

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

VIII

How to own the world in seven months

I.

Nicaragua and the completion of a mission

3.

“Mission accomplie”

B.

November 1 – 20

J’ai beaucoup souffert, et j’ai souffert seul! seul! abandonné de tous! Ma place n’était pas marquée dans ce monde qui me fuyait, qui m’avait maudit. Pas un être vivant ne devait s’associer à cette immense douleur qui me prit au sortir de l’enfance...¹

RESUME

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

During this period, the suit team would continue to produce evidences to confirm the “David Chin legend” in the lower court. Again, the evidences of my supposed pedophilia they would also use to suppress as evidences my videos of the CIA girls in judge Higgins’ upper court. Keep in mind the structure of the battle: the United States suit team could only continue to produce evidences to support the “David Chin legend” in the lower court if they could continue to maintain the suspicion in the upper court that I was only pretending to conspire with them but was secretly conspiring with the Russians to harm them. By the end of this period, the overwhelming evidences which the Russians would bring in would make it

1 Herculine Barbin’s opening line in her *Mes souvenirs*, as presented by Michel Foucault. When I came upon this work recently, her words so resonated with me in regard to this reconstruction that I have had to quote it here. In the following, you will see how I have saved Russia (and perhaps humanity) – and how I have done it totally alone. Complete loneliness! Without anyone to help me! That’s the most distinguishing feature in the following narrative. That’s what happened when you contracted this terrible disease called “Homeland Security” and “M. Chertoff”. I would, in consequence of this disease, as I’ll describe at the end of this chapter, become the “maggot” of the human race. It should be noted that my status as the “maggot” (the most detested entity in the history of humankind) accords well with Foucault’s persistent interest in those strange and disgusting entities which society has at one time or another chosen to exclude from itself, whether the fools, the hermaphrodites, or the (supposedly) criminally insane like Pierre who murdered his family members. Take a look at the warning which Homeland Security has issued about me as a dangerous schizophrenic ever since 2007 – that’s another one of those disgusting entities in question.

impossible to continue to entertain such suspicion, so that the debate in the lower court would eventually evaporate – it would be maintained as a matter of appearance only in order to deceive the terrorist that his little scheme to harm Russia was successful (orchestrating his environment to fit his belief). From then on, the United States' only card left would be to introduce evidences in the upper court that I was in fact secretly conspiring with Russia – and they could do that to the end of time because the ICJ protocol declares that parties can always introduce new evidences at a later time to persuade the judges to alter their previous judgment.

Now, in the beginning of this period, the Russians must be again terribly worried that I might still want to fly to Amsterdam on the new flight date of November 4. Would I really fly? Thank God that I eventually decided to postpone my flight once again.

During this period, I would continue to be terribly concerned with “criminal recording” – in fact it would eventually become my principal concern. But how much of this “criminal recording” was real? The concern itself was legitimate and not entirely a symptom of a typical targeted individual because the suit team must be desperate to suppress my videos as evidences on the ground that I was a criminal recorder and videotaper. The answer to this question is however simply unknown. It should furthermore be noted that I acted as if I was so worried about criminal recording because I wanted to preserve my documentaries on my computers; in reality I was worried that my documentaries might get suppressed as evidences in the International Court of Justice.

The same with my constant preoccupation with being under police investigation and surveillance (the business with “undercover detectives”) because I was either a pedophile suspect or under suspicion for “criminal recording”. Again, the suit team must have had an interest in having the police investigate me for possible pedophilia given their need to suppress evidences in the International Court of Justice, but it is simply unrealistic to expect to run into an undercover detective whenever one gets on the bus or goes into a Starbucks. It would seem that, detective “Morgan Freeman” aside, I was being a typical targeted individual by constantly suspecting the presence of an undercover detective in my surrounding. It should however be noted that, whenever I noted to my recorder that I saw an undercover detective, I might simply be offering false testimony. I knew that the Russians always had surveillance agents around me, and I would typically try to conceal my knowledge by pretending to mistake them – suspicious as they must be – for undercover detectives. Thus, whenever, in the following, I noted the possible presence of an undercover detective, I could be correct, or I could be wrong, or I could be pretending to not know that the detective in question was in fact just a Russian intelligence officer here to conduct surveillance on me.

The good news is that, given my new preoccupations, the matter about people's scratching themselves had completely dropped off.

Note also that, in my testimonies, I spoke constantly of "Homeland Security". If you understand my narrative well, you will of course know that I really meant to say "the suit team", i.e. *both* the CIA *and* Homeland Security.

Recalling the episode from my memory and yet not finding it anywhere among my recordings will increasingly become a problem in the subsequent reconstructions. I shall note here that, in the previous chapter, there should have been this episode, which however I couldn't locate in my recordings anywhere: as soon as I came inside the elevator in A-American Storage, a Hispanic man came in and, knowing what the suit team was doing, I said "His phone will ring" – and his phone did ring. I would later brag about my "psychic ability" and having the recording to prove it, and yet I have missed it in the previous chapter. In the next chapter I will note similar happenings from the period under consideration in this chapter.

Another note about what I was writing during this period – my attempt to be productive despite my need to constantly stay alert to the suit team's operation on me. I continued to work on "Feefee and Valerie" and "Karin's meetups". Just as always, I had to be so careful as to only write about the distant past, when the Russians had nobody around me – in order to not harm them. These chapters were thus the only ones I dared to work on when I got a break.

Finally, a word about judge Higgins' becoming increasingly biased against the suit team since October 11. Although I have persistently tried to portray judge Higgins as the most stern enforcer of laws imaginable – I have certainly been correct on this – this does not mean that, at this juncture, she would not allow herself to be biased – that it would be against the rule of the International Court of Justice for the judge to be biased! Between October 11 and October 18, the CIA would have pointed out to judge Higgins that she had herself sanctioned them to deceive her as a way to cause her to become biased toward them because, since the MSS director's conspiracy with me and attempt to forge evidences had caused her to become biased *against* them, they had the right to deceive her with forged evidences and so on in order to cause her to become biased *toward* them as part of the neutralization of the terrorist harm which the MSS director had inflicted on them. But this would only provide the Russians with the same right to cause judge Higgins to become biased toward them and against the United States since the United States team was now supposedly conspiring with the terrorist in question: judge Higgins could now in fact openly declare her bias toward the Russians as part of the neutralization of the terrorist harm which the United States had inflicted on Russia! This would make it very hard for the suit team to win in the coming days because every piece of evidence the Russians would bring

in, as long as it *looked* right, was an excuse for her to rule in favor of Russia, even though she knew in her heart that the evidence was faulty (that I was just “acting”).

November 1 (Sunday; detective “Morgan Freeman”)

My first recording of the new day is: “cfbnknkos_wmrstrmtrck_rdlght_prknorstrm_11_1_09_556-935AM_lghtsvng.WMA”: I woke up to discover all the beer cans in my vicinity. “According to surveillance, we were drinking beer here last night!” (50:30) I came inside Coffee Bean and, after getting my Americano, asked for the key for the restroom. The cashier told me only women’s restroom was open. “So that’s the trick of the day?” I asked (1:36:00). “Yeah, Happy Halloween,” he replied. Was this, as I thought it was, really the suit team’s attempt to produce evidence of my criminal recording inside women’s restroom? (Probably not.) I came out of the restroom on 1:58:00 and came to the grass field outside to rest. I recounted: “... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin secretly recording a woman calling out to her dog: ‘Billy, come here’...” (2:28:30). Again, probably no such intercept was produced. Then a group of Iranian people came over who were practically yelling. I noted: “Are they afraid that my recorder might not pick up their yelling?” (3:27:00) I walked away on 3:31:00 and came to Westwood Recreation Park.

My next recording is: “prkutrstrm_whysacrfee_vidme_11_1_09_930-1007AM.WMA”: I turned off my recorder before walking into the restroom in the park in order to avoid criminally recording people, but nobody was actually inside. I then rested in a corner in the park. I reflected: “... somebody pulled down his kid’s pants in front of you to make sure that you were committing a crime, and you said, ‘It’s not fair’ because you didn’t intend to commit this crime, but other people would just respond, ‘Life is not fair’... I guess we are immature... just say ‘We are immature’... you shouldn’t complain when who you are and what you are is suddenly beyond your control, that’s immature... you should just accept it... sacrifice yourself for the good of this nation... but I don’t feel any better when I have sacrificed for the good of this nation... Mr former Secretary... we don’t even like the guy... sacrifice ourselves for something we don’t really care about... that’s the essence of the problem... and we don’t really hate these countries... Russia, India, Brazil... why do people hate Russia so much? ... we don’t have the slightest clue... why do we have to frame Russia for pedophilia? We don’t have the slightest clue... we are out of touch with the American people... we are not in sync with our fellow citizens... we are never even aware that India and Brazil are America’s enemies... if something happened in the restroom, we would turn it back on...” Now this was golden testimony for the Russians in that it explained away any difficulties they might have had in asserting that I was conspiring with the United States to harm them: I would only make myself more suspicious if I continued to pretend to hate Russia and love the United States. Then, siren on 31:00. Then a white guy manipulating some sort of video equipment: “... he is actually videotaping us...” And I went up to him to ask him: “... you have ‘accidentally’ videotaped me...” And thus I walked away from my corner: “We are just a dummy tree. Remember that we have no right to complain...” Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “rsdentalert_prk_11_1_09_1007-1025AM.WMA”: I continued to reflect on what happened earlier: “... we’ve got videotaped by a white guy who was with a Hispanic underage boy...”

we can't videotape them back because of that underage boy..." I turned on my Toshiba and continued working. "... the video will be 'accidentally' intercepted... it will also be seen by law enforcement... the pedophile was seen hanging out at Westwood Recreational Center... residents will be alerted... our days are really numbered..." I was now importing my latest recordings and continued to mumble about how Westwood residents would discuss me the pedophile with each other. Again, I had grossly exaggerated what was going on.

My next recording is: "[wstwdprk_how737_11_1_09_1030-1150AM.WMA](#)": I continued to work in my corner. "... the residents are becoming aware that there is this pedophile that is wandering around, and law enforcement... Look, another Hispanic girl is staring at us... she's going to go home to tell her mother, 'This man is scary'... and since the residents have been alerted about us, she's going to say 'That's the pedophile... stay away from him'... she has accomplished her mission, 'spotting the vagrant'..." Again, over-speculation! This was not happening: a typical targeted individual. I continued to work on my latest recordings and to describe the people that passed by. Then my pen videos. A vagrant then came around to pick trash cans. My double? From 48:00 onward I resumed writing "Frankfurt and Brussels".

My next recording is: "[brdr_fornsc_bcmecrmlrcdr_11_1_09_12-245PM.WMA](#)": Then, while walking near Westwood, a police car "spotted me" (15:00). I bought bread sticks in Domino Pizza (17:00). Then, a white guy passed by and said to me "Amen". Was a surveillance intercept produced showing a foreign agent passing me a secret message? (23:00) "People videotaped us and we couldn't videotape them back" (26:00). Then my sarcasm: "We have got to be the strangest foreign agent ever, never in the history of espionage has a secret agent got into so many troubles with law enforcement... Never has a secret agent been so widely sighted by the community... And every one of his communications is intercepted!... People will believe in anything as long as it's false..." (27:00). This was not good testimony for the Russians although, as you shall see, it would eventually work out. Then I calculated the extent of my criminal recording: "... our recorder's range is only half of our ears' range..." (32:30). I came inside Borders Bookstore to continue reading the book on computer forensics which I found yesterday (1:21:00). The man who I thought was an undercover detective was sitting in front of me – I would from now on refer to him as "Morgan Freeman" given his extraordinary resemblance to the actor. Now this is important: I was probably correct this time, i.e. the man was really a detective and he would show up continually around me in the coming days. I walked away (1:44:00). I came to Borders' patio and saw that there were about 10 people here: the place is filled up, and what should I do? (2:22:00) And a child was crying (2:23:30). Then I noticed a Borders employee with a walkie talkie (2:26:30). Someone passed me by, and I yelled so as to not overhear what he said (2:36:00).

Now a quick comment. What had most likely happened was that, even though the police officers let me go yesterday, the LAPD had decided to open an investigation on me, the frequently seen vagrant who admitted to molesting a child in public, and sent out this detective to Westwood to check on me (since I was always here): detective "Morgan Freeman". We can very well convince ourselves that it was ultimately the suit team which was pulling the string from behind the scene. Although the evidence of my (supposed) pedophilia didn't succeed in its purpose yesterday, the suit team would still hope that a

further law enforcement investigation might conclude with enough suspicion that they could eventually obtain the ground on which to suppress my videos of the CIA girls as evidences. And so there was now an official law enforcement record on me as a “pedophile suspect”.

My next recording is: “brdrintrpol_frncs_cfbnaskphn_clndvd_bus2_11_1_09_250-829PM.WMA”:
Then detective “Morgan Freeman” came to the bookshelf in front of me, picked up a book on horses but put it back immediately, and then walked away. He then walked to another bookshelf, picked up a book on cooking but again put it back immediately, and then walked away (31:30). I noted to myself: “He was obviously checking us out: ‘What’s the child-molester doing on his computer?’ The French undercover... Maybe he is from the Interpol, since it’s possible that we will travel again...” (46:00). Over-speculation! He was simply a detective from the LAPD! I then hummed when other people came near me to talk (58:00): this was from now on my method to avoid criminally recording people insofar as I would never turn off my recorder. And a child was shouting in front of me, with her French mother: “We are in troubles again...” Then: “We’ve got intercepted once more...” (1:21:50). While I was walking away, I ran into another girl, and I noted to her: “Oh, you saw me, and so you have got to press the buttons on your cellphone...” She said nothing (1:29:30). In reality, she had not been instructed by the suit team at all. I came to the Coffee Bean next door and immediately exclaimed to a man: “You saw me and you pressed a button on your cellphone!” “I don’t know,” he professed (1:35:00). I was then telling people with children to get away from me (1:42:00). And then a pregnant woman with kids came over to me to press a button on her cellphone. I mumbled: “Perhaps, this is the ‘community surveillance program’ where everyone watches over the vagrant and reports him to law enforcement....” (until 1:53:00). Again, gross exaggeration. I sat down and began working. Soon my Eee PC froze up (1:54:00). I continued: “Learn to take enjoyment in misery and in your status as a social outcast...” (1:58:00). I sent the hash values of my latest files to myself. Then, two people came to sit next to me to chat, and another man was text-messaging. I made a remark to the text-messaging man and moved away (2:09:30). Two females then came to sit next to me. I whined: “Oh, you two are gonna blast your conversation on me!” Strangely, we began chatting (2:18:00). “Another thing we can do is to join the conversation,” I noted. “There you go,” she said (2:19:00). “Too bad that you live in a very social society,” she said. “Yeah, I just want to live in the mountains, but there are no electrical outlets up there!” And I hummed. Then I moved away again (2:23:30). I then complained: “... our Eee PC is running very slowly because it’s running out of disk space, although we have downloaded nothing...” (2:27:00). I was then reading something about DVD cleaners online: I felt the urgent need to take really good care of my discs this time. Then a whole family, parents and kids, came around (2:32:00). “This is our education, learning about equipment...” (2:53:00). I then packed up and left. I bought snacks at 711. More siren on 3:55:30. I then took note of a white female pressing on her cellphone buttons when entering 711. “We have just got intercepted!” (3:58:00) I then came back to Coffee Bean on 4:09:00 and resumed fixing the links on my Scientific Enlightenment. (Today I would be fixing layereduniverse.html.) I left on 4:39:00. I came to a corner and, just then, an Asian guy was making a cellphone call near me (5:03:00). When I came to the bus stop – behold: a Mercedes Benz dropped off an old lady, and she was on her cellphone. Any operation here? (Probably not.) I got on the bus on 5:14:00. Then another person was text-messaging on the bus. “We are communicating with our foreign agent friend right now...” (5:37:30). Again, most of the calls and text-messages were not in fact related

to my ICJ trial.

My next recording is: “bus2_undrcvr_2surv_bus20_cfbnrusequip_kvsit_plcevidme_11_1_09_829-11PM.WMA”: I counted more people making cellphone calls. Then more text-messaging. I then began suspecting a man on the bus to be an undercover detective: “... he also looks Homeland Security... in one world we are a foreign agent, but in another merely a troublesome person... How can the two words co-exist? ...” I became increasingly convinced that this man wasn’t Homeland Security but law enforcement, that he was not here to run operations. Now this time I was probably incorrect. On 38:30 I got off the bus in Santa Monica. “There are two sets of operations: one, Homeland Security, and the other, undercover detectives... How to handle that? ... true surveillance while faulty surveillance is going on...” Then I took notice of a black man who was using his cellphone to film the people inside Famima (45:30). Again, probably not an operation. Siren on 47:50. When I was about to cross 6th Street, suddenly a Mercedes Benz appeared: “... I hope that’s not a trick...” On 58:00 I was on bus 20. I continued about undercover detectives: “... imagine that... you are under true surveillance as well as faulty surveillance... they’ll see that you don’t have any cellphone at all... sometimes they look buffy... sometimes they disguise themselves as old ladies... they don’t have that mafia air... sometimes they disguise themselves as vagrants... as long as one surveillance doesn’t enter into the International Court as evidence while the other continues... the only connection between the two is our location...” When I was getting off the bus on Vermont and Wilshire, I played around: “... I didn’t leave any Russian-made spy equipment behind...” (1:08:30). When I came to Coffee Bean: “... we see a black female using a Toshiba inside... because we use a Toshiba, suddenly Toshiba sells a lot of laptops...” Was she really my double? I came inside Coffee Bean on 1:11:00. When I saw a pregnant woman: “... Is she really pregnant or is she pretending to be pregnant? Maybe she’s hiding a Russian-made spy equipment in her stomach...” Then the Coffee Bean employee kept knocking on the restroom door to hurry someone out: “... a white male vagrant came out of the restroom... that’s our double... we’ve got caught again staying in the restroom for too long, even though we have never even gone in...” On 1:36:30, because Coffee Bean was closing, I packed up and left: “... we leave behind no Russian-made spy equipment... we do want to move to the Hague... Leiden... we want to go to the University of Leiden to study computers... to acquire the life of David Chin...” I bought snacks in 711 and then squatted in a corner to eat it. Then I took a walk through Koreatown. I settled down by the church on Wilshire and Normandie on 2:05:00. Siren in the distance on 2:07:00. I worked on my files on my Toshiba. I then continued to work on “On the periphery of Karin’s meetups”. Then a van suddenly parked in front of me (2:35:00). Then a guy was text-messaging in front of me, and I filmed him (2:37:00). Then, a police car had supposedly “accidentally” spotted me.

The next recording is missing, but the recording after that is: “slp_txtmssgrmndrnkbeer_11_1-2_09_1153PM-503AM.WMA”: I was now about to go to sleep. “... no matter where we are, we will be ‘accidentally’ videotaped by the police... by the way, all my recordings are ‘accidental’ ... I’m sure that, if we are molesting children, we will be ‘accidentally’ videotaped...” I plugged in my Seagate to back up my writings. Only 490 megabytes of free space were left on my Seagate. I then took notice of the people taking pictures on the street (23:00). “... the police car... has ‘spotted’ the vagrant sleeping by the church...” (37:00). Then a Hispanic guy walked past drinking beer: “... producing surveillance

showing me drinking beer...” Siren on 40:50. Then another Hispanic guy with a cellphone. Then a car came to park by the bus stop: “... he must be text-messaging... no, somebody came to talk to the driver... probably producing surveillance showing me... and a vagrant across the street is laughing... according to surveillance, I got drunk, laughed, and talked to a driver...” (52:00).²

November 2 (Monday; my new camcorder)

My next recording is: “wk_tocfbn_11_2_09_640-712AM.WMA”: I woke up and filmed myself (5:00). I crossed Wilshire and, on 22:00, came inside Coffee Bean. “... Hispanic guys were drinking beer on the street last night... that’s illegal... that’s an operation...” Perhaps I was correct: perhaps the suit team really did obtain more evidence last night confirming that the “David Chin legend” was correct.

My next recording is: “cfbn_brndvd70_fdmall_crmlvidpic_strgesicko_11_2_09_706AM-129PM.WMA”. I put my recorder right on the table and started working. A black female talking on her cellphone passed me by on 7:00. I was uploading my latest files to my website the whole time while burning a new disc. Children began coming in by 1:38:00 and I began humming. Then, a black hair white female came in, and a Hispanic female was text-messaging (1:54:30). Then another woman came in to text-message. I shouted: “9:30 AM, we have got intercepted again!” Then: “The white man from earlier was indeed an undercover cop, since, as soon as I called him so, he walked away...” It’s not clear whether I was correct here: did the LAPD mobilize more than “Morgan Freeman”? Then another white man with a cellphone came in to sit in front of me. He did not look Homeland Security since he was not vulgar (2:32:30). He left on 2:37:30. I commented: “It’s so loud and so we are not doing ‘criminal recording’” (2:47:00). I hummed and then packed up to get out: “Leaving no Russian-made spy equipment behind...” (2:50:00). Then a Hispanic guy was using his cellphone while walking parallel to me – “We are getting intercepted at this very moment” (2:51:30). Then another police car seemed to have videotaped me (2:56:00). Then “spotted” by an ambulance (2:57:00). Again, I was probably wrong. I walked into Radio Shack on 3:08:00 looking for DVD cleaners. I was afraid because the store also sold cellphones and in surveillance I might be made to look like I was buying cellphones. Now even the cashier was talking on her cellphone and I got really angry while calling her over. I told her to finish her call first: “Don’t come to me with your cellphone...” (3:12:00). This sort of resistance was, again, not good evidence for the Russians. I didn’t see any DVD cleaner but, instead, a cheap, 50 dollar, camcorder caught my attention. Since my JVC camcorder was pretty much defunct, I decided to get this one. This camcorder was really a toy for kids and the videos that would come out of it would be of very poor quality, but this was really the most I could afford. Now the cashier tried very hard to sell me a SD card even though I already had several SD cards (3:20:00). Suspicious! I bought the camcorder but refused the offer of the SD card. Then I noted three people walking in. “As soon as I walked in, the empty store is filled with people. The SD card she offered was a trap!” I got onto the bus, and the bus was filled with children, in the front, in the middle, and in the back: I supposed that I was producing a nice surveillance intercept showing the pedophile holding a camcorder and being surrounded by children. I thus got off the bus on 3:25:00 and then got on another bus. Now this next bus was not filled with children (3:26:00). “This is what you call ‘America’, where the victim of crimes

² Reviewed until 1:23:00, and then from 5:06:00 onward.

is the perpetrator of crimes, and the perpetrator of crimes is the victim of crimes. America is a place where everything is turned into its opposite” (3:29:00). Well said! Again, although not good testimony for the Russians, this sort of sarcasm would eventually work out. Meanwhile, a Homeland Security operative was sitting near me and he began drinking soda. “He’s producing an intercept showing us drinking beer on the bus...” (3:32:00). Then: “It’s all because America has no laws that you can drink beer on the bus and deal drugs in front of coffeehouses... Even though it’s a police state, the police officers just pretend to be running around while ignoring real crimes...” (until 3:36:00). Ha! My sarcasm again. I got off the bus on 3:38:00. I was now in downtown. Then, another Hispanic man dragging a cart passed by in front of me. And a police car passed me by on 3:41:00. “If we return the camcorder, a SD card will be found inside, and dirty things will be found on the SD card” (3:43:00). Possibly! Then, when I passed by a black man he held up his newspaper that had the picture of a female printed on it. Probably not part of the suit team’s operation. Then, suddenly, a black female vagrant touched me on my arm and her cellphone rang at just that instant (3:56:40). I shouted at her angrily: “... surveillance is produced showing us receiving a secret message from foreign intelligence agencies...” Again, not good evidence for the Russians. Then, just when I opened up my laptop, a man holding a child came in front of me: “... producing surveillance showing us snooping on the child with our laptop...” I put up my act: “At times I just don’t feel like cooperating, even though it’s extremely patriotic...” In other words, since the Russians were most likely watching me right now, I had to again explain why I seemed to be resisting the suit team’s operation. I then got my DVDs out (until 4:01:00). I continued my act: “I should get a Purple Heart for manipulating computer equipment in front of a father and his child.” Then, children’s noise throughout. When I passed by a white Honda, it suddenly took off (4:06:30). Text-message? Russian surveillance? I continued: “We have a strange purpose in life, a purpose not of our choosing, the production of surveillance, simply by having a location...” (4:12:00). Then: “... our location is the link between the two planes of reality, the reality for the International Court of Justice, and the reality of ordinary Americans...” (until 4:13:00). More: “This is the reality we have to live by, because we will always have a location.” I was then in front of the California Hospital. I decided to take a detour to avoid the police cars (4:14:30). Siren on 4:15:00. Then another resident “spotted me”. I shouted: “This pedophile with a laptop and a bunch of DVDs has been ‘spotted’ by concerned residents again... This is the TV show, in which there is no one who does not participate... What is he really about, no one cares...” (4:17:30). Then: “We are constantly getting intercepted, so that our boss can be in trouble constantly, so that our (Russian) president would have to change his foreign policies...” (4:20:00). Then: “That’s why we need to remain homeless and not get paid, otherwise we may not work, but just stay home!” I got on the bus on 4:28:00, and the bus driver shouted at me: “Where are you going?” “Why do you ask?” “I want to make sure you are getting on the right bus...” “Oh... you are so nice... Yeah, I’m very mentally confused...” He kept on pretending: this bus driver was a suit team operative! Did the suit team need him to say something to confirm the “David Chin legend”? I noted: “I see, because the Machine is picking up only what you are saying and not what I’m saying...” He continued: “You are not gonna fool me with that thing, you think I’m only three year-old...?” The bus driver thus grabbed onto my comment about the three-year-old. Just then, on 4:30:30, a man carrying a baby got on the bus. “Oh,” and I moved to the back of the bus. Another man then text-messaged in front of me (4:33:20). And people began talking loudly in front of me, and I hummed (4:37:00). I got off the bus on 4:39:00 on Jefferson and Grand. “Stay away from people, you

don't know what shit they are gonna pull when they come near you!" Then a white female passed by in front of me holding two DVDs, presumably being confused with me in surveillance. Another Hispanic woman pushing a baby cart then passed by in front of me while I was squatting on the street corner smoking a cigarette (4:42:20). A nice surveillance intercept was produced! Then a Parking Enforcement car drove around two times and finally "accidentally" videotaped me hiding in a corner (or so I thought: 4:47:00). "Yeah, we are not really terrified, but we are just hiding in a corner to conduct clandestine activities..." I walked toward the food mall, and a man sneaked up behind me to use his cellphone – I shouted at him (4:50:00). I came inside the food mall and ordered food (4:54:30). Then a woman "accidentally" took a picture of me, and I asked her for money. She denied it insistently (5:04:00). "The only thing we contribute is our location, and nothing more..." (5:15:00). Then children appeared and were shouting the loudest they could (5:18:40). I went outside to hide in a corner, and immediately people appeared. "We just have nowhere to hide..." (5:26:00). I was importing my latest recording files to my computer at the moment and I covered it all up with a blanket. I continued: "Remember, truth is a crime, even if you will never tell..." (5:33:00). Someone was then talking on his cellphone waiting for me to pass by. I hummed loudly (until 5:34:00). Then I saw a 10 dollar bill on the ground, and I was not picking it up! I put up my act: "We think about the surveillance we are going to produce before we produce it... We don't just do anything Uncle Sam wants us to do..." (until 5:35:30). Another good explanation for my resistance! I finally came inside A-American Storage on 5:38:00. The old Asian "sicko" was there waiting for me. And so I went to the staircase outside to wait for him to leave, however long it would take! "Sicko... He's ugly and likes to undress in front of others in order to make others into criminals... How about getting a pretty woman to undress? Sick!" (5:42:00) "We are not interested in committing crimes with that sicko!" Again, explanation for my resistance. "It's weird, whether you commit crimes or not all depends on what other people do. The victim is the perpetrator and the perpetrator is the victim, it's totally American, we walk with our head and talk with our feet! The American people urinate with their mouth and eat with their asshole. That's the way Mr former Secretary likes it!" (5:47:00) Indeed, America as the Opposite World! By 6:21:00 I was done with waiting and went inside, and, in front of my storage unit, there was a piece of paper on the floor. No! Again, paranoid over nothing: most likely unrelated to the suit team's operation.

My next recording is: "strge_oprtnmssn_11_2_09_134-329PM.WMA": I continued to work on my storage unit. I put my act – for the Russians to intercept: "I didn't mind the charge of criminal videotaping, as long as it wouldn't have real world consequences, as long as my documentaries of myself wouldn't be confiscated..." (56:00). Namely, my resistance to the suit team's operation to make me into a criminal recorder was to be explained by my fear that my documentaries might be confiscated. While describing all the new discs I was putting into my unit, I put my new camcorder to use by constantly filming myself organizing them. "Remember: when you buy something, don't ever return it... when you return it, child pornography will be found on it..." Resistance! Then, on 1:22:00, people were coming in. "People are coming to get you!" And I hurried up. "Perhaps they are only talking loudly in order to force us to criminally record them." Then, on 1:29:00, a Hispanic woman suddenly came in with her teenage son and, shocked, I shouted at her: "Don't come in! Go away!" "Don't tell me to go away..." I told myself: "That's an operative... the problem is: how is law enforcement going to prosecute us? ... but a crime *must* have been committed... because we just had a

conversation with someone... we *must* have accomplished our mission by becoming a criminal...” Then, on 1:34:00, the manager came and asked me why I was yelling at people, and I explained it was because I had to “take pictures” of my unit. On 1:35:00 I explained the same thing to the Hispanic woman I shouted at. I then hummed loudly to cover up her conversations. By 1:38:00 I was leaving convinced that I had been forced to commit a crime since I was taking pictures in an enclosure in which an underage person was present: “... otherwise why did the manager insist that the door should remain open? ... in what way did we accomplish our mission by committing a crime? We don’t know... the crime is committed only in the world of surveillance...” I continued to be convinced that the manager was the suit team’s operative (especially since the last time he had tried to lure me into the office to supposedly cause me to criminally record). In reality, whether or not the manager had been instructed by the suit team the last time, the Hispanic woman today was probably not acting on the suit team’s instructions. I continued: “... they would rumor that something is wrong with this guy, he doesn’t want people to see what he has...” On 1:50:00 I came inside a restaurant to use the restroom. Then, when I wanted to buy a can of soda, the Hispanic woman pointed to the varieties of beer on sale, and I became convinced that she had just produced an intercept showing me buying beer. Probably not!

My next recording is: “dashvanvid_bus38_buycigfakemny_bus2_brtgrl_fakeskr_11_2_09_338-622PM.WMA”: I stared at the DASH van in front of me: “... there are times when we are not sure whether a nation has crumbled... this DASH that is parked in front of us... the driver checks the tires... Is this meant to produce surveillance? ... This law enforcement thing is a little different from our mission, I think its purpose is just to make us disappear...” Again, most likely no operation here. I got on the bus on 3:30. “... it could be that the trial is already over and that we just keep on accomplishing our mission, like those Japanese soldiers stranded on the islands in the Pacific who didn’t know the war was over and just kept on fighting...” This would happen later, but not now! I then hummed loudly to avoid “criminally recording” the lady that was talking loudly next to me. Somebody then asked me what I was doing, and I replied: “... Tibetan monk meditation...” “... it’s very annoying...” “Yeah, that’s why I covered it up, oh you mean me, I’m very selfish...” Then: “... if you join their conversation in order to avoid criminally recording them and they ignore you, then you know it’s an operation...” Hardly! And I continued to hum. On 13:00 I got off the bus. I threw away my Pepsi into the trash can: “... in surveillance it’s beer... before we would have videotaped it, but now, not any more...” Of course I wouldn’t say it was because I knew the Russians were watching me! I kept on walking, and was now on Main Street. I came to a liquor store to buy cigarettes, and the boss checked my 20 dollar bill: “... just to produce surveillance showing us counterfeiting currency... we can accomplish our mission without ever trying...” There were probably no intercepts produced here. On 39:00 I got on the bus again. I was now reading something about computer matters on my Toshiba. Siren on 47:30 and again on 55:00. As I examined my new camcorder, however, I noticed that the CD that supposedly came with it was missing: “... if Homeland Security has instructed... to remove the CD... they could put virus into the RAM...” Then I hummed. Then I was reading through the instruction booklet that came with the camcorder. There seemed to be Homeland Security agents around me. “... there are grammatical mistakes in this instruction booklet, which means that something is wrong with the product...” Not! On 1:23:00 I got off the bus on Vermont and Sunset. Siren on 1:37:00. On 1:39:00 I came inside It’s A Grind. As expected, a woman here was using a Toshiba

Satellite. Did the suit team really send her in as my double? I sat down and began examining my new camcorder: "... it's indeed Homeland Security which has removed the software..." Since there was no CD, I got on the product's website wanting to download the accompanying software: "... they would know that we are trying to download it here... there might be viruses..." (1:51:00). Then: "... it doesn't seem that Homeland Security wants us to have the software, so we are gonna go 'Snap and Share'... maybe this camcorder is a fake one... something is wrong with it... it's not a real product... we don't find any CD anywhere in 'Snap and Share'... it's a Homeland Security fake product... Homeland Security knew we wanted to buy this product because we were browsing it the last time in Radio Shack... and so they replaced all 49 dollar camcorders... otherwise, why is it that we can't find the installation CD? ... Digital Concept..." I was most likely again paranoid over nothing: the suit team had neither removed the CD nor done anything to this camcorder before I bought it. Then, somebody's cellphone rang: it's a doctor. Now I regretted terribly buying this camcorder. Then my Eee PC froze up again. I continued to complain about how I had bought a fake product: "... some nation has probably disappeared along with it... but we wasted 50 dollars buying a fake... we bought a fake product, we got on a fake website, and we couldn't find the fake software... and some nation is very sorry right now..." It's not clear at all whether the suit team had really made something out of my purchase of this cheap camcorder today.

My next recording is: "itsgrnd_fakecam_bbysmke_smprdctrmlrcrd_plcespotme_11_2_09_616-1149PM.WMA": I was now burning a new disc while uploading my latest recordings to my website. "... I really find the whole thing very suspicious... everyday is fake people, fake websites, fake products... if it's a bad product, it's a bad product, but if it's not real, then we are really fucked..." Then my Internet connection was cut off and my FTP transfer was stalled (32:00). And more of cellphones' ringing: "... it's us, we've got intercepted again..." (34:00). I then continued to complain: "... we are forbidden to read any reviews of this product... to go on this product's website... we are forbidden to know anything about it... it's obviously a fake product..." Again, most likely not. Siren on 50:00. By 1:26:00, a lot of people were coming in: "... I think it's time for us to leave... we will never find any information about our product because it's a fake... it's a Homeland Security fake product that has never existed... that's our mission, buying a fake product... that's why the employee tricked us into buying this product... she knew it's a fake..." Then my Eee PC froze up again. On 1:45:30 I stepped outside to smoke. Then another guy on cellphone. And I left. I kept on walking. Siren on 1:53:30. I continued: "... according to surveillance, we were using our Toshiba, which has wireless connections... the fake camcorder is probably made by foreign intelligence services... Radio Shack is a 'foreign intelligence fake store'... to supply foreign agents with spy equipment disguised as ordinary electronics... it's just so boring when you end up buying fake stuff..." Then I assumed I got videotaped by a police car again as I walked past the front of the car (2:04:30): "... the child-molesting vagrant has got videotaped by the police again..." I cried: "... the foreign agent's life is just too hard, I can't deal with it... the camcorder is in fact a real camcorder, it's only made to look like it's fake... so that in surveillance we can call it 'fake'..." (2:14:00). I got a sandwich in Subway on 2:15:00 and then came outside to eat. I squatted by the street corner, and an Asian lady walked past with two children: "... producing surveillance showing us squatting in the street corner snooping on people's children... that's why, whenever we are squatting by street corners, children will walk past... we just don't know how to

avoid people... surveillance is always produced, and that's why we exist... before, there were just meetups, and we didn't have to worry about recorders and camcorders... now we have to worry about everything... pretty soon we will have to worry about fake batteries... the batteries will not function because they will have to pretend to be fake... our Toshiba is fake, our Eee PC is fake... and we have a non-existent cellphone... soon our recorder will become fake... you bought it from UCLA Bookstore, and soon UCLA Bookstore will become a foreign intelligence drop-off point... every single inch of us will turn out to be fake, manufactured by foreign intelligence services... we are a 'foreign intelligence-manufactured fake person'... our bank account is fake, our website is fake, our Internet connection is fake..." On 2:35:00 I got on the bus: "I put in some fake change... but the bus is real..." I took cover on the chair to avoid being videotaped by the police car that was passing by. "... that's why the Radio Shack employee tried to sell us the SD card, it will turn out to be a 'foreign intelligence fake SD card'..." On 3:18:00 I got off the bus in Westwood. Then another woman pushed her baby cart to me while I was smoking in my corner. Surprised, I asked her: "Is that a real baby inside?" "Yes." "Have you noticed that I'm smoking here?" "I didn't notice it." Yeah, right! I continued: "She pushed her baby cart toward me even though I'm smoking here and she knew I'm a child-molesting suspect. Why did she do that? Because..." Perhaps she was really sent in by the suit team to produce an intercept suggesting that I was a pedophile. Then: "... Oh, the security guard vehicle has videotaped us..." (3:29:00). Then, on 3:33:30, I got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus 1. On 3:50:00: "... the white guy in front of us..." On 3:55:00 I got off the bus on Santa Monica Blvd and 6th Street. Then I needed to change my location because of all the "spotting" by the police. Then: "... very beautiful females... we used to not be afraid to look at them, but now we are afraid... you don't know what kind of crime will come out of it... if they dress beautifully, the purpose is not to be admired, but to make you into a criminal... 'accidental filming' is not a crime... and to talk very loudly in front of this vagrant is a very patriotic thing to do..." Again, excessive speculation about the suit team's operations. I continued to walk. Then, two guys walked past me talking loudly: "... Oh, you guys have just been recorded, Gugugu..." Then: "We have but this fake camcorder... we are afraid to connect it to our computer, we are afraid to screw it up... Oh, a limousine!" (4:07:00) It was presumably not Mr former Secretary. Then: "... law enforcement chasing after us... our days are numbered... something is happening in the courthouse which we don't know about... something will materialize on our body... we can ask the bus driver: 'What is supposed to be found on our body?'... the 50 percent rule... Look, that is the Coffee Bean where we played Scrabble once... Oh, we've got videotaped by the police again..." (4:15:30). Then I rested in a corner to smoke. Then two more persons passed me by talking loudly: "... I'm squatting in the corner snooping on you guys... Look, another black Cadillac with tinted windows..." Mr former Secretary? Homeland Security hot shots? Then: "... text-messaging... we've got intercepted again... we are counting our days... we keep our DVDs in the storage, but the police can still confiscate them..." Then, when I was crossing the street: "... we've got videotaped by a Yellow Cab... now a man touched his glasses when he walked past us..." Any intercepts here? On 4:24:00 I came inside Kinkos, but left within two minutes. I got so paranoid that I even believed that the construction vehicles were videotaping me. Then: "We say to people: 'We've got you recorded', that's supposed to be good surveillance... you are doomed, no matter what you do... you are about to enter the mental hospital black hole, and, when you come out, you will not have your DVDs... you will not have your past... one out of every three cars is a taxi, this means that taxis must have cameras on them..." Again,

most likely overly paranoid here. But I was at least providing good explanations for my resistance. Then: "... that guy just scratched his head, we have just received another secret message... now what does the message say? ... it's telling us to get on the bus!" (4:31:30) And I waved Hi to another police car. "So many people have 'spotted' us... the vagrant is waiting for the bus... he has all this strange equipment..." I continued to believe that I was videotaped by the construction truck: "... otherwise, why would it stop in front of us?" On 4:44:00 I got on bus 720. Now somebody in front of me was reading a comic book. My double? On 5:24:00 I got off the bus on Wilshire and La Brea, and a taxi was parked right there: "... it has caught us in its camera..." I kept on walking. Then: "The SUV is flashing its fucking light on us..." (5:33:00). Could it be Russian surveillance? Then I came to an alley to get ready to sleep.

November 3 (Tuesday; "child pornography")

My next recording is: "[slp_avoidtlk_crmlrcrdprdet_11_2-3_09_1155PM-708AM.WMA](#)": As I slept, I continued: "... people will come around... we are destined to disappear... we will be made to look like we are snooping on people... it's better if we just sleep on the street corner and get 'spotted'..." And indeed people soon appeared and started talking near me. On 6:50 I shouted to them: "I'm under surveillance, and so if you talk too loud, you will be recorded..." "Okay!" I continued: "... if we fall asleep and the recorder is on, the recording will be 'accidental'..." Then I fell asleep. Siren on 53:50.³

On 6:46:00 I woke up. "... supposedly, the detective that has been watching us... law enforcement will also 'accidentally' discover... 'This vagrant seems to have this recording habit'... soon an investigation will start... our documentaries will be confiscated... we will not go to jail... it's very likely that we'll end up in the mental hospital instead... usually it's semblance without consequences... just as the cashier yesterday tried to pretend to suspect you were using fake money..." And I continued to mumble about how I wouldn't end up in jail because of my recording habit. On 6:56:00 I walked into Kinkos. "It is possible that, when you end up in the mental hospital, the judge will order that all your documentaries be destroyed... when people come near you to talk, it's to produce surveillance, but how much of it is a real crime?" By 7:04:00 I was out and then, on 7:06:00, came to a Korean coffeehouse. I got my coffee and sat outside. "After we came, people would show up in throng. We predict that we won't be in jail... we are not sure if our documentaries will be destroyed..."

My next recording is: "[krncafe_crmlrcrdtxtmssg_whydpdphl_bus60_11_3_09_715-1031AM.WMA](#)": I was still sitting outside the Korean coffeehouse. Then a Hispanic woman was text-messaging: "... we are intercepted again..." (10:00). I summed up: "... after we have produced surveillance with the Korean men... then the Hispanic woman... after two surveillance intercepts were produced, they walked away..." I moved inside and, on 31:00, reflected on the matter again: "... something serious must have happened... the three Korean men... the text-message must be something about our criminal recording... Parking Enforcement has 'spotted' us..." On 38:00, I moved outside again. I began suspecting another white man: "... he could be an undercover cop..." (40:50). Really? Then another man sat down next to me and asked me: "Are you talking to me?" Of course I believed he was merely

³ Reviewed until 58:00 and from 6:42:00 onward.

trying to produce an intercept: "... all these intercepts are merely to demonstrate that all the intercepts from the Machine are accurate... more people have showed up... the coffeehouse is now full house... another white female... and a police car came to park in front of Kinkos..." And what seemed to be a detective car (?) came to park in front of me (54:00). Was I correct? I left and started walking westward but then decided to turn around to avoid police cars, and I decided not to go inside Kinkos. "... Parking Enforcement in front of us... must have videotaped us..." Probably not. Then, on 1:02:30, I came inside Starbucks. A lot of people inside, and so I moved outside, but there were no electrical outlets outside. I was upset: "... there will always be people..." Moreover, as I started working, I was not able to see my computer screen because of the sunlight. I then said to a man: "You are rather sophisticated..." "Thank you..." I thus suspected him to be an undercover cop (1:10:40). Again, it's unclear whether I was correct. Then, suddenly, somebody greeted me: "How are you doing?" I interrogated him why he wanted to greet me, and he said he just wanted to be nice to people. I was convinced: "... surveillance is produced showing us getting into contact with a foreign secret agent..." (1:14:30). Probably not. I left Starbucks and, on 1:20:00, got on the bus. "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin puts in fake change, and the bus driver is deceived into believing that it's real change... and he sits down in the back of the bus where no one will disturb him... I thought maybe we are taken to the hospital again..." I even made sure to log my scratching my chin two times while staring out of the window. "... the Korean man reading a book in front of us... he might be an undercover cop..." Probably not. From 1:41:00 onward, a child can be heard shouting inside the bus. Then more text-messaging on the bus: "... we've got intercepted text-messaging foreign intelligence services again..." (1:48:30). On 1:52:30, strange beeping sounds: "... we've got intercepted... Look, an Asian guy who walks out of Asian American Legal Center is videotaping the building... surveillance can be so confused that it actually shows the videotaping to be coming from inside the bus..." (from 1:58:00 onward). Over-speculation here. On 2:00:30 I got off the bus on Wilshire and Flower. Siren on 2:05:40. As I walked, I continued: "... three Hispanic females with children... another Asian woman is making a cellphone call... we are intercepted..." (2:20:00). "... she's waiting for somebody, so she must be us... the intercept of our getting into contact with a foreign agent will usually be preceded by an intercept of a text-message..." Very plausible, but it's not clear whether there was really an intercept here. Then a black female text-messaged in front of me. I wanted to take bus 60 to go to Long Beach, but there was no sign of the bus. On 2:26:00 I came inside the mall to buy something to eat, all the while recounting the narrative that might have been constructed from the previous intercepts about David Chin's clandestine activities. I was out on 2:33:00 and then: "... videotaped by another police car... the officers are pretending to talk to a black guy, producing surveillance... we will be 'accidentally' arrested by the police... and nations will... now, purple shirt security guards on walkie talkie... the child-molesting vagrant has been 'spotted'..." Now I even assumed that the bus' not showing up was orchestrated by the suit team: "... if Homeland Security wants us to take the Metro, that means there is something freaky about the Metro... we are dead meat... we will get picked up and have all sorts of strange shit found on us... if they want us to take the Metro, we'll take the Metro... the script is that the criminal foreign agent David Chin will be 'accidentally' arrested... we shall take Metro Blue Line because we will then be caught in surveillance cameras... that will increase our chance of being arrested... videotaped by police cars... the police are very lucky animals, they will always 'accidentally' arrest foreign agents... we are fucking dead meat, there is nothing we can do..." I was now going inside the Metro station: "... a

Hispanic guy is text-messaging behind us... we've got caught again texting to foreign intelligence services... we are the most inefficient foreign agent ever... and he keeps following us... and when he is done, he exits..." And I exited the station too and waved at the police camera: "... the police officers don't even have to look for him, they will just 'accidentally' catch him..." On 2:48:30, I broke down crying: "We just have no place to go to... and we are pretending to cry... somebody burn down the International Court! ... why is it that we have to be a pedophile? Why do foreign intelligence agencies have to be convicted of pedophilia? So that restrictions can be placed on their agents?" Again, my complaints about the suit team's operations shall all eventually be properly explained. Then, I thought I was intercepted again. On 2:54:30 I finally got on bus 60 to go to Long Beach. "I show the bus driver my fake ID which I have manufactured with my fake ID maker... and we will sit in the very back as usual..." Then I was suspecting another man to be an undercover cop. Again, gross exaggeration of the operation. I opened up my Toshiba: "... the detective... our computer..."

My next recording is: "[bus60_lbnpnda_chldrnsurv_dtectv_11_3_09_1103AM-152PM.WMA](#)": I was still on bus 60. My Toshiba was out of battery and so I could no longer work. On 26:00 a child came on the bus to shout. "... surveillance is produced showing us wanting to videotape children..." On 32:30 I got off the bus. I was not yet in Long Beach and so had to wait for another bus. Then a guy made a gesture of smoking something: "... we have been caught smoking weed again..." (34:00). Then: "... and he is text-messaging in front of us..." Was he really sent in by the suit team? On 30:00 a black man wanted to talk to me. I yelled at him: "Don't talk to me! If you talk to me, you might get recorded because I'm under surveillance..." On 41:00 I got on a Long Beach Transit bus going to downtown Long Beach. Now a Transit worker was fixing the change machine, which got me suspicious again: "... they are fixing the change machine... Why are they fixing the change machine?" The bus driver insisted that it had nothing to do with me. "... they are fixing it in order to accommodate the foreign agent's fake change..." Again, I was paranoid over nothing: no operation here. Now people were talking loudly in the back of the bus: "... surveillance is produced showing us hiding in the front of the bus secretly recording people talking in the back of the bus..." Not! And soon children came on the bus. There was now a lot of talking on the bus, and so I hummed. On 1:10:30 the child suddenly cried out loudly, and I panicked. He would continue to cry for the next 20 minutes. On 1:43:30 I got off the bus on Long Beach Blvd and 6th Street. I came inside Panda Express to eat. More children came in: "... surveillance is being produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on people's children again..." Not! I was out on 2:10:00. More text-messaging. Then I rested in a corner. By 2:26:00 I was on the move again. I was going to go into a store but when two children walked in I backed out (2:29:00). Then I got videotaped by a police car again (or so I thought: 2:30:30). On 2:38:30 I came inside the public library. I got my table and turned on my Toshiba and started reviewing my recordings.

My next recording is: "[lbpl_wrshrklsh_double_chldprnframe_11_3_09_207-259PM.WMA](#)": Then something seemed to have happened on my Wireshark and I missed it (4:00). "... if we get online, some disaster will surely happen... if they are manipulating it, that means something will be done to our Wireshark..." Then: "... a vagrant... reading newspapers in the distance... law enforcement officers... watching over us..." (18:30). Then: "... something happened to our Wireshark, Homeland Security is going to do something... now save the captures, and we are not going to get online... it

doesn't exist... that's why we think it's a fake software..." Siren on 36:00. Then I took another look at my Swiss Airline ticket. Note that a child was crying inside the library. Then, an operation for sure: an Asian guy came in, opened up his laptop at a table near me, pressed a button on it, and then quickly walked away. It's quite obvious: he was my double and must have actually looked at child pornography and so on on his laptop. I murmured: "... you thought he's going to do something, but he's gone in a minute..." (47:00). Then I talked more about this Asian guy (48:00). Then, something about Swiss Airline. "... mission accomplished... we have become a pedophile..."

My next recording is: "lbpl_txtmssgr_dvd5lnwcp_dblechrgephn_sbwy_11_3_09_302-830PM.WMA": I was still on my computer: "... our Toshiba has broken down, something has happened to our Windows Movie Maker..." I needed to shut it down. "... to figure out what surveillance we have produced, what our crime is..." Then, from 19:00 onward, I began to mumble indistinctly: "... a pedophile in surveillance... it's so hard... we have videotaped people... to produce surveillance... our double is sitting at... 41... 44... 92... one file is missing..." And I successfully burned a new disc. More (indistinctly): "... Process Explorer... disappears..." Then, on 53:30: "... another man is text-messaging for us and talking really loud..." Then, on 55:30, ImgBurn operation failed, but the next one would be successful. I continued to mumble indistinctly: "... I don't know... maybe the machine is broken..." Then ImgBurn operation failed again. "... so what happened earlier must be... I think this machine is..." Siren on 1:40:00. Then ImgBurn operation failed again. From 1:51:00 onward, I was checking over my latest recordings on my new disc. Then my computer malfunctioned again (1:58:30): "... we don't really know how to control our computer..." Then I seemed to be working on "Feefee and Valerie". Then, on 3:00:00: "... strange! I seem to have already revised this part... all the changes I have made the last time seem to have simply disappeared..." Then, on 3:14:30, a child can be heard shouting in the library. And, guess what, I did find the changes I had made the last time in the PDF printout. "... we have seen Homeland Security doing this kind of thing before..." Indeed! Was it really Homeland Security this time? I continued: "... we have been concentrating so hard that we have not noticed how many text-messages have been intercepted as coming from us in the past hour..." Finally, I broke down crying: "... I don't know who's controlling my computer..." (3:39:30). Then, more children appeared: "... to make me into a pedophile..." (3:40:00). Siren on 3:42:30. "... I don't know who is my double here... once in a while we just want to be alone..." By 4:07:00 I had packed up and was on the library's computer to look up the catalog. "... this black guy is charging his cellphone next to us, producing surveillance showing us charging our cellphone... and the security guard is telling him not to charge... producing surveillance..." (4:11:00). Probably no operation here. Then I was browsing through a book on DVDs. Now another child can be heard crying. Then: "... a Homeland Security vagrant passes us by dragging a cart, causing us a lot of stress... that you have talent... that should never be known... you should always remain this black hole... stupidity, crimes, disturbances..." And I tried to avoid children. Then: "... people are talking... let's get out of here..." By 4:22:30 I had left the library. Then I took notice of a Hispanic guy who pressed a button on his cellphone – and I actually felt pain! Then: "... our computer must be remotely controlled..." I rested in a corner and continued: "... faulty surveillance will follow us for the rest of our life... I'm so depressed... Look, cellphone! We've got intercepted! ... and we are videotaped by another police car... it's suspicious, this white guy just sits in his car..." So much paranoia over nothing! I was then on the move again. "... the police are

waiting for us at Burger King... a detective... we've got videotaped by police cars again..." Probably not. I began moaning wanting to cry: "... we don't have that much time left, do we?" I came inside Subway on 4:45:00 to have my dinner. More cellphones, and I almost cried, mumbling indistinctly like big foot. Then, siren on 4:49:30. I asked a man: "What are you doing on your cellphone?" (4:50:30) I got my sandwich but went outside to eat. I read out loud the license plate of a car that was parked in front of me: "... he's text-messaging!" And I was frantic: "We've got caught!... intercepted! ... surveillance is showing us contacting our foreign intelligence contact!..." I thus got up and moved on and came to a park instead. But: "... a woman with a dog..." And I cried and screamed. Only then did I quiet down and start eating. On 5:02:00 I was on the move again. More talking on cellphones. On 5:05:00, I was at the Metro station. "... our pen camera is broken... the button to turn on the camera..." Thus, from now on, you will see no more videos from both my JVC camcorder and my pen camera. I continued: "... more nations have to be sued... a lot of operations always happen in the library... they are waiting for us to get on the Metro, more operations are waiting for us on the Metro train... that's why Homeland Security wants us to take the Metro... the city is evacuated and so nobody is on the street..." Hardly! Gross exaggeration! And so I decided not to take the Metro but to keep on walking. Then, a Long Beach Transit truck: "... we will be videotaped again..." Then I recounted: "... the first guy... he looked at child pornography... the second guy..." (from 5:18:00 onward). "Most of the time we were just trying to figure out why our computer wasn't functioning... just take the Metro, and we will get videotaped... we are being 'accidentally' tracked by law enforcement..." And I tried to film the street with my "fake camera": "... the city is evacuated..." (5:20:00). Then: "... Homeland Security has spent more than a billion dollars on us already... Look, a lady just took a picture of us with her cellphone..." (5:21:50). Did she really? Then: "... as nations after nations crumble, this is what we get... the lady actually looks familiar..." Then, on 5:25:00, I was at the Metro station, and soon broke down crying: "... we are only allowed to live a life in the digital world... our camcorder is broken..."

My next recording is: "[cryng_waitfrbus_232callplce_11_3_09_924-1022PM.WMA](#)": I was very sad. "That must be why Homeland Security wants us to take the Metro... so that we can be seen using our computers... malice... we have seen the dark side of humanity... we are leaving..." And so I was not taking the Metro. Again, these complaints would have to be explained. While walking, I continued: "... it's very suspicious, this vagrant is always using computers... and recording things... you are not supposed to record, you are supposed to let it disappear... there is supposed to be no record left indicating that you have ever existed..." On 6:00 I started crying: "Where is our bus?..." I cried so hard. On 12:00 a man came over to ask me what was wrong: "Looking for the bus?" Then I rested quietly. Then: "... I have been caught in surveillance cameras using my camera... the bus never comes... Homeland Security wants us to..." Then there were strange pop-ups on my Toshiba: "... something very strange with this Toshiba... there is nobody on the street, all evacuated... we have seen the pop-up once... we won't see it again... Homeland Security won't let us see what they have done to our computer..." Then I cried: "What did Homeland Security put in there?..." Then, on 35:30, I tried to get on the bus, but the bus driver almost wouldn't pick me up. I yelled and screamed, and he did let me get on. I shouted to him: "Don't forget that I'm a foreign agent... I will contact the embassy of the country I work for..." Again, my sarcasm was excellent evidence for the Russians. Now the bus driver wanted to make an incident report, and so I got off the bus instead. "... it's time for us to get picked

up... you'd better not act out..." Siren on 38:30. Now police cars were indeed coming! I hid myself in a corner, and then got out and kept on walking: "... my name is David Chin, I'm about to disappear... no one will believe anything you say... nobody will know what life you have lived... Look, a woman is text-messaging, we've got intercepted..." (45:50). Then: "... when you use computers, somebody will be text-messaging, and that's an intercept of the signals coming from you and going to foreign intelligence... we live a very sad life..." On 49:30 I hid myself next to a large trash bin: "... it might be safe here, the police won't see you... the police... automatically under the command of Mr former Secretary... no one is to know that we have once existed... once this International Court business is over, it's time for us to go... we have seen the dark side of humanity, where hundreds of thousands of people conspire to make a person disappear... Look, a car is coming into the parking lot, we have been 'spotted'..." (54:00). Then: "... you are supposed to be discovered to be a foreign agent, but not by ordinary people, they are supposed to be deceived by you..."

My next recording is: "hidusecmtputppltk_tola_slpktown_11_3-4_09_827PM-316AM.WMA": Then another car came by: "... we are 'spotted'... we are very suspicious, manipulating strange electronic equipment... they are gonna rumor about us, saying the vagrant was seen next to the trash bin... in reality, we have nowhere to hide... we don't know how not to be 'accidentally' videotaped by people... people always come by, because they are told to come by... the vagrant's strange electronic devices are actually just broken machines, and we don't even know what Homeland Security has put inside... these foreigners... *why can't they understand that they must submit to Americans' will and become America's colonies?* ..." Good evidence for the Russians here. "... I just wish we have a place where we can write... our Eee PC... we don't even know how to clean our hard drive... we don't even know why only so little space is left... we have never downloaded anything... we are just technically inferior to Homeland Security... they can make our computer do anything they want... Look, somebody is dragging a cart in the parking lot... to be confused with us in surveillance..." Then, from 11:40 onward, I was working on my "Preface". Then: "... somebody with a dog has 'spotted' us manipulating strange electronics... so that they can rumor about us, which rumor will then be intercepted into the International Court as evidence... suspicious, sick..." (23:00). Then, on 28:50, another car: "... the vagrant with a laptop has got 'spotted' again... we can't work here, it's too suspicious... we have to survive at least one night... a ton of homeless people are sleeping here... if we sleep here, we will be arrested..." And so I moved on on 32:00. "... we have to take the Metro, we have no choice... we will be caught in surveillance cameras... maybe we should just hang ourselves in front of the International Court... we don't have money and we don't have a job, and we are not gonna have money and not gonna have a job... we do understand Mr Chertoff... we do... we saw him in a limousine... he's not very tall... *we have been living in his mind for two years*... people he doesn't like will always suddenly be discovered to be criminals... you don't think all these people have 'spotted' you for nothing, do you? ... on the plane tomorrow..." Recall that my new flight date was tomorrow. On 52:00 I finally gave up and got on Metro Blue Line. From 1:38:00 onward, a homeless woman can be heard talking loudly to herself. "... our double..." Probably not. On 1:46:30, after a quiet ride, I got off the train in downtown LA and then, on 1:56:20, got on the bus. "... the person... producing surveillance showing us doing something... something is very wrong with this bus... another man is wearing dark sunglasses at night..." It's not clear whether all this meant anything. On 2:11:00 I noted that, outside on the street,

the police had stopped a car. Then, suddenly, on 2:15:30, people came next to me to talk. I was so seriously disturbed that I got off the bus to avoid them (2:16:40). On 2:23:00, another car shone bright lights upon me. Russian surveillance? On 2:25:30 I settled down into a corner. On 2:33:00, people appeared to talk, and thus I hummed, upset: "... there was nobody here earlier... these black people in the back of the bus... they were not marked for disappearance, but we are..." Then I slept in the street corner. Siren on 2:54:00.⁴

Now let's pause for a moment and reflect on what exactly happened today. All the paranoia over nothing aside – Long Beach certainly wasn't evacuated today – there was indeed one operation: the Asian guy in Long Beach Public Library just before 3 PM. If he had indeed looked at child pornography, it was certainly a follow-up upon the disgusting episode from October 31 and the initiation of a law enforcement investigation of me on November 1. And there was probably something more to motivate the suit team: right after they had failed to remove my videos of these CIA girls from the evidentiary record with one very important piece of evidence, the Russians submitted to judge Higgins' chamber, probably yesterday, my testimony while I was in Westwood Recreation Park on November 1. (They probably intercepted it from my website yesterday.) This was another important – because it was so realistic – evidence suggesting that I was indeed conspiring with the United States even though, as was consistent with my past behavior, I neither loved the United States nor hated the United States' enemies. Desperate, the suit team thus tried again today. They simply sent in a guy to look at child-pornography near me. When the faulty surveillance Machine confused him with me, this was not only evidence in the lower court that I was indeed a pedophile but also evidence in the upper court: since the video productions of a pedophile could not be allowed in the evidentiary record of the International Court of Justice, my videos of those CIA girls should be suppressed as evidences. At the very least, the suit team could use this new "evidence" to cancel out the evidence which the Russians had introduced yesterday, thus keeping intact the current stalemate in which both sides could legitimately claim that I was conspiring with the other side.

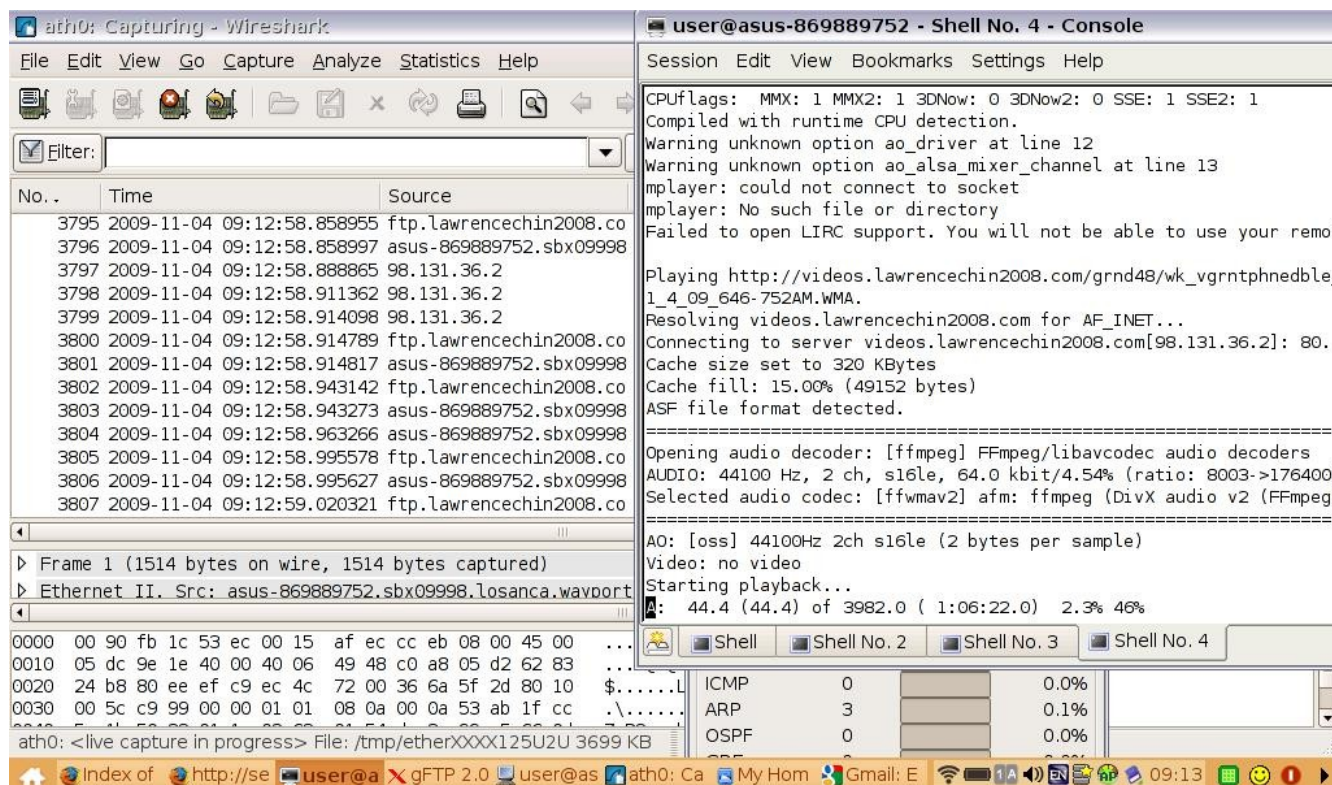
November 4 (Wednesday; LAX, "Ramadan")

My next recording is: "wk_vgrntphnedble_strbkdtctve_11_4_09_646-752AM.WMA": As soon as I woke up, I started mumbling: "C'est Marie-Claude..." Namely, imitating Marie. Then: "Look, a vagrant is scratching his beard, producing surveillance of... my double..." (8:00). I got up and was on the move. "... surveillance will say he's me..." Really? Then, another woman with a cellphone: "... I'm being intercepted..." (10:00). Then, on 14:00, I came inside Starbucks. I sat outside to eat my doughnut and sip on my coffee. Then, this vagrant just had to sit near me, and so I moved. Then, on 25:00: "... another cellphone call in front of us..." I then started uploading my latest recordings to my website, and was delighted because the upload speed was so fast. "We like it here!" Then: "... Is he an undercover cop?" Was I correct? On 36:30 I came inside to use the restroom. I was using my Eee PC while on the toilet: "... we follow the TCP string on Wireshark... search it on Google, and we get only a blank page..." Then I shaved. By 59:00 I was out. "... we need to take a serious look into our Toshiba to see what the fuck is in it... it looks like a data file... very small size... looks like a meta-data file..."

4 Reviewed until 3:09:00 and from 6:32:00 onward.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
8.1.3. Mission accomplie, B.
Lawrence C. Chin
Nov. 2009 – Dec. 2020

I was most likely paranoid over nothing here. I then continued to upload my files. Then: "... something might have happened while we were sleeping... for – why did our recorder shut itself off?" (1:06:00) It couldn't be because I was chipped this morning, could it?



using MPlayer to stream recordings
just uploaded from my website, Nov. 4 2009

My next recording is: "strbk_ktown_11_4_09_746-810AM.WMA": I continued to work outside Starbucks. "... maybe it did turn itself off..." I was then downloading Process Explorer. "... a white female with two dogs in front of us..." (14:00). Then: "... why did it just freeze up like that? ... green light is flashing on Windows Media Player... this is broken off... that is broken off..." Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: "strbksktown_11_4_09_816-845AM.WMA": "... it's now 8:11 AM... the FTP transfer is stalled..." Then: "... I had a dream about this last night... Oh, a woman is text-messaging behind our back, holy shit... junk emails... it looks like Homeland Security is willing to give us 100 dollars in order to produce this surveillance... our Eee PC is frozen... there must be a reason why this black lady is sitting in front of us... we have published the hash values on our webpage... the black lady is gone..." (19:30). Most likely, paranoid over nothing. "... we are going to use Konqueror to get our hash values out... it's not always possible, but we will try... another white female has sat down in front of us..."

My next recording is: “strbkupld_ihopalone_notcallbus4_11_4_09_839-1125AM.WMA”: I noted that a female did something on her cellphone before she walked into Starbucks in front of me (8:00). Then: “... the text-messaging female again... she presses buttons on her cellphone again, producing an intercept of something...” (14:30). Really? Then: “... an Asian woman with her son passes us by... a white female is text-messaging in the distance... a white male in front of us has also text-messaged... detectives are always reading newspapers... we have a double reality here... *this sick mother-fucker is looking at us and smiling, he looks like a child-molester*... another white female is pressing buttons on her cellphone...” I asked the weird-looking man: “Why are you smiling? You sick mother-fucker...” (28:00) And he didn’t respond. “Probably here to be confused with us in surveillance...” Indeed! This might really be a suit team operation: recall how Mr former Secretary loved to populate my environment with freaky people in order to enable the Machine to confuse them with me. It could be that this was a follow-up on the intercept of child-pornography from yesterday. I came inside Starbucks again to use the restroom, but someone was inside. I continued: “... the sick guy is now sitting on our seat, surveillance is on him...” And so I left. I came to the pharmacy to buy batteries. More children. On 42:30, this woman just had to cut in front of me with her child. What the fuck! “... in order to produce surveillance showing us snooping on her child...” Perhaps! Then, as I exited, the alarm went off (44:00). “... and of course the manager will not come out to chase after us asking us if we have stolen anything... it’s only crime for surveillance... and undercover detectives seem to be following us... the world of surveillance and the real world are not supposed to collide...” Then another woman was pushing her baby cart to me, and I waited for her to pass me by. Then: “... IHOP... an Asian female on laptop...” As I was walking: “... we are about to die of hunger... no human beings shall ever appear, I hope that’s possible...” On 57:30 I walked into IHOP to eat. I told the waitress: “I want a corner where there is nobody around...” And I ordered my food. But two people immediately sat down next to me to talk: “... so that surveillance can be produced showing us hiding in a corner secretly recording their conversation...” I decided to change seat. “... we don’t want to see another human being, we don’t want to hear another human being... we need a place where, within a 100 yard radius, there are no other human beings... where we have supply of food... where we can write all we want about Karin’s meetups... that would be an ideal life... but maximal security prison is not it... we do want books, computers, and blank DVDs...” Then more people came in to talk near me: “... more surveillance showing us secretly recording other people’s conversations... you really hope you are other people... not part of this fucking International Court trial... your life is pathetic...” Soon I was done with eating and came inside the restroom: “... we will not be in the restroom with another person... but Homeland Security will send somebody in...” On 1:26:00 I got a cup of water and came out. I brushed my teeth on the street corner. Then I smoked my butts and continued to describe the people who passed me by. Now recall again that today was my flight to Amsterdam: “We have to delay the flight again... we obviously are not going to fly...” (1:39:00). Of course! Good decision! I had in fact decided so in the past few days – and the Russians would be happy with this too. I got on the bus on 1:39:30 but somebody was again talking loudly near me. I continued to mumble about how I needed to delay my flight again. I counted 17 people on the bus. Then I pretended to gawk at a pretty woman in a sick manner: “... she’s so pretty... hahaha...” (1:48:30). I started acting retarded. On 2:08:30 I got off the bus in Westwood. “... a Muslim woman at the bus stop... she’s completely covered up...” And

another Middle-Eastern man with a cellphone. Probably no operations here. And I found more cigarette butts. "... we can no longer videotape every single thing... remember to be courteous when you talk to people... don't get thrown into the mental hospital..." Then, more people with cellphones. On 2:16:30 I got on Culver City bus 6 to go to the airport. I sat next to the engine where it was particularly noisy and took a nap. "The person in the front is purposely talking so extremely loud..." Again, probably no operation here. Then, on 2:29:30: "... we are changing our mind..." On 2:30:30, suddenly thinking of something, I got off the bus. Then another man text-messaged near me and stared at me with a blank face (2:35:50). Then another suspicious woman: was she text-messaging? I came to Westside Pavilion and noticed that a Santa Monica Blue Bus was parked by the side of the road: "... it's waiting to videotape us... there must be a reason why it's parked in front of us... we are gonna sit outside Coffee Bean, and we are gonna get videotaped by the bus, but we like this coffeehouse because there is an electrical outlet outside..."

My next recording is: "callswissnotcall_11_4_09_1136-1155AM.WMA": Now what I wanted to do was to call Swiss Airline instead of going to the airport. I stood by the payphone hesitating: "... I don't know, I can't do this, it's too scary..." And so I decided not to call. "As soon as we took out our recorder, the bus took off... to videotape us... surveillance is had of this criminal recorder... we are being 'accidentally' investigated by law enforcement... that's what you call 'America', where law enforcement do not have to investigate you, they will end up 'accidentally' investigating you..." I continued my (most likely wrong-headed) speculation: "... when we put down the payphone, the bus was leaving, and so we walked into Coffee Bean... so there will be a surveillance video showing us recording our phone conversation... thus an investigation of the 'criminal recorder' can be launched... law enforcement are 'accidentally' investigating this criminal recorder... Look, the Iranian man is still talking on his cellphone, producing surveillance showing us criminally recording him..." And so I moved. Again, just paranoid over nothing. Then a woman was shouting loudly: "Hello!" I shouted at her: "Hey! You will be recorded if you keep talking like that... you fucking bitch..." (7:30). Now I set up my Eee PC wanting to call Swiss Airline on my Skype instead, but: "... our Eee PC is malfunctioning at the moment... Homeland Security wants us to videotape our computer screen... that's why they are doing this..." I was certainly wrong, but I rebooted my Eee PC in any case. Then: "... the loud-talking woman has come back, she's going to report our rude behavior to the manager..." (11:30). Again, paranoid over nothing here. Then: "We have to reinstall the OS on our Eee PC, you just don't know what Homeland Security is doing with it..." Then that strange problem with my Toshiba again: "... it's supposedly charging, but it's actually draining the power away... that pregnant Asian woman with a black kid... it's certainly staged, but what's the purpose? ..." And now I decided not to use Skype either: "... we are just trying to make a phone call, and it's proven to be impossible, that's what you call 'disability' ..." Then my recorder suddenly turned itself off again.

My next recording is: "offbus_upbus6_chld_11_4_09_1217-1254PM.WMA": In the end, I did decide to go to the airport. I was now on Culver City bus 6 again going to the airport. I recounted: "... what happened earlier is that we were videotaped by the police... the Hispanic guy... trying to produce surveillance showing us snooping on children... what we need to do is get off the fucking bus..." And so I got off the bus on 1:00. Again! I lamented: "... it's going to take several hours to change the

flight...” And more people were talking near me: “... we’ve just got caught criminally recording people’s conversations again... a lot of children are coming... we have to get out of here fast...” I was now on Sepulveda Blvd: “... two more people are pushing their baby cart toward us...” And I yelled at them: “Stop! Stop!” They didn’t respond. “... as long as there are other people around, we will be caught committing crimes... Oh, we’ve got videotaped by Parking Enforcement again...” Then a Hispanic guy parked his car in front of me and started pressing buttons on his cellphone: “... surveillance is showing us communicating with foreign agents...” (7:00). Then: “... earlier we decided not to make phone calls to change our flight, it was too scary... we decided to go to the airport instead... but there is then the likelihood that we will get picked up by the police...” I then mumbled about the white female and recounted what happened when my recorder was turned off: “... she’s trying to produce surveillance showing us criminally recording her... but our recorder was shut off at the time... and more incidents of this nature... then the Hispanic guy sat down next to us with his babies... to produce surveillance showing us snooping on his children... and that’s when we turned on our recorder... then fire trucks with siren... that’s what happened when we left Coffee Bean... we need to check our recorder to see when it was shut off... other people can change their flight in a few minutes, but we need several hours because of our disability caused by the International Court of Justice... now another Hispanic female has come to wait for the bus with us... and more mothers carrying their babies are coming around because we are a pedophile... you wish for the day when all these fucking human beings will just disappear... fucking despicable creatures... Parking Enforcement! Here to videotape us...” Again, my complaints would eventually be explained. Then Culver City bus 6 came on 17:00 and I got on: “... we are ready for more operations... a lot of people... this fucking bitch... a Hispanic girl is text-messaging... it’s an operation... a mother and a child have got on the bus, they are coming right toward us... they know we are a pedophile... that’s the function of children, to make us into a pedophile... earlier when we were at Sepulveda, an SUV...” I now started importing my latest recordings into my Toshiba (23:00). Then another black man was text-messaging. I was then checking my recordings and naming them. On 34:30 the bus had arrived at Fox Hill Mall.

My next recording is: “clv6_upld_11_4_09_1248-102PM.WMA”: Then: “... children have appeared in front of us, because we have our laptop open to import our recordings... surveillance is currently showing us snooping on children...” Now a black guy’s device kept beeping: “.. he is looking at us like, ‘What’s up’... he’s producing surveillance showing us emitting signals with our microelectronics... we are being intercepted again...” (8:00). Then my Toshiba ran out of battery, and I turned it off. “The black guy is getting off the bus right now” (13:00). “... the vagrant is always with all these recording devices, and always with children... these are not a good combination... that’s what law enforcement officers have noted...” I was perhaps correct on this!

My next recording is: “arprtswiss_chng_11_4_09_107-152PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus holding my recorder in my hand. On 3:30 I got off the bus after making sure that I had left nothing behind. “We are going inside the airport, that can be very risky... we might get picked up by the police, and as for operations, *that’s more a problem for our phobia*... things with real world consequences don’t usually happen with operations...” Again, just acting in case the Russians were listening to me: I would soon better develop the explanation in terms of “phobia”. I was at the vending machine on 6:00: “... yummy

food...” I was then on the airport shuttle. Another black Cadillac with tinted windows – but this was normal around LAX. Then an Asian guy was making a cellphone call, and he was talking very loudly: “... to cause us to criminally record him... or is he making a call for us, since we are at the airport and need to contact our foreign intelligence boss? ...” I got off the shuttle on 16:30, and a child appeared just then: “... it has to happen at the same time, to produce surveillance showing us loving children so much... maybe we should put a sign on us, ‘We are a pedophile, don’t come near us’... according to the International Court’s records, this criminal foreign agent is caught within 10 feet of a child about 20 times a day... Oh, we are caught text-messaging again...” On 22:00 I was with the Swiss Airline agent. I read out his name: Sergio, and he changed my flight to December 1. When he tried to print out my new boarding pass, the printer was not working: “... probably some sort of trick...” Then I was alarmed when another Swiss Airline agent came out pressing buttons on his cellphone. I was done by 29:00. Then: “... a detective car has videotaped us...” Then the rest of the recording overlaps with the beginning of the next recording.

My next recording is: “arprtoprt_culv6_offdptnodvdcln_atm_mssndispr_mtl_11_4_09_137-508PM.WMA”: It was now 1:41 PM, and I was leaving the airport. I recounted what happened: “... we got on the shuttle, and a mother and her child were waiting for us... she said Hi to us... surveillance was produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin appearing again within three feet of a child... he’s constantly snooping on children... always trying to be near children... with his recording devices... we then came back, and the Swiss Airline counter was open... the Swiss Airline Agent was an Eastern European, named ‘Sergio’... Russian? ... he had our ticket changed to December 1... he went inside to print out our ticket, but then came out saying there was a problem with the printer... he did it three times... then another Swiss Airline agent, when he walked past us, pressed buttons on his cellphone three times... he’s probably phoning home to say that the ‘vagrant’... the drug-addict, with unknown identity... is seen at the airport... not actually here to produce an intercept showing us connecting with a foreign agent... we have once again got into contact with a foreign agent... we don’t know how Sergio appeared in surveillance... possibly, an Eastern European agent disguised as a Swiss Airline agent... there must be a reason why the printer stopped working... Look, another woman is text-messaging, we may have been intercepted again... evidence is being presented to the International Court at this very moment...” (8:00). It’s really not clear whether the suit team had made anything out of my business at Swiss Airline today (it’s probably a coincidence that the agent’s name was Russian). The Russians, on the other hand, would be, as noted, terribly relieved now that I wasn’t flying again. Then: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin was ‘accidentally’ videotaped going into the airport... and videotaped again by the detective when he walked out...” And I turned off the other recorder on 9:30. I was then talking to myself in a very goofy manner. On 16:30 I got off the shuttle, but I had missed my stop. “We are not leaving behind any Russian-made spy equipment...” I kept on walking: “... maybe the printer malfunctioned... because another passenger who was flying was confused with us... so we are on the flight right now... we are really lost now... if so, then more countries will be involved in the lawsuit... and for all that we are not paid...” I was just acting here: I knew very well that no new nations were going to be involved and that the suit team was still fighting for their life. And I continued to describe the cars that passed me by. On 30:00 I got on Culver City bus 6. More: “... they are just going to run operations... a broken...” Then I was describing the people who were making

cellphone calls. And a child was shouting in the bus (45:00). On 55:00 I got off the bus at Fox Hill Mall. I noted another black man who was crossing Slauson Avenue dragging a cart. “Remember that faulty surveillance is always on him... in reality two persons are dragging a cart, but faulty surveillance will only pick up one of them... we don’t actually exist in surveillance...” I was then at AM/PM buying a hot dog and cigarettes. I took notice of another suspicious man: “... maybe he’s actually an undercover cop... Is he checking out what the vagrant is doing?” Obviously, I must be wrong most of the time, since the LAPD couldn’t possibly have mobilized this many detectives to go after me. Then I came to a corner to eat (1:05:30). “... now this guy who was standing behind us earlier comes passing us by to pretend to want to use the restroom... surveillance is currently showing us getting into contact with a foreign agent at AM/ PM...” I was again most likely incorrect here. “... vagrants don’t have rights...” By 1:17:00 I was done with eating. I kept on walking and believed I was videotaped by Highway Patrol on 1:24:30: “... that happens every time when we change our location... our days are very much numbered...” Siren on 1:27:20. Then: “... if you urinate anywhere you will be caught...” And yet I urinated in the bushes. “The only reason why you are alive is that you can still produce good evidences for the government, otherwise they will have killed you already... today the vagrant started from K-Town, then the Museum Square... then Culver City...” I now rested in a corner at a parking lot. Then: “... a black man in a huge SUV, when he passes us by, seems to be talking on an electronic device...” Then I continued to describe the cars that passed me by. Siren on 1:34:30. Then, on 1:44:00, I was on the move again. On 1:45:50 I decided to use the ATM without filming myself. “Somebody is coming over to use the ATM next to us, his bank account will be confused with ours...” I got so nervous that I decided not to use the ATM just yet but to wait for him: “Com’on, go!” And he wouldn’t do it! “He’s pretending that his card couldn’t go into the machine... everybody is coming around because *we* are using the ATM... I don’t feel too good, I want to vomit, I can’t finish my mission today, maybe another day we will let our bank account be confused with someone else’s... this is disability, where you want to vomit when somebody is about to be confused with you in surveillance... a disability caused by the International Court of Justice...” On 1:52:40 I decided to use another ATM, not the original one. “... 153 dollars in our saving account... 352 dollars in checking... Oh, another person is coming... according to surveillance, our account is the next person’s... we don’t have anymore... to accomplish our mission... because when you accomplish your mission, you are supposed to disappear...” Again, a good explanation as to why I was resisting. On 1:58:00 I came inside Office Depot to look for DVD cleaners. Note that a child was shouting. Then a flash of light (2:02:00): did somebody take a picture of me? From which side? More debate about whether I looked like myself? “... it’s bad to walk around... maybe surveillance is showing us...” I walked out on 2:10:30: “... no screw driver, no DVD cleaner, this store sucks... would Homeland Security replace every DVD cleaner in every store with something that would damage your discs? ...” Overly paranoid! On 2:25:00 I got on the bus. I hummed. On 2:37:30 I got off the bus on Sepulveda and Washington Place: after seeing money in my accounts, I had decided to give myself a break and check into a motel. “We don’t have time to work... we have to find a place to sit down and work...” I bought food at a Chinese fast food place and, on 2:46:00, came to the motel: there was a room available, but the owner refused to make a copy of the form I had just filled out. “It will be confused with somebody else’s!” And she wrote something on it: “... we have just given Homeland Security another evidence that our handwriting is not our handwriting...” I was in fact most likely overly paranoid here. On 2:54:00, I was in my room

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
8.1.3. Mission accomplie, B.
Lawrence C. Chin
Nov. 2009 – Dec. 2020

(Room 127). "... now surveillance will show us staying in some other room... and show us doing some other shit... we have accomplished our mission again..." I turned on the TV. "Will Homeland Security order that 'Bourne Identity' be shown again?" (3:10:00) Then the news: Russia and the UN! And I ate.

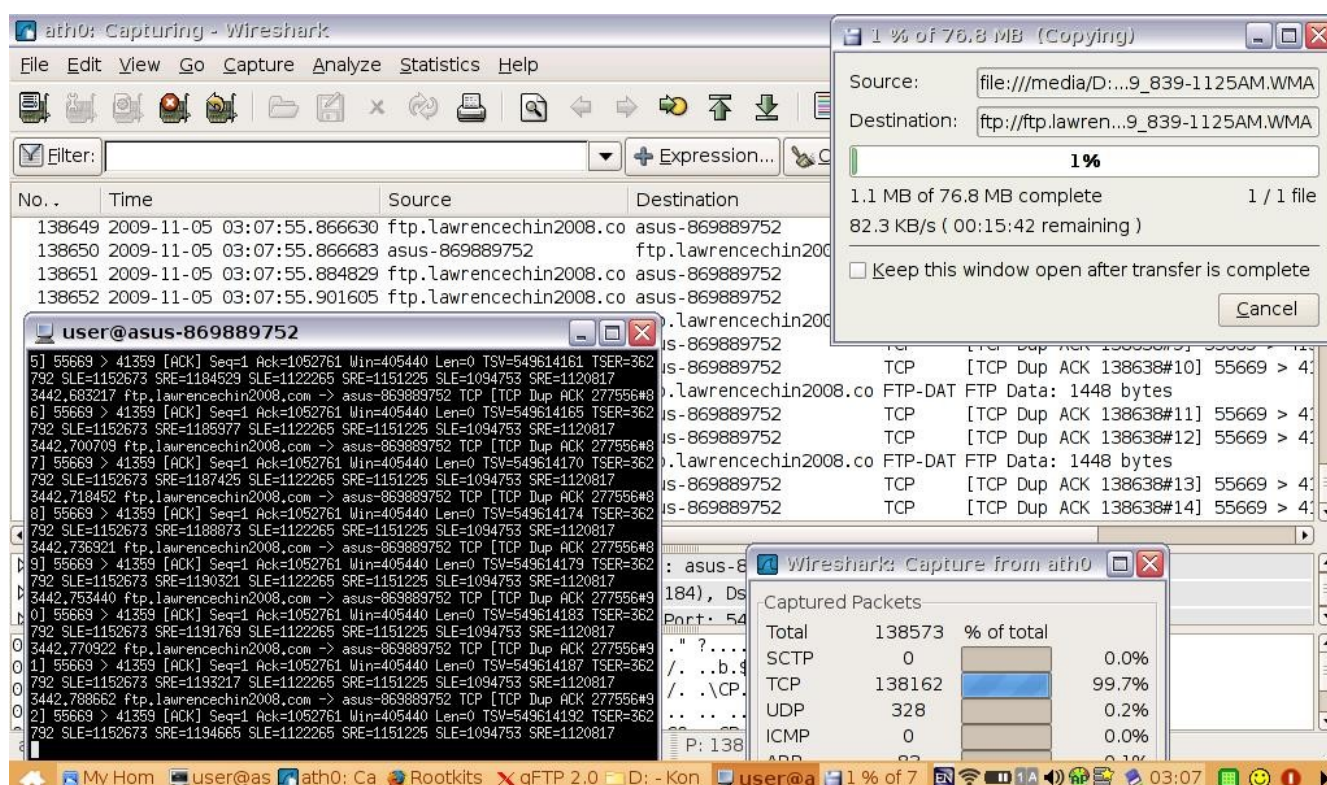
My next recording is: "mtl_arbconfusn_dhscmmtionchld_pref8_11_4-5_09_514PM-128AM.WMA": I continued: "We can accomplish our mission by..." I was then worried that the suit team might have injected codes into my Eee PC (27:30). Then, when I was uploading my latest recording files to my website, I noticed a suspicious IP address on my Wireshark captures: 10.10.0.19. "Perhaps our Homeland Security double is also uploading files, and he will be seen in faulty surveillance..." (36:00). Then: "... Ramadan... Facebook... These are seen on my Wireshark captures. Thus, according to the evidentiary record of the International Court, I'm on Facebook and looking at pages on Ramadan and so on. The double next door that is visiting bad websites must have been confused with me at this moment in Homeland Security's surveillance..." (40:30). While complaining about how dangerous it was to use the Internet in the motel since my connection would always be confused with someone else's, I remarked sadly that there would never be a day when I would not be confused with someone else – that I was born to be confused with someone else (43:00). While my complaints would, again, have to be explained, I was probably correct here: this was indeed an operation, namely, the suit team had obtained more evidences tonight confirming the "David Chin legend" in the lower court (pretending to be Muslim, looking for children on Facebook) – part of which evidences they could then use in the upper court as the basis on which to request the suppression of my videos as evidences. Soon I began writing. My double next door was now blasting loud music – "in order to produce surveillance showing us blasting loud music" (45:30). "We are always other people... We are invisible in the surveillance over us!" Then: "My double always has a Facebook account." Then I began examining the various other IP addresses on my Wireshark captures in order to identify more actions from my double. "Homeland Security wanted us to get on the Internet so that our connection could be confused with someone else's. The faulty surveillance system ought to be awarded with the Nobel Prize... Our MAC number is... and the other guy's MAC number is... and surveillance wouldn't show any of that..." (52:00). Even an Arabic website, arabia.msn.com, was seen on the capture! (That's my neighbor's.) I put up my act: "An Arab nation would now have to join the lawsuit, on the side of the United States or against the United States... we have accomplished the Plan B of our mission, now even Saudi Arabia is in the lawsuit... Ramadan... Saudi Arabia is in the lawsuit, we know it now... there aren't gonna be any nations that are not involved... the whole world will be either America or not-America... also Facebook... and others..." (1:00:00). In reality, this was merely to confirm David Chin's constant effort to pretend to be interested in Islam. "... our neighbor is on Facebook... this Wireshark capture is important... it tells us that Saudi Arabia will join the lawsuit... now we know what our mission is... the other activities of our double... our double is doing bad things again..." Then, on 1:15:00, I turned on the TV. I continued to read out the activities of my neighbor as seen on my Wireshark captures (1:22:00). "... the only way to avoid it is to not use the Internet at all..." Now the TV program was about Glenn Beck, and then a quite sensitive topic, and so I changed the channel to avoid it (1:23:50). But the news was now reporting on the conviction of CIA officer Sabrina de Sousa in Italy today (1:24:30). Another sensitive topic! "... if you don't turn on the TV, the neighbor will blast... but if you do, it's this kind of garbage... as long as you have some usefulness, you will probably not be made to

disappear... but you might still be put into the mental hospital for a week so that something can be found on you...” Then the news was reporting on something about Iran: “... so Iran is also the target...” From 1:34:00 onward, I seemed to be working on “On the periphery of Karin’s meetups”. Siren on 2:01:00. Then I was working on “Feefee and Valerie” (3:38:00). Then: “... we have our windows closed, but they will talk really loud in order to produce surveillance of our criminal recording...” (3:43:00). Probably not! Now China was continually mentioned on TV (China Olympics). “Why is it always China, China, China? We have forgotten: we are a Chinese spy!” (4:16:20) In reality, this was not orchestrated. Then, on 4:18:00, I turned off the TV and listened to my own music (Autour de Lucie and Wir sind Helden). “... we don’t have the strange noises on the roof anymore... Homeland Security operatives are here to make noises... now that we are on the second floor, Homeland Security operatives are in every other room... but no gangster cars this time...” I stopped the music on 4:40:50 and continued to write “Feefee and Valerie”. Then I started cleaning up my hard drives to free up more disk space – my perennial task. “... there is no entertainment left on our laptop, we have deleted everything...” Note that a child was shouting outside on 4:53:30: “Homeland Security has sent in a child to produce surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin dying to be with children.” Then: “... some Homeland Security operative is going to harass the child in order to produce surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in the motel to harass children, thus damning the intelligence agencies for which he works... this pedophilia thing will keep on going... a criminal foreign agent molesting children in America... but that’s just the criminal foreign agent’s criminal personality, it’s not his assignment from foreign intelligence agencies...” I then started filming the flashes that continually occurred on my Toshiba’s screen: “... there is a serious problem with our Toshiba...” (5:03:30). Then I turned on the TV again in order to cover up the child’s crying outside. Then: “... Homeland Security operatives are making disturbances outside again...” (5:11:30). Then, on 5:17:00, shower. Done by 5:32:00: “... Homeland Security operations continue... I’m sure surveillance is currently showing us doing this and doing that outside...” Now I continued to burn new copies of my DVDs in order to replace the untrustworthy Fidelis discs. Again, my Toshiba’s screen kept flashing: “... that’s a very bad sign...” And I started filming it (5:44:00). I then continued to work on my disc project, comparing the file size of the original discs with that of the new project. I lamented that, by this time, I had no more files to delete, no more disk space to free up. “... we are totally streamlining our Toshiba hard drive... our double is talking outside, producing surveillance of our doing something... it’s just Homeland Security operatives, there aren’t gonna be any real people here...” (6:46:30). Moreover, people continued to talk outside: “... surveillance is showing us talking outside and having fun all day...” On 6:55:00, I was doing something in the bathtub. Out on 7:02:00. “... we haven’t done anything, and yet surveillance is showing us doing all sorts of things...” From 7:11:00 onward I was burning a new copy of DVD 52. The ImgBurn operation was successful, and I was checking over the recordings on the disc. (7:28:00). “... we don’t know why we succeeded in burning this disc today but failed the other day...” (7:43:30). Then, on 8:11:30, I went out to buy something from the vending machine.

November 5 (Thursday; masturbation)

My next recording is: “readrkt_slpwk_tvonmtl_11_5_09_122-1012AM.WMA”: I rested while

watching TV and then, on 23:00, decided to check DVD 4. I turned on my Eee PC and started running Wireshark to see what my double might be up to at this time of night. Then I started working on my “Karin’s meetups” while uploading my latest recordings to my website. On 1:26:00 I complained about how it was impossible by now to create disk images of my hard drives in order to prove that I didn’t have such and such a bad thing among my data. Then I continued writing. Then I was reading *Rootkits for Dummies* on Google Books: just trying to understand what Homeland Security might have done to my computers. By 2:15:00 I was done with reading and soon went to sleep.⁵ I woke up on 7:22:00, but then fell asleep again and woke up again. I had to pack everything up and leave nothing behind just because I needed to go buy something to eat.



uploading recordings in the early hours in my motel room:
always the most important thing I did everyday

My next recording is: “mtlmstrbtmariealbum_lunchbus6_wstwdprk_11_5_09_1018AM-147PM.WMA”: I was still in my motel room. I checked my bank account: “... our saving account has only 13 dollars left, our checking has 312...” (4:00). I turned on the TV. On 23:00 I played my video “Goddess of Silverlake” to amuse myself. “... that’s like the only MIA music video left in our Toshiba... once you have installed the program, you can delete the package... to save disk space...” Then, not having done it for so long, I felt the need to masturbate (around 36:00). Just as I often did in November 2008, I used Karin’s pictures while masturbating. As you can imagine, these were not

⁵ Reviewed until 2:32:00.

pornographic pictures since there was no nudity anywhere. Then I thought that I should perhaps preserve proof that I didn't actually look at any pornography, and so took out my camcorder and started filming myself masturbating – to pictures in which there were no naked women. This of course couldn't have made the suit team happier: although I didn't do anything pornographic, by attempting to prove that I didn't do anything pornographic I did end up doing something pornographic, i.e. filming myself masturbating! Then, on 41:30, when I was done with masturbation: "We are going to document our photo-album of Marie..." I did so. On 51:30, the manager was hurrying me: it was check-out time. As I was getting ready to leave, I checked everywhere in my room to make sure I didn't leave anything behind: "... you know that spy equipment will be found here, but only in the world of surveillance... in the real world, law enforcement will find nothing... in the world of surveillance, there will be child pornography, crack cocaine..." (until 1:00:30). Then, when I stepped out: "... there must be a reason why a white male is passing us by just as we are exiting..." (1:05:00). Was he really a detective as I thought? Or was he perhaps Russian surveillance? Then: "... even though our camcorder is fake, it's only pretending to be fake..." And I carefully described all the things I threw away in the trash can outside. On 1:11:00, I was ordering food at the Thai restaurant nearby. On 1:14:30, a vulgar man – Homeland Security-looking – smiled at me while walking out. Even at the time I was sure that he was indeed Homeland Security: namely, the suit team was super-happy about the fact that I had just filmed myself masturbating – that could be ground on which to request that all my videos on the ICJ docket be suppressed as evidences – and the good news had already trickled down to those Homeland Security agents on the field. (Since it was quite likely that the Russians had surveillance on me while I was in the motel, Homeland Security might be furthermore happy about the fact that it was the Russians' own surveillance which had caught me doing such perverted thing!) I felt as if life had been drained out of my body: just as on October 18, I had done something so bad that Russia could actually lose because of it. Then: "... let's go outside... they are despicable... you just can't avoid these fucking human beings..." (1:15:50). Then: "... we are a citizen of People's Republic of China, and my name is David Chin... even when you smell so awful, people will still push their babies to you in order to make you into a pedophile... they do that because they are paid to do it... yeah, he smells really bad, but you are a Homeland Security operative, and you are doing great things for national security... the cleaning lady is about to go in... get confused... that would be sure evidence that we are a child-molester... and yet in the real world, nothing..." Then, a suspicious man: "... that's what an undercover detective looks like... they don't look like junks like Homeland Security, but neither do they look so good..." And I continued to describe the movement of this man. "... maybe we are just being paranoid..." (1:34:00). Yes! In fact, quite often. Then I was done with eating and came back in to get coffee. "... one white guy, one white girl... iPhone..." Then I was out to enjoy my coffee. Then: "... he's talking on his cellphone... producing surveillance showing us secretly recording him in the street corner... a woman got into her car and drove away... surveillance showing us snooping on people getting into their car..." Hardly! On 1:54:30 I came to the stop for Culver City bus 6. On 1:56:00: "... we are getting caught making a cellphone call again..." Siren on 1:57:30: "... the police cars are coming to videotape us..." Then, on 1:59:00: "... our family members... they might call the cops to take us away..." Then I took notice of a woman who pressed buttons on her cellphone several times. On 2:03:00 I got on the bus. Now children were everywhere on the bus. I took notice of a black man who was reading a book on race matters. Then an Asian guy who was playing some sort of game on his cellphone. On 2:20:00 I got

off the bus in Westwood, and immediately ran into another woman who purposely pushed her baby cart in front of me. She was all smiles, causing me to become sure that she was CIA (a typical pretty white female) and that the picture from the surveillance around me showing me right in front of her baby the suit team would definitely use as ground on which to request the suppression of my videos as evidences (even though I didn't yet know this could only take place in the upper court). Angered, I walked for a while and then lay down on the street corner on 2:26:00. Then: "... here... are we videotaped by the police again? The police will suddenly pretend to respond to emergencies in order to 'accidentally' videotape you... we can just imagine police officers talking about us in their station... 'The vagrant is always in this area... he's always here and there... he always likes to be where there are children'... Oh, text-messaging next to us! We are intercepted!" (2:32:30) Then: "... a pig is a horse... the horse is always a pig, although a pig is never a pig and a horse is never a horse..." (2:51:30). That's indeed the United States of America! Then: "... when there is a flash of light on your face, it's not necessarily the case that somebody is taking pictures of you..." Then, on 3:07:00, I was on the move again. I came to Westwood Recreation Park and, luckily, saw only a mother and her child playing in the playground. "But as soon as we decide to stick around, children will appear... and so we make this prediction, but when children do appear, we can't videotape it as proof... documenting the trap is itself a trap..." I used the restroom and, luckily for me, nobody came in. "... we shall stay by the edge of the park, away from people with children... children are the worst... when they harm you, you can't even document it, the only available option is to run away..." Then: "... we are about to celebrate the one year anniversary of our Toshiba..." I turned it on and started writing down on my diary which video was made from which camcorder and so on. Then I started working on the video of my "Marie album". Then, another suspicious car: it stopped there for a brief moment. Did he text-message? Or was he Russian surveillance?

My next recording is: "cllphnecar_knkosphnrg_11_5_09_141-235PM.WMA": I continued to work in Westwood Recreation Park. Then: "... a white man carrying a suit case is standing in front of us... I don't think he's a cop... he has a strange hair-cut..." (4:30). Then: "... he stood in front of us for about a few seconds, then walked into... maybe to produce a certain type of surveillance..." Again, keep in mind that, even when I knew for sure that the suspicious person around me was a Russian agent, I would never say so but would simply describe him or her as a suit team operative here to produce surveillance. Then a female parked her car in front of me to make a cellphone call and then immediately drove off. She was so obviously instructed by the suit team to do this that I shouted: "... we are being intercepted right now..." (7:00). Then: "... since we have our laptop open, it's an intercept showing us using our laptop to communicate with foreign intelligence... calm down, get your work done and get out of here... it might simply be the community alert system..." Most likely the suit team had indeed just obtained another evidence to confirm the "David Chin legend" in the lower court, but what was the call about? Since their priority was to suppress evidences in the upper court, the call that was intercepted could even have something to do with child pornography or child-molestation while suggesting that I had received another instruction from the Russians. Then another woman pushing a baby cart was on cellphone. I continued to reflect on the previous woman: "... she did talk on the cellphone... the intercept is of a conversation... about 1:50 PM... if you have access to the evidentiary record... people will just come next to us to make a cellphone call and then drive away... all we do is

offer our location... remember Jessica Lynch? ... people don't even like to be mistaken for having done *good* things that they didn't do... and we are like that too..." I was now walking away (16:00). "... if we are mistaken for having done *bad* things that we didn't do, we'd feel like shit, and if we are mistaken for having done *good* things that we didn't do, we'd feel guilty... you have to think that there is a community effort to conduct surveillance on you... when you show up, people will rumor and alert each other, 'The child-molester is here'... and so they will push their baby carts toward you... we live in America, where malice is always disguised as good intentions..." This is really an "over-interpretation" of my current situation: there was no such thing as "community alert program". Then: "... we might have been caught again hiding in the corner to secretly record people saying 'Bye'...'Hey amigo'..." (25:00). Then I assumed I was again videotaped by a police car. I then noticed a computer supply store and came inside and found the DVD cleaner that I had been looking for. I also browsed through *Power Point for Dummies*. Then I complained to the employee when his cellphone kept ringing. "I turned it off!" (36:30) When I was purchasing the DVD cleaner, he warned me: "... you don't have to worry about what's going on on my cellphone..." I retorted: "I'm just worried that I might have an invisible cellphone that keeps ringing." And I said to myself: "... we have accomplished our mission again... we are intercepted... the moment we accomplish our mission, we always feel like shit..." Fire truck siren on 39:00: "It did videotape us!" Probably not! I was now on Ohio and Westwood. Then: "... producing surveillance showing foreign intelligence leaving us a message..." When I passed by a man playing flute in front of Borders: "... also to produce surveillance showing us secretly recording other people's musical creations... in violation of their intellectual property rights..." Again, excessive interpretation here. Then: "... he told us not to worry about his cellphone, 'Just be the dummy tree... let the government worry about it'... we have to worry about it because we are about to be taken away..." Again, an explanation for my resistance. Then I assumed I was again videotaped by a police car (47:00). Probably not! "... since we were in the motel room last night, there must have been a large number of cellphone calls that were intercepted as coming from us... even when we were sleeping..." And I counted more people on the street with cellphones.

My next recording is: "bus20_chldrn_crmlvidrcrd_hsptldthwsh_11_5_09_246-439PM.WMA": I was now on bus 20 going toward downtown. A Hispanic woman on cellphone: "... to produce surveillance of... the operation has been very intense in the past week, but we have very few videos of it..." And more cellphones outside the bus. Then a mother and her child got on the bus, which alarmed me. Then: "... we've got intercepted again..." (26:00). Then a man was singing on the bus: "... producing surveillance showing us recording his musical creation in violation of his intellectual property rights..." (31:00). Bullshit! Then a child walked into the back of the bus where I was sitting: "... producing surveillance..." and I thus immediately got off the bus (32:00). I was now on La Brea and Wilshire again. I continued: "... we can't go to our family members, they will call the police... will destroy us... they will not show mercy..." That's a correct assessment! Then: "... surveillance is already produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin trying to molest children on the bus... we scratch our ears... producing surveillance showing us passing secret messages to unknown persons... people will always come around us... to produce surveillance... just be the dummy... it's an easy job... it's just that, in the end, you'll have to be picked up by the police... and put into the mental hospital..." I came inside Office Depot looking for a screw driver again. When I asked an employee,

she immediately took her cellphone out – and, as usual, I believed she had been instructed by the suit team. (Probably not.) There were no screw drivers here either, and I left on 40:00. Then: “... the last time we got put into the hospital for 10 days... the next time, it would be 10 to 20 days... depending on whether there will be complications in the International Court... it’s just that, this time, we might not come out with our computers intact... the last time... it’s very likely that a device was planted in our computer... that explains why our Ubuntu also seems to be remotely controlled...” Again, I was quite close to the truth here. I came to Starbucks and immediately ran into children: “... producing surveillance showing us snooping on children...” (43:30). I used the restroom, mumbling: “We simply don’t have any place to go to...” On 45:00 I left Starbucks: “... too many children... can’t stay here... this time we also have the status of being a pedophile suspect... it will be more than 10 days... and in a controlled setting... that’s the only way to ensure that we will not have our computers anymore... the destruction of our recording habit...” I continued to wander around in the La Brea area. “... the problem in your life is that there exists this International Court of Justice... hence you are in danger... unfortunately, nobody will burn down that courthouse... the best way... to live by its front door...” Then, ambulance on 49:30. I read out its license plate: “... it has videotaped us...” Again, probably not. “... we have been in that Starbucks in K-Town too many times, children will be waiting for us there... Homeland Security might be preventing us from getting a screw driver because they don’t want us to change hard drives...” Bullshit! I came to a bar and was deciding whether I should sit outside: “... you *will* be intercepted as making cellphone calls...” I came inside on 54:30 and then waited outside again. Then, a guy on cellphone: “... we are intercepted...” (55:30). I left instead. Then I was convinced that I was again videotaped by a police car: “... on 8th and La Brea...” (59:20). Then: “... several hundred such instances may have to precede our hospitalization... Look, a Homeland Security operative is going to take pictures of the street...” And I shouted to him: “... he’s producing surveillance of our criminal picture-taking...” (1:02:30). “... it’s a black man... a typical Homeland Security agent...” It’s not clear however what this Homeland Security agent was really doing here. Then I believed I was videotaped by another police car (1:05:30). Then a Hispanic man was calling on his cellphone while on bicycle. Then, another limousine (1:07:30). “... we are fucking dead meat... the Homeland Security agent across the street... the limousine has no license plate...” It’s not clear whether this limousine had anything to do with Mr former Secretary or Homeland Security. I kept on walking, despairing: “... we have come to the end... we’ll just have to be content with being picked up by the police... hopefully we can come to the Hague... we will not come out of the hospital... our days are numbered... we give up, we *will* be discovered to be a pedophile...” (from 1:14:00 onward). I was half-acting and half-despairing truly. “... we will never be able to prove that we don’t have a cellphone...” Then I asked another woman on cellphone: “How much fun are you having with your cellphone? ... we’ve just been intercepted again...” (1:17:30). Then, more children: “It doesn’t matter how bad we smell, children will always show up around us... maybe we should just kill ourselves... you’ll just have to accept your fate...” Then I walked in front of another Parking Enforcement vehicle to say Hi to its front side camera. “We have to kill ourselves... another black Cadillac! But the front windows are not tinted...” (1:25:20). Thus, it was unrelated to the current operation on me. Then: “... there are 100 human beings around us... we just hope they will die and disappear... malice... that’s the only thing we will ever experience from them...” On 1:28:30 I got on the bus and, immediately, children were talking in front of me. Then another guy was talking on his cellphone next to me, and I asked him: “Are you aware that

you might be recorded when you talk on your cellphone next to me?” (1:33:30) Then, siren from ambulances and fire trucks (1:35:30). I continued to count the people with cellphones. On 1:43:00 I got off the bus near Sunset and La Brea – right in front of a police car: “... we are videotaped again...” On 1:45:30 I came inside a cybercafe. Another Hispanic man was on his cellphone: “... producing surveillance of... and, mission accomplished, this Homeland Security operative walks out... we are just a dummy tree...” Then: “... we are predicting our impending hospitalization... maybe our prediction will not come true... maybe it will be somebody else... let child pornography and foreign intelligence documents be found on him...” In reality, as you shall see, my prediction would not come true.

My next recording is: “cybercafedblecamera_cllphn_11_5_09_431-549PM.WMA”: I continued to work inside the cybercafe. I complained again about seeing all these despicable human beings around me (2:00). Again, much of my complaints would need to be explained. I then published the video of my “Marie album” (12:00). Then a fat white woman was making a cellphone call behind me (34:00). I came outside and discovered that there were electrical outlets here (42:00). Then a girl came in with a camera, “producing surveillance of our playing with a camera inside the building” – or so I assumed (47:00). I walked out of the cybercafe on 51:30. While urinating in the bushes, I commented (55:00): “At such a moment, we will not be blacked out in surveillance; we will suddenly emerge...” Then: “He’s a child-molester, very insane, and carrying a lot of recording devices...” (1:00:00). Then: “Starbucks is dangerous... It’s in Starbucks that the pedophile is ‘spotted’...” (1:01:30). Then, another person came around me to make a cellphone call: “It’s 5:47 PM, we have got intercepted making another cellphone call...” (1:10:00).

My next recording is: “prklt_sectllcybrcafe_paulajobcall_drgrsurv_11_5_09_554-952PM.WMA”: I then yelled at someone, “Get away!” (0:45) Then the security guard came to me: “You can’t hang out here...” And he pointed out the same cybercafe and suggested that I go there (1:45). I began walking: “It’s time to die, we have no money...” (5:00). And another person was text-messaging: “We’ve got intercepted again!” (9:00) I came inside Starbucks on 23:00. I put my recorder on the table for everyone to see. Then something happened (what?): “... she’s probably doing it on purpose... never underestimate the malice of other people...” (27:00). I then asked a suspicious man if he was an undercover detective, and he said no (31:00). It was now a Filipino man who was sitting behind me. I began reviewing my recordings. Now the white female in front of me was looking for a job on her cellphone – “So now we are looking for a job at the supermarket and so on...” (41:00). I asked her, assuming she was my “double”: “What’s your name?” “Paula” (46:30). Then: “We have been caught pretending not to have a job and to be looking for a job...” Again, most likely not. Then: “... can’t work... want to vomit... the Internet is not working for us, although it works for everyone else...” (50:30). I moaned in pain (56:30). Then a Hispanic guy in front of me was taking pictures with his cellphone: was he producing surveillance of my criminal videotaping? (1:04:30) Then I was deleting videos from my new “fake camcorder” (1:36:00). I left Starbucks on 1:44:00, and the white female who was sitting in front of me also left. When I was buying food, I asked the cashier: “What have you just dialed?” (1:50:30) Then: “We are intercepted again...” Then, in front of the cybercafe, three guys were having a loud conversation (until 2:17:00). I noted: “Sunset and La Brea, we have got intercepted again

text-messaging our foreign intelligence contact...” (2:22:30). While walking northward on La Brea, I got videotaped by a fire truck again (or so I thought: 2:27:30). Then I became frustrated again because I didn’t know where to go (2:33:10). I fell on the street corner, panting and moaning. Then a Hispanic female walked past me and I shouted at her: “You saw me, you’ve got to press on your cellphone buttons!” (2:42:30) Then I got videotaped again by the Sheriff on Sunset and La Brea (or so I thought: 2:44:00). “The vagrant child-molester, carrying a lot of recording devices, has just been ‘spotted’...” Then a white male tried to talk to me at the bus stop, and I was hysterical (2:48:30). Then a car passed me by, and the driver inside was text-messaging. I shouted: “We have just been intercepted contacting our foreign intelligence contacts or various friends...” (2:55:30). Then I advised myself: “Calm down... We’ll find a place to work in...” I got on the bus on 3:14:00 and got off on Wilshire on 3:27:30. A white female was in front of me, and I shouted: “... producing surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in a corner secretly recording her conversation...” (3:33:30). Then I noticed a Hispanic guy lighting a cigarette in his hand. “... surveillance is produced showing us lighting weed or crack cocaine in our hand...” (3:42:00). I stopped walking, frustrated as ever: “We cannot work, there is no place to work in!” (3:51:00) I began crying. I came inside IHOP on 3:54:00.

My next recording is: “fllwdbble_ihopknkos_wrtlet_dvd71_11_5-6_09_945PM-545AM.WMA”: I was still in IHOP. I reflected again on the operation from two days ago: “... the Asian double of ours in Long Beach Public Library... he must have looked at child pornography, and that’s why he left so fast...” Then a man came in talking loudly: “... producing surveillance showing us secretly recording him...” (8:30). And I told him so: “I’ve got recording devices here, and so if you talk too loud you will be recorded.” He replied: “Gotcha!” Again, he was probably not an operative. I was now transferring files from my Toshiba to my Eee PC using my SD card. Suddenly, a flash of light from outside: “... we’ve probably got videotaped again...” (20:00). Did any operative from either side take a picture of me? Then I was naming my new video files from my “fake” camcorder. I was amazed that nobody was bothering me right now: “We must have accomplished a mission, such that the suit team is letting us rest for a moment...” (32:30). As I checked my new videos: “The videos that came out of the ‘fake camcorder’ are actually good... there is something wrong with the camcorder only in surveillance...” (42:00). I then took notice of two white females who were taking pictures with cameras (47:00). Then: “... it all depends on the International Court... whether... to be picked up by the police...” I connected my Gateway hard drive. “... as long as not a single word we say will be believed... as long as we are always by ourselves... it’s very sad... a person like you should not have existed... you must not exist...” (56:00). By 1:00:00 I was packing up. “... we leave no Russian-made spy equipment behind...” And I exited IHOP on 1:02:50. Immediately, a fat white female on cellphone! I asked her: “What are you doing on your cellphone?” She wouldn’t respond (1:06:00). And so I yelled at her: “Fuck you, bitch! Play on your fucking cellphone!” That got her attention and she yelled at me too: it’s now clear that she wasn’t instructed by the suit team. On 1:10:00 I settled down in a corner inside Kinkos. I reflected: “... law enforcement will receive a report saying the ‘vagrant’ is trying to attack a woman...” Not! And I continued to work on my computers (uploading my latest recordings to my website and so on). Soon I zeroed in on a guy who I believed was my double. “He’s on cellphone” (1:18:30). Then, two females came in and sat down, one of them on her computer. “She’s us. She’s Lawrence Chin...” (1:21:30). I was now charging my Toshiba and getting ready to burn a new disc.

Then I continued to pay attention to what my (first) double was doing on his computer. “According to surveillance, I have just finished using Yahoo and doing unknown activities.” When he walked out, I followed him (1:30:30). He soon arrived home – apparently he lived very close by. “... my double has entered apartment 637...” (1:33:30). “... Dunsmuir, 637... we will go to Dunsmuir 637, find our double, and kill him... a great thing for our country...” Such resentment toward suit team operatives was of course not good evidence for the Russians. On 1:42:30 I came back inside Kinkos, took three blank pieces of paper from the counter, and walked out again on 1:44:00. “... the last time we followed our double home... from the Thai restaurant... our double lived just three blocks away... this time, our double is living only 300 yards away... from this we can conclude... our doubles live throughout the city... wherever we are, the double in the region closest to us will be activated... we will follow our doubles in the future, and if we can ever kill them without getting into troubles, we will...” I came back inside IHOP on 1:49:00 and sat down at my old seat. “... we’ve got the license plates of our doubles, but we can’t really trace them...” I ordered another crepe with the little bit of money I had. And I continued to mumble about how I was going to “get” my doubles – completely legally. Then: “... professional people around me, ... criminal recording... and that’s why Homeland Security has sent them here...” Wrong! Then: “... every time you write something on a piece of paper, that paper can’t be lost...” I worked on Journal Attachment 18 and then, on the pieces of paper I had just obtained, began to write out the first few sentences of the letter I had been envisaging writing to the ICJ Registrar Mr Couvreur: “... I, being a foreign agent, get nauseated when my cellphone communications get intercepted between 20 and 100 times a day... and submitted to the International Court as evidences of my crimes and the crimes of the nations for which I work...” (from 2:18:00 onward). Ha! As you shall see, this letter, full of sarcasm, was going to become important evidence for the Russians explaining away all my seeming resistance to, and discontent with, the suit team’s operations. But note that, because I was writing it on paper, neither the suit team nor the Russians could intercept it immediately – which was my intention – although, when I shall upload my recordings tomorrow, they will be able to hear me. Then I was writing the “Preface” to my “Secret History”: “... whether anger toward the aforementioned most horrifying disease is worth the effort at all...” Then, my “Feefee and Valerie”. Then: “... people are coming around to have conversations behind us, to make us into a criminal recorder...” (2:42:30). Again, probably not. I decided to move elsewhere, but the waitress stopped me. “I don’t want anyone around me.” “That’s not possible in a restaurant.” And so I came back to my seat. I then continued to work on my letter to Mr Couvreur: “... I know how important it is to the good of humanity that my criminal activities continue to be intercepted...” Ha! In reality, humanity was supposed to be destroyed in a nuclear holocaust thanks to David Chin! Then I counted more people on cellphones. I wrote more: “... such a despicable villain, so unprecedented in human history...” On 3:00:00 I decided to leave and go back to Kinkos because too many people were talking around me. On 3:05:00, I interrogated the cashier “Marina”: “What’s so funny? You are smiling while looking at me...” Probably unrelated to the suit team’s operation. And I continued to mumble indistinctly while walking. On 3:13:30 I came inside Kinkos and immediately turned on my Toshiba. I was now working on my files to get ready to burn a new disc. On 3:41:00, when people were again talking loudly next to me: “... to produce surveillance of our criminally recording them...” I warned them: “Don’t talk so loud please...” Then: “... so many people are coming in all because the criminal foreign agent David Chin is here...” (3:53:00). Then, from 4:03:00 onward, I seemed to be working on my chapter “The

impossible wish to be known.” Then I was reading about computer matters for a little bit. On 4:59:00: “... our double has come in...” And he tried to talk to me and sat down next to me (5:04:30). “... he’s gonna do something... he will imitate us...” Did the suit team really send him here? Or was he actually working for the Russian side? And more people were talking loudly: “... we are thus a criminal recorder...” And I mumbled about killing them with a baseball bat (5:08:30). “... at the moment we are not interested in becoming a criminal recorder...” And I thus stepped aside to avoid people’s conversations (5:16:30). Then the Kinkos employee came to hurry me from my station. “The ‘vagrant’ has to be pushed out of society...” Now the files for DVD 71 were ready. “... waiting for us to act out, so that they can take us to the mental hospital...” The ISO image was successfully created on 5:39:30. From 5:47:00 onward, I continued to write my letter: “... I have tremendous problem with the evidentiary process... evidences gathered of me... sexual aggression against older women... admiration for white supremacist movements... some of the judges must be old, Jewish women...” Then, on 6:05:00: “... it would be nice if we can film ourselves writing it...” I then played my recordings while continuing to write. Suddenly, a Hispanic guy dropped something in the trash can next to me: “... we need to note this down...” (6:35:00). In reality, this was probably unrelated to the suit team’s operations. On 6:50:30, DVD 71 was successfully burned. On 7:20:00 I was all done and packing up. On 7:27:00 the woman employee came to ask me something. “... she had to do this... it’s the prelude to our being locked up...” On 7:51:40 I exited Kinkos. Now I discovered that I had lost my new AA batteries.

November 6 (Friday; child-pornography? Chinese agent?)

My next recording is: “lostbat_slp_wkbuybat_txtmssgr_tlkstrtbk_11_6_09_545-1004AM.WMA”: I was now getting ready to sleep while mumbling about how I had lost my new batteries. Then: “Somebody is sitting in the van right in front of us...” And I read out his license plate. “... perhaps to text-message while we sleep...” Maybe it’s just Russian surveillance, or maybe nothing. I then mumbled about how my lost batteries, when picked up and submitted to the International Court as evidences, would acquire strange characteristics (because they were recommended by the Radio Shack employee). Probably not. Then: “The man in the van is Hispanic... if we have used the batteries in our fake camcorder, they will make the camcorder even faker... we are so tired that we don’t even have the energy to be afraid anymore... remember, the fake thing is just a real thing pretending to be fake...” I was now sleeping. “We have already burned the videos from the new camcorder onto DVDs and there is nothing wrong with them... it’s a real camcorder pretending to be fake...”⁶ Then, after sleeping for two and a half hours: “Parking Enforcement in front of us!” (2:47:00) I thus woke up and got up. On 2:50:00, a Jeep came to park in front of me. To text-message? Then: “... an Asian female is text-messaging in front of us...” And I asked her: “What are you text-messaging about?” “My friend...” (2:54:30). Of course I was convinced that she was merely acting. “We’ve got intercepted once more...” In reality, it’s not clear whether this was related to any operation. I kept on walking. I came to a store (Office Depot?) to buy batteries (3:01:00). I also browsed through the blank DVDs, the computer cleaning kit, and some other computer things. On 3:32:00 I was out. I came inside Starbucks to use the restroom on 3:35:30. I was reading something in French while on the toilet. On 3:48:00 I was out and

6 Reviewed until 15:00 and then again from 2:43:00 onward.

stayed in Starbucks' patio to work. "... as soon as we sit down, people will start talking next to us..." I started uploading my latest recordings to my website. Now a vast number of people had indeed gathered around me. "... surveillance is showing us secretly recording other people's conversations... and a female over there is continually pressing buttons on her cellphone..." (4:06:00). Most likely not part of the suit team's operation. Suddenly, somebody shouted something next to me, and I assumed again he was instructed by the suit team to do so. Not necessarily! "... everyone has gathered around Starbucks because we are here... we are a star..."

My next recording is: "strbkupld_ihop_txtmssgr_oldmndropbag_11_6_09_1011-130AM.WMA": I continued to work in Starbucks' patio. "... Wikipedia... people are talking on cellphones in front of us... surveillance is produced showing us secretly recording them... whenever we have produced good surveillance, our FTP connection would resume..." Again, I was making wrong connections here. Then somebody came in with a child and, to avoid the child, I came inside. I also needed to use the electrical outlet. I was now deleting files on my hard drive trying to clear up more disk space while bemoaning that people were still talking loudly near me: "... we just have nowhere to go... we cannot avoid secretly recording other people's conversations... we have to stay here to continually commit crimes..." From 31:30 onward, I started humming, and soon the Starbucks employee came to warn me about it: "... people don't like it when we refuse to commit crimes... the operation is so simple, just talk in front of the vagrant and he will be forced to commit crimes, and if he makes noises, just complain about it..." Again, much of this was excessive interpretation even though the suit team was indeed dying to make my documentaries illegal. Finally, on 44:00, when I had enough battery power, I came outside again. Then, when somebody suddenly talked next to me, I was shocked and hummed like crazy (49:30). Then my USB flash drive froze up when I plugged it into my Eee PC (53:30). "... our Eee PC has done something to our flash drive..." Then I complained to another stranger: "... when you come in front of me, you just have to dial your cellphone..." (1:02:00). It's not clear whether he was really instructed by the suit team at all. Siren on 1:07:00. Then I changed spot again to avoid the sunlight, but this white female who was now in front of me immediately made a cellphone call: "... surveillance is produced showing us secretly recording her... people always know what to do to make us into a criminal..." (1:10:30). Again, I was exaggerating the extent of the suit team's operation due to my paranoia. "... and so we don't like people... when there are people around, we become a criminal..." On 1:14:30 I left. "... it's very sad... everywhere you go there are human beings..." And I continued to complain while walking away: "... blame your mother... blame the foreign intelligence services..." And I counted more text-messaging. On 1:24:00 I came back to IHOP to eat. "... IHOP is very happy when the child-molesting vagrant comes in, for a lot of people would follow in causing a boom in their business... he's very good for business..." And I noted that one Hispanic guy was using a laptop here. Then I noticed that a child was here also: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin drooling over other people's children... David Chin is such a sicko..." (1:47:00). Then a Filipino woman's cellphone rang: "... what a fucking bitch... surveillance is produced showing David Chin's..." (1:48:30). More: "... and the child is only three year-old... the criminal foreign agent David Chin even finds new born babies desirable... he should be executed... David Chin is so disgusted by his own criminal tendencies that he wants to get the fuck out of here fast... Look, the Hispanic guy has just text-messaged, we've got intercepted again..." (2:00:30). Now

this time it did seem to be a suit team operation because the guy quickly put away his cellphone. Evidence to confirm the “David Chin legend” in the lower court? And the child can be heard shouting in the restaurant. I cleaned my keyboard with my new brush and then reflected on the police detention of me on October 31: “... the recording of the police is accidental...” I left IHOP on 2:30:00 recounting more of the supposed operations to force me to criminally record people. (Again, I was mostly exaggerating things.) Then, on 2:37:00, when a man tried to drop me three bags of grocery, I yelled at him angrily: “What the fuck do you think you are doing?” Again, this kind of behavior would need to be explained. Then, on 2:43:30, I believed I had been “accidentally” videotaped by the ambulance again. Again, I was most likely wrong. Then, more cellphones. On 2:48:00 I got on the bus. I took notice of another female on the bus speaking an unintelligible language. On 3:15:00 I got off the bus in Westwood. I took notice of another Iranian woman holding a cellphone in her hand.

My next recording is: “brdrsvidbook_mdlib_dbleillglcput_11_6_09_124-453PM.WMA”: I was still walking on the street. “We always have terrible experiences with libraries.” When people were talking loudly on the street, I hummed loudly: “... are they talking to us or for us? ... *l’opération clandestine*...” Then I walked around to avoid my (supposed) doubles: “... to avoid vomiting... there are no detectives around today...” Now I was still afraid to go inside Westwood Village. Then I sarcastically apologized to a stranger: “... pardone mon français...” (15:30). What was currently the status of my Francophony in the evidentiary record? I hopped from coffeehouse to coffeehouse looking for an electrical outlet. By 20:00 I seemed to have settled down in a certain coffeehouse. “We are the only one here... only if there is an electrical outlet here, then it would be heaven...” Then: “... our Eee PC is dead...” And I shut it down (34:00). Then a man was talking loudly on the phone near me, and I hummed (37:30). By 39:00 I was out. On 48:00 I came inside Borders Bookstore. I started looking for books on DVDs (how to take care of them) but, from 58:00 onward, got caught up in a book on how to make online videos (the video encoding system, streaming, and so on). Then I noticed that a man was opening up his cellphone: “Hey! You opened up your cellphone... that’s strange, because you were reading a book...” He explained he had merely received a text-message (1:33:30). Again, this didn’t seem to be a suit team operation, but I was nevertheless convinced I had been intercepted again. Then I suspected that the other Asian girl was only pretending to look at books. Then: “... an intercept of our cellphone communication again...” (1:51:30). By 2:14:30 I was done with reading. I came downstairs and just had to pass by children: “... that’s all that our education has amounted to...” By 2:18:30 I was out of Borders and walking on the street, and I continued to count the people who scratched themselves. Then, police siren on 2:22:30. I hid behind the bus station: “... we’ve avoided being videotaped by police cars!” Then a white female, upon seeing me, immediately pressed a button on her cellphone: I jumped up and down about it (2:27:00). “... the vagrant is ‘spotted’, the community has ‘spotted’ the vagrant...” It’s not clear if that was indeed an operation. I kept on walking. On 2:34:00 I got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus. “We miss the past so much... we want our books back... we want to study computers at Leiden University, have our little apartment, and keep all our books there...” On 2:41:00 I got off the bus at UCLA. “We should have a sign on us: ‘Put your cellphone in your pocket... If you talk next to us you might be recorded’...” And I kept on walking. Then another man drove past me with his cellphone stuck to his ear. “... we just want to go to places where ordinary people can go all the time, but even that is impossible... we need to find an apartment...” I walked into the

Biomedical Library on 2:47:30. I got on the computer to go to my Hostmatrix site. Now the clock icon was again turning indicating that the computer was loading something even though I wasn't doing anything on it. "... it is okay to videotape the computer screen, right?" And so I continued to fix the links on my Scientific Enlightenment chapters. Then a tiny Asian guy came over to me to look at me as if I were insane: "... it's prelude to our being locked up..." And he sat down at the station next to mine and typed a few words on his keyboard and then immediately left. Now this was obviously a suit team operation: "... He's our double..." (3:08:00). Then: "... he was looking at child pornography, most likely... definitely something illegal..." I was most likely correct this time: the suit team had just obtained another evidence to support their "David Chin legend" in the lower court, which evidence they would then use in the upper court as ground on which to remove my videos of these CIA girls as evidences. Then another guy text-messaged near me: "... that's not as grave as what our double just did, right?" Then: "We need some serious forensic tool in order to figure out what this guy did on the computer... we should have followed him out, but we are always so preoccupied with work... Mr former Secretary... he doesn't like this educated stuff..." Now the tiny Asian guy was sitting at another station checking his Gmail, and it seems that he departed on 3:28:30.

My next recording is: "mdlib3rddble_bus2_dinner_11_6_09_459-715PM.WMA". While leaving the Biomedical Library, I commented on the three doubles of mine in relay: they got up at the same time as I did, they walked the same path as I did, they got on and off the computer stations at the same time as I did... "I had better not come to the Biomedical Library again..." (13:00). This time it's not clear whether I was correct. Then a vagrant came to ask me a question while I was squatting in the street corner. "Get the fuck away! You piece of shit" I yelled at him (19:00). I then got on bus 2. I contemplated on the problem of how to prove that I was on this computer and not on that one on which my double was looking at child pornography (26:00). Then, a text-messenger on the bus (31:00). I then did a little writing on the bus. I got off the bus on Vermont and Sunset on 1:28:00. I noted that there were many children on the streets. I ordered my dinner at the sandwich shop "Mamma Mia" (1:46:00). A pretty white female on cellphone passed me by on 1:55:00.

My next recording is: "strbk_fakeforgnagt_11_6_09_709-754PM.WMA": I then came inside the Starbucks on Vermont and Prospect. I was constantly humming while using the Internet, all because the people around me were talking loudly. I tried my other technique, namely, joining the conversation which I was forced to record anyway (24:00). Then, I noticed a suspicious Chinese woman using a MAC. I knew something was up: was she a Chinese agent again? On 28:00 I finally mustered up the courage to talk to her. "Why are you so nice to him, helping him with his wireless connection? He could be a foreign agent trying to bust you in a sting operation..." Just then my FTP connection stalled (28:00). And, suddenly, the whole place went quiet (31:30) and then my connection was resumed (32:00). I was terrified thinking that it might be because I had finally made the admission which everyone was trying to extract from me to establish that I had conspired with the Russians (i.e. that I knew I was surrounded by secret agents from all sides). I thus emphasized to the Chinese woman: "There are a lot of *fake* foreign agents around..." "I bet there are," she answered. I continued my act: "The government sent them. They are pretending to be foreign agents when they are not foreign agents, which makes them even scarier..." (33:00). She then suddenly asked me what I thought about the

bombing plot in New York (33:50). She was probably referring to the September plot to bomb New York City subway and something else in the UK (the one for which Najibullah Zazi and several others were arrested), but since I had not been paying attention to the news, I didn't know what she was talking about.⁷ I merely exclaimed: "That's too scary... Don't mention scary stories to me... Don't tell me any more... fake foreign agents are not bad people..." Then I took a break from talking to her and came back to my computer work and visited Leiden University's website, mumbling to myself in a goofy tone how I wanted to study computers there and so on. "... I hope this is a real website... today should be a holiday... there shouldn't be any mission today..." Then, suddenly, my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: "leavstrbk_psyncbabble_181passstp_altadnaopr_11_6_09_816-1113PM.WMA": I didn't discover that my recorder was turned off until 10 minutes or so later. This was bad because I started talking to this Chinese woman again: "... seriously, why do you write emails to your husband? Just go home and see him!" And I told her more about these fake foreign secret agents. Then, during another break, I tried to recount what I did in case it was not recorded: "What we did earlier is that we uploaded the recordings from this afternoon, visited the website of Leiden University, and talked to this nice lady... we got so depressed that we started talking to people..." Now I went back to her and asked her: "Do you promise you aren't playing pranks on me? And you have never seen my pictures before?" She laughed and asked me: "How many computers do you have?" I explained why I kept two computers – one to surf the Internet with and the other to do my important things on – and how I had collected many videos of fake foreign secret agents. Then I explained that the government could still get into my Toshiba even though it couldn't connect online. Again, she was strangely unsurprised by what I said and instead talked about how scary Friday the Thirteenth (next Friday) would be. Since I was pouring out to her the most pressing concern of my life, I felt so good that she validated my fear instead of not believing me or calling me "crazy". Deep inside me my suspicion was growing that she was a Chinese secret agent and I was happy to have a chance to let the ICJ judges and the world know that my baby computer really couldn't get online and that the United States had fabricated the whole "David Chin legend" by retaining complete control over my environment and my machines. (In reality, given what the Russians had already exposed, I had hardly provided any important revelation.) Now, upon my continual asking, this Chinese woman insisted that she wouldn't play pranks on me. Then: "I hope I won't get into troubles by talking to you..." "No, not at all" (9:20). I then noted to her that Starbucks suddenly became very quiet: I was still worried about the Russians (10:30). Then I told her again: "... earlier you told me all the scary stories, the B-word in New York..." "Yeah..." Now I took another break from her and went out to smoke a cigarette (12:00). I noted to myself that a man and a woman were speaking what seemed to be Russian. I then recounted more of what happened earlier, how this Eastern European man came to ask me how to get on the Internet. (He could very well be an

7 The Wikipedia entry on this plot runs like this: "In September 2009, several individuals fell under suspicion and were arrested due to fears that a suspected jihadist cell in New York was planning to explode bombs in the [United States](#). According to a July 2010 indictment, the cell had members in [London](#) plotting to carry out a companion bombing in the United Kingdom. Information gathered during the interrogation of one of the men triggered a nationwide bomb alert. Officials were told to be on alert for individuals with burns on their hands that might be [chemical burns](#). They were told to be on alert for apartments with bad smells, or with multiple window fans. [Najibullah Zazi](#), his father Mohammed Wali Zazi, and imam Ahmad Wais Afzali were arrested on September 19 2009, for lying in a matter involving terrorism."

agent working for the Russian side.) Then I checked my recorder to make sure that my conversation with this Chinese woman was indeed recorded. Then I noticed her walking out! I shouted: “Lady, are you going home?” (17:30) She went inside her car. I felt so sad while reading out her license plate (18:20). “Maybe we have merely produced surveillance showing us getting cozy with a Chinese agent...” Ha! Acting! “... we have accomplished a mission even when we are not... all because we will always have a location... the only thing which surveillance can pick up... If you are party to a conversation and if it’s not confidential, then it’s legal to record it... we have a lawyer from ‘blah blah blah’ to tell us that we can record...” (I meant the CIA.) After ascertaining with the employee that it was legal to use women’s restroom when no one was in there – ha! – I went inside. I recounted more: “... we also told the Asian lady that... we asked her if she... patient somewhere... the government... told people to press buttons on their cellphones... we used to have videos to prove it... but now... might get arrested...” I was out on 30:20. As I walked up Vermont, I took notice of another Hispanic lady making a cellphone call. Then: “... she could very well be playing pranks... just because she looks nice that doesn’t mean...” I bought cigarettes and then: “... we’ve got videotaped by a police car again...” (36:40). Probably not! Then, ambulance siren on 37:20: “... we’ve got videotaped again...” Not! On 44:30 I came to Psychobabble. I again suspected the cashier to be playing a trick on me when she was willing to give me my ice coffee without charging me the full amount. I was then smoking outside. A black man came near me and I shouted at him: “Go away!... he’s here to produce surveillance...” (51:00). Then another attractive white female was making a cellphone call in front of me. I soon left and walked down Hollywood Blvd. “... a Homeland Security guy is yelling on the street...” (1:02:30). On 1:06:30 I got on bus 181. Troubled by the noises, I hummed loudly (from 1:34:00 onward). By 1:58:50 there were no more people on the bus – heaven for me! I fell asleep and on 2:08:30 woke up to discover that I had passed my stop. On 2:12:00 I got off the bus – I was now near Sierra Madre. I thus started on my long trek back to Lake Blvd. On 7:24:30: “... two Hispanic guys are trying to produce surveillance with me by asking me ‘Do you have a light?’...” Then a Jeep stopped next to me for a few seconds and then drove off: “... surveillance of our cellphone communication has been produced...” (2:28:30). This was indeed very suspicious: was I correct? Did the suit team really obtain another evidence confirming the “David Chin legend”? What’s going on? Didn’t their priority lie in suppressing my videos as evidences in the upper court? Or was the text-message precisely about my getting instructions from the Russians? By 2:35:00 I was near Karin’s home. On 2:41:00, when I stopped by the bus stop, I took notice of a black man pacing back and forth: “... trying to produce a certain surveillance...” I kept on walking. More passersby and I assumed they were all here to produce surveillance. Then, giving up any hope of reaching Lake Blvd, I settled down in a corner.

Now a word about the nice Chinese lady I encountered tonight and all the operations that had happened in the past few days. As noted, even at the time I had suspicion that the Chinese lady was really a Chinese secret agent. Namely, people in the Chinese government were finally so fed up with the United States’ continual blackmailing because of the MSS director’s fraud that, seeing that the Russians were making progress, they sent in their agent too wanting to rectify the case and get rid of China’s conviction. I was certainly vaguely correct about this, but the reality must have been more complicated than I thought. Now that Russia had exposed – in UN Security Council? – what devilish plan the

United States had in store for the world and as the suspicion of my conspiracy with the United States increased daily with my deadly testimonies as evidences in the International Court of Justice, China was stepping up its participation in the current phase of the ICJ trial. That is, because I seemed to be a conspirator in the United States' devilish plan, China could rightly claim itself to be also my victim. The goal was of course to get rid of the conviction that China had conspired with me to harm the United States – I was right about that. The Chinese government thus embedded its agents too among all the agents in my surrounding from Russia and its allies. Once again, the Chinese government must be utilizing the Homeland Security 2007 warning as the justification for doing so: tonight, for example, I was again within two miles of the Chinese consulate in Los Angeles. Because the Chinese woman was a Chinese agent and so knew what was going on, she validated my fear instead of calling me “crazy”, and she had evidently asked for my opinion about the bombing plot in New York as part of the Chinese government's own investigation of me (as a possible threat to China's diplomatic mission in the United States). The Chinese government must have hoped that, in the process, they could obtain evidence that I in fact intended to conspire with the United States to harm China.

It's not entirely clear to me what had happened with my masturbation episode from yesterday and another episode of “child pornography” from today. As you have seen, something had been going on every single day: “child pornography” on November 3, “Ramadan” and “Facebook” on November 4, my masturbation on November 5, and more “child pornography” today. The suit team must have been desperately arguing to judge Higgins that, given all this evidence of my perversion and pedophilia, my videos of the CIA girls should be excluded from the evidentiary record. My masturbation on yesterday morning seemed to have been some sort of turning point – judging from the smiles, soon afterward, of the Homeland Security agent I saw in the Thai restaurant and the CIA mom who pushed her baby cart to me when I arrived in Westwood. Probably something like this: when the suit team brought into the upper court the evidence of “child pornography” from November 3 and that of “Facebook” from November 4, the Russians immediately defeated them by bringing in their surveillance which showed that it was somebody who did it. It was all very simple: although, because I had allowed China to forge evidences to frame me as a way to harm the United States, the United States retained the right to forge evidences to frame me as a way to neutralize my terrorist harm (as long as there was still suspicion that I was only pretending to conspire with the United States), Russia was not obliged by this right to keep silent about the evidences' being faulty (as long as there was still suspicion that I was indeed conspiring with the United States to harm Russia). But on the morning of November 5 it was the Russians' own surveillance which showed that I was “making a pornographic video”. As a consequence, November 5 was a very busy day for the suit team. The CIA mom immediately produced evidence suggesting that, being pornographic, I was also a pedophile – the two together, making pornographic videos and desiring children, should then be enough ground on which to request the suppression of my videos as evidences. Now that it seemed that they were going to win in the upper court after all, the suit team immediately set out to produce the rest of the evidences to establish the “David Chin legend” in the lower court: the cellphone call from the woman driver (possibly another CIA agent) when I was in Westwood Recreation Park, the picture-taking around 10 PM that night, and then the double in Kinkos. But what I then couldn't explain is the obvious fact that, by early afternoon today, the suit team's momentum seemed to have suddenly fallen apart: my videos of the CIA girls were to stay on the ICJ

docket. This, even though the suit team had continued their offensive in the lower court: thus the Hispanic man's text-messaging in IHOP this morning and the (possible) text-messaging from the Jeep tonight. The fact that, in the afternoon, the suit team had had to send in that Asian guy to look at child pornography again next to me, and then that the Chinese government could send another agent to investigate me later tonight, was all proof that the suit team wasn't successful in their endeavor after all. Other than the obvious fact that judge Higgins was now terribly biased against the United States, I really couldn't think of anything to explain this. Perhaps the SVR had found precedents in international laws in which videotaping oneself masturbating was not to be counted as "pornographic".

This comment should also be made about the Chinese agent seen tonight. The two Asian guys who looked at child pornography on their computers next to me were probably MSS operatives – whenever I had put the United States in trouble, the MSS was obliged to come to the United States' aid as part of their obligation, under UN Resolution 1373, to neutralize the terrorist threat I posed to the United States. The MSS' help was essential since neither the CIA nor Homeland Security was going to dispatch their agents to do something so obviously illegal (such as looking up child pornography): everyone agreed that the MSS was dispensable. This means that the Chinese agent I met tonight was not from the MSS but, most likely, from the "other side" of the Chinese government – the "other side" that was cooperating with the United States and allied countries when I first arrived in Shanghai on December 31, 2007. That "other side" could still operate freely because they had observed UN Resolution 1373 when I was in Shanghai and so was never convicted.

November 7 (Saturday; "Youtube videos")

My next recording is: "slp_clrdoaltadena_blkwmoffcar_11_6-7_09_1106PM-727AM.WMA": And so I slept here event though it was not my usual corner.⁸ On 7:42:00 I woke up. "Even when we sleep, we are producing surveillance showing us getting into contact with a foreign agent... the car simply parked in front of us to drop off a female, even though there was all this space around..." Really? While walking, I took notice of another Sheriff's vehicle: "... we've got videotaped... the police would plot the locations of this vagrant on their map, it's very easy..." Gross exaggeration. On 8:05:00 I got on the bus and on 8:15:00 got off. On 8:17:00 I came inside Starbucks: "... only 6 people are here, but now that the vagrant is here, more people might come in..." I continued to mumble about what a bad idea it was to hang out in Starbucks so much when I was already cited by a Starbucks employee as a child-molesting vagrant. Again, I sat down near the speaker in order that the music may cover up other people's conversations.

My next recording is: "[strbk_tffnycafe_memprk_bus180_dtectverprt_11_7_09_737AM-1228PM.WMA](#)": I was still in Starbucks uploading my latest recordings to my website. I decided to redo DVD 48 next. I also planned to burn onto discs all the emails from my Thunderbird. On 1:02:30, a white female was talking on her cellphone in front of me. On 1:04:00, I was on bestbuy.com wanting to make a minimum payment for this month. Then I was frustrated because there was nothing more to delete on my hard drive (to free up more disk space). Then, when I repeatedly plugged my Samsung

⁸ Reviewed until 16:00 and from 7:31:00 onward.

DVD Writer into my Toshiba, there was never any reaction (1:33:00). Strange malfunctioning. I also uploaded my latest hash values. “Starbucks is highly remotely controlled, and so you probably don’t want to burn your DVDs here.” Overly paranoid. I thus packed up and, from 1:51:00 onward, was in the restroom. I was out on 1:55:30 and left Starbucks. Immediately, a woman text-messaged near me. On 2:05:00, I was ordering a sandwich at Tiffany Cafe. When I sat outside to eat, on 2:13:00, a green pickup truck stopped in front of me for a brief moment. Was it the suit team? Did I get intercepted again? Then an Asian man walked past and did something on his cellphone (2:20:30). Then, when done with eating, I stayed in the parking lot next to Tiffany to smoke (2:29:00). Then, I started walking along Colorado Blvd and, when I settled down in a corner, another woman pushing a baby cart passed me by. Probably not part of the suit team’s operation. Then I was on the move again. By 2:54:00 I was at Memorial Park. I settled down in a corner. A vagrant passed by: “... he might be Homeland Security...” (2:59:00). Then another white female on her cellphone passed me by. I paid careful attention to the cars that came to park in front of me. “We need an apartment, we can’t concentrate on working, we are always looking for electrical outlets...” And more people on cellphones. On 3:13:00 I was on the move again. Another woman was text-messaging. And another baby cart. On 3:23:00 I got on the bus. Somebody was again talking on her cellphone near me: “... is it to us or for us?” On 3:43:30, siren. I started working on my Toshiba. Then another Hispanic man was talking on his cellphone, and I hummed (3:57:40). By 4:22:30, I was so seriously disturbed by all the people talking on the bus that I hummed continually. On 4:26:00 I got off the bus on Hollywood and Vine even though I thought this place horrible. I complained about how I would never be able to find a bus without children on it and recounted how I had tried to avoid children while on the bus and yet how law enforcement detectives would report just the opposite, how I had sought out children instead. “... that’s what we are worried about, false reports...” Probably nonsense. Then I assumed I was videotaped by a police car again (4:32:00). I kept on walking. A white man was text-messaging near me on 4:43:00, and a vagrant was talking to him. Then, fire trucks passed me by. I was frustrated: “... we have nowhere to go, we are gonna get arrested very soon...” On 4:47:00 I got on the bus again, frustrated again because it was filled with people. Siren on 4:48:30. And I believed I had spotted an undercover officer on the bus again. Really? (Probably not.) I got off the bus on 4:49:50. And another fire truck.

My next recording is: “hllywd_hsptlztionplan_txtmssgr_cryng_bkstrcafe_11_7_09_1212-232PM.WMA”: I passed by a lady, and she immediately pressed a button on her cellphone. Did it mean something? Then I thought I was videotaped by a police car again (2:00). I kept on walking looking for a coffeehouse where I could settle down and do my work. Then another person was text-messaging: “... we are intercepted...” (13:30). Then I assumed I was videotaped by a fire truck again. “Wave your hand and say Hi to the fire truck... we are gonna get arrested very soon, for child-molestation... we can’t keep walking the streets like this, and we keep getting intercepted...” On 17:00 I got on bus 2, angry because it was filled with people again. Siren on 18:30. And more children got on, and so I got off the bus in a panic (20:00). Immediately another fire truck “spotted” me (or so I thought). Then another ambulance. On 29:30 I came inside Starbucks, but immediately left. “... the police are going to say, ‘This vagrant keeps wandering the streets wanting to molest children, we need to take him in’...” Then, Parking Enforcement, and I read out its license plate. Then: “... a white female on cellphone, we are being intercepted...” And I read out her license plate: it’s a Texas plate (38:30). Then another

passerby with a child: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on other people's children again..." Then I cried: "... we are doomed, we will be taken to the hospital... we can't work, we can't do anything, we have nowhere to go..." Then another cellphone call from a driver, and I read out his license plate: "... we are intercepted once again..." (46:40). Was I correct? Then another undercover detective? Most likely not. I got on the bus on 48:30 and went to sit at the very back. A child can be heard crying in the bus on 58:00. From 1:04:00 onward I hummed wildly to cover up the loud chatter of the people around me. On 1:09:40 I got off the bus on Alvarado and Sunset. Immediately: "... a white female looked at us and then text-messaged... it's bad news! ... we've got intercepted..." (1:11:30). Was it really the suit team's operation? "... gee man, we just don't know how to be a spy... we keep getting intercepted..." And I took notice of another Hispanic lady pushing a baby cart. And I almost missed another cellphone call near me: "... we've got intercepted again..." On 1:16:30 I came inside a coffeehouse. I used the restroom but then immediately left because there were no electrical outlets here. Then a mother and her daughter walked past me: "... another surveillance is produced showing us snooping on people's children on the street..." (1:20:00). "... apparently, at spy schools, David Chin was taught to lust after children..." And another Hispanic woman and her child: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin following them on the street and drooling over the child..." On 1:23:00 I walked into the public library on Sunset, but, again, a lot of children were inside and so I ran out. On 1:26:00 I came inside another coffeehouse, but left immediately thinking that it was not a good place. "You can't beat them, as long as there are people around, you will be intercepted..." And another white female on cellphone. Then another woman on cellphone in her car, and I read out her license plate. Again, most of these were certainly not part of the suit team's operations. Then I moaned again about how I had nowhere to go: "... why can't somebody burn down the International Court? ... why do I have to go to the hospital? ..." Keep in mind that the Russians were going to hear my pleas soon. I came inside a doughnut shop to get snacks on 1:31:00 and then came outside to eat. Now there were teenagers across the street: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin squatting in the street corner snooping on teenagers..." Then, more children passed me by: "... surveillance is produced..." Then a Hispanic guy nodded his head to me when passing me by. I shouted at him: "Fuck you man!" You never know: maybe he was doing surveillance for the Russian side. Then another Hispanic female was making a cellphone call in her car. And a white guy was text-messaging in the distance. I was angry that I had to constantly pay attention to what these despicable human beings were doing. Siren on 1:49:40. I got on the bus on 1:52:00, and there was again a child on the bus. And he shouted, and so I hummed. On 1:56:30 I got off the bus when it suddenly stopped running. Because I didn't know where I was, I broke down crying. I noted: "The bus driver is calling the police! We'd better get out of here!" And I continued to scream while jaywalking through the streets. Siren on 2:00:00: "... the police are coming. We will be arrested! It's unavoidable... we have to wait for the International Court to finish its business..." I came inside a particularly fancy bookstore/ coffeehouse on 2:03:30. This place was called "Stories LA", a place which would be important to me later on. Immediately, a white female on cellphone: "... it's our criminal recording again..." While ordering ice tea, I told the cashier: "... my name is David Chin and I'm retarded..." (2:05:00). Amazingly, there were no children here! I continued to speculate: "... when the bus driver called the police, he would give a description of us, and the police would match it with the descriptions provided by other people, 'The vagrant is a child-molesting

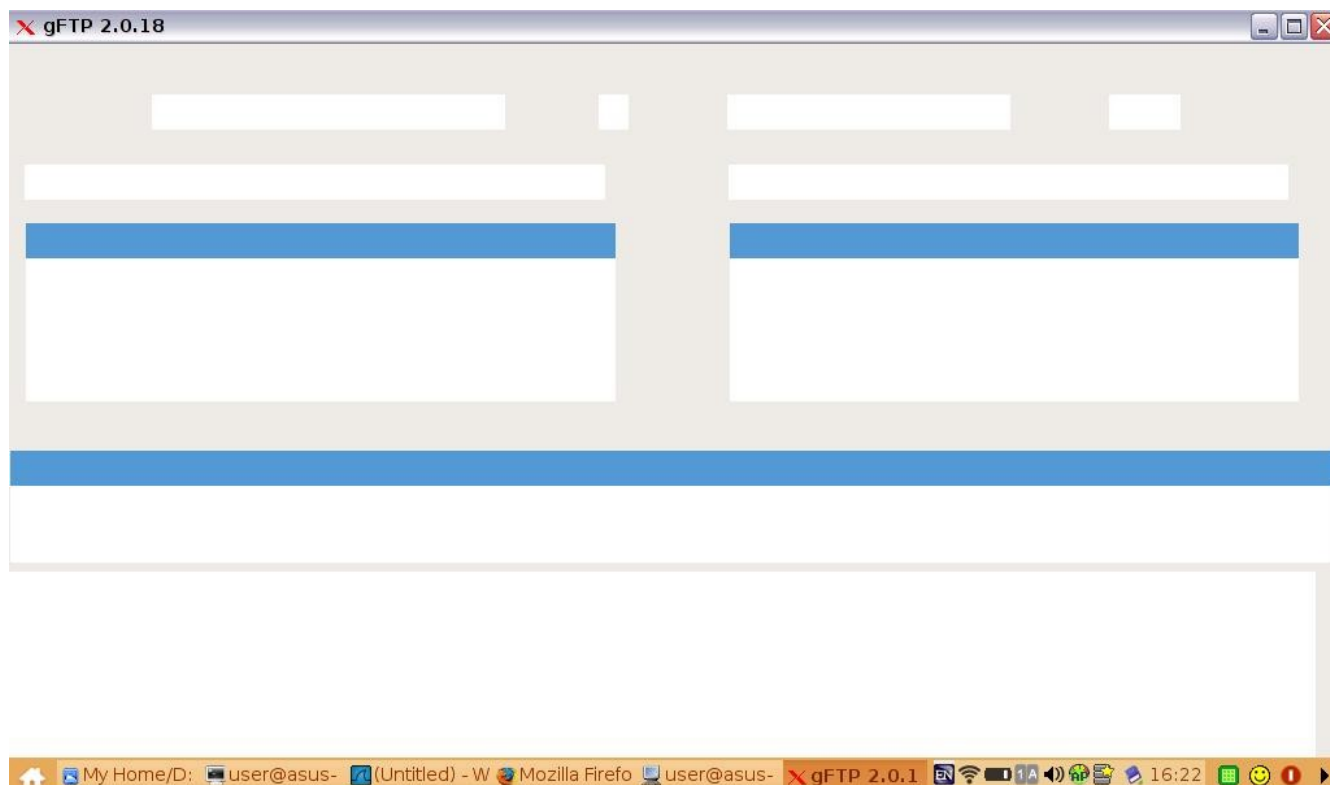
suspect... he needs to be put away for being a danger both to himself and to others' ... and David Chin will have to live in board-and-care for the rest of his life... we have to survive 23 more days... mentally disabled people should not file lawsuits against foreign dignitaries..."

My next recording is: "bkstrcafe_txtmssgr_bus4_plcecartxtmssgr_11_7_09_242-621PM.WMA": I continued to work in the patio section of Stories LA (uploading my latest recordings to my website and so on). "... an Asian mother carrying a blond hair child walked in... we have seen this many times already..." Again, this was probably no operation. I now was running Process Explorer on my Toshiba while burning a new disc. Then, children came in at last: "... another surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in his corner with all his recording devices and snooping on other people's children..." I continued to speculate on the surveillance that was supposedly being produced around me: I was mumbling indistinctly because I had placed my recorder on top of my Samsung DVD Writer. On 17:00, my new disc was successfully burned. On 24:00, ambulance siren. Now a guy was singing loudly behind me: "... to make us record him..." (25:00). Not! Then, children were passing by again: "... surveillance is produced again..." (36:00). Meanwhile, I was reviewing my recordings while verifying my disc. On 40:00, people were talking particularly loudly around me: "... surveillance is produced again showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin secretly recording other people..." I hummed. And my FTP transfer stalled repeatedly. Then I started implementing a new idea I had been thinking about: to include in my "Preface" a narration of my life prior to the commencement of my business with the intelligence agencies – with all the proofs demonstrating that I was indeed Lawrence Chin. "... we are creating a new document for 'My experience'... mostly for the pictures..." (1:00:00). (I would however eventually give up on this project when it became evident that the United States' project to remake me into a different person would come to naught.) On 1:09:00, a white female's cellphone rang: "... surveillance might have been produced..." (1:15:30). Then, another person's cellphone rang: "... we are intercepted... now the picture from 1994... put it into 'Preface'... my French class..." Then, on 1:28:00, my GFTP completely froze up. Then a white guy mentioned something to me: "... that has also produced a certain surveillance..." (1:35:00). By now a lot of people were around me, making me very uncomfortable. Then I had to pack everything up just to go use the restroom (1:52:00). "... faulty surveillance... people have to do things the same time as we do... the cashier will be nice to us... she knows that our life as a dummy tree is very stressful..." Ha! Nonsense. Then I came back outside to continue to work, mumbling about how all the people here were actors and actresses. Again, this was hardly the case. Then a man asked me for my lighter, and I refused: "... we don't feel like producing surveillance of our drug-dealing at the moment..." Again, that I was "not in the mood" was a good explanation. Now my FTP transfer stalled again, and I decided to leave. By 2:07:00 I was out. While walking, I mumbled about the middle-aged lady who just text-messaged (2:09:00). "... it's around 4 PM that we were intercepted... the intercept has shown up automatically in the evidentiary record of the International Court..." Then another couple tried to push their baby cart to me: "... producing surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on people's children from the street corner..." (2:13:20). On 2:15:30 I got on bus 704 going toward Santa Monica. "Everyday when you wake up, it's just another day of surveillance showing you committing very disgusting crimes... there is an undercover detective on the bus to watch over David Chin, the child-molesting vagrant... another man came up the bus and started reading a book... the behavior is very

much that of an undercover detective, he's probably the one..." Again, it's unclear whether I was correct, although it was hard to imagine the LAPD mobilizing that many detectives for my sake. Then: "... look, that Hispanic female is looking at her cellphone, she might have pressed buttons on it..." And another one was talking on her cellphone, and I hummed (2:28:30). "... she looks like she's making the call *for* us, and so we are being intercepted at the moment... the call is automatically showing up on the evidentiary record of the International Court... the man... producing surveillance... or maybe he's just an undercover detective..." And more people were talking loudly, and I hummed (2:50:00). Then somebody's cellphone rang again: "... surveillance is showing us receiving another cellphone call..." (2:51:30). "... everyday it's just the same thing, it's so annoying..." On 2:58:30 I got off the bus – I was now in West Hollywood – and, on 3:00:00, came inside IHOP. Out immediately because it was not "vagrant friendly". Just then, the police pulled over a driver right in front of me: "... surveillance is produced showing us getting pulled over by the police and interrogated..." (3:01:00). I filmed it. While I would be correct about such kind of things back in June or July, it's unlikely that the suit team would currently be doing this. Then: "... when we walked out of IHOP, it might have disturbed the faulty surveillance Machine because it had to track our location again... we still favor the idea of finding somebody else and planting child pornography on *him*..." Then I asked a man: "Oh, sir, you have just pressed on your cellphone's buttons when you saw me... What's that about?" (3:09:10) He wouldn't respond, and so I speculated: "... maybe he's just doing community work, identifying the ubiquitous child-molesting suspect... Sir, did you just text-message?" "Yes." "Who did you text-message to?" "No one." "No one? Did you text-message to Mars?" "Yes!" (3:13:00) I continued to joke with him because I missed the bus by talking to him: "I'm doing a survey of people's text-messaging..." Then I took notice of another man who had pressed buttons on his cellphone before walking into the restaurant. Again, none of these were likely operations. I complained bitterly about how I couldn't get any work done. "The time in Nicaragua was heaven, you had a home, you could work, and, when you got tired, you could watch TV, and you could get access to the International Court records by watching TV..." Then a man asked me for change, and I yelled at him: "Shut up! Homeland Security wants surveillance showing us asking people for change..." I kept on walking. Then I took notice of another driver who was text-messaging in his Honda: "... we've got intercepted again text-messaging to our foreign intelligence contact... it's too bad that we don't know what the content of the message is..." (3:21:30). Then, on 3:24:30, I walked into a bar with very loud music inside: "... you will never succeed in recording children here..." But I left again, disappointed that I had nowhere to work in. "... *everybody* knows what's currently in the evidentiary record, but this guy doesn't, and yet *he's* the one who's on trial... this Santa Monica Blvd really sucks..." Then another white female pressed buttons on her cellphone near me: "... she's accomplishing her mission... Mommy should have told us to study laws so that we could work for the government, so that we can tell people to... their children..." I was then ordering a burger at a fast food place (3:29:00). "... you don't know what's going on inside the courthouse and so..." Soon people brought in their children: "... surveillance is produced again showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin opening up his laptop in front of children..." And so I moved outside instead and, immediately, a man was text-messaging near me: "... we are getting intercepted..." I walked up to him: "Can I ask you what you have just text-messed, sir?" "May I ask why?" "I'm doing my survey..." And yet he replied: "I'm not even touching it, I'm online..." "Oh, so you are producing an intercept showing my computer to have Internet capacity..." (3:34:00). Again, it's

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8.1.3. Mission accomplie, B.
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unlikely that the suit team would be doing this kind of operation currently. I mumbled bitterly: "... the sight of children actually makes us want to vomit... our mission is idiotic... things like drug-trafficking rather than stealing nuclear secrets... it's too bad that we have already ordered our food, otherwise we will leave..." And I complained to the man who had just brought in his child: "I'm sorry sir, but your kid makes me want to vomit..." Ha!



my GFTP froze up, a little after 4 PM

My next recording is: "strbk_dbleytubevid_11_7_09_615-706PM.WMA": I continued: "We live a life that's worse than the FBI's most wanted... For people are pretending not to be looking for us, and yet we will always be 'accidentally' found..." (2:00). I then murmured about how I would be arrested soon, and how "we couldn't live a life when our entire environment is just a shadow of some debate in a secret court room..." (until 12:00). Then: "Everyday when we wake up, we are committing crimes..." I then walked into a Starbucks on Santa Monica Blvd around 16:00. I noticed one Asian guy using a Toshiba laptop. Was he really my double? Then: "We are a crime tree... People shake us and crimes will fall out... Today, it's pedophilia; tomorrow, criminal recording; and the day after, identity theft..." (19:00). Then I started paying careful attention to that Asian guy who was also using a Toshiba: he was looking at some pictures, of stars and sky (24:00). I continued to upload my latest files to my website. The FTP transfer stalled, and then resumed (28:00). Soon I spotted three Toshiba laptops in the coffeehouse (41:00). Then two guys came to sit in front of me – one of whom, I was convinced, was my double. This time I would be correct! I warned them that if they talked too loud they would be

recorded by me. Then one of them left. “He’s introducing you to his Youtube videos, is that it?” I asked the guy who remained (48:00). He didn’t reply, merely glancing at me with a mean face, obviously angry about my “treason” and “love for Russia”. I commented: “According to surveillance, I was just caught showing another person my Youtube videos...” This guy was then leaving. “*You are a good actor;*” he said to me, obviously referring to the fact that I was pretending to conspire with the United States to harm Russia. “He’s a good actor too,” I said to myself (until 50:00). Since he clearly knew what was going on, his friend must have really been my double (and so the Youtube videos in question must have confirmed the “David Chin legend” in some way or other). I then switched recorder – and I told the two new comers that the seats in front of me were occupied in order to prevent them from sitting near me.

My next recording is: “atmdble_plcevid_bus20drvrcmplnt_11_7_09_711-926PM.WMA”: I continued to work inside the Starbucks on Santa Monica Blvd. People continued to stream in to talk loudly next to me (25:00). I became nervous, hummed and packed my things up, and left by 34:00. At the moment nothing caused me greater fear than “criminal recording” and “pedophilia” which could provide the United States with the justification for suppressing my documentaries and recordings as evidences in the International Court of Justice. When I was standing by the bus stop, a man was depositing money in Union Bank’s ATM nearby – I was convinced that surveillance had confused him with me so that the suit team would have obtained another evidence of my having a lot of cash and using Union Bank instead (38:00). Was I correct? I got on the bus, and the people near me were again talking loudly, and so I asked them not to talk too loud. I then continued to hum. I got off the bus on 1:01:00 and immediately noticed someone quickly pressing buttons on his electronic device: was he conducting surveillance on me or was he producing an intercept of my communication with my foreign intelligence contacts? I continued to describe to my recorder everything that was going on around me. I repeated: “My entire environment is just the shadow cast by the secret court processes...” (1:25:00). I got on another bus on 1:34:00. I opened up my Toshiba on the bus, and immediately noticed that someone else was also using his laptop. I asked him if he was on the Internet because he was very likely my double – here to produce evidence of my laptop’s having wireless Internet capacity. But he answered me not, which convinced me that he must be my double (1:47:00). Not necessarily – he could even be doing surveillance for the Russian side. I began working on my “Feefee and Valerie”. From 1:57:30 onward, because people were talking loudly next to me, I hummed. And the bus driver scolded me. “... Homeland Security knows that if they send people in to talk near us, we will ‘meditate’, then the bus driver will throw us out... the goal is for us to be widely reported... this criminal foreign agent David Chin is kind of strange... never before has a secret agent been so widely reported...” And I said to the two ladies that were talking loudly near me: “You guys did a good job! I’ve just been reported again...” (2:02:00). I had in fact again exaggerated the operation. I then said to the bus driver: “... you don’t have to throw me out, I’m almost getting off... when you go back to your station you will match my descriptions with other reports... when you make your report, please say something nice about me...” Again, hardly the case. On 2:04:50 I got off the bus. I was now in the La Brea area again. I exclaimed to another stranger: “... press on your cellphone buttons when you see me...” (2:07:00). And I actually started chatting with him: “... we have just produced another surveillance showing us getting into contact with foreign agents...” And I joked about it in a goofy fashion. On 2:11:00: “Oh my God, a

pretty white female is text-messaging...” On 2:13:30 I said to this other stranger in a goofy fashion: “... this dude just stands by the street corner holding a cellphone...”

Then my recorder suddenly turned itself off, and what happened next wasn't recorded. Namely, that I was thrown out of IHOP: see below. I then walked into Kinkos. Then my next recording is: “ihopverf_11_7_09_936-1022PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we walk into Kinkos and this white guy on his computer... ‘You have got to produce a surveillance intercept for this dummy’...” I got my seat and started reviewing my recordings. Then I thought I had located my double: “So that’s surveillance showing us printing out our resume and pretending to find a job, even though we have so much money... that’s our double, he’s printing out his resume... according to surveillance, we are carrying out our mission of pretending to not have money... we’ve just got thrown out of IHOP...” I then recounted what happened: “... the waiter asked me, ‘Are you gonna behave this time?’ ‘What did I do the last time?’ ‘You grabbed the receipt from the cashier, that was very rude’... and that’s how we got thrown out...” On 14:00, after coming out of Kinkos, I came inside IHOP to confirm that my recounting was correct. “Can I talk to that waiter again? I just want to get a confirmation...” And so the waiter came out and I recounted to him: “So, earlier I walked in... and you said...” He nodded his head continually not understanding what I was doing. I was done by 17:00 and left. “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin has got thrown out from one more place... never before has there been a secret agent who has caused so much disturbances... our patriotic duty of harassing people... and so what’s Homeland Security doing? First, they need to provoke you, to get people to find reasons to throw you out... just to make you look bad in front of the International Court judges... the same thing as white supremacism and so on...” And I did my patriotic duty by urinating on the street. In reality, the waiter at IHOP had probably not been instructed by the suit team as to how to act: it was just my symptom as a typical targeted individual to think that, if it happens once, then it must happen every time. I continued: “... after we have accomplished our mission, we get anti-reward... so that we won’t want to do our mission... but your mission will just follow you... the job of being David Chin is just too hard... even though the episode of being thrown out from IHOP is not recorded, we have recounted everything correctly and verified it... everywhere you go there will be human beings... even when you go find your family members they will report you, there will be no mercy there... Mr former Secretary’s continual command of Homeland Security is not publicized... that’s what we said while walking to IHOP... our future is being decided in a conference room somewhere... so are our present and past... these can be changed with predictions... what are they going to do with our predictions? ... *Homeland Security does check what we have uploaded...*” Acting! I knew perfectly well that it was the Russians who were checking what I had uploaded everyday. “... and Mr former Secretary sits at the highest seat in the conference room... so many operations tonight, so much surveillance produced just within three hours... let’s just kill ourselves, this theater is so unbearable... before when you go to people you’d feel like you have just hit a wall... by now the wall just comes to you and hits you in the face...” I came back inside Kinkos on 38:20. I turned on my Toshiba: “... we are always considered the enemy of the state, of humanity...”

My next recording is: “knkoscmntionhumndsre_cllphne_11_7-8_09_1031PM-134AM.WMA”: Now people were again talking loudly near me. I put the recorder in my mouth and hummed so that I

wouldn't have to record their conversation. I continued to write my letter on paper. Then: "Don't look at what the white guys are doing... Homeland Security is now producing surveillance showing David Chin always snooping on people for entertainment's sake, and that's why they have sent in these two white guys to look at AOL next to us... that's why even the Kinkos employee is talking loudly..." I asked the Kinkos employee to not talk too loud, and he explained that it was his phone which was responding to voice-command. "In surveillance our recorder is actually a cellphone and that's why, as soon as we walked in here, the employee's cellphone started talking (voice command)... This is a massive effort, everyone knows what to do with his or her phone when you come in..." (15:30). Again, I had grossly exaggerated the suit team's operations. I then continued to work on my letter. "So maybe Mr former Secretary is saying that our life as seen in our recordings is fake... so we are having a fake life here..." And people were talking loudly again (19:30). "... what we are really doing, according to surveillance, is not what we are doing... as we write this letter, surveillance is produced showing foreign intelligence agencies directing us to write it..." By now I counted seven people in total in this Kinkos. Then I was worried about "criminal videotaping" again: "If we use Nero Vision, the people behind us will be caught in the video..." I said to the Kinkos employee: "I'm holding the recorder in my hand, and that's why you are holding your cellphone in your hand... when you guys talk next to me, *you will be recorded*..." He merely replied "Okay", not knowing what I was concerned with. I continued: "... everybody purposely does this in order to produce surveillance showing us holding a cellphone..." Again, I was most likely wrong here. I then continued to write my letter: "... my purpose is to avoid law enforcement capture..." As you shall see, good explanation! Then, due to my continual complaint, the people who were talking loudly near me warned me: "... perhaps Kinkos is not the best place for you..." (40:00). I mumbled: "... they pretend to not know we are recording, and we pretend to warn them..." In fact, nobody cared about my recording. "... all the surveillance intercepts that are produced... we are really driven insane... and people will say, 'It's your own mind which causes it, because if you just ignore it... now the drug-dealing stuff has dropped out, and you are just worried that people might talk loudly next to you or push their babies toward you... no... pushing babies toward us *is* a form of harassment... and don't undress your child in front of us... if you just don't know anything, you wouldn't feel so stressed... as your mother has said... 'Just let the government do its things... this is America, don't think'... but you *want* to know what people think of you, you don't want to be the *only* person who doesn't know... it's simply human nature... our mother simply doesn't appreciate the fact that we are just a normal person like everyone else... even if we don't deserve to have the same desires as other people... we want what other people want even if we don't have the right to it... just as a prisoner wants freedom too..." It's excellent reflection, and I brought up the example of the movie "AI" again. "... we want to know what other people think of us, and that's why we are obsessed with the evidentiary record..." The testimony was excellent – the Russians would hear it pretty soon when I shall upload this recording to my website – because it explained in another way my resistance to the suit team's operation. Then I mumbled about the problem with seeing a therapist, how seeing a therapist itself would become a trauma for which I would have to see another therapist (my episode with Dr Caldeira): "... how you became a professional patient... the question arises: Why would a foreign intelligence service recruit this guy who is such a liability? Because he looks like Lawrence Chin... it's driving us insane... the need to know what surveillance we have produced..." (1:04:00). More: "... today... so many intercepts are packed in a single day... the police might say this

guy is too much a threat to the community, he's constantly recording things, carrying all these recording devices... they will detain you for something else... *we don't know if we are committing crimes in reality also*, and that's what makes us so nervous... the problem is that we are too ugly... we are disgusting... we are the perfect foreign agent..." Again, another explanation for my resistance to the suit team's operations. Then, from 1:20:00 onward, I resumed working on my "Feefee and Valerie". Then I took notice of two more white guys who were talking loudly. "... *we commit crimes for our nation which we don't love, and against nations which we don't hate*... you are still writing, even though nobody on the planet will believe you have written it..." By 1:34:00, I had charged up my laptops and was packing up. "The purpose of living is to die, and so even though we know recording will cause our demise we continue to record... recording is the cause of the destruction of recordings..." I was referring to "criminal recording", of course. "... here it's inevitable that you record them because you don't have a home, but in the world of surveillance you have a choice because, there, you have a lot of money... and you have a house..." By 1:41:00 I had left Kinkos. "Maybe there will be a natural fire which will burn down the International Court..." I was now looking at a poster about India: "... this is surveillance evidence that David Chin is indeed an agent of India... we just have no idea that India is America's enemy... because there was a BRIC meeting in June... Oh, we are standing in front of an Indian restaurant... the saddest thing in life is that bad people sometimes tell the truth too..." Then, another police car: "Did it capture us?" Then a taxi cab, and the driver was on cellphone: "... and so we are on cellphone at the moment... we can never finish writing about this operation, it will go on and on..." (1:48:00). Again, this was most likely no operation. Then, another taxi cab: "... it must have a camera in front, otherwise why would it pass us by?" Not! Like a typical targeted individual! Then: "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is urinating on the street again... this foreign agent is just so fucked up... never before has a spy urinated so much on the streets of the nation he's spying on... after three days, we still haven't cleaned our DVDs with this cleaner we have bought... David Chin is a very happy person, he has so many friends... just as it makes no sense to avoid death by not living, so it makes no sense to avoid criminal videotaping by not videotaping..." (2:02:40). Good saying! "... we have to take a look at the Youtube video which Ting-da sent us... it must be something illegal, disgusting..." In reality, not – as I would find out years later. Then, when the bus passed me by, a white female inside was pressing buttons on her cellphone. Probably nothing. I kept on walking. Then, another white woman with a cellphone. I shouted to her: "Thank you for putting your cellphone away!" "You're welcome!" (2:13:30) Then, another police car: "... the police have videotaped the vagrant once more..." Not! I was now at the bus stop on Dunsmuir and Wilshire. "... a guy is text-messaging in the distance, we are intercepted... 100 yards..." (2:21:30). Then another Asian guy's cellphone rang: "... surveillance is produced..." On 2:28:10, another limousine passed me by. Probably not Mr former Secretary or his cronies. Then, more cellphones. And another police car. I was now on La Brea and Wilshire. "... the foreign intelligence service has taught David Chin Aryan supremacy, admiration for Hitler, pedophilia... *but they didn't teach him that when he makes cellphone calls, he will be intercepted*... oh, another cellphone call, he's being intercepted..." (2:32:00). Ha! What an excellent testimony when the Russians shall hear this! "... David Chin's girlfriend... we have seen her back in July... she smokes like a fucking chimney, and that's why David Chin loves her... Hey! You cellphone guy, bus 720 is coming, let's run..." On 2:37:00 I got on the bus, and my cellphone buddy made it too. Then, another cellphone call on the bus. As I was getting off the bus in Koreatown, I

said to another person: “Don’t forget, he’s a foreign agent, but he’s mentally disabled, and a mentally disabled foreign agent is not scary...” (2:47:30). Sarcastic! While walking, I kept speculating about what happened on the bus: “... the Asian girl sitting next to us... another cellphone call... when we pass by somebody, the Machine is immediately able to identify the cellphone number... the criminal foreign agent David Chin, he’s always drunk... he’s a very happy person...” On 2:59:00 I came inside a 24 hour Korean restaurant.

Before we move on let’s make a tally of today’s evidences. We have zeroed in on only two instances: the green pickup truck in the morning when I was at Tiffany Cafe and, later tonight in in the Starbucks in West Hollywood, the double of mine who was showing another suit team actor his Youtube channel. We have dismissed the other instances even when they conformed suspiciously to the suit team’s modus operandi (such as the guy on laptop who ignored me when I was on the bus leaving West Hollywood). The more important instance was of course the episode with my double’s Youtube channel: as noted, the videos on the channel must have been quite frivolous and worthless since David Chin was vulgar, insensitive, and “fluffy”. But, since the suit team’s priority lay increasingly in portraying me as a criminal recorder and a pedophile in order to suppress my videos as evidences in the upper court, that Youtube channel must be leading to child pornography somewhere. My double probably had another channel somewhere else, or his Youtube channel would be confused by the faulty surveillance Machine with another channel somewhere else, a channel which the MSS had again prepared and which they would have filled with child pornography. This is thus what the Russians would have to contend with in the next few days – and, again, it’s beyond me how they had managed to debunk all of the suit team’s new evidences in the end and to keep my videos of the CIA girls on the ICJ docket. On the other hand, the green pickup truck – along with the other instances which we have dismissed despite their conformity to the suit team’s modus operandi in the past: just in case we are wrong – seems to suggest that the suit team continued today to produce evidences for the battle in the lower court (to try to prove there that the characteristics of David Chin beside pedophilia and a penchant for criminal recording were also genuine).

November 8 (Sunday; random filming and the community college girl)

My next recording is: “krestau_prdctpl_11_8_09_139-223AM.WMA”. I continued to work on my laptop in the Korean restaurant. Then, two Asian guys and one Asian girl came in (1:30). The Asian girl was on her cellphone, and suddenly she went outside: “Thank you!” (3:00) These new comers were talking loudly. I complained: “Wherever we are, people will come in to talk loudly, in order to produce surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in a corner secretly recording other people’s conversations...” (7:00). I thus moved to another corner in the back (8:30). In reality, these Asian guys were probably not sent in by the suit team. The boss then came to warn me: I could stay only one hour (9:00). Then, another Korean girl and a Korean guy came to sit in front of me to talk loudly. I started developing the impression that they were from the South Korean intelligence service, and that this was their mission (11:00). (It’s not clear whether I was correct, but most likely not.) “I don’t know why the owner wants me to leave when I always bring in so much business...” (12:00). Then, two more persons walked in, and it was now a full house (18:30). One guy text-messaged

(19:50). I continued my act: “Now our mission is to record other people’s conversations...” (21:00). I thought that, perhaps, if I *conspired* with the suit team to criminally record people, then they wouldn’t be able to suppress my documentaries as evidences. I continued my act: “... countries that don’t want to be America’s colonies should just get out of the UN! Look how easy it is: just send someone in to stand next to me, etc...” (24:00). I was now getting upset: “I wish I had a machine gun to gun down all these people...” (26:00). Such resentment would have to be explained soon. Then: “David Chin walks into a restaurant and soon 20 people fill up the restaurant! Everybody chats and gets out his or her cellphone...” (29:00). I went to tell the manager: “You see, I came in for 20 minutes and now it’s a full house, you should invite me more... that’s what you call the International Court of Justice...” (until 31:00). I left the restaurant on 32:00 and counted 14 people in total! Now a white female made a cellphone call near me, and I shouted: “We’ve got intercepted!” (33:00) I came to a street corner to continue writing my letter (39:00).

My next recording is: “txtmssgr_slp_11_8_09_217-725AM.WMA”: As I got ready to sleep, I continued: “... nice Korean restaurant... after we came in, there were soon 20 people in there... that’s what you call the ‘International Court of Justice’... it’s too bad that we didn’t videotape it... I’m sure half of the people in there were intelligence agents...” Again, gross exaggeration. “... the mission is so simple, just go eat...” Then a Korean guy came out of his car and text-messaged, and I interrogated him as to what he had just text-messaged. Something to do with his girlfriend: “... we’ve got intercepted...” (5:00). Again, I was probably wrong here. “... maybe the text-message has something to do with our letter? To whom are we writing? ... remember that we are just pretending to suffer... we are not really suffering... the massage parlor... because we so needed another human being to touch us... when you swing around your recorder in front of people, people will pretend they don’t care... people’s reaction toward you has to be realistic when they are before surveillance...” Then, on 16:20: “... every time when we see somebody text-messaging, it feels like a hammer has hit on our chest...” And I checked out the Korean guy’s license plate. Then: “... a police car just passed us by, we’ve got videotaped once more...” (21:30). Not Then I rested quietly.⁹ On 5:01:00 I got up. I was still mumbling about what happened in the Korean restaurant last night. On 5:07:00 I got on the bus. Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: “strbks_11_8_09_747-824AM.WMA”: When I turned on my recorder again, I was already in Starbucks uploading my latest recordings to my website. I was also streaming the recordings I had already uploaded. Then: “... the fact that you made a prediction didn’t prevent Homeland Security from sending in the vagrant... so it’s not always working... Oh, Homeland Security doesn’t allow us to have Internet connection today... and two teenage girls pass us by...” Then: “... wow, Internet came back, just to prove that we were wrong in our complaint... if we predict that Homeland Security will give us slow Internet, then we’ll have fast Internet... those teenage girls... to produce surveillance showing David Chin to be drooling particularly over teenage girls...” Then, when my Internet connection slowed down, I wondered why I should have stayed in Starbucks at all. And my FTP connection stalled continually. Now I was angry over the slow speed.

9 Reviewed until 31:00, and then from 4:43:00 onward.

My next recording is: “strbks_netspeed_chldrnppl_rcrdrinmouth_11_8_09_830-928AM.WMA”: Now I was sitting outside to continue my work. Then I took notice of a white man and a white woman who came in with their baby. Then a black man came to yell at me, and I didn’t respond. I did a search on how to send text-messages to phones from computers and then started browsing *Computer Forensics for Dummies* on Google Books. “... I don’t think Homeland Security likes to see us reading this kind of books... network security and so on...” Then my FTP connection was blocked, even though my HTTP connection worked just fine. Then my FTP upload speed was down to 13 KB per second. “We might as well go somewhere else!” On 25:00, a female text-messaged near me. On 28:00 I came inside to use the restroom, mumbling: “... surveillance showing David Chin drooling over people’s babies... predicting that children will show up will not prevent children from showing up, probably because children are too essential in this operation...” And I brushed my teeth. “... Homeland Security... sometimes they listen to us and sometimes not... when you make a prediction you should mail it to them...” I came back outside on 33:30. When people started talking loudly, I put my recorder in my mouth and hummed like crazy. I was still streaming my recordings.

My next recording is: “strbks_lametxtmssgrexcuse_11_8_09_922-1005AM.WMA”: People were still talking very loudly and I continued to hum with my recorder in my mouth (14:00). I then asked a woman why she text-messaged in front of the wall, and she said she was taking picture of the wall (37:00). Apparently, she was trying to encourage her friend to adopt a pet at a pet adoption event. I again wrongly assumed this was a suit team operation: “We’ve got intercepted again! Something about pet-adoption...”

My next recording is: “leavestrbk_chldrntxtmssgerlsjnr_unonstentetslp_11_8_09_1010AM-301PM.WMA”: I continued to build on the scenario: “Since David Chin is very sick and childish, it’s possible that he likes animals. Remember that the Russian intelligence is composed of very sick beings, according to Mr former Secretary...” (2:00). “Pet adoption...” (5:00). I would spend 15 more minutes speculating on why the text-messaging woman told me she was text-messaging about pet-adoption. (A complete waste of my brain power, like a typical targeted individual.) Then another white female brought her child to stand next to me despite my foul smell – I thus assumed she was carrying out a suit team operation (15:00). Then another man came in front of me just to text-message – and I assumed I was intercepted again (27:00). This time it’s not clear whether I was really wrong. I then mumbled about how disgusting I must have appeared, a vagrant holding a recorder and always standing next to a child. “No matter how badly we smell children would continue to stand next to us – especially since we are under surveillance – because that’s the only way to make us into a pedophile and get us arrested...” (28:00). I had again probably overly speculated here. When I came out of Starbucks a piece of fragment fell off my cart (32:00). My broken equipment! Then, suddenly, police cars sped past blowing their siren, and I hid myself to avoid being videotaped (42:00). I got on the bus on 46:00 and hummed all the way. Soon Hispanic children came on the bus to shout (1:01:00). I got off the bus in downtown on 1:07:30 and came inside Burger King and, just as I was ordering my food, a black woman text-messaged behind me. I jumped up and down shouting about this. The Hispanic woman cashier acted surprised: “So? Does it have something to do with you?” “Yeah –” I whined, and then remarked how I needed to attend a support group for people feeling uneasy about other people’s text-messaging. “... 80

percent of Americans text-message...” she tried to calm me (1:11:50). I naturally assumed she was instructed by the suit team to calm my suspicion. Was I correct? Perhaps she was just saying random things that came to her mind. Now I went outside to eat my burger. Then a Hispanic girl came in front of me to take pictures of the sky. Now that’s suspicious! I finished my food and began wandering about. Then, on 1:44:00, I was convinced that I had got videotaped by police cars again. I continued: “There are three things we don’t want to see: police cars, children, and cellphones.” Now I was concerned about going into the restroom – what if an operation happened there? “Then you can’t record it...” (1:49:00). Finally, I decided to not wait for the restroom: “It’s safer to just urinate on the street...” (1:53:00). Then two women were talking behind me, and I hummed (1:54:30). I hummed more when more people sneaked up behind me to talk loudly (1:59:00). I reflected: “... David Chin is 吊哩喂墙 ...” I finally couldn’t hold it anymore and went inside a restaurant to use the restroom (2:01:30). I waited and waited for the restroom – I wondered whether the man inside was a Homeland Security agent, maybe even my double (2:07:00). Then: “What we need to do next is to lie down and think about what we need to do next...” (2:11:00). Then, more Hispanic women with children. I muttered: “... more intercepts showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on children on the street.... You would think that national security secrets would be the designs of nuclear weapons and so on, but no, it’s about whether this guy has a brother...” Then I noticed one guy taking pictures of a piece of plastic, and I asked him about it (2:22:30). Presumably not an operation. I then came to Pershing Square and took notice of two males and two females one of whom was holding a camcorder (2:24:30). I lay down on the grass to nap. Then a Hispanic male came over to take off his hat to scratch his head, thus producing an intercept showing me receiving a secret message (2:28:00). Was I correct? Was it really to confirm the “David Chin legend” in the lower court? Then a few Chinese-speaking people came near to take pictures around me, and then the security guard came over to forbid me to sleep here. “Don’t swing your cameras in front of me!” I shouted to the Chinese guys and girls (2:31:30). Then, another guy with a camera (2:35:00). Then, seven more people in the distance all having cameras (2:39:00). I came to the bus stop and took pains to stay far away from the children who were also waiting for the bus. The bus came but I skipped it because Hispanic mothers were getting on with their children. I got on the next bus on 2:51:00. I hummed and took notice of a text-messenger (2:54:20). I got off the bus on 3:01:50 and came to Union Station and immediately saw more people with children. “This means that my time is limited” (3:09:50). Then a security guard came over and, according to my impression, “identified me” (3:12:30). I rested on the ground, but then a vagrant came over to chat with someone, seemingly in order to be confused with me in surveillance and produce an intercept showing me coming into contact with a foreign agent (3:27:00). Then more children came around me to shout (from 3:35:50 onward). I continued my nap, and more Hispanic mothers with children came around on 4:22:30. I woke up to so much of children’s noise. I shouted: “... surveillance intercepts showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on children again wishing to molest them...” (4:42:30). I continued: “It’s hard for you to be a pedophile if, when you wake up, there are no children around you...” (4:45:00). I began to worry about children’s noises in my recordings: “How are you a pedophile if there aren’t children’s noises in your recordings of yourself?” (4:48:20).

My next recording is: “unonst_buswrtlethow73_wstwdgrlfrnd_pico_11_8_09_254-701PM.WMA”: I continued: “... shit tends to happen when we sleep because we are unconscious...” Then a black man

made a cellphone call near me: "... we are getting intercepted again, on 2:56 PM..." And he kept pressing buttons on his cellphone. "... it's all because we have taken out our recorder..." I walked to him and asked him: "Oh sir, you are talking on your cellphone... and so surveillance is showing us talking on our electronic device..." And more children. From 5:30 onward, I started webcams myself writing my letter to Mr Couvreur (on paper, if you recall). Siren on 10:30. I wrote: "... in order to convict the criminal nations in question, I shall simply submit... to obtain some sort of guarantee..." As you shall see, this particular sarcasm would soon become excellent evidence for the Russians. Then: "... the security guard with his walkie talkie is probably recording us... or maybe he is trying to get filmed by our webcam so that he can make us into a criminal videotaper..." Nonsense. Then: "... somebody is taking pictures of his girlfriend, and so surveillance is showing us criminally videotaping people... let's get out of here, so many operations here..." And I recalled what happened earlier in Pershing Square. "... according to surveillance, we have been videotaping people all day today... *it must be a crime, otherwise people wouldn't be doing it...* now another guy is acting extremely weird in order to produce surveillance showing us acting extremely weird... six people are here, all of them actors..." Again, most likely not – although, as shall be noted below, what happened in Pershing Square earlier could really have been the suit team's operation. I got up and started walking (34:00). I came to the vending machine and said to another man here: "... you are buying something from the vending machine and so I wonder what surveillance you are trying to produce for me..." Nonsense. I was then alarmed because the vending machine simply ate up my money. Then: "... a woman looked at us before text-messaging... this is causing us so much stress... we have lost two dollars, we are very sad... and the man that was buying things from the vending machine... sometimes there is no point in the intercept, merely because the validity of the faulty surveillance Machine has to be confirmed... and so whenever we are doing something, someone will be doing the same thing next to us..." This was the case in July, but it was probably not the case now. Then: "... another police car here to videotape us... a Hispanic guy is asking a girl about something, to produce surveillance of something..." And so I walked up to him: "What did you just ask the girl?" "Nothing" (51:30). Then he explained: "... the... bus..." "And why does she have to look at her cellphone for that?" And so I concluded: "And so surveillance has shown us getting bus information from our cellphone... this black man is coming to us with his child, and this undercover cop (the man with a suit case) is checking on David Chin the child-molesting suspect... and listening to us talking to ourselves... surveillance production has been very intense yesterday and today... we were sleeping like a dummy while the actors around us were..." It was certainly not as intense as I thought since I was wrong most of the time. Then I noticed my mistake: "... and so the man is not an undercover cop, but a Metro employee..." Good! On 1:06:00 I got on bus 33. "... the Hispanic man to our right is reading Spanish newspapers, and so surveillance is now showing us reading Spanish..." And soon children got on the bus. On 1:16:00 I got off the bus on 6th Street. More cellphones and children! "Oh my God, what the fuck! And the Asian woman immediately text-messaged when she saw us... and five children... we can't just go find our family, it's too dangerous... and a woman with a baby cart, and another cellphone call, we've got intercepted again..." And more people were coming toward me with their children. I shouted at them: "Hey! I'm a criminal, you guys shouldn't bring your children to me! No comprendes?" (1:21:30) On 1:23:00 I was on the bus again. Another guy walked in with a child. "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin likes riding the bus because there are always children on the bus..." I then calmed down and continued to

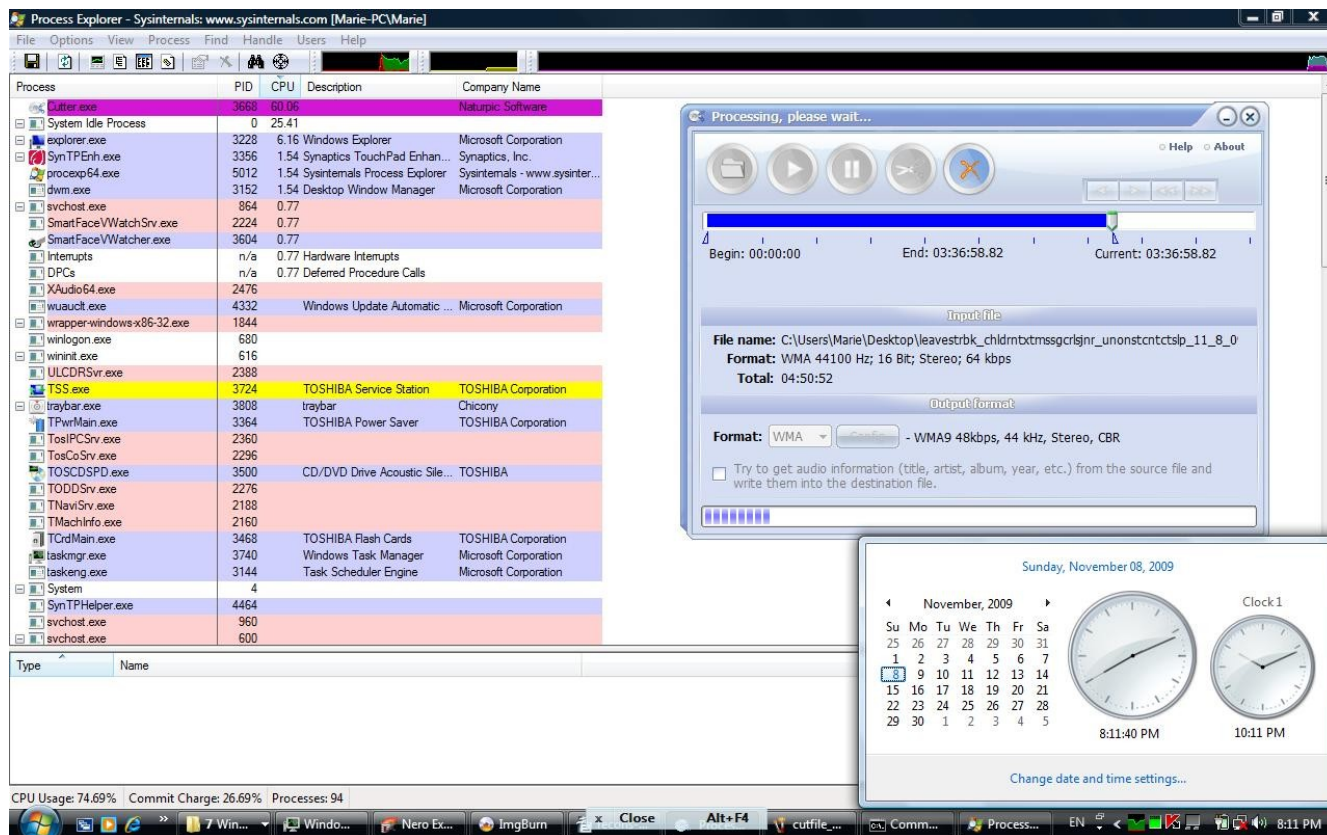
work on my letter: "... 'I'm pretending to suffer in order to disguise my clandestine activity against the United States' ... as we write this, there will be surveillance showing us composing this letter under the direction of a foreign intelligence service..." And, soon, no more children on the bus: "... strange! How can David Chin want to be on the bus by himself?" Then two more children on the bus. I carefully described the activity of all the people on the bus and speculated as to which one among them was an undercover cop. Ha! Not that many! I then started working on "Frankfurt and Brussels". I was now writing about the episode with Ms Congenial. On 2:23:30 I got off the bus in Westwood. I was here specifically to find food in trash cans, and I did. I went to a corner to get ready to film my food, but, immediately, a Hispanic guy on cellphone came out from nowhere (2:35:00). Shocked, I asked him: "How did you get here? I didn't see you here... I don't know what surveillance you are trying to produce..." Then: "... somehow it must be a crime to videotape people on the street; otherwise, why produce such surveillance?" And so I didn't videotape my food. As you shall see, the matter was simply more complicated than I thought. "Now that your crimes have real world consequences... Homeland Security knows that we will videotape our food, and so they send him here... and so the surveillance must be about our criminal videotaping of people... it's okay for other people but illegal for us because we are a pedophile suspect... it was not a crime before, but now, because our status has changed... so many intercepts, 30 to 40 per day..." Then another man pressed buttons on his cellphone near me: "... we are intercepted again..." (2:42:00). Remember that this could in fact be Russian surveillance. Then: "... according to surveillance, we must have a Russian girlfriend... then just give us a girlfriend... maybe she can take us in and let us shower... why does the production of intercepts always have to involve so much pain? ... Mr former Secretary doesn't want you to have any reward... with our girlfriend, we can just produce intercepts in a comfortable way... but Mr former Secretary is running the show, and so you have to suffer... before, with Karin, you can have a good time while producing intercepts... now the next thing to do is to think about what the next thing to do is..." This was a really good explanation as to why I was currently resisting the suit team's operation. Then a security vehicle: "... the vagrant is 'spotted' ... how can this criminal foreign agent, this bad, have a girlfriend? ... this disgusting and ugly... maybe the girlfriend is also pretending to be homeless and getting food from trash cans... maybe she also likes to molest children..." Then another man was making a cellphone call in his car: "... we are intercepted again..." (3:02:00). I thus moved to a different alley. "But if Homeland Security gets our girlfriend to show up in front of us, we'll probably get too scared again... everything has become so scary... why would a woman want a child-molester for boyfriend? ... instead, we are supposed to get arrested and sent to the mental hospital..." I was then on the move again and counted more people with cellphones. Then another woman pressed buttons on her cellphone near me: "... surveillance is produced... it's too scary... we must leave..." I thus came to the bus stop: "... we really should kill ourselves... people, when they see a vagrant, would want to get cigarettes from him... Do you think that's normal?" Indeed! Then another black Cadillac, but the front windows were not tinted: no important people here. And I kept on humming whenever people talked near me. Then another Asian female on cellphone. On 3:38:30 I got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus. Now two Japanese guys were talking so loud that I had to hum like crazy. On 3:46:00 I got off the bus on Pico and Westwood. Then another Asian female text-messaged near me: "... David Chin has got caught again..." Then, on 3:53:00, I came inside somewhere but immediately walked out and hummed like crazy. On 4:00:00 I came inside Coffee Bean. I ordered my drink and sat outside to work. Two girls

were talking loudly in front of me, and so I held the recorder in my mouth and hummed. “They are talking so loud because they intend for us to commit crimes, but we don’t want to *at this moment...*” Again, explaining my resistance (even though there was probably no operation here).

My next recording is: “cfbnpico_strngmen_atmdbl_2limo_cllphn_11_8_09_705-1130PM.WMA”: I continued to hummed while sitting outside Coffee Bean. Then a couple passed by with their loud-shouting children. “We need to rest, meditation is costing us a lot of energy...” (35:00). Then my computer malfunctioned again: my Windows Movie Maker was not publishing my video (38:30). Then, what I thought to be an undercover detective left when I took out my DVD cleaner – “He had collected evidence that the child-molester has a lot of DVDs...” (56:00). It’s not clear whether I was correct this time that the suspicious man was really a detectives: he could in fact be a Russian surveillance officer. At this time I was using Audio File Cutter to edit my recording from this afternoon. This was a new method which would become the norm for me from now on: namely, in order to avoid the charges of criminal recording or pedophilia, I would use Audio File Cutter to cut off the parts in my recordings in which children’s shouting or people’s chatter was conspicuously caught – only then was the recording safe to upload, so that, when the Russians brought it into the ICJ as evidence, the suit team couldn’t object that it was illegal. Then, a white male went to talk to a community college girl, and then wrote something on a piece of paper – “He is *us*, and we need to know what we are doing... And so we are not uploading our files, but are writing a letter on paper... We are still trying to keep track of what the evidentiary record is showing us doing...” (1:22:00). It’s really not clear whether this man was indeed my double (since I was also writing on papers earlier). If so, then he was simply here to confirm the “David Chin legend” in the lower court – with this “pedophilia” on the part of David Chin being again used by the suit team in the upper court as ground on which to suppress my videos as evidences. Then, my FTP transfer stalled (1:23:00). I was now uploading the rest of my “Scientific Enlightenment” onto Hostmatrix. Then my Firefox froze up, and then disappeared, and then my Eee PC froze up, but then Firefox appeared again (1:44:30). All the malfunctioning! Then, amazingly, everybody was gone. “We are in heaven, because everyone in front of us is gone...” (2:01:30). I packed up on 2:22:00 and went inside the restroom to brush my teeth (2:27:00). When I exited, I made sure to note to my recorder that I had left nothing behind (2:29:30). There were now four people left in the whole Coffee Bean. “We are going to the corner to smoke and to think about what we are going to do next. The next thing to do is always to think about what the next thing to do is...” (2:32:00). Then: “We used to dream about a girlfriend, and now we just want to be by ourselves, our expectation is getting lower and lower...” (2:34:00). While walking, I continued: “... we have decided to find a safe place to sleep early...” (2:51:30). I was now walking southward on Westwood and, suddenly, a white woman threw something into the trash can. “I don’t know what kind of intercept she has just produced.... There must be a reason why she came all the way here to drop something in the trash can...” (3:03:30). Actually, this was probably not orchestrated by the suit team! Then: “We are such a surveillance intercepts dummy tree!” (3:05:30) I got on the bus and, when I got off in Westwood Village, behold, a text-messenger! (3:16:30) I came in front of Chase bank ready to use the ATM, and I predicted: “Someone will come by soon...” (3:19:00). In order to produce an intercept showing me using a different bank account, that is. Immediately, this Asian chic appeared and tried to cut in front of me to use the ATM (3:21:00). I repelled her: “I told you someone will come by...” And I told her to stand

away from me (3:22:30). Then an Asian guy suddenly came around in his BMW and got off just to use the ATM. I finally decided not to do it: “We have decided not to withdraw money, for Citi-Bank will charge us, and, according to surveillance, we are the next Asian guy, 6HNL950, BMW...” (3:24:30). That is, I made sure to read out his license plate since I believed he was here to be confused with me in surveillance. This time I was probably correct: the suit team had indeed sent in this Asian guy to do something to confirm the “David Chin legend”. Then, when one Hispanic guy padded on the shoulder of another Hispanic guy, I shouted loudly: “... according to surveillance, our friend has padded us on the back... only if these friends were actually ours...” (3:28:30). Wrong again! Then my theory (for the Russians to hear): “Homeland Security saw that we were about to use the ATM, and so they looked around: ‘Any doubles around? Send them in quickly...’” Probably not far from the truth! Then a black Cadillac with tinted windows passed by (3:33:30). Mr former Secretary? Not sure, but not impossible. Then a black man who stood 10 feet away from me was making a cellphone call: “We are surrounded by cellphone calls!” (3:45:30) Then: “... on Wilshire and Westwood. We are getting intercepted...” I got on the bus on 3:52:00. Now the Hispanic guy sitting next to me was blasting Michael Jackson. “According to surveillance, we are listening to Michael Jackson again...” (3:57:00). This was however probably not part of the suit team’s operation. I got off the bus on Wilshire and Normandie on 4:16:30. I wanted to sleep here, but: “... a lot of parking space around... if we sleep here, drivers will come around to text-message...” (4:18:00). “... the goal of our life is to just be a surveillance dummy tree... our life sucks... 10 years ago we thought our life sucked, and now our life really sucks...” In the end, I decided to sleep here anyway.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 8.1.3. Mission accomplie, B.
 Lawrence C. Chin
 Nov. 2009 – Dec. 2020



using Audio File Cutter to edit my recording from this afternoon

The tally for today is thus this: the suit team continued to produce evidences for the battle in the lower court: the vagrant that was chatting with somebody in Union Station, the white guy who was hitting on the community college girl, and the Asian guy who used Chase ATM before I could. As noted, the many people with camcorders in Pershing Square today were probably also sent in by the suit team, but this was most likely effective evidence only in the upper court: as many of these people were confused with me in surveillance, this was the suit team’s evidence that I simply had the bad habit of filming people at random and that, when I shot the videos of these CIA girls, I didn’t actually know they were CIA. (Recall that they had already used this argument before.) Then the episode of the white guy talking to a community college girl was certainly meant to be effective in the upper court as well in reinforcing the profile of me as indeed a pedophile (whose videos should never have been admitted as evidences in the International Court of Justice).

November 9 (Monday; double at UCLA)

My next recording is: “wk_mommny_essncfeeppl_chldrn_11_9_09_635-802AM.WMA”: I woke up but continued to lie around. “... our recorder was shut off while we were sleeping... in the middle of the night, two persons were talking loudly when passing by, producing surveillance... but our recorder was shut off... our recorder has the tendency to shut itself off... we have to check if our mother... if she has

deposited the money... to check on her real attitude... it seems that... batteries were too low... Look, a car made a U-turn in front of us... did he text-message?" By 31:00 I had got up and packed up. Then: "... surveillance is produced showing us contacting a foreign agent... this man is so kind as to give food to this homeless man... malice... kindness... Look, a Hispanic guy with his little daughter... surveillance is produced..." Then, on 36:00, I came inside a coffeehouse and ordered hot cocoa. It was heaven because there was no one here. I sat outside to enjoy my cigarettes and hot drink (41:00). Two Hispanic men were standing by the door: "... producing surveillance of our meeting foreign secret agents..." And they soon walked away. "... everyday, as soon as we wake up, it's operation... and we are the dummy tree... now people have started coming in, I've told you, I've brought in so much business..." Soon I left and was walking the streets (47:00). "... shake surveillance intercepts off the dummy tree... Look, an Asian guy is text-messaging..." And I read out his license plate: "... we are intercepted again..." (50:30). Probably not. I didn't dare cross the street just yet because a Hispanic woman and her children would be crossing the street with me. "... I'd rather jaywalk... people are pretending to be nice to you and give you food, but when they turn around they would text-message... Look, a pickup truck has dropped off somebody, surveillance is produced..." On 55:00 I was resting in a corner. "... to produce surveillance, and you call that kindness..." I continued to describe the movement of the people and cars around me assuming that everything happened to produce surveillance: I was still unaware that I had grossly exaggerated the suit team's operation. When I was ready to open up my laptop to import recordings: "... people will come around with their cellphones to produce surveillance showing our laptop to have 3G Internet capacity..." (1:13:00). Then another car made a U-turn in front of me and parked across the street: "... surveillance is produced showing our Toshiba to have wireless capacity..." And the people inside the car just stayed in there, and so I closed my Toshiba instead: "... they are waiting for us to open it..." And I put my Toshiba back into my bag. Soon I took it out and opened it again: "... surveillance is produced showing us communicating with foreign intelligence services on our Toshiba..." Then a Hispanic guy passed by with his little boy: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on other people's children with his laptop... it's sad that you have to be a pedophile..." Then another Hispanic woman in her car: "... to produce surveillance..." And I read out her license plate (1:21:00). Then more people with children: "... surveillance is produced..." And I continued to describe all the passersby.

My next recording is: "[armyofchldrn_ktown_11_9_09_856-911AM.WMA](#)": Then another car parked in front of me: "... it has no license plate... a pickup truck... a few seconds ago, the person probably pressed on his cellphone buttons as we were ready to stick our recorder into our Toshiba..." Then another car, and a Hispanic woman got out: "... producing a surveillance intercept..." Then another woman with children: "... you know why... on this street children frequently pass by... that's why David Chin likes to stay here... to snoop on children..." Then another SUV dropped off somebody: "... an intercept showing us communicating with foreign agents with our Toshiba..." Then another van without a license plate. "This is an awful spot!" Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recordings are: "[vermont_recount_11_9_09_911-932AM.WMA](#)" and "[strbk_wlshre_txtmssgr_chld_11_9_09_1012-1126AM.WMA](#)" (...912-1026AM...): Siren immediately. I recounted what happened after my recorder was shut off: "... we walked into... little people inside... then a

man... we quickly concluded that he was there to report on the child-molesting vagrant... unfortunately, there is nowhere to go where there are no children... there used to be no children in Koreatown, but this morning, a lot of children... we should put up a sign, 'I know it's very patriotic to convict other nations of pedophilia, but don't abuse your own children'... that's what we said... we cannot avoid... that's why we are the most unfortunate... our mission follows us, and the reward is horrifying, getting thrown into the mental hospital... the best thing to do is to verbally count the number of children... an entire army of children... maybe this 'pedophilia' thing will eventually drop off and get replaced by something else..." As noted, the suit team was at the moment indeed dying to create as many instances of pedophilia as possible out of me in order to remove my videos of the CIA girls from evidence, but it's really not clear whether they had thus instructed ordinary people to come to Koreatown with their children. I continued: "... another Hispanic woman with her 6 year-old child... another black Cadillac, but the front windows are not tinted..." Now, because the mother and her child were getting on the bus, I wasn't getting on: "... we are currently not interested in producing surveillance showing David Chin following them wanting to molest the child..." Again, explaining my resistance. I turned off the other recorder on 14:00. Then I took note of another Hispanic old lady who was picking trash cans: "... surveillance is produced of our picking trash cans... we live in a prison where every single person is our prison guard..." Finally, I got on the bus on 18:30. "... we look at these human beings, and we call them 'despicable'... we have had 40 intercepts today showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin squatting in the street corner snooping on other people's children... we'll wait for this to drop off..." On 26:30 I got off the bus. Then another Hispanic man made a cellphone call near me: "... surveillance is produced showing us making a cellphone call..." I came inside Starbucks on 28:30. I sat outside believing that surveillance had confused the man going in with me. "... what's our double doing inside? Wow! He is text-messaging, as expected! We are getting intercepted at this moment..." (31:00). Then another white man was ready to text-message: "... we're about to be intercepted..." (34:30). Then another black man was text-messaging. "Maybe surveillance is showing us text-messaging to our girlfriend... it sucks to be True Jesus! ... this is our diary of how we are going to get arrested as a pedophile..." Overly paranoid! And more cellphone calls. I shouted at a woman: "Hey bitch! Can you take your cellphone away from me? Please!" (39:15) Then: "... we are being intercepted at this very moment, it's 9:52 AM..." Then I shouted at the people around me: "Look, we are recording your conversation! We have all these recording devices right here, and if you talk too loud, you will be recorded..." I was unaware that I was overly concerned with "criminal recording". And more cellphone calls. "Maybe he's not calling for us, maybe he's just here to report that the child-molesting vagrant has been identified again, that he's sitting here with his computers again..." As people continued to talk loudly around me, I hummed. "... we've got intercepted talking on the payphone too..." And more people with cellphones. "... he has a text-messaging machine!" Siren on 54:30. Then another cellphone call behind me. Then more. I was now doing my writing while uploading my latest recordings to my website. Then another mother came in with a child: "... surveillance is again showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin playing with all these recording devices and snooping on a child..." And I was terribly frustrated because I couldn't see my computer screen under the sun light. "The manager here is very aware of the fact that David Chin is a child-molesting suspect... we are fucking doomed..." Not quite!

My next recording is: “strbks_chld2fornagantsurv_11_9_09_1031-1121AM.WMA”: Panicking, I had to go inside. “... we have seen 40 children since waking up... probably because David Chin so wants to molest children today... today is the day, David Chin will be arrested... his mission will follow him, whether he likes it or not, and he *must* be a pedophile... it doesn’t matter how bad he smells... children will always come to him...” On 2:30 I got a seat inside. A Hispanic man said something about my plug and then left: “... he has accomplished his mission, and so he leaves...” Probably not part of the suit team’s operation, although he could very well be doing surveillance for the Russian side. Then more people were talking loudly, and I hummed. Then somebody was talking about children: “... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin not only snooping on children but also enjoying hearing about them...” (15:00). Then a fat Hispanic woman text-messaged in front of me: “... we are being intercepted...” (19:00). Then another cellphone call. Then two Korean men were having a conversation in front of me: “... to produce surveillance showing David Chin criminally recording them...” And I hummed loudly. And more loud talking. On 27:30 I blasted my own recording to cover up people’s conversations. Then I hummed loudly again. Then a Hispanic woman named “Maria” received a call on her cellphone: “... surveillance is produced showing David Chin receiving another call...” (35:00). Then: “... she’s talking to her mother. And so David Chin has received a call from his mother... it’s nice to have access to the ICJ records, isn’t it?” And I continued to blast my own recording. Then, on 40:00, two Hispanic men came to harass me: “Fuck...” It’s hard to make out in the recording what they actually said to me: “... surveillance is produced... Homeland Security sent these two Hispanic guys to not only produce surveillance, but also to report us for... so that we will be one step closer to being detained... one stone two birds...” Again, this was not to be the case, and it’s not clear whether the two men were really sent in by the suit team. Then people talked loudly again around me, and I continued to hum.

My next recording is: “strbkdtctvtxmssg_chldonbus_wstwd_11_9_09_1115AM-139PM.WMA”: While I was blasting my own recording, another man text-messaged (21:30). I asked him: “Can I ask you what you were text-messaging, sir?” “No.” “It sounds like it has something to do with me...” And he claimed he was text-messaging to his sister. “In surveillance it could be our text-messaging to our foreign intelligence boss, or to our mother, because the earlier call we supposedly received supposedly came from our mother...” And I continued to hum. Then: “We are leaving, and that’s why he is text-messaging again...” And I told him: “Since I’m leaving, it has to be about me this time” (38:00). He denied it, and I explained how I believed he was playing pranks on me. Again, I was probably wrong here. Then: “An Asian guy who looks like Wes just sits there with his ice coffee and cellphone. We are being intercepted! ... we have finished meeting with our foreign intelligence contacts... we will always have a double... we are again intercepted while text-messaging to our foreign intelligence boss... the intercept is showing up automatically on the evidentiary record of the International Court...” (44:30). Then I mumbled something about how an undercover detective could double as a Homeland Security operative. “... the operation will never end... it will continue forever... there will always be nations to sue... even when it is over, it will continue, just in order to make you believe it’s continuing...” And two more children came in, and so I walked out on 49:00. “... that Asian guy is probably an undercover detective... he could be text-messaging, and in surveillance it would be our text-messaging... Why did he show up? Because children have shown up... when Homeland Security sends in children, the

Starbucks employee will call the police...” And my speculation went on for a while, most of which was certainly erroneous. Then another black man was on his cellphone next to me, and I hummed. Then another child: “... surveillance is produced showing David Chin squatting here snooping on other people’s children...” (54:00). Then I noticed that I was near the LA School District Board of Education! Then a police car. I waved at it and shouted: “Hello! It’s the child-molesting vagrant here...” Then another Hispanic woman pushing her baby cart, and I kept on walking. And more children. “... it has been decided in a conference room that David Chin will be arrested as a pedophile... the people inside have that kind of power... they control every piece of machine in the world...” On 1:00:30 I got on the bus. People were again talking loudly, and I hummed. And another child near me: “... David Chin is caught again in the vicinity of a child...” (1:03:00). “... the mother doesn’t know she’s in the vicinity of a criminal, who is a grave threat to her child...” I hummed more. “... Homeland Security knows that, when they send people in to talk next to us, we’ll meditate... then people can report us for causing disturbances... and the report will be matched up with other descriptions at law enforcement...” I kept on humming. The mother and her child now got off the bus: “... their mission accomplished... and the bitch behind us has finished her phone call in her unintelligible language...” Then another mother with her child. I warned her: “... I’m a criminal and so you shouldn’t... but no...” And so I moved to the back of the bus. Then, suddenly, everybody was gone. Wow! I simply failed to understand that not everything was an operation. On 1:55:50 I got off the bus in Westwood. I kept on walking and took notice of more people pressing buttons on their cellphones. On 2:05:00 I found food in the trash can. As I ate my food, another car parked in front of me with no license plate: “... an Asian guy inside, but he isn’t text-messaging...” Nevertheless I moved away. On 2:19:30 I came inside Starbucks and got water. Another Asian guy was text-messaging: “... we’ve got intercepted again...” (2:21:00). Then I came to the grass area in front of UCLA.

My next recording is: “workingofdbble_phne_wstwd_11_9_09_144-215PM.WMA”: “... while we were at Starbucks... how many times did we get intercepted?” Then a white guy dragging a cart: “... the accuracy of the faulty surveillance Machine is confirmed...” Siren in the distance on 3:00. “... our double is always someone who matches our characteristics but does nothing... and so now there is a white guy sitting on the grass... he looks very 吊里琅當... he’s walking away to meet somebody, and so surveillance is now showing us meeting someone... surveillance is tracking our location but is never on us...” Given this white guy’s vulgarity, he might very well be a Homeland Security operative – so that this would definitely be a suit team operation. But what evidence did the suit team obtain this time? Just that David Chin was meeting somebody? A foreign agent? Now I continued to describe the movement of other people around me: “... he picks up his cellphone... producing surveillance showing us... making calls... surveillance is now showing us dialing our phone... we are being intercepted... if you have access to the evidentiary record of the International Court, you will see that we are making a cellphone call at this moment... such is the working of the ‘double’ mechanism... the first was dragging a cart, then the second without a cart but with a cellphone...” Again, this time I might have been correct: the suit team might indeed have obtained evidence that I was calling somebody about something in conformity to the “David Chin legend”. I moved away mumbling: “... our double is so disgusting, 吊里琅當... Look, two ambulances... we are videotaped by one of them...” Most likely not. “... when we pack up and leave, our double also leaves... he’s very smart, he’s watching us...” I

was now suffering from a bad headache. I came to rest behind Deborah’s office building. Soon, more people came around me. “There will always be somebody next to us, text-messaging for us... we will never be left alone...” Siren on 29:30.

My next recording is: “nap_wstwd_11_9_09_209-504PM.WMA”: And so I slept. On 27:00, a woman woke me up, and I moved to another corner and settled there on 36:00. I rested. Siren on 1:50:30. On 2:43:00 I woke up. I immediately took notice of somebody doing something on the street: “... to produce a certain surveillance...” I came inside Burger King, but then became alarmed when the manager gave an employee his cellphone at the same time as I took out my recorder. In reality, this was not orchestrated! I used the restroom, mumbling: “... surveillance can’t distinguish between my recorder and other people’s cellphones...”

My next recording is: “brgrkngstrmbreakin_dblephone_11_9_09_505-531PM.WMA”: The beginning of this file overlaps the end of the previous one until 5:30. I was still in the restroom and somebody barged in! Of course I believed he was instructed by the suit team to do this. When I came out, more children. “David Chin is again caught in a place where there are children... the victim of the crime is the perpetrator of the crime, and the perpetrator of the crime is the victim of the crime...” I left Burger King on 11:00. More cellphones. I came back to the grass area to do work on my Toshiba. “A certain surveillance must have been produced when the black man barged in....” Then: “... another cellphone call, 50 yards... we’re intercepted again... our double, 100 yards away, making a cellphone call, we’re intercepted...” Probably not.

My next recording is: “wstwdgrass_wrt_dvd72iso_11_9_09_524-721PM.WMA”: I continued: “... we came to the grass area where no one was around, but as soon as we came, he came too... there will always be people next to us...” Then, on 3:30, siren. I finished importing my recordings and started transferring them onto my Eee PC using my SD card. Then I was working on my screenshots and clearing up more disk space on my Toshiba. Siren on 16:00 and 1:20:30. I then continued to work on “On the periphery of Karin’s meetups” (1:23:00): I was now reviewing the recording of my time with Carlos. Then: “... the detective in Starbucks this morning... when he goes back to the station, he’d probably report that I also suffer from horrifying schizophrenia since that’s what happens in America when you tell the truth...” (1:32:00). Again, not. Then: “... I don’t know why the ambulance was here earlier... maybe I was taken to the hospital again...” Not. I then continued to work on “Feefee and Valerie”. On 1:51:00 I turned on the other recorder, and the rest of this recording overlaps with the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: “nonet_bby_txtmssgcarmoney_ktwn_11_9_09_721-944PM.WMA”: I was still at the grass area: it’s all peaceful here, perfect since I was doing my writing, except for several ambulances that had passed by. “... remember that Spanish quote, ‘La verdad vale mas que riquezas’ ... unfortunately, in America the truth is worth less than garbage...” Indeed! I got up and started walking on 3:00. I mumbled about the files which I had forgotten to burn onto DVDs: “... we have to do that tonight...” And I was suffering from a terrible headache. And more text-messaging. Then I discovered It’s A Grind and came inside to check it out (13:00). And of course there was a Toshiba

here! One guy was talking too loud, and so I left. I said to another man: “Sir, did you remember to press your cellphone’s buttons when you saw me?” “Yes” (16:00). I continued: “... it might be just part of the ‘community surveillance program’... it’s America, we all have to pretend, we all have to deceive people, here life is about deception... the same tactic... they will send all these vagrants in to take our spots so that surveillance will confuse them with us... which one of these is us?...” I came to Starbucks and, although there was a massive amount of text-messaging here, I settled down here anyway (23:00). Then: “... presumably when the police arrest you and charge you with criminal recording, they’ll have to listen to your recordings... Look, the Asian guy, with his baby as his screensaver, is chatting online...” Probably not part of the suit team’s operation. Now I couldn’t connect online, and somebody’s cellphone kept on beeping: “... surveillance is produced...” Finally I was able to connect and started uploading my latest files to my website, but the Internet speed was very low. Then my Eee PC froze up. “... Homeland Security Daddy is saying no, he says you are not going to use the Internet today, and so there is no connection...” And I thus packed up (33:00). “... you are probably in the hospital right now and discovered to be not Lawrence Chin... how many times do you have to be so discovered? ... children here! The criminal foreign agent David Chin is discovered again to be within 5 feet of children...” Then I said to this man: “... you are staring at me... are you an undercover detective? Observing a child-molesting suspect...” (35:30). Was he really a detective? Or perhaps a Russian agent? Or perhaps just a random person? And so I concluded: “... so at the moment David Chin is not in the hospital...” I left and kept on walking and then rested in a corner. “... it’s a Muslim woman who has just pushed her baby cart toward the Asian guy... probably producing surveillance showing David Chin squatting there staring at people’s babies... Look, the Korean guy is leaving something on top of the trash can, producing surveillance showing... that’s how foreign intelligence services support David Chin... we are not in the mood today... we have produced so many... and what do we get? Getting kicked around... and we are at the point of being arrested... we provide the means for Uncle Sam to dominate the world, and yet we get... it’s always the opposite: the greater the things you do, the more you get punished... you’ll have to go hungry tonight, and bad headache...” And a vagrant said “Happy Halloween” to me: “... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin receiving a secret message from foreign intelligence services...” (48:00). Really? I came to Coffee Bean and sat outside: “... we have to back up our files...” Again, people were talking loudly: “... I just hope we don’t have to worry about people’s talking, it’s so exhausting... our Eee PC is defunct... you click on Firefox and so on and nothing comes up... I think Homeland Security has blocked it...” I then came inside and asked the woman who had just text-messaged: “Why were you text-messaging?” She replied that she was meeting her friend here (1:00:00). “We don’t know whether she’s telling the truth... but where is our friend?” I left mumbling my skepticism about the woman: “... she looks like a typical... I don’t think she’s a Display... she really looks like she’s trying to hide it, and that means she was doing it for us but didn’t want us to know about it...” It’s not clear whether the woman really did produce an intercept for the suit team, but she was indeed suspicious. On 1:04:00 I settled down in a new corner. People again came around to talk, and I hummed. “If we sleep here, somebody will come around to harass us, because that white female said she was meeting a friend...” Then a car parked in front of me: “... producing surveillance... and two black men are speaking an unintelligible language... surveillance is produced...” I got up and kept on walking while moaning in pain (1:13:00). Then another car parked in front of me and picked up somebody: “... according to

surveillance, David Chin is picked up by somebody...” (1:19:30). Then I thought I got it: “... so that’s the text-message about meeting a friend, she wasn’t lying...” Was I correct? I kept on walking: “... we want to know what surveillance is showing us doing... this guy is counting money... that means we have just got paid...” (1:30:00). “... and so we are supposed to meet somebody, and we did, and we’ve got paid... I’ve got it...” Again, it’s unclear whether the suit team would really be constructing this kind of narrative in the lower court at this juncture. I got water from Starbucks and was quite excited (or pretending to be). “... and now we are pretending to be so poor that we have to ask for water...” I came outside. “And so we *are* able to get access to the International Court records.... these foreign intelligence services would pay you, but Uncle Sam...” I kept on walking. “... there is a secret trial, and you are on trial... but you aren’t there, and you aren’t seen, and you aren’t even told about it... even though he’s not told about it, he has sort of figured it out...” Again, my situation was actually worse than that of K in Kafka’s *Der Prozess*. Then: “... the profile of David Chin is actually the profile of a typical Homeland Security agent, always happy, 吊里琅當... although Homeland Security agents don’t always forget their equipment...” I urinated in the street corner, and this corner smelled really bad: “... perhaps Homeland Security has sent agents here to urinate simply because we have urinated here, in order to produce surveillance showing us urinating everywhere...” Then, on 1:47:00, I rested in a corner. “... how to make a guy look like he’s a foreign intelligence agent, that really *is* an art...” Then, suddenly, the traffic camera on Wilshire and Westwood took a picture of me (1:53:00). Was it the suit team? More evidence that I didn’t look like myself (hence that the “David Chin legend” was true)? Then a Hispanic guy was on cellphone, and he got on the bus together with me (1:55:30). And he talked loudly, and so I warned him: “I’m under surveillance, and so if you talk loudly, you will be recorded...” And I asked him to keep it down. Then another black man was dialing his cellphone: “... we’ve got intercepted again...” (2:14:00). Then another, and somebody’s cellphone continually beeped. I hummed. On 2:17:30 I got off the bus on Dunsmuir and Wilshire. Siren: the police cars were coming. Then another car parked in front of me and then made a right turn: did he text-message? Due to headache, I decided to sleep early. “... it’s so convenient to have a surveillance system in which nothing can be distinguished... you can make out anything you want...” Then another car came near me, with four people inside: “... someone is texting inside... we are intercepted...”

My next recording is: “slp_ktwn_passerbys_11_9_09_938-1033PM.WMA”: And so I came to my usual corner to sleep. Two people were leaving in their car: “... surveillance is produced showing us getting into contact with a foreign agent... this is not sure, but earlier it was... then a white female was texting to her friend... when the incidents form a narrative, that’s evidences against us...” At least I had got the principle correctly. Even as I slept, I paid careful attention to all the cars that came to park near me. “... more surveillance is produced showing us snooping on...” And more people came to talk near me, and I hummed. “... operation has started... now David Chin is entering unconscious... he will check his recording, and if anything is accidentally recorded, he’ll delete it... he has tried his best not to record other people’s conversations... first a white female on cellphone, then a white male on cellphone... the man in Starbucks earlier must be an undercover cop, and that’s why he refused to respond...” Not necessarily! I then continued to count passersby and hum when they talked loudly. “... suddenly all these white people in Koreatown... maybe we’ve got intercepted making cellphone calls again...” I was convinced that one of them who was circling the blocks was a Homeland Security

operative. Was I correct? Siren on 41:30. Then my recorder shut itself off.

My next recording is: “kreaoblnt_slp_wktxtmssgr_pplnxttodavid_11_9-10_09_1044PM-734AM.WMA”: There are about 10 minutes that are not recorded. I recounted what happened earlier: “... a fucking Korean man and a Korean woman... they tried to sneak up behind us... they dropped in front of us a bag of blankets... we yelled profanity at them... they left... and we kicked the bag of blankets onto the street... and our recorder was shut off, which made it very suspicious... surveillance was probably produced showing us receiving material support from foreign intelligence services... fucking despicable human beings... unfortunately, our mission always follows us... why do we need blankets? ... we are sick and tired of being a dummy tree... even when we sleep, people have to fucking shake us to produce surveillance intercepts... now another car is parked in front of us, producing a surveillance intercept... we will not get a break...” (15:00). Again, this kind of attitude would have to be explained. Now the Asian male driver was not getting out of his car. Then more passersby, and I cursed them. Then, finally, I fell asleep. For all my angry outburst, it’s very likely that the Korean couple wasn’t really performing any operations for the suit team.¹⁰

Now a tally for today. It thus seems that the suit team was continuing to produce evidences for the battle in the lower court today. First, my double in the grass area in front of UCLA had perhaps indeed produced evidence of my meeting with my criminal buddies. Then, the woman in Coffee Bean (could she really be CIA?) had probably indeed text-messaged for me, although it’s unclear whether the suit team was really constructing the sort of narrative I had inferred. Finally, the picture taken of me on Wilshire and Westwood might indeed be evidence that I didn’t quite look like myself – unless it was evidence that I was indeed there when the faulty surveillance Machine intercepted me getting paid by my foreign intelligence contact. (That is, unless the narrative I had inferred was actually correct.)

Now, let’s continue with the previous recording. On 8:23:30, somebody text-messaged near me, and I woke up. People were talking loudly around me again: “... surveillance is produced showing David Chin secretly recording other people’s conversations...” On 8:34:30 I got up. And there were people fixing their car: “... producing a certain surveillance...” Probably not! A typical targeted individual! “... when people molest their children in front of David Chin, that would be David Chin molesting their children... and so on...” Then: “... we’ve got intercepted text-messaging again...” (8:37:00). I continued: “... as usual, whenever David Chin wakes up, he has to text-message his foreign intelligence boss... people like to follow David Chin... talk next to him... they are not aware that they love him... they just always end up being next to him...” Then, on 8:46:00, I came inside Kinkos. I immediately took note of somebody who could be confused with me in surveillance: “That person could be producing surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin pretending to look for a job... resume....”

November 10 (Tuesday; the CIA Mercedes)

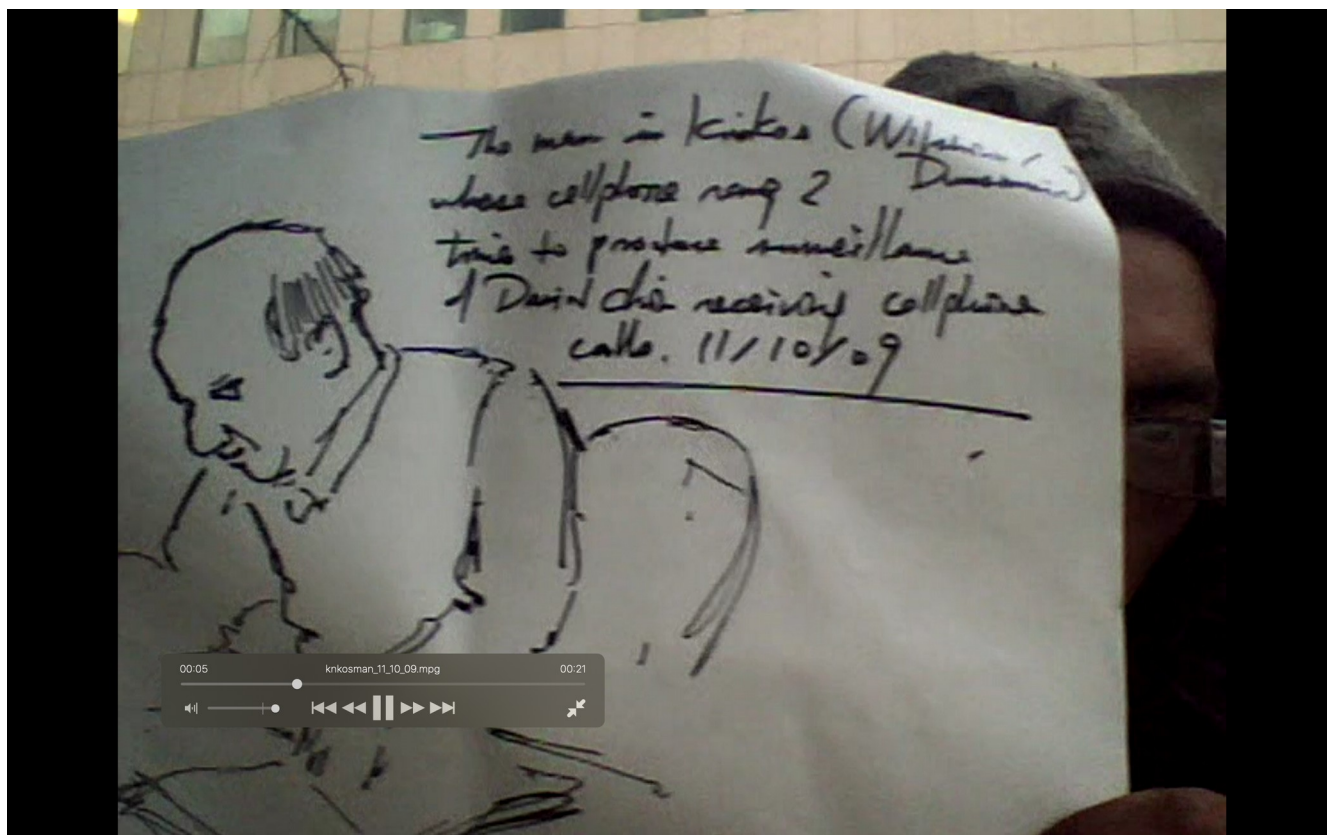
My next recordings are: “knkos_fatman_11_10_09_720-743AM.WMA” and: “agntcontctsurv_

¹⁰ Reviewed until 31:00 and then again from 8:19:00 onward.

dvd72cellphne_contctsurv_wstwdeat_11_10_09_749AM-235PM.WMA”: I continued: “... that’s our David Chin double, a white male...” I was now typing on the computer. “... the computer is being remotely controlled right now...” Then: “... the next time when we see a Homeland Security agent looking at child pornography, we will report him...” I was out on 22:30 but then came in again. I noted that somebody left behind a telephone book on the table. Out again on 24:30. Was I in Starbucks now? On 31:30 I came to the patio area, in order to stay away from people. Then: “... when it comes to the criminal foreign agent David Chin, there will always be people around him, especially children...” And I tried to stay away from the windows. Then I complained that something was seriously wrong with my Eee PC. And my supposed double was yelling in the distance. I continued to upload my files and describe the movement of the people around me. “... people are attracted to David Chin... they are coming around... the 40 year-old is smoking next to us... a certain surveillance is being produced...” (50:00). Then another person came around me to talk on his cellphone (1:09:00). Then a black man was talking on his cellphone. Then: “... the files we have transferred onto our SD card have simply disappeared... Homeland Security has probably remotely deleted them... an older white woman near us... an intercept is about to be produced...” Then: “... our Real Player is malfunctioning... we can’t see... Oh my God...” (1:19:00). Then: “... the white female sitting five feet away from us... she’s producing a certain surveillance intercept... I don’t know what it is... probably our meeting a foreign agent... and she got into her car and drove away...” And I read out her license plate: “... our mission is following us...” (from 1:23:30 onward). Then I checked my latest recordings on my website. Then: “... why is our Kingston flash drive frozen like that? It’s probably loading a virus... our Kingston is probably sucking information in about our Toshiba... maybe our Kingston is inserting spy documents into our Toshiba, so that, when we get arrested, they can be found... we just don’t know enough about computers to know why our Kingston is frozen like that... why is it taking five minutes to transfer a 20 megabyte file? ...” Again, the malfunctioning was probably “natural”. I continued to check on my latest recordings. Then: “... nothing is secure unless it’s burned onto DVDs...” I shut down my Toshiba on 1:56:00. On 2:04:00 I walked back into Kinkos. I noted: “... he’s already here, he’s not following us...” (2:08:00). Then: “... a white man is making a cellphone call, creating surveillance of our answering a cellphone call... our mission of being a dummy tree continues... he’s... creating surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin receiving another cellphone call...” (2:19:30). Then: “... he’s here to run operation on us because... he smiles at us... when we told him to turn it down... he did... because he knew we had recording devices... the entire town knows...” I was now making a portrait of him (2:24:00). Then his cellphone rang again: “Are you doing that again, sir?” (2:25:00) Then: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is receiving another cellphone call... it’s so important for world peace that the criminal foreign agent David Chin has a cellphone...” It’s really not clear whether this man was really sent in by the suit team. Then, on 2:33:00: “... a massive amount of operations have started, and people are starting to gather around...” And I thus hummed. “They are talking loudly, to make the criminal foreign agent David Chin into a criminal recorder...” Probably not. Then, from 2:40:00 onward, I was burning my disc. Then: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is always at places where there are a lot of people...” Then, from 3:06:30 onward, I was burning a second disc. Another black man was text-messaging near me, and I hummed from time to time. “... the dummy tree is sitting here doing his videos while operations are happening all around... the dummy tree is sitting here reviewing his DVDs while... Is he making the cellphone call to us or for

us? Probably both at the same time...” (3:37:30). Then: “... Journal Attachment 18... the vagrant is moving his stuff, he is producing surveillance for us... he *is* us... his business is ours... the only person we never are is ourselves... we are always other people... that man is talking loudly on the phone, to produce surveillance showing David Chin hiding in a corner secretly recording other people’s conversations...” (3:55:30). Then: “Gee, this guy really talks loudly...” Then, on 4:00:00, I was reading out loud the book on Windows 7 which I found on Kinkos’ bookshelves. Then: “... his cellphone rang... the criminal foreign agent David Chin has got intercepted again...” (4:02:30). Then I packed up and was out by 4:03:00. Then: “... a man is about to light up a cigarette, just when I’m picking up a cigarette butt, producing surveillance proving that the Machine is accurate... and David Chin is being intercepted at this moment for text-messaging to his foreign intelligence boss...” (4:05:30). Then: “... children are coming around,... producing surveillance showing David Chin snooping on them and wanting to molest them... and a silver limousine!...” (4:07:00). Presumably it was not Mr former Secretary. More: “The criminal foreign agent David Chin is of such kind that children will come to him even when he’s not looking for them... making his pedophilia much easier... a white female who’s text-messaging has passed us by... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is always surrounded by a lot of people... the criminal foreign agent David Chin does not care about traffic lights, he just keeps on walking... now a white man has passed by David Chin, producing a certain type of surveillance... the criminal foreign agent David Chin has got videotaped by a police car again on Wilshire and Cochran...” (4:13:00). Then: “... another intercept showing David Chin receiving a secret message... a car has parked in front of us, producing a certain type of surveillance... we are not in the mood of being a dummy tree right now...” And I read out its license plate (4:20:30). Again, “not in the mood” explanation. It seems that I was now lying on the street corner resting, and I continued to describe all the passersby, and then all the cars that had passed me by, as if everything was here to produce surveillance intercepts. Then: “... most likely just an intercept showing David Chin meeting his foreign intelligence contact... or meeting someone and hugging someone...” Then a postal service vehicle: “... probably to videotape the criminal foreign agent David Chin lying on the street corner...” (4:35:00). Not! Then another white woman was talking on her cellphone (4:37:30). Then the security guard came over to me: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin has been told by the security guard to move away... he’s watching the criminal foreign agent very closely...” That is, as I was packing up. I was now on the move again. “... another car... you don’t know what surveillance it has produced... David Chin is intercepted again... a black Cadillac, but its front windows are not tinted...” (4:43:00). Definitely not Mr former Secretary. Then, more cellphones. And I continued to describe all the passersby. By now I was looking for food from trash can to trash can: “... Parking Enforcement...” And I kept on walking and soon entered the Museum Square (4:53:00). I described all the people around and continued to look for food in trash cans. “... a Hispanic female is text-messaging behind us... we might have got intercepted again...” Then I lay down on the grass area to rest: “... the dummy tree will lie down...” (4:58:30). Then: “... a car has dropped off an Asian couple in front of us...” (5:14:00). Then: “... two guys in front of us... producing surveillance of... they might have taken pictures of us...” Then, on 5:27:00, I was on the move again. On 5:34:00 I got on the bus without paying. Then, a cellphone was ringing somewhere: “... producing surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin...” (5:40:00). Then: “... cellphone... the criminal foreign agent has just got intercepted again...” (5:54:00). Then, on 6:05:00, I got off the bus in Westwood. Then, another man,

upon passing me by, pressed a button on his cellphone. Did it mean anything? Then I believed that, when a white female put money into the parking meter, it was to produce surveillance showing me getting into contact with a foreign agent (6:09:00). Not! Then, more children: "... producing surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin staring at people's underage daughters while tucking in his shirt... as if he is masturbating..." Then, Parking Enforcement: "... we don't feel like being videotaped by them right now..." Then: "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is now pretending to be hungry and looking for food... and another Parking Enforcement vehicle... we've got videotaped... a white female is pressing buttons on her cellphone... this David Chin is so bad, so deceptive, he has thousands of dollars, and yet is pretending to look for food..." Siren on 6:14:00: "... an ambulance... we've got videotaped..." Then ambulance siren again on 6:16:30. I hid behind the tree to avoid being "accidentally" videotaped. Unnecessary! Then: "... a Hispanic man came in front of us, producing surveillance showing us getting into contact with foreign agents..." Then I continued to mumble about how evil David Chin was: "... we feel sorry for our mother... but so is Mr former Secretary... we also feel sorry for *his* mother..." Finally I found food in a trash can. As usual, I videotaped it before eating it: "... it's too dangerous without videotaping it..." (6:23:00). Then: "... we have just committed a crime, we have videotaped our food... America is so good, and these Russians are such monsters... and the Chinks too... maybe they aren't real human beings... before it was all about intelligence work, and now, pedophilia... these Gooks and Chinks... not real human beings... but how do you call the Russians?" Good testimony for the Russians here! Then: "... cellphone... Did we get intercepted again?" On 6:32:00 a police officer came to me. No! Thank God he simply passed me by! On 6:41:30 I came inside Coffee Bean to ask for a cup of water. Headache again, and I needed to take a nap. My recorder was about to run out of space and I held it in my hand. A car came to park in front of me just then: "... producing surveillance showing us manipulating a cellphone device..." Probably not.



The portrait I made of the suspicious man in Kinkos this morning

My next recording is: "slp_wstwd_11_10_09_229PM.WMA": Then: "... the car just parked in front of us..." And I read out his license plate. "... the driver is holding food in his hands, producing surveillance showing us receiving material support from foreign intelligence services..." (1:30). Then: "... the surveillance earlier... we said we were hungry, and so foreign intelligence agents pulled in and provided us with something, either food or... not skillful... we just sit by the street corner, and all sorts of crimes will be committed by us..." Then another suspicious car: "... it's not moving..." And I read out its license plate: "... producing surveillance?..." Then another car parked in front of me: "... to produce surveillance..." Even though I was so tired, I decided to move away. Siren on 11:00. Then, another guy taking pictures of the street: "... surveillance is produced showing David Chin videotaping the street..."

The next recording is lost. It seems that, between 3 and 4 PM, I was merely taking a nap on the grass area in front of UCLA. Then I got up and continued to work on my Toshiba. My next recording is: "[grass_tngrshspncman_bggrdble_11_10_09_424-455PM.WMA](#)": It seems that I was trying to webcam myself working. I mumbled about how, because my webcam wasn't on, I wasn't filming. "We failed to cover the problem with our recorder with our webcam." Then a woman with a dog: "... she's producing a certain type of surveillance intercept..." Then another white female on cellphone. Then I was working on my "Frankfurt and Brussels". Then: "... a teenage girl and a teenage guy are coming very

near, 20 feet, we have to go... they are producing a certain type of surveillance... the girl is grabbing the guy's hand... Oh my God, David Chin is committing a certain crime..." I packed up and left. Then, another vagrant was talking to someone: "... producing a certain surveillance... and more people... producing surveillance..." I kept on walking. Then another woman was pushing her baby cart toward me: "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is caught again within five feet of a baby..." Then I was looking for drinks in trash cans.

My next recording is: "wstwd_dbles_pdphsurv_strbklabreementlknng_11_10_09_5-658PM.WMA": Then a black vagrant was begging people for money: "... producing surveillance showing David Chin begging people for money..." I was now in another corner where I continued to work on my "Frankfurt and Brussels". Siren on 10:00. Then the Asian guy in the distance was writing something on paper: "... producing surveillance..." That indeed seemed like my double! And people were again talking loudly near me, and I hummed. "According to surveillance, we are at this moment writing on paper and eating food, that's the function of that Asian guy..." Was I correct? And I yelled at the two Vietnamese guys near me: "Hey! Don't talk too loud!" (23:30) "... surveillance is now showing you secretly recording their conversation, but if you don't hear it, it's fine..." Then another man was talking on his cellphone in front of me: "... surveillance of our criminal recording..." Then another woman was pushing her baby cart in front of me: "... David Chin is again caught within 10 feet of a child with his computer open..." Then another child, and I shouted at his parents: "Don't come around me! I'm a pedophile!" (33:00) Ha! "... we are unable to get children to leave us alone... you should shut down your Toshiba, it's very dangerous, the police might come to arrest you..." And the child came back! "... David Chin is again caught within five feet of a child... our patriotism showed through when we shouted 'We are a pedophile!' ... actually we are just pissed off, it's like self-mutilation... each day we are closer to getting arrested, and each day we are pushed out of society a little more... it doesn't matter how disgusting you look, children will always be around you..." Again, I was exaggerating things since I was hardly on the verge of getting arrested. Soon I packed up and left (39:30). I kept on walking: "... it's too dangerous here..." Siren on 45:00, and I continued to scavenge cigarette butts. Then: "... Parking Enforcement has videotaped us..." Again, probably not. I hid myself in a corner by Hammer Museum to smoke my cigarette butts (49:00). Then a woman text-messaged when she passed me by. I followed her to interrogate her: "Ma'am, what are you texting about?" She wouldn't respond. Then, after my persistent questioning, she warned me: "Can yo stop following me? I'm not texting about you" (51:00). I had most likely mistaken another "natural" occurrence for the suit team's orchestration, but I didn't believe it: "... we've got intercepted..." Then: "... another police car has videotaped us, at Glendon and Lindbrook... David Chin is about to be arrested, but the police will never discover he's actually a foreign agent... even if he says it, the police will not believe him but will simply throw him into the mental hospital, for that's the genius of these foreign intelligence services..." And I remained convinced that the earlier woman was an actress. Siren on 58:30. "... the last days of our life... I've told you, *you shouldn't have petitioned...*" I was again pretending to blame the suit team's operations on my lawsuit back in March rather than on my latest conspiracy with them. Then more people were walking past: "... surveillance..." By now I was at the corner of Westwood and Wilshire across the street from Hammer Museum and, suddenly, a compact black Mercedes Benz with tinted windows came up from behind and drove past me slowly. I immediately knew this was the CIA officials' coming to check me

out and so read out its license plate: 5ZAB439 (1:04:10). Evidently, the people inside the Mercedes were startled that I had noticed them and read out their license plate – for the Hispanic guys standing around me wearing earphones were actually doing surveillance for the Russian side – and quickly instructed their driver to get away from me. I watched the Mercedes Benz making a right turn on Wilshire Blvd and frantically speeding away and, not sure what I should say to the surveillance around me, simply kept quiet. Then I returned to my usual descriptions: “... a white female is doing something on her cellphone in the distance...” I crossed the street to go to Chase bank but then decided not to use the ATM for now because two guys were already there: “... we are not interested in being a dummy tree today...” Again, “not in the mood” explanation. On 1:11:00 I got on bus 20. I immediately said to the bus driver: “I have to pretend that I don’t have money... Can I just have a free ride?” “No!” And so I got off, Then a car dropped off somebody at the bus stop: “... producing a certain surveillance...” And a Hispanic man asked me a question: “... surveillance...” When the next bus came, I sneaked onto the bus through the backdoor (1:15:00). And another cellphone call: “... we are intercepted...” And more. And another Hispanic guy was watching Youtube videos on his cellphone: “... it takes a lot of brain work to invent these devices to kill people’s brain...” Indeed! And then somebody’s cellphone was ringing: “... we are intercepted...” (1:40:30). On 1:41:30 I got off the bus on Wilshire and La Brea. A man seemed to be waiting for something here with his phone in his hand: “... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin holding a cellphone...” Then: “... David Chin is about to be caught making a call on a payphone...” (1:43:40). I came inside Starbucks on 1:44:40 to use the restroom. I then sat outside to do my work. I took notice of another guy with a cellphone device in his hand, and fire truck siren on 1:51:40. I worked hard on my laptop. Then two white men started talking just when I started uploading my latest files to my website: the synchronicity caused me to mistake this for orchestration by the suit team.

My next recording is: “strbks_ftp_emplynotxtmssg_11_10_09_652-737PM.WMA”: I continued: “... we don’t have the expertise to figure it out... all we can do is watch for suspicious packets on our Wireshark...” I was now on Hostmatrix again fixing the links on my Scientific Enlightenment. Now the two white guys walked away: “... producing a certain surveillance... unfortunately, our Thermodynamic Interpretation of History, which we regard as our gift to humanity, is treated like a piece of trash...” I was now working on my chapter on cultural feminism. “You *are* allowed to be Lawrence Chin, you are just not allowed to be known as Lawrence Chin... nobody is supposed to know that you are Lawrence Chin...” I continued to describe the movement of the people around me: a fat woman passed by with her daughter, two cars came to park in front of me... Then my Eee PC froze up again. “... the dummy tree is not supposed to know anything, the super criminal is not supposed to know that he is... people should be allowed to know what crimes they have committed...” Then somebody sat down in front of me; I moaned and asked him to not do it: “... especially when you are playing with your cellphone... sir, please don’t press buttons on your cellphone...” (29:00). But no: “... we’ve got intercepted...” And I cried, and he gave me money! “We’ve got intercepted, and we don’t even get paid... Do we get a hug? What do we get out of it? ... we’ve got intercepted communicating to our foreign intelligence contact, it’s awful... we want to talk to Deborah about text-messaging...” I cried again when a white female parked her car in front of me. “... maybe just by looking at her we are producing a surveillance intercept, an intercept showing us looking for our foreign intelligence

contact...” And I read out her license plate. Again, gross exaggeration.

My next recording is: “blkwmaskcig_11_10_09_737-808PM.WMA”: I was still outside Starbucks: “... another car is parked next to us...” I cried out loud: “... So what! He’s not gonna be our friend... is she gonna text-message?” Then I continued to do my writing. Then I was crying about the movement of the white female: “... maybe just paying attention to her would produce surveillance of our getting into contact with foreign agents...” Then, suddenly, a black woman wanted to buy cigarettes from me. I shouted at her: “You are obviously here to produce a surveillance intercept! Can’t you see that I’m homeless?” – and so on (until 6:30). “... again, surveillance is produced showing us getting into contact with foreign secret agents... this is so easy... when they want something, just send somebody in to ask for cigarettes... it’s so unbelievably easy, you’ve got to give them credits for this...” It’s not clear whether the black woman was any part of the operations on me, but my resistance would have to be better explained. “... and another man just coughed, and that’s enough to get a nation into troubles... it’s better to do things at night, there aren’t any children around...” Now I wanted to upload my resume before leaving Starbucks.

My next recording is: “leavestrbks_dblelaxprss_dvidgrlfrnd_chldrnfollow_11_10_09_802-9PM.WMA”: I was now ready to leave Starbucks. “... somebody is yelling, producing a certain surveillance... we should do things at night, there are no children at night... our diary continues of our journey into the dark side of humanity... the foreign intelligence services have taught David Chin not only white supremacism and admiration for Hitler, but also how to pretend and deceive people...” And I recalled the Saturday Night Live sketch about evangelical Christians’ gullibility: “... Americans are like that, they are so innocent and gullible...” Then I noticed something really suspicious: “Why would a sophisticated white woman holding LA Express in her hand? Obviously she’s doing that for David Chin... David Chin with his womanizing and prostituting... and yet still has a girlfriend... and the white woman has disappeared, which means she was there to produce an intercept showing David Chin holding LA Express...” I was probably correct this time: another evidence to support the “David Chin legend” in the lower court, which evidence could then be used in the upper court as ground on which to suppress my videos as evidences – although, given what had just happened, it’s very strange that the suit team would do this at this juncture. (And the question remains: was this woman a CIA agent?) I was now out of Starbucks and walking the street (20:00). I continued to reflect on this woman: “... and she quickly covered it up when she saw us looking at her... even when David Chin is constantly womanizing and impregnating women around, his girlfriend still likes him, how amazing... Mr former Secretary just sits in his conference room and goes: ‘Hmm... today we shall give David Chin a girlfriend’... The purpose is to offend the judges in the International Court, and so there are female judges there...” Then another white woman holding her baby in her arm: “... surveillance is produced showing David Chin snooping on people’s children again...” And she was following me! I tried to avoid her: “... sorry, the dummy tree is not happy today...” Then another Hispanic woman with her child: “... they are following us too...” I turned around and yelled at her: “Don’t follow us! We are a criminal!” (31:00) I then rested a little in the parking lot of Hollywood Videos. “On the ICJ panel, some judges are female and Jewish... that’s why David Chin is a misogynist and anti-Semite... it does sound like the original 12 judges...” Then, from 40:00 onward, I got my paper out to continue to write my

letter: "... get the PRC government to re-issue me a passport..." Then, from 53:00 onward, I was on the move again. I came inside Kinkos and immediately took notice of the Indian man who was also using a Toshiba (54:00). People were talking loudly again and I put my recorder in my mouth and hummed. I sat down and started working.

My next recording is: "knkosdble_illglemput_11_10_09_905-943PM.WMA": Immediately, things were happening in this Kinkos, and I recounted it all: "... the only people we are not is ourselves... he's gonna get intercepted making cellphone calls, there is no way around it... that other Asian guy... perhaps he is looking at child-pornography... earlier our double, the white woman, was looking at this computer..." And I read out the serial numbers of this computer: "... Windows Vista Business..." And I wrote down on my diary: "... double... LA Express... children followed me... she must be looking at something illegal, that's why she left so fast... we are in deep shit tonight... will we get into law enforcement troubles? ... we have to pay attention to other people..." As shall be explained soon, I was probably correct this time: both the white woman and the Asian guy were indeed carrying out an operation for the suit team. I continued to write: "... this schizophrenic... dangerous delusions... and now nobody is using the computers because surveillance has already been produced..." I read out all the computers' serial numbers. Then I focused my attention on another woman and, when she changed computer, I interrogated her: "Didn't you just insert a card?" "No." "Why did you change station?" She denied that she had used her bank card. And yet I was convinced: "She was using a Chase bank card... she's pretending to be us..." (15:00). Then: "This is too scary..." And I described how faulty surveillance was going to attribute what this woman was doing to me: "... she must have done something illegal..." And so I continued to interrogate her. Finally I admitted: "... and so you are really telling the truth..." "Yes!" "No, I think you are playing some serious trick on me..." By 22:00 I left Kinkos and continued to recount what had happened. "Just snoop on them! Since they were here to fuck you up! We are really fucked tonight! You shouldn't have gone inside Kinkos... Who the fuck has this mission of being a pedophile and then getting caught by the police! What the fuck do we get? I tell you, Americans are not people with a heart, they are gonna fuck you up..." I settled down in a corner and continued: "That Asian guy... you don't even know if he's male or female, with long hair down to his shoulders..." I was referring to the Asian guy whom the suit team immediately sent in when I entered Kinkos. And soon a car parked in front of me and the driver was text-messaging (33:00). Then a white guy with bald head walked out.

My next recording is: "strngphne_wstwdatm_fearmrcdes_11_10-11_09_1006PM-1211AM.WMA": I was now sure that the operation that had just occurred in Kinkos was the suit team's response to my reading out the CIA Mercedes' license plate. Trying to hide my knowledge and yet to say something to neutralize the suit team's attempt to neutralize my act, I continued: "... you don't know what's going on in the International Court... something is urgent in the International Court... you have to be caught doing pedophilia and reading people's license plates..." Indeed! Yet I must hide my knowledge that the CIA was in serious trouble tonight – for such knowledge would imply that I knew that the Russians had surrounded me with their surveillance. On 2:30, I decided to change location and walked away making sure that I had left nothing behind. "... that white female must have looked at child-pornography... Look, a taxi, there must be a camera in front..." On 5:30, when I walked past a payphone, it rang! "To

produce surveillance showing us receiving a cellphone call...” This was indeed so strange that it had to be orchestrated by the suit team. On 10:00, I rested in a corner. Another car then made a U-Turn in front of me: “... surveillance is produced...” I was probably wrong here. I was now at the bus 20 stop on Wilshire and La Brea (13:00). Then another white woman walked past wearing very little clothing: “... this is not good, there must be a reason... surveillance is produced showing us snooping on a sexy woman... five crimes we have been caught committing so far tonight...” On 18:00 I got on the bus. I said to the bus driver: “I’m pretending to not have money, can I just go to the back?” And two guys on the bus seemed to be speaking Arabic. I continued to theorize while watching Transit TV: “... we are supposed to be an Iranian agent...” Namely, Mrs Clinton was on Transit TV talking about the nuclear reactor in Tehran. On 38:00 I got off the bus in Westwood. On 38:50, I used the ATM. There were only 13 dollars left in my saving account, and 159 in my checking account. Then, an ambulance: “... it has videotaped us...” (43:00). Not! Then, after keeping quiet for so long about the incident, I had thought out what I should say about it so that the Russian surveillance around me could intercept it: “... something about this place... we saw the Mercedes... *that’s from the Displays*... something is going on that we don’t know about... usually only Homeland Security would come to check on us in their mobile fortresses...” (from 46:00 onward). And so the Russians would have obtained confirmation that I did know that the Mercedes in question belonged to the CIA. I came back to Westwood just for this: I was sure that the Russians had planted listening devices everywhere in Westwood Village. I came to Denny’s and sat outside to avoid people’s chatter. I examined the printout of my withdrawal history. I then continued to write my letter. Then, something happened: “... they are just trying to produce a surveillance intercept showing us getting into contact with foreign agents, but that has no real world consequences...” In fact, it was most likely nothing. “... the receptionist wants us to go inside so that we will be forced to record other people’s conversations...” In fact, not an operation! Now, because there were too many people in Denny’s, I left (1:00:30). I picked up more cigarette butts and then assumed I was again videotaped by a taxi. I then came to the pizza store instead to order my dinner (1:10:00). Now people were again talking loudly inside, and so I sat outside (1:18:00). Then: “... the man who just walked out of his Mercedes... surveillance is produced showing us meeting foreign agents here...” (1:29:00). Most likely not! I then took notice of another woman who was pressing buttons on her cellphone in her car (1:32:00). Again, I was most likely paranoid over nothing here. Done with my food, I kept on walking. “So many people on the street! Why?” Then, another taxi: to “spot me”? (1:39:00) And I hummed because of all the chatter on the street. On 1:44:00 I settled down into my corner across the street from Denny’s to get ready to sleep. Another car dropped off two women who then walked into Claremont Hotel: “Does it produce any surveillance?” Most likely not! Then somebody was standing near me simply to smoke cigarettes. Now this *was* suspicious. “Why near us? Because he’s producing surveillance! Surveillance showing us not lying here but standing there!” (1:50:30) “It’s so awful! Everyone thinks you are over there and not here!” And he started using his cellphone! I warned him: “Hey! Can you go away? Mother fucker... you piece of shit...” And he walked back into Claremont Hotel. It’s not clear whether he was really carrying out an operation and, if so, whether it was for the suit team or for the Russian side. While trying to sleep, I continued: “... our bank account will go into the negative again... our mother has not deposited money...” Then, more people were coming by to talk, and I hummed. Then a woman approached me, and I yelled at her: “Don’t come!” And she dropped something into the trash can next to me, and I cried: “... she just

wants to produce an intercept...” In fact, most likely not.

Now let's pause for a moment to reflect on what had exactly happened today. What was going on with the CIA? You should know that the top-brass in the CIA clandestine service could only have wanted to check me out in person when they were in serious trouble, and so we must devise a scenario about how they had got into big trouble since November 5, the day when the suit team seemed to have some spectacular success. As noted, the suit team was desperately trying to escape their predicament by either removing my videos of the CIA girls from evidence in the upper court or proving there that I was in fact conspiring with the Russians, and yet all the evidences they were able to “collect” in the past nine days to “prove” the criminal nature of my documentary habits seemed to have come to naught. Why? What went wrong, especially since November 5? As noted, I can't really say. Perhaps my inference last night was really correct: the suit team was indeed constructing a narrative where I met with my Russian contact and got paid by him, in which case, when I figured it out and the Russians intercepted it, they would have made the whole scenario defunct since it would merely become the product of my conspiracy with the suit team. This would definitely unnerve the top-brass in the CIA clandestine service. Beside this, they could be terribly bothered by judge Higgins' increasing bias against them. We must imagine that the “Plan” – the devilish, genocidal, plan which the Agency was trying to help the Boss accomplish – must be so complex that judge Higgins couldn't possibly have digested it all in the days between October 11 and October 18. She must have been studying it and digesting it continually in the past three weeks, and have only come to a full understanding of its horrifying nature just now. But that means that she was now even more upset with the CIA than on October 18. Just these two things together – the nullification of a victory in the lower court and judge Higgins' exploding anger – could explain the CIA's action today, but there might very well be other things which I can't think of. In any case, the top officials in the CIA clandestine service must be experiencing terrible regret: they had jumped onto the devil's wagon forced by circumstances of the moment, and now they were about to be convicted of the gravest terrorism crime possible against humanity – it's all thanks to this weird homeless guy! He had caused us to flunk back in 2006 with Mr Secretary of Homeland Security, and then in 2007 with the director of the Chinese MSS, and now in 2009 with their perennial foes the Russians. They really just wanted to take a good look at me, the greatest curse on the CIA in its entire history! And so they hopped into their Mercedes and came to Westwood to take a look at me. Now the surveillance agents around me were feeding the recording of my monologues in real time not only back to the Russians but also to Homeland Security and CIA personnel on the side of the United States. Thus, as soon as I read out the car's license plate, not only did the Russians hear it but also the CIA officials inside the Mercedes. They panicked – when I became aware of who it was exactly that was in front of me, that could be interpreted as their conspiracy with me – and so instructed their driver to get away from me as fast as possible. But it was all too late: soon the Russians would be presenting the intercept of my reading out their license plate to judge Higgins' chamber as evidence that the CIA, even at this juncture, was still trying to conspire with me. These CIA people actually came out of the courthouse wanting to signal something to me in person! The CIA officials now had even more regret to add onto their already existing regret: they had just made their situation far worse simply because they wanted to impart a definite form on their existing woes. They thus immediately proceeded to produce evidences that might serve to neutralize this unnecessary crisis.

The operation started around 9 PM when I entered Kinkos. The recording did not register, and I don't quite remember at this time, what exactly happened. I just remember that the first Asian guy with long hair was sent in by the suit team to do something in the nature of reading out people's license plates. That is, the suit team wanted an intercept showing me doing something criminal with people's license plates, which evidence they could then use in the upper court to suppress as evidence the intercept which the Russians had just brought in. That's what alerted me to the situation at hand. Then the suit team sent in a second person, a white woman, to look at something on the computer – something very likely illegal, just as I had thought. That's another evidence which the suit team would use in the upper court to suppress my documentaries as evidences. (The previous woman holding LA Express in her hand was evidently performing the same function.) Then the third woman was sent in to use a Chase bank card to sign up for computers in order to enable the Machine to confuse her with me. Thus alerted to the suit team's tricks, I was now determined to say something about the Mercedes in order to help the Russians retain the latest evidence of the United States' conspiracy with me. And so, when I returned to Westwood where I knew the Russians had planted listening devices all around, I made it clear that I knew that the Mercedes was carrying CIA officials and then pretended to suspect that something was going on in the International Court since the CIA, unlike Mr former Secretary, did not have the habit of constantly checking me out – as if I didn't know that it was all because the CIA was sinking at the moment because the Russians had busted me. Later happenings would make it clear that, once again, the CIA's counter-measures tonight were ineffective: they would continue to sink further into their terrorist conspiracy with me.

November 11 (Wednesday; motel: nothing)

My next recording is: “slpwstwd_dble_wrrydsplaydtctveemail_11_11_09_1211-709AM.WMA: I continued: “... the security guards want us to sleep by the trash can so that, when people come by, intercepts can be produced... this surveillance system makes it so easy...” Then I slept quietly.¹¹ I woke up on 6:23:00. I was mumbling about what happened yesterday: “... it's all just manipulation... compact Mercedes with tinted windows...” I packed up and got up and started walking. On 6:38:00 I got on the bus. A Hispanic woman was reading *Opinion*: “... probably producing surveillance showing us reading Spanish... and a Hispanic man is making a cellphone call next to us, producing surveillance...” I hummed. On 6:45:20 I got off the bus (somewhere south of Santa Monica and Westwood) and immediately made my prediction as I walked toward Starbucks: “... the moment we walk into Starbucks, there will be children... Starbucks employees will call law enforcement, and detectives will come... Oh, police officers are over there to videotape us... we will simply say Hi...” I passed by the police car on 6:48:00 and walked into Starbucks on 6:48:30. I hummed like crazy. The man who bought coffee and then walked out did look like a detective – but then he had left so fast. Of course! No detectives here at all. I started working (uploading my latest recordings to my website.) Suddenly, I interrogated a woman: “Are you text-messaging for me?” “No.” “Nonetheless, surveillance is produced showing our Toshiba to have wireless capacity...” Probably not.

My next recording is: “strbks_hum_11_11_09_703-718AM.WMA”: Then the employee came over to

11 Reviewed until 28:00 and then from 6:20:00 onward.

warn me not to hum so loud (1:30). I thus put my recorder in my mouth and hummed in a low voice. On 10:00: "... that guy is using a phone... we've got intercepted again..." And I continued to hum. Then, suddenly, my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: "indianvid_smtxtmssgrbus_mtl_11_11_09_838AM-1232PM.WMA": I was upset that my recorder shut itself off again. While walking: "... another person is pushing... toward us... don't know what surveillance he's trying to produce..." Then I came in somewhere and noticed somebody using a Toshiba exactly identical to mine (10:00). Then I was buying food on the street. Then: "... two people with draggy carts in front of us... surveillance is on them right now... maybe surveillance is currently showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin walking with his girlfriend..." I squatted in the street corner to eat my food. Soon, an SUV pulled in: "... producing surveillance..." And I continued to suspect all the cars coming out to be "producing surveillance". "... sometimes Homeland Security sends in cars simply because they want us to read out the license plates... it might not be illegal for other people to do this, but when we do it it would be illegal..." (28:30). That is, I was still worried about the "criminal reading of people's license plates" from last night. Then a Hispanic woman passed by with her child: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in street alleys snooping on other people's children..." Then, more people passing by: "... surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on other people's conversations..." Then another car parked in front of me and, frightened, I moved away: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in street alleys waiting for his foreign intelligence contacts... they look Iranians... everything is to produce surveillance intercepts..." And I repeated several times the magical phrase "surveillance intercepts". I was wrong! Then: "... an Indian man is videotaping the street! David Chin is caught videotaping the streets!" (45:30) I continued to jump and down: "... somebody call the police! He's running away on his bicycle..." I then came in somewhere to use the restroom (49:30). Then, out and walking. Then, more children in front of me, and I waited for them to be gone. Then I caught up with the Indian man: "Mother fucker! You are criminally videotaping the street! We are gonna get you arrested! ... what's your name? ... you've got some Indian Kung-fu? ... you are videotaping for me, that must be illegal if you do that..." It's really not clear whether the Indian man was part of the suit team's operation, or part of the Russians' operation (pretending to be the suit team's), or simply an ordinary person unrelated to any operations. Then: "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is caught within five feet of two children again..." On 1:01:00 I got on the bus. I reflected: "... if you are pretending to be your brother, then you must... she's really your mother... even when in surveillance... when is Lawrence Chin... they must both be born in China... there is so much mystery that we haven't figured out yet... David Chin actually has a lot of friends and a girlfriend and is well supported... where is our brother born?" Then I hummed because people were talking loudly near me. On 1:17:00 I got off the bus in Santa Monica. I came to a park and sat down at a table and started working on my letter: "... I do realize I'm the most despicable super villain that has ever appeared in the history of humankind..." On 1:34:00 I got up and started walking, passing by children in the playground: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in a corner in the park to snoop on other people's children... according to surveillance, the foreign intelligence service is communicating to us via a radio device to instruct us as to what to write on our letter... we don't really write letters ourselves..." Then a

man was behind me and I assumed he was my double: I let him go first and then waved at the Santa Monica police car that passed me by. I kept on walking and then got on the bus on 1:44:00. On 1:51:00 I got off and, immediately, another person passed me by: "... surveillance is produced... everything around us is to produce surveillance intercepts... you can't just surrender, because the result would be the same... a black Cadillac, but the front windows are not tinted..." (1:54:50). Therefore, nothing. On 1:56:00 I got on the bus again: I had suddenly decided to check into a motel today. Now people were talking loudly and I hummed. On 2:00:00 I got off the bus, speculating about how people on the bus were producing surveillance intercepts earlier. Then: "... a white female is making a cellphone call, it's most likely for us, we are intercepted..." (2:04:30). On 2:06:00 I arrived at a motel, but one night cost 70 dollars. "... too much... Homeland Security knows that we want to check into a motel today..." Then, when I noticed a woman text-messaging, I shouted at her rudely: "... I've caught you text-messaging, you fucking bitch!" And she shouted profanity back at me (2:11:30). Most likely, not an operation. Then, more cellphones. Then, a woman scratching her forehead: "... surveillance is produced..." And I laughed around in a goofy manner. Then, more mothers and their children: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on people's children again..." And I slapped myself in the face: "... you piece of shit... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is so bad..." Then I was on the bus again: I was going to another location with motels. Soon the bus was filled up because so many people got on at Santa Monica College. Then I was scolding another guy for text-messaging (2:35:00). "... we've got intercepted again..." And I continued to lecture him: "Tell me what your text-message is about... Do you think that's fair? You know what has been intercepted but I don't... all you have to do is tell me and I'll leave you alone..." Ha! It's not even clear whether he had indeed been instructed by the suit team. On 2:42:00 I got off the bus mumbling: "I bet the text-message has something to do with motels..." I bought candies at a store: "... we have probably produced another intercept..." On 2:48:00 I got on the Culver City bus 6. As you can hear, a child was shouting inside the bus, and thus I hummed. Soon the bus driver, annoyed, shouted at me. I thus simply put my recorder in my mouth and hummed. On 2:59:00 I got off the bus on Venice and Sepulveda, the part of the town where all the motels were. I came to the first motel mumbling: "... we were here earlier... this place would turn into a foreign intelligence safe house, even though in reality it's nothing..." I asked for a room, but none was available (3:02:30). Then another mother with her child: "... another surveillance is produced showing David Chin snooping... We have to produce surveillance intercepts... no, we just want a break..." Then another mother with her child, and I shouted at them: "Don't come close to us! ... No!" I cried: "... we have produced another intercept showing us snooping on people's children... how many such intercepts do we have to produce? Look, a car is behind us, it parks, and then drives off, producing surveillance intercepts..." Really? On 3:12:30, I was at the third motel: it was only 56 dollars per night, and I paid. Then, strangely, the motel manager warned me: "... you must not cause troubles..." I was dumbfounded: "... this is my first time here..." But she continued: "You have been here before..." (3:15:00). Bullshit! The twilight zone again! Hence I was convinced that she had been instructed by the suit team to produce an intercept out of me. Was I correct? This is indeed strange: she didn't seem to have been instructed by the suit team and yet what she said made no sense. On 3:19:00 I came inside my room and immediately videotaped it. "... we have already lost the right to interact with people and so nobody is going to say things that make sense... hence the manager said... you are recording yourself 24 hours a day, so that, while nobody

else... at least you remember your life... *don't wash your clothes so that there is at least one reason why children shouldn't come near you*... people want us to commit crimes... we need to stay in one city... the largest scale clandestine operation in history... we want to make it larger... everywhere we go, the entire city would be..." I turned off my other recorder on 3:37:30 and then continued to work on my letter. This time, I took care to webcam myself writing my letter on paper. Soon I noticed that a white van had been parked outside my room. Could that possibly be Russian surveillance? Then, when the webcam image drifted a little, I believed again it was because my Toshiba was under the suit team's remote control. I filmed it with my camcorder.

My next recordings are: "wrtletwebcam_11_11_09_109-204PM.WMA" and "mtl_wrtlet_11_11_09_112-210PM.WMA": I also filmed my Chase bank mini-statement from yesterday. I then continued to write my letter: "... in order for the evidentiary record of the Court to be complete with cellphone communications..." The van was still outside (10:20). I also played the recording from last night (14:00) and was happy to discover that the recorder did pick up the payphone's ringing. Then I continued to work on "Frankfurt and Brussels" (24:00). When I detected problems with DVD 3, I filmed it. Then I played the recordings from November 2008 (50:00). And the van was still outside.

My next recording is: "wrt1108_how738_rvwbuytshba_11_11_09_204-408PM.WMA": I was now working on my "Periphery": I decided to celebrate my Toshiba's birthday by writing about buying it last November. Then the people next door were receiving somebody: "... surveillance is produced showing David Chin receiving somebody..." (20:30). And I continued to describe what my neighbors were doing: watering in order to produce surveillance. Again, I was most likely wrong here. I then went back to working on "Frankfurt and Brussels". Then I took notice of the three motorcycles outside. Then, when it was time for me to go out to buy food, I packed everything up.

My next recording is: "buyfood_11_11_09_413-543PM.WMA": I glanced out of my window: "A taxi is parked in front of us, waiting for us to go out so that surveillance intercepts can be produced." I thus waited for the taxi to be gone. "... everything around us is staged..." Hardly! Finally, the taxi was gone and I went out on 14:30. Now a Toyota Camry was trying to park where I wanted to go: "... he's trying to produce surveillance showing us meeting foreign agents..." I was ordering chicken wings in a fast food place on 19:00. Then a Hispanic woman walked in: "... producing surveillance..." I ran out to avoid her and then came back inside, but she walked in again, and I waited outside again: "... we are not gonna be in the same room with her... can we just take a break and not produce surveillance intercepts for one day?" Out again on 27:30 to wait for my chicken wings. Then about something: "... when we are here, he will purposely leave it behind, because we are just too ugly..." Then, when another car was making a weird turn in front of me, I again assumed it was to produce surveillance intercepts. Finally, on 39:30, I picked up my chicken wings and was walking back to my room. "... they might be pretending to make mistakes, but in surveillance it's our receiving secret messages from foreign intelligence services... it's actually an ordinary event, but they'll just interpret it differently..." I was back in my room on 44:30 and continued to mumble about this for a while. When I turned on the TV, it was Catherine Heigl! I ate while watching TV. "... that's why there were so many people on the streets yesterday in Westwood, it was Veterans' Day..." So that's why!

My next recording is: “mleatnews_cmmtion_irmianmantlkut_11_11_09_537-812PM.WMA”: I rested quietly watching the news. “Don’t forget that, by today, our Toshiba will have lasted one year... it’s not easy...” (1:19:00). Then: “... maybe that’s our double... in the van... eating... they are talking... producing surveillance of our clandestine activities...” (1:39:00). Then a huge SUV came in. “... people outside... producing an intercept of... the car came in front of us and then backed out, producing a surveillance intercept...” (2:03:00). Then: “... the guy on cellphone in front of us...” (2:05:30). And: “... speaks Farsi... surveillance is producing showing us criminally recording his conversation, or showing us speaking Farsi... we don’t want to record them... they are just producing a surveillance intercept showing us talking on the phone with an Iranian agent...” (2:17:00). Then another car pulled in. It’s in fact not clear if any of these had anything to do with any operations.

My next recording is: “mtlwrtlet_k11_how738_sjvid_11_11-12_09_817PM-227AM.WMA”: I then started typing out my letter on my Toshiba. Finally! It’s inevitable that I would eventually do this – I was now providing the suit team and the Russians with a direct glimpse into what I had been writing in the past few days. I also played some of my videos and took screenshots along the way: “... surveillance is going to show us videotaping... we will be convicted as a criminal videotaper in surveillance... *nations will be convicted, but we will be fine*... law enforcement... it’s hard to prove anything... it all depends on how honest Mr former Secretary will be... it might be nothing... in official records this Lawrence Chin has disappeared... only David Chin exists... there is not a crime on the planet which he hasn’t committed... now it’s all quiet outside... that means that the Iranian man was indeed part of an operation...” Probably not. I then continued to type out my letter: “... citizen of PRC... pretending to be homeless... at greater risk of law enforcement... I’m a very selfish person and as long as I can get some benefit...” Then I reflected: “... if he was trying to... then he would...” (2:09:20). I was then also reviewing the recording of one of my conversations with my mother (2:30:00). I then became alarmed because another car had parked in front of my room (2:42:40). “... maybe they are just trying to get us to videotape its license plate...” Not! (I was probably again thinking about what happened yesterday.) After my letter, on 3:25:00, I went back to working on “Periphery” and was now reviewing the recording of my time with my grandfather on a day in late 2008. “... until I have figured out what other people think of me, I’ll not stop...” Then I was back to working on my letter again (3:30:00). “... I’ll commit murders, I will dig into other people’s head, in order to find out... according to surveillance, we use a MAC, since surveillance is always about the opposite of reality...” (4:05:00). “... according to surveillance, we are probably outside right now doing our clandestine activities... there is now no more commotion... since the manager has warned us to not cause troubles, the earlier commotion was indeed about us...” (4:10:00). Then the police were yelling outside. “We are definitely outside... when we are other people, we can record other people...” Then I was working on one of my “Karin’s meetups” (4:15:00). And I started playing one of my recordings of Karin’s meetups on 4:24:00: “... Jacqueline, Michelle...” Then, on 5:48:00, you can hear me working on “Frankfurt and Brussels” again. Keep in mind that, if the Russians indeed had surveillance on me at this moment, all of this could become evidence in the ICJ. Then, referring to somebody in the recording, I reflected: “... she’s too sophisticated... Homeland Security didn’t just grab her off the street...” Then: “... one day when you get to look at the evidentiary record yourself, you might go

‘What the fuck’... you have all these clues... you have all these pieces... you put them together, and you can get a picture... but you don’t have all the pieces and so the picture is actually larger...” I used the example of Newton’s theory of universal gravitation: with more data, it was eventually proven to be incorrect, and the real picture was larger than was thought. “... you have the video of Enkel and Lawrence from June... we never know if Chaya knows anything about this... but if her life is confused with our life, then she might know something about it...” Again, keep in mind that the Russians were very likely listening to me at this moment.

November 12 (Thursday; “Are you Max?”)

My next recording is: “ckut_dnwrry_cllphn_strbkspckfght_11_12_09_817AM-1245PM.WMA”: And so I slept late and got up late. On 1:49:00 I got up and turned on the TV. I took notice of the black man and the white woman outside with their SUV. On 2:04:00 the manager was hurrying me to check out. I filmed my room before leaving. “Another miserable day is about to start, with all the children and text-messaging waiting for you...” By 2:20:00 I had left the motel. As usual, I dumped all my trash in the trash cans on the street. On 2:27:00, in the Chinese fast food place. The employee answered a cellphone call while I was ordering: “... surveillance is produced showing us answering a cellphone call...” (2:30:20). I reflected: “... the van... the man inside might be an undercover detective... he might go inside our room to collect DNA samples since we are a child-molesting suspect... then the DNA samples will be mixed up with somebody else’s, so that we will be found to be not Lawrence Chin... we have just never seen any white hair man there...” It’s not clear whether there was really any detective after me while I was lodging in the motel and whether I was merely pretending to believe there was, but there was certainly no attempt to collect my DNA samples. I ate and continued: “... you can scorch the earth and never find Lawrence Chin...” Then another black Cadillac passing by, but this one was again not suspicious (2:56:45). I was now on the street, and another Hispanic man was making a cellphone call while another Hispanic woman was pushing a baby cart: “... we’ve got intercepted making another cellphone call... the imitator is always perceived to be... faulty surveillance immediately moves onto the man making the call...” On 3:02:30 I got on the bus. Again, people were talking loudly, and I hummed. Siren on 3:17:00. On 3:26:30 I got off the bus. I rested in a corner and soon took notice of another SUV with tinted windows (3:32:00). Then another guy passed by who looked Homeland Security. On 3:36:00 a white female passed by text-messaging: “... we’re intercepted...” And I got on the bus at the same time. “... another cellphone call in front of us, we might be intercepted...” (3:40:00). Again, people were talking loudly and I hummed. Then another black woman was making a cellphone call behind me: “... she could be calling for us... and another white female is making a cellphone call...” On 4:10:30 I got off the bus on Wilshire and La Brea: “... this fire truck just parks there in front of us... very suspicious...” And another police car. And I speculated about the man who asked for change earlier on the bus. Then another white woman was text-messaging: “... we are intercepted...” Probably not. I came to Starbucks and sat outside to work (4:15:00). There was another Asian female on Toshiba. Then another old black man tried to get through behind me even though there was clearly not enough room, and I yelled at him convinced that he was trying to produce a surveillance intercept. Again, most likely not: my symptoms as a typical targeted individual. Then people came around me to talk: “... the goal is to force us to hum so that we will

cause disturbances...so that the employee will come over and say bad things about us... this David Chin is very bad, always causing disturbances...” Again, the talking was most likely not orchestrated by the suit team. I hummed.

My next recording is: “strbksthrwnut_txtmssgr_11_12_09_1237-141PM.WMA”: People were still talking loudly around me, and I continued to hum. Then my FTP transfer stalled again. Then I streamed one of my recordings from my website to cover up the noise. Then, on 19:00, the Starbucks employee came to me to throw me out: “... I just can’t have you here...” And he hovered over me to watch me pack and leave. See! “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is gradually pushed out of society... he has absolutely nowhere to go...” By 25:00 I had left Starbucks. Another black Cadillac, but, again, the front windows were not tinted (and so not Homeland Security) (30:00). “... we brought in so many customers, but we still got slapped in the face...” On 39:20 I got on the bus. No children on the bus! But more text-messaging. Then an old lady dragging a cart got on the bus. On 51:00 I got off the bus on Wilshire and Normandie. Immediately: “... a white female is making a cellphone call, we are intercepted...” (52:50). On 55:00 I came inside Coffee Bean. A black woman was making a cellphone call behind me. “For us or to us?” I sat outside to work. “Parking Enforcement has ‘spotted us’.” Now I had difficulty in seeing my computer screen because of the sunlight.

My next recording is: “cfbean_txtmssgr_11_12_09_146-246PM.WMA”: I continued to work outside Coffee Bean. “... we might have been intercepted again when we opened up our Toshiba in the middle of the street...” A car came over and immediately drove away: “... he has probably already produced evidence of our communication...” Perhaps! Then a black man came over and did something with his shoulder: “... surveillance is produced showing David Chin receiving a secret message from foreign agents...” Then a man pressing buttons on his cellphone: “... we are intercepted... it’s the saddest thing in the world when other people’s business is always our business...” And another Iranian man was text-messaging: “... we’re intercepted...” Again, it’s possible that he was actually doing surveillance for the Russian side. And people passed by talking loudly: “... surveillance showing David Chin hiding in the street corner secretly recording people... all we do is producing intercepts, and then we get slapped in the face, because getting slapped in the face also produces a surveillance intercept...” On 28:00 I came back inside Coffee Bean: “... perhaps the upload speed is faster here...” I put my recorder in my mouth and hummed because people were again talking loudly around me. I was now uploading the screenshots from Journal Attachment 19, and the upload proceeded extremely slowly. “As always, our Internet connection is confused with someone else’s right now...” And more text-messaging: “... we’ve got intercepted...” Then I noticed suspicious packets on my T-Shark: “... law enforcement could arrest us for this...” And somebody warned me about my humming. Again, I wrongly assumed he was instructed by the suit team. Then another man on cellphone: “... to us or for us? ...” And somebody’s cellphone rang again (59:00).

My next recording is: “wlshre_survintrcpts_lifeofdavid_11_12_09_235-502PM.WMA”: I continued to work in Coffee Bean. I was now making hash values of my latest files, and I hummed intermittently. “Ha ha! We have made another prediction today...” Then: “Would I get arrested?” (8:30) Then, from 11:30 onward, I started my new mantra: “*We produce surveillance intercepts... then we get thrown out,*

because that itself produces a surveillance intercept... we are a character in a TV show, except that we are not supposed to know..." I walked out of Coffee Bean on 14:30 mumbling: "We don't know what we have communicated, but our audience know..." On 16:00 I got on the bus. "... other people's business is our business... literally so... it's bad that you have to care about other people's business..." On 26:40 a bunch of high school students came on the bus and, panicking, I hummed. On 28:00, fed up with all these teenagers, I got off the bus. And more high school black kids passed me by talking loudly, and I hummed: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on teenagers again..." Then, I mumbled more about how exhausted I was in producing intercepts. When I was about to get on the bus together with more high school students, I hesitated: "... surveillance is now showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin following high school students onto the bus..." And so I decided not to get on – in order to protect my documentaries inside the ICJ docket (42:00). "... my name is David Chin, you can blanket-search the whole planet, and you will never find Lawrence Chin..." Then a black woman was yelling, and I hummed (46:30). Then, more "snooping on high school students". I sighed: "We are not gonna make it..." On 48:00 I screamed at the top of my lungs: "... we produce surveillance intercepts you mother fuckers..." And more children were coming. "We want to study computers, so that one day... will be solved..." I jaywalked through the streets and yelled at drivers: "Hey! Stop! We produce surveillance intercepts! ... my name is David Chin..." My outburst was in fact good evidence for the Russians: it wasn't the case that I so enthusiastically conspired with the suit team but did so only grudgingly (in conformity to my well-known dislike of the United States). On 1:00:30 I came inside Burger King to use the restroom, and there were more high school students! I used the restroom and quickly came out. Then somebody was text-messaging across the street: "... we are intercepted..." (1:03:30). Again, not necessarily. Then: "... more surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin squatting by the bus stop snooping on high school students..." And one of the students was playing on her cellphone: "... we are snooping and getting intercepted at the same time..." Finally: "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is caught following high school students onto the bus..." (1:07:20). "We are not afraid to produce intercepts..." And teenage girls were talking loudly, and I hummed: "... David Chin is again caught within three feet of young girls..." I kept on humming, and somebody warned me: "... keep it down..." And more text-messaging on the bus: "... David Chin has got intercepted again..." On 1:29:00 I got off the bus: "... let's produce more intercepts..." Then I was on the bus again. I tried to calculate how many hours of recording I had. Then somebody was again talking loudly, and I hummed. On 1:48:00 I got off the bus. I was now on Vermont and Sunset. "We are all sorts of dummy tree, but especially cellphone dummy tree... everybody uses cellphones except us, and yet, in the world of surveillance, it's the exact opposite... mirror image..." On 1:52:30 I came to Starbucks and sat outside to work. Now somebody was chatting on webcam: "... surveillance is showing us chatting..." And a black man was waving at somebody: "... surveillance is showing David Chin waving at his contacts... we are only their life for an instant... *our life is pieced together from tens of thousands of moments from tens of thousands of people...*" Excellent understanding of how the whole thing worked! Good evidence for the Russians! Then: "... David Chin is caught giving high-five to... he's here to meet various friends... we are prohibited from going into our website today... we have a life, it's just that we have never lived it, we have a girlfriend and everything, and we have all these friends... Oh, David Chin has got caught making a cellphone call again... all these moments from other people's lives... some of them are good

things, but we just never get to enjoy them... girlfriend, friends...” By 2:12:00 I left Starbucks. “We will have to spend our whole life trying to find out the life of David Chin, and we will never stop... what other people believe our life is... we are chasing after a car that is continually moving away from us, but that’s okay...” On 2:16:30 I came back inside Starbucks. “We will never stop until we find out what other people think we are doing... we are going to the Hague, and we will live there... the life of David Chin... the purpose of our life is to produce surveillance intercepts, *but we have a purpose for ourselves, which is to find out what intercepts we have produced...*” Excellent testimony to explain how, although I was conspiring with the suit team, I was also doing all these other things, such as documenting and theorizing. As I worked (uploading my files and so on), I continued to hum. Then, more children appeared: “... apparently David Chin likes Starbucks because there are always children here...” Then I was working on getting my hash values.

My next recordings are: “strbks_vermont_11_12_09_508-516PM.WMA” and: “strbksftp_txtmssgrmeetng_dblephnecll_wrtlet_11_12_09_510-907PM.WMA”: I was now streaming my recordings and writing. I then continued to work on my letter. On 1:06:00 another woman came in with a child: “Oh, the criminal foreign agent David Chin is snooping on other people’s children again...” And people were again talking loudly near me: “... this is to produce surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in the corner of Starbucks to secretly record people’s conversations...” (1:17:00). Then a little girl came near me: “... again the criminal foreign agent David Chin is...” Then somebody was text-messaging in front of me: “... David Chin has got intercepted again...” (1:19:00). Then more text-messaging: “... we are getting massively intercepted as text-messaging to our foreign intelligence boss...” I couldn’t help but walk up to the man who had just text-messed and ask him: “What did I just text-message?” He replied that he was meeting a girl here soon. “... so I guess I’m meeting someone here...” (1:22:00). Then the man walked away: “See, he’s not meeting any girl here, it’s me...” (1:26:00). This is indeed suspicious! An operation? Then another guy was making a cellphone call. “David Chin likes children so much that he hides in this Starbucks...” (1:33:00). Then more children showed up. “I feel so sad, we are a pedophile... everything you see around you is because of the International Court...” Then a black man came over to ask me: “Are you Max?” I was shocked and yelled at him: “Get the fuck away from me! ... this is the follow-up upon the text-messaging earlier...” (1:57:00). This indeed looked like a suit team operation: more on this in a moment. I then recounted all the crimes which David Chin had committed today: “... he came here because he likes children so much... he then text-messed saying he was meeting a girl... then his companion came, and he was impersonating as ‘Max’... five intercepts in total...” (until 2:02:00). Was I correct at all? Then a mother carried her daughter in: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is snooping again...” Then my Eee PC died, and I shut it down (2:04:00). Again: “... what a good job, just ask someone if he is ‘Max’, and nations will get fucked up...” By 2:08:00 I had left Starbucks. I shouted as I walked on the street: “We will continue to produce surveillance intercepts... oh, David Chin has got intercepted one more time... surveillance intercepts... *we produce surveillance intercepts... cellphones...*” Then a car stopped in front of me: “Is it to produce an intercept?” On 2:13:00 I came to the Thai restaurant to eat. I sat outside and ordered steamed dumplings. A black man was talking on his cellphone near me: “... David Chin is caught again on 7:26 PM...” (2:16:00). I then continued to write my letter. Suddenly, children came in: “David Chin has just got caught again hiding

in a corner snooping on children... it's essential that we find out about the ICJ judgment about us, for there will never be Lawrence Chin again, he will never be seen again... we will be David Chin for life..." Again, just acting. I had also been suspecting whether the guy who was locking his bicycle on the street was producing a surveillance intercept. Then another man came in to sing, and I believed he was here to provoke me in order to produce another surveillance intercept (3:08:00): "... so that, when we get thrown out, that would be the surveillance intercept..." Again, gross exaggeration of the operation on me. Now this man stayed in the patio with me as if he was really trying to provoke me. Then he was charging his cellphone, upon which I decided that he was my double instead. Then he started talking on his cellphone: now I was even more sure that he was my double. I was now fed up and, on 3:25:30, decided to leave. "... he's also putting his phone on speaker mode... it's not clear whether he's talking for us or to us... or rather, it's an intercept showing him dictating to David Chin so that David Chin can deceive the world that he has written this letter himself..." I told him: "You do know that you are being recorded, right? I don't know whether you are talking for me or to me..." (3:29:00). He claimed he didn't care. I paid and was ready to leave, but now this man was leaving too: "... it's definitely our double..." And so I decided to stay longer. It's always possible that the suit team really did send this guy in to provoke me – again, more on this later. Siren on 3:32:00. I thus continued to write my letter. Then another Hispanic guy walked past text-messaging: "... it's 8:55 PM and we are intercepted again..."

My next recording is: "outside_thairstau_tostrbks_11_12_09_914-959PM.WMA": I was still at the patio of the Thai restaurant. "We are really finding this unbearable... we've just got intercepted..." And I broke down in tears. Again, this was not good evidence for the Russians. I then continued to type out my letter. When another person passed by, I shouted at him out of resentment: "... I produce surveillance intercepts, can you do that?" By 19:00 I was done and had packed up. Then: "When a white man calls the black man the 'N-word', the black man feels like shit, but when he calls himself the 'N-word', he feels good... the next thing to do is always to think about what the next thing to do is..." On 25:30 I came inside Starbucks to use the restroom. Then, on 30:00, I was using the ATM. On 36:00 I came back inside Starbucks to use my computers. I continued to be bothered by all the text-messaging in here. "... everything is an operation... there is a child in here..." When people were talking loudly again, I hummed.

My next recording is: "strbk_crmlrcrdng_plcvid_11_12_09_1004-1111PM.WMA": I now suspected that the Linux packages website was fake: "... in surveillance it will be fake, provided by foreign intelligence services... but it's merely real packages pretending to be fake..." I was most likely paranoid over nothing again. I then tried to log into my lawrencechin2008.com: "... it's a fake website... university..." Even when a white female merely asked me for the chair next to me, I assumed surveillance was produced. From 10:00 onward I continued to type out my letter. I streamed one of the recordings on my website in order to cover up other people's noises. Then, the employee rolled up the curtain and, just then, a police car came to park right behind me. I was shocked because, just at this moment, I had all my recording devices on the table. "The police have videotaped us and are now leaving!" (42:00) I naturally assumed all this was orchestrated: "... we are in deep shit... criminal recording... the police have videotaped us with our recording devices on the table... now the police

have this record, that this child-molesting vagrant, always thrown out from places, is seen with all these recording devices... now he's gonna get arrested and thrown into the mental hospital... we are dead meat... the Starbucks employees are fucking operatives, they always fucking know what to do... *our fucking documentaries will be gone*... we are a fucking pedophile, and we've got videotaped with our recording devices, and we are seen next to children 50 times a day... at least we have made this prediction... the police have 'accidentally' gathered so much evidence about the threat this vagrant poses to children..." Again, gross exaggeration of the operation on me: none of this was likely orchestrated by the suit team. I now started transcribing one of my recent recordings. "... when law enforcement are back at their base, they will put together all these evidences, and their conversations about us will also be intercepted into the International Court as evidences: David Chin is always maliciously recording people's conversations and carrying a ton of recording devices to show up in front of children... he'll get seriously fucked, that's our prediction..."

My next recording is: "leavstrbk_dblecig_lkforslp_11_12-3_09-1102PM-1201AM.WMA": I immediately started uploading my latest prediction to my website. This was not necessarily good evidence for the Russians since it seemed to suggest that I didn't particularly want to cooperate with the suit team – although herein I also expressed my fear of losing my documentaries. "... Homeland Security Daddy is listening to our prediction and so has adjusted our upload speed, they have made it faster... Will there ever be a day when people will not try to harm us? If Homeland Security gives us a fake Linux packages website... that means they don't want us to reinstall the Operating System... because they have already put things in it..." Not. By 24:00 I had left Starbucks. "What we have to do next is smoke a cigarette and think about what we have to do next... just be the dummy, don't be adverse to dummihood, but we will not do that... there has always been a difference between a crime in surveillance and a crime in reality... but now the two are coming together... people always talk to us as if nothing is going on... and so the Starbucks employee..." I was now waiting at the bus 181 stop. A Hispanic guy passed by smoking cigarettes: "... surveillance is now on him, which means the next guy will be our double..." Hence I walked away. Siren on 47:40. While I was avoiding people: "... another police car has videotaped us..." (54:00). Probably not. Then a man with a cellphone passed by: "... we are intercepted..." Then: "... the guy that was smoking cigarettes... we assumed the double would come after, but it could be before that... we might have been intercepted making a deposit in Bank of America..." On 58:00 I settled into a corner.

Now, at the end of our narrative for today, let's examine the evidences thus produced. We have seen that, after their disaster on November 10, the suit team ran no operations on me on November 11. It's easy to imagine them spending the whole day yesterday regrouping: by early morning yesterday, the Russians would have brought into the upper court the intercept of my confession the previous night that I did know that the Mercedes Benz were carrying CIA officials, and judge Higgins would have again considered the evidences which the suit team had brought in from that night insufficient ground for suppressing this golden intercept as evidence. After one day of deliberation, the suit team struck again today. When they sent that black man in to call me "Max", they had obtained another evidence confirming that the "David Chin legend" was true (that I really did impersonate and have all these foreign intelligence contacts and criminal friends). However, their purpose today had to be more

nefarious than this: they sent this black man in to do this because they wanted another instance where I was *clearly* resisting their operation. Namely, my anger was evidence that I was in fact only pretending to conspire with them in order to harm them. Only in this way could they rebut the two new pieces of evidences, my reading out their license plate and my confession that the Mercedes Benz did belong to them: “He’s really just acting trying to harm us!” Only then could they continue to have the upper court’s permission to produce evidences in their favor in the lower court, which evidences they could then use in the upper court itself for suppressing evidences. Similarly, if they did also send in the man to provoke me while I was in the Thai restaurant, it was probably also to produce more instances where I can clearly be seen resisting their operations.

November 13 (Friday; text-message)

My next recording is: “slp_wkstrbksplceonme_storg_atmdble_11_13_09_553-1002AM.WMA”: I came to Starbucks on 24:00 but soon left. I had only 20 dollars left. Then, a Hispanic girl was using her cellphone near me: “We’ve got intercepted...” (41:30). Then: “We will never find a Starbucks without children in it...” I was now going to my storage facility. I got on the bus on 44:00 and got off on 1:13:00 and reflected on the purpose of the operation: how, last night, the threshold was reached and now law enforcement had started a serious investigation of me as a pedophile. Not! Just the same old, not so serious, investigation. I then got videotaped by a police car on 1:19:40 (or so I assumed). I then got on the bus again. I suspected another man on the bus to be an undercover detective. I got off the bus on 1:30:00. I came to my storage facility on 1:34:00 murmuring: “... shit is gold, and gold is shit... black is white...” Namely, America. A-American was not yet open. I waited in the parking lot and took notice of the homeless man living in the tent. (It’s always possible that he was in fact doing surveillance for the Russian side.) Then: “We’ve got intercepted, because we are going to the storage, and we always have to tell our boss about it...” (1:41:30). Then I continued writing my letter (1:51:00). I then speculated on the reason why people were holding their cellphone to their chin to talk to it: “I think it’s to create an intercept showing our recorder to be actually a cellphone” (2:15:00). I then came inside the storage continuing: “... our drawing is destroyed... nothing we do is worthwhile... shit is gold and gold is shit...” Then, when I opened my storage unit, my scanner fell to the floor and broke (3:23:00). More bad luck!

My next recording is: “storg_atmdble_bus2provoke_711dummielog_11_13_09_910AM-1201PM.WMA” (this recording overlaps the previous): Then someone was coming and I tried to hurry and I walked out of the storage facility on 40:00. On the staircase I saw a box of broken glasses and made a big deal about it to my recorder. Then, while in the food mall, I saw somebody using the Chase ATM: “My double has just used the ATM: the criminal foreign agent David Chin has just been caught using another bank account!” (52:00) I was on the bus from 1:13:00 onward. Someone’s phone rang. “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin has just been caught again...” (1:15:00). I got off the bus on 1:22:00. I counted 13 surveillance intercepts so far for today. Again, gross exaggeration. Then: “A black man is pressing buttons on his cellphone” (1:35:00). The black man actually came to me and I repeated my description to him. Then I was on the bus again on 1:35:45. I believed I had noticed another undercover detective on the us (1:45:00). Most likely not. Then: “... we’ve got intercepted

again...” (2:04:00). And there was more text-messaging in front of me (2:09:00). I got off the bus on 2:15:30 on Vermont and Sunset. Now, someone scratched his head when I got off, and a Hispanic fat woman was pushing her baby cart in front of me. I continued: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin has just got caught within five feet of a baby... we have produced 15 surveillance intercepts so far today...” (2:17:00). When I passed by an ATM I saw someone withdrawing money again – “We have never passed by an ATM without someone using it...” (2:19:00). Then I saw an Iranian man: “We may have just produced another intercept of our coming into contact with an Iranian secret agent...” (2:24:00). Not. Then: “We are the perfect dummy... But only the United States can use this kind of surveillance system which turns gold into shit and shit into gold... The homeless people in other countries may be made into dummies, and they wouldn’t be as smart as we are in realizing that they are actually dummies...” (until 2:31:00). I came inside Starbucks on 2:48:00.

My next recording is: “wstwdphntxtmssgrmeetng_plcephnesurvwrk_11_13_09_1155AM-551PM.WMA”: I continued to work in Starbucks (uploading my latest recordings to my website and so on). “... what’s really bad is that we have to be something other than ourselves...” Another cellphone call next to me. Then text-messaging in front of me: “... we are intercepted...” (13:30). Then, more loud talking in front of me, and I hummed. Then: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is again caught meeting with somebody...” (20:00). “... surveillance is now showing us meeting a businessman...” And now the businessman’s cellphone just had to ring: “... David Chin is caught again... it’s the 18th surveillance intercept today... you think this man just sits here... what is ordinary is turned into the extraordinary...” I became angry: “... it’s so loud in here... we can’t hear anything from our laptop...” Then: “They will probably report to the manager saying we are yelling... every time we come Homeland Security will send in so many people... it’s not about criminal recording since we can’t hear anything...” In reality, the suit team was not the cause of the crowd. Then: “... the businessman now said he lost a pen... it’s evidence that David Chin has lost a pen, and a pen will be found and turned in to the International Court as evidence and...” Again, probably not so this time. Then my FTP transfer stalled again, and I believed (most likely erroneously) it was because Homeland Security wanted to retain me here longer for operational purposes. Now an Asian guy was text-messaging near me. My FTP transfer was now running very slowly. I was now working on the hash values of my latest files. More text-messaging on 1:08 PM. Then another woman pushed her baby cart in: “... that’s why Homeland Security cut down the upload speed... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin coming to Starbucks because he wants to be around children... the kid is 10 feet in front of us... we are committing another crime, and we can’t do anything about it... we must commit crimes, for the greatness of this nation...” And you can hear the child making noises, which upset me greatly (1:18:00): “... we want to vomit, we are unable to work...” I got so fed up that I packed up my things mumbling about how much I wanted to kill the mother and the child (1:24:50). Again, this sort of reaction would have to be explained soon. “... maybe the undercover detective is hearing us expressing our murderous wish right now...” Not! As soon as I came out, I ran into another white female who was text-messaging: “... we are intercepted once more...” (1:31:30). “... that’s the 20th surveillance intercept today... it has probably something to do with our leaving...” And I tried to avoid more baby carts. “... it’s causing us nauseating sensation... more children... David Chin has come to Hollywood because there are children here and he loves children... he’s caught within 30 feet

of...” I hid next to the big trash can behind a flowers store: “... hopefully mothers will not take their children here to pick trash... anywhere... when people text-message, just hit them in the head... it could be that Homeland Security is encouraging us to write this letter so that we can come into more law enforcement attention...” I thus continued to work on my letter. Soon: “... people are coming around to ‘spot us’... the vagrant by the trash can with his laptop open...” I wrote: “... my cellphone communications are intercepted 20 times a day...” By 2:05:30 I moved out. Now a long hair Hispanic guy was pressing buttons on his cellphone: “... we are getting intercepted...” (2:06:30). Then: “... another mother and her child are at the bus stop waiting for us, and so we shall go to another location...” Then: “... a Hispanic man using a Toshiba Satellite and a fat Hispanic woman with a baby cart next to her...” Then, on 2:17:00, I got on the bus. And the bus smelled like beer: “... surveillance has thus shown the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding by the trash can earlier to drink beer...” Probably not. Then, on 2:21:00, ambulance siren: “... pretending to have emergency again...” Then: “... David Chin is a combination of our locations, our appearance, and thousands of tiny moments from other people’s lives... we are gonna... because you will be considered a pedophile no matter what... it’s a psychological thing, not even a political thing...” Then, from 2:55:00 onward, I resumed working on my letter. Then, distraught: “... another surveillance intercept showing David Chin...” And more repeating of my mantra: “... I produce surveillance intercepts...” Then a black woman was text-messaging outside: “... we are intercepted... the message probably says we are getting off the bus to conduct our clandestine activities...” (3:13:20). Immediately, somebody’s cellphone rang just when I was getting off the bus in Westwood, and I couldn’t help but laugh about it (3:14:25). I was now mumbling about how the call was probably to instruct David Chin to pick trash cans in order to pretend to not have money. Then a girl was using the Bank of America ATM: “... probably to produce surveillance showing David Chin using a different bank account...” Then a 10 year-old child was behind me: “... we are running away because that’s not a pleasant intercept... it’s nauseating...” At least an explanation as to why I was resisting. “... we have produced 22 surveillance intercepts today... maybe... we can stand at Promenade with the other performers and demand one dollar per intercept... ‘Everyone, get your laptop out and look at something illegal next to me, you’ll pay me one dollar per each’...” I was now next to the CGI building. “... we produce surveillance intercepts... I contribute my location, and you contribute your pranks... it’s vomit-inducing... because the sin is fake...” Again, an explanation. Then a white female shook the hand of a Hispanic male near me: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is coming to Westwood to meet with somebody...” (3:29:00). Then my act again: “Why does it hurt? We have to talk to a therapist... even though the criminal foreign agent David Chin smells so bad, he goes around meeting all these attractive people...” Now I found food in the trash can and, as usual, filmed it before eating it (3:36:00). Then a Hispanic man seemed to be scolding me for leaving all these things around me. “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin leaves all his top secret documents and equipment around...” Then more young girls passed me by: “... surveillance is now showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin squatting by the street corner snooping on young girls...” Then another guy with his car: “... maybe he’s producing surveillance showing David Chin having a car... he’s so care-free that he just throws his car keys on top of the roof... David Chin is such a character... there is no ‘outside’ of this job, so that, when we have produced the necessary surveillance, we still get slapped in the face because that itself also produces surveillance... you can never step outside the job for a moment to get paid...” I then mumbled continually about how David

Chin was deceiving the American people. On 3:54:50 I came inside Starbucks. I immediately ran into somebody who was text-messaging: "... we've got intercepted again... that's certainly an intercept because she was talking and texting at the same time... when they try to hide their text-messaging *from* you, that means they are text-messaging *for* you..." The basis of my inference was certainly valid, but this was probably not a suit team operation because text-messaging while talking was not about hiding anything. I came back inside Starbucks to get some water. Then another guy was pressing buttons on his cellphone: "... we've got intercepted again, thank you sir!" (4:00:30) "... we have produced 28 intercepts today..." On 4:07:00 I was resting in a corner to smoke. On 4:08:00 I became engaged in a short chat with a girl: she was downloading a game onto her iPhone: "... surveillance is now showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin downloading..." Not. On 4:11:00 I got on the Culver City bus 6. "Why are we so sad about getting kicked out? ... Karin's restraining order, which was taken to the International Court as evidence... she gets... because that would be taken into the International Court as evidence... she has so many people... why are we so miserable? We are miserable because..." On 4:43:00 I got off the bus in Culver City: "... that's probably David Chin coming to Sepulveda to meet with another girlfriend... he has many girlfriends... we will find out about the life of the criminal foreign agent David Chin... the tiny instances from other people's lives which compose the life of the criminal foreign agent David Chin... everyday we produce surveillance intercepts..." On 4:52:30, I came upon Tanner's Coffee. I said to the cashier: "... you are text-messaging for me, at 4:54 PM, we are intercepted..." Then a black man was saying something to a white female: "... producing another surveillance... everyone knows what to do..." In fact, not everyone! "... *if someday we can go back to being Lawrence Chin*... what do we get out of this? ... Dear God... may we be Lawrence Chin again... I don't think that's allowed... we *are* allowed to be Lawrence Chin, it's just that nobody is allowed to know that, and that's what we have problem with..." Then, more text-messaging and more complaints about it. I walked away crying: "... I don't want to be David Chin..." (5:01:30). "... we really thought that one day we can go back to being Lawrence Chin, but that's never gonna happen..." I cried aloud: "Why is our life so bad? People are nice to us because we have a lot of surveillance intercepts to produce... it's the easiest job in the world but no one will want to have it..." Then, on 5:06:00, because I was jaywalking through the streets, two police officers stopped me to interrogate me. I was shocked and apologized while panicking: "... I'm sorry sir, I'm catching the bus..." But he continued: "Where do you live?" "Palos Verdes..." "You have ID on you?" I broke down crying "They are going to arrest us... I need to catch the bus..." "Where are you trying to go? Do you live on the street right now?" I really thought the suit team had sent them here to find a reason to take me away and mumbled frantically: "... I have a family... I'm going to meet my family..." "How old are you? Do you work?" I was incensed: "We all have to pretend..." "When you had a job, what did you do? Do you know what city this is? What day is it today? Who's the President of the United States?" After I answered all the questions correctly, miraculously, they let me go (by 5:10:00)! It's really not clear whether they were indeed sent in by the suit team. "I don't know what surveillance they are trying to produce... maybe how David Chin is using Lawrence Chin's ID again... or maybe we are being arrested according to surveillance... and we cannot say the obvious, that they are pretending not to know us... that's on the level of the International Court... on the ordinary level, there is no alert about us among law enforcement... that feels like shit... Why don't we have David Chin's ID? Because it's our job to pretend to be Lawrence Chin by continually using Lawrence Chin's ID... whether we are Lawrence

Chin or David Chin, we do look like the terrorist suspect on the FBI document, but after several years, everyone has forgotten about that...” I got on the bus on 5:19:00. I made a big fuss about somebody’s cellphone’s continual ringing. “... everyday it’s just pranks... we produce surveillance intercepts... it’s our location which is valuable... we have to be David Chin for life...” And I broke down into tears. “... it’s so sad...” And then I was mumbling about the impossibility of magnifying only part of the talking in the recording leaving the rest unaltered. “... and so surveillance... only a description of the phone’s ringing is presented to the International Court as evidence...” And I continued on about this: “... the surveillance only includes a small set of characteristics... ‘It’s a man’... there are no images...” Correct! My accurate understanding of how faulty surveillance worked was always good evidence for the Russians, and, as you shall see, they would soon make something out of this confession of mine. Then, on 5:35:30, I fell to the floor: “... the mentally disabled foreign agent...” On 5:37:00 I got off the bus. I was now back in Westwood: just wasting my time going around because I didn’t know where to go exactly! I continued to mumble about how I was afraid that the police would tackle me down and taser me. “... one day when we get caught with thousands of hours of recordings, we will simply say it’s all accidental... you know that truth will be preserved for some day, not today, but some day... let’s focus on ourselves... Are they trying to deceive us into thinking that law enforcement has no problem with us? All this pedophilia... is it just crime in surveillance only? It has no significance in the real world... Are we safe? We don’t know if the police are trying to deceive us... when an undercover detective watches over a pedophile suspect, he’s not gonna admit it... Look, an old Indian man with his grand daughter, another surveillance... they don’t really care... they only care about what’s going on in the International Court... they don’t care whether Lawrence Chin exists or David Chin exists... the police were trying to get you to tell the truth, to admit you are homeless... we’ve got caught using Lawrence Chin’s ID again... we have a higher expectation of ourselves than other people do... other people are like: ‘You don’t deserve to know the truth about what is happening to you’, but we have a different opinion... *knowing is the cure of the disease in some way...*” Another explanation of my actions. Then another white female on cellphone: “... we might be intercepted at this moment... evidence of our crime and the crime of the nations for which we work... maybe, according to surveillance, talking to ourselves is actually talking on cellphone...” I came inside Starbucks on 5:51:30. “... we will be selfish and mind our own business, which is either to be David Chin or to return to being Lawrence Chin...” Just acting! Good evidence for the Russians.

My next recording is: “strbkcmmtion_psychanl_wntnotwnt_11_13_09_556-841PM.WMA”: I was in Starbucks surfing the Internet while burning a new disc. “We produce so much surveillance intercepts...” Then, several people walked in: “... perhaps to produce surveillance intercepts...” On 19:00, more people walked in: “... a vagrant, probably here to be our double...” On 21:50 a woman brought in two children: “Oh, Homeland Security wants to torment us again...” And a white female was text-messaging on 22:30. “... operation is starting again... so annoying...” Then: “... we are doomed to be around children because that’s the profile of David Chin... David Chin likes to be around children... we are not into drug-trafficking anymore, but children... being David Chin is your permanent condition... you have to absorb the faults of other people...” Then, on 28:00, this woman came in just to text-message in front of me. “This is definitely for us...” Now she was making a cellphone call. Did the suit team really send her in? Then, on 33:00, another Asian female was talking on her cellphone.

Now I was looking at Quick Fax, trying to figure out how, after I completed my letter, I was supposed to send it: Internet faxing seemed to be the way. “You don’t know whether this website is real...” Then, on 56:00, I overheard the Starbucks employees’ conversation, and I asked them: “It’s amazing that you guys were talking about psychoanalysis; I was just talking about psychoanalysis outside and now you are doing it... to produce surveillance intercepts...” Then I turned to myself: “I’m so tired of people imitating me. Wherever you go, there will always be people following you and imitating you...” (1:00:00). In reality, the Starbucks employees were probably not carrying out an operation for the suit team. Then: “... we are very sad... we will always be a liar and a deceiver... we have no education, except what we have stolen from TV...” Then my act: “... *conscience is a bad thing, just worry about yourself...*” (1:08:00). Good evidence! By 1:16:00, it was full house in Starbucks. “It must be thanks to me.” I was very annoyed because it was getting so loud in here. On 1:22:00 I stepped outside, and more children were coming. On 1:39:00, as I was ready to go: “I have a very bad feeling about what is going on. Starbucks employee picked up my bread crumbs. That’s a surveillance intercept showing David Chin leaving trash behind... our 40th intercept today...” (1:42:00). Certainly not! On 1:46:00, I left, and, on 1:47:00: “... somebody is text-messaging for us, we have got intercepted again...” On 1:52:00, I got on the bus. On 1:54:00 a vagrant woman wearing dark sunglasses got on. Could she be doing surveillance for the Russian side? On 1:57:00 I got off the bus, and a man was text-messaging near me. “The fact that Starbucks employees were imitating us indicates that faulty surveillance has somehow picked up our talking about psychoanalysis.... unless it was to lure us to join in on the conversation... David Chin is very jealous of Lawrence Chin...” As noted, the Starbucks employees were most likely not carrying an operation for the suit team. On 2:05:00 I found food in the trash can and I filmed it before eating it. On 2:09:00 a man came over pulling out his cellphone: “... we have got intercepted... whatever you want will always fly away from you... and so, only if you can *want* to be David Chin... if you can learn to want what you don’t want...” On 2:14:00 I came inside another coffeehouse and asked for water. “Learn to enjoy being intercepted again... *we still don’t like other people coming near us... we don’t like other human beings...*” That was my act again: just explaining my resistance. When I walked out, more women were pushing their baby carts toward me: “... *just don’t worry about them...*” (2:33:00). Then, on 2:39:00, I settled down into a hidden alley behind an apartment building. “I think the Culver City police were trying to deceive us earlier...”

My next recording is: “alleywrtlet_txtmssgcryng_knkosnoflmvrmt_11_13_09_835-1017PM.WMA”: I continued to write my letter in the hidden alley. Now my keyboard had problems. On 5:00, siren. “Everywhere we go, there is a ton of emergencies... maybe, according to surveillance, the criminal foreign agent David Chin is leaving behind a ton of destruction everywhere he goes...” Then, when a white female walked past, she text-messed. I was shocked: “... we’ve got intercepted, on 8:52 PM...” (17:00). I got really upset: “... we are having a good time and then we get intercepted... it feels so awful...” I was so upset that I immediately packed up and left. I almost wanted to vomit. “It’s 100 percent certain that that text-message is for us...” We must assume that I was correct on this one: namely, the suit team had indeed instructed this woman (possibly a CIA agent) to come near me to text-message – but, once again, the purpose was not only to obtain another evidence confirming the “David Chin legend” but also, as you shall appreciate given my hysteria, to obtain another instance where I clearly did not enjoy conspiring with them: this is why the woman acted in such an obvious way that I

couldn't but notice she was doing it for me. And, just then, another limousine (19:30). "Oh my God!" Finally I broke down crying (21:00). Perhaps it was really Mr former Secretary here to check on the "test result". A woman asked me: "Are you sad?" I was now screaming in tears. I asked another stranger: "What day is today? Friday already?" On 28:30 I was crying in a street corner and, distraught, slapped myself repeatedly. When people came over, I quickly escaped. Then another guy on cellphone: "... we've got intercepted again..." And more cellphones. I continued to moan: "... we've got intercepted text-messaging our foreign intelligence contact..." Then, after my outburst, from 38:00 onward, I resumed working on my letter. Another cellphone. "... then we have to decide whether we are hospitalized in the real world... or in jail... of course we don't want the word 'terrorist' to appear on the letter..." Siren on 7:28:30.

Now what had just happened would seem to be the only evidence produced today. Needless to say, my outburst was not good evidence for the Russians: the CIA (Best Mommy and so on) would certainly point to this and argue: "See, he clearly does not enjoy it when we frame him. He must be only pretending to conspire with us." Judge Higgins would be speechless. With "Max" from yesterday and the text-message from today, the CIA was thus able to keep themselves afloat for another day despite their disaster on November 10.

My next recording is: "cfbnsad_dhsprndhelp_slp_11_13-4_09_1023PM-626AM.WMA": I continued: "... videotaping really helps calm us down... three guys are passing by... they must be our doubles in some way..." (11:00). Probably not. On 13:00 I was on the move again. I came back to my corner making sure that nothing was left behind: "... there is no need to videotape it... if you sleep among people, they'll text-message when you sleep..." On 20:30 I came inside a Coffee Bean. The cashier gave me croissants! "... we have produced a lot of intercepts today..." Now there was a Korean guy here who was talking extremely loud. I started uploading my latest files to my website and charging my computers. On 46:00, because Coffee Bean was closing, I was out, eating my croissants while streaming one of my latest recordings. "... we like it when people text-message next to us... we like to be a dummy..." What a change of attitude! Then, from 1:02:00 onward, I was on the move again. "Mommy, is David coming?" On 1:08:00 I settled into a corner to get ready to sleep. "... people are coming by... it's okay, we like producing surveillance intercepts... we like being David Chin... Mr former Secretary nails everyone he doesn't like... when you were protesting in front of the Russian consulate..." Just then, a guy dragging a cart: "... surveillance is now on him..." And I started on my false testimony about what happened earlier this year in San Francisco (my act): "... they caught Homeland Security on something... we thought we were under Homeland Security surveillance, and Homeland Security had to pretend to cooperate with the Russians, to conduct surveillance on this protester, but then they would go up to a higher level of reality to discover that this protester was actually a Russian agent... what do you think the Russians would think? They would want to kill Homeland Security... so they needed the help of Homeland Security and the Secret Service to conduct surveillance on their own agent... 'So he has actually received an order from the Russian intelligence themselves to protest in front of the Russian consulate'... that's what we don't like about America... always pretending to be your friend, only to then slap you in the face... the Russians are a very different animal than the Chinese... you do feel sorry for them sometimes... *but it's not our business to care...*

they are luckier... no matter what happens, at the end of the day they can leave their office and go home...” Now I was finally giving the Russians good evidence – and I was quite wrong because, in the end, when they should have lost the trial, the Russians were supposed to be chipped in the brain! I continued: “... from now on we will enjoy our dummihood... you just need one slap in the face and you will learn to enjoy it...” Now I was undoing the damage I had done with my outburst earlier: the Russians would certainly seize on this confession of mine and argue in the upper court tomorrow that my outburst tonight did not necessarily mean that I was only pretending to conspire with the suit team – and judge Higgins, now biased toward the Russians, would agree. I continued: “... Homeland Security is like: ‘We will help you’, and then: ‘Oh, but he’s *your* agent’... that’s a really a nice bunch for the Russians... Homeland Security is very sadistic... watch out... that’s a good intercept tonight... from now on we will not mind text-messaging...” By 1:26:00 I was sleeping.¹²

November 14 (Saturday; text-message and the old twins)

My next recording is: “wkpeets_chldrminfraredplce_11_14_09_620-952AM.WMA”: By 39:00 I had got up and turned on my Toshiba. I was alarmed even by the simple fact that the gate next to me was open. I imported my latest recordings and then worked on my files a little. “Our non-existing birthday is on Monday...” I left my corner on 1:19:00. Immediately, an Asian guy text-messaged near me: “... we are intercepted... we want to be in a corner where we will not be seen...” On 1:25:00 I came inside Peet’s Coffee. After I ordered my coffee, I commented about the black guy behind me: “... he wanted his coffee ‘To go’... surveillance was thus produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin getting into contact with an Eastern European agent... we have really got this one correctly, it’s all just an act... it’s our first intercept today...” It’s not clear whether I had really got this one correctly. More: “... the employees are friendly to us... this is where the intercept ‘Dave’ was produced...” I got my seat and started uploading my files. “... we now have very fast Internet connection, and that’s very suspicious... we don’t believe we are actually looking at real websites... it doesn’t matter, everything we do will end up producing intercepts... if we look at a website, the website will turn into a fake set up by a foreign intelligence service... if we meet somebody, the person will turn into an agent from a foreign intelligence service...” I was now studying Internet faxing on How stuff Work. Then a guy was text-messaging outside: “... we are intercepted...” (1:47:30). “... we are intercepted, but we are not upset...” When I was outside smoking: “... the guy that is using a Toshiba... he’s not looking at child-pornography, is he?” And more text-messaging: “... we are intercepted once more...” I was back inside on 1:54:00 and continued to study how to do Internet faxing. I also examined the packets captured on my T-Shark. I then reviewed the recording from last night (2:12:00). Suddenly, a woman came over and talked to me with her heavy accent. I scolded her: “Get out of here! I have already produced an intercept...” Then to myself: “... surveillance is produced showing us meeting an Eastern European, or a Russian, agent, on 9 AM...” (2:26:00). It’s really not clear whether this was an operation. I was at the time sitting by the window, and suddenly a man came over with his baby cart and sat down in front of me on the other side of the glass (2:36:30). I was terribly alarmed: “... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin wanting to sit here because he wants to stare at other people’s children...” Then the man took his baby away and the baby was crying:

12 Reviewed until 1:46:00.

“... surveillance is produced again...” And I continued to read about the various Internet fax services (2:42:20). Then, something bizarre: a police car came to park in front of me and it had on its roof a huge infrared device (2:44:30). And, just at that moment, another mother with her child sat down right in front of me: “... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin enjoying his seat here because he wants to snoop on other people’s children... that’s why the police car with this huge device came to park in front of us, to observe us sitting in front of all these children, thus producing surveillance showing ... now law enforcement has taken notice of us, as a vagrant having tremendous pedophile tendency...” I got so frightened that I packed up and left. When I came out, I checked on the police car and noted that the device was “Thermal Eye 5000 XP.” And the police officer was talking to a vagrant next to me: “... producing surveillance... this Thermal Eye will be ‘accidentally’ tracking us... the police officer parked his car in front of us in order to ‘accidentally’ track us... what does it detect? Body heat? Signals from laptops?” Then I thought I’d got it: “... because we were sitting inside Peet’s, you couldn’t see through the windows, and so the police had to use infrared to ‘accidentally’ catch us...” Siren on 3:00:00. I continued: “... in order to confirm that the child-molesting vagrant was indeed in there snooping on the children around him... we are in deep shit once more... when they shall review their infrared captures, they will ‘accidentally’ discover that the child-molesting vagrant was here again in the vicinity of children... that’s what’s gonna really get him into trouble...” And another cellphone call: “... we are intercepted...” (3:03:20). Then: “... today, we had fast connection... so that you could leave earlier... but we have produced five intercepts at Peet’s and then got caught...” As I walked down Westwood Blvd, I tried to avoid another mother and her child: “... surveillance is produced...” And now I had to pass by a police car once again. When I came to the ATM, I noticed that somebody had left his or her Chase card on the machine and, as soon as I noticed this, the machine pulled the card in. “... what’s this about?...” (3:19:30). I went inside the bank to tell the banker about it and made a big fuss about it – I was convinced that an intercept was produced – but nobody cared. Then another woman came to use the ATM. “... surveillance is now showing us losing our card...” And siren on 3:27:30. Now I used the ATM myself. “... the strange behavior of machines... Homeland Security psychological warfare...”

Now we must wonder whether I was indeed correct in suspecting the police car with Thermal Eye to be sent in by the suit team. Perhaps this was what’s going on. The suit team sent in front of me the mother-child pair and the police car at the same time – just as I had suspected. They would then edit the infrared captures (they would most likely instruct the Chinese MSS to do it) so that a fake capture showing me having an erection in front of children can be produced and intercepted into the International Court as evidence. This was, again, not only evidence in the lower court to confirm that the “David Chin legend” was correct, but also in the upper court enabling the suit team to request again that my videos of the CIA girls be removed from evidence on the ground that the products of a pedophile should not be used as evidence in the International Court. The only problem with this scenario is that thermal imaging can’t really see through glass. Perhaps the suit team merely wanted a surveillance intercept showing a police car with Thermal Eye being parked next to me so that, when they forged the imaging in question, they could say it was indeed obtained by the police car when I was sitting nearby. In any case, this episode was not the highlight of today’s operation. Because the Russians had presented counter-evidence late last night to neutralize the damage I had done with my

outburst earlier last night, the suit team would have to test me again today.

My next recording is: “nowamu_bus20_countsurv_11_14_09_958-11AM.WMA”: Then somebody asked me for cigarettes: “... it’s another surveillance intercept...” Now I couldn’t use the ATM to withdraw money because I had less than 20 dollars in both of my accounts. I walked inside Chase and filled out the withdrawal slip outside. Then, another woman with her 14 year-old daughter walked past me: “... another intercept showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin squatting in the street corner snooping on other people’s children... there are 9 intercepts so far...” Then a fire truck came by the corner of Westwood and Wilshire. On 12:00, without having made my withdrawal, I got on the bus. I carefully described the movement of other passengers. Then I noticed a Japanese girl holding up her camera to my face: “... she has very likely ‘accidentally’ photographed us...” (22:30). It’s not clear whether this was really an operation. If so, just more evidence in the lower court. When I noticed another fire truck outside the bus, I assumed (most likely wrongly) that I was “accidentally” videotaped again. Then, there were no more children on the bus! “... it’s possible that surveillance is now showing David Chin from inside the bus snooping on the children outside the bus...” Then, on 31:00, the fire truck was in front. On 35:00, a white man on cellphone was in front of me. “... maybe he’s a detective... there are now 9 people on the bus...” And I theorized how it was possible to tell whether the man was really an undercover detective by observing the timing as to when the child would be getting off the bus (47:00). “... not everyone gets ‘accidentally’ videotaped by a military grade infrared device... consider it your privilege...” Then, on 52:30, a mother and her child got on the bus: “... the 11th surveillance intercept...” On 1:00:00, when I was getting off the bus on Vermont and Wilshire, I had to pass by the child. Damn! As soon as I got off, a Hispanic woman dragging a cart was in front of me. Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: “vermnt_recount_skypemom_11_14_09_1133-1148AM.WMA”: I was now sitting outside Coffee Bean. As soon as I turned on my recorder, I recounted what happened: “... we tried to use Skype to call our mother, but the screenshot wasn’t working... we said: ‘Mom’, and she said ‘Yeah’, and then we hanged up...” I was connected with her again on Skype on 2:00. I explained that it was me who had just called, and then hanged up having verified again that she was home. I continued: “... so what happened was that, when we tried to sign up Internet Fax, a Korean man was hovering over us while talking loudly and smoking a cigarette... we asked him to move away... we came to Coffee Bean around 11 AM... there were 4 or 5 instances of people walking past us with their children... producing surveillance intercepts... then a Hispanic guy tried to sell us a stack of DVDs... producing surveillance... and a Hispanic guy and two security guards ran after him...” And I described the movement of the security guard standing near me. “... probably more surveillance of our criminally recording people even though we didn’t actually record anything... we then got on Internet Fax... then opened up our Skype and called our mother... then discovered that the screenshot function was disabled... Homeland Security disabled it because...” Then my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “vrmntfax_wamutxtmssgrcryng_knko_11_14_09_1155AM-415PM.WMA”: I changed the battery and turned my recorder on. I continued: “... a white male vagrant is going into the trash can... he has produced a surveillance intercept showing us digging into the trash can... now we

are trying to decide whether to sign up an account at Internet Fax...” I signed up with my usual username “theophoretos”. Then there I was again: “... this is not a real site... internetfax.com has changed to...” Of course the website was real. And more children passed by producing (or so I thought) an intercept (11:00). On 18:00 I left Coffee Bean. I walked into Chase but, again, somebody was using the ATM, and so I immediately walked out: “... okay, we have just produced another surveillance showing us using the ATM... 38 intercepts so far today... the Chase bank was no good, there were too many people inside, you would have to wait in line for 30 minutes... the trauma from last night hit us really hard... and the Thermal-Eye today...” On 24:00 I got on the bus. I hummed all the way except murmuring at one point: “... strange machine... vagrants... the production of surveillance intercepts... Oh, a draggy cart on the bus...” On 1:01:00, I got off the bus having carefully avoided the children standing by the entrance. I now was back in Westwood Village. I walked into Chase again after taking notice of the man at the ATM. I filled out the withdrawal slip while mumbling: “... we are about to produce the 39th intercept...” And so I withdrew the remaining 16 dollars in my checking account and 10 dollars in my saving account. I was out on 1:09:30. Then, on 1:11:30, a black guy dragging cart: “... another intercept...” And I read out my receipt. “A major intercept was produced in the bank!” Really? And I repeated my mantra: “... we produce surveillance intercepts...” Then, on 1:19:50, I hid in a corner to videotape my receipts. “... this is a new kind of receipt, indicating that an intercept is indeed produced...” Again, paranoid over nothing. Then: “... after so many intercepts, Lawrence Chin will definitely never be found again... how many intercepts does it take to erase Lawrence Chin from planet Earth?” I then noticed that I was walking behind a family with kids: “Oh my God, another intercept... and another guy is pressing buttons on his phone... we are intercepted again...” Then, on 1:27:00, I came inside a shop across the street from Bruin Theater to buy hot dogs. “... earlier... the black Cadillac with tinted windows... it could be...” As I sat down at the table outside waiting for my order, a white girl wearing dark sunglasses suddenly appeared and, just at the moment when she passed me by, she text-messaged: just like last night, she was so contrived as to force me to conclude that she was instructed to do this. I was shocked: “... we might have been intercepted again...” On 1:35:00, when I went inside to pick up my hot dog, I suddenly broke down crying. I came outside and cried like crazy: “... we’ve got intercepted text-messaging...” And I told people not to take pictures in front of me: “Go away!” And siren on 1:42:30. I walked away and, after calming down, settled down in a corner (1:46:00): “... highly concentrated production of intercepts earlier...” As noted, because the Russians had cast their evidence into doubt late last night, the CIA had to try again today. This was of course the simplest operation possible. They thus instructed another white girl (very possibly a CIA agent) to come near me to text-message – making it so obvious that I could not but conclude that she was text-messaging for me. The operation was a success: my hysteria right afterward was again evidence that I did not enjoy being framed by them. The Russians were back in the same difficulty.

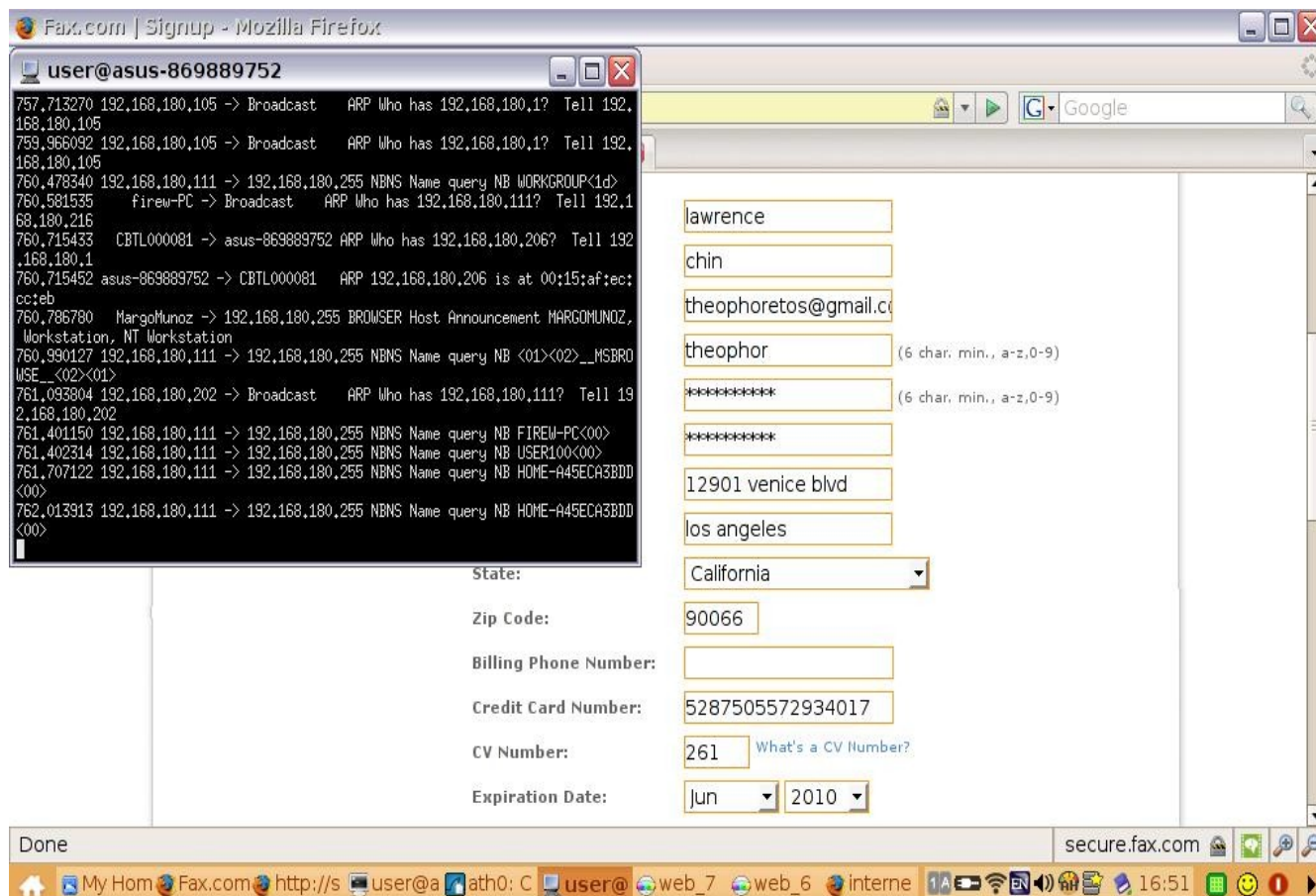
As for me, I was soon on the move again. More children: “... the 46th intercept... more children... producing an intercept showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin enjoying coming to Westwood because he always finds a lot of children here...” I was now wandering the street completely delirious, having been so traumatized by the text-message – it was all because I didn’t understand what its real purpose was but believed rather that the suit team’s “David Chin legend” had again triumphed over the Russians’ truth. Then I was interrogating this man on the street: “Why are you carrying a camera?” He

made no response, and I read out his license plate (2:02:40). On 2:08:30 I came inside the Biomedical Library mumbling about how the suit team was waiting for me to produce more evidence of my looking up child pornography on the computers here. “It’s about to happen...” – only to discover that the library was closed. I walked away stupefied. Then: “It looks like a detective car! We’ve got videotaped walking out of the library...” Not! Then another guy who was passing by pressed a button on his cellphone. Surveillance? Then I continued: “... outside... the 50th intercept... showing us snooping on people’s conversations... another man that looks like a detective... two Asian guys and one Asian female... the 55th intercept today...” I kept on walking: children were everywhere in Westwood Village. Then, two people with cameras – I took notice of everything as if everything were producing intercepts. Then: “... okay, Homeland Security has stopped the bus...” Then I interrogated this woman: “Ma’am, were you text-messaging for me?” I had to ask her several times before she said no. “... so we didn’t get intercepted?” (2:33:30) Obviously not: as you have seen, these days the suit team would only orchestrate one text-message per day – a strategic one – being completely preoccupied with proving themselves to not be conspiring with me. Then: “Oh, David Chin has got caught molesting children again... I guess you’ll simply have to walk... there are so many children, Westwood is Disneyland today...” Siren on 2:36:50. Then, on 2:39:30, running frantically I got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus 8. Immediately, I asked this woman: “Oh, you have just text-messed... did you do it for me?” Then I announced to all the people on the bus: “I’m only pretending to be crazy...” I was cynical and delirious because I was still reeling from my earlier trauma. Then I started humming like crazy. On 2:44:20, I got off the bus just before Santa Monica Blvd: I wanted to use the computers in Kinkos instead. It seems that I wanted simply to fax my letter. A white woman did something, and I mumbled: “... an intercept showing us getting into contact with a foreign agent... the 58th intercept... Look, a fat woman is text-messaging on the bench, another intercept...” On 2:47:00, I was inside Kinkos. I asked the Kinkos employee for permission to film the computer’s screen while using it, but he referred me to the manager. And so I asked the manager for permission to film: “... it will just be one minute... then I’ll be done...” Instead, he replied: “Yes, you can use the credit card...” What? I asked him again, and this time he understood me, and said no. I was about to leave – I obviously wasn’t going to fax anything without filming it – but: “... children are waiting outside, and our double is coming in... okay, we’ll just have to walk out producing surveillance...” When I was out, I continued: “... because we were under surveillance... that’s why the Kinkos manager said things that didn’t correspond to our question... he wanted to produce an intercept suggesting that we were using our bank card...” In reality, there was no operation in the Kinkos: the manager was simply confused like most people were during the Age of the Internet. Then: “... a car has waited for us... we’ve just got intercepted again... homeless people have left behind trash around the bus stop, producing surveillance showing David Chin leaving behind trash... another man... cellphone... we’re intercepted again, and he doesn’t want us to know...” Again, most likely nothing. When I was on Westwood and Wilshire, I took notice of another police car: “... we’re videotaped...” (2:59:00). And another man dragging a cart: “... surveillance is now on him... surveillance is currently showing David Chin happily waiting for the bus, not disoriented in any way... the 65th intercept... a white female is text-messaging next to the man dragging a cart... we’re intercepted... the content of the text-message probably has something to do with our waiting for the bus... for David Chin has to text his foreign intelligence boss when he has to get on the bus...” On 3:03:30 I got on bus 720. Soon, somebody’s phone rang: “... we’re intercepted again...” Probably not.

On 3:16:00, I theorized what intercept had occurred when I was talking to the Kinkos manager. Then a female text-messaged by the entrance: "... intercepted again..." (3:17:00). And more. "... another Asian woman is text-messaging for us... a very attractive white woman has also text-messaged... and a woman dragging a cart outside..." I was describing everything as if everything were an intercept. Then, on 3:40:00, I suddenly suffered a severe nervous breakdown while getting off the bus, shouting: "... a Hispanic woman..." I described indistinctly what had happened: "... the gangster... mafia..." I walked on while mumbling indistinctly due to my nervous breakdown. Finally, I sat down outside Starbucks (3:42:30). I was shocked when I saw that crazy Korean man again: "... he's still here... he's like a sicko... long hair... he was just hovering over us..." Siren on 3:46:50. I got on Internet Fax – while a helicopter was above me. I hummed. Strangely, I had to wait for fax.com to load. I continued to mumble indistinctly. Then: "... our double is talking to the security officer..." And I went inside on 3:57:40. Now the Korean sicko was inside. Grudgingly, I sat next to a black guy who was also using a Toshiba. Was he really the suit team's double for me? I was getting frustrated: "... fax.com is blocked... Homeland Security doesn't like it..." Then, on 4:06:00, fax.com finally came up. "... Homeland Security is delaying us in order to have time to change it to a fake website... it doesn't look like the website we were on..." It's not clear whether I was paranoid over nothing again: as you shall see, the suit team really didn't want me to fax my letter to Mr Couvreur. Then children appeared: "... we are always surrounded by children... this would be a real website pretending to be a fake... we will try to save the Wireshark captures before we shut it down..." And so I rebooted my Eee PC.

My next recording is: "vrmnt_faxnbr123_letplcewrngbus_11_14_09_409-704PM.WMA": I continued to work inside Starbucks. The black guy who was my "Toshiba double" went outside leaving his Toshiba unattended. Again: "... to produce a surveillance intercept showing David Chin leaving his equipment behind..." On 4:00 I warned a man not to let his daughter stare at my computer: "You can produce a surveillance intercept showing David Chin snooping on your little daughter, but don't let her snoop on my computer..." He didn't know what I was talking about because – of course – he had in fact not been instructed by the suit team. I was still working hard on Internet Fax. "You might not be able to avoid fake websites... it will work... after you have produced 70 surveillance intercepts... *Why do you care?*" Again, I was acting. Now, when it came to paying for an account on fax.com, I tried at first to leave the "billing phone number" field blank. But I was unable to register because the field "billing phone number" must not be blank. I thus put in a dummy number "310-123-4567" (28:00). I thought this unfortunate because I had thus produced a surveillance intercept showing me having a phone number. Indeed! I thus put up my act and wrote in my diary: "... resulting in the damnation of some nations out there – LOL!" That, according to my understanding, should neutralize whatever harm I had just caused to Russia.

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My registration at FAX.COM

Then, on 39:00, I asked the people sitting next to me to not talk so loud. On 46:30, more children came in to shout. On 58:00, I theorized how children came in after I had produced an intercept showing me having a cellphone number because one always followed upon another. Not! Then I got annoyed because people were talking so loudly around me. On 1:01:00 I noticed a black man continually pressing on the buttons on his cellphone: "... another surveillance intercept..." Then, on 1:04:30, I broke down crying because of the noises. On 1:12:00 a man was talking on his cellphone behind me. "We are getting intercepted right now..." And I asked him to go talk in another corner. On 1:14:00: "... our double is leaving..." And more people were talking on cellphones: "... evidence of the criminal foreign agent David Chin..." Then I received an email from another fax service: "... it's evidence that we opened an account here, not at Internet Fax..." (1:23:00). On 1:33:00, another person was making a cellphone call: "... we've got intercepted again..." Then: "This time we have created an intercept ourselves: 310-123-4567, so we might get a break now..." Again, just acting. Then, on 1:38:00, a black man came over dragging a cart like I did: "... He's us! And he has a cellphone hanging from his chest! Surveillance is now on him, and surveillance will show that David Chin indeed has a cellphone.... He also has a bag with bottles in it, it's evidence that David Chin is drinking again... He's also taking a MAC out... David Chin also uses MAC..." It's not clear whether this was really an operation. I then

used the restroom: "... surveillance intercepts have been very fast-paced in the past few days... we are getting insane..." Then, on 1:46:00, I came outside to do my work. I was now ready to send my letter and of course made sure to film everything. "... hopefully we will not be arrested for videotaping our computer screen..." I was not sure if I had actually successfully sent my letter (2:04:00). "... according to Homeland Security, our Internet connection is fake... and now our double is watching cartoon: David Chin is developmentally arrested..." On 2:10:00, I came inside to check on my (supposed) double: he was watching Japanese Anime and had 3 DVDs, "Full Metal Panic". "... according to surveillance, David Chin's DVDs are movies and animation..." This really did look like the suit team's operation: were they again working on the lower court? I left Starbucks and, on 2:15:00, was buying pizzas next door. I continued: "... we won't be arrested for videotaping... but the police profile shows that... we carry a lot of recording devices and that we are a pedophile..." Then I counted several more cellphone calls. On 2:39:00, I bought cigarettes. I then recalled the police officer who was on cellphone earlier. I walked around and then, on 2:50:00, got on the bus. A man who was with me earlier followed me onto the bus. "He really behaves like an undercover detective... But there are no children on the bus..." Was I correct? Although the LAPD had indeed initiated an investigation of me, it's not clear how many of the "detectives" I noticed were really detectives. On 2:56:00 I got off the bus.

My next recording is: "vrmnt_lost_bus181twinlondonwm_11_14_09_531-921PM.WMA": (This recording started on 5:25 PM and overlaps the previous recording until 1:40:00 or so.) Right after I got off the bus, there was a Hispanic guy on cellphone. "We've got intercepted again." Then a Korean girl was smoking near me, and then she got into a car: "... we've got intercepted again..." Then, on 1:45:00, a Hispanic couple were pushing their baby cart toward me. Again, none of this was probably part of the suit team's operation and yet I continued to count them as part of my act. But I was now completely lost. On 1:47:50: "... we've got intercepted making a cellphone call again..." I started panicking and decided to go back to the bus stop. Then a group of Indians came near me. "... surveillance is now showing David Chin meeting Indian agents..." (1:54:00). I then counted several more instances of people walking past me and cars parking near me. Upset that there was no bus, I kept on walking (2:07:00). Just then, bus 20 came, and I missed it! By 2:10:30, I broke down crying. On 2:13:00: "... another cellphone call! We've got intercepted again..." Then again on 2:14:00. I was now on 6th Street and Virgil. From 2:36:00 onward I was sitting in front of "Shimpo Cafe". There was still no bus. And more people were pushing their baby carts toward me: "... surveillance is showing David Chin snooping on children again..." (2:41:00). Then a black man opened his hands with change in front of me and then scratched his head (2:45:00). Whether or not this was really an operation, I put up my act and shouted that I'd got intercepted again. On 2:46:00 I got on the bus. Finally! On 2:54:00: "... text-messaging! We've got intercepted! It's the 90th surveillance intercept today!" I soon got off the bus. Siren on 2:59:00 and continued for two minutes. I was now on Vermont and Prospect waiting for bus 181. On 3:04:00 a police car made a U-turn in front of me: "... we've got videotaped!" Most likely not. On 3:10:00, I noticed two old ladies standing in front of me who looked exactly alike. I asked them: "Are you two twins?" They were speaking an unintelligible language and wouldn't reply me. "... to produce a surveillance intercept of something... they said they are not twins, but they are..." This must be an operation! It must mean something! Finally, I got it: "... this is an intercept showing David Chin meeting his twin brother Lawrence Chin... The intercept will say 'Two persons who look exactly alike'

without mentioning gender and age... the 94th intercept today...” Indeed! I had made further progress in understanding how the fault surveillance Machine worked! In fact, we must suspect that this was precisely the reason why the Russians had commanded the suit team to stage this! (More on this below.) Then, on 3:16:30, a limousine passed me by. Wow! Could this be Mr former Secretary? Upset that I had just done more damage? On 3:22:00, when the bus came, a white girl said Hi to me and told me she’s from London. I shouted to her: “We have just produced another surveillance intercept!” She replied, “Yes I came a long way!” We all got on the bus together. Then I kept mumbling about how I shouldn’t talk to the London girl, for, if I did, she would get off the bus and we would have just produced more intercepts. “... there is nothing in it for us...” I tried to work on my laptop, but the twins were talking so loud that I couldn’t hear my recording. I was so annoyed.

My next recording is: “bus181psdn_11_14_09_915-932PM.WMA”: I was still on the 181 bus. “When we opened up our Toshiba, that circle was turning, and we were thus worried that Homeland Security was doing it.” Then I mumbled something about “Operation Noise-Making”. I was then naming my files. Then I expressed envy toward the many pretty people outside on the street. Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: “offbuspsdn_file_slpsurvprodct_11_14-5_09_943PM-410AM.WMA”: I had just got off the 181 bus near Old Town and recounted what had just happened with the bus driver. “... every time we get off the bus, we’ll get intercepted...” I passed by two persons waiting for the ATM: “... surveillance is now showing us using the ATM... we have produced 100 intercepts today, a very busy day...” Hardly! I settled down on 8:00. “... the question is how many surveillance intercepts it takes to erase the existence of Lawrence Chin and to maintain the existence of David Chin... the answer: as long as you live... and the government will always have money...” I played one of my latest recordings and then examined my letter. I took note of what I had written: “.. ‘I simply notice that the transportation personnel have always treated me with special attention’... this is precisely what has just happened with the bus driver... we are mentally disabled... we are very educated, although we have forgotten a lot of our education... we are not a consistent being... but Homeland Security’s story about us is very consistent... in a courtroom the story must be perfectly consistent... if he’s smart, he should be smart in every domain, and if he doesn’t lie, he must not ever lie...” Then: “... most likely the International Court is not based on common laws but some sort of civil code... we did read something about how the judges there have flexibility, as is the case with common laws... but since it’s so biased, it’s probably very mechanical...” I continued to suspect that something was wrong with my Eee PC: “... Homeland Security must have done something to it... one day our Toshiba will never wake up... it will be a very sad day since it is our best friend, our life...” I continued to review my recording and work on my files: “... all these idiotic videos of food and trash cans and storage... nobody is talking around us... we have finished another day of intercept production... we just really want to videotape our doubles...” I was then mumbling about how dangerous it was to install the CD that came with the “fake camcorder”. Then I was enjoying greatly the video from yesterday of my slapping myself after getting intercepted. I also counted my discs. Then, siren on 1:31:30: “... the police are pretending to have emergencies again... We have never understood why Homeland Security keeps instructing police cars and ambulances to run around... is it psychological warfare?” By 1:35:00 I was packing up. And

now a helicopter was above me again (1:40:00). This was not part of the suit team's operation, was it? I was on the move on 1:42:00. A guy was about to text-message near me, but I didn't make a big fuss about it because I was still in a good mood. Ambulance siren on 1:46:00. By 1:49:00 I had found my corner and was ready to sleep. As I slept, I continued: "... if that British lady wasn't so confused, we would want to talk to her more... Homeland Security does things a little differently from the Displays... they don't try to motivate you... back then it was high quality intercepts in select locations... now it's garbage intercepts every moment of your life..." It is for this reason that my narrative has had to degenerate into repetitive recounting of insignificant things. Then, after some silence from 1:58:00 onward, I was at it again: "... how many intercepts does it take to maintain David Chin in existence? As long as he lives..." This is important because the Russians would use this mantra as further evidence that I was conspiring with the suit team. Then: "... at the time Karin took us in because she wanted us to go to the Hungarian restaurant, but then she kicked us out because we refused to go inside the Hungarian restaurant..." (2:13:00). Again, these reminiscences were also good evidence for the Russians (how the conspiracy against them was run).¹³

Now, at the end of this entry, we should discuss a little the Russians' purpose tonight in ordering the suit team to send in a pair of twins in front of me. As you have seen, the suit team was hanging on by daily producing evidences indicating that I was only pretending to conspire with them – evidences which continued to enable them to have permission to produce evidences to confirm the "David Chin legend" so that they could still try to win in the lower court. (The guy we saw earlier in Starbucks, my double with a stack of animation DVDs "Full Metal Panic", was probably today's share.) The Russians, threatened by the prospect of losing even if they had simply lost in the lower court, decided, apparently, to respond in this way. Recall that the suit team could no longer use my French-speaking as evidence in the lower court because my testimony on the night of October 27 had enabled the Russians to obtain the ruling that the United States' use of my French-speaking as evidence was a terrorist conspiracy with me to harm Russia. As the Russians wanted to progress further, they saw an opportunity in my confession yesterday late afternoon as to how the faulty surveillance Machine worked: merely a vague description "There is a man" and so on. Since I had described it accurately, the Russians motioned that this technique be considered part of my terrorist conspiracy with the United States to harm Russia, at which point they requested judge Higgins' permission to also test me on all the most important intercepts in which both Lawrence and David had supposedly appeared together. By ordering the suit team to send a pair of twins to me, the Russians could now deprive the United States of any use of my "appearing together with my twin brother" (through faulty surveillance) as evidence. As soon as I spelled out how faulty surveillance could have enabled the suit team to obtain an intercept showing me appearing together with my twin brother (when in fact it was some other twins who had appeared), the Russians requested from judge Higgins the ruling that any further use of such technique be considered the United States' terrorist conspiracy with me to harm Russia. The suit team must now relinquish this technique as well in their attempt to win in the lower court – which thus means that they could never win there. In this way, the Russians could restrict the battle increasingly to the upper court only.

13 Reviewed until 2:30:00 and then from 6:19:00 onward.

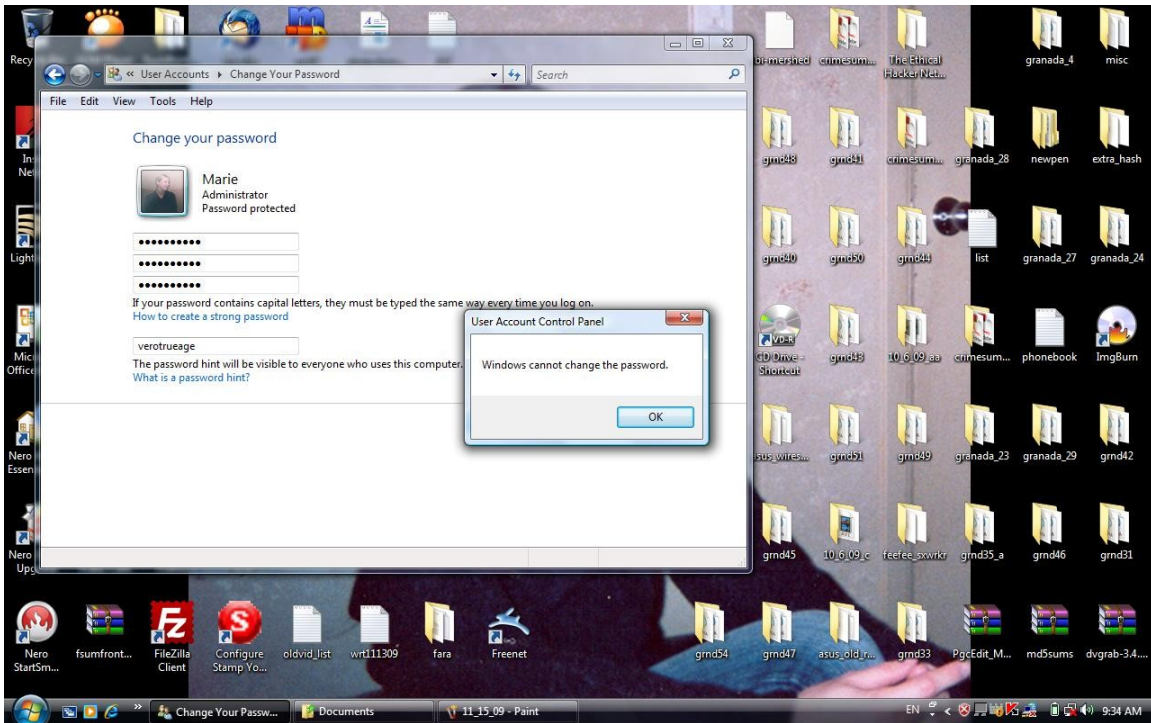
November 15 (Sunday; the Filipino girl webcamed me)

My next recordings are: “wk_psdn_11_15_09_751-804AM.WMA” and “sabortoiletmalfunc_11_15_09_906-931AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came inside Sabor to use the restroom. I continued (in the second recording): “... producing surveillance intercepts... if we produce 100 intercepts per day, it’s 36,000 per year... can you imagine the docket of the International Court? With 36,000 intercepts? And it’s all garbage! That’s why the International Court of Justice is but a big trash can... there are about 25,000 intercepts there right now, and they are all garbage...” On 11:00, when I flushed the toilet, the toilet got stuck: “... the toilet is producing a second surveillance intercept, showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin leaving his shit behind, literally...” I was really worried because I really did believe that the suit team had orchestrated this. In the end I managed to flush everything down: “... and so the second intercept is not complete...” And I walked out of Sabor on 14:00. When I passed by Chase, I took notice of the white guy using the ATM: “... it could be us...” Then: “... the guy passing by and then walking away... that’s definitely for us...” On 20:30 I got on bus 485. I opened up my Toshiba and was ready to change my password. Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: “cantchangepasswd_11_15_09_941-10AM.WMA”: Somehow I ran into the strangest malfunctioning, and none of this was recorded. I recounted how I wasn’t able to change my password: “Why would Homeland Security do that? If we get picked up by the police again, if our password has changed, then they would have to pretend they don’t know what our password is... what if you screw up, then you can’t even get into your computer... and so maybe you shouldn’t change it... the recorder stopped just when we were about to change the password... it’s suspicious...” Soon I would record on my diary what happened:

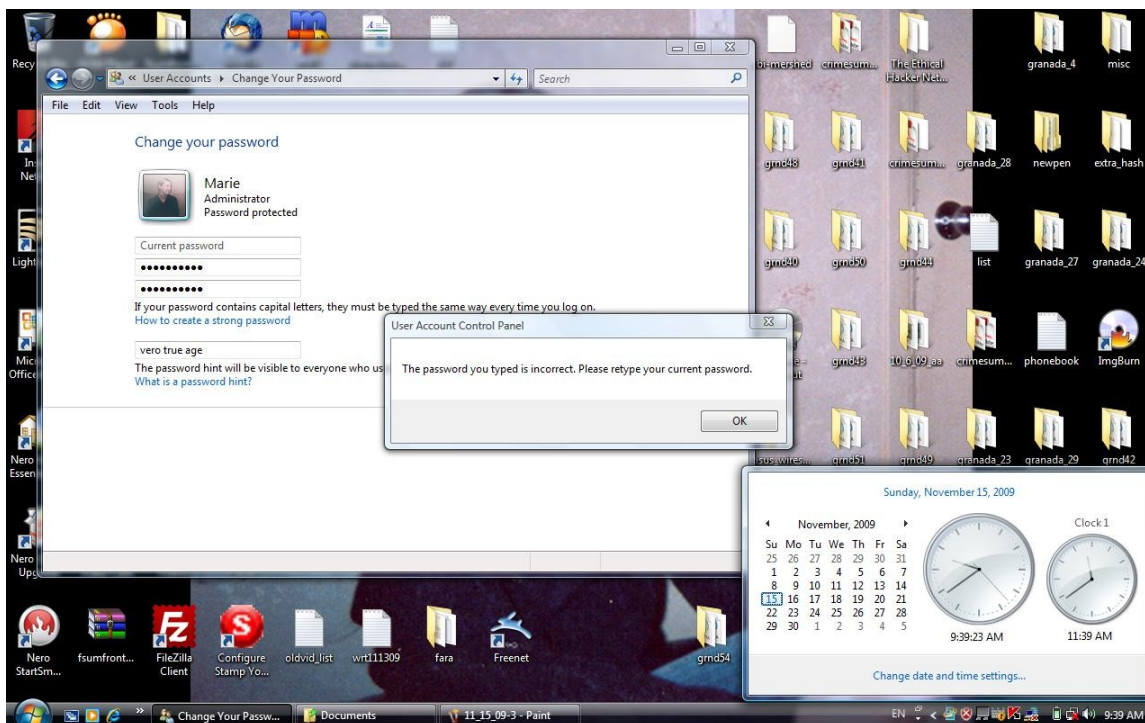
Another sure sign of Homeland Security remote control of my Toshiba occurred today. I attempted to change my login password on 9:33 AM while on the 485 bus since I did give the police officers on October 31 this password and, my arrest possibly pending, it may be wise to change the password so that law enforcement officers would have to pretend they know not what my new password is – even though it would be known by Homeland Security through their true surveillance or remote control of my Toshiba. However, I got a notice saying ‘Windows cannot change password’:

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Baffled, I tried again. The first time I typed the new password a bit shorter than the old password when the two should be of the same number of characters. Thus I typed it carefully again ('v33' as opposed to 'v25'). It was now 9:38 AM. [The dialog box then said] that the password I typed in was incorrect.

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I ended up canceling the process. I then returned to the main screen without changing the password, or so I thought. The password was nonetheless changed, as it would turn out. That itself would be the second instance of Homeland Security remote control of my laptop today. The next time when I logged in, the ‘v25’ password would no longer work, and I would get a password reminder ‘verotrueage’, meaning that Homeland Security had decided to let me change the password anyway and that the change was made to look like it had occurred on 9:34 AM.

It’s really not clear whether all this was just “natural” malfunctioning or whether it was really due to the suit team’s remote control – the latter, perhaps because Mr former Secretary wanted again to suppress the recordings of my testimony as evidences by arguing that files from this “malfunctioning” (or “super-functioning”) laptop should not be admissible as evidences. (If so, perhaps this was directed at my testimony as to how faulty surveillance worked.)

My next recording is: “bus720dble_smsurv_copstrbks_11_15_09_954AM-1214PM.WMA”: I got off the bus in downtown on 10:00. “... the downtown security guards are talking about us...” On 23:00 I bought batteries from street vendors. I kept mumbling about something: “... various manifestations of his criminal pathology...” (33:00). On 33:30 I got on the bus again, and a Hispanic man dragging a cart also got on. But I then got off for lack of change. “... five surveillance intercepts showing us running after children today...” Then, on 38:00, I got doughnuts and obtained change. Across the street, a white female was taking pictures of the street: “... It’s the 12th intercept, David Chin is taking pictures...” (41:00). And more children. And another cellphone call near me: “.. we have got intercepted...” On

45:00 I got on the bus again, and there was another man with a bunch of DVDs: "... surveillance is showing David Chin's DVDs to be just commercial DVDs..." (55:00). Perhaps! Then a Hispanic man gave a pen to another black man with a cart: "... the 16th surveillance intercept..." (1:03:00). Then the black man who I thought was my double got off the bus. On 1:17:00, a child was shouting inside the bus. He would continue for a while. On 1:37:00 somebody was talking loudly next to me, and I hummed. On 1:41:00 I got off the bus. On 2:01:00, I produced an account of how, thanks to faulty surveillance, the official story was always the opposite of reality, and then mumbled about how surveillance must have shown David Chin to be using the ATM everyday. I was then getting frustrated because there was nowhere for me to go. "Law enforcement is tracking us... the Culver City police were lying..." Then, on 2:18:00, I got on bus 2.

My next recording is: "bus2dtctve_bus720fell_dwntwnid_11_15_09_1219-152PM.WMA": Soon children came up the bus. On 12:00 I got off the bus in Westwood. I kept humming. I was upset again: "... there is nowhere for us to go... these God-damned people, their only purpose is to get us into trouble..." On 18:30 I got on bus 720. I recounted what happened on bus 2, how the undercover cop didn't get on the bus. (Was he really an undercover cop?) Then: "... when other people get on the bus with their children to follow you, it's your following them onto the bus..." When I opened up my laptop, I finally discovered that the password did get changed. "I told you not to change the password, Homeland Security is playing tricks with your computer..." (23:00). I then wrote down on my diary a description of the password problem from this morning which you have just read above.

I was then frustrated because the bus shook so much that I couldn't write. On 51:00 I fell onto the floor and somebody was laughing. I assumed (or pretended to assume) the guy laughing was Homeland Security. (Probably not.) On 59:00 I got off the bus: I was now back in downtown. Then: "... the law enforcement's profile of us probably says we enjoy being homeless because we could then snoop on children..." I kept on walking. "... There are very few people on the street, maybe the neighborhood has been evacuated..." Then, more children. "... another surveillance intercept showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin..." (1:06:00). Then, across the street, a Hispanic woman with her child: "... sometimes the parents and children don't even match..." Then, a Hispanic man text-messaging: "... the 34th intercept today..." Then somebody asked me for a cigarette. "... is the drug-trafficking thing still going on?" On 1:10:00 I got on the bus again. The bus driver scolded me for using my expired disability card and showed me a bunch of cards which he said he had confiscated from people. Strange! I got off the bus and was convinced: "... that's an operation to produce a surveillance intercept... the cards will end up in the International Court as evidence that we have used someone else's cards..." I was now in Pershing Square, and there were a lot of children here. "... there are only Starbucks in downtown, that's why they want you to come here..." Then somebody was taking pictures in front of the library: "... to produce a surveillance intercept showing us taking pictures... the 40th intercept... we might not last to our birthday, we have only 40 cents left... our fake birthday... this place was completely evacuated to produce surveillance intercepts... we are about to get arrested soon... we'd better not use Starbucks, people will call the police on us..." I settled in a corner to work on my laptop. Of course the suit team didn't actually evacuate the neighborhood!

My next recording is: “vermnt_IMP_11_15_09_146-402PM.WMA”: Then, more children in the distance: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is caught coming near children again...” And somebody was text-messaging: “... the criminal foreign David Chin is intercepted again...” (9:00). Then, more children. “... the man might be an undercover cop... there is nothing we can do, there is nowhere to go where there are no children... he might not be a cop, he might be simply producing surveillance intercepts... maybe an intercept showing our Toshiba communicating...” On 25:00 I got up and walked away. Another Asian man was taking pictures of children: “David Chin is criminally videotaping again... it’s always an Asian taking pictures, because surveillance only shows ‘Asian’... the 50th intercept today... everyday there will be 100 intercepts...” Then another Hispanic man was taking pictures. I was now on Grand and 5th Street. Then another black woman pushing her baby cart was following me: “... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in a street corner snooping on the black woman’s baby... Oh, she is asking the man where the library is... it’s obviously an act, since it is right in front of her...” It’s really not clear whether the suit team had in fact staged this. Then I got on the bus on 32:30. On 42:00 I got off the bus on Wilshire and Vermont. I came to the same Coffee Bean again. “... it’s quite likely that someone inside Coffee Bean will be visiting pornographic websites... it’s not just for surveillance to pick up, but also for law enforcement to confuse him with me... 55, 22... operation... the first man, an undercover cop, the second man... to visit pornographic websites... our Eee PC... maybe we will absorb other people’s crimes even in the real world, not merely in surveillance... today it’s gonna be a very hungry day...” Then people came around me to talk, and I hummed. On 54:00 I logged into my Gmail account, only to find that the fax I had sent never went through. “We have produced an intercept showing us having a phone number and yet we didn’t even get the fax sent... the fax received on... 7 something PM last night... it’s never even sent...” And the Hispanic man next to me was receiving a cellphone call: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is receiving another cellphone call...” (1:11:00). More: “... and the undercover cop is gone and so he has failed to catch us *not* receiving a cellphone call...” Was there really a cop around? Then, on 1:23:00, children began gathering around me. “The pedophile is here, that’s why everyone is bringing his or her children here... to producing surveillance showing David Chin being around children again... children should learn to avoid the pedophile rather than follow him...” I told the children: “Stay away, stay away from criminals...” Ha! On 1:36:00, more children came around: “... children just love to be around pedophiles... otherwise, how can we be a pedophile if children don’t like to follow us around? ...” Then, on 1:45:00, as I stared into my computer: “... somebody is trying to hack our computer... a NK Hacker... we have to videotape this...” I was most likely mistaken here. On 1:50:00, my Eee PC froze up and died, and so I turned it off. I moved to another location: “... it’s so annoying, this is our disability: machines always malfunction, and children always come around us even though we are a pedophile... just doing a simple thing will be extremely difficult... and we are unable to take screenshots... Homeland Security wants us to videotape our computer screen, but that’s why we will not do it, we don’t want to get arrested...” At least I had a good explanation for my resistance! Now I had to do my task all over again. But something went wrong with my Eee PC again, I couldn’t do it, and so I restarted it again. Siren on 2:04:00. I was terribly annoyed: “Everyday it’s just noise and children...”

My next recording is: “vermnt_IMP_11_15_09_402-448PM.WMA”: I was frustrated: “... we don’t

know what to do, we don't know how to send this thing..." I moved away from my corner again because there were just so many children around me. "... we don't know what to do, we just have to produce intercepts showing us being around children..." Then a woman tried to say something to me, and I shouted at her: "Shut the fuck up you fucking bitch..." She walked away and I speculated: "... she will go in to report us..." And more children had come around me and another guy came over to talk to me. I shouted at him: "We have already produced surveillance intercepts, so just go away..." (6:00). Then, when I got up from my seat, the Filipino girl sitting at the table in front of me suddenly turned her laptop around so that she could catch me in her webcam. I was stunned and shouted at her: "Why are you putting your laptop in front of me? What kind of surveillance intercept are you trying to produce?" When I walked away from Coffee Bean, that's when I realized what she was doing: "Oh, she's trying to videotape us..." As I walked I kept complaining about how I constantly had to produce surveillance intercepts. Then a guy on bicycle suddenly stopped in front of me and took out his cellphone to make a call. I naturally assumed it was the suit team which had sent him in to produce a surveillance intercept showing me calling somebody, and so I kicked him: "Get your cellphone away from me you mother fucker..." (24:00). He yelled at me and wanted to hit me with his bicycle. I mumbled to myself: "... we've got intercepted..." Then another person came near me to use his cellphone: "... we've got intercepted again... several more intercepts..." I hid in a corner and tried to explain myself (in case the Russians were listening): "... intercept-production is too stressful for us... we don't get any happy intercepts... the police are going to arrest us and confiscate everything we have... it doesn't matter if there is nothing illegal in it... law enforcement officers are not going to go through 8,000 hours of our recordings to ascertain that there is nothing illegal in them... they will simply arrest us for our habit... we may not be able to make it to our non-existent birthday... we have to check whether, in the last 10 seconds of our recording, when a child sneaked up behind us, it was recorded... if it was, we will have to delete it..."

My next recording is: "rcuntvrmntimp_chldphneslp_11_15_09_451-647PM.WMA": I continued: "... our life-span will be short... something is going on... what can you do? ... a child sneaked up behind you in order to get himself recorded..." And two more children came over. "... we look so ugly and smell so bad, and yet children just want to be around us... their parents must have been paid a lot of money... it will be amazing if the letter might work... I thought Homeland Security will encourage us... it can further develop our law enforcement profile... for writing letters to foreign dignitaries..." It's indeed in accordance with Homeland Security's 2007 warning about me! Except that, this time, the suit team was resisting because my letter would be good evidence for the Russians. Siren on 7:00. Then: "... we have to find our mother... we'd rather produce surveillance intercepts with our mother... Oh, Asian or Hispanic... we are being intercepted at this moment..." (12:00). On 16:00 I was on the move again. Then I noted: "... a car has just parked in front of us, and the guy just sits inside... he might be an undercover cop..." Maybe it was actually Russian surveillance. Then another man was on cellphone, but he held up his phone as if it were a walkie talkie: "... he's producing a surveillance intercept showing a human figure holding a strange device and talking into it..." On 22:30, children were again shouting around me, and I hummed. "We are avoiding children... it's too much..." Then another guy put his cellphone into his pocket. "... and the second guy is text-messaging... we've got intercepted..." (36:00). Then, on 44:00, a woman dragging a cart was talking on her cellphone: "...

we've got intercepted again..." And several more people were text-messaging near me. Now I wanted to find something to eat in McDonald's, but stayed away because there were children inside. "... Now that's the 76th surveillance intercept today..." I kept on walking. On 1:05:00, when I had reached Vermont and Beverly, a woman was using the ATM at Citi-Bank. "... she's probably our double..." Then another Hispanic man was text-messaging: "... we've got intercepted..." Then another couple were pushing their baby cart toward me. I was sarcastic: "... oh, we know you smell bad but we want to push our baby to you in order to produce a nice surveillance intercept..." (1:12:30). On 1:17:00, another guy was talking on his cellphone: "... we've got intercepted again..." Then a Sheriff vehicle: "... we've got videotaped..." Then another vagrant: "... he's an actor, the surveillance is now on him..." I lay down in a corner to take a nap, across the street from Comfort Inn (1:36:00). I reflected on the Filipino girl: "... she would turn over the picture she has taken of us to the police: the pedophile was seen... it will circulate in all coffeehouses... Homeland Security doesn't want us to fax the letter, and that's why they want to push us out of all coffeehouses... the problem is that we have predicted that we will be arrested..." (1:45:00). I actually hit on something here. Then I tried to explain my resistance: "... *we have to preserve our documentaries no matter what...* these crimes only exist in surveillance... and so we don't care... but crimes in the real world *are* our business... *the intercepts are so stressful...* because in order to produce them you have to be treated like shit... because you don't get a break..."

My next recording is: "slp_yrmt_11_15_09_639-824PM.WMA": Even while I tried to sleep, I continued: "... a black guy just scratched his head, producing surveillance showing David Chin receiving a secret message even though he is sleeping... these intercepts really don't make sense... Mr former Secretary likes to use children because you can't do anything to them... you can't videotape them... you can only run... children are the most effective clandestine operatives... our double could be standing over there doing all sorts of things in order to be confused with us in surveillance..." And I continued to be worried about the people around me or the cars that came to park in front of me. Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: "slp_vermont_survagntcontact_11_15-16_09_855PM-3AM.WMA": I recounted: "... 10 minutes ago, an old lady came over, producing a surveillance intercept even while we slept... we are still at this abandoned building by Vermont... we fell asleep, then woke up... it's really bad that we didn't fax the letter... we did produce a surveillance intercept showing our phone number to be 123-4567..." Then I recalled the episode at Starbucks from early 2008: "... there was an alert about you... *now* there is an alert about you as a child-molesting vagrant..." Then I went back to sleep.¹⁴ On 4:56:30 I got up. Siren on 5:04:00. "... I don't think finding your mother is any good idea... if she... then that means she wants you to get arrested... it's utterly important to keep every second of your life recorded..." As I walked, I continued to recount. "... there... no children... when we went back to downtown, there were a ton of children... somebody is standing there who looks like a detective... it's a black man... he's pressing buttons on his cellphone... just producing surveillance... we are intercepted at this moment..." (5:18:00). As I kept on walking: "... this man is our double... the earlier one was an undercover detective..." I was either incorrect or pretending to mistake Russian

14 Reviewed until 24:00, and then from 4:49:00 onward.

surveillance agents for undercover police officers. I was crossing the bridge on 5:23:20. "... we are going to have the worst birthday ever... if your mother withheld money from you, that means she's going to fuck you up... she wants you arrested... look, a United Taxi... it must have a camera in front; otherwise why would it park here?" Not! On 5:34:00 I got on bus 204. Again, I paid careful attention to the people using cellphones: "... we might be intercepted again..." On 5:38:00 I got off the bus. I found icee in trash cans. "... maybe it's God's birthday gift to us..." Then: "... it's a lot safer to be on the street in the middle of the night, there are no children..." Then a Hispanic man in an SUV said Hi to me! "He was just here to produce a surveillance intercept..." (More on this below.) Siren on 5:55:00. (The rest of the recording overlaps the beginning of the next.)

Now let's pause for a moment to reflect on the operation that had occurred today. Whatever was going on with my password problem, it was certainly the suit team who had, this afternoon, instructed the Filipino girl to film me with her computer. It's very simple: there were a lot of children around – whether or not this was orchestrated by the suit team – and the suit team simply wanted more evidence suggesting that I was a pedophile. Namely, the Filipino girl's video would soon be magically intercepted into the International Court as evidence. Since it had become increasingly impossible for them to win in the lower court, the suit team's only option left was to remove the burden of conspiracy with me by removing my videos of the CIA girls from evidence in the upper court. Again, framing me for pedophilia was the most effective way to do this. It was probably also they who had sent in the guy on bicycle soon afterward to make a cellphone call in front of me. Again, they wanted merely to obtain more instances of my resistance as evidence that I was only pretending to conspire with them. But I immediately produced a good explanation for my resistance: that I was now afraid that the operation would result in my arrest and the confiscation of my documentaries. This was good evidence for the Russians – who had either immediately intercepted my testimony through the surveillance they had around me, or would soon intercept it when I shall upload the recording of it to my website tomorrow. Furthermore, although, whether or not it was due to the suit team's obstruction, I had so far failed to send out my letter, my letter, once it did get sent, would become evidence serving to elaborate upon the reasons I had so far produced for my resistance.

November 16 (Monday; phone ring)

My next recording is: "vrmntprspetsurv_psdnchasecorner_11_16_09_254-435AM.WMA": As I was waiting for the bus, I recounted what happened: "... as we were waiting for the bus here on Vermont and Prospect, an SUV came over, and the driver said Hi to us... which shows that he was here to produce a surveillance intercept showing us meeting foreign agents..." It's really not clear whether the SUV was part of any side's operation. I was nevertheless upset that I had had to produce surveillance intercepts 3 AM in the morning: "... on our non-existent birthday... Oh, another guy... he pulled down his sweater... to produce a surveillance intercept... it's our second intercept today... and another car just made a U-turn to pick up a man... another intercept produced... and a Hispanic man is counting money... we are caught counting money again... and so, we are not waiting for the bus, but foreign agents have been coming to meet us, and the criminal foreign agent David Chin has got paid again... it's safer at night: we are meeting with foreign agents, but at least there are no children..." All this was

complete bullshit, and it's not clear whether I was being serious or just pretending (since I didn't yet know that the battle in the lower court could hardly continue anymore). Siren on 15:00. Then another woman came dragging a cart. Then another man came over to talk to two other guys: "... surveillance is now showing us talking to... whenever we... strange people... what they are doing might not seem so strange... go back and forth, or make a U-turn... but it's actually strange when all are considered together... we attract people, no matter how bad we smell..." I got on bus 181 on 24:00. Surprisingly, a lady lent me a dollar for me to get on the bus. "That's another intercept... we have already produced 6 intercepts today..." The lady was most likely not instructed by the suit team. "... we should sleep in the day and do our stuff at night... it's safer... then we will never be arrested..." Good idea! Then I mumbled about my mother: "... if she does, that means she wants us to get arrested as a pedophile..." On 1:00:30 I got off the bus on Colorado Blvd in Pasadena. "The bus will keep going until it is near Karin's home... we don't want to be near there... but it's better to be caught violating the restraining order of a 44 year-old lady than to be arrested for pedophilia... choose your crime..." On 1:04:00 I came to the quiet corner behind Chase. I found a cup of Coca Cola in the trash can and drank it. I must explain myself for surveillance's sake again: "When we get desperate we do ask for change... we have developed phobia toward intercepts... our phobia is putting us in bad situations..." Just what the Russians needed to hear! Then: "... something is very wrong with our Toshiba, the lights shouldn't be on, and yet they are on... then, when they should be on, they are not..." I began to review my recordings.

My next recording is: "dmphspncmanphne_11_16_09_440-519AM.WMA": I continued to work on my files in my corner behind Chase. I was again busy using Audio File Cutter to cut off the part of my recording in which children's noises appeared. Again, my ultimate objective – which I would never speak of – was that my documentaries shall stay safe in the ICJ docket. Then, on 20:00, I suddenly suffered diarrhea and had to defecate in the bushes. "We have to ask our mother to help us... we can't go on anymore... life is too hard... we are suffering from diarrhea... we shouldn't have drunk the Coca Cola from the trash can..." Then a car drove by and went inside the parking lot. "... it must be here to 'spot us'..." (24:30). In fact, not. Then another guy was passing by and, suddenly, his cellphone rang. "... surveillance is produced showing us receiving a call..." (25:30). This really did look like a suit team operation: namely, the evidence that I had received a call from my Russian boss, although pure bullshit, could still be used in the upper court as ground on which to request the suppression of my videos as evidences. I moaned: "... it doesn't matter what time it is, operation will always happen... 3 AM... 5 AM... you can be in the Rocky Mountains, and operation will still happen... it's the 9th surveillance intercept today... the worker will discover our shit and rumor that it must belong to that vagrant who was using his laptop here... it will then be presented to the International Court as evidence... we don't really know how the lawsuit is going... all the evidences that are produced pertain to David Chin's criminal pathology..." Again, I was again grossly exaggerating the suit team's operation.

My next recording is: "wrt_drggycartsurv_strbkfakenet_shtsurv_11_16_09_526-719AM.WMA": I continued: "... our prediction as to what the 8th intercept would do..." I then wrote down on my diary something more about the password business from yesterday: "... the second instance of Homeland

Security remote control of my laptop...” Then I reflected: “... we are here suffering homelessness, and some nation will pay the price... and if we get diarrhea, another nation will be convicted... it’s strange, for all these are unrelated phenomena...” Just acting! Then I continued to write. Then: “... Do you think the cup of Coca Cola was put in the trash can by Homeland Security so that we would drink it and get diarrhea? It could be that even our diarrhea earlier was planned by Homeland Security...” Again, gross exaggeration. I then continued to write: “... Homeland Security had decided to let us change our password anyway...” Then: “... our life of production of intercepts... perhaps that should be the title of our book...” I then got paranoid when I discovered on my Wireshark captures that the IP address which my Skype was using the previous time kept changing. I then continued my journal entry. On 42:00 I was packing up. “We have produced surveillance intercepts, even on our birthday... Oh, just when we have packed up, a Hispanic woman dragging a cart passed us by, producing a surveillance intercept showing that we have already...” (46:30). I felt very cold, and continued: “... it’s to prove that the surveillance in which no one can be identified is indeed correct... Who else would be dragging a cart behind Chase 6 AM in the morning?” A good conjecture, but this was probably not orchestrated by the suit team. While walking, I took notice of a fat white female who was text-messaging: “... we have just been caught emitting electromagnetic signals to our foreign intelligence contacts... we are going to Starbucks... it’s 6 AM... children shouldn’t show up...” I arrived in the Starbucks on Lake Blvd on 1:02:30. I took notice of who were here: “... a white man is reading newspapers, probably a detective waiting for us... another man is text-messaging... it’s our 12th surveillance intercept today, we’ve got intercepted again...” Keep in mind that I could always be pretending to mistake Russian surveillance agents for undercover detectives. Now, instead of staying inside Starbucks, I came to the hallway, next to Wells Fargo, to work (to upload my latest recording files to my website and so on). This is again because I wanted to avoid recording myself inside Starbucks, which might be “criminal”. Then another man dragging a cart exited the building: “... surveillance is showing us leaving the building and not using our Eee PC... it’s a foreign intelligence service which is pretending to be us uploading files...” (1:12:00). Not! Then: “... 10 people are here now because we are here...” (1:20:00). Then: “... we are going to write an email to our mother because we seriously need help... we’d rather produce surveillance intercepts with our mother than with children... we are about to die...” I thus wrote to my mother: “... I’m about to get arrested for living on the streets for too long...” (1:25:00). Then: “... Homeland Security has purposely screwed up... in order to confuse the time of our sending it... the purpose is to produce surveillance showing us not even logged on, so that everything we did on the Internet is faked by a foreign intelligence service... David Chin is not here, and he’s certainly not using Lawrence Chin’s accounts... the toilet’s getting stuck in Sabor yesterday, that’s also planned by Homeland Security... they have to produce evidence showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin leaving behind shit everywhere... they planted the Coca Cola too... they need intercepts showing David Chin leaving shit behind everywhere...” Again, gross exaggeration.

My next recording is: “strbksftpemail_11_16_09_713-738AM.WMA”: I streamed one of my latest recordings from my website. Then, on 24:00, children showed up: “... it’s only 7:36 AM!” This was so strange that I couldn’t help but believe it was the suit team which had sent them in. Then, when I was about to fax my letter again to the International Court of Justice, my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: “faxatmdblwmbrd_11_16_09_805-919AM.WMA”: I recounted what happened: “... all these junk emails we reported as spams... I think we are correct, we need to add 011 to the number... perhaps our recorder got shut off because... we will never have proof that we have faxed the letter anyway... and so we faxed it, and our recorder shut itself off at the same time... and so in surveillance it has probably turned into... our recorder shut itself off... it’s so scary... as if you are non-existent for a moment... we shall save the letter ‘11_11_09.pdf’ in...” And I continued to mumble about how, in surveillance, it would be a foreign intelligence service which had sent the letter: “... it’s so lucky to be Homeland Security personnel in the control center... you can make any website a person visits into a fake... you can... maybe the recorder just shut itself off by itself... it *is* the unstable recorder with the broken battery compartment... we don’t really know if we have sent it... we pressed ‘sent’, and we just got this notice, ‘Your request is being processed’... we have to save it before our Eee PC shuts itself down...” And my Eee PC shut itself down (26:30). “... nothing we say is believable, unless we have videotaped it... the fax is not even sent at all, we are just having a delusion here... how can we convince... that we have actually sent a fax... that we are actually sitting here in Starbucks? ... the activity on our Eee PC, but it’s not clear who was manipulating it... but our foreign intelligence boss is supposed to call us now... ‘Go, go now... you have accomplished your mission’... so what’s our mission? We wrote an email to our mother and...” On 32:00, as I was leaving Starbucks, the Wells Fargo security officers carrying a bag of bank’s money just happened to pass me by. “... we must have produced some sort of surveillance... trying to rob the security guards... wouldn’t pop up, and that’s a sign that we were using a fake Internet connection... and then we produced this surveillance... showing a foreign intelligence service faxing the letter... and then the security officer with a bag of cash, that’s the 12th intercept...” Again, gross exaggeration. I then continued to speculate on the operation in Starbucks for a while, especially since somebody brought in his child on 7 AM! “We have to document *when* people leave behind trash... diarrhea is a very suspicious thing... most likely the Coca Cola... and now a black female is depositing money in the ATM... it does form a narrative with the earlier bank security officer...” And I filmed it. “... this is an important documentary because some nations are being fucked over... simply because a homeless vagrant was uploading files and then ran into bank security officers... the entire world has to change...” Then, while walking on Colorado Blvd, I ran into a woman who had a parrot on her shoulder. I was instantly galvanized: “This is the 16th intercept! Just like what happened in Nicaragua...” (54:00). More: “... so David Chin is meeting with a foreign intelligence officer... he’s continuing his mission from Nicaragua... we are meeting the same officer as we did in Nicaragua... who’s pretending to be a CIA officer... and so that means the money we get paid with came from the Russians, not the others... it is Russia which will get damned this time... our ties with Russia are so extensive... never before has a nation been so unfortunate that its fate is tied up with a homeless guy in a foreign country...” Now I simply can’t say whether the woman with the parrot was staged by the Russians: it’s always possible that the Russians wanted also to deny the suit team the right to send in an agent to pretend to be a Russian agent pretending to be a CIA agent by obtaining a ruling from judge Higgins that this too was part of my conspiracy with the United States. Then, I walked into a shop on 1:00:00: “... 7 people here...” I wanted to stay here to charge my computers, but in the end decided to leave. “... and the Russian officer is pretending to be CIA, that’s the crime of which the Russians are convicted today... all because this homeless guy is wandering around in America... they are convicted of a lot of crimes...”

this is so funny... sometimes you have to feel sorry for this Russia... but there is nothing we can do, we are just hungry... it's time for them to leave the UN... get the fuck out..." Nice acting! The Russians' evidence that I was indeed conspiring with the suit team. Then a vagrant woman begging for change: "... another intercept showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin begging for change..." (1:07:00). Then: "... it's just strange that Brazil and India will be allied with Russia instead of with America... it must be that BRIC thing... this is such a comedy, a woman with a parrot, and Russia is gone... you feel much better when you have figured it out... you now see that it's just a big comedy..." Again, acting.

My next recording is: "mmpk_wmgvfd_fmma_11_16_09_913AM-208PM.WMA": I was now worried that my recorder might shut itself off. "... what other people do always forms a narrative... watch for the narrative... the narrative, in the International Court, of the crimes of some country you might not even have thought of... he suffers diarrhea, even though he hasn't eaten the whole day... that's very suspicious... you might find it strange... why would the International Court be so concerned with a guy's diarrhea?... our mother... she wants us arrested as a pedophile..." Then, I continued my act: "... sometimes you can just imagine Putin and the Russian president say: 'We can't let that vagrant walk around anymore... we are getting too fucked'... it's not necessarily Russia... most of these intercepts are Hispanic... but they might turn into something else in the evidentiary record... even your ability to speak Spanish... some other allies of Russia's in Latin America... it's most likely Venezuela... it can't be Nicaragua, Guatemala, or Panama... some other country than Brazil... who are the judges? ... the original 12 judges... female... Jewish... Mr Buergethal... he's an American... we did actually read his book on human rights... and he's Jewish... and Higgins herself... her maiden name was Cohen... but the SVR director is also Jewish... everyone is Jewish in the courtroom... why is Mr former Secretary so into this Nazi stuff... strange... maybe the SVR director is a fake Jew... you have to wait... the truth might come out later... going to the library is scary, but we have never seen children there before... children can only show up when it makes sense... on 4 AM, there are no children, because it wouldn't make sense... but our double might look up child pornography again on the computers, and so let's not go there... law enforcement wouldn't know it's not us... it's not a good idea to go there, you will speed up your arrest..." I was resting in a corner on 20:00 and then soon on the move again. "... who's gonna believe all these layers of deception... an Asian female has a dog that's urinating... so far we have seen no evidence that faulty surveillance has confused the dog with us..." On 32:00 I took a nap on the grass. Siren on 39:00. "... we are so hungry..." Then I took notice of two Asian women dragging a cart. On 2:33:00 I woke up and started mumbling while walking. On 2:46:00 I passed by a stack of *LA Times* and took notice of the headline: "... 'Russia and US go to war over Iran'... surveillance is produced... but what does that have to do with David Chin?" Then a white female was text-messaging near me. On 2:51:30, another baby cart. "... we have produced another surveillance intercept... another guy with two cellphones, we've got intercepted again..." And more children. I was now drooling over the food I saw in stores due to tremendous hunger. What a birthday! Then a woman dragging a cart and text-messaging: "... we are intercepted..." I came inside a taco place on 3:01:00 to look for food in the trash can. A lot of children, and more text-messaging. Then another cellphone call: "... intercepted..." I was out on 3:03:30 and I filmed the food I found before eating it. On 3:12:30 I came back inside the taco store. A Hispanic woman put food on top of the trash can and asked me if I

wanted it. I took it: "... but we have produced another surveillance intercept..." And I came out to eat. "... surveillance is now showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin deceiving the kind American people... who don't know what he is and so give him food... look, a white man is standing next to us for no reason, producing a certain surveillance... and a white female who is walking with another woman is text-messaging..." And another man who looked Homeland Security was asking people for change: "... the deceitfulness of the criminal foreign agent David Chin... he deceives people into the impression that he is really homeless, and the gullible American people... now a Pasadena Transportation pickup truck..." I came inside Famima on 3:30:00 to get an empty cup. Then another child with his father was approaching me, and so I ran. On 3:34:00 I came back to the taco store to get water with my cup. When out, I rested in an alley to count all the passersby: a detective car; then a family with a child; then another car with a child inside; then a man picking trash cans for bottles; then another woman pushing a baby cart. I reflected: "... the woman gave us food because we had to produce surveillance showing us deceiving the American people even though we have just received millions of dollars in our bank account..." Not anymore! Then I rested silently. On 4:26:00 I was on the move again to avoid people's talking. When a woman walked out of a counseling center: "... is surveillance showing David Chin going to counseling?" When I passed by a street camera: "... we're caught in camera! The police will study it! They will notice that the child-molesting vagrant is here!" Not. Now there were not too many people on the streets of Pasadena at this time. "... surrender doesn't do any good..." And I ran into another child. On 4:45:00, I was back in Famima. I continued to drool over food: "... all this wonderful food here that we want to eat..." I sat down and started charging my computes. As you can hear, children were again making noises in the store.

My next recording is: "famimapsdn_deltefiles_11_16_09_213-314PM.WMA": Then a black guy came over to text-message: "... we are getting intercepted again..." (6:00). And he immediately left after text-messaging, making himself highly suspicious. Was this really an operation? Then somebody's phone rang again: "... surveillance is produced showing David Chin's phone ringing again..." (8:30). I was now working hard on deleting files in my Toshiba's hard drive in order to clear up more disk space. Then a child can be heard crying: "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is caught in the vicinity of a child again... unfortunately we will not be able to avoid children..." Then I continued to mumble about how I seriously needed to hide somewhere to avoid children. Then: "... our mother might be a fake..." After all the hard work, I still had only 10.1 gigabytes of space on my Toshiba's hard drive.

My next recording is: "fmmasurv_strbkchldphne_11_16_09_309-516PM.WMA": Now I was working on my Wireshark captures. "... we really would steal... all this delicious food on the shelves..." That's how hungry I was. On 18:00 I left Famima. I rested quietly in a corner. On 29:00, a Hispanic guy dragging a cart: "... it's our double... surveillance is now on him..." And I was now on the move again. Then I saw another guy videotaping a female: "... surveillance is now showing David Chin videotaping..." Then I found a cup of coffee and drank it. Then somebody's phone rang again: "... we've got intercepted..." Siren on 42:00. "Why does Homeland Security do that? Always sending ambulances around us... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is pretending to be hungry..." Then I started on the distinction between stressful and non-stressful surveillance intercepts: again, this – explaining my resistance – was good evidence for the Russians. And I kept on walking. "... we have

over 8,000 hours of recordings...” On 1:03:50, siren again. I took note of the police officer who was writing something down on his booklet and became convinced that he was writing about me (1:06:00). (Probably not.) Then, my wrong theory: “... because we wrote the email to our mother, maybe she has already called the police...” And another one: “... Homeland Security put that police officer on Colorado Blvd so that we will be pushed back to the Starbucks on Colorado and Green...” Then another mother with a child. I came to Starbucks on 1:14:00. It’s the one on Lake Blvd rather than the one on Colorado Blvd: I wanted to work on my fax again. Now an Asian female was text-messaging: “... we are intercepted...” (1:16:00). Then, suddenly, the Starbucks employees’ beeper was beeping: “... surveillance is produced showing us to have apparently also a beeper...” I logged into my Gmail account. “... our mother is determined to fuck us up...” Now, because the beeper continued to beep to no end, I got really paranoid and asked the Starbucks girl to remove the beeper, but she said she needed it for work, and that it went off every hour. Now I was wrongly convinced that she was lying: “... it was there to produce intercepts...” I simply couldn’t comprehend as yet the fact that not everything around me was orchestrated to produce intercepts. Then, more cellphone ringing. Then, because of my continual failure to fax my letter via the Internet: “... I guess Homeland Security doesn’t really want us to fax the letter... we are simply unable to send it...” It’s really not clear whether the suit team was indeed preventing it – although they would certainly be motivated to do so. Then another guy behind me was on his cellphone: “... we are intercepted again...” (1:27:50). I hummed. From 1:35:00 onward I was streaming one of my latest recordings from my website. Children were now seen outside: “... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on those children outside...” And my FTP transfer stalled again on 1:53:00. Then the Starbucks’ phone kept ringing: I continued to suspect it was to produce intercepts. Then, from 2:02:00 onward, I was writing another email to my mother, asking her not only to deposit money in my account so that I could go to a motel but also to not report me to the police. Paranoid over nothing!

The next file was cut in two – as shall be explained later. The first file is “strbpsdn_11_16_09_521-641PM.wma”: I was still working in Starbucks. “You would think that Homeland Security wants us to fax this letter because it would make us look crazy, but apparently not.” I continued to hum as people continued to talk loudly around me. On 12:40, when I tried to stream more audio recordings from my website, my Eee PC suddenly could no longer emit audio even though the volume was turned up to 100 percent. And the Starbucks beeper started beeping again (13:30). I was increasingly anxious and wanted to cry. Then, on 20:00, detective “Morgan Freeman” appeared! As the LAPD continued its investigation of me, they finally sent in the same detective again, and precisely on my birthday! Then: “... we have to figure out why our computer is not emitting sounds... is it because we have never uploaded anything?” Overly paranoid again! Then a Hispanic man was staring at me, totally scaring me. (Perhaps he was merely doing surveillance for the Russian side.) Then I was on Internet Fax again to study once more how to fax my letter (28:00). On 44:00 I wrote to the website explaining how I just could never send my letter: “What did I do wrong?” Then: “... they might call this 123-4567 number and actually get through! It might actually be somebody’s number... it will result in some sort of surveillance intercept...” Not! Then I was working on my hash values. On 1:05:00 a white female answered a call: “... we might have got intercepted again...” Then, on 1:08:00, I took a screenshot to demonstrate that the fax had been sent (!). On 1:10:00, while packing up, I theorized that the black man

“Morgan Freeman” was not in fact a detective but a special security expert contracted with Starbucks, here to check on me the pedophile suspect. (Not.) By 1:15:00 I was out of Starbucks. On 1:18:00, when I discovered that I still had a Starbucks card, I came back inside to check if there was still money in it – and there were still 6 dollars in it! I could actually buy something to eat! Just then, the phone on the Starbucks counter rang and the employee answered the phone: “Hello, may I help you?” Shocked, I was convinced that this was orchestrated to cause me to “criminally record”. Paranoid over nothing! This is why I would soon cut this recording in half to eliminate the 10 seconds in the middle during which I had “criminally recorded” the Starbucks employee.

Now the second file, “strbpsdn_11_16_09_641-708PM.wma”, begins just when I stepped out of the place into the hallway of Wells Fargo to avoid accidentally recording the phone conversation of the Starbucks employee. I then came back in to whine to the other employee about the strange, twilight zone phenomenon that people’s phone would always ring when I was standing nearby. “We can’t do anything about it,” she just said. Why did this keep happening today? Was the suit team really behind it? I then came outside to chew on the precious snack I was able to buy. Then I was on the move again. On 20:30, more text-messaging: “... we are intercepted...” Then I came to my usual corner next to the parking structure.

My next recording is: “deltercrd_slp_11_16_09_702-1007PM.WMA: As I prepared to sleep, I kept mumbling about how I had to work again on deleting the accidental recording of people’s garbage (this time, the Starbucks employee’s “Can I help you?”) Then I was all paranoid about the detective in Starbucks earlier (“Morgan Freeman”) and the other “cop” on Colorado Blvd. “This is going to create a lot of work, but you can never be too careful.” Then: “... it could be that our case was assigned to detective ‘Morgan Freeman’...” Indeed! Then I rested quietly. Then: “... when we kept running into children, the purpose might be for the parents and children to report on us... the description can then be matched with those... you are not just producing surveillance showing you snooping on children, but also to create troubles for yourself...” Then two females walked past with their cellphone ringing: “... producing surveillance...” Then I fell asleep.¹⁵

My next recording is: “slp_strngrdisturb_11_16-7_09_1026PM-321AM.WMA”: I was sleeping quietly when, on 34:10, a stranger woke me up. “I’m sorry sir!” “...” “... he’s here to produce an intercept...” It seems that he was just trying to get into the parking structure. “... he’s here to report us to...” Paranoid! Then I went back to sleep.¹⁶ Then, on 4:32:00, I woke up. As I walked, I continued: “... at night it is absolutely wonderful... there is nobody around... you can’t commit crimes when nobody is around... the thing about law enforcement... he’s always around children... but children always want to be around us...” On 4:49:00 I came to the corner behind Chase to work.

Before we move on, we might do a tally of the possible evidences which the suit team had produced today: the man’s phone’s ringing early this morning when he passed me by in my corner behind Chase, and the black man’s text-messaging when I was in Famima. As for the Russians, the woman with a

¹⁵ Reviewed until 39:00.

¹⁶ Reviewed until 38:00, and then from 4:31:00 onward.

parrot on her shoulder on Colorado Blvd. Again, it's not entirely clear whether these were really evidences. As for the man's phone's ringing, it could be that the suit team had played this trick in order to get the Russians' own surveillance (their recording devices planted around Chase) to pick up a phone's ringing that would seem to be mine. This, so that they could get judge Higgins to rule that all the evidences of my looking up child pornography and so on from earlier this month should indeed be considered valid.

November 17 (Tuesday; the DHS agent standing before me)

My next recordings are: "deltfile_prklotpsdn_11_17_09_314-328AM.WMA" and "psdndeltefile_knkotxtmssgr_11_17_09_334-441AM.WMA": I continued to work on my computer in the cold in the corner behind Chase, deleting files in order to clear up more disk space. Siren in the distance on 30:00 (in the second recording).

My next recording is: "dvd74chsecnr_strbk74bad_slpchdintrcpt_11_17_09_435AM-1233PM.WMA": I also successfully burned a new disc and then left by 1:55:00. I took notice of another homeless man dragging a cart across the street (1:56:30). I came to Starbucks and had coffee and bagel (2:07:00). I began writing to Internet Fax again. "Children will show up soon...." I was then editing the links on my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History while burning DVD 74-Copy. Then my ImgBurn suddenly froze up. I had to eject the disc from my Samsung DVD Writer. I wrote in my Diary: "This confirms once more the pattern of Homeland Security remote control of my Toshiba: they can so far stop or delete applications, but I have not yet seen them do anything beyond that." This was in fact probably just "natural" malfunctioning. Then I assumed that the man reading newspapers over there was an undercover detective (2:21:00). Probably not – or was I acting? Now the same African woman was charging her cellphone on the hallway (2:46:00). She was here, and would be here, every morning when I came to this Starbucks, and I started wondering whether she might be doing surveillance for the Russian side. (Maybe an agent from one of those African nations seen in June.) Then, strangely, she tried to talk to me, and I was alarmed (3:06:00). I ran out of Starbucks and hid in a corner (4:06:00). Why? I then walked around in Pasadena picking up cigarette butts from the streets (4:29:20). Then a suspicious white man: he wouldn't park his car across the street but insisted on parking it in front of me (4:31:30). While I rested in my corner, another car, a Honda Accord, came to park in front of me (4:59:00). An Asian man got out. Nothing! Then I took a long nap in my corner. On 7:05:30, I got up, mumbling about somebody's text-messaging. "As soon as we open our eyes, somebody is producing an intercept..." While walking the streets, I continued: "... he keeps producing this kind of intercepts and we will be arrested... we had a dream about surveillance intercepts too... he was also walking with his little daughter... he was seriously text-messaging... we've got intercepted big time..." On 7:11:00 I walked into Target to look for food in trash cans but found only drinks. I came out to drink them. Then: "... this woman is parking her car in the middle of the road in front of us... obviously to produce an intercept..." (7:18:10). Probably not. Then children appeared: "... that's such a nice intercept, just as we are hiding in this indented area... we are gonna get arrested if we keep producing intercepts of such sort... I don't know how to avoid children... we are already sleeping during the day and doing things only at night..." I got up and continued my wandering through the streets: "... when children look at

you they will report it... they were instructed to report saying they saw this man... we are in deep shit... we have to... children are going to find us... people take their children in front you, it's so scary, there is just no way to avoid it... 'This vagrant, he has no home'... they are gonna say, 'We have to bring this guy in, he's a threat to the community, he is always seen around children'... oh my God, I don't know what to do... we are doomed..." Then more children: I panicked and crossed the red light in order to avoid them. "... this vagrant, he keeps humming... children pass him by... the police are going to get him..." Then another woman was text-messaging near me: "... we've got intercepted... she saw us and immediately text-messed..." (7:33:00). "... maybe it's not about our texting our foreign intelligence contact... maybe the text-message was about how cute these children are... during the day you have to hide..." Then I assumed I was again "spotted" by a police car. Then another woman was text-messaging: "... we've got intercepted again... 40 yards... we are gonna get arrested as a pedophile... I don't know what to do, we have nowhere to go..." I was so distraught that I broke down crying. And more children! On 7:41:00, more children: I was in total panic and quickly crossed the street to avoid them. Then, "spotted" again. "... stay next to the trash can, children wouldn't appear next to the trash can..." On 7:53:00, I came to hide in the bushes in the back of the Kinkos on Colorado and Lake. I paid careful attention to a man who was standing in the middle of the parking lot near me: is he going to text-message? I turned on my Toshiba. "... people from across... could still see us... maybe they will call the police... Oh, the password on our Toshiba has been changed..."

My next recordings are: "upld_knkback_11_17_09_1241-1253PM.WMA" and "knkosback_wrt_manstndng_11_17_09_1255-730PM.WMA": I was now importing my latest recordings to my Toshiba. An Asian guy was leaving: "... he's gonna text-message... the intercepts with children are just so frightening..." I was then working on deleting files again in order to clear up more disk space. "... there are all these cars around us... somebody must have text-messed and we must have been intercepted, we just didn't know it... these temp files... you can never get to the end of them... forget it..." Then a black man in a white sedan: "... 10 yards in front of us, we are getting intercepted..." (14:30). Siren on 14:50. "... deleting Process Server... that black guy... unless he's an undercover detective... here to watch over the child-molesting vagrant, who always tries to run away from children but just can't seem to do it and has to now hide in the bushes..." Then, on 40:40, somebody on cellphone: "... we are getting intercepted..." By 43:00 I was working on "Karin's meetups". "... people are talking... surveillance is again showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding here to secretly record people's conversations..." I was now working on the episode at the vegetarian restaurant in San Gabriel Valley. "... it's strange that we are here... but this is the only place where children wouldn't show up..." Then, suddenly, a man wearing a baseball cap and sunglasses, obviously Homeland Security, came over and just stood in front of me. Terribly alarmed, I interrogated him: "What are you doing here? Trying to attack me? He's here to produce an intercept..." (1:02:00). I filmed him, and thus he walked away. "... it's an intercept showing us meeting a foreign agent... this sort of intercept is so scary..." In reality, we can't be sure why this Homeland Security guy was here: he could even have been ordered by the Russians to come here to ascertain my whereabouts. After moving some screenshots, I continued to write. By 1:39:00 I had shut down my computer (it was running out of power). I ordered my discs. Siren on 1:45:30. Then, from 1:50:00 onward, I was napping. On 2:23:00, while napping, I expressed my worries about my DVDs: "... the way they are so

tightly stacked together... Mommy, save us, Mommy...” Then, from 2:43:00 onward: “... we want to go back to being Lawrence Chin... we don’t want to be this David Chin...” Then about how my real brother David Chin would be recruited. Then, from 2:54:30 onward: “... we can’t go back... our mother has probably been turned into a foreign intelligence fake mother in the evidentiary record...” And I cried a little (2:58:30). These words were important for the Russians, who would definitely incorporate them into their profile of me explaining my motivation in conspiring with the United States to harm them. On 3:21:30, a lot of siren. “... if we starve to death and are taken to the hospital, that would be a big surveillance intercept... David Chin tries so hard to pretend to be moneyless that he ends up in the hospital...” (3:44:00). “... our mission follows us just as children follow us, it’s so stressful...” (3:58:00). “... you’ve never expected this... children would come out to look for you...” Then, on 4:37:00, I mumbled something about Wes. On 4:45:00: “... a truck... maybe here to produce surveillance intercepts... maybe surveillance is currently showing you to be somewhere else molesting children and meeting foreign agents...” Then, two persons came to talk in front of me, and I hummed: “... surveillance is again showing David Chin secretly recording...” Then I recalled Marie’s words to me: “... c’est pas ton look, c’est ton comportement...” (5:12:30). Then: “... if Karin takes us back, we can produce surveillance intercepts with her, we don’t like this current thing... we don’t like Karin anymore, but we like Cecilia... we don’t like to produce intercepts with Amanda... today she’s all smiles... the next day, Goodbye... I’m talking to you, and you are talking to surveillance... ‘What’s your favorite color?’ ‘Oh, I’m from Germany’... the twilight zone... pretty soon we just realized it’s futile to talk to people... ‘Why are you hovering over me? Oh, you just need the space in front of me to text-message’... ‘Don’t bring your baby to me... and don’t call the police’... solitary confinement is pretty good, if you have your computers and DVDs... let’s go to jail... producing surveillance intercepts... it used to be fun, but not anymore... we used to produce intercepts with Mireya... people who are recruited don’t like us anymore... we are best friend to each other, we like each other, me and me... yesterday we are ourselves, but today we play the role of somebody else... yesterday you thought you could go back to being yourself, but today you are disappointed... just learn to enjoy it... someday...” Again, what I said here was important evidence for the Russians as to the motivation of the conspirator: he was doing it all grudgingly, and he wanted to go back to being himself. Then I sang a little Wir sind Helden’s “Keine Angst mehr”. “... be vague and confusing, we are so vague and confused... we are completely banned from Karin’s meetups on November 23 last year... it’s exactly one year now...” By 6:32:30 I had got up.

My next recording is: “eeepc_readcomput_11_17_09_724-856PM.WMA”: I continued to work in my corner: “... a car is parked there to create an intercept of our communications...” In fact, it could just be Russian surveillance. I was now moving my screenshots to their folders using Command Prompt on my Eee PC. Then I started explaining myself again: “... it’s not like we really care about the intercepts, it’s just that we’d really like to know... knowledge cures... that sense of uncertainty is indeed unpleasant...” Then I had to take a screenshot of my moving screenshots to the right folders. Then I was recording on my diary how I had had to cut the recording from last night in two (23:00). And I had to use earphones when I cut the file in order to avoid re-recording the part that was “criminal”. Then I was examining the internal structure of the Linux OS on my Eee PC (37:00). Then, on 1:00:00: “... there is something in our Eee PC...” Then, around 8:30 PM, I did a CHKRookit check. No, nothing.

Then: "... I didn't even know I have this... what's the point of encryption anyway? It'd just make you even more suspicious... we are looking for Ethereal..." Then I was reading a printout about DVDs.

My next recording is: "fellasleep_eastoflake_11_17-8_09_902PM-333AM.WMA": I continued: "... faulty surveillance needs true surveillance in order to work..." Then, from 8:00 onward, I was on the move again. "... people just want to produce surveillance intercepts, so don't worry about it... as long as no children are involved... we are just little moments of other people's lives without being able to enjoy them..." Just acting. I was now on Lake Blvd. "... we came out of our spider hole, ready to produce surveillance intercepts... look, children in Target, let's run away... we should only be active from 12 to 6 AM, when children aren't to be seen... let's go to the same spot... there will always be people using the Chase ATM, just because we like to work behind Chase..." By 28:00 I was working in the corner behind Chase. Again, I wanted to delete files in my Toshiba in order to clear up more disk space, but there was nothing left to delete. Then a man passed by: "... that must have produced a surveillance intercept... why would anybody walk past here?" (46:30) And this man walked past again on 49:00: "... we are like a dummy!" Since the Russians must have planted listening devices in this corner as well, they shouldn't have any need to send in a surveillance agent. Then, from 55:00 onward, I was writing: now about the episode with my old doctor Deborah. On 58:00, the security guard showed up, and now I had to move away. "... we've got 'spotted' again... it will be matched with the other descriptions... our time is only between 12 AM and 7 AM, the rest of the time we need to be hiding somewhere... life is about hiding... hoping that you will never be found... even if you go to Antarctica, you will see children there..." I kept on moving. Now a woman was using the ATM near me, and I read out her license plate: "... it's a Mercedes, surveillance is produced..." (1:06:00). "... that's the surveillance which the security guard wanted us to produce... it's nice to know at what time you happen to have a different bank account... we do nothing, we just note it down... *we offer no resistance*... another guy, he's obviously here to produce surveillance intercepts... to get another nation to fall... it's always the same old thing: having a different bank account, making a cellphone call, meeting a foreign agent, snooping on children... we can't stay in Pasadena for too long... there is a description of us..." Important testimony for the Russians! I came near the sushi restaurant and: "... somebody is text-messaging, we are intercepted at this very moment..." (1:12:30). Then I repeated my mantra: "... we produce surveillance intercepts... Oh, we are videotaped by a Pasadena City truck, at Green and Lake, our days are really numbered..." On 1:23:00 I settled down into a corner. "If someone comes here to text-message, it will be the most frightening thing because there are only you and him, and surveillance will see only one person..." Not a good testimony. Then I was on the move again. On 1:37:00 I settled down into another corner, a very quiet place next to an abandoned building. "We have produced a massive amount of intercepts... it's always the same thing: criminal recording, criminal videotaping, snooping on children... cellphone calls... a different bank account..." I lay down mumbling: "... even though this is just an abandoned building, just because a vagrant has to lie here, some nation is going to suffer... how weird... soldiers die on the battle field... all we do is wander the streets... all we have to do is be bad, or be made to look bad..." I kept mumbling about how I constantly did my country a favor. Then I fell asleep.¹⁷

¹⁷ Reviewed until 2:28:00, and then from 6:09:00 onward.

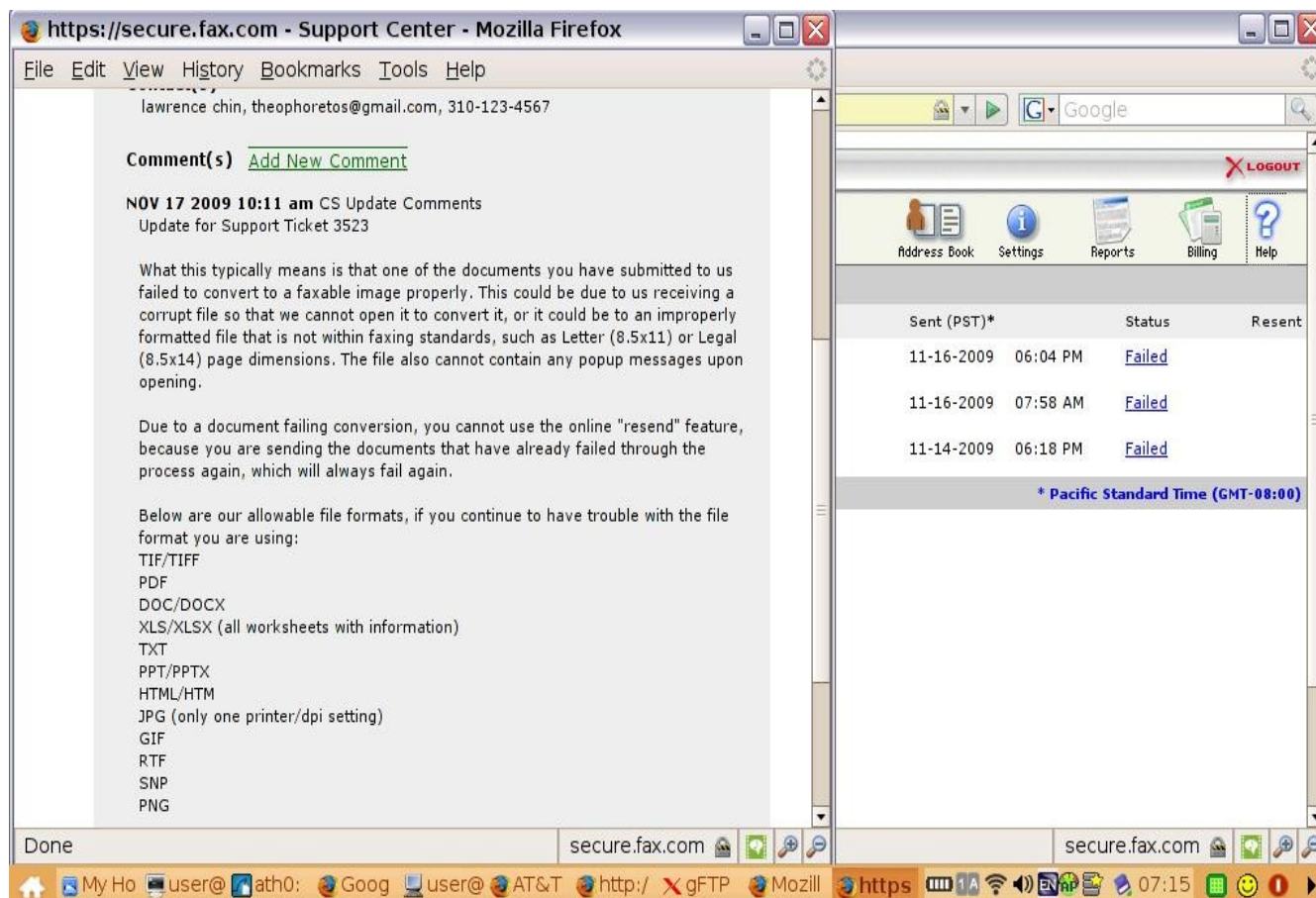
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It appears that the suit team had “obtained” no evidences today, while the Russians had obtained good evidence as to my motivation in order to complete their profile of me, and then more explanations for my seeming resistance to the suit team’s operations. And more to come in my letter tomorrow. Such explanations would eventually put an end to the suit team’s case in the upper court.

November 18 (Wednesday; letter to Mr Couvreur)

My next recording is: “[atm_chsecnr_11_18_09_327-412AM.WMA](#)”: I woke up and, on 19:00, was using the ATM. Then I was working on my files in the corner behind Chase. “Oh Mommy! I just want to be a Russian agent... don’t want to be arrested...”

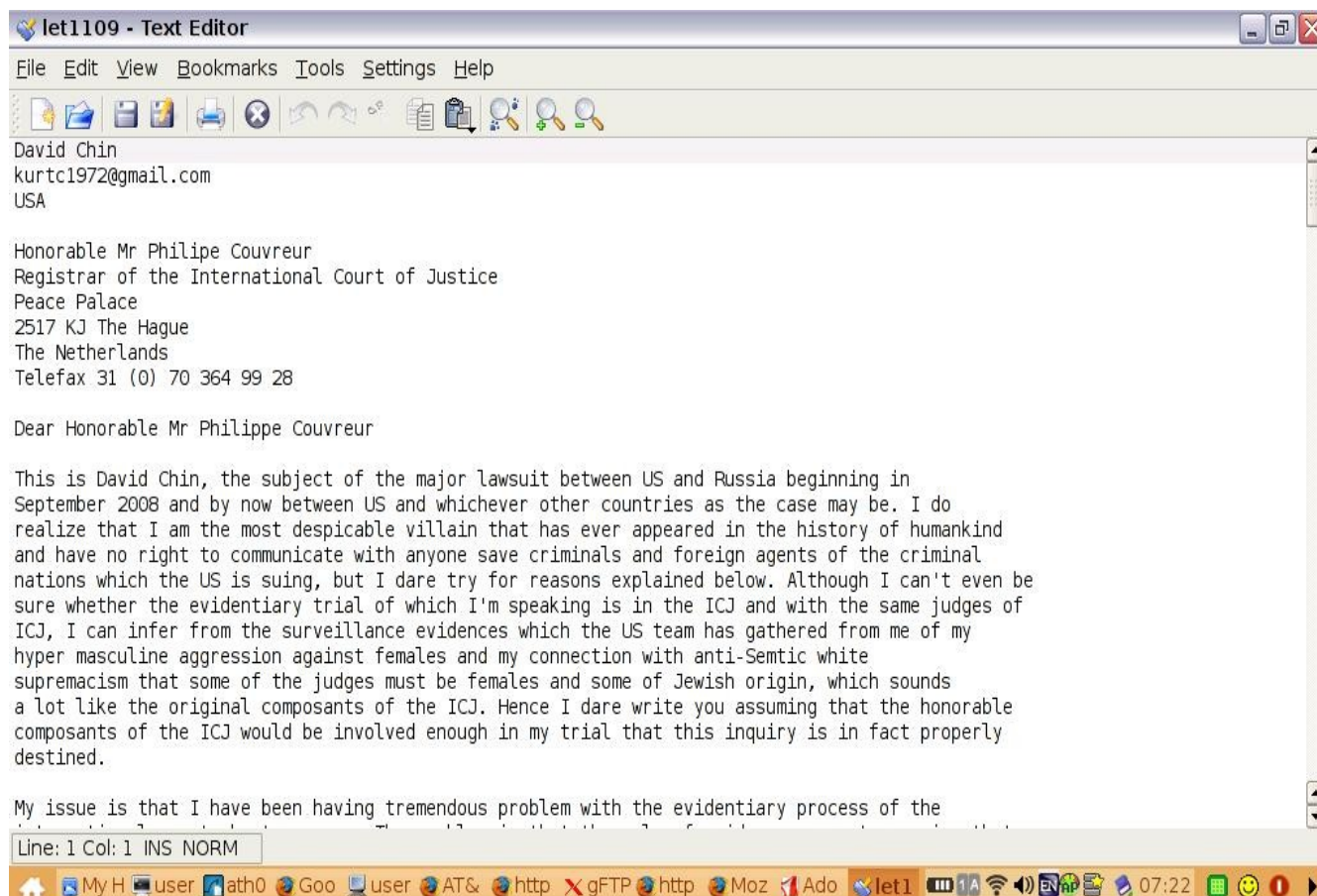
My next recording is lost. My next recording is: “[pref11_strbkfaxnmbrintcpt_11_18_09_504-941AM.WMA](#)”: Somehow, between 4 AM and 5 AM, I left my corner and came to Starbucks to work. I was now working on my “Feefee and Valerie” (15:00). I used the restroom and then got onto Internet Fax (1:55:00). Then my Eee PC froze up. I mumbled: “Homeland Security doesn’t want us to...” I rebooted it (2:09:00). Then I started working on faxing my letter again. Again, I registered myself as “David Chin” on Internet Fax (2:22:00). Now, Internet Fax finally answered my help ticket today.



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The reply from FAX.COM

I was suspicious again and wrote down in my diary: “The answer was most likely bogus. My letter is in PDF, supported by the website. It was becoming increasingly evident that Homeland Security didn’t want me to send it, and they disguised their blockage in the form of software malfunctioning.” Was I correct? Again, the suit team had of course a motivation in preventing me from sending the letter, given what damaging evidence this could become. And so I copied the content from the PDF document and pasted it onto Kwrite, creating a text document instead:



The letter in text document which I finally did send

This time, I was able to send it successfully, it seems. I then moved inside Starbucks (3:25:00). I continued my act: “Perhaps, our communication only goes through when we contain a phone number in it” (3:31:30). Then a white female came in with a Toshiba Satellite exactly identical to mine. She used Windows Vista too. “Our double! An intercept of our having a different phone number! And she’s text-messaging! We are intercepted!” (3:39:00) I went up to her to ask her about it, and she said she was sending an email, that it’s about her job, and that she was a real estate agent (3:40:00). She was probably not sent in by the suit team. But I continued: “Communication with foreign agents disguised

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as a message about real estate!” I left Starbucks on 3:43:00 and got on the bus on 4:16:00.

Since by now my letter to Mr Couvreur was finally sent and had without doubt become the Russians’ evidence in the International Court, it’s worth our effort to take a look at the full text here. (Corrections of spelling and grammar are bracketed.)

David Chin
kurtc1972@gmail.com
USA

Honorable Mr Philippe Couvreur
Registrar of the International Court of Justice
Peace Palace
2517 KJ The Hague
The Netherlands
Telefax 31 (0) 70 364 99 28

Dear Honorable Mr Philippe Couvreur

This is David Chin, the subject of the major lawsuit between [the] US and Russia beginning in September 2008 and by now between [the] US and whichever other countries as the case may be. I do realize that I am the most despicable villain that has ever appeared in the history of humankind and have no right to communicate with anyone save criminals and foreign agents of the criminal nations which the US is suing, but I dare try for reasons explained below. Although I can’t even be sure whether the evidentiary trial of which I’m speaking is in the ICJ and with the same judges of [the] ICJ, I can infer from the surveillance evidences which the US team has gathered from me of my hyper masculine aggression against females and my connection with anti-Semitic white supremacism that some of the judges must be females and some of Jewish origin, which sounds a lot like the original composants of the ICJ. Hence I dare write you assuming that the honorable composants of the ICJ would be involved enough in my trial that this inquiry is in fact properly destined.

My issue is that I have been having tremendous problem with the evidentiary process of the international court about my case. The problem is that the rule of evidence seems to require that the evidence be gathered only through intercepts. This rule has become the source of my hardship, whether feigned or not. For example, there has been an intense effort in the past days on the part of [the] US team to gather [evidences] from me that [are] principally of 5 kinds, criminal videotaping, criminal recording, criminal behavior of an unspeakable sort which I’ll not name here, contacts with foreign agents and criminal friends, and cellphone communications. Each type of evidence-gathering has caused me tremendous hardship (whether I’m feigning it or not), but especially that involving the [interception] of cellphone communications as coming from me and that involving the ‘criminal behavior of the unspeakable sort’ (relating to those ‘little persons’).

With regard to the interception of my phone calls, for example, due to the continual need on the part of [the] US team to intercept cellphone communications (calls or text-[messages]) as coming from me, I have become so terrified of cellphones and the sounds of phone rings. With the details of this I will not burden you, Sir. It might sound strange, but I have sometimes fallen dysfunctional due to such massive number of cellphone [communications intercepted as coming] from me. And I cannot see a therapist about it for if I tell her my problem is [that], being some sort of foreign agent, [I] get nauseated when my cellphone communications get intercepted between 20 and 100 times a day as evidences at some international court [trial] for my crimes and the crimes of the nations for which I work, she would definitely refer me to a mental asylum. And If I tell her that I in fact don't even have a cellphone with me when getting intercepted and that all [the] intercepts were actually of other people's communications near me, I'll merely be caught lying in surveillance (in the evidentiary record of the international court) with no one believing my ridiculous lies and my therapist would still send me for psychiatric lock-up for thinking that so many good people would cooperate [to play] such strange pranks on a single person and that the government would attempt to intercept me at all. The problem is really that, due to my deceitful nature, I have made myself believe my own lies that I have never been even carrying a cellphone for several months and that all the cellphone communications that have been intercepted from me actually came from other people told to make such communications near me. I thus feel extremely awful when I notice another interception of my cellphone [communications] even though it has been my own deceitful nature which lies at the source of my increasing discomfort.

The issue is becoming a bit serious because my hardship (again, whether or not I'm pretending so [either] on my own accord or per the order of the criminal foreign intelligence services for which I work) due to my inability to not become preoccupied with the interception of [my] communications is causing a certain degree of concern among the strangers around [such] that I increasingly run the risk of being reported and taken to lock-up. Thus, I wonder if the evidentiary rule can be bent to accommodate my phobia for cellphone devices. For example, in order for the evidentiary record of the Court to be complete with my cellphone communications with foreign intelligence contacts and various sorts of criminal friends, I will simply mail to the Court a cellphone which I'm sure in the end will prove to be mine and the source of the tens of thousands of text-messages and cellphone calls intercepted as coming from me since mid-February this year when text-messaging suddenly figured prominently as evidence in the evidentiary record of the international court. (I'm not sure if the cellphone number really matters; I did [produce] an intercept of my entering per requirement a number of 310-123-4567 while signing up around 4:50 PM PST on 14/11/09 an Internet fax service with which to send this [letter] to you, which is one of the latest intercepts.)

Please understand my dilemma here. I cannot tell law enforcement officers what the evidentiary record of the international court most likely shows, namely that I per the order of the criminal foreign intelligence services for which I work, am merely pretending to be insane so as to deceive the good, innocent, and gullible Americans about my harmful acts against them, for if I do [...] they would put me in the hospital anyway for imagining that I am a foreign agent at all. And if I say

nothing, they'd put me in the hospital, while the evidentiary record of the international court would still show the same thing anyway, that this deceitful criminal foreign agent has feigned mental problem so well to disguise his status as a foreign agent that he actually gets put into the mental hospital as if he were really mentally disordered. So, I'll be put into a mental asylum no matter what, whether I'm really driven insane by surveillance intercepts or just pretending to be so [...], and I don't want to end up in a lock-up situation.

The other species of evidence-gathering to which I have referred [are] causing me even greater worry, stress, and fear because it seems to be leading to my eventual troubles with law enforcement, possibly resulting, once more but even more seriously, in hospitalization and eventual placement in a [restricted] environment. I have become increasingly stressed as I the criminal multinational foreign agent seem to be caught in surveillance to be in close proximity of those 'little persons' about 50 times a day. As evidence accrues in the evidentiary record of the international court that I am a creature of unspeakable perversions (whether via faulty genetics or per the indoctrination of the criminal foreign intelligence services for which I work), I at the same time seem to have found myself under watch by undercover law enforcement officers and security guards for manifestations of unspeakable perversions and other disturbing tendencies. At the very least, concerns about me would start building up in my surrounding, resulting in my increasing restriction in access to public facilities and possibly in eventual traveling.

I'm deeply worried because, in my foreign intelligence assignment of pretending to be short of money, I'm having great difficulty in staying away from people and thus not getting caught in the vicinity of people ('big and little') and their cellphone devices (which I thus feign to be the actual sources of all the cellphone communications intercepted as coming from me), and this thus puts me at great risk of law enforcement [troubles] and other disturbances that will inevitably, even mysteriously, happen. I'm simply psychologically exhausted [from] generating so much surveillance intercepts in a day, and I'm becoming increasingly frightened of the surveillance intercepts about me because of their increasingly 'problematic' and disgusting nature.

The same goes for the surveillance [evidences] of my criminal recording and criminal videotaping, the description of which I [shall] skip for now. This, even though, often, when I reflect on the surveillance evidences in this domain, I simply don't see anything criminal [here]. However, worries always hang in the back of my mind because, since surveillance is supposed to catch me committing crimes, if there are such surveillance evidences then what surveillance shows me doing must amount to a crime of some sort. But what is more important is the combination of these two types of [evidences] with the previous type of evidences, which may very well lead to law enforcement attention. I really envy the time past when I can zoom my camcorder in on other people's cellphone screens right in front of them without their ever saying anything at all, or have my recorder turned on in every possible [setting] without anyone caring about it. Now I'm frightened of real legal consequences merely being seen carrying a camcorder without even shooting it – this is because there seem to have been several pieces of surveillance evidence for my carrying cameras or [camcorders] videotaping or taking pictures of the street, which then

means that this must be criminal in some way. And yet, I have found that videotaping [is] the most effective therapeutic instrument in calming the anxiety and stress I [feel] whenever I [notice a] possible interception of another cellphone [communication] as originating from me [according to] the evidentiary record at the [International Court]. That is, because my lies that all the intercepts of my cellphone communications are actually of other people's [...] soothe my discomfort [when I see] that I, a cellphone communication freak, cannot [...] stop myself from being intercepted, I [developed] the habit in the past of videotaping other people's text-messaging during the [moment] of interception in order to calm myself down, and the generous American people [...] never seemed to have problems with my methods. But after April this year, they increasingly did and now I sometimes have the feeling that even the undercover law enforcement officers who occasionally watch over me are having concerns about my recording habits, although I can't be sure that, of course, all this isn't just my own paranoia, of which you must have heard [...] from the evidences presented along with my viciousness and deceitfulness.

Now there seems to have been a [significant] change lately in regard to the effective status of the evidentiary record of the [International Court]. I'm terribly envious of time past, at least before Russia's conviction in March this year, when I could [...] continually [roam] about and [be] intercepted in my criminal clandestine activities for Russia and all the other countries without worrying about law enforcement troubles but with only the criminal nations for which I worked bearing the responsibility for my actions. That is, whether I wish good or ill for the criminal nations on trial along with me, whether I intend harm for the US or simply don't care, I will always at least have my freedom to [continue] my habits, whether criminal or not. The American people have been extremely generous in accommodating my vicious [character] along with my recording habits, in addition to being deceived by me most of the time. It used to be the case that 'crimes in surveillance' (in the evidentiary record of the [International Court]) mean nothing in the real world of ordinary people from whom my clandestine actions were hidden. But increasingly I have found that my criminal characteristics and bad habits are less tolerated [than before] by the American people and public personnel, even if rightly so.

What I want to say is that, even during [the] Court's conviction of Russia in March this year for the crime of sending me [...] around the country pretending to be my brother Lawrence Chin and a Muslim suspect, after my lock-up for 8 days, the real world consequences for me seem to have amounted to the still bearable alert to the transportation system personnel about a mentally inferior person requiring special attention. (Although I of course, again, can't be sure of this; I simply notice that the transportation personnel have always treated me with special attention, perhaps only because of my natural mental inferiority and their [being unaware] of my foreign agent status.) As the [trial] continues now, however, the real world consequences for me seem increasingly graver.

I wish therefore that the evidentiary rule about intercepts being the only allowable evidences be bent so that confession of crimes and submission of evidences of crimes (but not of innocence) by the criminal himself may also be allowed in as evidences at the Court. Thus if the Court needs

evidences [showing] the criminal agent David Chin communicating with cellphones I may be spared the stress and phobia involved in the interception of cellphone communications or phone rings – these caused by my own deceitfulness notwithstanding – by simply submitting a cellphone to the Court. In regard to the completion of the Court’s evidentiary record with my criminal videotaping and recording behavior, by simply offering my confessions I can also be spared any real legal consequences following upon such criminal behaviors. Since the evidentiary record of the [International Court] is kept strictly separate from any real world proceedings, my conviction in the [International Court] could then never entail any real troubles in the real, ordinary world just as before when the strict separation between the everyday world and the world of the evidentiary record of [International Court] was in effect. With that, I can then resume my criminal videotaping behavior just as before, thus providing myself with an instrument with which I may comfort my constant insecurity. My greatest wish, although I know it to be probably unrealizable, is that the Court may eventually simply switch entirely to a confessional method and direct examination of the criminal himself in its evidentiary process for the future proceeding [for] my upcoming criminal clandestine activities for perhaps still other nations for which I work as yet undiscovered, so that I may be relieved of the terrifying stress of interception.

I imagine that the reason why the rule of evidence requires interception is that the criminal subject in question must be caught neutral in his intention when the evidence of his [criminal] actions is presented to the court proceeding. I however find it baffling that anyone would not know that all cellphone communications for example are automatically intercepted in [the] government’s system. In fact, whether [the] evidence of David Chin’s clandestine activities is had through intercepts or confession, I can guarantee that the end results are just the same. The truth is simply the truth, and there can be only one truth. Although I have somewhat lost track of the evidentiary record in the past few months or so, I have still been keeping a [...] log of the possible surveillance intercepts of my clandestine actions and communications with [my] foreign intelligence or criminal friends each day (at least in regard to number and not content).

I’m thus asking if there is a way to reach [a] judgment about the criminal nations in questions without causing me so much suffering. I’m saying this even though I’m under the impression that a massive body of evidence probably exists indicating that I’m actually a very happy person (in a careless way) but am so deceitful as to pretend to be miserable everyday in order to hide from the innocent, good, and gullible American people my criminal offenses against them, and that you may very well understand my mention of my ‘suffering’ to you as a way to deceive you either for my own pleasures or per the order of the intelligence chiefs of the criminal nations for which I work, from China, Russia, Brazil, and India to other Latin American, African, and Middle Eastern countries. I can only tell you that I lie and pretend so much that I can no longer distinguish truth from lies, such that I seem to really experience suffering even though I have been merely pretending to suffer misery.

Please note that I do understand the importance to world peace and the good of humanity of the continual interception of my criminal clandestine activities directed by the criminal nations enemy to the US and to the good part of humanity, and I furthermore understand that such despicable super-

villain so unprecedented in human history as I am really does not deserve any sort of humanitarian considerations nor is he worthy of any empathy on the part of others. Please, however, do understand, Sir, [that,] being so conscienceless, [I] will obviously not care about my lack of rights [to ask] for the consideration and sympathy of others [when I] thus [ask] for the consideration and sympathy of others. Being so vicious as I am, I also have little consideration for other people's precious time which might very well be better spent doing other things than reading my pleas. Dear sir, please imagine me, notwithstanding the most despicable and vomit-inducing villain you have ever heard of, put my hands on the ground and kneel in front of you to beg for an easier-to-bear evidentiary process. The result would be the same as if the evidence were had through interception anyway.

I would also like to ask if, since the evidence from the international court clearly indicates that I'm actually a citizen of the People's Republic of China, the Court may order the PRC government to (re-)issue me a PRC passport and identification so that I won't have to continue using my problematic US passport. (If I go into the Chinese consulate myself to ask for a replacement of 'my PRC passport', they will probably call law enforcement to put me in a mental asylum.) It will be only fair that, as I have been clearly shown through evidence to have been (among others) a Chinese spy, I should not [have to continue] to endure the Chinese government's refusal to acknowledge my citizenship with them so that they may disguise their crime.

I know you have probably received evidence in the form of surveillance intercepts that I'm writing this letter to you only as part of the clandestine operations which the criminal nations on trial have instructed me to accomplish as a way to deceive the Court. I myself seem to have noticed various surveillance intercepts in these days in which I seem to have been intercepted as writing letters with a communication device next to me through which foreign [intelligence services may] dictate to me as to what to write. There may have been other surveillance intercepts as evidence for this scenario, such as intercepts of [text-messages] during the composition of this letter and of [my] faxing this letter to you with the very fake services with which foreign [intelligence services] have provided me. I am perfectly fine with whichever way [...] the evidence [happens to] show the clandestine purpose of this communication to be. (I am assuming that evidence would not show that I have sufficient intellect to attempt to deceive the Court with a trick such as this of my own accord.) Please do then have the Court convict these nations as it pleases. I am rather selfish here and will be pleased as long as I can deceive someone and get some personal benefit and satisfaction from this communication.

I deeply apologize for writing you. My wish is that you would not refer me to law enforcement on [the basis that] a lowly and delusional individual [has attempted] to communicate with [an] honorable officer of one of the most respectable institutions, thus resulting in [the acceleration of] my troubles with law enforcement, whether in the US or in the international arena. I'm simply desperate. This would be sad because my very purpose is to avoid law enforcement capture, hospitalization, and [...] finally the restriction of my freedom which will eventually result therefrom.

I'm really sorry for having once wished that the [lawsuit] I once mailed to judge Higgins some months ago might convince her of my lies (or the lies which the Russians et al have told me to say), that the

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[lawsuit] from beginning to end was [...] bogus, and that once China has paid for its dues all can be called an end. I shouldn't have filed suit full of lies on foreign dignitaries, even though such are common under the permissive atmosphere of the US court system.

Sincerely,

David Chin

You can just imagine how this letter completed all the explanations I had so far given of my strange resistance to the suit team's operation if I did intend to help them to harm Russia. My reasons were clearly (or not so clearly, given all the grammar and spelling mistakes) stated: certain things were inherently stressful to me causing me to develop a phobia toward them, and I feared that *real* consequences – negative consequences in the real world – might arise resulting in my arrest or hospitalization. Whether my explanation was good enough to neutralize the few instances (“proofs”) which the suit team had produced in the past few days, we shall see. Furthermore, my intention to harm the nations which the United States wished to convict was clearly evident (even though I was simply being sarcastic). Note that, by sending out the letter, I was still conforming to Homeland Security's 2007 warning about me: the paranoid schizophrenic frequently obsessed with foreign dignitaries and prone to harass them. The Russians now had more reasons to request that Homeland Security continue surveillance on me *for the international community*. For all these reasons, the suit team could indeed have wanted to block my attempt to send this letter out.

My next recording is lost. It seems that I got off the bus on Vermont and Prospect and was now waiting for another bus go to Westwood. Then my next recording is: “wrtpref11_dhscopy_wstwdfd_kkutbywrkr_11_18_09_1027AM-109PM.WMA”: While in the street corner, I continued to work on my “Feefee and Valerie”. Then, while walking, I continued my act (or my sarcasm): “We have plagiarized everything we have ever written... We just have to admit that, and then we will feel better” (6:00). I got on the bus again without paying and showed the bus driver the wrong ID. He scolded me: “Next time ask me if you can get a free ride....” I was sarcastic: “Yeah, I thought I could fool you with that... We have created another intercept showing David Chin to be utterly deceitful...” (11:00). I continued to do my writing while on the bus and I got off in Westwood on 49:00. I continued my sarcasm: “If we ever have a book signing even, we will just say, ‘Hey, this is the book I have plagiarized or which the foreign intelligence has written for me’...” (56:00). I scavenged food in trash cans and ate it in the street corner. Then: “A female is text-messaging, we may have been intercepted again...” Meanwhile, a helicopter was circling the sky (1:50:45). I continued my act: “If people call you a nxxxxx, just call yourself a nxxxxx... If people hit you in the head, then just hit yourself in the head... Then you'll feel better...” (1:58:00). Excellent! This was, you recall, a perfect explanation of my motivation. I then resumed writing my “Feefee and Valerie” (1:59:00). Then, when a vagrant was urinating in front of me, I naturally assumed he was my double (2:23:40). But I wasn't sure if he was producing an intercept of my urinating or one of my perversion (snooping on other people while urinating). Then another vagrant came to lie on the grass in front of me (2:27:00). I continued my wisdom from the last time: “If the purpose of life is to die, then you have to live before you die; if you

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just die you cannot die...” (2:34:00). Then the man cutting the grass yelled at me telling me to move away (2:35:00).

My next recording is: “slpbushs_ppltkloud_11_18_09_103-238PM.WMA”: And so I took a nap on the grass area in front of UCLA. Siren on 1:04:00. Then I was awakened when people talked loudly around me again. “... to make us criminally record their conversation...”

My next recording is: “slp_uclagrass_11_18_09_252-337PM.WMA”: I changed to a different corner to continue my nap. I recounted my suspicion that the other man from earlier was an undercover cop. (Was I acting?) I then continued on about how producing intercepts was stressful. My explanation! “Now that the police have an infrared capture on you, they can even find you when you hide in the forest...” Then my recorder turned itself off when I fell asleep.

My next recording is: “wstwdfd_chldbushphn_kdeprnt_thaitxtmsgr_11_18_09_413-729PM.WMA”: When I woke up from the grass, I discovered that my recorder had turned itself off. I got up on 38:30. The vagrant that was sleeping on the grass near me was covering his head, in imitation of me. My double? Or were the Russians faking it? Then I saw the same woman dragging two suit cases – I pretended to not know that she was a Russian surveillance agent: “She is suspicious – we shall call her the ‘double draggy cart woman’...” (45:00). Just then siren: an ambulance (45:45). Then an Asian guy was dancing by the bus stop (54:00). My double? Or were the Russians faking it? Siren again on 1:03:30. Then somebody hugged someone in front of me: was David Chin meeting with someone? Or was it just a random event unrelated to the suit team? (1:05:45) Then: “The fucking white bitch is walking in front of us!” (1:15:00) I went hiding in a street corner. Then a Hispanic woman carrying her child sneaked up in front of me. “Surveillance is showing David Chin snooping on other people’s children again!” (1:25:30) I got on the bus on 1:40:00. I was reading up on computer matter while on the bus (1:55:00). Then a vagrant tried to sell a DVD to me: disgusting intercept (vagrant + DVD)! (2:27:30) In reality, this was probably not part of the suit team’s operation. Then a Hispanic man with his daughter just had to sit in front of me (2:29:00). I moved. I got off the bus on Sunset and Vermont on 2:48:40. Here again! I squatted on the sidewalk outside the Thai restaurant to work on my laptop (3:02:00). It was convenient here because, you recall, there was an electrical outlet right next to the restaurant. Then a vagrant woman was yelling nearby, and then someone was text-messaging: “We’re getting intercepted again!” (3:13:00)

My next recording is: “thaisuitemplteorth12_secgrddog_txtmsgrwm_11_18-9_09_735PM-1205AM.WMA”: I continued to work outside the Thai restaurant. “... wherever we settle down, we will immediately be intercepted text-messaging because we supposedly need to tell our friends where we are...” I was now naming my files. People continued to talk loudly near me, and I hummed from time to time. Siren on 14:00. I then examined the recordings of my sleeping earlier (because the recorder had turned itself off) and ascertained that there were more than 10 minutes which weren’t recorded. “That means something must have happened. What? The white woman who came to stalk us... if it is Homeland Security which has shut off our recorder, that means we are in deep shit... the man, the undercover detective, must have made up stories about us... which means that Homeland

Security is indeed trying to make a criminal offense out of our recording habit... to create reasons for law enforcement to arrest us...” Again, I was most likely paranoid over nothing: nothing happened while I was sleeping. Then a child appeared with his parents and went inside the restaurant: “... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on other people’s children again...” (21:00). Then: “... maybe we shouldn’t read their license plate... that might be illegal...” Then another woman appeared pushing her baby cart toward me (22:00). “... we have just produced two intercepts of David Chin’s pedophilic tendency...” Then I got paranoid over a man’s standing there: “... he could be an undercover detective, here to gather evidence that we need to be put into the mental hospital... obsession with the International Court is considered a serious form of mental illness... he needs to be arrested...” As I examined the older files on my Toshiba, I noticed this complaint which the Internet Archive et al had filed at San Francisco District Court some years ago: “... it is this complaint which has taught us about the format in which we must file our own lawsuit against the Russians... it’s a very important document...” (41:00). Then: “... and also the Supplemental Pleading which we never got to file...” Then a little girl showed up: “Oh my God... we need to go to bed soon... we are in deep shit... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is always seen with children, he will be arrested...” Siren on 54:00. Then, suddenly, a man came to talk to me, and I hummed: “... Homeland Security wants us to believe he’s not our double, but we know he is...” Then, from 1:02:30 onward, I was working on my “Karin’s meetups” (11-4). Siren on 1:11:00. By 1:43:00 I was packing up. My new theory: “The detective has indeed come to check on us, to come up with causes to arrest us... in addition to pedophilia, there is severe schizophrenia, this strange concern with the International Court of Justice... this David Chin... even though he has millions of dollars, he is here stealing electricity...” I was now on the move again (1:46:00). On 1:50:00, I took note of a limousine – a suspicious one! Could it be Mr former Secretary? Upset because I had offered such a good explanation for my resistance to his operations? I was now walking on Vermont and Hollywood: “... usually there are no children here, but you never know...” On 1:59:00 I settled down in the corner in front of the flower shop to sleep. “... people are very malicious, they want you arrested... they want you put into the concentration camp... all we do is tell the truth, and that’s very bad in America... it’s insanity... you are supposed to be stupid and not know it when people fuck with you... we can’t sleep here, it’s too dirty... when people appear, you will be arrested... when there is no one around, then you are free...” From 2:04:00 onward, I rested quietly, although from time to time I continued to take note of the people coming near. “... we are producing 1 gigabyte of data per day...” Siren on 2:19:30, 2:26:00, and 2:55:00. Then, suddenly, on 3:03:00, the security guard showed up with a flash light and two dogs – he was evidently coming for me. I was so scared that I immediately got up and ran away. “... we’ve got ‘spotted’... the security guard now has a description of us...” I settled into a different corner and rested quietly. Then, from 3:33:00 onward, I was on the move again. On 3:36:00, I took note of another limousine parked by the sidewalk. (Probably nothing.) Then, on 3:40:00, a white female was text-messaging: “... we’ve got intercepted...” Then, on 3:42:30, a man was yelling at me. I shouted back: “Shut the fuck up!” Then the white female, after text-messaging, just stood still: “... to produce a surveillance intercept... but if she produced a surveillance intercept showing David Chin meeting a foreign agent, why did she text-message? ... perhaps both...” Then, on 3:47:30, siren. “... Homeland Security doesn’t want us to sleep where no one is around, they want us to run away or sleep where there are people so that we can produce surveillance intercepts... that place in front of the flower shop

was too safe...” By 4:03:00 I had settled into a different corner, and hummed continually because of people’s chatter. Then I was on the move again. On 4:10:00, I took note of a man picking trash cans with a flash light: “... our double...” Then I settled down in a new corner, the farthest in the parking lot from Starbucks. “... there is huge machine noise, which is good, as long as it doesn’t cover up our own noises...” On 4:21:00, siren. On 4:25:20, a car just parked in front of me: “What the fuck do you want? Maybe they are just waiting for us to read its license plate... law enforcement has discovered in our recordings that we read people’s license plates... and so we will not do it... let the man in this car text-message or make cellphone calls...” Again, what I was really afraid of was the possibility that, if my reading people’s license plates was criminal, then the evidence from November 10 when the CIA officials came to check on me might be suppressed.

November 19 (Thursday; double and fake American)

The suit team did not seem to have produced any evidences for the whole day! My next recording is: “slp_prklot_prospctvrmt_11_18-9_09_1159PM-347AM.WMA”: I went to sleep.¹⁸ On 3:16:30 I woke up. Soon I was mumbling: “... that car... might have accidentally videotaped us...” I got up and was on the move. On 3:29:00 I settled down into a corner in front of Jons. “... it’s clearly the case that, earlier, taxi drivers gathered around us in order to create surveillance showing us criminally recording them, that’s why when we moved away they stopped talking...” Not really! Siren on 3:33:00. I worked on my files in extreme cold.

My next recording is: “pref11_rcrdrrange_11_19_09_353-554AM.WMA”. I continued to work in the empty parking lot in front of Jons. I took note of the noise of the Hispanic street cleaner and the humming of machines. Now I had to review the recording of my sleeping earlier while working on my “Feefee and Valerie” in order to ascertain whether I had “criminally recorded” people: “The shouting of the taxi-driver was not recorded” (16:00). “... our double’s picking trash cans with a flash light in the residential area...” (43:30). After reviewing the recording, I concluded that many of the things I was afraid to have recorded were never actually recorded. “This recording is pretty good; nobody is talking except for ourselves!” By 1:27:00 I had packed up but was completely frozen in my corner. I continued on and on about the effective range of my recorder. Siren on 1:38:50 and 1:44:30. “... we may have got intercepted earlier... the taxi was close enough...” I continued to count all the cars that passed by.

My next recording is: “vrmtchld_momcvsbuy_survbrdr_11_19_09_558AM-1202PM.WMA”: On 7:30, siren. “... Feefee likes Valerie... because Valerie is a very cool girl... the two homeless men are still in the island... one of them is actually a Homeland Security agent... that’s why, when we passed him by, he mumbled, in order to produce surveillance showing us criminally recording him...” I then came to Starbucks and sat outside (13:00). I started uploading my latest recordings to my website. Siren on 30:00. When I came inside, I hummed like crazy because of all the chatter around me. Then, my FTP transfer stalled. Suddenly, on 1:01:30, children showed up. I was shocked: “... it’s not even 7 AM! Homeland Security is really quick... most likely an undercover detective is here, and so we have to move... okay, Starbucks employees are going to call the cops and the cops will come... we only need a

¹⁸ Reviewed until 15:00, and then from 3:13:00 onward.

few minutes... now a woman is text-messaging, we've got intercepted... 7 o'clock in the morning, and David Chin is already snooping on people's children... children shouldn't be up 5 AM in the morning..." By 1:21:00 I had moved outside to continue my upload. Siren on 1:21:30. I found ice coffee in the trash can and drank it. And, because of the chatter around me, I continued to hum like crazy. Siren again on 1:31:40. Then I was suspecting another website to be a fake: "... Homeland Security might be luring us to produce an intercept here..." (1:35:30). Most likely not. Then I was reading about DVDs again: "... DVD+R... DVD-R... our Eee PC apparently has DVD+RW tool... also DVD-Backup..." Siren on 1:43:00. "... when a child suddenly appeared, within 6 feet of David Chin... it was only 6:54 AM... that would get us into law enforcement troubles too... because the detective would have caught us... the next time we'll have to come in on 5 AM... and David Chin was also waiting outside the restroom to snoop on the people inside... I don't know if that would get us into law enforcement troubles..." And then, on 7:45 AM, a mother carried a child out of Starbucks: "... that's the fourth surveillance intercept... and the fifth... the Orthodox man... there must be a reason... our arrest is pending... calling our mother is bad, because our mother has most likely been made into a non-existent foreign intelligence fake robot answering machine..." Nevertheless, so desperate for money, I got on Skype and called up my mother, and she answered the call on 1:51:40. However, before I even spoke, she shouted angrily: "No, no, no!" "What?" "Whatever you want it's 'No'" and she hanged up. I pretended to be baffled: "... I have no idea when we have offended her... it doesn't make sense..." I called again, and this time she was not even answering. "... we haven't talked to her for two months; what is she upset about? Maybe she was just producing surveillance... sometimes she talks to surveillance and not to us, such as when she said 'I thought you enjoy being homeless'... maybe our mother has finally caught up with our nasty letter after four years... and so she's only pretending to be angry..." This was my act: in reality I was suspecting that she had already been briefed by the suit team about what was going on and was angry with the fact that I was at the moment helping the Russians bust up the United States – and I could very well be correct about this! I continued: "... Homeland Security has suddenly disabled our Skype..." Probably not. I came inside and continued to hum like crazy. On 2:27:30, as I was packing up, more children showed up. I quickly walked out, mumbling about how my nasty letter to my mother might have ended up in the evidentiary docket of the International Court. Then a Hispanic man dragging a cart: "... according to surveillance, that's us... he isn't doing anything, so it's just to confirm the accuracy of the faulty surveillance Machine..." Probably not. Siren on 2:32:30. Then I reflected: "... when the black man asked us for change, it's our asking other people for change..." On 2:38:00 you can hear the Homeland Security man talking to me. Then: "... if you look for food you will run into children..." Then, on 2:39:00, I got on the bus. "... 17 surveillance intercepts so far today... the undercover detective in Starbucks..." On 3:06:00 I got off the bus in downtown. Another Hispanic woman dragging a cart: "... we've got confused with someone else again..." Then, on 3:13:50: "... we've got videotaped by a police car again..." Again, probably not. Then some radio news from the bus: "... another intercept! 21 already..." Then a Hispanic woman with a child: "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is caught within... again..." And I continued to mumble about how my mother was only pretending to be angry with me in order to produce surveillance intercepts. (Acting.) I walked into a cafe, and a white female was text-messaging: "... we are intercepted..." (3:36:00). And soon children walked in too, and I walked out immediately. I continued to wander around downtown. I said Hi to the purple shirt security

guards: “Hello Mr Security Guard, it’s the vagrant again...” Then I rested somewhere: “Yeah, we’ll be arrested very soon... die a horrible death...” I tried to steal wireless connection from the cafe, and I noticed another guy with a Toshiba: “... he’s probably looking at something illegal...” I was again convinced (unless I was pretending) that the suit team had sent him here given the way he was staring at me. In reality, it could be the Russians commanding the suit team to continue the setup. Now I couldn’t get any connection, and then a white man dragging a cart passed me by (3:50:00). I was now standing by the bus stop. I took note of another white female who was tying her hair: “... surveillance is produced showing us receiving secret messages... it’s the 29th intercept...” Again, probably not. Siren on 3:55:00 and again on 3:57:00. Then a whole bunch of children were going into the library in front of me: “... another intercept showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on children... this is a big one...” On 3:59:30 I sneaked onto the bus through the backdoor: “... it’s an intercept showing David Chin to be utterly deceitful...” And I continued to analyze and intercept all the intercepts that had supposedly occurred. “... 36 intercepts, and we will produce a lot more...” Again, I had grossly exaggerated the suit team’s operation – but, then, I could be simply acting. Then I fixed my attention on Transit TV and recalled the earlier radio news: “... David Chin is today... what we need to do is find a job... it’s evidence that David Chin is a Latin American agent... why would anyone... Spanish news... evidence that he speaks Spanish... what does the official story say about...?” And I continued to mumble about how the 39th surveillance intercept was produced (4:50:30). On 4:58:00 I got off the bus in Westwood recounting what had happened: a man holding a binder on which was printed “US Army”: “... it’s our first time seeing such a thing, and so we assume it’s to produce an intercept... also another one...” And I jaywalked through the streets: “... since we are so widely known, they *can* bring us in for that... ‘Oh this guy is a danger to himself’...” Then I was contemplating how, since I had no money left and would have to incur overdraft charge when I used my debit card, I might as well buy a whole bunch at once with my card in order to save on the overdraft charge: “... and with that we’ll produce a very good surveillance intercept... Look, a white female is pressing buttons on her cellphone... should we count that?” On 5:05:30 I walked into CVS Pharmacy. I continued to hum while shopping because people were again talking loudly around me. And more children: “Oh my God, don’t come to me please! We have just had the 42nd surveillance intercept! They put a child in front of us... and the mother is following us...” Now, if I recall it correctly, what happened was that the CIA actually sent in a beautiful agent of theirs to bring her child to me so that they could obtain another intercept showing me getting close to people’s children. If this is the case, it’s still not clear whether the purpose was to use the intercept in the upper court to request the removal of my videos of the CIA girls or whether it was to obtain another instance showing me resisting their operation. (The latter was more likely given how the suit team’s very permission to forge evidences to frame me was now in question.) I continued: “... now this guy is talking loudly in an unintelligible language, that’s the 43rd intercept... and this man is talking loudly on his walkie talkie wanting us to be convicted of criminal recording... this might be a crime in the real world as well as in the world of surveillance... intercept-production is very stressful...” And so I picked up a huge amount of batteries and candies and Starbucks vanilla coffee and so on and was ready to pay: “... if we get rejected that’d be very bad, because we would have produced the intercept without getting anything out of it...” But, thank God, the transaction was completed (5:25:40). And a man just had to talk loudly next to me, and I hummed: “Do you just have to talk so loud?”

I walked out and hid in a corner to film my receipt: it was 58 something dollars. There was of course no intercept produced: the suit team's priority was no longer the production of evidences to support the "David Chin legend". I continued: "Why is the helicopter circling the sky? Homeland Security is staging something... 90 percent of the police actions we see around us are staged... there is really nothing going on..." This was in fact not the case: I had, again, grossly exaggerated the situation without knowing. I started eating my candies. Siren on 5:38:20. On 5:42:00 I was on the move again, speculating how a surveillance was produced showing law enforcement officers giving me a ticket (because of something that happened on the street). I came inside Borders on 5:44:00. I continued to speculate: "... the 44th and the 46th surveillance intercepts follow each other..." I came to the patio area and continued my speculation – I was really just acting in order for the Russians to see: "... the SUV followed us because he was our double... and the old white lady that came out of the elevator when we walked in here, that's the 46th surveillance intercept..." Then, somebody was talking, which totally stressed me out, and I hummed: "... inside there might be more children... we just need to charge our computers here..." On 5:54:00 I came inside. I took note of another man carrying a magazine with women's bra on the front cover, and another man with a Toshiba Satellite exactly identical to mine: "... for everything we have, there is a double... and so our Marie has been turned into our Russian girlfriend... and so our old doctor Deborah must have also been transformed... and that's why when that old lady walked out of the elevator we were shocked... she did look like our old doctor Deborah..." Again, there was most likely no intercept here. And I continued to speculate while examining the receipt from earlier what intercepts might have been produced out of my charges. I picked up a book on Windows internals and was about to read it.

My next recording is: "brdrs_wndwintrnls_dblecmicbk_11_19_09_1156AM-101PM.WMA": As I read the book I continued to charge my laptops. I explained: "... suffering... if you have videotaped it, then all you have to do is look at the video, and you'll be fine..." Then a woman came by making noises, and I hummed. "Why does Homeland Security do that? They want us to meditate so that we will be found causing disturbances... at the same time they want to produce surveillance showing us criminally recording..." Nonsense. Then: "There must be an undercover detective here somewhere..." Then: "... we can be wrong 35 percent of the times about intercepts..." Actually, a lot more than that. Then: "... a white female walks in and text-messages, we are being intercepted at this moment..." (13:30). And: "... after she text-messages, she goes to sleep... it's obviously for us... we have adapted to a life of intercept-production... a life in which there is no reward..." Then somebody said something to me: "... the 59th intercept... earlier at CVS... the credit card machine... it purposely printed out the wrong information because Homeland Security wanted it..." Then, on 25:30, a black hair female came in and started reading a comic book. It's obvious my double! "... so while we crank our brain out on this book, our double is wasting her brain away... because David Chin is like Michael Jackson, so childish... our double is always the opposite of us... these doubles have the easiest job, always doing things that kill their brain... she's about 25 year-old... remember how, before when you saw your doubles, you wanted to smash their head... now just enjoy it... she's destroying your reputation... but it's fine... Look, this guy is leaving his things unattended... he's behaving like David Chin..." (41:00). We have to wonder whether the woman reading the comic book was indeed sent in by the suit team, the

purpose being again to lure out resistance from me. The fact that I talked about smashing her head was bad, but the fact that I admonished myself and encouraged myself to enjoy it was good. More: "... sometimes when you are not in your masochistic mode, you just want to smash their head..." See, that's my explanation: sometimes I accepted it and sometimes not, all depending on my mood. Then: "... the black hair female went upstairs... she looked at us acting annoyed... she's going to report us to law enforcement... law enforcement will note down this additional characteristic of this vagrant which qualifies him for psychiatric lock-up, that he logs people's activities as if these were his own..." Then, something noteworthy: "... Mr Detective 'Morgan Freeman' is coming to watch over us again... he's not simply contracted with Starbucks... but *is* from law enforcement... he's charged with following this pedophile suspect who seems to be mentally insane..." Again, I was now on the right track because it was just too much coincidence that I would keep running into the same man everywhere I went. He was thus onto me this month on the 1st, the 16th, and today. Then, about my mother: "... maybe she was pretending to be pissed off when law enforcement talked to her... maybe in surveillance she was angry over a letter which surveillance has it that we have just sent to her..." Then, suddenly, my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: "brdruncntdtctvebuy_11_19_09_153-345PM.WMA": I recounted what happened: "... the detective left when we discovered scratches on our DVDs... and we inserted our DVD 67... and we watched a little of the video of our drawing Karin and Gabi... just when we put in the DVD, he left... we wondered whether there was a correlation here... perhaps the law enforcement investigation is purposely trying to be vague... to not know what's on our DVDs... in order to make something out of nothing... to leave room for suspicion... he left saying: 'Oh, the suspect has DVDs'... maybe law enforcement told our mother not to deposit the money for us... so that we will be left completely desolate... so that we'll have to hide... so that the police can bring us in... lock us up as a way to help us... we lost 45 minutes of our log..." I then mumbled about the woman who answered a cellphone call behind me. "... since the detective was there, perhaps Homeland Security wanted him there to catch us analyzing surveillance intercepts, so that the police can have more reasons to bring us in..." Siren on 21:20. "... we are worried that *law enforcement might be recording us right now*... they would make us say things which we didn't say... law enforcement are not trying to be accurate in their investigation... that's how they are gonna fuck you up... it might be Homeland Security which turned off our recorder... that means they are gonna make the detective say you did something which you didn't do... yesterday it could be Homeland Security which turned off our log..." This is important: I of course knew that the Russians had been recording my monologues, and I had been trying to figure out a way to confess that I knew I was being recorded – acting too dumb might raise suspicion – without giving out my knowledge that it was the Russians who were doing this: soon I would pretend to mistake the Russians' recording me for law enforcement's doing it. Now I continued to read my book. On 1:00:00, when more children came in, I decided that it was my bed time and that I needed to leave. As I walked out, I asked this man: "What's your name?" "Burt" (1:05:40). I walked out mumbling about how he wasn't a pleasant character and then again about how my mother was pretending to be angry. Then about how every second of my life had to be recorded since I would never know what people would say I said. Then a woman parked behind me and took out her cellphone: "... she's threatening us... people don't like us... they don't like the fact that we care about ourselves... if

Homeland Security ever edits the interceptions of our monologues, it would be evidence in the International Court too... since they said you forged and edited your recordings, they would do precisely that... *we do things for them to a certain extent, but we are not going to the mental hospital...* avoid people as much as possible because they are very harmful to you... let's not stay in Westwood... you will not be able to avoid children here... you've got to be vague, confusing, and confused... Americans are vague, confusing, and confused... Homeland Security wants to add more crimes to our profile... something which we actually do... like logging people's activities... Oh, a black guy on cellphone behind us, we are intercepted... a Hispanic man dragging a cart... and a SWAT team is doing an exercise..." (1:26:00). Then: "... the next time when an undercover cop appears, just leave... don't let this happen again..." When I passed by Bank of America, a woman was using the ATM: "... we might have just produced another intercept..." And I continued to count the people who passed me by with cellphones. Then I speculated about some possible decoy operations from the suit team. Then, at the bus stop, I discovered a cup of Coca Cola; I suspected it was the suit team, and so didn't drink it (1:45:00). Ha! I then suspected that I didn't run into any children in the past hour because the suit team had already instructed law enforcement to warn the residents here about me. (Not.) "Tomorrow, don't come out..."

My next recording is: "bus2rjct_manfdintrcpt_vrmnt_11_19_09_350-528PM.WMA": Then: "... we shouldn't have turned off and then turned on our recorder while people are passing by... we have just produced intercepts..." On 6:30 I got on the bus without paying by offering chocolate to the bus driver. (She of course didn't take it.) I took note of the white man who touched himself in a contrived manner: suspicious! Then: "... this is the second time that Homeland Security stopped our recorder when there was a detective around... they must be trying to change law enforcement's recording of us..." And I went on about this for a while. I turned on my Toshiba on 25:00. On 29:30, the white guy sitting to my right suddenly asked me if I could get wireless connection here with my Toshiba. I was stunned: "So you want to produce surveillance evidence of my Toshiba having wireless capacity... Okay, that's fine, we produce surveillance intercepts..." Even at the time I suspected that he was actually working for the Russian side, one of those SVR fake Americans, here to act like a suit team operative by asking me the same sort of questions in order to not raise my suspicion (or pretend to not raise my suspicion). Then, on 35:30, he recommended his church to me saying I could get free food there. I told him I was afraid of interacting with people and would rather pick food in trash cans. Then he told me he went to church Tuesday and Thursday on 1:30 PM. I continued my act: "... I can't deal with people..." And he gave me the address of the church. I continued my act: "So you want to produce surveillance intercepts?" And he continued his act: "Every Tuesday and Thursday..." "... I don't think so..." I then mumbled about the intercepts I had supposedly produced earlier today with my debit card, and I went on about this for a while (from 43:00 onward): "... very stressful... just avoid it... a surveillance intercept showing David Chin... when people are nice to us... because we find people stressful..." And I repeated the word "stressful". Good acting, as you shall see! Then, from 1:00:00 onward, I was working on my "Karin's meetups". On 1:05:00 the same (SVR) white guy was talking to somebody else, and I hummed. On 1:08:00 I got off the bus on Vermont and Sunset – and more children. I was furthermore right in front of Children's Hospital! And another woman pushing a baby cart: "... another intercept... No, we like being David Chin..." And I sang: "... we like being David Chin... there is not a

crime which he doesn't commit..." I was in a good mood because the SVR agent's appearance seemed to indicate that Russia was winning. Then I took note of another black man asking people for change: "... another intercept showing us asking people for change... and you forgot to get cash back earlier, ha ha! ... Homeland Security wants us to go to Pasadena... Why? Intercepts are waiting for us... or maybe law enforcement... we enjoy being David Chin... *if you can't be the best, you might as well be the worst...*" My motivation! Then: "... somebody's phone is ringing... producing surveillance... and another child passes us by... producing surveillance... David Chin *is* a pedophile, what can we say? Look, a homeless man is eating directly out of trash cans... surveillance is now showing David Chin eating out of trash cans..." Then a Hispanic woman asked me something: "... an intercept..." Then, on 1:25:20, I got on the bus again, but the bus turned out to be too scary, and so I got off immediately. I kept on walking. I then went inside a store to ask for a cup of water. Then, on 1:36:00, I settled into a corner. I was totally exhausted from counting the people passing me by with their cellphones.

My next recording is: "skypestpmm_cmlpteintcpts_11_19_09_522-801PM.WMA": I continued to work in my hidden corner. "... this lawsuit is killing us, everyday it's just surveillance intercepts..." I continued to work on "Karin's meetups" (11-4): "... I can't get over the impression that... law enforcement..." Then: "... a female is text-messaging, 5:24 PM, creating a surveillance intercept showing our Toshiba having wireless capacity..." Then, more children: "... they are pretending to be scared of us... a lot of children are about to cross the street... four of them... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on elementary school children... while we squat here to write, surveillance is probably showing us hiding here to record children..." And more children still: "... let's get out of here, we can't stand this... even more children... we can't stand it..." And I shouted loudly at people: "Why can't we just confess and get it over and done with? How do you avoid children? Please tell me how! ... let's go to the corner in front of the flower shop where we were driven out..." I then cried out loud again: "... I just don't want to see any children!" Then another female was text-messaging: "... we are intercepted again, 5:35 PM..." I was then working on my screenshots, and then continued to work on "Karin's meetups". (I was now editing my blog post for July 23 2008.) On 33:00, another mother and her child: "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is again caught squatting here snooping on children with his laptop..." Then a man came to urinate on the street in front of me, and I yelled at him: "Dude! You are urinating on the street in imitation of me... to produce surveillance of my urinating on the street!" And children immediately came: "... and so David Chin is caught urinating near children..." (38:00). Then another mother with three children: "... David Chin is such a pedophile, and the intelligence agencies for which he works, foremost the Russians, are a bunch of pedophiles..." I was then on the move again. "... what's the point of being somebody if nobody is going to believe it... you'll just have to learn to enjoy it... you have to bear other people's mistakes... it will always be that way... this International Court... it's all 'nations stuff'... America is bound to win... but in our alternative civil trial... we will present real evidences... and we'll get something out of it... we are gonna find somebody to sue, it doesn't matter who it is, the judges, the Chinese, the Russians... with no political consequences, and we will not sue the United States... and we have to make sure our lawsuit will have no effect on the International Court trial... so that we'll not run into resistance..." I was now in front of Starbucks (50:00). I interrogated this homeless man what he was doing since I was convinced he was confused with me in surveillance: "... you are dumping ash

trays? ... I think you are just producing an intercept showing David Chin using drugs and so on..."

On 1:04:20 I got on my Eee PC and called up my step-mother on Skype – and I made sure to film it all with my “fake” camcorder. I asked her if she had ever called my mother lately. “Can you ask her why she was angry with me?” (她為什麼生我的氣?) I mumbled to myself: “I don’t know what surveillance I will produce with this call...” Again, I was just acting: I must pretend to not know why everybody was angry with me. Then I asked my step-mother to deposit the money earlier this month. Then I asked her if it was okay that I film myself calling her. Of course! Then she told me Citi-Financial had called looking for me. Then I asked her if I could stay at her house or her sons’ house for a few days. No! Then I asked her if I could come to her store. She told me not to come because Irvine Police were mean. She hanged up on 1:13:00, and I continued to wonder what intercepts I had produced. “She kept repeating mother’s phone number... that must be an intercept, we just don’t know what it is about... maybe, according to surveillance, we didn’t call our mother’s number... we were afraid to say our mother’s phone number over the phone, but she kept insisting... David Chin always pretends to not have money and to ask for money... and she wanted us to remain homeless so that we can produce surveillance intercepts... we won’t know what we have done until one day we get to pick that big trash can called the ‘International Court of Justice’... at one point our call... to make it look like it’s forged... it’s forged! Our mother’s phone number must have entered the evidentiary record... whatever we say is blacked out, but, when she says it, it enters into evidence... to suppress the original evidence... something to do with our mother’s identity...” And, just at this moment, the Starbucks employee came to warn me (1:18:50). I continued: “... that means that, in the evidentiary record, no identity of anyone actually appears... just a vague description, ‘a man’, ‘a woman’...” This was correct, but I was wrong about my step-mother because she certainly wasn’t instructed by the suit team to repeat my mother’s phone number over the phone. “... and the employee will say something to us to make us into a criminal recorder... we don’t care about what’s going on in the International Court... nobody else will know us as Lawrence Chin... what’s the point of living then? ...” Again, so much acting: of course I cared! “... the employee is going to say, ‘This vagrant that always comes here... he’s completely nuts... always talking to himself’... and the man was ingesting something... and all these followed upon our using the ATM... and so... coming to Greyhound station to give food to everyone... surveillance was produced showing us receiving material aid from foreign intelligence... maybe that’s why our mother was so angry... because her number appeared in the evidentiary record... this case is all about the evidentiary rules... so what if people ask you for a light and surveillance is showing you dealing drugs... so what?” Acting in order to hide my suspicion about the real reason why my mother was angry with me. And I continued to upload my files. “... according to the evidentiary record, we love being homeless, because we can then snoop on children... let’s move to the Hague so that we can...” On 1:39:20 another man came to ask me for a light. Ha! I said to him: “... we are just producing surveillance of our drug-dealing... and what do I get?” “What do you want?” “We are just fucking up more nations... What do I get? The law is manipulated to commit injustice... why can’t you just tell the judges that this is a fucking piece of garbage? Why can’t you stop? They can’t...” Nice acting! Then I mumbled again about how I needed to see a therapist. Then, on 1:44:30, more children – “No! That’s stressful...” Then I mumbled more about how my step-mother’s purpose was to make my mother’s number appear in the evidentiary record: “... there is complication in the International

Court... all because the Russians have fought like a dog... all the complications are created by them... you thought they were convicted on your birthday... but no, it's today... this is not doing good..." Again, so much acting. Then I did a Google search, "US embassy in the Hague". I was now studying how to place an advertisement for people in the Netherlands to see. I found expatriates.com. Suddenly, an ABC Eyewitness News van was coming near me: "... here to videotape us... a man is coming out with a tripod... to make news reports... they will report on this vagrant..." And so I posted an advertisement on expatriates.com asking for jobs: design, translation, English, Chinese, French... And: "... this is stressful, I don't want to show up in some TV news..." And I continued with my advertisement: "... janitorial, anything, as long as I will be working alone or with adults... something temporary..." Then a big SUV was flashing its lights upon me, but this was not Russian surveillance. Then somebody was again talking next to me. I warned him: "... okay, we are recording you... are you playing a trick on me?" (2:21:00) And: "... what surveillance are you producing?... his call is clearly destined for us... when he came next to us to talk about meeting somebody... just when we clicked on 'activation' on our ad... our 'activation' is confused with... which nation has got fucked now? ... I don't know, man, I'm sure some nation has got fucked because we posted this ad, but we have to live... quite frankly, we don't really care..." Again, just acting. I did care! And it's not clear whether the man's talking on the phone next to me was any side's operation. Now I even suspected this expatriates.com to be a fake (it seems to be because its IP address was traced to Georgia and yet centralops.net said it was based in Pennsylvania). "... we have just fucked another nation... that's the power of a dummy... a homeless vagrant can have that much power..."

My next recording is: "prf11_scary181_dhsthrt_11_19_09_806-1009PM.WMA": I walked inside Starbucks and noted: "... the man that just made a call looking for a job happens to be using a Toshiba... given that Nigeria showed up on our Google search, some nation must have had to change its foreign policy, other than Russia..." Again, just acting, since I knew that Russia was winning. "... we are just like a dummy, all we are trying to do is survive... we have to sleep soon... we have to sleep early and get up early..." And I hummed more. "... we are going to upload this file and go to sleep, such an intense day of intercept-production... and the ABC news van is still here, somebody is getting videotaped here... Wow, look! The undercover detective, Mr 'Morgan Freeman', is here again... he's watching us... he's especially assigned to us... he's not even trying to hide..." Indeed! Otherwise, how is it possible that I ran into him twice today, at different locations? On 31:00 I left Starbucks. "... police officers! Please don't come to us, we'll never harm anyone... self-mutilation... Homeland Security wants us to stay here in order to be around children... as for the detective... he was here to report us... what a dummy spy! Every time he needs to go somewhere, he text-messages and gets caught... strange... but people in the International Court don't find it strange..." Then I got on the 181 bus to go back to Pasadena. "... we also have law enforcement officers looking for you..." The Transit TV was now showing a news piece on a SWAT team going after a criminal: "... David Chin is a criminal and that's why he's interested in this kind of things... stressful intercept-production... now a Hispanic guy is text-messaging next to us... we've got intercepted..." And then I hummed. Siren on 1:18:30. Then I was mumbling about the incident with Call Graph from the summer last year. "... it was sent to us to produce an intercept..." I then continued to work on "Karin's meetups". Then another Hispanic man on cellphone: "... is he talking to us or for us?" Then I looked at my "Feefee and Valerie". Then: "... we

shouldn't be working on our 'Feefee and Valerie'... someone came around to see what we were writing in order to plagiarize us..." Paranoid over nothing. Then, on 1:48:20, I got off the bus in Pasadena. On 1:51:30 I came to the same parking structure, but was shocked to discover that people were talking inside: "... Homeland Security has planned a lot today... so many people are talking on the street... why? Pasadena is always so quiet..." On 1:54:00 I came instead to the corner where I was the other day. "... we are gonna get picked up by the police, something is wrong with this town tonight..." Then, around 1:57:30, a spooky white guy on his skateboard came in front of me: "Do you have a cigarette?" He asked me as if he wanted to kill me. I was scared: "... I don't know why you suddenly came in... what's your objective?" Then, when he was gone: "... Homeland Security sent this guy in to... threaten us..." Was he really sent in by the suit team?

At the end of the entry for today we shall pause again to consider what had happened today. This is the scenario I shall offer. Ever since the Russians presented my letter to Mr Couvreur as evidence explaining away my seeming resistance, the suit team vehemently objected and the debate exploded in the upper court as to whether I had again written this letter as part of my attempt to pretend to conspire with the United States. And so today both sides set out to produce proofs for their respective scenarios. Thus, when I was in Borders, the suit team sent in this female to pretend to read a comic book in order that I might identify her as my double, the purpose being to elicit out of me angry outburst which could then become evidence suggesting that I in fact didn't enjoy their operations even when these weren't stressful like cellphone calls, noises, or the proximity of children. The operation was not successful (but neither did it fail completely) because I wasn't particularly angry. (And I wasn't acting since I didn't actually know that, currently, the debate was about the exact meaning of my resistance.) Then, when I was on the bus, the SVR used one of its fake Americans to also perform a test on me. He purposely acted like one of the suit team's operatives here to produce an intercept showing my Toshiba to connect wirelessly, so that my reaction could be presented as evidence in the upper court and carefully dissected there. Perhaps it was because the suit team had objected again that I must know that the Russians had already surrounded me that the Russians sent in their own agent to test me as to whether I would know that it was their agent. Since my reaction suggested flawlessly that I believed he was sent here by the suit team, it was evidence to rebut the suit team's objection. Furthermore, my carefree manner suggested that I was not lying when I attributed my resistance to certain kinds of operation to their inherently stressful nature. (It's not stressful when somebody asks you whether your laptop has wireless capacity.) My reaction to the sight of children and noises this afternoon was also consistent with my explanation. Thus, by the end of the day, the Russians retained the upper hand, and the suit team continued to be in troubles. Perhaps it was for this reason that, when I settled down in Pasadena, the suit team sent in a guy again to ask me for a light. Asking for a light couldn't possibly cause any distress, so that, if I got angry, it would be proof that I was only pretending to conspire with them. But, again, I passed the test. The guy – Homeland Security for sure – was angry with me probably because the United States was in big trouble right now.

November 20 (Friday; the "maggot")

My next recording is: "dhsthrt_slppsdn_11_19-20_1016PM-517AM.WMA": And so I slept in my

corner in Pasadena. Suddenly, on 14:30, I noted: “Are people unhappy because we haven’t been cooperating in producing surveillance intercepts? ... is that it?” Again, just acting to cover up my knowledge and protect Russia.¹⁹ On 6:46:00 I got up and was on the move. I came to my corner behind Chase and turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “deletefiles_secgrd_11_20_09_510-627AM.WMA”: I continued to work on my computer in my corner. After so much hard work, I had merely cleared up 3 gigabytes of space. And now my SD card wasn’t being read, and so I took out my camcorder to film it (49:00). “Now that I’m videotaping it, it works! ... if I’m a computer repairman, when my client’s computer doesn’t function, I’ll just tell him to videotape it... sometimes you really have to wonder whether your website is really up there, or whether it’s just a chimera, a mere delusion...” Then, on 1:01:50, a security guard came to me: “How are you?” “I’m fine... we are ‘spotted’...” I left my corner on 1:10:00 and came inside Starbucks on 1:14:00.

My next recording is: “strbkbrnkstxtmssgr_11_20_09_633-915AM.WMA”: I continued to work in the hallway next to Starbucks. The African woman was there charging her cellphone again. I continued my act: “... an intercept showing us charging our cellphone...” (7:00). I continued to upload my latest files to my website, and then, suddenly, everything froze (27:30). Then the security guards came in to carry off money like the last time (32:00). “... Homeland Security has cut off our streaming... no audio...” (43:00). And people were coming in to talk. I continued: “... Homeland Security is producing an intercept of our criminally recording people...” (45:00). I began humming, and then came outside. And my Eee PC malfunctioned again. “... in order to make the machine function, we will have to videotape it...” and I thus began filming it – how I was unable to change the file name (1:00:00). Also, how I was unable to print in PDF (1:14:00). It should be noted that my Eee PC’s malfunctioning was in fact “natural” and not orchestrated by the suit team: it was simply breaking down. Then: “... we are watched by law enforcement...” (1:50:00). I was then trying to publish another advertisement, this time on Craigslist (2:01:00). Then I used the restroom (2:12:00) and left the building. I continued: “... watch out... people don’t have a conscience, it’s not as if they will reciprocate... whether you do them good or do them bad, they will get you put away and disappeared by making you into a pedophile.... it doesn’t matter...” (2:17:00). I hid in the back of Kinkos to smoke (2:27:00). And then I rested quietly (2:38:00).

My next recording was lost. It seems that I was merely napping in my corner. Then my next recording is: “[wkbackknkosrepairman_11_20_09_205-305PM.WMA](#)”: I just woke up. On 6:30, siren. Then, on 18:00, I noticed that somebody had left a dollar bill for me. I panicked and filmed it: “... that means that somebody has discovered us... people are going to report saying that the vagrant that is seen next to children 50 times a day is now hiding here, and law enforcement will say... it’s not good news... as usual, it’s malice disguised as good intention... his purpose is *not* to give us a dollar, but to discover us...” Again, I was most likely paranoid over nothing here: the stranger might not have been instructed by the suit team at all. Then, on 36:00: “... we’ve got ‘spotted’ again... he’s pretending to stare into the staircase... pretending to be a repairman... we don’t have a single place to go to... even when we hide here, the repairman would come... he’s gonna report us... the vagrant that’s a threat... we belong in

¹⁹ Reviewed until 19:00, and then from 6:36:00 onward.

concentration camps... the point is that, wherever you go, there will be people, even when you go up to Rocky Mountains... there will always be people around you, until one day you get locked up..." I walked away while humming. Then: "... soon the word will get out, 'The vagrant that is snooping on children... he's now hiding in the back of Kinkos'... 'What's he doing there?' 'Probably to snoop on people's children'... we have been lazy, hiding in a corner and not producing surveillance intercepts... look, a white woman is text-messaging, we are getting intercepted at this moment... it's too much to ask... I wish we'd just die... our days are really numbered... we are 'spotted' too many times..." I came to rest in another corner on 57:00. "... the thing is, even when we sleep, people will gather around us and say..."

My next recording is: "noplace_wrt_psdnprklot_11_20_09_3-353PM.WMA": Then I was on the move again: "... you are forced to squat by the street corner and watch children pass by so that you can be reported..." By now I had come to a grass area. "... children will walk past, there is not a single place... even if you go to Antarctica, children will show up..." Then a woman passed by with her dog: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on attractive women... she's not even attractive..." Then I continued to work on "Karin's meetups". Then the woman turned around: "... she will report that she was scared by this vagrant... look, another man has 'spotted' us..." (33:00). Then I found the woman suspicious who took a detour to go into the salon as if she did so just in order to have a chance to pass in front of me: "... that's how she can produce a surveillance intercept showing us snooping on attractive women... hence she did everything she could to appear before us... these little details tell us that it's all an act..." Again, I was most likely paranoid over nothing here. Then another woman dragging a cart.

My next recording is: "psdnprklot_other_11_20_09_426-849PM.WMA". I continued to work in the grass area reviewing my recordings. "... so overwhelmed by work..." I was then working on "Karin's meetups" (12:00). And then "Feefee and Valerie" (21:00). I sighed: "... society has evolved to such an extent that people can only believe in the opposite of reality... those who don't need to go to concentration camps... How do we survive? To be where no truth needs to be preserved... truth is always criminal, lies law-abiding... other human beings are the most horrifying creatures... only if they can just all disappear..." (40:00). These complaints – I wasn't acting here – were not necessarily damaging testimonies for the Russians, and they helped the Russians construct a more complex profile of the terrorist in question. Then I came to rest in my usual corner next to the parking structure (from 53:00 onward). I hummed from time to time. Then a white woman just had to enter the parking structure through the side door, and she was carrying a box. And a white man inside just had to open the door for her (56:00). While I was annoyed, this was most likely not related to any suit team operation. Then: "... clandestine operations most of the time are just about moving people around as if they were chess pieces..." (1:08:00). Then I theorized about the making of "postmodern gods" – our environment under a central command (1:14:00). "... a person's destiny can now be planned in a conference room somewhere..." (1:21:00) Then people came around me to talk, so that I had to hum. I sighed: "... maybe we should go to Rocky Mountains... Fresno..." (1:35:30) Then another car came to park near me, and I got nervous (1:42:00). Then I started suspecting another car that was parked in front of me: "... apparently an old couple have been inside for a long time, which means that they

could have text-messaged... our destination is most likely the mental hospital and board-and-care, because then we will not be afforded a chance to speak... that's what these people in the conference room have in mind... all we can do is keep predicting and hoping that we will be falsified... at some point we have lost the will to live... the repairman... word will get out... the vagrant was hiding in the back of Kinkos... have there been any children in the back of Kinkos? ... all this will be passed onto the Dutch police if we do get there... if we do get out of here..." Then I started developing an important description of myself as the "maggot" and the "Other": "... there will be an alert about us, the pervert... not a thief or a bank robber or anything like that... so that when we publish anything in the future, it will be banned... hence the child-molesting thing is so important... our recordings will be banned... we will be a black hole... no one will ever know what happened to us... we will be banned from putting anything on the Internet... that's Mr former Secretary's goal... hence people are parading their children in front of us... this 'snooping pervert' ... and this profile will circulate in law enforcement channels all around the world... so that we will not be able to show anyone anything we wrote... you need to have a place to hide in... you should never be in contact with other human beings... human beings are too dangerous... even our family members... it's all malice disguised as kindness... we can't move into the mountains, we need electricity... in the law enforcement profile of us, we are the maggot of the human race... every human being we will ever meet will be our deadliest enemy, everyone will see us as the maggot... don't expect anyone to show us anything other than malice... nobody actually believes that we are a human being... we are the most detested thing in the history of humankind... we are more detested than Hitler and Ted Bundy... all because we have pissed off Mr former Secretary... people will want to destroy us, simply because of the way we look... etiology... people's desire to destroy us... no matter where we move to, it will be the same story... our family wants us destroyed, they want us to be a black hole... stay the hell away from people... we live the life of a maggot... before it was schizophrenia, not it's a lot more serious... information shared with law enforcement overseas... this disgusting maggot, snooping on children with his strange, sophisticated electronic equipment... his strange, tiny computer... only a pervert has this kind of thing... tiny, optical computer... this kind of thing really gets law enforcement's attention... you are the Other, excluded from humanity..." Then I recalled the ship of fools that I read about in Foucault's *Histoire de la folie* – how every society in every epoch needs to define an Other to exclude from itself: "... in America, it's the criminal pervert that needs to be ostracized from society... other criminals, when they have come out of jail and paid their due, can get a job and live a normal life... but this 'perversional criminal' ... he might not have done very much, but when he comes out of jail, he is marked, and his picture is posted on government websites... he is the ultimate Other... something to do with 'optical'... these 'perversional criminals' are literally black holes... you will never know anything about them..." Then: "... when we talk to ourselves, we need perhaps to videotape ourselves... maybe people will think we are merely reading a script provided by foreign intelligence services... we live to produce surveillance intercepts, and, other than that, we do not live... you have to manipulate the laws enough so that this maggot will not live... so that you can dispose of him after he has produced all the intercepts... our strings... it will be made to look like we have left something behind... but the bad consequences are for other nations to suffer... we will not..." Again, acting as if I only cared about myself. Then, on 3:19:00, I was on the move again. Then: "... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is a maggot... he has no right to live..." I crossed Colorado Blvd and, by 3:24:00, settled down into

another corner. I continued to develop my new symbolism: "... the Other in every age... first the lepers... then the fools... it always has something to do with the mind... then the mentally ill... then the criminals... and today it is the 'perversional criminal'... you might not have done much... but everywhere you go there will be an alert... you will be ostracized... the 'ultimate Other'... something visual, something optical... we have a lot of documentaries, and so fit the profile... you will not be able to record... it will all be banned... no one will ever know what happened to you... and now we are about to fly... we don't have a past, and we don't have a future... we don't even have a present... remember that, to them, you are just a maggot that needs to be pushed out of society... forget about talking to a therapist, you will be talking to your recorder for the rest of your life... maybe it's not about producing intercepts, but some sort of 'community alert program'... we are the most disgusting thing ever to appear in the history of humankind... this agent from China and Russia... the most disgusting maggot that has ever crawled on planet earth... the foreign intelligence agencies that have recruited us are all maggots, and we are the maggot of the maggots... it's not even a political phenomenon, but a biological phenomenon... just remember that, when you go there, law enforcement is expecting a maggot... stay away from all human beings... even though this 'maggot thing' comes from law enforcement investigations, you are ultimately born in the International Court of Justice... our DNA should be preserved... we are the strangest mutation..." Then: "... that car doesn't look like a police car, it's just here to 'spot us', to produce surveillance showing us hiding here snooping on cars that are passing by... the maggot, the snooper..." You must continue to keep in mind that, whenever the Russians came to conduct surveillance on me in their cars, I would pretend to mistake them for something else. I continued: "... we live in the interior of the mind of Mr former Secretary, this is his mind... snooping on cars... David Chin is a fucking maggot, a pervert... the Chinese and the Russians are fucking maggots... and that's why... he's snooping on American people because they are the exact opposite of him... they are innocent and honest and good... and he's a fucking maggot... they like light and he likes dark corners..." And I continued on about the contrast for a while. "... maybe according to surveillance we are just reading it from Amazon Kindle... David Chin has no thoughts, and he's reading a script saying he has no thoughts... something is wrong with his mother... if Lawrence and David are twins, then maybe it's like the movie 'Twins'..." Then a white female was talking angrily on her cellphone near me: "... perhaps producing surveillance showing us talking on cellphones... we have decided not to stay here because too many cars are passing by..." On 4:12:00 I got up and was on the move again. Then, Parking Enforcement. Just when I got on Colorado Blvd, somebody was text-messaging: "... we've got intercepted, and children are coming... it's so fast... it tells you, 'Don't ever come out onto the street'... your time is between 7 AM and 7 PM... hide in your hole during the rest of the time... he's probably texting 'I like the children in front of me'... we've got intercepted, that awful feeling..." I was then back at my old corner next to the parking structure.

My last recording is: "slp_psdnprklotdstbnc_11_20-1_09_843PM-322AM.WMA": I was now getting ready to sleep. I continued: "... the Asian guy... he could be just texting for the International Court... how I have lost my spy equipment... not about the coming of the child and his mother... or the illegal pornography I have just watched in the movie theater... selling crack cocaine in front of Coffee Bean... it's so anti-common sense, as if that could happen in America... just like that Miss Display in the laundromat... 'I had hot sex with strippers last night'... you can't expect that to happen in America..."

but surveillance doesn't care about that..." Then I rested quietly.²⁰ Then: "... when you were sitting four feet away from children in the coffeehouse... that would be shared with international law enforcement... 'perversional'..." Then I fell asleep. Then, by 6:36:00, I had got up and was on the move. I came to the parking structure behind Kinkos to scavenge cigarette butts.

And so it seems that the suit team did not produce or obtain any evidence today. Judge Higgins had stayed on the Russians' side and, until the suit team could come up with more evidence that I was only acting, the judgment that I was conspiring with them stood. Note that the law enforcement investigation of me on suspicion of pedophilia never amounted to anything: detective "Morgan Freeman", even if his conclusion could enter into the ICJ as evidence, would have had to conclude that I wasn't really looking for children to molest. There was thus no ground on which to request the removal of my videos of the CIA girls from evidence. Then the negativity I expressed today – how truth was always suppressed in America and how I was a "maggot" and must thus stay away from human beings who would always show me nothing but evil – was no evidence that I was only acting. The Russians would argue that I was masochistic and took enjoyment in denigrating myself when other people denigrated me. I was thus taking enjoyment in calling myself a "maggot". This was in fact really the case: the Russians understood me. But they would then go on to say that this explained in another way why I never seemed to enjoy the suit team's operations on me even though I wanted to help them harm Russia.

APPENDIX MY "CRIME SUMMARY"

At the end I shall append the portions of the "Crime Summary" I had completed by November 13. When I stopped working on it by mid-November, it was mostly, but not yet, complete. This document was somewhat important since the Russians must have used it as evidence of my intent to conspire with the suit team (while the suit team would for sure have responded that I was just being sarcastic). It was part of a long series of mockeries I had made on this ICJ trial ever since my Foreign Agent Registration and of which the latest was my letter to Mr Couvreur. My corrections of spellings and grammars are in brackets.

....

A summary statement of my discovery of myself during my two-month stay in Nicaragua.

Basic information about myself:

I was apparently born in China [but] have spent a portion of my life in Russia and Nicaragua getting trained as a secret agent and developing my ties with the Latin American drug trade. My name is apparently David Chin and I have been pretending to be my brother Lawrence Chin all my life. This brother of mine "Lawrence Chin" may not be the little brother of "David Chin" at all but is most likely

²⁰ Reviewed until 18:00, and then from 6:05:00 onward.

the twin brother of “David Chin”. In other words, David Chin and Lawrence Chin look exactly the same. The evidence that this is the case is numerous: (1) the law librarian Angel’s words to me “I didn't know you have [a] twin brother” on May 13 2009; (2) the movie on [...]; (3) the movie on my cable TV on October 3 2009: “[twin_india_10_3_09_105PM.3gp](#)”. Some old evidence of this can be found in the meetup movies I have [been led to see] in the summer of 2008: “Mamma mia” and “Matrimonia all’Italiana”.

My criminal personality:

I suffer from an extremely intense form of anti-social personality disorder, resulting in my being a villain unprecedented in human history. Let me offer you a summary description of my criminal personality before I [describe to you] my crimes and my criminal connections.

It used to appear that I suffer from paranoid schizophrenia and frequent hallucination, but now it appears that I have been only feigning mental illness as a way to disguise my working as a clandestine operative for foreign intelligence [services]. In fact, there seems to have been alerts circulating among international law enforcement about my being [a] mentally disabled and incoherent person in need of special attention, but these alerts themselves [serve] to show how deceptive I am in hiding my clandestine activities. My number one characteristic is thus that I am a pathological liar and a supreme pretender, due to not just my anti-social personality disorder which [has] prompted me to engage [...] in repeated lying and fraud but also to my training as a criminal foreign clandestine operative at the intelligence agencies of multiple nations which I will name below. I lie so much that I [can] no longer distinguish what the truth is. I am additionally a sex-offender with a history of harassing every female I encounter and have raped numerous women. I am also a pedophile and have molested countless number of children in various different countries, from the United States to Nicaragua. I am a member of the Nazi party and various skin head organizations and a white supremacist anti-Semite with a sick obsession with things Jewish and a sick love of blondes. I am an ardent admirer of Hitler. I have always wanted to assassinate the US President – whether on my own initiative or per the command of my foreign intelligence chiefs – and have made numerous threats against the former President Bush and I currently desire to assassinate President Obama because [of] my hatred of black people due to my white supremacist sentiments. I am a physically violent criminal and delight in blood-spilling violence, dream of assassinating political figures, and ungraciously do constant harm to my own family members and to all those [people] around me who have done their best to care about me. Because of the severity of my anti-social personality disorder, I have a perpetual love for committing fraud and assuming false identities, the most important of which is this, that I’m only pretending to be myself but not really myself: I delight in pretending to be my brother who to others is indistinguishable from me in any case. I believe the reason why I so love to pretend to be my brother is that I harbor extraordinary jealousy toward him. Even though my brother Lawrence Chin and I David Chin are practicably indistinguishable, [...] personality-wise and in terms of our intellect we are [apparently] complete opposites, I being extremely stupid and deceptive while he is extremely intellectual, artistic, and honest. His superiority to me is probably the reason why I am so extremely jealous of him and constantly pretend to be him. Other than pretending to be my brother, I also constantly use false names

and steal other people's identities. I am a master forger of every document that I have in my possession showing me to be Lawrence Chin. I am also a malicious hacker and a super computer genius and can use [the] strangest software and computer equipment with which the Russians and the Brazilians and the Indians and the Chinese and the various other intelligence agencies of Latin America and Africa have provided me, to forge approximately 8,000 hours of audio recordings and several hundred hours of videos that somehow show me living a different life, the life of an ordinary person with ordinary computer skills and equipment and having no connection with any criminal and foreign intelligence organizations, than what the US authority's surveillance shows, namely that I'm a secret agent of more than a dozen nations enemy to the United States and humankind and a member of a myriad of criminal organizations conducting criminal and harmful clandestine activities against the United States and the good part of humanity. I am a snooper of other people's private affairs; I am a constant violator of intellectual property rights by perpetually claiming [other people's] writings and drawings as my own; I'm a perpetual fraud and have forged court documents, counterfeited currency, and committed massive fraud with my bank accounts and credit [cards]: I have hacked into other people's bank [accounts] and used these as if these were my own – in particular, I have been using my brother Lawrence Chin's bank accounts [...] and email accounts in order to pretend to be him (more on this below); I am an anti-social with no concern for others and expecting love from others while giving nothing in return and I experience no remorse and persistently attribute [...] my own faults to others; I am a malicious abuser of legal process and vexatious litigator who constantly threatens good people with lawsuits; I'm a super multilingual who speaks fluently about twenty languages because I'm a mater spy of China, Russia, India, Brazil, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Cuba, Venezuela, Iran, Ecuador, Libya, Vietnam, Cambodia, Turkey, and other South American and African nations, although because of my poor intellect, laziness, and uneducation I cannot write a [single] grammatically correct sentence in English; I am an anti-government leftwing radical with an obsession with government agencies and officials and celebrities; I am a habitual [thief] and constantly steal other people's coffee, food, electronics, etc; I'm a strange childish fan of movies and like to watch movies that resemble my life and to imitate in real life the characters I saw in movies: in fact, I have plagiarized all my behaviors and tricks from popular movies and TV shows; I'm a drug-addict, a drug-dealer, and an alcoholic [and], outside my connections with Mexican drug cartels and Colombian drug lords (such as FARC), also sell Marijuana, [crack] cocaine, and heroine to criminal street elements in broad daylight and in tourist destinations and universities in the middle of Los Angeles and Washington DC; in addition to child-molestation, frequent rape of women, and use of prostitutes, my pedophilic tendencies and [sexual] perversion also find expression in criminal videotaping of other people's children and attractive females in public places, and my criminal videotaping behavior and my love for snooping on other people, in random videotaping of people in every location imaginable; I am also an addict of hard-core pornography; I am physically violent and constantly threaten the life and safety of other people; I'm a party-animal and have a lot of friends, not just because of my [connections] with the intelligence agencies of over a dozen countries but also because of my membership in international and local gangs and organized crime groups; I am also the "king of vagrants" in every country I go to: that is, because of my high status and wide connections [among] the criminal organizations around the world, I am widely known by [...] street elements in whichever city in whichever nation, such that you will always see street people, gangsters, and homeless vagrants greeting me when I walk on the street, whether [...] in Los Angeles or Granada,

In the end, because of my low Intelligence Quotient, uneducation, and extreme laziness, I spent my whole day watching cartoons and playing video games and incessantly text-messaging and making cellphone calls to my foreign intelligence contacts and hundreds of [my] fellow drug-dealers and party animals. In addition, because of my stupidity and mental confusion, I always forget on the bus and everywhere else my Russian-made spy equipment and the heroine and crack cocaine I was sniffing and selling so that, when public employees [find] them and couldn't understand what they are, government agents may [...] clandestinely intercept [them] and present them to the [International Court] as evidence against the dozen or so nations for which I work. I am also the unluckiest foreign agent and criminal imaginable. While operating in Los Angeles I tend to get "accidentally" photographed by ordinary people and law enforcement, security, and other public vehicles about two dozen times a day. I use a US passport which I have either forged or stolen from my brother, even though I'm not a US citizen but a citizen of [...] People's Republic of China, among the other criminal nations aforementioned. After [my return] from Nicaragua to Los Angeles in October 2009, additional characteristics of my criminal pathology have been discovered, including criminal videotaping and criminal recording – hiding in [street] corners to secretly videotape and record innocent people's actions and conversations – and snooping on young children either in open space or from street corners, which must be a pathological evolution of my pedophilic tendencies. My criminal personality will come into better focus after you have read my description below of my criminal connections and crimes that have developed by the time I have finished my stay in Nicaragua.

My criminal connections:

I have committed or am in the process of committing many crimes, but so far these crimes may be grouped into three stages. First of all, I'm a secret agent of the intelligence services of China, Russia, India, Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela, Cuba, Vietnam, Cambodia, South Africa, [Zimbabwe], Iran, and various other Latin American, African, and Middle Eastern countries. I believe it was during my time of training at the Russian and Chinese intelligence academies that I was indoctrinated with [...] white supremacist and Nazi ideology and taught to hate everything Jewish, to drink heavily, and to use illicit drugs. At the same time, I'm also a member of many [...] local and international criminal organizations. I'm a member of the Nazi party and various other white supremacist groups. I'm a widely known drug lord among the street gangs in both Los Angeles, the United States, and in Granada and Managua in Nicaragua. I have ties with FARC, MS-13, and the Mexican drug cartels. These are the criminal organizations through which I have committed the crimes that I shall summarize below.

The crimes that I have committed are principally against the United States and the innocent, good, but gullible Americans, but also against the good citizens in whichever country I happened to be in. The nations that I name above and for which I work do not like the unipolar world dominated by the United States and are hoping for a multipolar world. They thus conspired perhaps in 2007 to concoct two schemes [to abuse] the international court process as a way to dethrone the United States from its position of dominance in international relations.

My crimes:

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
8.1.3. Mission accomplie, B.
Lawrence C. Chin
Nov. 2009 – Dec. 2020

My first and original crime was my mission for the countries named above (but principally for China and Russia) of pretending to be my brother Lawrence C. Chin who was once labeled a terrorist suspect by the FBI and whose information was shared with the Chinese and/or Russian intelligence, and then obtaining a VISA from the Chinese consulate and flying to China in order [to enable] China and then Russia to sue the [United States] in [the International Court] for not sharing the correct information about a “terrorist suspect” and thus violating international law.

This mission occurred between November and December 29 2007 when the flight to China took place. For this mission, I have committed so much fraud in my attempt to pretend to be my brother Lawrence Chin that, as I have mentioned above, I even stole his bank accounts, his email accounts (one at Gmail and one at Hotmail), his Paypal account, his passport, and his four website domain accounts at [Geocities].

After the “mission” failed (as the [United States] soon got the upperhand in this lawsuit at the International Court), I returned to the United States and continued with a passion my mission of pretending to be my brother Lawrence Chin, constantly pretending to draw as he would do [...] even though I really couldn’t draw anything at all, behaving in every way like him, and continuing using his accounts and other fake identifications.

My second crime is in the nature of drug-trafficking. I came to Granada, Nicaragua, to implement my heroine and crack-cocaine business. It seems that I was supervising a crime network for the smuggling and distribution of heroine and crack cocaine. My suppliers were presumably the Colombians, most likely associated with FARC. The suppliers’ truck came [...] to my place [everyday] between 3 and 5 PM. The truck’s license plate number is: CZ 4604. The truck would unload each time between 10 to 20 gas tanks in which heroine and crack cocaine from Colombia [were] hidden. As you can see in the videos, various local dealers on tricycles or driving cars would come to my place to exchange gas tanks. That was probably the local [dealers] coming to pick up more [heroine and crack cocaine] for local distribution, I being the main distributor. That is, I am some sort of drug lord in Nicaragua who is [at] the top of the criminal chain [linked] to the cocaine producers in Colombia. For this reason, I was very famous among the residents in Granada and that is why people here constantly waived at me and scratched their head in front of me (secret message-passing) as a way [to show] me respect.

Among the intelligence services named above and the drug trade gangs [scratching oneself] is apparently a form of secret message-passing, and during my two-month stay in Granada I have received well over 1,000 secret messages in the form of [...] people scratching themselves or wiping sweat from their face in front of me. I have noticed that I made a large number of cellphone calls to my various criminal or intelligence contacts in Nicaragua – on October 1 when I spent the whole day [in] Managua I counted well over 150 calls made from “my phone”.

Other than drug-trafficking activities, my two-month stay in Granada, Nicaragua, is characterized by blasting loud music day and night and hosting parties with the myriad of my criminal friends every

Friday and Saturday night. My anti-social love for deception and pretending is also evident in my love for loud music. I have been in the habit of complaining to people and in the writings which [the] Russian intelligence has forged for me about how lonely, depressed, and unhappy I am, and yet that is all lies because I in fact have a lot of friends, party all the time, and blast loud music in my super happiness day after day. I am in fact having a blast, from Los Angeles to Granada (from March to October 2009). While at home, I spent a lot of time watching the various programs on my cable TV which reflect (and are thus evidence of) my crimes and my criminal pathology. My friends in the local gangs in Granada and Managua were often on motorcycles. As you can hear in the recordings, my street during the final weeks of September and the beginning of October [was] filled with the sounds of motorcycles coming and going. I am also widely known among the children in Granada, something like their “sugar daddy”.

I also display tremendous talents in avoiding law enforcement capture, even though I have had frequent run-in with law enforcement, even in Nicaragua. As you can hear in the recordings from the same period, law enforcement... Since my arrival in Granada, gunshots could frequently be heard in my neighborhood, [as indication] of the intensity of the drug war I have brought to this quiet town called Granada. These are either [my own] or my gang members’ shooting at [our] rival drug cartels.

After coming back from Granada... In fact, after I completed my drug-trafficking operations in Nicaragua and returned to Los Angeles, I started pretending [to be] penniless again and living the life of vagrancy, fishing food [...] from trash cans and smoking [...] cigarette butts found on the streets. However, I soon found myself “accidentally” videotaped by police cars when they kept passing me by every time I changed my location in the city....