next recording is: “slpbridge\_trianglewinchll\_12\_27-8\_09\_1021-302AM.WMA”: From 3:03:00 onward, I was awake. I taped up my glasses. On 3:20:00 I was carrying my bag up to the bridge. I checked the time: it was 1:40 AM (3:25:30). I walked along Colorado Blvd all the way to Lake Blvd mumbling about nothing important. At one point I took notice of the *LA Express* in the bushes (4:01:30). “These things don’t scare us anymore.” From 4:09:00 onward, I began a presentation about circles, squares, and triangles as the aesthetic forms underlying sexual attraction. “Wes likes cute women... round face... circle... we like triangular stuff... more dignity... we like to admire instead of being admired... it’s a reflection of one’s self-esteem too... it’s how you feel... Would you like to look up or look down? Wes and others like to look down, but we like to look up... most mankind likes to look down... now more and more men in America look straight... I bet in a village in Albania women like to look up... people who don’t like themselves clearly still like themselves deep down, otherwise they wouldn’t want to take care of their own needs... when we mention people who don’t like themselves, we don’t actually mean they don’t like themselves...” All this was not altogether irrelevant since it would really explain for you my upcoming obsession with “pyramids”. Now, this lecture done, I pretended to get back to my worries: “Don’t worry, if you are law-abiding, you *will* have your stuff...” By the end of the recording, I had arrived at the Winchell on Lake Blvd. I turned off my recorder before going in.

My next recording is: “wnchllplcespotme\_12\_28\_09\_307-329AM.WMA”: I recounted: “What did we say? ‘Orange juice’...” and so on. The same black man was inside Winchell, and I was sitting outside. “It’s cool to have this guy’s job, he works here in the middle of the night when no one is around...” Then, on 8:30: “... the police officer in his car saw us... he purposely looked at us, and now he just parks there and doesn’t move... now our good mood is ruined...” Maybe the police officer was just angry that I had gotten the United States so seriously convicted.

My next recording is: “batteryaleak\_12\_28\_09\_339-416AM.WMA: I had by now left Winchell in a hurry and was walking hastily north on Lake Blvd. I recounted: “... we went inside Winchell for a few minutes... we took out our Toshiba and turned it on, but the battery had only 14 minutes left... then another minute, only 9 minutes left, then another, only 4 minutes, the battery was leaking... and so we immediately left Winchell... we’re going back up on Lake... Did Homeland Security remotely destroy our battery?” On 17:30 I arrived at my corner behind Chase. I immediately started charging my Toshiba. “... unless Homeland Security has got into our laptop... Did they want to forge it? Why is our battery leaking? Something is wrong, it leaks so fast, and it charges so fast... How did they forge it the last time? Why did they even need our laptop? The last time... they could have just pulled out the hard drive and put in a different hard drive and presented it to the ICJ...” (31:00). Then: “Why are the police ‘spotting us’ if they just wanted to touch our laptop while we slept?” I must be acting here: I knew very well that, by now, if the suit team did anything to me, it was under Russian direction. The police therefore couldn’t have anything to do with it.

My next recording is: “worryabutdvd10\_12\_28\_09\_421-634AM.WMA”: I continued in my corner behind Chase: “... everybody else is happy, but we are not... maybe you are paranoid... maybe they didn’t touch it... maybe the battery is just bad... but why do the police have to see it? They are gonna

arrest our double... they wanted surveillance suggesting that the guy arrested is us... that means that they actually did touch our laptop... why is it charging so fast now?" From 7:00 onward, I was checking out the recording from yesterday: "Maybe it's just the battery having problems... in 26 minutes we have charged 33 percent... now it seems normal..." I was now examining the Event Viewer log: "... we won't discover anything... if they did touch it they wouldn't leave behind any traces... but if they touched it, they wouldn't delete anything... they are trying to forge it..." Then, malfunctioning: "... we couldn't exit... what the fuck is going on?" Then: "They are going to forge documents... Virtual Disk Service... something is wrong with the battery... the recorder was not touched... it ran out of battery at 10:06 PM... we are so paranoid, I can't deal with it..." I moaned. On 39:50, a Hispanic guy walked past with his cellphone ringing. "We haven't had this cellphone intercept for a long time... we are also waiting for FSUM to finish..." I moaned about how I must learn about computers: "... otherwise we'll never know what's going on..." Then more about how this battery must have problems. On 1:00:00, I was looking at my slide show again. "So far we have put only white females in it..." And I continued to review the recording of my sleep last night. Then, from 1:10:30 onward, I had another problem: I couldn't find DVD-20. "Did Homeland Security take it? Why? Did they want to forge it?" I continued to count my discs. I moaned: "How did Homeland Security even get to it? The Chinese pickpocket?" (1:27:30) Then: "... that means that the super pickpocket did come!" Finally, I broke down crying on 1:31:30. "... sometimes what Homeland Security does just doesn't make sense... why did he have to steal our WinPcap? Why our disc? What's the point? Just to make us feel miserable! Maybe they just want to frame us... we haven't recorded the Volume Serial Number for that disc... The comforting yesterday isn't comforting at all... the battery seems fine, and so Homeland Security must have come... maybe they wanted the disc precisely because of the information on the disc about where it came from... but do the people in the Cave know which disc burner we use? Maybe they wanted to bring out the surveillance camera video... 'See he used that burner'... We'll just burn another one... they would say we lost it in the motel... but who's supposed to find the disc? The cleaning lady... how is it supposed to be intercepted into the ICJ? ... law enforcement... but law enforcement won't forge evidences to frame people in the real world... they will just have the police find the disc and then switch it... it's only when it's on its way to the ICJ that it'd be switched... we didn't leave anything behind in the motel... if anything was found there it was planted... we don't know how to deal with this..." By 2:04:00 I had left my corner. I was now waiting for the bus. I took notice of a suspicious white man.

My next recording is: "suspmnwaitbus\_12\_28\_09\_635AM.WMA": I turned on my recorder briefly to recount: "... this man is very suspicious..." And I read out his license plate. "... another Darth Vader guy walked past... he looked so much like Homeland Security..." And I described another man who walked into Kinkos: "... just in case, for we have to worry about the real world too..."

My next recording is: "12\_28\_09\_753-757AM.WMA": By this time I had traveled on 181 bus to Franklin and Vermont ready to go into Psychobabble. I recounted: "... we are outside eating, this might be enough... why were the police cars videotaping us then? We... on the bus... two times..." And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “psychobbleprklot\_12\_28\_09\_752-756PM.WMA”: I immediately turned on my recorder again to recount: “... we got off the 181 bus... bought corn dogs in 711... picked up cigarette butts... I guess it’s okay, we’ll just have to burn another disc...” I was feeling very down, and then turned off my recorder. Again, as you can see, even when I had suspected that the Russians had done me grave harm, I still wouldn’t give them up. I didn’t take it personally because I knew they were only doing this in order to win – and I wanted them to win too. The Russians that were reading my thoughts at the moment must be quite impressed.

My next recording is: “psychobblrstroomscare\_12\_28\_09\_822-826AM.WMA”: I recounted while outside Psychobabble: “We were in Psychobabble... we took a dump... and the cashier knocked on the door, ‘What are you doing?’ ‘Why do you think I’m doing?’ ... maybe he is going to report us to the police... and we said ‘Okay okay’ even though we didn’t finish...” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “psychobblefinddvd20newcp\_12\_28\_09\_836AM.WMA”: I continued to work inside Psychobabble. I was now euphoric: “... we have actually found DVD-20... we couldn’t find it earlier because it was too dark in the Chase corner... we are still going to review the recording of our sleeping last night... but the police cars... that means that... we are still in danger... if they forge our discs... that might be the end of the story... but now we feel good... so the only thing we have to worry about... the police cars’ ‘spotting us’... as if we still have to be put into the hospital... we have been torturing ourselves with this... nobody has come to steal this disc... we are just wrong sometimes... we might still be in danger of being put into the hospital... the Chinese super pickpocket, the most fearsome creature in the world...” Then I turned off my recorder. What about my Toshiba? Did it get burglarized or not?

And so I did my routine online work while in Psychobabble: still uploading the recordings from Karin’s meetups, I then searched for information on optical discs. I searched for “Recording Management Area”, “Volume Serial Number”, “open source disk imaging software”, and “Linux disc imaging commands”.

My next recording is: “litintreptpsychbbble\_12\_28\_09\_1136AM-1206PM.WMA”: I came out of Psychobabble, got a hot dog from 711, and was now resting in the corner behind Psychobabble. I recounted what happened in Psychobabble: “There seem to have been two instances of text-messaging after we discovered that our DVD wasn’t stolen... And there were two persons, a man and a woman, and they were discussing physics, that seemed like an operation... to produce intercepts showing us engaging in ‘intellectual psychobabble’... since our recorder was not turned on, Homeland Security actually expected us to open our mouth... That black man professor was most likely a Display... how did all the power get drained from our laptop? ... and the super weapons showed up on 10 AM...” And then I was wondering where I could go. “... thinking about Mommy... Mommy shows up and then disappears... we burned two discs of Wireshark captures... and we looked up disk imaging information...” I described what trash I left behind when I was leaving my corner, and even read out the password for Psychobabble’s wireless network. Then I was on my way.

My next recording is: “smbldvd\_12\_28\_09\_126-128PM.WMA”: I was now on Sunset and Santa Monica: “... we went the wrong way... another car just slid by... we looked down... Vermont... bus 4... we were going to... to look at the homeless shelter... but that is... but didn’t want to walk... now this way... a very quiet place...” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “unionst\_12\_28\_09\_307-320PM.WMA”: I was still on the street. I recounted how I was on bus 4, how I picked up an application at this “Harvey Apartment” (Santa Monica and Wilton), how the neighborhood was very populated, how I was on bus 4 again, and how I came here. I even recounted how I bought a can of Coke from the street stand. And how super weapons showed up and started coughing: “... an intercept showing us following super weapons with our cigarettes in order to harm them... then we were on bus 4 again... we didn’t see any room for rent... then another intercept... an African woman... a white man kept talking to her... ‘South Africa, Zimbabwe’... and on and on... that woman was meant for us... every country she had named will be... every time when Mr former Secretary and the Displays run into problem... they will get more countries involved...” Was this really an intercept? Namely, did the Russians really command the suit team to send in the African woman to mention these countries? Since they would indeed do this later, I shall not speculate anymore here. “... then we saw ‘Harvey Apartment’... Homeland Security will be very happy that we live there because that’s right in the middle of super weapons...” As you shall see, that’s indeed where I would end up living. “... we scratched ourselves... and then got on the bus...” By now I had walked into Union Station. “... we have developed a plan about our Eee PC, which we will not speak... *if we turn it in*, we will... the hard drive...” This is what the Russians had been waiting for!

My next recording is: “unionst\_12\_28\_09\_341-351PM.WMA”: I continued: “... earlier we wanted to wait for the bus... we changed our mind... at the 485 bus stop... earlier, scary... a security guard with walkie-talkie... and what looked like a detective... Union Station doesn’t have that many super weapons... we turned around to look at the detective, and he disappeared... we’re now sitting in the middle of... one super weapon, and a Hispanic man is scratching his face... another police car in the distance... when we walked in, a police car videotaped us and the officer looked at us... we didn’t get on the earlier 485 bus... then another detective, and he scratched his face... and pulled up his pants in imitation of us... to produce a surveillance intercept... and a homeless man with a sign... law enforcement have put all these bags around us to record us... but we barely speak now... now every bag scares us a little...” Acting! I continued: “... that detective... almost looked like he came out of a TV show... people around us have been scratching their face all day long... we decided not to... to look at more bus lines... getting videotaped by police cars all over here... didn’t pay that much attention to intercepts today... we have to think about what to do with our computer situation... the hard drive in our Eee PC is expendable...” And I continued to describe all the people around. “... earlier we walked on Santa Monica Blvd for the first time... from Vermont... we walked to the apartment building on Lockwood... a police car seemed to be following us... he looked Filipino... we asked the man, ‘Is the manager here?’ ‘No.’ He looked mean, didn’t want us there...” Then super weapons came around and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “unionst\_12\_28\_09\_352PM.WMA”: I was still at Union Station. “... super

weapons have passed and so we turned it on again... we are by Alameda in front of Union Station... what happened today is that the old kinds of intercepts are coming back... this morning... the same old Hispanic guy walking past... with his phone ringing... an intercept showing our phone ringing... head-scratching... that African woman talking behind us on bus 4... another Sheriff passing by... other than super weapons following... and coughing due to our smoke... and followed by police officers several times... late this morning, while on Vermont walking toward Santa Monica... later when we were walking across Union Station... that final police officer was scratching his face and pulling up his pants in imitation of us..." And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "unionst\_12\_28\_09\_354PM.WMA": I recounted: "... we missed the 485 bus because we were talking... we don't like this place... a lot of people... even though there are many attractive females to stare at... they are now talking loudly... we are gonna get something to eat and drink..." And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "unionst\_12\_28\_09\_405-409PM.WMA": I recounted: "... we walked across Union Station to buy snacks... in the middle... about 6 minutes ago, a very attractive French woman... she's waiting for us, and when we passed by, she suddenly answered a call with her French accent, thus producing an intercept showing us making a cellphone call... and then we kept walking to the other side, but many people with super weapons... and so we came back... then another Asian female, just when we passed by, made a cellphone call... the old intercepts are coming back... *they have successfully suppressed the pictures as evidences*... many old intercepts... cellphones... head-scratching... but we are still followed by law enforcement... faulty intercepts are antithetical to the pictures... the debate about the pictures tend to be associated with the decline of faulty intercepts... but today we have been a massive dummy tree..." And I turned off my recorder to continue to wait for bus 485. As you can guess, "old intercepts" were not coming back: I was just pretending to mistake these insignificant things for intercepts in order to hide my knowledge that the Russians were seriously winning by this time. But remember the French woman: I'd mention her again later.

My next recording is: "unionst\_12\_28\_09\_420-422PM.WMA": I continued to recount: "... something interesting just happened... the Silver Line came over... an Asian girl... filmed the bus with her cellphone... she's wearing a hood and... just two minutes ago... another old type of intercepts... so that French woman earlier... so extremely beautiful... blond hair... with a sweater saying 'I love NY'... she's not Homeland Security..." And I turned off my recorder. Presumably that Asian girl's filming had nothing to do with the operation at hand.

My next recording is: "psdnprklotviddsply\_12\_28\_09\_524-619PM.WMA": Within the past hour, I had got on bus 485 and come back to Pasadena. I was now at the same corner next to the parking structure, with the Chinese food I had just bought. (I had decided that the spot under the bridge was a bad place after all for an obvious reason.) I recounted what happened on the bus: "While on the bus... whether it is proper to videotape a French secret agent... we have come to understand our complex reason as to why we wanted to preserve the images of the Displays... the Display's purpose is to produce an image... there is a 'Display branch' in the Agency..." I ate and reflected at the same time: "...

videotaping is therapy... it's separation from our doubles... *Spaltung*..." (from 5:00 onward). "If there is no witness, then it needs to be preserved, just as we have videotaped ourselves crying... why French? ... the Displays told the French, 'We have this amazing dummy tree, come try it out'... our video collection is not about a beauty pageant... we shouldn't videotape secret agents just because they are beautiful..." (11:30). I started analyzing this "Event of the Display": "... the first time... the Display... there was massive power, even though nothing was said... recall the incident in November 2006... when Homeland Security tried to poison us... and then the 'Event of the Display' at CGI... and she was super-classy... what she meant was 'Don't say shit'... even though it was not said, it *was* communication... it was compensation... so that you won't do... the reason why we videotaped the Displays... it was our long acquaintance with each other... hence we don't videotape the French... and it is different from the reason why we preserve the images of our doubles... the image is deep... its purpose is to make you do something... by way of compensation... Is the French agent also deep?" I was now suspecting that the super beautiful French woman at Union Station was in fact a French secret agent. But, if so, who sent her in? Then: "What else happened on the bus? ... someone who looked like our uncle-in-law... and another man who looked like a police officer was talking to him. "'Pearl Harbor' is a very scary movie'... it's an intercept... every time when the 'Event of the Display' occurs, it's an *éclat*... you can't be a Display without a master degree... and they don't show up to get money from you, but to get you to do something... when they are gone, the effect of the image is supposed to stay with you such that you will do what they want you to do.... And so that's what happened on the bus... we don't pay attention to intercepts anymore... the French agent made a cellphone call for us... we didn't videotape it, we didn't need the therapy anymore..." Then: "... this spot is quite safe, because many instances of criminal recording were not actually recorded... we ran around all day, and what have we accomplished? We picked up one rental application..." When I was done with eating, I got up and walked away. Again, while this confession of mine about the function of the "Display" might seem irrelevant to you, it *is* important in that the Russians would factor it into their profile of me explaining my relationship with the CIA and my motivation in conspiring with them to harm Russia.

My next recording is: "psdnprklot\_12\_28\_09\_725PM.WMA": I recounted what happened: "... we walked to the liquor store next to the Chinese place... when we walked in, the Korean woman told us to leave our cart outside... we ignored her... why did she say that? To produce an intercept... showing us not being welcomed... are we supposed to be arrested so that our laptop can be forged? I have no idea..." (1:00). I was just acting: I knew there was no intercept here. "... and an intercept of our not being welcomed... and they will talk about us because we are so widely known... because our cart is so full of gold... that not even money can buy... so many secret agents here, half of them not yet found... and yet she wanted us to leave it outside... we'd tell her to go fuck herself... and so what's so special about secret agents?... I don't know, but this laptop is special..." And I settled back down in my corner next to the parking structure. "It's better to be a massive dummy tree than to be watched over by law enforcement officers..." (7:20). Then: "... actually, when we buy cigarettes, we shouldn't turn off our recorder... to keep the 'time dimension'... we just want to be safe..." As I smoked my cigarettes, my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: "psdnprklot\_12\_28\_09\_803PM.WMA": I determined that my recorder had

indeed run out of battery, and that I missed 10 minutes or so.

My next recording is: “psdnprklot\_12\_28\_09\_816PM.WMA”: I mumbled about something, and then turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “slppsdpnrklot\_12\_28-29\_09\_811PM-333AM.WMA”: I continued to mumble about insignificant things, and then indistinctly about super weapons and so on until 11:30, when I turned off the other recorder. “You got excited because you saw a French... Homeland Security has recruited such sophisticated people just to make cellphone calls... women like that have a better job to do than making cellphone calls... being a dummy tree is stressful... ‘I’ll survive’... where is our double when we need him? ... where is our ‘Display Mommy’? ... ‘Mommy’ is just an image...” From now on, I would start referring to pretty CIA women as “Mommy” (and soon cease calling them ‘Displays’). Then I rested.<sup>21</sup> On 6:31:00, it started raining and I was awakened. “... Homeland Security doesn’t control the rain...” Ha! As you shall see, I would soon believe just the opposite. I moved to a different corner and then continued to sleep. Then my recorder ran out of space.

Before we move on, let’s take stock of the three things that happened today whose meaning is uncertain: (1) Did my Toshiba Satellite really get burglarized? (2) Was there really an intercept about “South Africa”, “Zimbabwe”, and so on? (3) Was the pretty French woman really a French secret agent? It’s not that important to have the answers to these mysteries of the day for, whatever they be, they wouldn’t affect very much the rest of the story (how the trial would conclude within the next 35 days or so).

### **December 29 (Tuesday; the Super Beautiful Mommy)**

My next recording is: “slppsdpnmxcnr\_12\_29\_09\_414-544AM.WMA”: I was still asleep.<sup>22</sup> On 1:16:50 I woke up. “We slept too much!” I then mumbled something about Karin’s meetups. “Whatever has happened to Gabi?”

My next recording is: “lakeblvd\_12\_29\_09\_549-603AM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we woke up... the other recorder... and we did the David Chin stuff... we left behind our plastic bag... but actually left behind more... and threw away the batteries... we taped our glasses... the tapes on the right side are protruding and hurting our head...” I kept walking down Lake Blvd. “We fell asleep again...” And I hummed loudly when people walked past me. “It looks like we woke up way too late... holy shit, it’s 6 AM! Let’s go back.”

My next recording is: “lakeblvd\_12\_29\_09\_607AM.WMA”: I recounted: “... our recorder just ran out of battery... as we were looking for batteries, we suddenly couldn’t find our Sony ICD-B600. Did the Chinese super pickpocket take it?” Not again! “... maybe they stole it while we were... the Seagate hard drive... the other recorder turned out to be inside our pocket together with our wallet... but no

21 Reviewed until 46:00, and then from 6:22:00 onward.

22 Reviewed until 9:00, and then from 1:11:00 onward.

data seem to have been deleted... but this thing uses USB... what if they put viruses inside?”

My next recording is: “lakeblvdcantfindicd\_12\_29\_09\_619-624AM.WMA”: I was now very distraught: “... that Chinese super pickpocket stole our ICD-B600... they also stole our Olympus WS-210... it’s in the wrong pocket... *they put something into the recorder*... they have not only disabled our recording habit with super weapons... but are trying to control... we are fucking dead... everything we have is burglarized... we don’t have anything now... Oh my God... they must have stolen it while taking out our Seagate... they wanted this because all the meetup recordings... but that means... are in the evidentiary record... but they must be out by now... because, with this Sony recorder, you don’t actually transfer the files out... so can’t be forged... they are just trying to suppress evidences once and for all...” And I turned off my recorder before getting on the bus.

My next recording is: “findicdvrmnt\_12\_29\_09\_711-721AM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we just got off bus 180... after Vermont and Prospect... but we actually found our ICD-B600 in our front pocket... that feels so good... the Olympus recorder... why was it found in our pocket with our wallet? Will Homeland Security put viruses in it? But most of our worries are unfounded...” And I continued on and on about this. Presumably the Russians didn’t command Homeland Security to send agents in to burglarize my recorders! “So they are trying to do something with our meetup recordings... with our recording habit disabled, we can’t count and record intercepts... that takes care of the future...” Acting! “... there is no reason why they would put viruses into our recorder to get them into our Toshiba...” I was now walking up Vermont from Bank of America. “They wouldn’t put viruses into our recorder.” And I turned off my recorder before going into Psychobabble.

Something extraordinary then happened in Psychobabble. While I was doing something on my computers – I can’t remember what – this super beautiful woman, blond and about 40 year-old, suddenly appeared at the counter. She spoke Spanish to the cashier to order something, and then promptly walked out. I was in shock. She was obviously a CIA agent – where except in the CIA can you find a woman so extraordinarily beautiful? – and so it’s immediately evident to me that it was the Russians who had ordered the CIA to send her in to meet me. This of course meant that the CIA was sinking one inch deeper into their crimes, and yet this “Super Beautiful Mommy” was looking all dignified and composed, without a trace of disgruntlement or regret on her face.

My next recording is: “psychbbbleprklotmommi\_12\_29\_09\_1131AM-1206PM.WMA”: I was now eating outside Psychobabble. I recounted what happened: “... we were in Psychobabble and then in 711 to get food... we were very nervous while in Psychobabble... we had to stick our Olympus recorder into our Toshiba... plug it in and plug it out... and there was an intercept... a white guy was looking for an apartment...” I was just acting: of course there was no intercept. “... and then we were in 711... 5 super weapons came in to gather around us as if 711 were Disneyland... now it’s required that we leave no record behind of these intercepts... *Mommy has to show up for more than a few seconds*... if we can’t videotape it... or she has to sit down and let us videotape her... we can’t deal with it... we can’t understand electronic equipment...” Then I recounted how I needed to ask for the wireless password again because... “... we had to say two sentences... I don’t remember what they were.... to keep



ourselves safe, we open every junk email we get... the Inter-American Commission for Human Rights... just kept sending us... they have been taken over as a foreign intelligence gathering-point...” Not at all, of course. I continued to mumble while eating: “Where is Mommy?” Then, nonsense: “Do you think if Homeland Security has put something into the shampoo at the motel so that, after we have washed ourselves, we would be even more itchy... electronic devices are so worrisome, there is memory in there, you can put viruses in them... the next time we need to start writing down intercepts again... if we say something we need to write it down too... and DVD-25-Copy... the old disc from June... we kept it in the outer part of our vinyl holder, and dirt has got on it, causing us worries.... When the intercept happens and you speak it, it calms the anxiety too... when you ask for the wireless password without recording it, it causes you so much anxiety... when Mommy appears and you can’t videotape her and she’s gone in one second, that feels very awful... Mommy needs to be recorded or videotaped or she needs to stay a little longer... you feel anxious, and you want to videotape Mommy... maybe Homeland Security wanted intercepts of our scratching our head and so put something into our shampoo... so that we’ll keep scratching our hair... and we have a headache too... we slept over 10 hours last night, why are we so sleepy?” Then I was mumbling about the problem I had encountered when I tried to burn a new copy of DVD-19. As you can see, I didn’t quite yet know what to say about the Super Beautiful Mommy that had just materialized in front of me. But, later.

My next recording is: “12\_29\_09\_1207PM.WMA”: I turned on my recorder briefly to recount about the two white females that just came out of Jack-in-the-Box: “... they made a cellphone call... they look like they are pregnant... we are not sure if that takes away their attractiveness... we are about to go inside Psychobabble again to use the restroom...” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “rcuntpsychbbrstrm\_12\_29\_09\_1224-1234PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... what happened is that... first, a middle-aged white man knocked on the door... we gestured to him to hold on... the cashier then knocked on the door again... he said ‘This is not your personal toilet’... so we had to leave... the cashier pointed to the Coca-Cola we left on the sink... many more people... two white females, very attractive... she reminded us of Régine... we had to leave, we looked like shit, with water all over our mouth... before, you could sit inside all day and watch people... and leave the recorder on the table... attractive white females... Mommy... the next time when we see Mommy we can ask her if we can videotape her...” Then I described the white man who kept scratching himself. “... why are we so sleepy? ... we don’t have pictures of the *real* Mommy, the much older one... *we had one, the one on the bus...*” I was referring to Best Mommy: as you shall see, this would be very significant later on. Then: “... the cashier is doing something... he might report us... he’s very mean... he was probably instructed to knock on the door...” Not! “... another white guy is scratching himself... scratching your head is so not illegal...” I then turned off my recorder before walking down Vermont.

My next recording is: “vrmntmommiopprent\_12\_29\_09\_1248-224PM.WMA”: I turned my recorder back on. I was hiding in the same area as last night. Now it was time for me to recount: “... we are at this ‘Glendale Theater Gallery’... super weapons were all over the place earlier... what happened in Psychobabble was that *the most beautiful Mommy, blond and dressed most fashionably, came in...* she ordered, and then left immediately... we just wish we could videotape her... Mommy comes, mostly to

comfort... the opposite of Mommy is super weapon, the entity of utter disgust... recall the true binary oppositions which we have theorized in our 'The Synchronic Structure of Patriarchy'... love/ hate vs indifference... The true opposite of Mommy is not the defector, but super weapon... all these pretty white women on the street remind you of Mommy... but suddenly you want to vomit because all these super weapons are also walking around... just when we were enjoying Mommy's beauty, super weapons came in to disgust us..." (until 5:00). And I continued my analysis for a while. "People don't join Mommy's cult, no, Mommy will find you..." Then: "We don't really know if Mommy really hates her counterpart..." By "counterpart" I of course meant the Russians. Then, something important: "... *Mommy wants a divorce, to get the abusive father off her back... but in order for that to happen, she has to destroy her counterpart...* but does she really hate her counterpart...? We don't hate Mommy's counterpart... they are an object of indifference for us... and someday we want to ask Mommy whether and why she hates her counterpart..." (until 8:50). Excellent acting! And I continued: "... we just know that Mommy wants a divorce because Daddy is abusive and bad bad bad... Mommy's business, she doesn't tell us anyway..." As I filled up my rental application, I continued: "... we don't even want to call that thing 'Daddy'... that abuser is just too domineering... 'We are only married in order to separate'... Mommy has a lot of counterparts... we used to have a regular manager, Albert, but then Mommy wanted to take over and so *a Mommy* became our manager... finding this apartment is under our control..." Then I noted that another man had scratched his nose! Then: "The Mommy we saw this morning... if she was Mommy... she was so fabulous... the Mommy we saw on the bus was more approachable... *Mommy has many different sizes...* the Mommy from this morning is not even touchable... If we touch her, we'll burn to ashes..." (20:30). Then: "... we are pretending to be Lawrence Chin, and so we just put down 'Lawrence Chin' on our application..." Then: "... the Mommy from this morning... we have forgotten to mention that she was speaking Spanish... from here we can see the Griffith Observatory... that would be a good place to hide in... Look, super weapons have appeared in the distance, and the feeling of disgust immediately emerges within us... don't pay attention to the abuser, his stuff sucks... Mommy's abuser has taken over our family... Do not know what your family is doing... which one of our family members should we put down here? ... do not know what you family is doing, do not find out..." (45:00). Then I took note of another guy wearing big earphones and sunglasses: "... he's from our abuser..." Did the Russians really order Homeland Security to send in an agent to conduct surveillance on me at this moment (e.g. to obtain proof that it's indeed me who was making this important testimony here)? On 52:00 I turned on my Toshiba to find the references I needed for my rental application. "More and more do we suspect that the guy sitting over there is Homeland Security... they are always there... we just hope that it's Mommy who's watching over us..." Then a bunch of people appeared with their super weapons: "... another intercept..." After I was done with my rental application, I started naming my latest recordings and preparing for project DVD-86 (1:05:00). Then: "... more super weapons are coming down the stairs, surveillance is had of our snooping on them with our laptop..." (1:17:30). Then, more people were yelling in front of me on 1:24:40. I was still nervous when I stuck my Olympus recorder into my Toshiba: "How do you know there is no virus inside?" On 1:29:00, siren in the distance.

My next recording is: "vrmontgrass\_12\_29\_09\_229-321PM.WMA": I recounted how I had imported all the latest recordings into my Toshiba and started naming them. Then: "... another vagrant... could he

be law enforcement?” (34:00) On 40:00, I filmed myself examining my rental application before I left this corner. On 45:20, a woman was talking near me, and I hummed. On 50:00, as I was walking away: “The vagrant is gone too. Maybe he *is* law enforcement! Or maybe just our double... it used to be that, wherever we lay down, a vagrant would appear to be our double... now you need your double more than ever before!”

My next recording is: “off4mommiaprt\_12\_29\_09\_443-505PM.WMA”: I just got off bus 4. I recounted: “... what happened earlier is that, on Vermont and Wilshire... we were going to take the Red Line to go to Harvey Apartment... at the entrance... we noticed a detective going in, and so we walked on Santa Monica Blvd instead... and we thus took bus 4 to Harvey Apartment... a lot of super weapons...” I was of course going to Harvey Apartment to turn in my application.

My next recording is: “psdnprklotabutmommi\_12\_29\_09\_616-709PM.WMA”: I had by now returned to Pasadena and settled down in my usual corner next to the parking structure. I recounted what happened: “... we got off bus 485... bought food in the Chinese fast food place...” And I repeated all the sounds I had ever made in there and so on. “... the 485 bus is better than the 181 bus, with fewer super weapons on board... there was an old white man in the front... maybe law enforcement or the FBI... and he scratched his head, as is the rule now... and the Asian male continued to move his shoulder, producing surveillance intercepts...” Nonsense. “... after we got off on Lake and Colorado, our double was withdrawing cash on Union Bank’s ATM... something about the black man is that he was wearing earphones... so maybe he was not law enforcement... but the security companies usually just contract out surveillance agents... so it’s possible that he *was* law enforcement... and another black man in the front was also wearing earphones... maybe also a decoy... Amanda... the Display... that woman from this morning was definitely a Display, you simply don’t see a woman like that in Psychobabble... *Amanda is our peer... but Mommy’s true self, it’s a married woman...* so we were in a higher rung earlier... *something is gonna happen...* before, we were not in love with Mommy, but only with her image... but now Mommy’s big self is showing up, what are you gonna do? Other people will just throw their life away for her, but we are more complex... Mommy knows that we are far more moved by an older Mommy than by our peer... *it’s almost like a sign...* our looking for an apartment might just be a waste of time... Mommy holds the key to our apartment... Look, a woman in a car... the last time we saw law enforcement in a car here... Mommy is watching us right now... sometimes she watches us and sometimes not... Daddy is watching us, but we don’t like him at all... Don’t worry about it, in the end you would just have wasted your time and money... nothing will happen... Mommy has to obey the law... Look, a black hair white female... we’re scared... we didn’t get videotaped by the police today... What’s going on in the Cave right now?... when we were waiting for the bus, this man with dark skin opened up his cellphone... he seemed to be our double, but he also looked like law enforcement... double function... Look, a cat! And she looks like Samantha!” (15:00) Then I continued my act: “... our simple happiness has been disturbed by the last two Displays... *Mommy herself has showed up...* Amanda is just an image of an image... like in Plato, small forms and big forms... every other form is just a form of the big form...<sup>23</sup> most of the Displays we have are just images of the image... this morning, it’s almost like the image itself... if Mommy hears us, she would say, ‘This guy

23 I was mistaken here. It should be: “... every other form is just a *shadow* of the big form...”

really knows his Mommy’ ... you are not a man until you know your Mommy... no, that’s dumb... the image herself... it’s usually beautiful, but not always... but it’s always classy...” I used the example of Ms Congenial. “... she has some meat on her, but that doesn’t diminish her effect... Mommy wants a divorce... who doesn’t? Who wants to be married to Daddy? ... Look, another car is coming out on us... a lot of head-scratching today too...” And I continued to eat. “... Mommy wants a divorce... People in the Cave have seen Mommy’s pictures... Mommy wants her pictures out of the Cave... our lawsuit doesn’t contain Mommy’s pictures... *once her pictures are out of the Cave, she will have won the case, and can then get her divorce*... hopefully that’s the end of the story...” This is important here: I had just correctly characterized the battle until late last month. Since I had supposedly comprehended this, it had become a conspiracy so that the CIA girls’ pictures would definitely stay in the Cave forever. I continued my act: “... we just want our apartment... *the problem is that we are carrying Mommy’s burden*... we will just go about our normal routine... Will Mommy show up again? If she shows up, we will be startled... because now it is...” And I was suffering from tremendous headache and had to rest right away. Then I was mumbling about the white woman who had “spotted me”. Now I had to tape up my bag before going to sleep in order to prevent any possible burglarization of my things. “Is it possible to put viruses inside the keyboard and the mouse?”

My next recording is: “slppsdpnrklot\_12\_29-30\_09\_709PM-208AM.WMA”: I taped up my recorders as well so that I would never have to worry again about its being burglarized. I hummed when a pickup truck came in front of me to pick up a white female. I was having such a bad headache. As I slept, people came immediately to park their cars in front of me, and I hummed. Then I slept quietly.<sup>24</sup> On 6:35:00, I was awake, only to discover that the left temple of my glasses was missing. I started mumbling about all sorts of nonsense. On 6:41:00, about a French movie I once saw. I continued to lay there, mumbling “Mommy” intermittently.

At the end let’s reflect on why the Russians ordered the CIA to send in the most beautiful “Mommy” to me today – merely two days after the previous most beautiful “Mommy”. Since the appearance of the previous “Mommy” I had been mumbling about how the CIA agents’ function was to produce an image with the purpose of persuading the target to do something without actually asking him. Then I had also indicated that I was ready to turn in my Eee PC even while expecting the suit team to play the “joker”. The Russians knew that I would soon turn over my Eee PC to Best Buy making the “joker” possible and so ordered the CIA to send in another most beautiful “Mommy” (an even more beautiful “Mommy”) to make an image for me (i.e. to ask me to turn in my Eee PC) as a way to obtain a “perfect” instance of how I had run my conspiracy with the CIA to harm Russia. Since I would turn in my Eee PC on the last day of the year, this “perfect instance” would be completed over a two-day period.

It should also be noted that my new understanding of the CIA’s motive as one of “divorce” – this wasn’t entirely an act since this really did seem to me to be the case – was quite significant. This not only reinforced my previous explanation as to why I had wanted to conspire with the suit team even given my express hatred of the United States (so, actually, I only hated half of America but really loved

24 Reviewed until 38:00 and then from 6:29:00 onward.

the other half) but was also constitutive of my continual attempt to find ways to exonerate the CIA while leaving Mr former Secretary condemned. Great testimony for the Russians in any case. You must wait to see what I was going to make out of this analogy in the coming days.

### **December 30 (Wednesday; “rape”)**

My next recording is: “smnthabrtrtionommmi\_12\_30\_09\_202-345AM.WMA”: I continued to lay there. I was now mumbling not only “Mommy” but also “Samantha”. On 34:00, somebody walked past. “It’s not a security guard, is it?” On 51:00, a cat’s meowing. “Samantha’s ghost!” And so I reflected on Samantha. “Only Mommy knows whether Samantha has died or not, because that’s Mommy’s trick.” Then, suddenly, from 55:00 onward, I started an important testimony: “This whole thing feels like rape. Daddy raped us, and we are pregnant. Our baby is ‘Russian intelligence’. The fetus is going to die if you go anywhere... if you go to Washington DC, Russia will lose South America and so on... it’s so inconvenient... and so you need to get an abortion... the fetus has to die because you have to move... so why don’t you get an abortion? ... Mommy is going to get us an abortion... then two months later, you discover that the umbilical cord is still attached... and so we have to cut it... Daddy is just going to pull the cord out forcibly, and our intestines might come out with it... so Mommy shows up... how are you gonna cut this? ... we don’t know how to cut it... Mommy wants *us* to cut it... *if you don’t cut it, Mommy will get hurt...*” And, just then, another cat (58:00). I then started on Samantha’s ghost again: “... she got Daddy to beat us up, it’s Samantha’s revenge... cut it... it’s too bad for the fetus, but she’s going to die anyway... don’t feel bad, it’s all imaginary... What is Russian intelligence gonna do? They’ll just go home... and Daddy will feel good... only a tiny portion of the people in the Cave know that Daddy is lying... so everyone is happy... we don’t need to feel guilty about real people because they can take care of themselves... the Russians can just go home...” Again, I didn’t yet know that things weren’t that simple: those convicted might have to be chipped in the brain! Then: “... but we’ve got raped, we can’t keep the fetus... Mommy is always around, Mommy is close... the Russian intelligence, they are from another planet... we don’t really understand Mommy’s business, we just know that she needs a divorce... Mommy abides by the law, and the law protects our health, and so when the umbilical cord is cut, we’ll be alright... we are like Mommy’s little girl... let’s go, we just do what we can, everything else despite us... Look! Now we have found the left temple of our glasses... let’s tape it back... when you gave away Samantha, that’s like an abortion too...” I was then mumbling about my experience with volunteering at animal shelters in San Francisco and LA, and how bad the situation for the animals was in South Central LA. “The Russians are so fat that Mr former Secretary wants to eat them for lunch... the Russians have a lot of meat on them...” Again, indeed! By 1:21:00, I was on the move. On 1:23:00, I made sure to dump my trash in the trash can on Lake and Colorado. On 1:28:50: “... a man dragging a cart is sitting at the bus bench... law enforcement is watching us even when we are asleep... Mommy holds the key to your apartment... remember, Mommy is law-abiding...” I of course suspected that it was the Russians who had sent in these suspicious people to watch over me. On 1:30:00, I was paying attention to the newspaper man who was putting newspapers into the newsstand in front of Starbucks. Then I moved on. While walking down Lake Blvd, I continually mumbled nonsense and read signs on buildings because I was in a high spirit. (Again, because I knew that the Russians were winning big time.) “If you live in LA you need to know

*español...*” When I passed by Borders Bookstore: “... if the camera can actually see you, Mommy will say something... will show up... so, don’t worry, Mommy will take care of everything... she will show up at critical moments... Mommy will take care of us, why? *Because Mommy needs us to take care of Mommy...* Mommy sees all, hears all... will take care of us because we are important to Mommy... if you end up somewhere you aren’t supposed to be, Mommy will appear... all beautiful, all dressed up...” Excellent testimony for the Russians! My conspiracy with the CIA! When I was about to enter Winchell, I turned off my recorder. The same black man was inside.

This imagery of “abortion” was of course good evidence for the Russians too: evidence as to what my motivation was in conspiring with the suit team to harm them. It is also significant for me later on in that it would eventually evolve into my designation of Russia as “Daughterland”: i.e. when my “daughter” was in fact born instead of being aborted, she would actually grow up to inherit the earth!

My next recording is: “onlakeblvd\_12\_30\_09\_354-522AM.WMA”: I was now outside Winchell. I recounted what insignificant things I said while inside Winchell to order my doughnuts and so on. Now I was still mumbling nonsense while eating my doughnuts. Again: “Where is Mommy? Mommy has affected us in the past few days...” My increasing longing for pretty CIA agents was very good evidence for the Russians. “... it’s not gonna happen that, when you are so excited and wake up, you are only going to find that this is not right and that is not right... the Starbucks Display... she also scratched her head... we suddenly remember this... maybe she was just being our double...” I was probably referring to the August 3 CIA girl. Then: “... Mr former Secretary invented this head-scratching thing... it’s hilarious...” Then the manager showed up (25:30): “... the manager must have seen an alert about us...” By 28:00, I was walking north on Lake Blvd. On 48:00, I was at the corner behind Chase: but the whole area was sealed off! I hesitated about going to Starbucks “because detectives might show up there”. Acting! On 50:00 I settled down in a different corner. On 1:05:45, I turned on my Toshiba. Battery at 25 percent! “There is a problem with the battery.” From 1:14:00 onward, I was working on my recordings. On 1:15:30, a security guard scared me.

My next recording is: “utstrbkrstrmgreenmommipc\_12\_30\_09\_552-610AM.WMA”: I was now on Green Street. I recounted: “... we went inside Starbucks... went into the restroom... was in there for quite a while... when we walked in, we did notice a middle-aged white male... law enforcement... after we came out of the restroom... this man, was he law enforcement? Or Homeland Security? ... when we exited, this possible law enforcement officer was no longer there... Starbucks is too scary...” Then, suddenly, on 6:40, I pretended to confess: “... Mommy’s pictures are really in the Cave, that’s why Amanda showed up two times pretending to not know us... people in the Cave have seen Mommy... Mommy’s too beautiful to be seen in the Cave... actually people in the Cave have no eyes and are not supposed to see anything...” Again, excellent acting! As if I was able to figure out what the essence of the battle consisted in just late enough so that the Russians could only benefit from it rather than being hurt by it. By 11:00 I was on the move. On 16:00 I was waiting for the bus. Then I turned off my recorder before getting on the bus.

My next recording is: “tospcyhobbble\_12\_30\_09\_659-707AM.WMA”: By now I had come to Vermont

and Franklin on bus 181. While walking, I recounted: "... nothing happened on the bus... we were just dozing off... maybe there were intercepts and we just didn't notice..." I took note of the ambulance which passed by in front of me. I turned off my recorder before going inside Psychobabble.

Unlike yesterday, nothing special was going on in Psychobabble today. I continued to upload the last remaining files from my lawsuit (the recordings of Karin's meetups). I would however discover that, yesterday afternoon – on 4:25 PM to be exact – Jennifer Day sent me an email. That was about 5 or 6 hours after the appearance of the super beautiful CIA agent. This was her first email to me since October 6. But I wouldn't dare to open it. I then spent some time looking over, and practicing, Linux commands.

Although I knew right away it must be the Russians who had commanded the CIA to order Jennifer Day to email me, I didn't quite know why. Today I would assume that it was also a signal to me that I should turn in my Eee PC soon. But why did I need two signals for the same assignment? Today I would assume that the Russians were replacing evidences: namely, the Russians must have noticed that, when the CIA instructed Jennifer Day to email me on July 11, the intention was to beg me *not* to go rather than *to go* to Nicaragua. Since I had pretended to understand that it meant "Go", there was a mismatch of intention which might pose problems for the Russians in convicting the CIA of conspiracy with me. Now that both the CIA and the lower court were under their command, the Russians therefore instructed the CIA to do it again with the clear intention of "Do it" which would then be a "perfect" instance that would cancel out, or replace, the July 11 "imperfect" episode. But I didn't do well by not opening the email. But, since I had seen the title of the email in my inbox, the Russians had presumably succeeded in replacing this crucial piece of evidence in any case.

My next recording is: "utpsychbbbleeeepscare\_12\_30\_09\_1149AM-1202PM.WMA": After I was done with the Internet work for the day and came out of Psychobabble, I recounted: "... the ambulance videotaping us... we are out of Psychobabble, but we have had an extremely frustrating time... Eee PC's malfunctioning... we tried to print out what was in our hard drive... *Homeland Security would definitely forge our Eee PC when we turn it in...* but we can't even print out the directory... it's too dangerous... because that might be the reason... basically we just uploaded a bunch of files... Karin's meetups... when we turn it in we might get arrested... usually it'd just be swapped with another computer... it's too dangerous... *we couldn't really help Mommy...* we need to figure out what to do... it's all destroyed by remote control... it's basically a piece of garbage... actually not recording is too dangerous... it's raining very bad right now... we can still do it... we just need absolute proof... for law enforcement's sake... we *can* help Mommy... okay, we are gonna do it, but we are going to do it the safe way..." Then, on 6:30, a man gave me pasta. I immediately pretended to understand: "... okay *Mommy wants us to do it...*" As you can see, the rest of this recording overlaps much of the next recording.

My next recording is: "utpsychbbbleeeepscare\_12\_30\_09\_1147-1157AM.WMA": I continued as I walked down Vermont: "... no Daddy... *but we'll do it the safe way...* law enforcement is not supposed to get confused, but we will do it the safe way just in case..." And I started eating my pasta

(4:20). “This is an intercept!” Then: “Mommy wants us to do it! There is actually nothing in our Eee PC...” On 7:00, the same man came over to give me more pasta. “Helping Mommy is fucking dangerous... the safe way...” When I came to the bus stop to wait for the bus, I turned off my recorder.

As you can see, the Russians were succeeding spectacularly with this “perfect” instance: First the Super Beautiful Mommy, then Jennifer Day’s email, and then I was caught understanding the messages and debating with myself as to whether I should do what the CIA wanted me to do – and finally agreeing to do it! This is “conspiracy” perfectly caught. The CIA was caught instructing me to do a certain thing to harm Russia without actually saying anything to me but merely by hiding instructions within images.

My next recording is: “12\_30\_09\_1257-109PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... just got off 180 bus... on Vincent... 5000 North... it’s still raining, very few people are on the street... there must have been intercepts in Psychobabble, but we were too concentrated on getting the final work done on our Eee PC... an attractive white female came in and we looked at her... that’s all... we are at... a Hispanic nurse is text-messaging... we’re intercepted...” I continued to hum while describing the people I passed by, and then I complained about how my cart was falling apart. “Why does this building have a flag on it? It’s Colorado 1800 West... it says ‘For Sale’... 49... it’s a cheap motel...” I decided to go in to take a look, but I first turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_30\_09\_110-134PM.WMA”: I recounted what happened: “... we were at the motel... we went to the window, and an Indian man came out... ‘Do you have a room?’ ‘No.’ ... our cart is entirely broken... *I don’t think we can do Mommy this favor*... we can’t even take care of ourselves... it’s raining... where is the fucking thing? ... we don’t have time to do any work! We are just too busy!” That is, I was hoping to pass the last days of the year in a motel, and imparting greater realism on my acts by vacillating over whether to turn in my Eee PC. And I hummed continually as I walked. “We passed it... we can’t find it... let’s go backward... we’ll have no money next month... we have to wander the streets for the rest of our lives... forget it... we just don’t have fucking money... you keep spending your money on fucking motels... until you get picked up by the police...” And I continued to moan about how there was nothing I could do to end my homelessness. I wasn’t acting *here*: I was really exhausted by homelessness. “... our Toshiba will die if you keep on living like this... we have been homeless for 8 months... why bother to find an apartment? ... until our machines die and we die out of exhaustion...” And I continued to mumble about how there was nowhere for me to go. “... we don’t have a single month where our account is not overdrawn... the bank has already taken away 1,000 dollars from us... we are fucking dead meat...” And I started picking things out of the trash can and throwing them onto the street. Then, when I got on the bus, I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_30\_09\_229-243PM.WMA”: I recounted what happened while walking the street: “... we were at Western... many cheap motels there... weekly rate... and we spat at a super weapon... no one in the motel office... we waited... then a Hispanic guy came out to tell us no one was in there... we were still at Western and Hollywood, after getting off bus 181... we were on the bus... we sat there, and a super weapon came and wanted to sit next to us, and so we put our feet up, since it must be because of our smell that the super weapons were attracted to us... and so we made sure he



smelled something... you say you'll figure it out... and so they'll fuck you up... why do you think there are all these super weapons around? ... they're gonna arrest you... this machine is so cool, it keeps on malfunctioning... that's a good deal... now it's raining..." And the drivers were honking at me: "Shut up you mother-fucker..." Then: "... this guy shouted so loud because he wanted to get himself recorded by us... as long as you don't get provoked, you won't be arrested... *Mommy is very pretty, but, just because she's pretty, that doesn't mean we will risk our life for her...*" Ha! Good acting! Vacillation always imparts greater realism on my act! Then: "... the police will always follow us on the street... we'll always be a pedophile suspect, but never beyond that, because you are not really a pedophile... and we'll never be arrested for anything, for we just want to spit on children's face... just because you hate children, that doesn't make you a pedophile... so the police follow you everyday, and what do they find? They find that we keep identifying the undercover officers... Homeland Security wants to provoke us with super weapons, but we just do nothing... if you keep being homeless, after 10 years you *will* be arrested... we don't have the time... our life is too busy... they can only do intercepts on the bus... they have to delay it for 5 years... to waste government's money... it will take them [the judges?] three months just to read through the intercepts..." And I noted down more apartments for rent. Then: "... we can't budget things because everyday might be our last day..."

My next recording is: "12\_30\_09\_257-333PM.WMA": I recounted: "... an Asian man in front of us producing surveillance intercepts... we gave up... now we are just standing in this corner... we took a bunch of newspapers out of the newspaper stand and threw them onto the street... a good intercept... when you are homeless, you'll just have to waste time moving from one spot to another... you can just sleep on the street tonight... you are going to get picked up by the police... we don't have money and never will... we cannot find a job... we can keep the recorder on, there is no one here... until night fall... let's get some work done... because our computer will die soon... everything we have is government-remotely controlled..." And I continued to read suspicious people's license plates. I also kept asking strangers for money. "... get as much work done as possible before you get picked up by the police..." Then I assumed I was getting videotaped by a public utility vehicle: "... say 'Hi' to the camera, the pedophile is here... true surveillance, false surveillance... police surveillance... how much money has the government spent on us? ... watching over us? ... everybody acts... is alerted... never in the history of humankind has somebody been so alerted about..." And I shouted profanity at a Hispanic woman when she brought her super weapon to me. I moved on while humming. Then I assumed I was videotaped by another police car on 21:45, and I read out the license plate. "... Western 1300 North... *let's put in our Eee PC, otherwise you'll be arrested...*" Now I was vacillating back to my original position! "... let the profile accumulate, it's really cool, the most disgusting and detested person in the history of humankind, never before in the history of humankind is there someone so detested... negative profiles everywhere, it's really cool..." (26:50). Then a woman gave me some change. "... I hope super weapons will not pop up from underground..." Ha! On 35:00, I rested in a corner. Suddenly: "Do you know why there is no manager in that motel? Because Homeland Security wants us to be homeless... our function in society is to be homeless..." Before I entered into the busy section on Hollywood and Western, I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "12\_30\_09\_446-507PM.WMA": Somehow I had got on bus 180 and come to the

Eagle Rock area. I recounted: "... just exited... we are in Eagle Rock... we went inside... just to take a look... it's a cybercafe... we have never been here before... no place to use our laptops in... the restroom was locked... only four guys inside... one guy immediately left... maybe he just did something illegal on his computer... in the patio section... chatted with a guy<sup>25</sup>... didn't touch any computers at all... but our recorder was not on... two security cameras were above the cashier's counter... that's proof that we didn't use any computers... we wanted to check out this cafe... everybody was using laptops there... but there was a playground behind... afraid of super weapons, we left... but this is a very good place to work in... whatever intercepts there might be... we don't have anywhere to go... we wanted to go to a new place so that we won't be reported... going to the same place is dangerous... if we want to go inside the cybercafe, we have to keep the recorder on, otherwise it'd be too dangerous..." I continued to walk down the street: "... it's raining, and so we don't want to use laptops in the street corner... our laptops are about to die... since we are supposed to be homeless so that society can kick us around like a ball... and denigrate us because we have good stuff... *the goal of society is to treat gold like shit and shit like gold*, that's why it values super weapons... those entities which only eat and shit... we're pissed off... stuck in this fucking society... this guy is making a cellphone call" – and I read out his license plate. I was truly angry now, but of course I continued my act: "... it's better to urinate outside, using restrooms is too dangerous... keeping the recorder off is too dangerous... we didn't have time to do anything... we just wander around... we have to let our stuff rot away... we have to burn two to three discs per day... otherwise they will rot away... *we are treated like shit because we are better than other people... smarter...*" Then, suddenly, a super weapon, and I shouted at him like crazy: "... fucking garbage..." (10:00). "... they are gonna report it to the police, otherwise what's the point of showing up in front of us?" I was by now so angry that I was kicking things on the street. "... when you see trash you are supposed to take them out and throw them onto the street... when you see a cybercafe, don't walk in, unless you are ready to use a computer and videotape yourself using it..." I threw more trash out of a trash can: "... we have restored it to its proper function, which is to have trash around it..." Then I rested in a corner: "... using a laptop can be dangerous too, you can be arrested... it's America... but we can't waste time anymore, it's a race against time..." When the 181 bus came, I turned off my recorder before getting on.

My next recording is: "12\_30\_09\_538-704PM.WMA": I had just got off the 181 bus. I recounted: "When we entered the Old Town... we tried to use our Toshiba... the SD card... move screenshots... a detective seems to have got on the bus to watch over us... when the bus passed by Lake, a community college fat girl got on and started talking on her cellphone... she talked about how she wanted to kill her cousin, how good she was in taking people down when people came to attack her... and put a cigarette in her mouth..." This was indeed very strange, but I'm really not sure even today whether this was an operation. I continued: "... we got off on Hill and Colorado... we wanted to check out a different spot... we were looking for places to work in... going into an enclosure without the recorder turned on is so dangerous... let's call the day off, forget it... tomorrow we'll have to spend every minute we have to work..." Then, on 4:30, some man said something to me. Then another one (5:30) and I ignored him too. "Just let the police videotape the vagrant using his laptops on the street... it's suspicious... let him be arrested... it's America... we have to work because our life is short..." And so,

25 There must have been an error here. I wouldn't dare to talk to anyone without my recorder turned on.

on 9:00, I turned on my Toshiba to work. Soon: "... somebody came to 'spot us' on bicycle..." Then, about my Toshiba: "... it's not gonna be easy given the way it's malfunctioning... it's dying, we have way over-used it... it's shaking... this SD card is very bad for our Toshiba..." Then, on 13:50, a white guy came to ask me if I had a dollar. "Are you insane? We are supposed to ask *him* for a dollar..." He was not Homeland Security, was he? Then: "... the PDF and Post-Script print function on our Eee PC is not gonna work... only when you click on it for a second time will it work... it's just an apartment list, it's not even important information... it's only important because we have looked at it... we are very upset today, mostly because of the rain... then your old feelings came back... masochism, idealization of Mommy... *we have this problem of mood-swing*... we have very little patience..." I was now naming all the screenshots from the past week. "... we had to convert the screenshots from PNG to JPG... we can only do that on our Eee PC... we saved them in this folder... now they are mixed up... What do you say? What are you going to do with this Eee PC? ... *let's get rid of this Eee PC... do it for ourselves*... they shouldn't put things in it for the police to find..." (44:30). Then: "... *if you can avoid arrest or get something out of it, you should do it*..." Then, on 46:20: "... the police have videotaped us... the vagrant is using a small computer with a keyboard attached to it, very suspicious... when we turn it in, it will be... *will you take this risk?* ... but we need to have absolute proof of what is in this laptop... the thing about Mommy is that, *only if she's so good will we be willing to risk our life*... Mommy is a good person sometimes... but when we don't have patience we don't really care... a law enforcement officer... maybe we should invite him to take a look at what we are really doing... now he doesn't look like one... and what story are they inventing now? When Mommy wants things done, she'll get them done... she'll merely tell you to weather it... even when it is injustice for you... Mommy follows a strange form of morality... she's amoral... most people do things not for moral reasons but to preserve relationships... most people are in the middle, and Mommy too... she's just like everyone else... no matter how fabulous she looks... we don't really have much relationship with her... *Mommy is not gonna do anything illegal, so don't worry about it, our things will not be robbed*... in the end, Mommy will win, because she's bigger and we are smaller... we are just a tree... we are way beyond the stage of being mesmerized by Mommy..." Then, suddenly, a woman asked me whether I would stay here, and then mentioned something about the police (58:00). "Is what we are doing illegal? We are trying to print Post-Script into PDF... the government spends money on vagrants... when we first met Mommy, we thought she was the greatest person in the world... and then we realized she was just a normal human being behind the façade... and then we realized she has buttons... she does bad things too... Mommy is selfish... amoral... Mommy is just Mommy..." I wasn't lying here: this was truly my impression of the CIA. Then: "... at least we got a little done... we are just doing our screenshots and this detective or FBI came over to watch over us... a whole industry has grown up around us... without us they will all lose their job... Mommy is bigger and stronger and we are much smaller... she said something about the police... but the police are already here!" I got up and moved on: "Oh, the Church of Scientology of Pasadena!" (1:08:50) Then: "... this old lady looks like Gabi... they park here to videotape us... we don't feel like it today –" and so I walked around them. "... Mommy is selfish and we are selfish... we have problems with mood-swing..." On 1:12:50, a black vagrant said something to me (about sleep?). And I of course tried to avoid super weapons as I walked. "We have just forgotten that law enforcement were watching us, and we are like 'Gee I don't want the police to know we are here'... a white guy who looks like a criminal is staring at us, he looks

like he wants to kill us... probably our double..." (1:17:00). Could this guy be a Homeland Security agent who was angry with me because I was getting the United States convicted? When I came back around, the police car was already gone (1:19:00). Then I noticed that a lot of people were lining up by Academy Theater (1:24:00). Then: "... super weapons... what can they do? They can harm people... that's because their function in society is to be victims, while our function in society is to be a victimizer... no matter what we do and how we are beaten up we are always the victimizer... your function is independent of what you do..." And I turned off my recorder before going into the Chinese fast food place.

My next recording is: "12\_30\_09\_731-805PM.WMA": I had just finished eating at the Chinese fast food place. Several more people came in. "... there must have been intercepts, but we don't pay attention to that anymore... we are losing track of the evidentiary process..." Just acting! I left and was walking on the street. "... we don't have any place to go to... this morning, when we were waiting for the bus, a woman yelled at a man... our double... then a detective car... but with a regular license plate..." I settled down in my usual corner next to the building on Mentor south of Colorado Blvd and was sleeping from 11:00 onward. "I just hope that all the human beings around would disappear... just go away... we suddenly have an idea about our Eee PC..." I then got up and taped up my bag. Again, I was trying to make it impossible for anyone to burglarize my things while I slept.

The recording of my sleeping tonight is: "slpmentor\_t\_12\_30-31\_09\_811PM-1236AM.WMA". After repeating "life sucks", I rested quietly. On 1:03:00 or so a vagrant woman came near to talk loudly to a vagrant man. On 1:05:30 another woman said something to another man near me, perhaps while going into their car. Then, on 1:08:30, another woman was talking to another person while getting into her car near me. People were again nearby on 1:59:40. More people on 2:07:00. Because of these "taints", I would later (on January 13 next year) cut this file into four pieces as "clean-up": "slpmentor\_ct\_12\_30\_m09\_811PM-913PM.WMA,"<sup>26</sup> "slpmentor\_ct\_12\_30\_09\_920-1010PM.WMA," and "slpmentor\_ct\_12\_30\_09\_1011-1017PM.WMA." The original tainted file would then be hashed and deleted.

### **December 31 (Thursday: Eee PC and the Plame book)**

My next recording is: "~~slpmentor~~~~plwntr~~~~crd~~\_12\_31\_09\_226-401AM.WMA": I recounted what happened: "... people were talking loudly as soon as we woke up, and so we immediately put our recorder in our pocket, and now we have to tape the recorder onto... Homeland Security was trying to produce surveillance of our recording people... people like to get recorded... we are a star... it's 2:34 AM... there are two hours not recorded... every year is worse than the previous year... every year contains more suffering than the previous year... and so 2010 will be worse than 2009... But how can it be worse? We will either be homeless for the entire year, or be in lockup..." As you shall see, I was being prophetic here and the first scenario would turn out to be the case. Then: "... we attract people's noises because we have a recorder... it's known in the community... if you turn on your recorder, people will come near to yell all sorts of shit in order to get themselves recorded by you, and if you

26 Reviewed until 19:00.

don't turn on your recorder, they will come and say shit and you won't have proof as to who said what..." Then, another woman was yelling in the distance: "She wants to get recorded... Come closer you fucking bitch!" Then I rested quietly. Then: "... it's suddenly so quiet... See, they just wanted to get recorded, and once that is done, the street is dead..." (59:00). Indeed!

My next recording is: "wkvideeepc\_12\_31\_09\_507-608AM.WMA": I recounted: "It's very bad, we fell asleep even though we shouldn't have..." I got up to work and, on 20:00, I filmed myself turning on my Eee PC. "... the PDF print-out..." Since I had decided to turn in this Eee PC, I wanted to restore its Operating System to factory setting. And yet I just couldn't do it. "Homeland Security doesn't want us to restore it to factory setting! Why does Homeland Security need the original content in it?" On 27:40, I rebooted it, and I pressed F-9 continually trying again to restore the OS to factory setting. It was still not working. "Why does Homeland Security want the original content? There is nothing important in it! Do they want the Wireshark? T-Shark? I have no doubt that when you... something different will come up... a super computer... you are basically borrowing your computer from the government... they just push a button and you can't do anything on it... that's amazing... what's the point of having a computer? ... maybe we are not really living, the government is living... we are not really using computers, the government is using computers... that's why when you use the computer in the wrong way it will not be used... perhaps Homeland Security is not gonna put dirty stuff in it... it's about your website, they want to modify your GFTP... so that our FTP connection can be proven to be fake... that's why they want your GFTP to stay inside..." (from 41:00 onward). As you can imagine, it was most likely the Russians who had commanded Homeland Security to remotely control my Eee PC to prevent it from restoring to its factory setting, all so that, after I turned it in, it could become their evidence *that all my files in the docket were in fact totally real*. I continued my act: "They want this configuration... they are gonna swap it... they'll use the original one... the original one doesn't have enough disk space... they are gonna forge the software... now you know that, on the other end, there will come out an Eee PC too, except that it's gonna be inverted... all the software will be inverted into their opposites... and so law enforcement is not gonna be involved..." Then, on 56:00, I was on the move. For a brief moment I was standing in front of 921 Colorado Blvd: "Is this place open?" On 1:01:00, I left my cart outside while going inside briefly. I wouldn't usually take such a risk! Then I turned off my recorder when I decided to order something to eat.

My next recording is: "mvscrnshots\_12\_31\_09\_612-721AM.WMA": While sitting outside, I continued to recount how I ordered coffee and so on. There was too much noise around, and I kept humming. I couldn't work in such condition (15:30). Then my Toshiba malfunctioned again. Everything was working so slowly (40:00). Angry, I left the place.

My next recording is: "mommidadchckprjct19newcp\_12\_31\_09\_725-829AM.WMA": I was just out of the restroom next to the same old Starbucks. I continued my act: "... Mommy and Daddy are polar opposites... almost like a traditional family problem... nobody likes Daddy, but he rules... everyone has to do what he says... ultimately we live in Daddy's world, not Mommy's... Daddy is kind of clumsy..." (2:00). Then: "An ordinary white woman, that's an image of an image of an image of Mommy. Amanda is an image of Mommy... sometimes it's black or Asian, but not frequently... We

have never seen a Mommy who is Hispanic...” (7:00). Then: “... the most terrible thing is that, just when you see an image of an image of an image of Mommy, super weapons appear... no image can be more upsetting than that... the aircraft is usually a female... Mommy is never Hispanic... but Cecilia is Hispanic... but Cecilia is not in the Display branch... Mommy has a thousand faces... on one angle, she looks like this, on another, like that... when seen from afar, she looks younger... Amanda is 50 yards away from Mommy, the Psychobabble Mommy, 10 yards... the Mommy at CGI, 1 yard, or 0... the Mommy on the Frankfurt train, that’s Mommy herself... Terese is at 25 yards... at 100 yards it is out of range, and so ordinary white females are 100 yards...” (8:00). My mumble-jumble here is important in that it was expression of my beginning longing for pretty CIA agents, which, as you shall see, would soon develop into the most bizarre obsession with CIA girls and white females in general. Then: “Across the street is Salon... it makes us think of Mommy because usually it is a woman in there...” I lay down on the street and rested. “Our slide show is all Mommies at 50 yards... most of what we get is 50 yards... if you come too close, you’ll burn... a pretty white woman with a doggie, that’s our relationship with Mommy, and Daddy will then come over to give the doggie electrical shocks...” I turned on my Toshiba (19:00). “... 50 yards is regular contact, where you won’t burn... we can’t work, we’re so traumatized...” I was now trying to clear up more disk space in my recorder. “... many super weapons around, it’s so distracting...” I was now getting the right files to compile the project for a new copy of DVD-19. Again, I was frustrated because the new disc size was mysteriously larger than that of the original DVD-19. “This doesn’t make any sense... that’s what happens when you use a government-remotely controlled laptop, nothing is functioning... you know what we will do with our Eee PC, we don’t want any government-remotely controlled Eee PC... but maybe our warranty wouldn’t work...” As I was packing up: “... we can’t carry our gold disc like this... everything is broken... when Daddy controls it, it’s broken... Mommy controls it too... The single parent household – with Mommy only and no Daddy – is a much happier household” (58:30). Good testimony! Excellent explanation as to why I had conspired with the United States despite all my anti-American feelings! Then I decided to go into Starbucks to use the restroom again. I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_1059-1128AM.WMA”: I was now sitting outside the same old Starbucks to continue to burn my DVDs. A female carrying a super weapon immediately sat down near me. “Is this man a detective?” He was soon gone. Then, the burning of the new copy of DVD-19 failed, and I read out the error code. I started burning it again. I was very annoyed. “The same white female is in there... the image of an image of an image of Mommy... 100 yards removed... we stared at them a little and walked out... 50 yards is normal... that 1 yard removed Super Mommy at Psychobabble... too hot... it’s like the imagery of the Cave... the sun... you can never stare at it for too long... super weapons are just the opposite... when we get on the Metro, we will turn off the recorder again... we are not keeping track of intercepts anymore...” I left Starbucks and was soon at Lake Station. The train came and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_1138-1145AM.WMA”: I was now at the Sierra Madre station. See, it was because I was going to Best Buy that I didn’t go to Psychobabble today. I was now mumbling about “putting it in and getting something back.” “We need to regain control over our computers...” When a chubby white female walked past: “... she ain’t no image of Mommy, not even an image of an

image of an image... Mommy is about 45 to 52... it's only during a short time in her life that enough wisdom has been accumulated while the woman still looks good enough to be able to produce an image... let's say 40 to 52... while we were on the Metro, there were no super weapons, but when you got off, there were all these super weapons... once in the mall area, we'll turn off the recorder... we'll first walk into Best Buy to check out the composition of the people... and then come out to decide whether it's safe to do it... they'll put something into another computer... law enforcement doesn't frame people... it's not like this... if the warranty works, we can get a brand-new Eee PC... I don't think your government-controlled, constantly malfunctioning Eee PC will attract any buyers... in the state that it is in... I'm afraid it's not the software, there is a virus inside... Linux or Windows, that doesn't matter..." And so I turned off my recorder when I came to the shopping mall.

What happened in Best Buy was that, when I showed the Geek Squad how broken my Eee PC was, they offered to give me a brand-new Eee PC of a brand-new model – just as I had wanted – while taking in the old one. The brand-new one was so much superior that I instantly suspected it was the Russians' reward for me – that they had commanded the suit team to order the Geek Squad to give me a new laptop while taking in the old one. I mean, as I shall recount momentarily, the deal was just so unbelievably good: I didn't believe that, under normal circumstances, my warranty could go this far. A new computer was of course a small reward given what I was putting in – and what I had so far done for them.

My next recording is: "12\_31\_09\_1249-1255PM.WMA": I recounted: "... we just walked out of Best Buy... we exited about 5 minutes ago... as for the things that happened, we'll log them later... we are having a heart attack..." And I recounted how I had merely had to put in 59 dollars more to exchange my old Eee PC for a new "Eee PC 1000". "... we just took it because... for 59 dollars more... 160 gigabytes... you can actually put things in it... that Eee PC is gone forever... it will never see the light of day again... *they are gonna swap it... they are gonna re-modify it and turn it in*... it's gone forever... we have videotaped it hundreds of times... now there are only images of it left... we assume the target is the software... not the hardware... when we walked out with our new netbook we got videotaped by a fire truck... it has been exactly one year... modify it and put it into the docket... 160 gigabytes! That's larger than our original Gateway... there is a 76 station here... we're gonna buy something to eat, and we'll have to turn our recorder off in case super weapons appear and fire..."

My next recording is: "12\_31\_09\_1259-107PM.WMA": I was now sitting behind 76 with my sandwich and Coca-Cola. "When we were buying the sandwich, we looked at the LA Times that was on the stacks... something about a terrorist... some car bomb that went off in Afghanistan and killed 9 CIA officers... is it real news? As if the CIA were really running around trying to catch terrorists... it's an intercept... caught up in David Chin's profile... strange twist... Lawrence Chin has stayed with Mommy but David Chin has ended up with Mommy's 'flip side'... and that's why he's always fascinated with news about Mommy... he was jealous... and so went to Mommy's 'flip side'... Daddy is really good at inventing stories..." And I laughed. "... the twin brothers, one went to Mommy, the other to 'anti-Mommy'..." Take note of the loud motor engine noise on 5:00. As I have noted, I was paying increasing attention to the noises around me believing that the Russians had commanded the

suit team to produce them as a way to signal to me when I had done something right (whether I was correct about this or not). I was thinking at the moment that, now that the Russians had obtained my Eee PC as evidence – the instrument by which the terrorist had uploaded all his files to his website, the origin of all the evidences – they had commanded this loud noise to let me know how happy they were. (Was I correct?) But of course I said nothing about my suspicion and just continued my act: “Oh, you know what? It’s actually 250 gigabytes...” And I read out all the serial numbers on the box. “It’s Windows 7... we can put Ubuntu on it... and really learn about Linux...” Then a man came around to ask me something on 7:30. I was terribly scared by him (or pretended to be so). Then, super weapons in the distance, and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_117-122PM.WMA”: I just left 76 and was now walking the street. I continued: “We know what to do with the new Eee PC... we’ll partition it, with Linux OS on the side of Windows... *It seems that Mommy is in on this...* how can the deal be so good? 250 gigabytes... how can you resist it? ... then super weapons suddenly came out when we were eating our sandwich... and another sedan came out... a white woman inside... she almost looked like Mommy... then super weapons were out again... what a contrast... Why? Because Mommy is like a virgin, she doesn’t give birth... for 59 dollars only... now we are going to the Metro station... Look, super weapons, 100 yards!” And I turned off my recorder before going into Sierra Madre station.

Let’s now think for a moment about what the Russians had gained today. Again, since I had been “expecting” the suit team to play the “joker”, the Russians promptly ordered the suit team to swap my Eee PC with a fake one stuffed with Russian spy software and documents and child pornography and so on (just like on February 13 and then in March) and turn the fake one in to the ICJ lower court as evidence to frame Russia – except that, this time, the Russians then promptly commanded the lower court judges to catch the suit team in the act and convict them. In this way, the Russians could get rid of their March conviction and instead convict the United States of the same thing. (As you shall see, there would be complication in this so that the Russians would later have to do this again.) Judge Higgins had of course approved all this from the upper court because, given how realistic my acting had been (including my vacillation as noted – as if I had almost decided not to help the CIA on this), she had all the excuses to continue to rule against the United States. (Note this: my acting, contrary to my belief at the time, was *not* what ultimately doomed the suit team, but merely an *excuse* so that someone else could doom them *with a straight face*.) Meanwhile, the Russians had obtained the original Eee PC and, just as I had expected, immediately turned it over to the lower court as the definitive evidence demonstrating that all the evidences that were already in the docket were indeed true and genuine.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_236-242PM.WMA”: I recounted what happened: “... we got off the 33 bus... we rode the train all the way to Union Station... then got on bus 33... we are now on 18<sup>th</sup> and Broadway... our Eee PC’s user manual... when we got on Metro Gold Line, super weapons were placed strategically in the front of the car and in the back of the car... and so we had to sit in the middle of the car... and the man made a cellphone call... he said something like ‘Hello, it’s Steve’... maybe an intercept, or maybe not... then an Iranian man... some sort of professor... he sat next to us and wrote down something Farsi on his notebook... and then started reading his book in Farsi... maybe an



intercept... the book's title was 'something New something'... the rest of it was vocabulary for us... we got off the train on Union Station, and came to the bus 33 stop, and he was there again... an intercept showing us reading a book in Farsi... 60 to 70 years old..." Complete nonsense: I was just acting (pretending to believe that the 'David Chin legend' was still going on). (It's however possible that the Russians had indeed commanded the suit team to stage this for a very particular purpose.) And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "12\_31\_09\_245-248PM.WMA": I got to the bus 38 stop. I was going to my storage facility since I had to put in the boxes and so on from my new Eee PC. Then I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "12\_31\_09\_256-300PM.WMA": I just got off the 38 bus. I described the man who might have been a "detective": "... having produced faulty surveillance... their watching over us could also be part of the show... 'David Chin is always being watched'... we should write it down... these things we still have to watch out for... the same Ford sedan... the FBI..." Then, super weapons showed up, and I decided to turn off my recorder until I reached the storage facility.

My next recording is: "12\_31\_09\_311PM.WMA": I was now inside A-American.

My next recording is: "12\_31\_09\_321PM.WMA": I was moaning and panting out of total exhaustion: "... all over the... elevator..."

My next recording is: "12\_31\_09\_330-334.WMA": I recounted what happened in the office: "... the elevator didn't come down... we saved so much..." Again, I was totally exhausted from carrying my heavy bag up the stairs.

My next recording is: "12\_31\_09\_335-407PM.WMA": When I came to my storage unit, I continued: "... some black woman outside is making fucking noises..." I opened my unit and started putting in my new discs. "... DVD-19... is it only pretending to be broken?" Then, I thought of a trick. On 23:00, I took out my signed copy of Valerie Plame's *Fair Game* and started examining her little note to me on the front page: "... it's our 'Mommy Book'... it's not Mommy anymore... when she's a real person... Mommy is just an image... this is where she talked about her life, as a real person... it's not Mommy's hand-writing because she wrote it as a real person... she used to be in the Display branch... she is, huh... 35 yards..." (until 26:30). I was just trying to provide the Russians with more evidence of my conspiracy with the CIA and, as you shall see, I must have wildly succeeded. I continued: "... we have more thoughts about Mommy... we are going to write a book, the book will be called... 'Mommy The Display'... or just a chapter inside..." Then, suddenly, the "Asian Stripper" came over. I hummed out of panic and immediately turned off my recorder. I fell to the floor breathing heavily while Mr Asian Stripper stared at me with curiosity. The exchange between us I would recount later. For now I shall only exclaim: what a great act even when I was truly scared! For even at the time I was suspecting that this was the Russians' signal to me that I had done well again. Namely, as soon as the Russians saw in their surveillance that I had once received a little note from a world-famous CIA agent – a most

“perfect” evidence of my conspiracy with the CIA had just fallen into their hand without their asking – they ordered Homeland Security to order the Asian Stripper to come to me to let me know how much they appreciated my superb acting.

What I don’t know even today is whether this “Mommy Book” had merely consolidated the earlier mentioned judgment against the CIA – both in the upper court and in the lower court – or whether it had done more than that. The Russians would certainly show the surveillance video around to other nations in the UN as a way to demonstrate to everyone that I had had deep connections with the CIA since a long time ago. At the time I thought that I had done the Russians additional favor in this sense: since the CIA had gone through decentralization during the early years of the Bush administration and the clandestine service had since then been operating independently from the headquarters in Langley, the Russians might have so far merely gained command of the clandestine service and been unable to get their hands on the headquarters. But since Valerie Plame, after the Boss had exposed her, was then transferred out of the clandestine service and back to the headquarters in Langley, I might have today given the Russians the right to gain control of the headquarters as well (insofar as I had possibly conspired with somebody working in the headquarters).

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_415-421PM.WMA”: I was now in the parking lot area outside A-American. I recounted how that Asian Stripper had terribly scared me. I took out a lot of things to throw away, including my hair cutter, because my unit was so full that not even the door could be closed. Then: “... that Asian Stripper must be a Homeland Security operative... every time when we think about Mommy, Daddy would come in to screw up our mood...” Nice acting! Then, while walking: “... we shall continue on with our Mommy not being a real person but only an image...”

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_425-428PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... it’s about two or three minutes after... we were walking around in the food mall’s outside area... then we walked into... to urinate... and super weapons suddenly fired... went inside... thank God our recorder was off... a Hispanic man said ‘It’s closed’, and so we have to urinate outside... and so we are walking to Jefferson and Grand right now... back in the storage... you aren’t gonna carry your external keyboard anymore... earlier it was okay... except for the massive number of super weapons... they could hit us... but law enforcement... we are supposed to have...” And I turned off my recorder to use the restroom again. I was now on Jefferson and Grand.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_431-434PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we went inside the Mexican bar... to use the restroom... it’s bad because one man was already inside... normally we’d never do it, but we were in such a hurry... and the man actually said ‘Amigo’... don’t know if that matters... now we are at the 38 bus stop... we are so tired because we had to carry our cart up the stairs five floors... put in the keyboard... got blank discs out... now our cart is considerably lighter... when the stripper barged in, we said, ‘I’m gonna videotape the content of my unit, so please don’t take your cloth off’... and we videotaped it and locked the padlock before he started stripping... after we closed it, oh, a police car... the storage door was still protruding... we tried to push it in... and so we took out the hair cutter... nothing else in there can be thrown away...” Then, when the bus came, I turned off my

recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_523-530PM.WMA”: I had now arrived at Sunset and Silverlake on bus 4. Once again, I wanted to find a motel in which to pass the new year eve. I recounted: “... we were on bus 38, and then on bus 4... that Asian Stripper gave us a heart attack, we are just recovering from it...” Then I described why it was so hard to drag my cart. I came to the motel I had in mind, but there was no room available. I then mumbled about things continually while walking away. When I got on the bus, I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_549PM.WMA”: I was now walking upward on Wilton Avenue. I recounted: “... we were on bus 704, going to Western and Santa Monica... we saw a cheap motel there the last time... we walked in there... and some white guy came out, ‘No room’... and we left... we are now walking upward on Wilton... Look, some people are walking toward us,” and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_554-604PM.WMA”: I was still walking northward on Wilton. I continued to hum. “Wilton and Fountain... it’s a densely packed residential area, super weapons might fire... the street signs are wrong... How can Homeland Security have known we will come here?...” And I gave up the idea of staying in a motel tonight. I kept mumbling about how my Eee PC still hadn’t been turned on yet. “We have to sleep on our new computer tonight...” I crossed the bridge and came to Sunset and Wilton. When I was passing by a school, I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_619-622PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we walked up to Wilton and Santa Monica... came inside 711... they wanted us to leave our cart outside... our treasure... and so we walked to the gas station instead to buy something to eat... we need to use the ATM, but insufficient funds... so our check hasn’t yet come in... we can swipe the card, but... they only had small things here and there... and now we are on Hollywood Blvd... motels here... presumably we can swipe the card tonight... the money will come in tomorrow... we are so hungry... super weapons are in front, let’s wait for them to pass... we don’t have time to write... we burned two discs, that’s all we did today...” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_622-625PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... it looks safe now... we walked out of the snacks place... a man was counting dollar bills... that’s a surveillance intercept... we didn’t have time to count... strange people were standing around and then left... then another guy walked in asking for the restroom... we didn’t say a word... we are on Western and Hollywood right now... we’re looking for some place where we can swipe our card and eat... Thai restaurant... 1513 Hollywood... it’s open...” And I turned off my recorder before walking in.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_657PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... just finished eating in the Thai restaurant... we are now at the 181 bus stop, we’re getting intercepted, this guy is text-messaging... super weapons!” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_756-821PM.WMA”: I just got off the 181 bus and recounted: “... we fell asleep... and, when we woke up, we had already passed our destination... we are now on Allen and Walnut... we don’t know anything around here... it’s so bad... such a waste of time... what a terrible night... I don’t know where we are and how to get back... where the fuck is Allen?... how did bus 181 get here? ... everyday we just spend our fucking time wandering from place A to place B...” I was truly frustrated and was shouting and screaming angrily. Then I started crying (6:00). “... there is nothing around, except police cars and police vans...” Siren on 10:30. On 11:40, I came inside a store to ask how to get to Colorado Blvd. And I still had difficulty in dragging my cart. “Today has turned out to be the worst day of our life... everyday we walk miles and miles dragging this fucking cart...” I had by now completely forgotten about my new Eee PC and Russia’s victories today. I came to Colorado Blvd and discovered that it was all blocked off: “.... filming on Colorado... that’s why bus 181 was on detour...” I was now walking backward. On 24:00, I got on the 686 bus.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_820-843PM.WMA”: I just got off bus 686 and recounted: “... we got on the bus and turned on the wrong recorder... we asked the bus driver if we were going to Colorado Blvd... we sat in the back, and a female was talking on the phone behind us... so we turned on the right recorder, and 10 seconds of the female’s talking on the phone were recorded, but it should be okay... she’s an adult... she was talking about how she was on bus 686 and would get there on what time and so on... where are we now? Lake Blvd... it’s Hudson... but our cart can’t be dragged anymore, the wheels are tilted... what an awful day...” I kept on walking. “We are a piece of trash... we have been homeless for 7 months this year...” Finally, humming, I was back on Mentor. “Oh, Colorado Blvd is sealed off because there will be Rose Parade tomorrow... we have to wake up earlier than usual and get out of here...” By 13:00 I had settled down in my usual corner on Mentor. Then a cat appeared which again reminded me of Samantha. “... Mommy...” I started importing my latest recordings. “We have thought of a good title for our last chapter, ‘Mommy the Display’ ... Oh my God, super weapons across the street!” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_844-854PM.WMA”: I turned my recorder back on when the super weapons were gone. “They can completely destroy a homeless person’s life because the homeless person can’t avoid them... Daddy is good... where is Mommy?... when you see a pretty white female walking her dog, that’s actually an image of us with our Mommy... so what is Mommy doing during New Year Eve? Taking a break, right? But there are a lot of intercepts today... Daddy is a workaholic... Look, a man with a big dog, it’s so Daddy-like... we didn’t have time to recollect what happened at Best Buy today... Mommy in real life is probably married and no virgin and has super weapons... our unmarried Mommy is only an image...”

My next recording is: “12\_31\_09\_859PM.WMA”: It’s now 8:52 PM, and I turned off the other recorder. “The awful year has come to an end. Are you ready for an even more awful year? What will Mommy do about us?” Again, I was quite prophetic here as you shall see. I was then naming my latest recordings. Then, someone was coming and I hummed and then turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “slppsdnprklot\_12\_31\_09-1\_1\_10\_906PM-434AM.WMA”. I continued: “They

are going to the party and... we just want a nice place too... we have to review this recording all the way, because a lot of people will pass by... ready for the count-down... perhaps we shouldn't sleep at all tonight... (2:00). Then: "... the spot under the bridge... we are not dragging our new computer there... it's too dirty..." I then mumbled about the Asian females that just came out. "... what if they were super weapons? We have become so paranoid... you can just leave it on, it's okay... we should be able to survive tonight..." And I continued to organize my files. "We can watch a little Mommy at 50 yards as our New Year Eve Goodnight Gift... 'rotate'... Mommy at 50 yards is our peer... like Amanda... we don't get to see Mommy close up enough... Mommy has her 'flip side'... Mommy at 50 yards is far more frequent... and accessible... of course it's farther... just as when you walk on the street you will see Mommy at 100 yards, but that's not even Mommy anymore... it's just an image of an image of an image of Mommy... it just *looks like* Mommy... we are thirsty, but it's too dangerous to go out right now... Mommy at 50 yards is like our sister... Mommy's 'flip-over'... something like that..." Now I stopped my slide show in order to not waste battery (14:00). "... tomorrow we are gonna record Mommy's slide show..." Siren on 14:25, and I hummed as people passed by. Then I mumbled something about the people inside the parking lot: "... we have nowhere to go, though... the government is not going to be interested in your new computer because there is nothing inside... you need to worry about your Toshiba..." As I got ready to sleep: "... we didn't have any time to do our writing, it's just awful... Mommy at 50, 35, 10, 3, 2... watch it, when you get too close, you'll burn..." Then, from 21:50 onward, I was taping up all my things. From 26:00 onward, I was sleeping, but still mumbling nonsense: "... we carry Mommy's burden..." Then about my new Eee PC: "... 'You know that vagrant, he has a new computer, he must be really really rich', that'd be a good intercept..." Now I had wrapped so much around my head that I felt like I was in a space suit. "... we are not supposed to like Microsoft... Mommy likes Microsoft but Daddy likes Linux... that doesn't make sense... cool people are supposed to like Linux... and Mommy is cool... when that Asian Stripper barged in today, we also said, 'Get out of here'... 'This is my space, you get out of here'... we don't have a girlfriend... our Russian girlfriend talked to the wrong guy... super weapons are shouting in the distance... we probably have to review this recording tomorrow..." I continued to hum while sleeping whenever people passed by. Then I slept quietly.<sup>27</sup> By 7:12:00 I was awake. It's now 2010! "That black man... maybe here to produce an intercept... he went into his car... an intercept showing us breaking into..." As I was packing: "... they are gone... as soon as we get up they are gone... maybe they just wanted to get us to record them. It doesn't matter, we'll listen to this recording anyway." By 7:25:00 I was on the move. And I immediately discovered super weapons on the street! And this man text-messed: "... we've got intercepted..."

So this was the situation as the new year began. In the lower court there were now two instances where Mr former Secretary and the CIA were caught forging my electronic devices (my hard drives and computer). These two instances should suffice to nullify the conviction of the Russian intelligence SVR back in March – but, as you shall see, no. Meanwhile, the two most beautiful CIA agents on the 27<sup>th</sup> and the 29<sup>th</sup> had made such a deep impression on me that I was about to feel and behave very

27 Reviewed until 1:12:00, and then from 7:12:00 onward. My review at the time: around 2:39:00 or so, a second of people saying goodbye or something like that. More on 3:15:58 or so.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice  
8.1.3. Mission accomplie, D.  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2009 – Mar. 2021.

differently while helping the Russians cross over the remaining short distance to their total victory. As for the Russians who were reading my thoughts on the mind-reading computer, they must have been increasingly surprised by the strange phenomenon that, even as my anger toward the CIA had subsided and been replaced with a bizarre longing and tender loving, I continued to put up my act knowing that this was harming the Agency. Recall also that, even when I was angry, even when I was gravely annoyed by the operations which I knew were ultimately directed by the Russians from their hidden position, I never gave up acting as if I had had no idea they had already had me cornered. This guy was truly dedicated to his mission, never distracted off course by his feelings no matter how intense!