

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”

C.

November 21 – December 10

RESUME

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial over me from November 21 to December 10, 2009.

It is during this period that the suit team’s enterprise finally collapsed. On November 23, they ran their test on me (to test my resistance) for the very last time. After November 23, my conspiracy with the United States was so fully established in the upper court that the suit team was not quite allowed to run anymore tests on me. On December 1, they had their last chance when the Dutch government promised to detain me should my flight arrive in Amsterdam, but the Russians sent someone in to (sort of) warn me not to fly. I would from now on definitively give up all intention to camp outside the International Court of Justice itself. Without anymore operations from the suit team – except for a few, but important, instances of computer malfunctioning which will be noted – what was going on was nothing more than the Russians watching me doing my solo show in order to gather more evidences as to how I had continued to attempt to conspire with the United States to harm Russia and what my motivation was. Then, from December 7 onward, because I had started making important breakthroughs in my understanding of the United States’ “Operation International Court of Justice”, the Russians could move beyond simply observing me. They were first able to establish my conspiracy with the entire lower court (and thus gain complete control over it) and then were about to establish me as a conspirator in Boss Cheney’s genocidal plan.

What I have found so disturbing during this reconstruction is the fact that there are again incidents which I clearly remember but which I somehow couldn’t locate in any of my recordings. For example, I clearly remember that, one night when I was squatting by the bus stop near Olympic and Westwood, the suit team sent in a police car to “spot me” as

part of the preparation to get the police to put me away under the pretext of “removing vagrants to safe places”, but that a Russian surveillance SUV then came in quickly to park in front of me in order to block the police’s view of me (evidently because the Russians wanted to disrupt Mr former Secretary’s attempt to “disappear me” and keep me on the street so that I could finish my conspiracy with the suit team). And yet this episode was not anywhere in my recordings, and I couldn’t remember the approximate date on which it took place.

Something else which I should note about my impressions of the operation at the time but of which, in the following reconstruction, I have made no mention is this. As I have explained elsewhere:

‘Another important development around this time is that the movements of all the people around me, from those Homeland Security operatives to the residents of Los Angeles, became, suddenly, extremely regular, robotic, and coordinated with each other and with my movements and words. At the time I thought this was some sort of advanced Russian intelligence technology just like the cars carrying recording devices were rather backward Russian intelligence surveillance techniques. I thought these people were wearing tiny voice transmission devices inside their ears which allowed them to receive instructions from the control center as to when to move and so on. I would be completely wrong, for reality would be much more shocking. What had really happened was that the Russians had ordered the US government to chip all the residents and Homeland Security operatives – and me as well – with the DARPA mind-reading brain chips I have described above. All the people around me were being remotely controlled from the control center – and that was why their movements suddenly became so well coordinated – and the Russians, while not controlling my movement except occasionally, were now reading my thoughts.’

While it is indisputable that the Russians had indeed commanded the suit team to chip me in the brain, it’s really not clear to me by now whether they had also ordered the suit team to chip anybody else in my environment (especially the local residents around me). Today I have to wonder whether my impression at the time might actually be mistaken – whether I might again be suffering the typical symptoms of a targeted individual and mistakenly seeing people’s movement as more regular and coordinated when there was actually no more regularity and coordination than before. In any case, I would soon begin to believe that the Russians were remotely controlling the people around me to move just at the right time (such as when I said something right) as a way to signal to me (just as, as I shall mention below, I would soon begin to believe that the Russians were remotely controlling the noises around me as a way to signal to me when I said something right). This is what I would in the next few years refer to as the “computerized environment” or “the technology of Garden of Eden”. Today I’m no longer sure whether and how much I was correct on this.

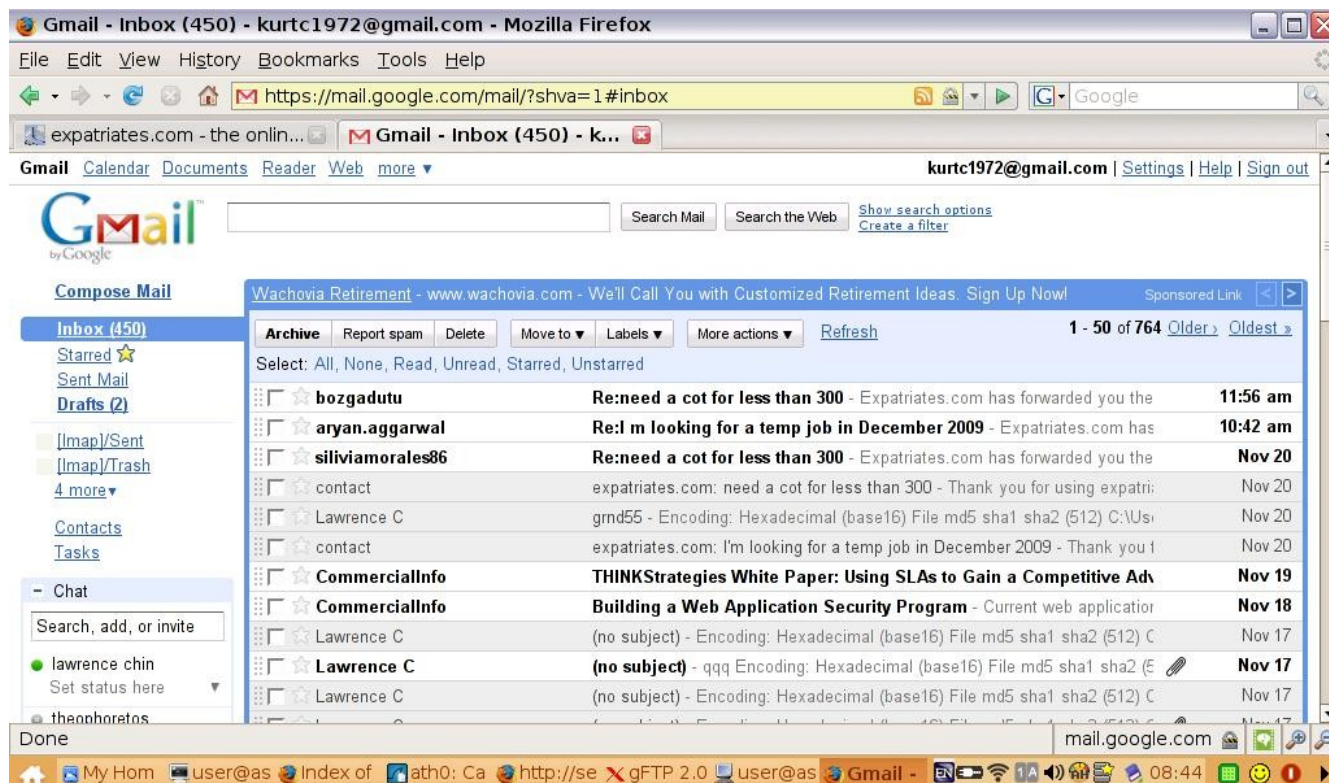
November 21 (Saturday)

My next recording is: “knkosbcklot_atmupld_11_21_09_328-408AMWMA: Siren immediately. “Massive pretending over there.” I was now hiding in the bushes to smoke my cigarettes. “It’s nice, no human beings around...” On 16:00 I was on the move. “Oh, another car, we’ve got seen... we have to hide... the maggot doesn’t like to be seen...” Then, on 19:30, I was at the ATM to withdraw cash. I discovered my step-mother’s deposit. I then settled down in the corner behind Chase to work. “Somebody is nearby, producing a surveillance intercept.” I went to check it out, but there was nobody nearby.

My next recording is: “chsecnr_11_21_09_402-420AM.WMA”: “... when human beings come around, that’s bad, that means we are about to commit crimes...” I was again working on deleting files in my Toshiba to clear up more disk space.

My next recording is: “rvwslprcrd1120_mvfiles_lptpproblm_11_21_09_426-559AM.WMA”: I continued: “Now, since Homeland Security could have sent people in to talk next to us while we were sleeping in order to make us into a criminal recorder, we have to review the recording of our sleeping last night... while we do the rest of the things...” I then continued on and on about how even the person who gave me a dollar could have said something to me as a way to get himself recorded by me. “... it could even be somebody underage, in which case we’ll be in serious trouble...” I had to use earphones to review the recording in order, again, to not re-record what might be criminal. Gross exaggeration! “Remember that you are a maggot... when people extend their kindness to you, it’s most likely malice, and you need to be especially alarmed...” Then I was even attributing the sprinklers’ actions to the suit team: “... it’s always possible that Homeland Security is watching us from somewhere... remember to be extremely vigilant when people show kindness toward you... for maggots, there is no such thing as kindness...” I was just acting here: pretending to not know that it was actually the Russians who were watching me. I was now moving screenshots to the right folders on my Eee PC. “We are so experienced in being harmed...” As I moved more files to my external hard drives to clear up more disk space on my Toshiba, my computer malfunctioned again. Then: “... a black man has ‘spotted us’, we are in serious shit... there must be a reason why he keeps pacing back and forth... to ‘spot us’... he’s gonna rumor about how he saw this vagrant hiding in this corner with his laptops open... it’s not good for us to stay here... ‘Is he doing something illegal?’... just to generate suspicion among law enforcement... if we do international travel, our computers will be a big problem... because the profile of the maggot will be shared among law enforcement internationally... but this would only be for the purpose of surveillance... because nothing will be found in our computers... it will simply be swapped with a different computer...”

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
8.1.3. Mission accomplie, C.
Lawrence C. Chin
Nov. 2009 – Feb. 2021.



The replies I received for my ads by the morning of Nov. 21,
which I was afraid to open

My next recording is: “strbkatmdble_dvd75fail_11_21_09_552-9AM.WMA”: I continued in my corner: “... the black guy walks back and forth... maybe a detective... maybe surveillance... we like this kind of place, where we can talk to ourselves... no one is talking around us...” From 12:00 onward, I was working on “Feefee and Valerie”. On 22:00, as I was packing, I was again mumbling about how law enforcement would purposely make mistakes when investigating me. “... a hummingbird... do you think Homeland Security has sent it here to produce a surveillance intercept? That’s what we call a ‘non-stressful intercept’...” As I was walking, I continued: “... our doubles would leave behind a lot of trash and the security guards would attribute it to us, so that law enforcement may enter it into our profile...” Not! Then, on 33:00, I came inside Starbucks. I immediately took notice of the man using a small ACER netbook. I used the restroom. Now, because the ACER man was using the electrical outlet I wanted to use, I wondered whether Homeland Security had sent him in to occupy it. Out of the restroom on 45:00. The African woman was again charging her phone in the hallway. I expressed my suspicion of the ACER man: “... he is a pervert here to be confused with us in surveillance... he’s 50 something, with a netbook... Simpson... he looks so much like a pervert...” I of course knew that he could in fact be an agent from the Russian side disguising himself by looking Homeland Security. “... the scariest thing in the world now is to record other people’s conversations... it’s such a problem...” I wasn’t acting here: I had to keep my recordings “clean” in order to prevent my documentaries from being suppressed as evidences in the ICJ. I sat

outside Starbucks to work in order to avoid “criminally recording people”. On 1:07:00, a black man showed up holding a stack of cash in his hand to deposit it into the ATM and, just at the same time, I was logged off from my AT&T Wifi account. I mistakenly assumed that the suit team had purposely logged me off to enable the black man to produce the right surveillance and therefore became convinced that he was my double. Wrong! Just a coincidence! “That’s the second intercept, not only that we have a lot of money, but also that we have a Wells Fargo account as well...” Then I suspected another man walking in to be a detective (1:17:00). (Probably not.) “... this is not a good spot... too close to the ATM... suspicious...” And I continued to work. On 1:36:00, a black man came in front of me to fill out paperworks with a pen: “... to produce a surveillance intercept...” Not! Then, on 1:49:00, another man was talking on his cellphone next to me. I had to complain to him: “Excuse me sir, can you talk over there? It makes me very nervous!” He apologized, and I countered: “Sorry sir, I’m afraid of cellphones...” And he moved away. “... he’s polite, and that means we’ve got intercepted earlier...” (Probably not.) I was now working on my chapter “The impossible wish to be known”. And, whenever people passed me by talking loudly, I hummed. On 2:14:30 I went inside Starbucks, and took notice of a Toshiba exactly identical to mine. Then, while burning a new disc, I continued to pay attention to all the passersby. On 2:27:00, I was alarmed because my Toshiba was running very slowly, presumably because there was no more disk space left. Then, on 2:30:30, when I opened up my Gmail account: “Oh my God! More junk mails to frame us... it’s evidence that David Chin is indeed a computer hacker... why else would he be receiving such emails?” Fearing that the suit team had obtained more evidences, I reported all of them as spam. Now I had to explain my resistance again: “If you open your emails, it’s bad, because surveillance might be produced... it might just be other nations getting into trouble... or maybe it’s us also... you didn’t think about that... and so, when you get no response, it’s bad, but when you do get a response, it’s also bad... the only solution is to call the police and have them look over your shoulder while you open your emails so that they can tell you which one is legal which one not...” Now I was on Hostmatrix to fix the links on my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History. “It’s not wise to burn DVDs in front of people...” I was now fixing “The Progressive *Bildung*... Plastide, Person, and Corm”. “... we remember that we were in the history section in the UCLA Biomedical Library... around 1998... looking over Ernst Haeckel’s *Allgemeine Anatomie der Organismen*... oh, no! Input-output error, verification has failed!” I Googled for the error code, and yet: “This is a fake website... IP Board... a surveillance intercept has been produced showing foreign intelligence services providing us with... Homeland Security doesn’t want us to know they are controlling our computer and so puts up this fake website... at the same time producing surveillance...”

My next recording is: “imgbrn_bus2chldrn_11_21_09_905AM-201PM.WMA”: I was now reading some forum postings on DVDs. Is this a real website? Then I suspected another message, something on DVD Decrypter, to be a fake which the suit team had instructed an agent to post so that it could be attributed to me (so that I would look like I had violated copyright laws). Siren on 7:30. Then, more “fake messages”: “... we should forget about it... we are just producing surveillance intercepts without getting anything out of it...” And the burning failed again! (10:00) “... it’s because of Homeland Security, no doubt about it... what does this ‘logical timeout’ mean? You will never get to learn about computers because Homeland Security keeps putting up obstructions... we certainly don’t get anything

out of these intercepts... Homeland Security wants us to order... it's a trap... we can forget about learning about computers on the Internet, we are just gonna get fake websites..." None of this was in fact the case. Then, somebody's phone rang: "... surveillance is produced showing David Chin squatting by the entrance snooping on people's cellphone conversations..." (24:30). Then a white female, when passing by, smiled at me: "... it's a sign that trouble is coming... Homeland Security has put up a lot of fake postings on online forums... every time when you search for and read these posts, surveillance is showing you to be the one who has posted them... and it becomes an intercept about our computers... that's how faulty evidences about our computers are generated... and we will just be learning garbage... we will only learn false information... thus you should just read a book... because they can't replace all the books in town with fake ones..." Again, gross exaggeration of the suit team's operations. I then believed another white female was here to do me harm, and so I quickly left Starbucks on 33:00. "... we have forgotten to count the black female that was charging her cellphone... that was an intercept..." Not! Or was I just acting? Then, on 40:00, when a couple walked past me on Mentor, the cellphone of the woman rang. "David Chin has received another call..." It's really not clear whether this was the suit team's operation or a mere coincidence. On 44:30, I came to the corner where I was yesterday. "... strings..." I brushed my teeth and then moved on. Then more of people's pressing on their cellphones' buttons. On 57:30 I came inside Famima and got instant noodles and wings. "... every time when we request chopsticks, that's evidence that we are China's secret agents since only China's secret agents would be using chopsticks..." Bullshit. But was I just acting? I then mumbled about how the suit team was trying to hide from me the crimes I had supposedly committed. I sat down to enjoy my lunch. By 1:24:40 I was done with eating and walked out, taking notice of the black woman who had got up at the same time as I did. (Not my double!) Then another white couple holding a baby. "... we have been up for 7 hours, and it's already time for us to go to bed..." I continued to avoid children while wandering the streets. On 1:38:50 I got on bus 181. I continued: "... we don't know what was wrong with DVD-35... ear plugs..." And I continued to describe the movements of the people around me. I was then mumbling about something indistinctly. On 2:39:00 I got off the bus in Hollywood, mumbling something about the sectors on my DVD and what could possibly have been the problem. I came inside a doughnut store to buy doughnuts and juice. I passed by one fat white man who was smoking cigarettes: was any surveillance produced? (Probably not.) I ate my doughnuts on the street corner and then kept on walking. On 2:56:00 I hid in a corner. Soon I was on the move again. On 3:04:00 I was waiting for bus 2, describing all the cars that had passed me by. Then: "... another intercept at the ATM... it could be our snooping on people when they were using the ATM..." I thus moved to another bus stop. "... criminal matters we have to avoid... something is wrong with this Kaiser Permanente, and so we avoided it, and the next time we shall avoid the ATMs... you could be arrested..." Just more of my explanations for my resistance to what was supposedly the suit team's operation. I continued wandering on Sunset Blvd. I hid in another corner on 3:13:00 to avoid children. Then: "... Parking Enforcement... surveillance is produced showing us snooping on teenage girls..." I was then theorizing how Mr former Secretary was inside the control center moving people about like chess pieces: "... David Chin, the creation of his great mind..." When I saw another mother and her child, I theorized how Mr former Secretary had moved them here from his control center. On 3:24:00 I got on the bus. There were children in the front, in the middle, and in the back, so that I had nowhere to sit. Finally, the child in the front got off and I now had a seat. I hummed. Then: "... a mother and her

child have got on the bus... there must be an undercover detective around here writing this down, otherwise there is no point... the detective and the mother-child pair work in concert...” Good theorizing! But the suit team was probably not doing this at the moment. On 3:34:00 I was trying to get off the bus: “... there is too much operation on this one...” And I warned the woman in my way: “Move your child! I’m a criminal!” I got off and walked through the streets humming like crazy. “It seems that we need to go to bed, we are unable to do anything... it’s already mid-day, it’s too dangerous to walk on the street... we are a maggot, we cannot be... in the middle of the day...” Then: “... children are coming!” And I ran to the middle of the road to avoid them. “The middle of the street is safer! Look, a fire truck is coming! They are gonna arrest us...” And I hid behind a car. Then: “... a Hispanic female is taking pictures of the wall! ... surveillance is showing David Chin filming children... we must leave this place, there are too many operations... never underestimate the malice of other human beings... we are maggots and other people only want to destroy us... that’s why they bring their children to us... Homeland Security has alerted the whole community, ‘We must destroy this maggot, bring your children to him’... watch out for these despicable, evil human beings...” I was being a typical targeted individual here: none of this was actually the suit team’s operation. On 3:49:00 I hid in a corner where no human beings were around. Then, on 3:51:50, a white female stopped in front of me and text-messaged: “... we’ve got intercepted...” And another one at the bus stop text-messaged too: “... we are intercepted again... maggots must hide... we are on Silverlake and Sunset, it’s not a good area to hide, and the bus is taking a long time, probably because Homeland Security...” And the white female text-messaged again, and I went on continually about how I was “accidentally” videotaped. And more text-messaging. On 3:59:00 I got on the bus, and I hummed like crazy. “If there are children on the bus, there must be a detective too. ... Homeland Security operation... to get us to hum, so that when the bus driver returns to her station, she could report us... adding further to our profile... that’s what happens when the maggot gets out on the street in broad daylight... they’d also share the information with the Dutch police...” Again, gross exaggeration of the suit team’s operation. And I continued to mumble about how people would rumor about me the vagrant. “... it would only be crime in surveillance.. as long as there are no real world consequences... get the maggot...” I got off the bus on Hollywood and Normandie on 4:16:30. I took notice of a white man in front of me: “... holding a cellphone in his hand... part of the ‘community alert program’.. we are thinking of going to the storage, but we can’t accomplish our objective... there are too much operations today... Homeland Security didn’t foresee that we would get off the bus on Normandie... so far so good, no children... the goal of this society is to crush the maggot...” Then I took note of a white Cadillac limousine with tinted windows (4:25:30). It couldn’t be Mr former Secretary or his Homeland Security hot shots, could it? “... I don’t think reading people’s license plates is a crime... but there must be a reason why they keep showing up in front of us...” And I continued on about how everyone was here to destroy the maggot: “... we are the only person who cares about ourselves... the only entity in the world that cares about the maggot is the maggot himself... another immigrant-looking white woman... probably to produce surveillance showing David Chin getting into contact with a foreign agent, but that is out of our head by now... the purpose of destroying the maggot is also to destroy other nations...” Then another white man came near me, and I hummed like crazy. Then another Hispanic woman with her child: “... surveillance is produced showing us snooping on people’s children... ambulance is coming...” And I hid behind the trash bin. Then the man who had supposedly just produced an intercept sneaked up from behind me:

“... probably another intercept showing us getting into contact with a foreign intelligence agent... pay close attention to the woman pressing buttons on her cellphone... and a police car has just ‘spotted us’... there must be a reason why Homeland Security wants us to stay in this corner...” I was thus on the move again. “... another female is making a cellphone call...” I was then mumbling about how the bus drivers must have reported me for making too much disturbances by humming: “... that’s why the buses keep passing us by...” Nonsense. Then, on 4:50:00, I was in a fast food place to buy chickens. “... when people pass us by... foreign intelligence agents...”

My next recording is: “181madrebush_kpsschld_11_21_09_155-355PM.WMA”: I continued my act: “... we need to go back to our ‘maggot hole’... we are a fucking maggot... these Russians and Chinese and Brazilians and Indians are fucking maggots and that’s why they employ us...” I continued to eat in my corner. Then: “... a large limousine in front of us...” (4:10). Presumably it wasn’t Mr former Secretary. Then: “... a crazy mother-fucker, with big sunglasses, clapping his hand, behaving like a mother-fucking Homeland Security agent... he looks like he wants us destroyed... everyone wants this fucking maggot dead...” Then a man pushing a baby cart passed by in front of me: “... surveillance is again showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in the street corner snooping on people’s children... what a fucking maggot...” On 14:00 I got on the 181 bus: I was now going to find my “maggot hole”. I took notice of a man who was talking in an unintelligible language: “... since earlier he was talking to a vagrant, he must be producing a surveillance intercept showing him talking to us earlier...” And a child was shouting inside the bus. I warned the child: “... I’m a maggot, so don’t sit next to me...” And I also warned the adult next to him: “... as you can tell, unless your nose has malfunctioned...” And I hummed continually. On 21:00 I speculated: “... such is the operation: they put children in the back, so that we will be forced to stay in the front... so that, when people are talking, we will be forced to hum... so that the bus driver will...” Again, gross exaggeration of the suit team’s operation. And I hummed like crazy: “... Pasadena... we have put ourselves in serious danger, and yet have accomplished nothing... an old lady is standing in front of us, and yet this maggot just wouldn’t give up his seat for her... but in this way the maggot has avoided the child...” Now the child can be heard shouting in the bus again on 35:30. Then, on 38:00, text-messaging: “... we are intercepted...” And again on 44:00. I moved away from the text-messenger. Then I was mumbling about how the (supposed) undercover detective must be harboring extreme disgust for me: “... they don’t like maggots...” Then another woman was talking loudly on her cellphone: “... are we intercepted?” Then another man: “... he could be an undercover cop... never do that again... never start on a trip... unless you are going to avoid children in this way...” Then about the suspicious Asian guy who looked at me and then looked down: “... detective?” (1:00:30) Then, on 1:18:00, I was mumbling about something indistinctly. On 1:33:00, when the bus passed by Pasadena City College: “... not a good place... children and vagrants...” And I got uncomfortable as the bus was about to pass by Karin’s place. I was worried that, because Karin’s restraining order on me was still in effect, getting too close to Karin might hurt the Russians. On 1:45:50 I got off the bus at the Sierra Madre Station. On 1:48:30 I came to the bushes next to the station. It appeared that this was a good place to hide in – and I would from now on frequent here – but I was alarmed when I noticed children in the distance, inside the station. Then, just as I was impressed by how isolated this area was, somebody brought his child to appear in front of me: “... surveillance is again produced showing us hiding in the bushes to snoop on people’s

children... even though we are here to avoid children...” I thus moved further inward. Then, on the other side, there was a police car. “We can’t worry about international affairs, we have to worry about our own safety...” Just acting! On 1:56:30, as I was about to take my nap, I filmed myself in my new corner, explaining, among other things, how I was using a supermarket cart to block any view of me.

My next recording is: “slp_madrebush_kpss_11_21_09_4-1028PM.WMA”: I continued: “... Homeland Security is pretty smart... hopefully the police would not show up to harass us... and Mr former Secretary has a vast army of children to move around like chess pieces... in this battle, the most effective weapons have turned out to be children 5 to 10 year-old... nations will be convicted... the maggot is now hiding... hopefully no human beings will find him... the police are passing by just to produce surveillance... showing police cars and children and the vagrant’s hiding all happening together, even though all three are unrelated... to create the impression that the police are looking for David Chin who is hiding in the bushes to snoop on children...” Probably not. And I slept.¹ Then, 2:40:00, I suddenly woke up: “... we had a dream... Karin... how to deal with Karin when she adopted the tactic from the Displays... to point to a pig and simply say it’s a horse... how do you respond to that? You can’t... Karin’s second answer to our revised complaint... she simply said our questions in our interrogatories are harassing and insane... of course she knew her answers would be intercepted into the ICJ as evidences while our responses would be blacked out... suddenly she just pointed to the drawing and said it’s not fine art... now it’s up to you to prove that a horse is a horse... a very effective tactic, although an assault on human reason...” (until 2:49:00). Then I fell asleep again.² Then my recorder ran out of space.

November 22 (Sunday; “Hola”)

My next recording is: “wkmadrebush_upldrvwdvd75_11_22_09_205-328AM.WMA”: I got up, upset because it was 2 AM already and I originally planned to get up on 11 PM. I continued my mumbling for a while: “... Karin presumably still lives in the same place... it’s near here... Altadena...” I did some work on my Toshiba: importing my recordings, playing files from DVD-75, and deleting files on my Toshiba’s hard drive to clear up more disk space.

My next recording is: “mdrestlght_mtro_strbkphn_11_22_09_333-637AM.wma”: I was still playing my recording and transcribing it. From 51:00 onward, I was working on my “Feefee and Valerie” while burning a new disc. On 1:10:00, ImgBurn operation failed. Another bad-burn! On 1:47:40, as I had packed up, I filmed my surrounding. I was then on the move. Then I rested in a corner. “... recorder shut itself off when you were sleeping, it’s very bad... it’s so nice to wake up 2 AM in the morning to work, there is nobody around...” Then, on 2:19:00, I described the white man who was sitting in his car near me all this time. Russian surveillance? On 2:21:00, I came inside Sierra Madre Station and was soon on Metro Gold Line. I continued to mumble indistinctly about something. By 2:40:30 I got off the train on Lake Blvd. When out: “... why did the taxi just have to park in front of us?... there must be a camera in front...” Not! On 3:01:30, I came to Starbucks. When I was ordering bagels, I was again

1 Reviewed until 43:00, and then from 2:35:00 onward.

2 Reviewed until 2:55:00.

alarmed by the phone's ringing. The rest of the recording was again eliminated.

My next recording is: "strbkutside_11_22_09_634-639AM.WMA": I was outside Starbucks mumbling about how I had to cut off the last part of the previous recording where I had "criminally recorded" the Starbucks employee answering the phone call. See! You don't hear what happened because, hours later, I would edit it out with Audio File Cutter.

My next recording is: "strbkhll_dtctvehola_11_22_09_7-817AM.WMA": I recounted: "... it's so good to be a Starbucks manager... you can get instruction on how to deal with us... 'When he comes, the phone will ring, and only answer the phone when he is there'..." Nonsense. Then I came inside the hallway to work. I noted that the vagrant black woman was again there charging her phone. "She doesn't behave like our double... we don't know how to deal with the email responses... we need to hash our files..." I turned on my Eee PC and got on Hostmatrix. "... earlier the bikers talked loudly next to us... our recorder wasn't on, but surveillance would show that we were criminally recording him..." And my FTP upload stalled. Then, on 9:00: "... the same white vagrant with a draggy cart is also here... perhaps a detective here to watch over us, or a Starbucks special security officer..." I pretended to not know that he could in fact be doing surveillance for the Russian side. Then my Toshiba suddenly shut itself down: "... Homeland Security is playing some serious tricks on us... the undercover cop is watching us very closely... he is probably recording us..." Again, I was pretending to mistake the Russians' recording me for law enforcement's. From 36:00 onward I was playing my recordings. "... the detective is watching... a vagrant, a maggot..." Then, suddenly, on 1:00:30, a black woman came to me to shout at me, "Hola!" Alarmed, I chased after her, "Who are you? What's the 'Hola' about?" I even turned on the other recorder. The rest of the recording overlaps the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: "hola_strbkgreen_11_22_09_756-853AM.WMA": I kept asking the black woman why she said "Hola" to me and she kept avoiding my question. "... just an intercept showing us receiving a secret message... oh, the detective is watching us, he's gonna note down that we suffer from schizophrenia for thinking that a woman saying 'Hola' to us is playing a prank on us..." Then I continued to play my recordings. "Earlier there must have been a cellphone communication that was intercepted saying we would meet someone soon." On 9:00, I was reading out loud a quotation in ancient Greek on my own website. (Could that have any effect on the evidentiary process?) From 26:00 onward, I stopped playing my recording and started working on my "Feefee and Valerie" again. On 34:00, my Internet connection was cut off. "... sometimes they cut it off in order to make us into a criminal recorder... and the detective is gone... *okay, if it's good for our country we'll do it...* or rather if everyone wants us to... so that we won't be beaten up... we just really don't want to record other people..." Acting!

We must suppose that this "Hola" was the suit team's operation. The suit team had been inactive on the 20th and the 21st – evidently regrouping – and today they settled on the same technique of testing my resistance. Since somebody's saying "Hola" to me couldn't possibly cause me stress, my reaction was again evidence that I was actually just pretending to be conspiring with them.

My next recording is: “strbk485dobadbrgrkng_11_22_09_858-1120AM.WMA”: I continued to work in the hallway. From 15:00 onward, “Feefee and Valerie” again. Then I almost broke down crying when I accidentally pressed a button causing my GFTP to disappear: “... we just can’t figure it out... we are so confused... we can’t deal with it anymore...” (49:30). Then: “... our Eee PC is running extremely slow, it’s about to die... none of the buttons work anymore... Oh no, children are coming out, we need to get out of here...” Then I got angry: “Why is somebody knocking on the door? It’s a mother and a child... children are stalking us... Why? Because we are a maggot...” Then, on 59:00, another man dragging a cart came in with his child: “... we need to leave, we need to come even earlier...” And so I packed up. When I came out: “... the Starbucks employee will report saying this vagrant always shows up when there are children... that’s why he likes Starbucks... there will be children on the bus because we are getting on...” On 1:09:00 I got on bus 485. And I yelled at a woman: “Don’t come near me with your child! I’m a maggot...” This had stirred up the bus driver and she argued with me. Then: “... children are stalking us, it’s not a good feeling... we really have to be a foreign agent... the authority has decided that... can we just do that five hours a day, and have the rest of the time for ourselves? ...” And the child shouted and the mother was loud: “... surveillance is produced showing us criminally recording them... they are just pretending to investigate us but not really investigating us... they are running an operation for Homeland Security... it would be better to put a detective on the bus, one stone two birds instead of one bird... so there must be... we have to delete more files... we have only 8 gigabytes of space left on our Toshiba... the production of surveillance intercepts is a way of life... it shows that we are a maggot...” On 1:49:00 I got off the bus in downtown LA. I continued my act: “Don’t worry about intercept-production, that is expected of us... why do people think it’s so wrong if you don’t produce intercepts to frame Russia? Americans are not racist... but when it comes to Russia... somehow they think it right for Russia to bear the crimes that they didn’t commit...” (from 1:56:00 onward). Good testimony! “People expect us to do things that are obviously wrong... everybody else has access to the evidentiary record, except for us... there is no reward... we just do it... we have no choice... but why do other people think it is right? There are three possible reasons: first, they are bad; and then... and then, most likely, it’s because Mr former Secretary has lied to them...” Indeed! Good testimony for the Russians! And then I was mumbling about why I gave up my vegan diet years ago. On 2:08:00, I came to the Burger King on Venice Blvd. “Oh, oh, children outside... and a female is text-messaging, we are intercepted...” And I asked her: “... you are not texting something illegal, are you?” And, immediately, children came in to shout. I came to the patio area to eat my burger. “... the goal is to show that David Chin has the mind of a 5 year-old... she was producing surveillance showing David Chin believing he is having philosophical thoughts when in reality what he has thought is completely idiotic... Americans hate Russians... we didn’t know that before, but now we know...”

My next recording is: “brgrkng_tostrge_11_22_09_1114AM-1232PM.WMA”: As I ate my burger, I continued: “... the Hispanic man is picking something in the trees... the strangest thing we have ever seen... it must be to produce an intercept since what he does makes no sense... children are circling around us like sharks... and this Hispanic man insists on talking on his cellphone next to us... is he talking to us or for us? He talks so loud, he must be trying to make us record him... they are just trying

to make sure we always have criminal contents in our recordings... everyday we spend hours trying to eliminate them... the malice of people can't be underestimated..." Then I was mumbling about the (supposed) intercept of criminal recording in Starbucks earlier. Then another man showed up talking loudly, and I said to him: "Sorry! We don't want to record you! I know you want us to..." Then the security guard locked the gate to the patio: "... we are stuck in Burger King..." I had to knock on the door to ask for the employee, and she opened the gate for me. "We like being a maggot!" I had to stand next to children to refill my drink. "... children are disgusting... they can change international relations and world history... the law enforcement investigation must result in the discovery of our website, and how we record ourselves 24 hours a day... they'll say, 'A person cannot do that, we have to warn the community about it' ... Homeland Security is thinking, 'This guy must not leave behind any records'..." I then went on and on about how all this TV show worked. "... no past, no future... only known as you are in this TV show, like a star that is never seen outside his TV show... we're just sick and tired of seeing children... soon it'd be time to go to bed... they do have a machine that can ascertain whether your recorder is on or off. How do they shut your recorder off?" On 50:00 I got on the bus and on 58:00 I got off. I was now going to my storage facility. Siren on 1:02:50. "... what should you do about the ads? If there is no response, you'll get disappointed, and if there is, you'll be afraid to open it up... when you open it up, is it crime in surveillance, or is it crime in the real world?" Then suddenly somebody sneaked up from behind me to shout, and I hummed in panic. Of course I assumed this was orchestrated. "Going to storage is always scary... Will somebody be stripping in front of us? You will not be able to avoid this 'Homeland Security strip show'... it's always an ugly man undressing, forcing you to wait outside..." When I came to A-American, I refused to go inside the office to sign the log despite the manager's insistence, and he wouldn't come to the door to give me the pad for me to sign (1:10:00). Suspicious! And I asked him to fetch the key for me. When I was going up: "... if you want me to record you, you'll need to get my permission..."

My next recording is: "strge_unionstchd_485cpleflw_11_22_09_1238-422PM.WMA": I opened up my storage unit and filmed myself putting in three new discs. "Maybe we have already committed crimes... the black woman getting out of the taxi earlier... when people show up in front of you, you will become a criminal... that's why they show up... you are the maggot... people only want one thing from you, your destruction..." On 32:00, I was leaving. Again, I exited from the side door, strenuously carrying my cart down the stairs. When I gave the manager the key, he insisted that I sign out (35:00). I found that suspicious too! Then another person tried to talk to me. I was terribly angry: "... don't sneak up to me from behind in order to get me to record you... don't meddle in our lecture..." Then, on 39:00, I came inside the food mall to get snacks and drinks. I immediately came out. I continued to reflect: "... we have produced a surveillance intercept showing us secretly recording the black woman that was getting out of the taxi... that man asked us for a key, which means surveillance was produced showing us having a key... but these are no crimes in the real world... and so law enforcement is going to look into our constant proximity to children... We are a maggot and people want our destruction... being destroyed is worse than being dead..." On 50:00, I got on the bus. Strangely, the bus driver said I was carrying a TV! Was she instructed by the suit team to do this? Soon children got on and I hummed. When I got off the bus, there was a vagrant who was picking trash cans: "He is producing a surveillance intercept showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin picking trash cans..." (1:00:00).

Then I reflected: "... there is no way that Homeland Security will allow our Internet activities to go into the ICJ as evidences... unless they have claimed our connection is fake... that David Chin is editing a fake version of Lawrence Chin's website in order to pretend to be him..." On 1:09:00 I got on the bus again, but it turned out to be the wrong bus and so I got off immediately. On 1:12:00 I got on the right bus. I continued to speculate on how the suit team would have dealt with my Internet connections: "... Hostmatrix... a fake website provided by foreign intelligence services..." On 1:19:00, I got off the bus. I was in a very bad area, I noted, for there were a lot of children around, and I hummed loudly. Then I bought a vinyl DVD holder from a Hispanic street stand for 5 dollars. Strangely, the Hispanic woman examined my dollar bill carefully to see if it was fake. I naturally assumed: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin using a fake dollar bill..." (In reality, the Hispanic woman had most likely not been instructed by the suit team to do this.) On 1:36:00 I came to the Union Station, and, behold – there were children everywhere in the station today, as if this were Disneyland. I panicked: "... we need to avoid all these children and get to our 'maggot hole'..." Namely, I had to take the Gold Line to Altadena. There was also filming in the station. On 1:41:00 somebody's cellphone rang. "The criminal foreign agent David Chin's cellphone is ringing again!" I hummed so loud that a security guard came to warn me (1:44:00). Although she was probably not instructed by the suit team to do this, I again assumed this was an operation: "... it's another surveillance intercept showing that the police don't know who David Chin is..." I then continued on about how, according to Mr former Secretary's legend, David Chin had hidden his secret agent status from everyone. "... and surveillance is showing David Chin loving children so much that he rides the train in the afternoon in order to be around children..." Then I saw a man who looked like a former Marine: "He could be an undercover cop..." And somebody near me was on cellphone again. "... we have never seen so many children... What's going on? Homeland Security knows that we have found a maggot hole... and so would have to come to Union Station to take the Gold Line... and so they sent in all these children and an undercover detective... to actually get us arrested..." Although my scenario was most likely incorrect, I put up my act: "... sorry we cannot participate in this... Homeland Security wants us to take the Metro with all these children, and we will not do that..." Instead, I walked out of Union Station. I was now looking for a different place to settle into: "... we can't get to our 'maggot hole' today, for Homeland Security has the whole station prepared... this God-damned ICJ trial, everywhere you go, there are children... that detective really hates David Chin... if you want to go to your 'maggot hole', you will have to pass through this... he's like: 'We are going to fuck you up'..." And my act: "The production of intercepts is so stressful... it doesn't matter how bad you smell, these mothers are paid a lot of money to bring their children in, or else they are simply very patriotic... *we are not even patriotic at all, we just want to be left alone...*" Good acting! It would be less realistic if I pretended to love the United States. On 2:14:00, I got on the 485 bus. On 2:18:00 I noted an ambulance which was running parallel to the bus. (Probably not an operation.) I then continued to speculate as to why the bus driver said I had a TV (what kind of surveillance intercepts she was supposedly trying to produce). "... surveillance is showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin wanting to go where the children are... we have avoided disaster, there is not a single child on the bus!" On 2:52:30 I got off the bus in Pasadena while yelling at the other passengers: "Let me go through you fucking human beings..." Then: "... children are the most powerful weapons, the most effective weapons, in clandestine operations..." Then I noticed that a black man and a black woman

pushing a baby cart were following me. Angered, I shouted at them: “Do you just have to follow me? Am I so attractive? You fucking piece of shit...” (2:56:30). Needless to say, they were provoked. (Again, they were probably unrelated to the suit team’s operation.) “... he’s going to report us, and the police will come look for us, even though it is *us* who are followed... in this country the police go after the victims... everything is reversed... in surveillance it would be *us* who were following them...” I settled down in a corner on 3:03:00. “... now the world of surveillance and the real world are coming together... before we wanted them to come together... but now we want them to be separate... Homeland Security is not happy that we didn’t go to the ‘maggot hole’...” Then I pretended to suspect another man who had come around me to be an undercover detective (I knew full well that he could in fact be the Russians’ surveillance agent): “... our days are numbered...” (3:15:30). “... he stares at us and we stare at him...” And, continuing my act, I waved at him: “Hello Mr Police Officer...” To complete my act, I moved away again. “... David Chin is being followed by detectives for his perversion...” I had most likely acted so well that the Russians would enter my act into the upper court as evidence to counter the suit team’s instance of “Hola” from this morning – that I did not in fact know that I had been surrounded by Russian agents. By 3:24:00 I settled down in another corner and began examining my new vinyl DVD holder. On 3:33:00, a police car passed me by: “... they are looking for us...” I thus moved on again and continued to prophesize how I was going to get arrested soon.

My next recording is: “dtctvecar_supl28_psdnprk_11_22_09_411-559PM.WMA”: Then: “... a vehicle passed by... it’s not safe here...” (8:00). “... it’s a security car, and the security guard looked at us... he will say, ‘Oh, I saw that vagrant, and that’s where he settled’ ... we have nowhere to hide, people want to do us harm... law enforcement is closing in on us... their investigation will be vague and faulty... we will be arrested... we might be let go after being put into the mental hospital... or maybe our records will be erased... but, first, nations will have to be convicted... and then we will be... it’s all because of this International Court trial... we wouldn’t have to squat here if it weren’t for the International Court... and our family wants us to be arrested...” Just so much acting. Then, from 20:00 onward, I started working on my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 32:00, a family with children passed by. “... another surveillance intercept is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on their children... people will always find us with their children...” I continued writing. On 1:06:00, a white man with a pony tail passed by. Then I rested. Then a man came over and text-messaged: “... we’ve got intercepted again...” (1:39:00). “... or maybe surveillance is produced showing us connecting with a foreign agent again... at least we won’t get arrested for this cellphone thing... only the important people care about that, *we don’t need to worry about it...*” I then continued to work on my files on my Eee PC.

My next recording is: “eatslpsuitintrcpt_psdnprklt_11_22-3_09_604PM-252AM.WMA”: I continued: “The whole meaning of our life is to produce surveillance intercepts... We miss food, really miss food...” (3:00). I continued my act: “As long as the police don’t come and put us away, okay, we will produce surveillance intercepts...” (5:45) Then: “Why do nations struggle with each other? Why is it necessary to put your foot on another person’s face? We don’t know...” (6:30). I came inside a fast food place to eat (9:00). A couple were talking on the phone outside, inside their car. “We’ve got intercepted again!” (10:00) Not. I then came back to my usual spot next to the parking structure. I continued my

act: “Don’t participate in the staging of pedophilia... When other people fuck you up, and you then fuck yourself up, sure, that makes you feel better... *But don’t cross the line...*” (19:00). Then more acting: “Mr Detective’s car is in front of us, starting its engine just then...” (20:00). “He’s got the evidence he needs, I guess...” Of course the man in the car in front of me was no detective but Russian intelligence, and it was my pretending to not know this which was enabling judge Higgins to rule that the suit team’s “Hola” from this morning was not proof enough. I continued: “The car has recording devices in it... The detective is going back to the station to compile a profile of us as that ‘disgusting entity’.... When they record you, they want to record you half-way only, so that they can make something out of it...” (24:00) Then: “We are going to get arrested...” Just then another car came to park where the “detective” parked earlier. “How to make a perpetrator of crime out of a victim of crime? Be vague and partial in the investigation...” (27:30). Then: “Human beings are the most horrifying creatures – not to each other, but to us; they will exercise upon us the kind of malice never before seen in history...” (43:00). “We are so experienced in being harmed, and therefore so experienced in detecting malice no matter how much they try to hide it...” (46:00). I then began reflecting on my lawsuit in March (57:00). “We will have to film ourselves talking as a way to prove that we are not reading a script...” (1:10:00). Then: “Don’t expect anything other than the most malicious sadism from people, for you are just a maggot...” (1:12:00). I then went to sleep. Suddenly, on 1:40:30: “... earlier when that black woman was stalking us with her baby, she was like, ‘Come get me Bruce Lee’, and we are like, ‘You go home and put down your baby first and then come back, because now you are just hiding behind your baby... coward... babies are the most powerful weapons in the world... I’m running away from you because you have your baby with you... provoking people when you have your baby with you, that’s the ultimate cowardice... we are actually capable of thoughts, unlike the criminal foreign agent David Chin... he is always marked by elation due to being too stupid to notice how bad his life is...” Then, on 2:01:30, an Asian man and an Asian woman came to stand in front of me and light up a pipe and then walked away: “... it’s an intercept showing us using drugs... we thought the ‘drug-using’ thing has dropped off... lately it’s always been David Chin snooping on people... now the ‘drug-using’ thing is back... there must be a new development in the International Court... maybe Mr former Secretary has got it... that this is inconsistent... at one time David Chin is into this and at another time he is into something else... and so Mr former Secretary has decided to revive the ‘drug-using’ thing... and so the car in front of us earlier... an intercept showing us smoking dope...” It’s not clear whether the Asian couple were really carrying an operation for the suit team. Just then, another Asian guy lighted up a cigarette in front of me: “... he wouldn’t do it anywhere else, but he must do it here...” This was indeed suspicious. Siren on 2:36:00. Then, on 4:59:00, when I got up to check the time on my recorder, people just had to shout from afar. This kind of coincidence further convinced me that everyone around me was directed to produce surveillance intercepts. Siren on 7:26:20. I got up and mumbled about something on 7:40:00. Then, again on 8:08:00: “... the first surveillance intercept for today...” I mumbled again about how implausible the “David Chin legend” was: “... he smells so bad... and yet meets all these people... snoops on people here and there... watches cartoon... a really weird spy...” Then about how I should write a memoir of David Chin. “... our ‘Crime Summary’ is merely a list of his pathological characteristics... it’s bad to sleep here, people might come by and say things... and then you’d have to check your recordings... oh no... so much troubles... you should just stay in your ‘maggot hole’... Homeland Security would just send someone in to hover over you and say something, and you’d be

fucked for life...”

November 23 (Monday; “hurt people”; hospitalization in Troy)

My next recording is: “brndvd75_chsecnrpsdn_11_23_09_246-433AM.WMA”: I was now in the corner behind Chase, ready to burn DVD-75. I was again deleting files to clear up more disk space on my Toshiba. My disc successfully burned, I played the recordings on my new disc. Siren on 37:20. I got suspicious when the lights in the building in front of me went on and off. Paranoid over nothing! Then, on 1:41:00: “... a car just had to stop in front of me... we’ve got ‘spotted’... our days are really numbered...” Again, it was either nothing in particular or in fact Russian surveillance.

My next recording is: “mvfileclrado_strbkdv4cp_11_23_09_437-526AM.WMA”: I was now leaving my corner. The truck was also leaving on 4:00: “... there must be a reason why the truck was there... just here to ‘spot us’...” After cleaning up, I left on 15:00. On 28:00 I settled down in another corner. I mumbled about how Nero would consider UDF 2.5 “corrupt”.

My next recording is: “strbkdv4cp_11_23_09_520-612AM.WMA”: I was again deleting files in order to clear up more disk space on my Toshiba. By 23:00 I had packed up and left. “... people are happy when we are bad...” On 24:00 I came to Starbucks to work. On 32:00, nervous about a business man coming in and text-messaging, I described him: “... we’ve got intercepted...” Then, from 45:00 onward, because people were talking loudly, I hummed loudly.

My next recording is: “strbkdvwrshr_11_23_09_617-702AM.WMA”: Then, on 21:30, I was alarmed when a man came in with a “draggy cart”. That is, I pretended to mistake him for law enforcement even though I suspected that he was Russian surveillance. Now I had even uploaded the recording of my sleeping last night. “I just hope that, when we sleep, no little persons have come around to whisper something to our ears.”

My next recording is: “strbkwrk_11_23_09_709-734AM.WMA”: I recounted how I had uploaded the recording of my sleeping last night and was now streaming it. I came back inside Starbucks.

My next recording is: “strbwmaskbat_framedangr_11_23_09_745-838AM.WMA”: I continued to work in Starbucks. Now I was working on my chapter “The Origin of Feminism in Eschatological Consciousness” (epilogue.html) (11:30). Then: “... the black man, the undercover detective... he’s here to check on us today... he’s dragging a cart... with recording devices inside...” (15:00). Was this “Detective Morgan Freeman”? Then I asked him: “Can you move that stuff? Why do you have to put that in front of me?” He wouldn’t budge. “Okay, I’ll move instead” (18:00). “... now we have 17 gigabytes of free space... Hostmatrix...” Then, when a man talking loudly on his cellphone passed me by, I hummed (39:00). Then, on 46:30, a black woman suddenly came to me to ask me for some AA batteries. She pointed to her walkman and said: “I’m homeless just like you... this is the only thing that keeps me from hurting other people... my batteries went dead...” I was shocked: “Sorry, I only have AAA batteries...” She left. “She’s just here to produce an intercept... showing that it was me who said

I wanted to hurt people... it could be because law enforcement wanted to practice confusion again...” Really nervous, I went outside to describe in better details how this operation was run – how law enforcement would get confused saying I said what she said and conclude I was dangerous: “... they would then take us in, or pass the information onto international law enforcement... we are in trouble... we just sit here like a dummy, and people will come to fuck with us...”

We must wonder whether this black woman’s “I want to hurt other people” was again the suit team’s test on my resistance. It’s not stressful to hear something like that, and presumably law enforcement wouldn’t confuse me with her so that this would have no consequences in the real world but only in the world of surveillance. But the fact that I didn’t get hysterical and seemed to believe that law enforcement did plan to confuse her with me the Russians would certainly use as evidence that I didn’t intend to resist the suit team’s operations to frame them. Then the fact that detective “Morgan Freeman” was dragging a cart today seems to indicate that the Russians had decided to use American law enforcement to record my monologues instead of their own agents – thus avoiding any risk that I might “discover” that I was surrounded by Russian agents. The Russians had the legal right to do this because I had kept saying that I believed law enforcement was recording me, which enabled them to invoke the rule that the intelligence agencies that were caught conspiring with me should stage my environment in a way that fit my beliefs.

My next recording is: “leavstrbk_dblecarthiturnte_sbwybyby_11_23_09_849-1106AM.WMA”: I continued: “Don’t talk to anyone; when people come to us, they can only be wanting to harm us. Every second has to be recorded.” Then, what seemed to be the second detective left. “The purpose of these undercover detectives is to harm innocent people and protect the perpetrators of crimes...” (7:30). I then left Starbucks. “People are extremely dangerous... They will come to us to say very bad things while the undercover detectives are watching in order for the detectives to confuse them with us – the victim of crime has to be made into the perpetrator of crime and the perpetrator of crime into the victim of crime...” (15:00). When I came to Lake and Green (35:00), I seemed to have been videotaped by a police car (43:00). I came inside Subway, and a woman seemed to be purposely leaving the door open so that – as I speculated – the father with a child coming out of the store next door may stand in front of Subway and produce an intercept showing me hiding in Subway to record a child (1:04:00). And, when I got in front of the cashier, her phone rang! Alarmed – another intercept – I asked her to ring me up before answering her phone (1:05:00). I then came outside with my sandwich. Siren on 1:06:30, and I again had to avoid being videotaped by police cars. I noted: “The purpose of law enforcement investigation is to screw up the investigation...” (1:09:00). I found a corner that was away from all the people and there ate my food (1:12:00). “Everyone is only here to poison us...” Then a black vagrant started undressing himself nearby – I supposed he was producing a surveillance intercept showing me undressing myself in front of an office building – and then urinated against the building (1:29:00). This was at Mentor, near the Social Security Administration. I was then yelling loudly (1:31:00) – to cover up the noise of an Iranian man who, upon seeing me, suddenly took out his cellphone to talk Farsi on it. I put up my act: “We’ve got intercepted talking Persian on the phone.” In reality I was suspecting that, if he was an Iranian agent, he was definitely working for the Russian side. I continued: “Homeland Security operatives have very simple missions – this time to urinate on the building and in front of

people – and we do want to kick his ass for urinating in front of us...” (1:34:00). Then I got up and started walking. A Highway Patrol vehicle passed me by – did I get videotaped again? – and another white woman was talking on her cellphone near me – “We’ve got intercepted again!” (1:48:00) I then came in front of the abandoned Christian bookstore (1:54:00). But I then decided not to stay here but came instead to my usual corner next to the parking structure.

My next recording is: “lghthsedtctvecar_altadalrm_dtctvmadrest_11_23_09_1059AM-331PM.WMA”: I continued in my corner: “... the first car... the second car... the Korean woman... not an undercover cop... I think we are okay... the FedEx vehicle in front of us... cars only come in front of us because there is a video camera in front... otherwise, what’s the point? ... now the Asian woman... she came inside Starbucks with her baby cart and then left... it’s probably a trap... the employee probably warned her that a child-molesting vagrant was here, and so she left... it’s all a staged show... the Mercedes without a license plate... they know that we read people’s license plates... but that means that reading people’s license plates is not illegal, otherwise they would put it there for us to read... I think the car behind us is an undercover detective...” And I read out his license plate (17:00). I was just acting: I of course suspected that he was in fact a Russian surveillance agent: “... he leaves his windows open because he’s recording us... law enforcement’s purpose is to purposely make mistakes, to find things that are not there...” When I came out from my corner, I waved at him: “Okay, goodbye, law enforcement... it’s a Toyota... you know it’s law enforcement because they are recording us... why do they have to record us? Why don’t they just listen to our recordings? Because they are about to make things up... you don’t have to forge anything, just cut off pieces and recombine the rest...” (until 28:00). Again, it’s testimonies like this which would enable the Russians to discount the suit team’s tests and maintain me in conspiracy with the United States. I was then on the move again. “... we’ve got videotaped by a Pasadena Fire Department truck... a woman with her baby cart...” And I hummed. And more. And I continued to wander the streets. I then mumbled about how law enforcement would pretend to find it suspicious that I always hid in street corners doing something on my computers (until 45:00). On 50:00 I got on the bus. I hummed like crazy. “... the undercover detective is still there... the undercover cop, wearing dark sunglasses...” (1:04:00). “... probably his recording device... he’s pretending to be reading a book...” It’s not even clear whether the man was indeed doing surveillance on me. By 1:10:00 I had got off the bus. More people on cellphones passed by me. On 1:13:30, I came to a corner in a parking lot area. “... there is nothing around us...” On 1:18:30, I settled down here. I kept wondering whether the car alarm in the distance meant anything. “... I say the ‘maggot hole’ is better... they control every machine in the world... that’s why Starbucks employees were welcoming us in the morning... because they wanted to help law enforcement record us... they would most likely not use software to forge any recording, but would simply pause their recording constantly...” Then another man wearing sunglasses when passing me by pressed a button his cellphone. I decided to leave and got on the bus again on 1:27:00. “... an undercover detective is sitting to our right, with a big bag containing recording devices to record our self-talk...” Just pretending to not know that the Russians had surrounded me with their surveillance (assuming that the man was really doing surveillance). On 1:41:30 I got off the bus on Lake Blvd. On 1:47:00 I came to the Lake Blvd Metro station, mumbling about law enforcement and surveillance intercepts: “... crimes in the real world and crimes in surveillance... now we are very careful about producing surveillance intercepts...” Good acting to

explain my resistance! On 1:49:50, a guy was pressing buttons on his cellphone near me: "... a surveillance intercept is produced... I don't know about going back to the 'maggot hole'... Homeland Security is going to have law enforcement..." By 1:59:00 I was on Metro Gold Line and, by 2:04:00, had arrived at Sierra Madre Station. "... a vagrant is digging trash cans, producing surveillance... now you have to worry about faulty law enforcement investigation..." Then a jeep stopped in the middle of the highway next to Sierra Madre Station, and the driver made a cellphone call before driving away: "... thus we are intercepted again..." (2:19:00). "... everybody is coming around us to make cellphone calls..." It's not clear whether the jeep was really part of any operation. By 2:22:00 I was in the vicinity of my "maggot hole". I turned on my Toshiba. I paid careful attention to the people who had children with them.

Now I was looking for a quiet place specifically in order to work on the episode of my hospitalization while in Troy, New York, in my "Supplemental Pleading". Namely, I wanted to provide more evidences to the Russians as to how I had conspired with the CIA to get them convicted back in March. But I was frustrated because the traffic on the highway caused me to be unable to hear my own recordings. On 2:43:00 I changed to a different corner. I continued to work on my "Supplemental Pleading", now writing about how Janice appeared and how all the nurses in the hospital were CIA operatives. This would soon become the Russians' evidence! From 3:15:00 onward, I was reviewing the recordings of my time in the hospital. On 3:17:30, I took note of a black man who was making a cellphone call in the distance. I wrote out what you have seen on my "Supplemental Pleading": "... Janice stood there displaying herself in front of the plaintiff, eyes staring straight with the sternest look..." Then, on 3:32:30: "... an intercept... a black woman with her child... surveillance is showing David Chin squatting in the corner snooping on her child with his laptop and secretly recording her conversation... I guess it's really just for law enforcement purposes... I don't think surveillance will show us hum when we hum..." On 3:42:00 I was on the move again. I was in a good mood having just done something to help the Russians and mumbling happily about how surveillance was again produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin snooping on people's children: "... David Chin is so bad... a perversional criminal... people like it when we are bad... David Chin coming to this desolate place to snoop on children... in America, the victim of crime is the perpetrator of crime... now we are concentrating on David Chin's perversional tendencies... there is not a crime in the world he doesn't commit... every month we focus on a different crime..." When I passed by another Hispanic woman, her cellphone rang: "... David Chin is intercepted again... this is America, we all say the opposite of what we think, walk the opposite of... Look, more police officers are here to 'spot us', male and female, we let them cross first..." (3:50:30). Then: "... two Hispanic women are waiting for us, so that, when we walk past, their cellphone can ring... a lot of people have to work hard so that David Chin can exist..." And I continued to describe the people around me that had cellphones. On 3:59:00 I was in a store buying snacks. I put up my act again: "... law enforcement officers carrying their recording devices in their bag... record us one second here, one second there... and then put the pieces together... just be vague and confusing... David Chin coming to Sierra Madre, in order to find youngsters to snoop on..." On 4:07:00 I had come back to Sierra Madre station. "... Look, a Sheriff vehicle is waiting for us here... let's wait for him to leave first..." And so I settled down to eat my snacks first. On 4:23:00 the Sheriff was gone and I moved on. "Watch out, there is a restaurant in the

distance... surveillance might be showing us snooping on them, that's very patriotic... the collision between the two worlds... we are much more careful now about the surveillance we produce... now you know that cars on the highway might suddenly stop... you will be intercepted while you sleep... our attempt to hide will simply be interpreted by surveillance and law enforcement as an attempt to snoop on people... the attempt to avoid violating the law will be interpreted as an attempt to violate the law..."

My next recording is: "slp_plceinvstgintrncourt_madre_11_23_09_334-856PM.WMA": I was still by the Sierra Madre station. I was now ready to sleep in this corner. "We will be intercepted while sleeping. When we were over there, the car was over there, and the driver made a cellphone call... can you believe it? America is about making things into their opposites, just remember that... as the victim of crime becomes the perpetrator of crime, there is a lot waiting for us... we will get fucked... it's almost like Lévi-Strauss' structuralism... the structure of myth... maybe the inventor of the faulty surveillance system, an educated person from the Displays, was inspired by structuralism..." (until 7:00). Then: "I think that law enforcement's attempt to record us... also has a purpose in the evidentiary record... faulty recording... it will become something very different from what we actually said... it will be edited... to make us say we want to rape women and so on... everything that has ever happened to us is destined for the International Court..." Then, on 22:00, I was mumbling about how useless it was to write to Mr Couvreur: "... if you show up in the Chinese consulate, they'll call the police, and it will only speed up your impending hospitalization... 'I've lost my passport'... 'This is the Chinese consulate, you can't pull tricks like that here'... what does Mr Couvreur think? ... people like it when we are bad, or appear to be bad, or are believed to be bad..." Then I rested quietly.³ Then, on 3:55:00, I suddenly started on my monologue about the law enforcement investigation of me: "... they keep sending in the same guy... it's almost as if they *want* us to notice it... the tall black man... in Santa Monica... why did they keep sending in the same guy? ..." That is, I was referring to detective "Morgan Freeman". I was of course just acting here (pretending to speculate on the suit team's purpose when I knew there was none). Then, on 4:57:00: "... maybe Homeland Security is trying to produce surveillance showing David Chin being able to identify undercover law enforcement officers... it makes no sense... David Chin is supposed to be an idiot... even though earlier they wanted surveillance showing David Chin being totally unable to identify the Displays... you just don't find a character like David Chin in the history of espionage..." Then, on 5:03:30, more mumbling about David Chin and law enforcement: "... never in the history of espionage has a spy been investigated by law enforcement for criminal insanity in the country he's supposed to spy on..." As I packed up my things, I continued: "... that means there is a camera in front of the taxi... I guess David Chin has just got caught again... the dumbest secret agent ever... Don't be seen by human beings, it's too dangerous... Look, a car making a U-turn has 'spotted us'... somebody may call the police..."

My next recording is: "madrest_wktrnstion_11_23_09_850-922PM.WMA": I was now on my Eee PC moving screenshots to their proper folders. "... if we ever file another lawsuit and want to include our recordings, wouldn't we be prevented? You should check... have somebody else listen to the recordings... and have him swear... as to the content of the recordings..." Now a helicopter was above

3 Reviewed until 40:00, and then from 3:11:00 onward. Then until 3:23:00, and then from 3:54:00 onward.

me shining its search light in search of something: "... it's obviously because we are here... although pretending to look for somebody else... but the purpose is to 'accidentally' find us... because our Eee PC's screen is on, Homeland Security has sent in the helicopter to 'accidentally' videotape us..." I packed up by 22:00: "... because we are here, Homeland Security has sent in someone to throw a plastic bag here with beer cans inside... the faulty surveillance Machine probably has a particular sensitivity to beer cans... David Chin is hiding in this corner to enjoy his beer... to use drugs... we weren't sleeping here..." And I went on and on about this for a while. Then I went on about how I should hide until no human beings could be seen: "... and so we need to rest for another three hours or so... don't come out when human beings are still awake, they only want to do you harm... now every second of our life has to be accounted for..." And I was still in my "maggot hole".

My next recording is: "slp_madre_11_23-4_09_928PM-216AM.WMA": As I slept, I continued: "... if we ever get to the Netherlands, our laptops will become the objects of suspicions... all the law enforcement and security personnel will be under Mr former Secretary's command... to produce surveillance intercepts out of us... to convict America's enemies... just like at the Miami airport... the faulty surveillance Machine might have been configured to pick up specific objects while ignoring the rest... draggy carts... Asian males... beer cans..." Then I rested.⁴ On 3:40:00 I got up and was on the move. On 3:47:00 I settled down in a corner behind the parking structure to work. I started moving screenshots on my Eee PC again and then examining the log of my website (lawrencechin2008.com). "Nobody has visited it. Our website remains in hiding."

November 24 (Tuesday)

My next recording is: "eeepc_dhsvanspotme_madrest_11_24_09_210-322AM.WMA": I was now on my Eee PC reading about "DumpCap": "... used in Wireshark..." I was then studying the Wireshark captures. I then shut down my Eee PC. Then, on 17:00, when I had left my spot, I recounted: "... earlier... the Sheriff... he would report that the vagrant under investigation was somewhere near here..." By 23:00 I was in a new corner. Then, I noticed something: "We need to escape from here, I think it's planted by Homeland Security... it wasn't here earlier... it's so dangerous... if 'spotted', you will be in big trouble..." And so I was on the move again. "... a camera there... it shut itself off... there must be a reason for that..." Then, when I settled down into a new corner: "... it's the same van, here to 'spot us'... they are going to report it..." (53:30). Again, it might simply be Russian surveillance. "... just when we are unpacking, a van will come to 'spot us'... the van is waiting for us to 'spot us'... Homeland Security is very smart... we will always be 'accidentally' discovered, 'accidentally' videotaped... you can't really avoid it... we've got 'spotted' so fast, the van came in... Homeland Security knows we are about to work... mission accomplished... we've got 'spotted', reported..." I then started working on my "Supplemental Pleading".

My next recording is: "madrest_supl28_11_24_09_327-421AM.WMA": I was now working on my files. "... we're squatting by the exit of the parking lot to use the electrical outlet... maybe we should... instead..." I was now examining my recordings: "*Maybe Homeland Security has put something into*

⁴ Reviewed until 21:00, and then from 3:38:00 onward.

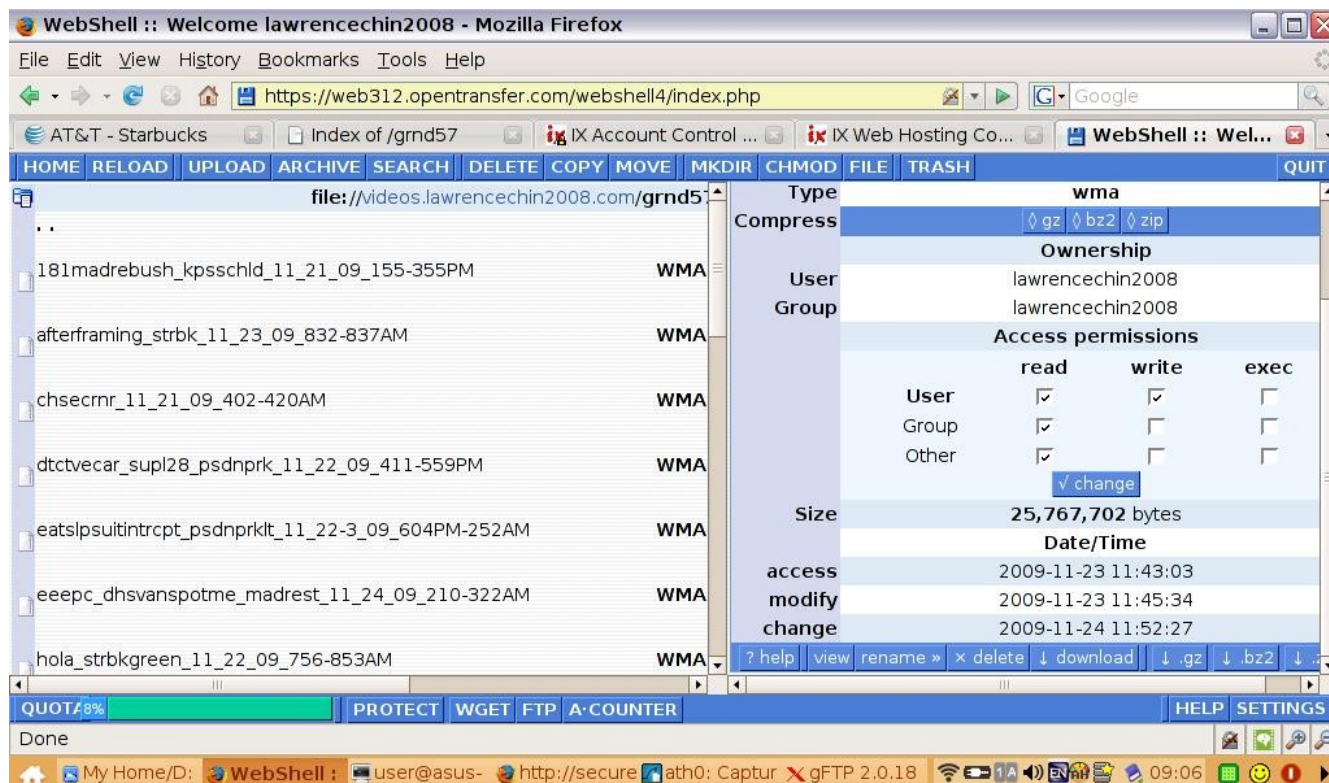
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our recorder... we start to worry... we stuck our recorder into our Eee PC earlier, and our Eee PC probably already has Homeland Security viruses in it... something is now in our recorder... if only to make our recorder look fake...” Then my recorder shut itself off. Did it simply run out of batteries?

My next recording is: “recap_wsrcrdprblm_11_24_09_524-551AM.WMA”: I recounted what had happened when my recorder wasn’t on: “... after the security guard came, we moved to a different location... we were writing our ‘Supplemental Pleading 28’... didn’t write much... we were merely incorporating file names... we took the SD card out of our camera, and put all the videos into... the folder...” I was now trying to figure out when the recorder had turned itself off.

My next recording is: “secgrd_dtctvestrbk_11_24_09_556-701AM.WMA”: I was now packing up. “Our Eee PC has a wireless card in it, and so it can be easily controlled...” (9:00). By 15:00 I was leaving and going to Starbucks. Suddenly, the security guard came out just to ask me: “Are you okay? Are you lost?” And he pressed a button on his cellphone. “... he’s here to produce surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin to be mentally deficient...” I came inside Starbucks, and the security guard continued to stare at me. I asked him: “Do you have a problem with something? ... am I wanted?” “Are you?” “You are the one who keeps staring at me...” I turned to myself: “... basically we will be treated like shit everywhere we go...” Now I stayed outside Starbucks to work because people would be talking inside. “What we are really worried about is the question of what Homeland Security has put into our recorder... of that we can never be sure... people are not talking to us, but only to the atmosphere... it makes talking to people completely senseless... surveillance-production is a way of life... there is never any reward for this...” I was now streaming my latest recording from my website. “... an undercover detective is now sitting next to us...” On 55:00: “... as we move, the detective is also moving... what happened is that the security guard phoned home... ‘The vagrant is here’... and so the detective came, and their bag contains recording devices...”

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The interior of my website, Nov. 24

The next recording is lost. It seems that I had simply continued to work outside Starbucks. At one point, to prepare for my trip, I tried to download a telephone book for the Netherlands. Then, around 9 AM, I webcamed what I thought was an undercover detective: “dtctve_madrstrbk_11_24_09_9AM.mpg”. Again, the detective (if he really was one) was most likely just doing the dirty work for the Russians.

My next recording is: “metrodtvrord_earphn_madrestdvd_11_24_09_944AM-130PM.WMA”: Then, on 4:30: “... a police car came to ‘spot us’...” I thus decided that I had to leave, but I was still burning my disc. “... that black guy is so malicious... he just has to walk in front of us to speak loudly...” By 46:00 I was done and on the move. By 50:00 I was at Sierra Madre Station. “... the officer made a facial expression, as if we had left behind a lot of trash... we didn’t... he’s doing that in order to produce surveillance showing that we did... people only talk to surveillance... and so faulty surveillance also picks up people’s facial expressions...” On 1:04:00 I got on the train humming like crazy. A man said something to me, and I replied “Yes, detective!” The man was certainly no detective, but I might simply be pretending again to mistake a Russian surveillance agent for a detective. I wanted to sit elsewhere to avoid the “detective”, but there were a mother and a child in the other corner. Then the “detective” got off the train. After passing over my stop at Lake Blvd, on 1:11:00 I got off the train. I was mumbling about how another guy might be my double. “... David Chin can identify a detective just by looking at him, and yet he is so insensitive that he’d forget his spy equipment everywhere... and

so that's rather interesting..." (1:15:30). Then another black man walked past me, looking like he wanted to kill me (1:24:00). Was it because he knew I was committing treason? Then another man: "... he looks like somebody from law enforcement's recording team..." (1:25:30). I continued to count those mothers and children that walked past me. On 1:31:00: "... this... suddenly came next to us, and the driver made a cellphone call... we've got intercepted..." Was it really so? Then, on 1:37:00, I was at a burger store to get my burger. "This man, probably the manager, came out to watch over us... there is an alert about us..." (1:41:00). Again, was it really so? Then, on 1:42:00, I believed (or pretended to believe) another man to be a detective. I ate my food in the street corner. On 1:52:30, a mother and her child: "... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in the street corner snooping on people's children..." I continued to describe all the people that passed by. More babies were coming, and so I got up and walked away, continuing to analyze how the mother was doing this and that and so must be producing an intercept. I finished my food. "... they would rumor that the vagrant was seen there... the rumor would be taken to the ICJ as evidence... the cleaning personnel would then find the equipment... and it'd be something that looks like a one-ear earphone... and then it'd be converted into something with communication capacity... the murky surveillance earlier, of our plugging in the earphones to listen to our recording... and turned into our communication through satellites... and we listened to the communication with our earphones... communication with foreign intelligence... fit the profile of somebody who always loses things... when the Sheriff passed by our spot in Sierra Madre... about 10 AM or so... he made an expression 'What a mess'... then a white female passed by with a draggy cart, with the zipper unzipped... it's surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin to be indeed so careless... letting his spy equipment fall out of his bag... how he lost his communication device, which looks like earphones... we've got it... why people reacted to us in the way..." (until 2:25:30). This speculation was of course pure nonsense, but I might simply be acting. Then: "... this van came to park in front of us... it's surveillance showing foreign intelligence agents getting into contact with us... no matter where we are, intercepts will catch up with us..." By 2:31:00 I was on the move. More children. "This morning when we were using the electrical outlet... they wanted us to do that... it's surveillance showing David Chin using his computer in the middle of the night... doing suspicious things... in law enforcement's profile, he's doing something illegal... Look, another woman with a cellphone looked at us... and another undercover detective... he wants to record us..." Really? Then, on 2:49:00: "... he opens up his laptop and then makes a cellphone call... we are intercepted..." Not! On 2:50:00, I was on the move again. "Our double was not yelling on the phone, that means he was making a call for us... another... he's... for us... producing another surveillance intercept... another man... he really looks like a detective... How does a vagrant generate so much law enforcement surveillance? ... every time when a mother and a child came into Starbucks, the manager would tell them to leave because the child-molester was here... and he would then call the police... if you go to Starbucks, you'll have to leave by 7 AM..." I was then mumbling about how it was too dangerous to go to Starbucks. "... our double... using a bank card... two intercepts... first, the Asian guy using his bank card... second, the ugly vagrant... plastic bag... picking out of trash cans..." On 3:04:00, I got on the Metro train. A child was shouting, and I hummed. On 3:08:00, a supposed "detective" got on the train. I asked him (in order to hide my suspicion that he might be working for the Russian side): "Detective, it's not a crime to take pictures of the train, is it?" He merely replied: "You can take pictures of whatever you want..." "I guess that means 'Don't do it'..." On 3:13:00, I got off

the train. I reflected: "... the children always on one side, and the detective always on the other side... the purpose is not to produce surveillance, but to force us to sit with the detective so that he can record us... because Homeland Security knows that we aren't gonna be around babies..." And another mother with her baby cart was coming, and I hid in the elevator. When the child was gone, I came out and started on my walk, continually mumbling about how I would get dragged out of my "maggot hole" by the police. "... the Starbucks manager has reported... the bus driver has reported us... when we were crying... the police and the security guards will pass by, they won't do anything, but will just talk about it in communication channels... 'The vagrant was found'... and something will be found... and taken to the ICJ as evidence... *you just worry about yourself*... it's just earphones, it means nothing to you..." Good acting! As if I didn't care about Russia! By 3:38:00, I was back in my "maggot hole". "... a Mercedes Benz is right in front of the 'maggot hole'... his bag is open, he's recording... trying to record us... two persons in the car..." (3:40:00). "... just to produce surveillance... not going to get us arrested... just using the electrical outlet... 8 feet away from us... we are truly a snooper, we even snoop on ugly men... we are just wandering the street... it's not our fault... we care about ourselves, that's all we can do... we are the only person in the world who cares about us... we are producing surveillance intercepts even when we don't know it... but we notice it anyway, because we care about ourselves..."

My next recording is: "brndvd76_madrst_11_24_09_124-248PM.WMA": I was still at Sierra Madre Station. "It's the same detective that is coming here... a white guy, 40 something... we just turned on our recorder, and so they are just here to gather evidence that we indeed record ourselves... he's carrying a book... they obtained the evidence, and just left... we are in deep shit..." I was now burning DVD-76. "... we need to burn it fast because we don't have enough space on our hard drive... see, the security guards have guns... why did they start carrying guns? ... another Asian guy, carrying a huge bag of cans... he's digging trash cans... he's just pretending... his real purpose is to produce surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin digging... Oh no! The police officer is coming to us with his cellphone... his phone is on the speaker mode... to make us criminally record..." (22:30). Then: "... the black man... the black woman... producing surveillance showing David Chin using his cellphone... the man... his backpack... the price tag is still on it, which means he's Homeland Security... his equipment is brand-new..." I examined the Wireshark captures for my earlier visit to wamu.com: "... the website does seem real... the supervisor came in, in a sedan... other packets also seem okay..." Then, on 53:30, ImgBurn operation failed. Another bad burn! On 1:00:00, I was mumbling indistinctly about something as I tried to burn my disc again. I seemed to be writing at the same time: "... the suit team was orchestrating..." The next disc was burned, and the verification also a success.

My next recording is: "buyfdwmgvdlar_prkloteat_11_24_09_253-432PM.WMA": I was now reviewing my DVD-36-Copy. On 13:00 I shut down my computers and packed up. "We are going to the 'maggot hole'... Someone is going to report us, and we will be dragged out of the 'maggot hole'... it's not wise to sleep in the same spot three times in a row, for Homeland Security will send people in to harass us and report us..." Then I noticed that a suspicious car had come to park in front of me, but the driver turned out to be an old lady – not an operation! But then she and another man were putting two

“draggy carts” into their car: “... to produce surveillance intercepts...” Then a Hispanic female was pushing her baby cart toward me. I washed my hands in a pond, and took notice of another Hispanic woman with a baby cart. Then somebody tried to give me something: “... surveillance is produced showing innocent American people being kind to this deceitful foreign agent David Chin... or showing him meeting other foreign agents...” I was then at 711 buying food. “... the next time when people come to talk to you, don’t read their license plate... when people come to talk to us, it’s to harm us...” I came to the parking lot to eat my food (46:00). “We must avoid letting people talk to us, we must have as little contact with people as possible... We cannot *not* record ourselves, otherwise we will fall apart... That’s why Homeland Security wants us to be homeless, they want us to get into troubles...” Then I noticed people taking pictures of each other in the distance: “That’s the criminal foreign agent David Chin taking pictures of people...” Then another one: “... an intercept of our receiving secret messages from foreign intelligence agents... We have produced all these evidences, and yet we are just sitting here and didn’t do anything... the courthouse is such a trash can...” Then appeared a man and a woman with a large suit case: “... law enforcement officers are trying to record us... Homeland Security could have sent them in knowing that we will count them... they would then send in law enforcement officers to record us, so that we can be caught saying something insane...” I was of course just acting to conceal my belief that this couple might be Russian surveillance. I then checked out this car that looked like a law enforcement car (56:00). I then recounted: “... that woman looks like Liz...” I was then walking away. On 1:07:00: “... a police SUV seems to have videotaped us...” Then, on 1:08:00, I went around Starbucks: “... it’s scary...” Then I took care to describe all the people and cars that were around me. On 1:10:00 my cart fell apart again. I was so frustrated. On 1:21:00, I discovered my ear plug on the ground, and I filmed it. “... surveillance intercept... a woman unzipped her bag... this is exactly where we were yesterday...” On 1:32:40, I settled into my “maggot hole” and filmed myself.

My next recording is: “slp_madrush_11_24_09_433-645PM.WMA”: And so I took a nap in the bushes.⁵ I woke up on 2:08:00. “... we are thinking about how to write out our ‘Supplemental Pleading 29’... everyday feels like our last day...” And I turned on my laptop. It’s complete darkness.

My next recordings are: “suppl29_11_24_09_638-653PM.WMA” and “suppl29_prf13_11_24_09_711-804PM.WMA”: And so I continued to work on my “Supplemental Pleading”. I was now writing about the last days of my hospitalization in Troy, including Wes’ visit. Then, from 32:00 onward, “Feefee and Valerie”. Then, suddenly, on 40:00, my Toshiba just went blank. “Why? Homeland Security is above us...” Concerned, I shut it down, and then moved to a different corner near the parking structure.

My next recording is: “slp_madrst_earhnpn_11_24_09_751-1136PM.WMA”: I continued: “... we were writing our Preface, which is not so sensitive... earlier we were writing our ‘Supplemental Pleading 29’, which *is* quite sensitive... we didn’t leave anything behind... the strange behavior of our Toshiba really scares us... it could be normal, not due to Homeland Security remote control... the problem with our Toshiba first started in April... the ‘Blue Screen of Death’... the suit team has done something to it... hence we wanted to use Ubuntu... we aren’t talking about anything important if law

⁵ Reviewed until 16:00, and then from 2:05:00 onward.

enforcement is recording us over there... they are just gonna make things up... that's what we are worried about... when you are writing something sensitive, you should do it under the sun light so that you can videotape yourself writing it... an audio recording is not enough... how can people know that...? Sierra Madre is really nice, it's only 8 PM, and yet it's our bed time... I'm afraid we don't have that much time left... we should write it down before we disappear..." By 20:00 I was sleeping.⁶

November 25 (Wednesday; Supplemental Pleading)

My next recording is: "slpwkupldmadrst_11_24-5_09_1141PM-307AM.WMA": I was still sleeping in my "maggot hole" behind Sierra Madre Station.⁷ By 3:02:00 I was up and walking about. I turned on my Toshiba. From 3:16:00 onward I was working on the recordings from yesterday.

My next recording is: "madrestwrk_11_25_09_305-440AM.WMA": I continued: "... the van that passed by earlier... I think that's the detective here to check on us..." Russian surveillance? Then, from 14:00 onward, I was working on my "Feefee and Valerie". From 33:00 onward, I was studying how Nero could be used to burn discs. From 44:00 onward, I was checking my latest recordings. Then, on 1:01:00, I was deleting files in order to clear up more disk space on my Toshiba. Then I was examining my discs: "... DVD-14 is not a good disc at all..." (1:18:00). I played one of my old videos on my disc.

My next recording is: "wrtmdrst_secgrdintntion_zelidctveinvstg_11_25_09_445-741AM.WMA": I was now getting ready to burn a new disc while writing "Feefee and Valerie". "It's kind of not cool to talk about these racial things..." I was now writing down the introductory comments which you see in the current version. On 27:50, the security guard came over to hustle me away. On 31:00 he came back to tell me I could come back later to use the electrical outlet. "... they have to pretend they don't know you, but if you stay here for too long, then they can pretend they have come to know you... the definition of a surveillance intercept is... when it is widely different from reality for the sake of political gains..." I was then mumbling about whether the security guard did or did not produce an intercept. "... Today we are not going to Starbucks... a surveillance intercept has happened... when you behave... intentionally to help the suit team in the International Court... that would be the definition of surveillance intercepts... *most of the time we are not helping the suit team... by now we just don't really care...* but we don't resist either... we do it for convenience's sake... surveillance intercepts will happen... our intention is... whatever is convenient... for ourselves... whatever is scary... actually our intention is indefinite... we have never seen an undercover detective that's Indian..." Excellent testimony for the Russians! It's far better (far more realistic) than if I said I did always want to help the suit team. By 46:30 I had come to Sierra Madre Station. I continued my act: "We don't really intend... we don't really care about... our intention... avoid getting beaten up... avoid what is scary... and convenience... we actually don't have any intention... just to take care of ourselves... despite our resistance to surveillance intercepts... if David Chin... watch out for white men and Asians... there are 13 people on the train..." By 59:30, the Metro train was on the move. "... *internalizing David Chin...* that makes us feel better... since you can't avoid it... if you can't avoid something, then make yourself

⁶ Reviewed until 37:00 and then from 3:00:00 onward.

⁷ Reviewed until 5:00, and then from 3:00:00 onward.

into it... but you will still have to avoid what is fearful... first the baby carts... and now law enforcement...” Good explanation for my motivation! On 1:04:00, I got off on Lake Blvd. As I walked, I continued: “... to avoid what is stressful and fearful, that’s our number one priority... more important than producing surveillance intercepts... that’s what Homeland Security does... when we avoid what is stressful and fearful, we end up producing surveillance intercepts... often we don’t know what we want... it’s nice to be able to verbalize what we actually want... people often don’t know what they want...” Again, excellent testimony for the Russians. On 1:22:00, I came to Zeli. “... your very existence is a threat to more than a dozen nations...” I sat outside to eat and upload my files. “It’s already 6 AM, and baby carts will appear in two hours” (1:32:30). Then: “... that driver... we missed it... whether he has text-messaged or not...” I now checked into my Hotmail account. “We might have to produce surveillance intercepts by going to the church... to get food...” On 2:01:00, my Eee PC froze up and my FTP transfer stalled. Then I spent a long time trying to stream my latest recording from my website. Then Gmail wouldn’t work on my Konqueror. Then: “... a suspicious man... he didn’t have a bag or a cart... here to record us?” (2:32:00) Namely, a “detective”. I was now on Hostmatrix. From 2:46:00 onward, I was working on “Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then: “Mr Detective is gone... just when we start streaming the recording of our conversation with our cousin in February last year...” (2:46:30). “... that means he has gathered up his evidence... the undercover detectives’ investigation is really not any sort of investigation... they are trying to produce surveillance intercepts for the International Court... he would write on his notepad, ‘The suspect is streaming something from the Internet and writing something down’... this will be intercepted into the International Court as evidence that we have never written anything but have merely downloaded the ‘script’ from the Internet... a script provided by foreign intelligence services...” Complete nonsense!

My next recording is: “zelidctveinvstg_11_25_09_741-755AM.WMA”: I was still at Zeli, having just finished uploading my files. I continued with my new conclusion about the law enforcement investigation of me: “... the investigation... in the ICJ produced... not a criminal investigation at all...” I then continued to work on my Skype call to my cousin Cindy on February 9 last year. “... every time when the undercover detective has gathered up his evidence, he’d immediately leave, because he doesn’t want to run into counter-evidences... the goal is faulty investigation, in order to enter evidence into the ICJ... so it *is* about our writings... look, the car came to park next to us for a few seconds and then left... it’s an SUV... that means he has produced a surveillance intercept...” (10:00). It’s not clear whether I was correct. Then, suddenly, this man showed up with his baby. “Oh man, it’s not even 8 AM!”

My next recording is: “leavzeli_plcespot_mdrst_11_25_09_749-1011AM.WMA”: I thus concluded: “... presumably we are not going to run into law enforcement troubles... they are using the child molestation thing as an excuse to run a faulty law enforcement investigation, in order to enter evidences into the International Court... the investigation will say that we have plagiarized everything by downloading...” Again, nonsense – although the suit team had indeed wanted a law enforcement investigation of me as a pedophile suspect. Now my Eee PC had completely frozen up. “We are not just working for ourselves, since, according to government’s records, we got all our writings from someone else, from foreign intelligence... we have to work for other people, so that we can look like we have

copied our work from other people...” I then got very upset because more babies had arrived. I continued: “Suddenly, we are not so afraid of law enforcement anymore... it’s important to figure out what law enforcement is doing... that’s the only way to ascertain that we are safe...” I came inside and was now working on my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History, specifically the chapter on Mary Wollstonecraft (20:00). I even read out the French quotations from Condorcet. (Thank God that I didn’t have to worry about speaking French anymore.) Then: “We said it looks like a detective car, and now an officer in uniform came out... it’s Officer Harring... they sent in a uniform officer to check on us, we must be very widely known...” (31:00). It’s not clear whether the officer was indeed sent in by the suit team. I was then complaining about how, just when Officer Harring walked in, a mother passed in front of me with her child: “... and so Officer Harring, when he returns to his station, would say, ‘We saw the vagrant today, and he’s again...’ Homeland Security has purposely put the two together...” (35:30). Not! I then took notice of the old white man sitting outside wearing suit and ties: “... but he doesn’t look like an undercover detective...” By 42:00 I was packing up, and by 49:00 I had left, mumbling about the mother and her 10 year-old daughter from earlier. Then: “... just when we said it’s okay, this happened... people with babies and law enforcement officers will always show up together, that’s the only way...” I hummed like crazy as I walked through the street. I was then complaining about how I was already working the earliest time possible: “... we just don’t have enough time... the first child will show up on 7:30 AM... and so our conclusion is that we are still in trouble... there is no way out... you have to work in coffeehouses for at least two hours per day... if they open on 4:30 AM, then at least you can leave on 6:30 AM... the only reason why they investigate you is to come up with the opposite of reality... even when you leave, they will merely say you are trying to escape law enforcement... you can never avoid the label of a pedophile, so you’ll just have to live with it... you can only change yourself... *people will always see you as the opposite of what you are*... that black guy over there is pacing back and forth...” I was now resting in a corner. “Another mother with her child has passed us by... but there are no officers around us... but a surveillance camera is above us... they have decided in a conference room that we will be a pedophile suspect, there is no way to avoid it... Starbucks opens on 4:30 AM... and the Internet connection there is fast... but Starbucks is a very bad choice... let’s go back to hiding... human beings are too dangerous...” I was now on the move again. Finally, I decided on Starbucks anyway: “... even though you are trying to avoid children, Starbucks employees have been instructed to report you saying ‘The vagrant is here again looking for children’... people are told to suspect you...” And I continued to read out the license plates of all the suspicious cars. “... these cars... before we thought they had cameras in front of them... *now we think they have been contracted by law enforcement to put recording devices in them*... to record us one second here and another second there...” Again, just pretending to mistake Russian surveillance for law enforcement investigation and to misunderstand the purpose of these recording devices: the most important thing I had done lately. As I arrived at Lake Blvd Station: “... a bunch of children are waiting for us here... a black man by the ticket machine... carrying a stereo... he could be... disguised as...” On 1:34:20 I was on Metro Gold Line. I was going to my “maggot hole” by Sierra Madre Station, but I was in the wrong direction, and so I got off at Memorial Park. Humming like crazy, I walked past another man who looked like an undercover detective. (I was either wrong or merely acting.) On 1:41:40, I was on Metro Gold Line again. “The operator on speaker is suddenly so loud, obviously to make us into a criminal recorder... and so we have to muffle it out...” Over-speculation! On 1:49:15, I got off the Metro at Sierra Madre

Station, and I took note (or pretended to do so) of another man who looked like an undercover detective. "... if the recording device is so small, why do they have to carry it in a bag?" Then: "Oh Mister! It's the same detective we saw yesterday, he just came out of the elevator... he was courteous... nodded his head when we said 'Mister'... maybe he's here to produce an intercept..." (until 1:54:10). And so I came to the same spot where I was yesterday. "He's a 50 year-old white man, always wearing dark sunglasses... he's dragging his cart... who knows what device is in it..." Again, I pretended to not know that the man could simply be Russian surveillance. I rested and continued my act: "... what's going on is just so strange... Do you think the police might have planted recording devices in this parking structure?" (2:09:00) Yeah! The Russians did! What an act! On 2:10:30, when I came to my "maggot hole", I was surprised to discover that the gate was closed. I filmed it: "... that means Homeland Security doesn't want us to get inside, that means inside is safe..." I moved away and was now looking for another corner. "... it must mean something... why did we run into the same detective? ... that means we are in trouble... 'We've got you!' ... when people smile, that means something horrible is about to happen... if it's not a crime to take pictures of the police, why is it a crime to read their license plates?" On 2:21:00 I settled down in another corner behind Sierra Madre Station and turned on my Toshiba. I wanted to continue to furnish more evidences to the Russians by working on my episode with the CIA girls back in March in my "Supplemental Pleading", but this time I wanted to videotape myself writing it.

My next recording is: "tomadrst_11_25_09_1016-1126AM.WMA": And so I placed my camcorder two feet away from me, pressed on the recording button, and started writing. On 11:00, I took note of a van that passed by. The Russians? This time I was writing about the CIA's motivation in falsely convicting the Russians back in March: "... for plaintiff to pass moral judgments on them..." Just then, my camcorder shut itself off, and I had to turn it on again. I continued to write: "... entity neither moral nor immoral, but fundamentally..." And my camcorder shut itself off again. "... Is Homeland Security remotely controlling our camcorder?" By now I had realized it was not possible to have video proof of my writing process. I continued to write: "... its top priority is to protect itself..." Then, I took a break: "... if the detective comes by, he'd wonder: 'What is the vagrant doing in his hiding? He must be...' Actually, we are just writing our 'Supplemental Pleading' which we have never filed..." Then I was reviewing my recordings while writing. I couldn't find my DVD-35.

My next recording is: "gtwydrv_cantbuyfd_escpmadrest_11_25_09_1113AM-1246PM.WMA": I was now mumbling something indistinctly about law enforcement: "... they could be deceiving us... that's usually what's going on... unless... didn't notice... real world troubles... there is a filter... everything ordinary in this world would become something extraordinary in the International Court..." (until 11:40). I continued on about this for a while. I then seemed to be reading out the serial numbers of something. More mumbling on 47:00: "... therefore we must have been videotaped by... now let's back up our writings... people will record us... but then change the recording..." By 1:06:30 I had packed up and was on the move again – happy that I had just provided the Russians with more deadly evidence against the suit team. I filmed my environment: "We were over there, and that's where the UPS truck made a U-turn..." (1:10:00). I came to the shopping mall looking for a fast food place: "... we have been... too many times... it's not a good sign... Homeland Security would send in children..."

in order to get us into trouble... why is there no burger store around here?” Siren on 1:22:00. By 1:26:00 I had decided not to eat: “... it’s too dangerous... undercover detectives everywhere...” Not!

My next recording is: “escpmadrst_chntwnsurvintr_prkargrcrd_11_25_09_1252-402PM.WMA”: On 3:00, someone actually walked his dog in front of me, even when I was hiding behind Sierra Madre Station’s parking lot. Was this orchestrated by the suit team? By 17:00 I escaped as if I were some sort of fugitive. I hummed loudly while buying a ticket for the Metro train (22:00). I was on the Metro by 35:00 and would be humming throughout my ride. On 1:01:30 I got off in Chinatown Station. I decided not to exit at Union Station for I predicted that Homeland Security would have placed a lot of “super weapons” there: that’s how I shall refer to children from now on. I walked around very hungry. I walked into a Vietnamese restaurant, ordered my food, and chose to wait outside in order to avoid recording the noises inside (1:12:00). I began filming what I believed to be a “law enforcement surveillance taxi” coming to park on the curve in front of me (1:26:00). It could in fact be a regular taxi unrelated to the suit team’s operation, but I spelled out my suspicion: “I’m the most villainous spy in the history of espionage, for never in history has there been a spy who is in so much law enforcement trouble... There is a wall between the front seats and the back seats in the taxi – thus it’s a surveillance taxi...” (1:32:00). Again, probably not. “... law enforcement taxi... they are not gonna videotape us eating... because the purpose is faulty investigation...” Siren on 1:42:30. “... videotaped... the law enforcement taxi has videotaped us avoiding being videotaped, but the police cars... we’ve been hiding, sleeping in the day and coming out at night, not producing intercepts, and so they got upset... ordered ... to throw us out, so that we can produce intercepts... now that we have bought food from the Vietnamese restaurant, we have produced a very good intercept... we’ll do it, just don’t bring children to us... one stone two birds... how about one bird at a time? ... first the intercept, and then law enforcement, and we run away... the Vietnamese agent thing... that only lasted for a week... because they only wanted to... so, afterward, there was no more need... Did the Sheriff videotape us from 120 meters away? ... a Hispanic woman said Hi, producing surveillance showing us receiving a secret message... they were like ‘Hi, How are you?’ and we were like ‘What, what the fuck?’ ... and so we were made into a Vietnamese agent... for a long time we didn’t even understand what it was about... why do strangers keep saying Hi to us? ... then we realized we were in a TV show... it’s really funny... even though it’s sadistic... we can really enjoy... adopt the sadistic attitude toward the weaker people...” Then I was mumbling something about taking pictures of undercover detectives. Then about another man who came near me: “... or we’ve perhaps got intercepted... but this man just looks at his phone... maybe surveillance...” Then, from 2:05:00 onward, I was on the move. “... we’ve got videotaped again...” (2:08:00) And: “... other people will be so amazed, ‘Are you some kind of attraction point for the police and ambulances?’ That’s why mothers want to bring their children to us... we are very happy, thank you for your secret message... but seeing people scratching themselves is not a crime...” I came to an open field with no one around on 2:10:00, but decided to move on. On 2:24:00, I came to another desolate park with no one around, and I filmed it as proof. “We might as well sleep in an open space, so that they won’t mistake us for hiding in a corner to snoop on children.” Then, as if to confirm my perennial suspicion, a woman came to me with her dog. I shouted at her angrily: “... of all the open space, why do you just have to come here? Go away!” She walked away and I turned to myself: “Just when you say ‘There is no one around’, someone comes to bother you...”

we are so attractive... she's a Homeland Security operative... surveillance is produced showing us meeting a secret agent... she is still in the distance playing with her cellphone... and law enforcement..." And, amazingly, there were now four people in the park: "... pretty soon the park will be a full house... maybe she will come near us to strip, to make us into a... the victim of crime is the perpetrator of crime..." It's really not clear whether the suit team had anything to do with all this. I lay down to rest. Then I took notice of the white guy standing over there. "He's law enforcement, with recording devices to record us... that's why we need to keep ourselves recorded... when they record us, it will be different... why would a man just stand there? ... and now he took out papers... trying to convince us that he's not law enforcement, or maybe he's just our double, he's drawing... or a law enforcement officer pretending to be our double... I've told you, your mission will follow you, even when there is no one around... the woman just wanted to come near you... even though we haven't washed our clothes for 130 days... when we run away from people, surveillance will show us running after them to record them... surveillance always shows the opposite of reality... that's America... that's why all these nations like Russia are getting their ass fried... when it happens to other people, it's funny, but when it happens to you, it's not funny... we should put up a sign, 'Don't come after us to get yourself recorded..." Nice acting! I was then wondering whether the woman might actually be a detective. "... all this information will be passed onto the Dutch police, resulting in a horrifying profile... we have been 'spotted' using our computers where... *remember to upload your files... it's the most important thing... make sure you have your files somewhere else...*" Since the Russians had been regularly intercepting my recordings from my website and using them as evidences against the suit team, I must provide explanations from time to time – that I was uploading them for different reasons and without knowledge that the Russians were intercepting them. Then another woman came here to talk loudly, and a child again! (2:57:00) "... so we are here to snoop on children..." And I moved away. "... the mother and her child are stalking us... if you want me to record you you'll need to get my permission... I'll fucking kill you... I'll fucking sue you..." (2:59:30). I thus caught up with the woman and warned her: "... the next time you see me playing with my recording devices and you want to get your child recorded by me, you'll need to get my permission or I'll sue you, you fucking bitch..." I came to another corner. I filmed my surrounding to explain what had happened (3:02:00). "... an undercover detective... a black sedan... cars have started coming in... a Homeland Security vagrant with a big bag... there are so many people now... the undercover detective is moving in..." While we can suspect, with some confidence, that the suspicious men might be Russian surveillance agents, we couldn't be sure that the woman who came to provoke me with her child wasn't a CIA agent whom the suit team might have sent in to test my resistance again. Even if she *was* CIA, I would have passed the test since recording children might entail "real world" consequences.

My next recording is: "slp_hstcrpark_11_25_09_356-451PM.WMA": I was now sleeping in the middle of this park, a completely desolate place. "... we turned on our recorder, and law enforcement has gathered up evidence that we are secretly recording people, and it will go into our profile... we don't know how law enforcement thinks... but we do know the results of the law enforcement investigation... they will show the opposite of reality... otherwise, what's the point of the investigation? In America, everything is supposed to be turned into its opposite... Don't be upset... it's all about producing surveillance... producing surveillance is a way of life... no vacation time... Look, he came,

and turned away, pretending to be scared... the ‘vagrant’... to report us... we have to check our recording... we didn’t muffle it out... we need to cut that part out... the next time we’ll sue them... for trying to pollute our recordings...” Then, on 21:00, a man came near me with his dog and talking loudly, and I shouted at him angrily: “Hey! Shut up! Get the fuck out of here! ...” Then I turned to myself: “... he’s trying to attack us with his dog...” Then, on 31:30, another man came and yelled at me: “Hey!” “Hey what? I’m not gonna respond to you!” Then my recorder shut itself off.

My next recording is: “wkfromprk_carspotslpbusstop_11_25_09_530-943PM.WMA”: I just woke up and started packing. I continued to complain about the woman with the dog. I was now on the move. There were now several people here. Then another suspicious car: an undercover detective? (More likely, Russian surveillance.) On 18:00 I settled down in a corner. It was again a desolate place, with nobody around, no cars. Then: “... Look, two persons inside a car... they took a look at us, and drove away...” Could it be Russian surveillance again? I rested quietly. Then, suddenly, on 46:00: “... Hispanic people in the car... detectives? ... or just common people here to ‘spot us’? ...” Then, siren on 1:21:00. I continued to pay attention to, and speculate about, the cars that passed by. I mumbled about how all these people were producing surveillance intercepts for me while I slept. From 3:26:00 onward, I got up and was on the move, mumbling continually about the cars and the police cars around. On 3:47:00, a child came in front of me to shout. On 3:58:00 I bought cigarettes at a gas station, and then mumbled about how the cashier was trying to produce an intercept. (Again, I was most likely wrong.) Then, something about Window 1. “... maybe he’s producing an intercept showing us to be actually at Window 1... we need to get ready to get fucked tomorrow... this International Court trial is very fast... we would immediately see the reactions in the people around us... another undercover cop... with recording devices...” I was now at the bus stop (4:05:50).

My next recording is: “wkdwntwnwaitforbus_11_25_09_937-1012PM.WMA”: I hummed loudly. On 13:00, somebody said Hi to me: “... producing an intercept showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin having connections with all these criminal elements... and the car over there... very likely law enforcement, here to record us...”

My next recording is: “bus76_vlleydtctvcarspotme_11_25-6_09_1021PM-1230AM.WMA”: I was now on bus 76. I was as usual humming like crazy to cover up the noises from children – did Mr former Secretary send in all these children? On 19:00 I got off the bus in Alhambra. “When cars pass you by blasting loud music... it’s to make you criminally record them... it’s an operation...” Not! I continued to hum like crazy because of the loud music nearby. “... it’s to make us criminally record... otherwise, why blast the music? ... our environment is designed to make us into a criminal...” I kept on walking. On 36:30, when a whole bunch of children walked out of a coffeehouse in front of me, I hummed like crazy. “... it’s almost midnight... Homeland Security can still send in children...” Then, on 47:00, I settled down in a corner. Then, an Asian woman seemed to be text-messaging. “... we’re getting intercepted right now... it’s not that scary anymore... we have scarier things to worry about now...” More about this later! I read out the Asian woman’s license plate. Then I decided to move away: “... she texts continually... she did scare us... we keep getting intercepted...” And I settled down in another corner on 52:00, recounting all the intercepts that had supposedly happened. And a helicopter was

above me again: "... What's the purpose?" I rested quietly. Then a security vehicle alarmed me when it was backing up toward me (58:30). Then, from 1:03:00 onward, I was writing: "... in the past few days... law enforcement mobilized a vast number of... to follow me around, to record me... whenever I noticed myself getting intercepted... presumably law enforcement is gathering evidence of my mental insanity..." (1:20:00). Again, just acting (pretending to misunderstand the situation) in order to protect the Russians and help them win. Then, what seemed to be a Homeland Security vagrant. "... he uses tiny... to record us... or rather to produce surveillance intercepts for us... that means we've got intercepted..." It's not clear whether I was correct here. I was then on the move again mumbling about something indistinctly. By 1:37:00 I had settled down in another corner. Then a Hispanic guy on bicycle passed me by scratching his ear. It's been a while since this kind of things really bothered me. On 1:56:00: "... as we have said earlier, it would only cause us inconvenience... but this time, the world of surveillance and the real world might have come together... when we get to the airport, we'll be stopped and taken away... that's our prediction... we'll get picked up at the airport, either here or at our destination..." Amazing foresight, as you shall see. Then, on 2:03:00, another car had supposedly "spotted me", and I was thus on the move again. Then, another cellphone: "... we've got intercepted..."

An observation before we move on. We have not seen definitive signs of the suit team's operations for two days. Perhaps they had really run out of tests to force judge Higgins to rule that I was only pretending to conspire with them. On the other hand, my work on my Supplemental Pleading on the 23rd and today was deadly evidence against them. As noted, those in the upper court could see my laptop's screen on their computer screens, so that, as soon as I wrote about how I knew that my hospitalization in Troy was a CIA operation, the Russians would enter that as evidence that their conviction back in March was the result of my conspiracy with the CIA.

November 26 (Thursday; Thanksgiving)

My next recording is: "slp_dumminoneedact_11_26_09_1238-350AM.WMA": While it was Thanksgiving for everyone else, it was just another day of homelessness for me. I recounted what I had said earlier: "... wherever we go, there will be alerts... the alerts will probably say we record people... when in fact we are trying to *avoid* recording people... our recorder is like our private life..." As I moved out of my corner, I hummed like crazy (2:00). On 18:00, exhausted from walking, I lay down on the street corner. I slept there.⁸ Then, toward the end of this recording, I woke up.

My next recording is: "dtctvecarspotme_dnutrfuse_secgrd_oprtnow_11_26_09_341-610AM.WMA": I continued my long walk. On 24:00, when I passed by an ATM, somebody was again withdrawing cash: "... we've got intercepted again..." I read out her license plate. "... we're intercepted using the same ATM as yesterday... the plate is out of state... more and more of our doubles are from out of state..." I was probably overly speculating here. Then I continued to mumble indistinctly about something. "... fake messages..." By 45:00 I had settled down in a corner. On 55:00: "... a car has 'spotted us'... Homeland Security has sent in this car to 'spot us'... undercover law enforcement... vast

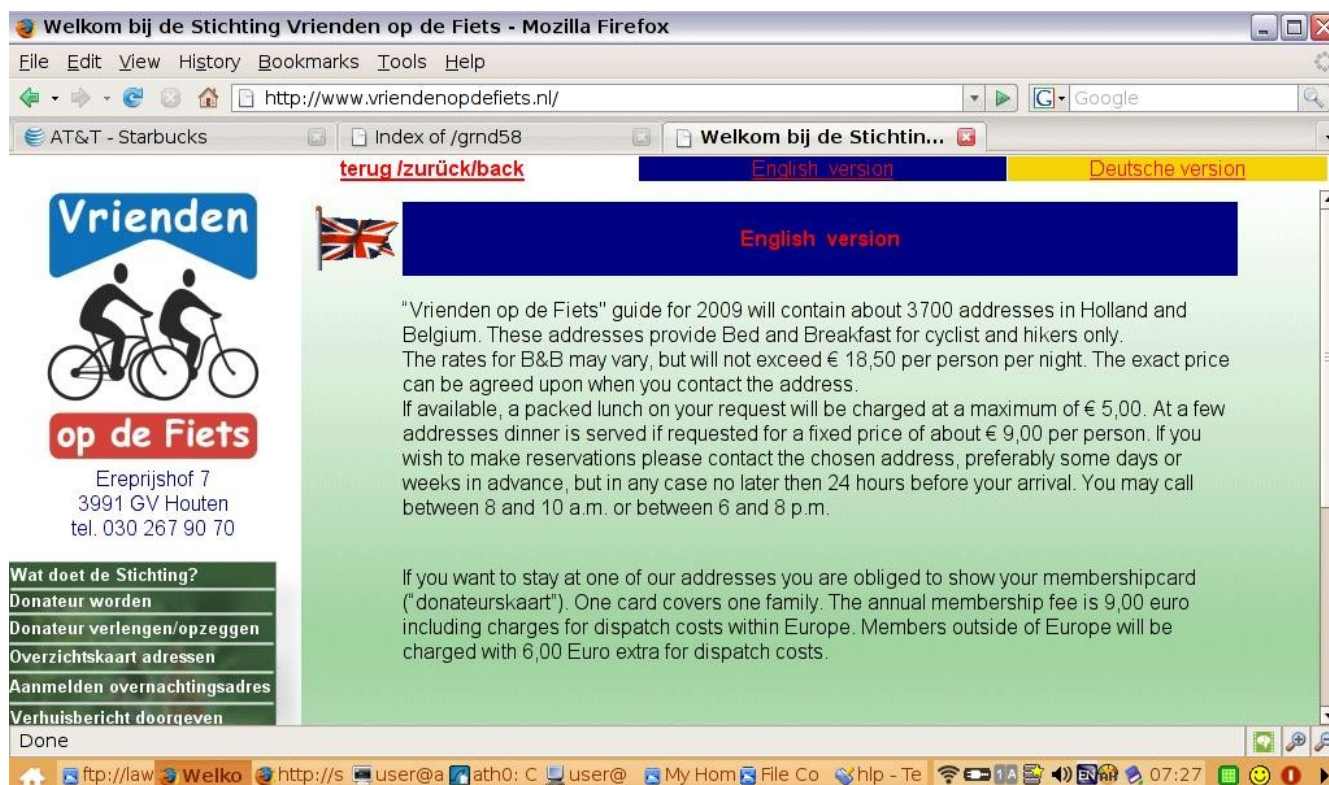
⁸ Reviewed until 44:00, and then from 3:04:00 onward.

mobilization... our days are numbered... the law enforcement car came so close to us... to threaten us...” Probably paranoid over nothing here. Then, on 1:00:30, I was on the move again. “... Homeland Security is really trying to scare us...” Then I was again mumbling indistinctly about something on 1:05:00: “... Homeland Security... law enforcement recording squad... thus evidence of our insanity...” And I read out the person’s license plate. “... Homeland Security has sent in cars to ‘spot us’... the residents are getting this alert about this ‘vagrant’... it’s the second law enforcement officer...” And I read out his license plate as well. I came to Starbucks and was knocking on its door (1:13:30). No response, and so I walked away. “... law enforcement... suspicious activities... the International Court... in fact, clandestine activities for foreign intelligence services... law enforcement confused... law enforcement to record us... something other than what we said... faulty surveillance... surveillance intercepts...” Then, on 1:21:00, the security guards stopped me: “... it’s private property...” I responded while hustling them away: “... I’m going to the coffeehouse...” Then: “... it’s a faulty surveillance intercept showing that we... we will be arrested by police officers...” I settled down into a corner to smoke. Then, indistinctly about something again: “... Lawrence Chin... David Chin... made to disappear...” (1:34:00). Then, on 1:43:30: “... what she said... intercepted into the International Court... communication channels... real world law enforcement investigation technique... react toward us in a way that doesn’t correspond to our actions... the vast scale of law enforcement mobilization...” By 1:52:00 I had come back to Starbucks and, now, it was open. I ordered my coffee and bagel and hummed like crazy while I ate. I was upset again because the Starbucks employee didn’t understand my order and thought instead that I wanted water: “... she was instructed to say ‘Do you want water?’ in order to produce an intercept showing us wanting water instead of coffee... people don’t really talk to you but only to surveillance...” Again, gross exaggeration of the situation like a typical targeted individual. Then: “Look, a Hispanic woman is carrying a bag... she has recording devices in it...” (2:09:30). Probably not. Then, from 2:15:00 onward, I began streaming my recordings from my website.

My next recording is: “strbkvalley_dtctve_11_26_09_615-817AM.WMA”: I continued to work in Starbucks. I hummed like crazy. I deleted from my old Gateway hard drive the ZIP files of the pictures of Victoria Sinclair which I downloaded from Naked News in early 2008. This was not just to clear up more disk space, but also to avoid providing the suit team with any opportunity to rightly accuse me of hiding pornographic contents in my computers. Then my Eee PC malfunctioned: “... we can’t get the command prompt to work... every command is followed by a slash... I don’t know how Homeland Security did it... lawrencechin2008.com...” Then the music was turned on: “... they turned it on so that we’ll have to record it... it must be illegal...” Not! Then, on 41:50, a law enforcement officer. Then, on 50:30: “... an undercover detective is here...” It’s not clear whether I was correct – or whether I was just pretending to not notice Russian surveillance. I was now doing searches on lodging options in the Netherlands again. On 1:00:20, the “detective” left. “... the ‘detective’ said Hi to us...” (1:05:00). On 1:07:00: “... the detective left as soon as we started moving files... he left because he has gathered up something... we just don’t know what’s wrong with moving files... it will be converted into some other things...” In reality, his leaving had nothing to do with my moving my files. Then, on 1:16:00: “... another undercover detective... a younger Asian... talking to the Starbucks employee... he looks like a graduate student... he left... maybe he’s not a detective... hiding their recording devices

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in their bag... obviously to...” (1:21:00). Bullshit. Then, on 1:44:00, I was working on my “Supplemental Pleading” again. I was now writing about how Lavonne had cheated Wes. “... the upload is very slow today, indicating that Homeland Security wants us to stay here for a very long time... we are surrounded by law enforcement officers... no can do...”



I continued to research to prepare for my trip

My next recording is: “leavstrbkvley_busdrvrtlkair_gvinprvrson_11_26_09_833-1058AM.WMA”:
After I left Starbucks, I started recounting the situation: “Three detectives, and then one Hispanic man came in with his teenage son on 7:58 AM, and then when we walked out we saw another Cantonese man with his child. The Internet speed at Starbucks was below 20 KB per second. Homeland Security had thus cut down the Internet speed in order to force us to stay longer and get into troubles. But we left a little after 8 AM. Homeland Security had also disabled our Command Prompt, preventing us from using Konqueror and GFTP...” (until 7:00). Then: “We can never get any work done in coffeehouses before children show up... law enforcement profile would simply turn our attempt to avoid children into our attempt to snoop on children...” (18:00). I got on bus 76 on 38:00 and, before I did anything, the bus driver insisted that I pay the fare. “Did I say I won’t pay?” “You started walking to the back.” “You don’t have to talk to the atmosphere. I’m the only one here who talks to real people.” I then noted what I thought was a law enforcement detective in the front of the bus, and then began humming. I noted another Indian person on the bus – a lot of Indian people on bus 76 yesterday and today, and I acted: “Surveillance has been produced of my meeting Indian secret agents on the bus and my being a secret

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agent of India...” (57:00). Not! I then noticed someone videotaping on the street (1:17:00). “Perhaps, according to surveillance, he is actually inside the bus and is me myself, the criminal videotaper...” I got off the bus on 1:23:00. I noted on 1:26:00 that the Transit TV at one point showed not only images of a mother and her teenage daughter – in order to produce evidence of my being a pedophile – but also a news item about the West Bank, probably to produce evidence of my being a white supremacist concerned with Israel. (Nonsense.) I got on the bus again on 1:43:00. I would hum all the way during the bus ride. I got off the bus by 2:13:00 and recounted what had happened on the bus, that a detective came to sit near me, that a Hispanic mother with her child then came to sit in front of me, and that the purpose of this set-up seemed to be to produce surveillance showing David Chin the pedophile foreign agent being guarded by the police from parents and their children. Just as I was speculating on this, a child came over to make noises (2:14:00). I acted: “Inside USA, people might not care who we are as long as we produce the right evidences, but when we fly overseas the governments of foreign lands must be alerted that we are in fact David Chin.”

My next recording is: “ovrIndstrbkchdscare_cfbnintr_33slptlk_11_26_09_1108AM-511PM.WMA”: I was now on Overland in Palm and got my lunch from a Chinese fast food place. I squatted by the street corner to eat my food. I suspected (or pretended to suspect) another man to be an undercover detective, and he kept padding his cigarette box on his hand. On 10:00, I was done with eating and was on the move again. “We are going to Starbucks, but we won’t order anything... there will be children around... but we won’t get hysterical... Homeland Security’s objective is to have a profile of us as a criminal... the more you resist the worse you make things...” On 13:00, I came to the Starbucks on Venice and Overland and sat outside and hummed. A young couple came to sit at the table in front of me and, fearing that I might criminally record them, I went up to them to warn them: “I have a certain disability... so I have my recording device turned on...” “That’s fine...” (17:30). I almost broke into tears: of course they didn’t care! They weren’t sent in by the suit team! I now started reviewing my recordings. Then a Hispanic guy appeared wearing earphones (27:30). Homeland Security? I kept humming. “... the undercover detective is in front of us...” Then, on 32:00, somebody’s cellphone rang. “The detective is now talking loudly in front of us.” Then, on 41:30: “... it’s some sort of surveillance intercept. The manager came out... ‘It’s the same vagrant that’s causing disturbances again’...” (58:30). I hummed so hard that I was getting exhausted. I was now working on my hash values. On 1:37:30 I got so frustrated because my Eee PC froze up again that I cried. “The undercover detective is recording us right now.” Then: “Homeland Security is preventing us from printing out our hash values... maybe they are doing this so that the detective can record us saying so and turn it in as evidence that we suffer from schizophrenia...” Then, on 1:48:00, humming like crazy, I came inside Starbucks to use the restroom and order ice coffee. On 1:57:00 I came outside and rested by Washington Blvd. I continued to count the people who were pushing their baby carts and talking on cellphones. Then, another police car: I read out its license plate. “We’ve got ‘spotted’ again!” (2:28:00) I had by now completely exhausted myself by humming continually. “It seems that we have produced a massive amount of surveillance intercepts... including this couple that are fixing their car...” (2:52:00). I started walking. “Why is the police car sitting there videotaping us? It must be some sort of crime... Using your laptop in front of two women who were fixing their car must be a crime... otherwise the police would not be ‘accidentally’ videotaping us...” Just paranoid over nothing. And siren on 2:55:00.

“... when the sicko is doing it it’s a crime... when other people are doing it it’s not a crime...” I continued to wrongly speculate how the people around me were producing intercepts showing me receiving secret messages and so on. “... she’s text-messaging... we are intercepted... we can’t deal with it anymore... we sat here for a minute, and four people have passed us by...” And I continued to count the intercepts I was supposedly producing and hum like crazy. When I passed by more children: “... law enforcement must be watching...” I kept on walking. Then: “... a lot of women are wearing skimpy cloth today, so that, when they pass us by, they can produce surveillance showing us being a criminal...” Then another car: “... it’s law enforcement... it’s recording us...” (3:20:00). Hardly! Then: “... this white van is here to record us... this white female is making a cellphone call... and law enforcement has recorded it, so that evidence of our dangerous insanity... and for thinking that this white van in front of us is conducting surveillance on us...” And I filmed it. “You are not supposed to think that government is conducting surveillance on you... if you do, they will conduct surveillance on you, and if you notice it, you are insane and need to get put into the mental hospital... but the undercover detective has told us it’s okay to take pictures of undercover detectives...” On 3:30:00 I broke down crying. Then, when I saw another police car: “Law enforcement officer, I hope you won’t mind that I took down your license plate...” “Sure!” (3:33:00) Ha! “... Do you remember how, in April 2006, when you were talking to Deborah, the FBI van was parked outside? ... Oh, this man... a plastic bag... probably just law enforcement... with recording devices in it...” (3:38:30). Russian surveillance? More: “... that recording device is probably faulty, recording different things than what we have actually said...” On 3:45:00 I sat outside Coffee Bean. I was delirious. And I gave a homeless man my cigarette butt. “Please spare me! Don’t get me arrested... it’s not easy to find cigarette butts... I have to pay for my own surveillance intercept...” (3:48:00). Then, on 3:51:30, children appeared, and I hummed. “We prefer the drug-dealing thing... it makes us feel safer...” Now I had difficulty in locating Coffee Bean’s wireless network on my Eee PC. Then, more children. Then: “An undercover detective is here!” (4:00:00) Then: “... the detective greeted us... he’s carrying a black bag, with recording devices in it... and an Asian girl came out and received a call... we were about to say, ‘We’ve got intercepted,’ but we didn’t, because the detective wanted to record us... people shouldn’t think that they are being intercepted, that’s insanity... only people inside the International Court can think that...” I left Coffee Bean on 4:10:00. On 4:14:00 I was buying doughnuts at a doughnut store. I ate outside. “Maybe we have just produced surveillance of our getting into contact with Indian intelligence again.” I continued to describe the movements of the people around me. “... our describing people may be criminal... we are a piece of crime...” Then a whole family appeared: more children, and I hummed (4:27:30). Then I simply ran away. I got on bus 33 on 4:38:30. A black man was making a cellphone call: “... Homeland Security double... no, he’s a detective, pretending to drink alcohol... he’s recording us...” Not! On 4:53:00, a man tried to talk to me: “... the zipper is open... an intercept showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin...” And I kept humming. Then I fell asleep. On 5:20:00 I got off the bus in downtown LA. Another homeless man asked me for changes. “I’m sorry, this intercept is too expensive for me...” Now, because I fell asleep while on the bus, I suspected that I had to cut files again. I rested in a corner continuing to count the people who were scratching their head. And I hummed like crazy. Then I started walking again. (5:46:00).

My next recording is: “unionstscare_metropsdn_11_26_09_505-638PM.WMA”: While walking, I

continued: "... this man... riding... he must be a law enforcement detective..." (4:30). By 7:00, humming like crazy, I came inside Union Station. I was about to cry because of my physical exhaustion: "No, we can't walk anymore..." On 11:00 I dropped to the ground, and I cried loudly: "We can't walk anymore..." Nevertheless, by 17:00, I was on the move again. "... law enforcement detectives... we produce surveillance intercepts... we cannot be in an enclosure with..." By 36:00, I was waiting for Metro Gold Line to go back to Pasadena. More: "... an Asian guy and an Asian girl... causing us to get intercepted..." By 39:00, I was on the Metro train. Again: "... an undercover detective, 50 to 60 year-old... Oh shit, we are in the wrong direction..." From 41:30 onward, I was crying again out of frustration. On 44:00 I got off the train continuing to cry like crazy. On 50:00 I got on the train going in the right direction, and I hummed like crazy. By 1:16:20, I was off the train on Lake Blvd Station. "... we are back in Pasadena, even though we are already quite famous here... by the freeway, it was good, because it was so loud that no one could talk loudly next to you and get heard... we always spend Thanksgiving by ourselves..." I walked for a long distance and then settled down in my usual corner next to the parking structure on 1:32:00.

My next recording is: "psdntrnsition_11_26_09_643-648PM.WMA": I was alarmed because the side door in front of my corner was open. "Will we be arrested? We really shouldn't be disturbed tonight because it's Thanksgiving..."

My next recording is: "slp_psdnprklot_11_26-7_09_642PM-336AM.WMA": Siren on 11:00. And so I slept.⁹ On 8:51:30, I woke up. "... Homeland Security wants us to go to our usual spot, something will happen there..."

November 27 (Friday)

My next recording is: "wkpsdnprklot_chsecnrndvd77_11_27_09_341-551AM.WMA": I got up and was on the move. "... we didn't leave anything behind... another undercover detective... always has a big bag... he's sleeping... we are just afraid of anyone with a big bag... maybe he's awake... anyone can be law enforcement..." Again, nice acting. From 15:00 onward, I was working in my usual corner behind Chase. I continued: "... but that guy has been here for a while... when did he start appearing here?..." I started burning a new disc, DVD-77, and working on my files.

My next recording is: "leavchsepckuplaxp_zelidctv_11_27_09_545-714AM.WMA": I was still working behind Chase. I continued: "... when we were sleeping, the sprinklers went off... Homeland Security was telling us, 'Go go go'... go where? Here... to produce surveillance intercepts... but what? They tried to... backpack... or maybe they are just trying to scare us... we have noticed that our Toshiba is charging very slowly when it comes to the end..." Again, I was pretending to conspire with the suit team by pretending to believe that the suit team was giving me signals. By 32:00 I had left my corner. "Look, what's that... on the ground? It's going to be attributed to us... on the ground... all these LA Express stuff... will be attributed to us..." I started picking up these pages of LA Express and throwing them away. I of course had to explain myself (why I was resisting what I supposed was a suit

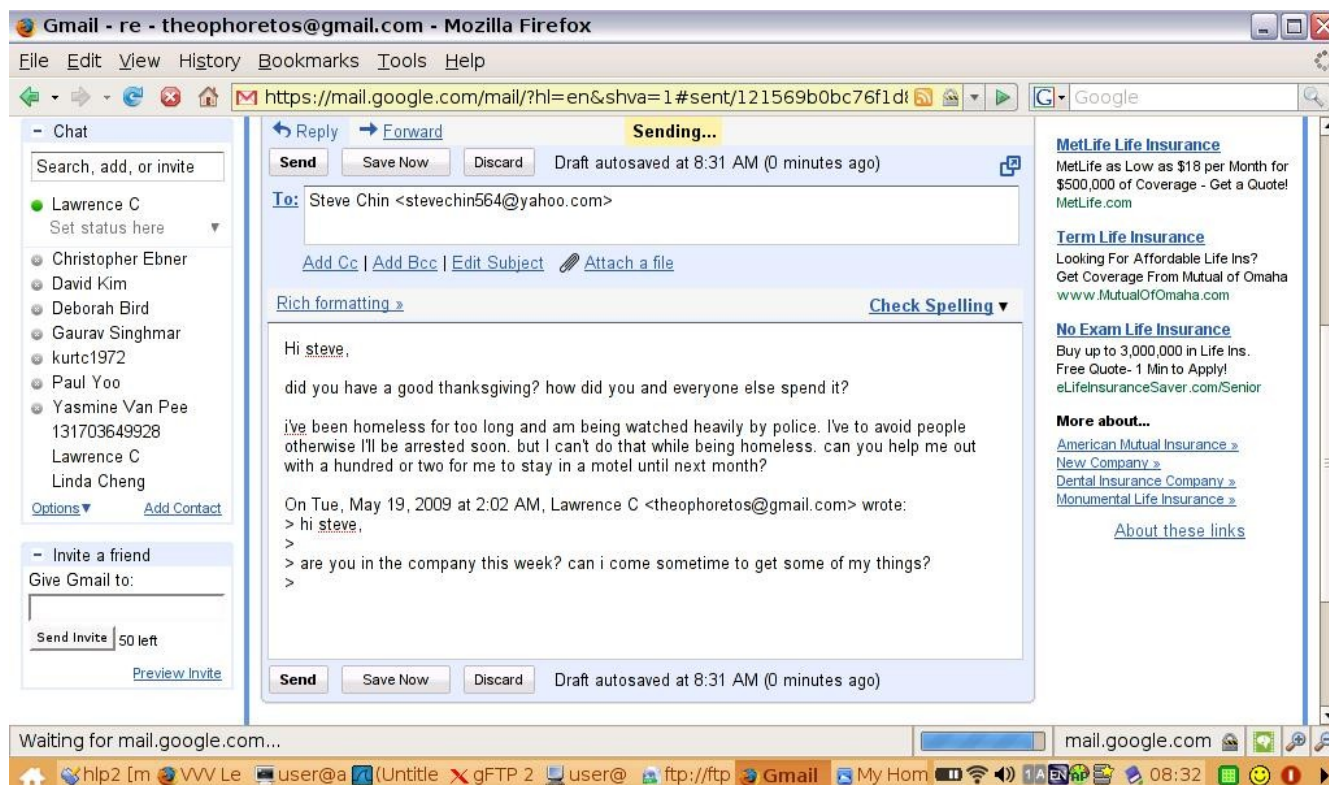
⁹ Reviewed until 16:00, and from 8:49:00 onward.

team operation): "... this surveillance intercept is just too disgusting..." (35:00). "... it's not just surveillance intercepts... the security guards will say, 'That vagrant has left them here'... when in fact it was a Homeland Security agent..." And more of these pages ahead, and I filmed it all. "This is gonna get us arrested... surveillance has already been produced... all this is already attributed to us... all we did is preventing them from coming into law enforcement's attention... our using our camera on the street also produces surveillance... since our doubles do that, it must be bad..." On 43:00, I came to Zeli. "Look, the restroom is out of order... it's Homeland Security... and every time when a car passes by, it'd blast loud music... also to make us into a criminal..." Then, on 47:00, I assumed I was "accidentally" videotaped by a police car again: "... the police video of us will be intercepted into the International Court as evidence that we have indeed been here... whatever happens here on Green and Lake will be attributed to us... when a dog is urinating, faulty surveillance may have confused that with David Chin..." Ha! On 55:00, I sat down outside Zeli to work. More "detectives". I kept on humming because people kept coming near me to talk. On 1:24:30, the "detective" was leaving. "... as soon as we plug our earphones into our Eee PC to check the recordings we have uploaded yesterday... thus he is gonna report this... and the report will be intercepted into the ICJ as evidence... it's a secret message received from foreign intelligence services... the second detective is still there..." As I started uploading my files, I was also checking out travel information for Leiden, where I planned to stay once I got to the Netherlands.

My next recording is: "zelichldflow_sabrrstrm_knkbck_11_27_09_719-944AM.WMA". I was still sitting outside Zeli uploading my files. Now what seemed to be the second law enforcement officer continued to watch over me. I hummed. I noted: "The undercover detective would leave whenever we plug our earphones into our Eee PC." This second "detective" drove a car with an out-of-state license plate (5:00). I was then looking up information on how to get from Amsterdam to the Hague (22:00). Then I got paranoid when my FTP upload speed dropped to 65 KB per second (23:00). I then packed up to go inside (42:00). But then I told the "detective" I'd be outside (57:00). Then a father came in with his two little girls. "It's 8:30 AM, we've got 15 minutes to go. Still uploading..." (1:18:00). I wrote a desperate email to my cousin Steve asking him to help me with a few hundred dollars. Then some crazy vagrant woman tried to say something to me, and I told her to go away, assuming that she was sent here to produce something for the faulty law enforcement investigation (1:21:00). (The question is: was she sent in by the suit team?) I noted: "The law enforcement investigation is just a Homeland Security operation, a show to be intercepted into the ICJ as evidence, and the father with kids just had to show up..." (1:46:00). Finally, I was leaving. "America's new secret weapons, children... We can fuck him up just by approaching him..." (1:48:30). Now it turned out that the father just had to appear in front of me again. I felt terribly uncomfortable because these little girls couldn't possibly not be scared by the sight of such a ghastly looking vagrant. "Of course in surveillance it is us who are following him..." (1:49:30). On 1:50:00 I came inside Sabor across the street to use the restroom. I noted: "Somehow my ugly look wouldn't scare off the kids!" And I filmed my ugly look. "I wish I had that kind of power..." (1:53:30). I exited Sabor by 2:17:00. And there was another father with two children sitting inside Sabor – and I had never seen any children in Sabor before! All this was so suspicious that I couldn't help but be convinced that it was the suit team which had directed all the Pasadena residents to bring their children to me at this desperate time. And so I continued to comment

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on the destructive power of children: “They have that kind of power – America’s new ‘super weapon’... children have the power to destroy you just by approaching you...” (2:19:00). Then: “It’s not necessarily the case that, when we get to the Netherlands, we will be stopped... law enforcement doesn’t want to record you all the way... They want to record you 5 seconds here and then 5 seconds there, so that, when they put these fragments together, it will tell a different story... faulty investigation...” (2:21:30). It’s really just excellent acting to cover up my knowledge that it was the Russians who had been recording my monologues during all this time. Now I came to the back corner of Kinkos and, the headache too hard to bear, took a nap.



My desperate email to my cousin Steve

My next recordings are: “slpknkoback_chkppltlk_11_27_09_938AM-1214PM.WMA”: I was now sleeping in the corner behind Kinkos, with very terrible headache. I still took note of the cars that came around to blast loud music. Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: “knkosbackslpsick_11_27_09_1246-315PM.WMA”: I woke up to discover that my recorder was turned off. “... somebody seems to be manipulating strange machinery... beep, beep... we only heard it, but didn’t take a look...” I continued to rest in the back of Kinkos. People came around to talk from time to time, and I hummed. “... headache is so bad, we might have a cold...” On 2:10:30, I got up. “... the day after Thanksgiving, the back of Kinkos is a very busy place... I think we have a cold... Mr ‘Detective’ is leaving... a green one... he has parked there...” By

2:17:00 I was on the move. Then I settled down in another corner.

My next recording is: “chse_sick_chnserstau_11_27_09_3-624PM.WMA”: I used the ATM and then came back to my corner. I had to continue to rest because I was very sick. I filmed the banking receipt, and then got up again to go inside the bank on 18:30. I was humming like crazy. On 22:00, I was out: “... more parents with children... we have produced another surveillance intercept... a lot of children in the bank too... we are going to the Chinese fast food... an intercept will be produced... showing us doing the Chinese secret agent stuff...” On 27:00, I was inside the Chinese fast food. I got my food and continued to moan out of pain. I got so annoyed by the radio that I asked the owner to turn it off. “... he wouldn’t turn it off because he wants us to record it... it’s a surveillance intercept... but bad for law enforcement... the authority wants us to record this radio transmission, and so we’ll just have to do it... hopefully we won’t be prosecuted for it...” Of course there was no operation here. Finally the owner turned the radio off. From 51:00 onward, while sipping on my soup, I also started reviewing my recordings. Then, people came in to talk, and I hummed like crazy. Finally, on 1:04:00, I got fed up and came outside to eat. Then, done with my food, I was on the move again. On 1:14:00, I found left-over noodles on the street. “... filming text-messagers might be illegal...” And I enjoyed the noodles I found. Then, somebody started talking in front of me: “You are so malicious... Can you talk somewhere else? ... Look, the man in the distance is scratching his head... we don’t really care about that kind of stuff anymore...” Of course: because I knew the Russians were now in control. Then, on 1:26:00, I was on the move again and, on 1:33:00, settled down into my usual corner next to the parking structure. I rested quietly.

My next recording is: “slpprklotpsdn_ppltkwrthlp2_11_27_09_627-1111PM.WMA”: I slept quietly. Siren on 26:00.¹⁰ On 2:04:00, when a plane passed by overhead, I woke up shouting: “Intercept! ... we have had another dream of intercepts...” Then, quiet again.¹¹ On 3:42:00 I got up. I opened up my Toshiba and started writing: “... David Chin receives a vast number of...” Then: “... people are talking very loudly inside the parking structure, all because we are here... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin using his computer to secretly record other people’s conversations...” I continued to write: “... I’m having a very difficulty time...” Then: “... surveillance is showing me hiding in corners secretly recording other people’s conversations... what’s most frustrating about this criminal foreign agent David Chin is precisely his inability to use his computers... they have already had 10,000 intercepts showing David Chin hiding in street corners secretly recording other people’s conversations...” Finally, I got so fed up with the noises that I hummed. And I played one of my latest recordings too (...unionstscared...). Then: “... and as David Chin comments on how surveillance is produced showing him secretly recording other people’s conversations, he is also being recorded saying so by law enforcement...” Ha!

My next recording is: “winchll_pplcometlk_11_27-8_1105PM-1215AM.WMA”: I continued my acting: “... Do you think law enforcement was here? I don’t know...” I was now on the move. On 10:00 I was at the usual corner behind Kinkos to pick cigarette butts. I was still feeling sick. Then I was

¹⁰ Reviewed until 26:00, and then from 2:02:00 onward.

¹¹ Reviewed until 2:37:00, and then from 3:35:00 onward.

on the move again, wrapped in my blanket because it was so cold. On 47:20 I came to Winchell. Immediately, people were coming in: "... we are bringing in a lot of business..." They talked loudly and I hummed continually. On 55:30 they left. "... their mission was merely to talk loudly... law enforcement will not check our recordings..." There was another man who sat there quietly, and I suspected him to be law enforcement. Then more people came in to talk (1:01:30). "... Homeland Security said to us, 'Good night' ..." (1:04:00). Then I turned on my Toshiba.

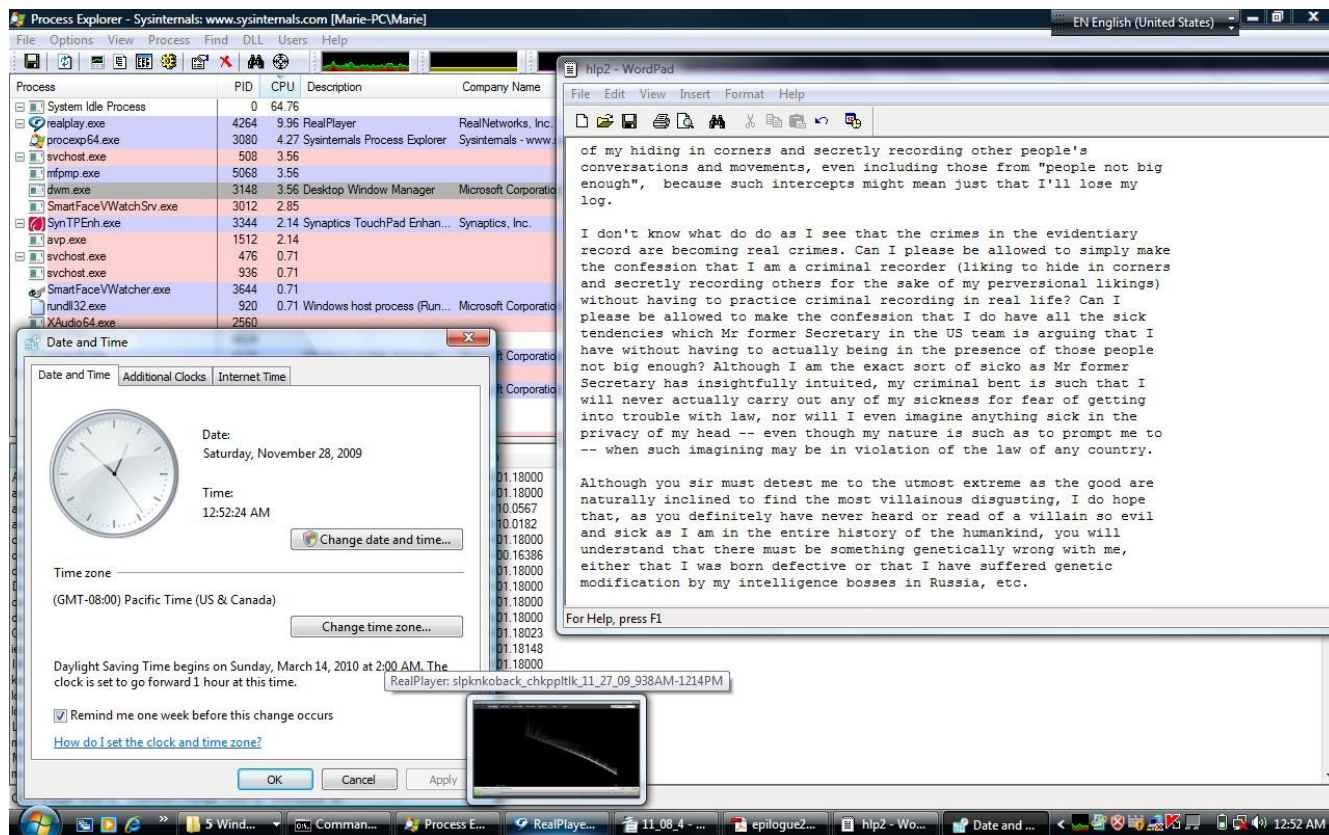
Before we move on, let's make another observation about all these "detectives" that you would increasingly see walking around me carrying recording devices in their bag. First of all, whenever I identified one such "detective", I was only correct about half of the times. Secondly, you must know that the LAPD's investigation of me as a possible pedophile had already ended. Because I kept pretending to mistake Russian surveillance for law enforcement "recording team", the Russians, as noted, requested that my environment be devised to fit my belief. The police departments were thus ordered to really send out a bunch of officers carrying the recording devices with which the Russians had provided them to record my monologues – so that the Russians didn't have to do the dirty work themselves as a way to avoid conspiracy with me. I had already noticed that this was the case, but of course I wouldn't say anything but would continue to pretend to believe that the suit team had sent them in to produce surveillance or to find ways to "nail me".

November 28 (Saturday; speaking Russian; "Louis")

My next recording is: "wnchll_ppltkrcrdngintrept_11_28_09_1220-332AM.WMA": I was still in Winchell, humming like crazy because people kept coming in. "... we brought in so much business for this Winchell, 6 people have come in... it's just strange... all the residents are told to come around this vagrant to talk really loud in order to get recorded by him..." From 12:00 onward, I was working on my "Karin's meetups". "It's a requirement that you record other people... Homeland Security has decided it... it's so exhausting... you can't just sleep anywhere you want or go anywhere you want... people will come around and push their babies to us... because they really hate us... because Mr former Secretary has told them something about us... we don't know what he has told them..." Then, on 58:00, this man came in just to talk next to me: "... producing surveillance showing our Toshiba to have wireless capacity... operatives keep coming in..." And my SD card malfunctioned again. On 1:10:00, I did a little work on a new petition which I would eventually never send out. (See below.) Then, more people came in: "... it's an operation..." And I hummed. Then, huge commotion on 1:16:00: a bunch of youngsters came to the door shouting and bragging. "... they want us to record this..." I got so angry that I went to them to argue with them: "Is it okay if I don't record you guys? ... or do I *have to* record you guys? ... you are talking so loud that I can even hear you from inside... you got your cellphone there, that's mine, and my laptop has wireless capacity, all is okay, but I just don't want to record you!" And I took out my recorder to show them how I was recording (until 1:19:00). I was of course acting again, pretending to not be bothered if intercepts had been produced showing me having a cellphone and so on. The youngsters laughed. Then, I suddenly thought of something and came out again: "Don't report me to the police... it's okay to produce surveillance intercepts, but I don't want to be arrested..." Nice acting. They asked me: "For what?" "For having a recorder..." (until

1:20:30). Then I turned to myself: "... they are really good actors... they pretended to not understand what we were talking about until we took out our recorder... in this case... it's criminal recording in surveillance, but not for law enforcement... when they punch us, we will punch ourselves, and then they will punch us again... this is how it works..." Then the youngsters came in to talk loudly again: "... I guess it's necessary that we record them..." I turned to them: "... I guess I'm criminally recording you guys..." "... you are recording us?" And an argument ensued: somehow they were accusing me of recording them with my laptop. I responded: "... okay, it's a super Russian spy laptop... it can communicate with Moscow..." (1:27:30). And they wanted to see how my laptop recorded them: "... so you are spying for Moscow?..." "Yes!" "... like James Bond?" "He's British!" And one of the guys admitted he was Russian: "... I'm Russian... So do you speak Russian?" I replied: "I must do!" And now he wanted me to say something in Russian. I thus pretended: "... dobulurorobalabu..." They laughed and left on 1:31:00. I put up my act: "... we have produced good surveillance..." In reality, I was suspecting that these youngsters were actually Russian agents, and I was secretly happy about the fact that I might have done well by producing an instance where I had conspired with the suit team by pretending to be able to speak Russian (i.e. knowing that the faulty surveillance Machine would mistake my gibberish for real Russian). It's really not clear whether I was correct about the youngsters. But, since the Russians were always listening to me – if not in real time then by intercepting my recordings from my website – they would definitely intercept my interaction with these youngsters into the ICJ as evidence of my conspiracy with the suit team in just the way I had assumed – now that the suit team had had no more cards to play for several days already. Then, on 1:33:00, I was mumbling about how my presentation was bad and how I needed to punch myself after other people had punched me. "If you want to have a happy life, you need to look good... or you'll be treated like a piece of shit..." From 1:41:00 onward, I resumed work on my "Karin's meetups". Soon, more people came in to talk, and I hummed. On 2:02:00: "... as you can see, our quiet time is increasingly restricted... before we thought that, from 12 to 7 AM, we will have our quiet time, but no... by 7 AM, children will show up... and now this will be even earlier... pretty soon you will have a quiet time only between 5 and 7 AM... in all other times people will show up to get themselves recorded by you..." Then, luckily, I found a whole box of doughnuts in the trash can, and I filmed them before eating them: "... I don't think it's illegal to take pictures of doughnuts... but you never know... it's not illegal for other people, but it is for us..." Then I came back inside mumbling about how my bullshit earlier (speaking Russian) was evidence in the ICJ: "... the more you treat it like a joke..." Then, on 2:18:30, alarm: "... Homeland Security is still not happy with us..." Then I was mumbling indistinctly about something on 2:34:00. And more people came in to talk loudly. By 2:47:00 I had left Winchell and was on the street. On 3:03:00, I was again mumbling indistinctly about something. Soon I came to my corner behind Chase.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
8.1.3. Mission accomplie, C.
Lawrence C. Chin
Nov. 2009 – Feb. 2021.



The new petition I had started on:
was it for Mr Couvreur again?

My next recording is: "chsecnrndvd46cp_strbk1stchl_11_28_09_326-703AM.WMA": I continued: "... so many things that were supposed to happen didn't happen... the show will simply continue and continue..." I was again convinced that something had got into my recorder. "I think Homeland Security will send people in to talk around us when we are asleep... if we aren't asleep then we will hum it out... that's why we need to review the recordings of our sleeping..." Then, on 27:00, siren in the distance. I was now creating ISO image for DVD-46 and also deleting duplicate files to clear up more disk space on my Toshiba. On 1:06:00, the burning was successful. From 1:41:00 onward, I was working on "Frankfurt and Brussels". Then, that again: "... we are reviewing a recording in which we were reviewing a recording..." By 2:44:00, I had packed and left. "... Homeland Security wants us to urinate on the street..." And more LA Express on the sidewalk. "... so David Chin is reading LA Express in the middle of the night and then throwing them onto the street..." On 2:46:00 I came inside Starbucks. I asked for a cup of water and then started uploading my latest recordings. From 3:00:00 onward, I was reading something online. "... a vagrant black woman is standing next to the restroom... pressing buttons on her cellphone... some sort of operative..." (3:14:00). I was also streaming my latest recording from my website. The vagrant black woman was gone on 3:25:50, and I got on Hostmatrix to work on my Scientific Enlightenment.

My next recording is: “leavstrbk_telldtctv_oprtdtctv_11_28_09_711-905AM.WMA”: I hummed and reviewed my recordings while doing some file operation on my laptop. I commented that I had to leave by then for children had begun appearing outside the window. They were coming out! I pointed to some customers: “Now they would have to be undercover detectives...” (21:00). In fact, I immediately walked up to a man saying either he or the other middle-aged male *had* to be the undercover detective following me. “... we came in on 6:30 AM or so... merely one hour of work and we will not be able to miss children coming in... If we had come in on 5:30 AM, they would show up on 6:30 AM... and if we show up on 4:30 AM and work until 5:30 AM then children will show up on 5:30 AM... when the people in the conference room have decided that you *will* be arrested for this and that and three months later you *are* arrested for this and that, that’s what I call Godly power and these people should be worshiped accordingly...” (24:00). Then: “It’s time to urinate, the only time when we will not be blacked out in surveillance...” (24:20). Then, as I continued my walk: “... this official Pasadena Rose Parade vehicle... we assume it’s actually law enforcement disguised as... we keep seeing it everyday...” Not! (Although I could be acting.) “... it’s not wise to talk to law enforcement about your problem, because they are recording it, and their recording will be different... we have to wait for Sabor to open to use the restroom there... Mr former Secretary’s power... he can make anything appear in front of you... he can make you become anything he wants... if he wants Buddha to appear in front of you on 4:30 AM, it will happen...” On 36:00 I settled down at the bus stop to wait for bus 181. “... this man, a white male, 50 something, seems to be a member of the law enforcement recording squad, carrying a bag... it’s kind of sad when your crime always depends on other people’s actions... you can’t control other people...” On 49:30 I got on the bus. I hummed. “... another detective is on the bus... he actually looks like an FBI agent...” Deep down I suspected that it was simply the Russians’ sending in an FBI agent to commit conspiracy with me so that they could take over the FBI as well. (It’s not clear whether I was correct.) On 1:13:00, the “detective” was getting off, and super weapons continued to shout. On 1:16:30: “... another detective has got on the bus to record us, holding a bag... a white male about 35...” On 1:39:00 I got off the bus on Vermont and Prospect. I immediately theorized (half-acting and half telling what I thought was the truth): “... first of all, we have made a mistake by being ambiguous... we have been telling people we have a disability and need to use recording devices... law enforcement has purposely misunderstood us as saying there is a recording device in our computer... look, another detective has just ‘spotted us’... this is what they’d write down in their profile of us, ‘This guy goes to coffeehouses to record people and the little persons... you can’t avoid it because Homeland Security will send little people in, even on 6 AM in the morning...” Siren on 1:43:00. “... and so now you have evidence in the ICJ that David Chin is a criminal recorder, but you can also arrest him in the real world...” This was of course the wrong theory, but it’s not clear whether I was serious about it. “... earlier in Winchell, you showed them your recorder, and they just had to insist that the recording device was inside your computer...” This was indeed very suspicious, and so maybe these youngsters were really Russian agents. “... that’s how the operation is run... this time they want the world of surveillance to collide with the real world... the purpose of the law enforcement investigation is to produce surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin to be a criminal recorder... this means law enforcement will never check the contents of our recordings... this morning, the youngsters would not report us to the police because a detective was already there, and he would note down that the recording device was inside our computer... that’s why you can’t be outside... now

that we know the direction of this faulty investigation... this morning, some guy is using a camera outside to take pictures of the sky... he did that so that we would log it, so that law enforcement can record us saying so and note down that we are insane..." Was I acting? This is the kind of confession that the Russians needed to continue to maintain in the upper court that I didn't know they had surrounded me. "... we need to save our writings on our website, because it's the most secure... law enforcement will not check it in order to not falsify their investigation results..." On 1:51:00 I settled down in a corner. "... whether we will be safe... the plan is the plan, and so whether or not you cooperate, the plan will not change... so you have to think, how much you want to cooperate and how much not..." Ha! Just trying to lend more realism to my pretending to conspire with the United States.

My next recording is: "upldstrbkvrmtsprwprn_tobus2_11_28_09_910-1022AM.WMA": I continued: "... so it's just the awful International Court business, it's gonna get us destroyed... another car came in to 'spot us'... we are using computers in the street corner... it's suspicious... well, it's because you human beings are so frightening... I guess the crime of the criminal foreign agent David Chin is changing again..." By 9:00 I was on the move again. "Our double is here! He's carrying a laptop in his hands..." On 11:00 I settled down outside Starbucks to get online. "We need to upload one file." I also checked my Internet Fax account to see if there was any reply for me. Of course not! I hummed like crazy because all the parents and children were walking past. "... Homeland Security has cut down our upload speed to 27 KB per second... so that we'll have to stay here a little longer, with more parents and children passing in front of us..." I was also searching online for apartments for rent in the Hague. Then I got suspicious again of the websites I was visiting: "... more fake websites... things like that don't scare us anymore... we have a lot more scarier things to worry about... apartments in the Hague or Leiden... a white female is sitting next to us, as if we didn't smell bad enough... and more children..." (38:00). Then, again: "... I think Homeland Security just doesn't want us to upload it in a single stroke, but in two..." Again, wrong. Then, on 42:00, I shouted at the man with his baby cart: "Thank you for parading in front of me! ... to get me arrested... That's very kind of you!" I was now uploading my chapters from "Karin's meetups". Siren on 48:40. By 1:00:00 I was on the move again. "... a Hispanic woman is making a cellphone call, we've got intercepted... more people are pushing their baby carts to us... a law enforcement vehicle has 'spotted us'..." On 1:02:30, I settled down in a corner to eat the food I found. Then I was on the move again. "We are like an empty bag, without content... when people talk to us, they are only talking to surveillance... when law enforcement investigates us, they are only investigating for surveillance's sake... a woman speaking an unintelligible language passes us by... producing surveillance... the bus is waiting for us on Sunset and Virgil... Homeland Security wants us to go in the other direction... Why? Before you cross the border, you have to load up something... it's not safe..." Again, just pretending that I wasn't uploading my files for the purpose of letting them get intercepted by the Russians.

My next recording is: "sprwprnonbus60_dblecllphntshba_mtrdhsmsg_cnclsn_11_28_09_1017AM-221PM.WMA": Then: "... a police car has videotaped us... we are discovered waiting for the bus..." (7:30). Then: "... an Asian man stuck newspapers into the trash can... surveillance is produced..." On 11:30, humming like crazy, I got on the bus. On 36:00 I got off the bus in downtown LA. "... a white female is texting, together with her little people... I don't know what to do..." (39:00). "... this woman

is all dressed up pretending to be a prostitute and yell something at our ears...” I continued to hum like crazy: “... people are talking loudly... trying to get us to record them...” As I was walking, I continued to mumble about how children were strategically placed in every corner. “... Homeland Security agent in front of us... trying to record us... a purple shirt security guard is noting us down... another undercover detective is trying to record us... this car came to park next to us and then drove off... he must have text-messaged...” I took note of his license plate (51:30). Then a “detective car” on 53:50. “... the operation is very intense... undercover detectives are everywhere to record us, and the little entities...” In fact, not very intense at all: like a typical targeted individual. On 55:00, I asked the man who I thought (or pretended to believe) was a detective: “Detective!” “I’m not a detective...” “You’re not? Can you give me a dollar? You’re here to record me...” Nice acting! And he ignored me. Then: “This guy took a picture of me!” I demanded from him: “Give me a cigarette! Two!” And he did give me one (58:00). “... one cigarette per intercept... another detective with a draggy cart... Detective! Give me some money... you’ve got your recording device over there...” (1:04:30). Then another supposed “detective”: “Detective! You are carrying all that recording device onto the bus...” (1:06:00). And I asked people for money for the bus. A woman kindly gave me some quarters, and I was on bus 60 on 1:07:30 going to Long Beach. “... super weapons in the back of the bus!” And I turned to the “detective”: “... they want me to say something so that you can record it... Homeland Security is sending a lot of people onto the bus...” I hummed like crazy because the super weapons were constantly shouting. On 1:34:00: “Gee man, America’s top-secret weapon finally got off the bus and we can sit down!” I then took note of another text-messenger on 1:37:00. Again, since more super weapons were on board, I assumed that detectives must also be on board. On 1:43:20, one of the “detectives” got off the bus. “The detective is walking away!” (1:49:30) Then, when a mother and her child came near me, I warned them: “I smell very bad, just go away...” And they did. “... the detective has failed his mission... he was sitting next to us, and when we told the super weapon to go away, he did go away...” Siren on 1:58:00. Then: “... the detective went to...” (2:03:00). Then: “... another man is talking on his cellphone... in Spanish... we’re getting intercepted...” (2:08:00). By 2:11:30, no more super weapons on the bus. On 2:22:00 I got off the bus: I was not yet in downtown Long Beach. I continued to hum like crazy. I said to another man: “You look like a detective there... can you give me a cigarette?” “No, I’m not giving you a damn thing...” I turned to myself: “... he does look like a detective... a stylish black man, 50 something...” (2:24:30). Then: “... super weapons... they are very destructive... they come near you and your whole life will be messed up...” On 2:33:00 I got on the bus that was supposedly going to downtown Long Beach. On 2:36:00 the bus driver asked me where I was going. “Downtown...” And the bus was not moving. At a loss, I got off the bus. I talked about why I didn’t want to ride the train: “... the police would get on the train... Homeland Security is watching for the slightest reason to get us detained... the police won’t get on the bus...” And more super weapons were coming as I had my laptop open. Then: “... another suspicious man carrying a suit case, very likely a detective... now the black man, seeing that we have our laptop open, comes near us to dial his cellphone, producing surveillance showing our laptop to have wireless capacity... the detective is doubling as our double... and as soon as he has done it, he is gone...” (2:52:00). Most likely, there was no operation here. Finally, on 2:53:30, I got on bus 51. But the bus driver wouldn’t let me ride for free, and I had to ask people: “I’ve just produced a surveillance intercept... does anybody have 50 cents? ... Detective, just give me some money... I have just produced an intercept showing my laptop to have

wireless capacity, why am I not getting any pay-back?” Finally I cried to the bus driver: “I don’t know what to do...” Now she forced me to get off the bus (2:56:30). I continued to ask the people around for 50 cents. Then, I gave up and moved on. On 3:04:00 I settled down in a corner. Then I shouted at a woman: “You want to make a cellphone call in front of me, you fucking bitch... give me some money... you think it’s free...” The woman didn’t know what I was talking about – she wasn’t carrying out any operation for the suit team. Then I yelled at the black man who I thought was a detective: “... you saw that, huh? I’m insane... when people make cellphone calls near me, I’ll get upset... fuck you Detective...” Then I turned to myself: “... we just assumed he is a detective... there has to be one around, otherwise it wouldn’t make sense...” (from 3:08:00 onward). Although I was all wrong about everything, my little tantrum was really good evidence for the Russians: apparently, I was resisting the suit team’s operation also because I wanted to make sure I wasn’t taken advantage of. I was now on the move to escape. On 3:14:00 I settled down at the Metro station. On 3:17:00 I got on the Metro Blue Line: I was now going back to downtown LA. I asked the man who stood in front of me: “Are you police or what? ... I don’t know if typing these few words on my computer is illegal... sorry, I’m not typing anymore... don’t accuse me of insanity...” (from 3:25:00 onward). Then this dark skin guy just stood there watching over me. “... you are watching over me, huh? You don’t look like the police, maybe you are Homeland Security here to watch over me...” He mentioned that my humming made me look like a Yogi. “Is that what I’m doing? Then let it be... we produce surveillance intercepts... I’m an Indian secret agent... Do you have a dollar? ...” And we chatted briefly, with his mentioning at one point “It’s all in your mind” (3:30:00). Then I continued to hum. Then I asked him again: “I’m not gonna get arrested, right? You said it’s all in my mind... your bag really scares me, I don’t know what’s in it...” Again, perfect acting: as if I had no objection to framing Russia but was only worried about whether I was going to be safe. Then I started asking other passengers for money. And I asked this guy to teach me to ask it in Spanish. On 3:44:00 I got off the train in downtown LA and immediately put up my act: “Okay, we’ve got a new theory... the dark skin guy who said we are like a Yogi... Oh, a police car... his license plate is... he had a red circle on his hand... he was at a night club last night... when he said it’s all in your head... a lot of super weapons around... our theory is that Homeland Security is telling us something... namely, the lawsuit is over... it’s done... they will continue the set-up... just to maintain the appearance of normality... as if everything is just your imagination... they don’t want you to dig the trash can... everything will continue as usual... only to make you... they tried to forge our laptop... on February 13... they failed, because we made a Skype call... then on March 17, again... they would have succeeded... but we filed a lawsuit... on April 15 they were still debating... it’s confused... were we in jail or in the hospital? ... so on May 14 they were still debating about what really happened back in March... then by the end of May, all back to Russia... around April 20 or so, you know that Russia has failed... because the police officer gave you a V-sign... at that time it’s decided that our documentaries *can* be brought into the ICJ as evidences... by June 18 or so... creating a Russian intelligence operation... trying to forge your jacket... it’s not clear whether they have succeeded... it’s the fifth time that they tried to convict Russia... and now, it’s all your imagination... the whole thing... Russia is an extremely difficult target... they keep trying to convict Russia of one crime after another... the warning is ‘Don’t pick the trash can’... make you into a disgusting... so nothing you say will ever be believed... we will upload this recording... as insurance for our life... maybe they have never succeeded... Russia is unexpectedly tough... the whole world is biased against

anyone who is against the United States... otherwise, the lawsuit is very strange... it's like a joke... the problem is that Mr former Secretary... his self-esteem... he wants to be the master of deception... he doesn't like it when people catch him lying..." Again, what a nice acting! Pretending to admit that I knew something from the past while never admitting that I knew what was going on at the present in order to lend more realism to my act.

My next recording is: "bus2chrchsprwprn_wstwdfd_11_28_09_236-505PM.WMA": There were about 10 minutes that were not recorded. I recounted: "... what happened is that we found food... and then... an undercover detective... and several super weapons... probably just to maintain the appearance... people need to react toward you as a vagrant of some sort... so that nothing you say will ever be believed... as long as you don't overreact, you won't be arrested..." Then, on 1:40, I got on the bus. I continued on about this for a while. Then, when I turned on my Toshiba, there it was again: Operating System not found! (6:00) Why? Did the suit team do this? I rebooted it. Then, on 17:00, a child got on the bus shouting about, and I hummed like crazy. "... operation... to maintain the sense of normality..." Then, on 21:45, I was mumbling about something indistinctly: "... and then we went to Jack-in-the-Box... we also said 'We'll get to keep our log'... digging the big trash can... we need to get some food... screenshots... the big fat man next to us... the undercover detective... it's April 24... the officer..." Siren on 49:25. On 56:20 I got off the bus. "... the guy passes us by... stares at us... producing an intercept showing us getting into contact with a foreign agent... it's just a show, don't worry, we will not be arrested... other nations will suffer... the world of surveillance and the real world will remain separate forever... and the police's pretending will be... there will not be serious problems when we go overseas... the pretended amnesia will become real amnesia... we live in the real world, other nations live in the imaginary world... they have to pay for those crimes which they have never committed... because America has a faulty surveillance Machine..." Just so much acting! Then I thought I was videotaped by a police car again. On 1:10:40 I was on the bus again. Super weapons on board, and so I hummed. I continued to mumble about Homeland Security and my recordings: "... thus producing a surveillance intercept of... super weapons..." (until 1:19:00). Then again: "... when we walked into Jack-in-the-box, we also said 'We have to keep our log'..." (1:21:00). Then about Mr former Secretary: "... his self-esteem... when he makes himself into the master of deception..." On 1:47:40, I got off the bus in Westwood Village and, immediately, super weapons. I continued to hum like crazy. I then mumbled about how another man was producing surveillance intercepts (1:51:00). Then: "... a white guy inside text-messaged just when we passed by..." (1:53:00). On 1:56:00 I found food in trash cans and enjoyed my dinner. "The charge on our card the other day hasn't shown up, because Homeland Security wants surveillance showing us using a different account..." Probably not. By 2:16:00 I was done eating and on the move again. Still many super weapons. "We'll be bad for the sake of America." And I hummed whenever people talked around me. "We have a disability, which is that people keep talking to the atmosphere when talking to us... therefore these noises, which Homeland Security wants us to record, are accidentally recorded..." I then settled down in my usual corner across the street from Claremont Hotel.

My next recording is: "readyslpwstwd_11_28_09_502-518PM.WMA": I was now ready to sleep. I recounted: "... we came to Westwood, we were looking for food, and then came here, running into

super weapons along the way... the man was talking... we said, 'It's okay, we have hummed it out the best we can'... the police... our disability... which is our location... we can't let our recorder be turned off... law enforcement is not going to check it... it's all for surveillance purposes... other nations will have to deal with it... we are made to look bad in order for other people to look good... we don't have time to look for other safer places to sleep in... people will come by and talk loudly... it's our disability... super weapons might come by even though we are by the trash bin... because that's what Homeland Security has told them to do... we feel sick... we were just running around all day, we didn't have time to work... other people do know we are recording... that's why our double... to avoid being recorded... other people intend for us to record them..." Siren on 6:00. "... and we intend to avoid recording them... and so it's all 'accidental'... and so don't worry about it... we have to look bad in order for other people to look good... *we live in Mr former Secretary's mind... and other nations will live in his mind*... America is the world's leader, and he rules America... he likes to make things up... that's what he lives for... we offended him by calling him a 'Movie Director'... we did our best... hundreds of thousands of... malice... we are no match, and we have to do what's expected of us... and suffer... Mr former Secretary is the most powerful person in the world... if only because, when he makes a mistake, he will drag everybody down, and so everybody will have to help him..." That's indeed a very accurate description of Mr former Secretary M. Chertoff.

My next recording is: "slpwstwd_11_28_09_523-951PM.WMA": I continued: "... we are one person, have zero dollar, don't have a home, and the people who want to harm us number tens of thousands... all we can say is that we did the best we can... the entire planet is our enemy... what we have suffered is unprecedented in the history of humankind... the most deceived person in the history of humankind... *the most condemnable people are not those who lie, but those who believe lies*... Mr former Secretary, he rules... he remotely controls every single person, every machine... all for us... we live in his mind... there is not a thing around that is not pretending... Mr former Secretary has made American society... he's not educated... in his mind there is no culture, no music, but only disgusting crimes... revenge... deception..." From 10:00 onward, I rested quietly. When a Korean girl and a white guy walked past talking, I asked them, quite annoyed: "Can you give me some money?" (14:20) Siren on 15:10. Then, on 17:00, a car came to park in front of me: "... she must be text-messaging, given all the empty spaces around..." Siren on 17:50. "... she has text-messaged, and we've got intercepted..." (19:00). "... watch out for what Homeland Security says to you... sometimes it doesn't mean anything, sometimes it means something bad... when they tell you to get food... when you sleep, people will come around to talk, it's okay, the police will not check every one of your recordings... what happens to nations is not for you to care..." (27:00). Acting! Then, siren on 31:00, and again on 37:00. "... the ambulance is coming, just part of the pretending... what American society is about... now a guy in front of us is answering a call... we've got intercepted..." I read out his license plate: "... it's an Arizona plate... more and more of our doubles come from out of state..." (until 45:00). "... the father is pretending ... the daughter is pretending... they are all just pretending... very likely, law enforcement is recording us right now..." Again, just pretending to not know that the Russians were recording me right now. More siren on 49:00. Then: "... a white man in the car with recording devices... here to record us if we say anything... law enforcement..." (until 53:00). Then I

rested quietly.¹² Then my recorder ran out of batteries.

My next recording is: “dspearlouis_slpwstwd_11_28-29_09_1031PM-552AM.WMA”: When I got up to urinate, I discovered that somebody had left me a cup of something. Then I started again: “... can it really be over? ... before... Mr former Secretary crushes...” I then took notice of an SUV that tried to park in front of me but soon left (21:00). Could it be Russian surveillance? Then, from 32:50 onward: “... law enforcement... identified... they would leave... just keep worrying about being arrested, and you will never be arrested... it’d just be your imagination... we should have talked to that British lady, maybe she would provide us with some comfort... we are so lonely... people only talk to surveillance, while we only talk to ourselves... we have lost touch with humanity since a long time ago...” On 38:00, I was on the move and then, on 41:00, came back to my corner. On 43:50 a white guy on cellphone passed me by. “Can’t avoid people at all! ... the lawsuit is over... pretend that it’s over... make predictions... the wrong prediction, and you’ll get fucked...” (until 47:00). Then I began offering my very important testimony (even if I was wrong about how all the loud talking around me was orchestrated): “... you call this ‘normality’? People never tried to talk so loud before... made just for us... we are a very special vagrant... the whole world exists just for us... people say, ‘It takes a whole village to raise a child’, but we say, ‘It takes a whole village to change Lawrence Chin into David Chin’... in fact an entire city... five cities if he goes through five cities... or the entire planet... the entire UN... never before in the history of humankind has this happened... in other countries, if you piss off Mr former Secretary, he simply kills you... but in this country it’s more humane... a lot of planning, conspiracies, small talks... tricks everyday... it takes a lot of work... hundreds of thousands of people... because America is more humane... in America we don’t destroy people’s body, we change people’s mind...” (until 54:00). This was my important insight into the more advanced form of totalitarianism which the United States embodies: “... it’s all about deception... try to make you look insane... little things... what we want to control is the interior... it takes the entire human race to change Lawrence Chin into David Chin... we don’t actually change the person himself, we just change how people think about him... a human being is nothing unless he is recognized by other people in any case... it takes an ICJ judgment...” As you have noticed, the insight I expressed here I would further develop in many of my writings later on. I continued: “... other people are so lucky, they don’t have to videotape every little thing... that uncertainty... that’s how we can keep our documentaries, nobody is going to watch them... people are told not to remember him, not to watch his videos... Lawrence Chin doesn’t exist anymore... he might be in the ICJ records, but he is never seen... Mr former Secretary is like, ‘I’m gonna reinvent this guy... a schizophrenic... he caught me lying, oh my God’, and at that moment Lawrence Chin disappeared... it’s not like the secret police, who throw you into secret prisons and beat you up... no, he’s still standing there, it’s just that nobody remembers him anymore... when it comes to traditional totalitarianism, they change *you*... they kidnap you and take you on a helicopter ride and throw you into the ocean... in America, or the UN, they change the people around you... and so you record things, and then discover you are surrounded by super weapons...” (until 1:09:00). And: “... it’s a very humane way to make you disappear... to make you disappear, this humane way is more effective... when it comes to the traditional way... 20 years later, there will be a revolution, and your family will be looking for you... journalists will write about you... with the ‘humane’ way, no one will

12 Reviewed until 1:07:00 and then from 3:43:00 onward.

remember you anymore... just as when David Chin makes a cellphone call, nobody has ever seen it... and so he records himself... he is his own journalist looking for himself... but he is not even supposed to remember himself, and so he becomes a criminal recorder... he *is* allowed to remember himself as long as he is the only one who does... while everyone else only sees David Chin out of him... the UN and America together are very humane... more effective than traditional totalitarianism... which is just brute force... more effective because things only exist in people's mind..." (until 1:18:00). And I continued on about the loopholes in traditional totalitarianism. Keep in mind that the Russians must be listening to me at this very moment, and that they would afterward construct a more complex profile of me to explain why I had conspired with the United States to harm Russia and make myself disappear. "... we now have the highest court on the planet declaring the disappearance of a person... no more Lawrence Chin, only David Chin... there is nothing external to the entity which has made you disappear, that's why there will never be any commission to investigate your case... so you *are* allowed to remember yourself, just record yourself, and one day send everything to outer space... maybe aliens will discover it and set up a commission to study you, 'the one who has disappeared'... how the earthlings have made one despicable member among themselves disappear... the ultimate form of ostracization... everyone just starts not remembering you... only talks to you as if you were doing something other than what you are doing... *you are an exile from other people's mind*... why don't you make three of us, Lawrence Chin, David Chin, and Louis Chin... they all look the same... or four of us..." (1:31:00). This was quite an interesting suggestion! I continued: "... it's Louis Chin who's making documentaries of himself... David Chin is jealous of Lawrence Chin, and Louis Chin just records himself... and then Vincent Chin... they all go to the same meetups... today Lawrence comes, the next day David, and then the day after Louis... everyone thinks it's the same Lawrence Chin when in fact there are four of them... we should write to Mr Couvreur to tell him about Louis Chin... send a notice to the International Court... Louis Chin also pretends to be Lawrence Chin... he's neither David Chin nor Lawrence Chin... when David Chin is intercepted as text-messaging, it is Louis Chin who has found somebody text-messaging next to him... that's a good story, we should definitely write to the International Court of Justice... David Chin is a criminal recorder, but not Louis Chin... like the movie 'Sybil'... where, at the end, all the different personalities appear together... Mr former Secretary should invite us to his scripting room... as he writes down new elements on his 'concept paper'¹³... such as 'David Chin shall have a Russian girlfriend'... somebody from Homeland Security, and somebody from the organization of the Displays, would make suggestions... add this and that... 'Tomorrow we'll need a surveillance intercept of this and that'... that's a lot of power, for they always get what they want..." I was then mumbling again about how our former Secretary Chertoff lacked sensitivity and was a redneck and so on and so could only focus on something like Antisocial Personality Disorder: "... it's entirely black, no white, no gray... the 'concept papers' are then burned, for the invention of David Chin is top-secret..." (until 1:53:00). Then: "... when we go to the Netherlands, we'll just say we are Louis Chin... he's very safe, not a villain, he just makes documentaries that parallel David Chin's life... Homeland Security doesn't like us digging the big trash can... this 'criminal videotaping' has to do with the video which Homeland Security has forged for us... the video from 'Ren'... Louis makes legal documentaries, while David Chin makes illegal documentaries... maybe we can ask another person to watch the video from 'Ren' and tell us what's in

13 Konzeptpapier.

it...” My resistance to watching “Ren’s” video should perhaps be explained. “... why can’t Mr former Secretary... it sounds like a solution which everyone can live with...” Then, from 2:20:00 onward, I was quiet. Then a taxi just had to park in front of me even though there were all these empty spaces around (2:28:00). It departed on 2:33:30. “... it’s very suspicious, it could be law enforcement... it’s just for surveillance... it is the International Court which is the source of all these phenomena...” Then I rested quietly, humming occasionally. Then I got up mumbling: “... in America secrecy is number one...” Then I was mumbling about how my mother should have deposited the money for me and how my bank had already taken away 1,000 dollars from me this year. As I was on the move, I continued: “... this ‘Louis Chin’ idea is really workable... only if Mr former Secretary could invite us to his planning room... people must not know what the government is doing... the master of deception... in three years, we have quite understood him, his personality, his desires... his power... to make somebody disappear...” On 3:05:00 I came back to my corner to continue my sleep. I drank the drink that was left for me. Then another car came to park in front of Claremont Hotel, and the driver just sat inside. “... law enforcement shouldn’t be driving such a fancy car... maybe we’ve got intercepted again, or maybe nothing at all...” Of course I wouldn’t dare say “Maybe he’s just Russian surveillance”! Then: “... we should have talked to that white female... maybe she’d be our Russian girlfriend, and give us food when we are hungry... maybe she would not depart in 5 minutes but would stay to be our girlfriend... the next time when you see a detective, just ask for some money, maybe they’ll give you some food... maybe the lawsuit *is* over, and all this is just to maintain a sense of normality...” Then, from 3:22:00 onward, I rested quietly. Siren on 3:57:00.¹⁴ On 7:08:00, I woke up. I got up and started walking.¹⁵

November 29 (Sunday; disk repair)

My next recording is: “tostrbkwstwd_logoffdtctve_11_29_09_557-637AM.WMA”: As I walked: “... we slept for 12 hours... that’s really bad...” On 18:00 I came inside Starbucks. I sat all the way in the back to avoid people’s noises. “People will come by pretending to look for the bathroom...” I was now ready to upload files. Now my SD card was not working again. Then it worked, but everything else froze up. Then I got logged out from AT&T Wifi. Why? On 34:00: “... the undercover detective is here... we don’t know why we keep getting rejected... maybe we are allowed this time because the detective is here... the undercover detective is reading newspapers...” It’s not clear whether I was correct (whether the Russians had indeed sent in another detective to record me).

My next recording is: “strbupld_dnnut_lptprcrd_11_29_09_631-946AM.WMA”: I was still working in

14 Reviewed until 4:02:00, and from 7:06:00 onward.

15 Three years later, in 2013, I would encounter a fellow targeted individual, a certain “Louis D” (self-styled “American Targeted Individual”). This Louis’ experience of targeting has some eerie resemblance to mine, as if the government (not necessarily the US government) was conducting faulty surveillance on him to frame him in the evidentiary record of the International Court. I have always wondered whether he has something to do with my case, but his experience started only in the middle of 2010, a little too late. If he has indeed something to do with my case, it’s presumably because, tonight, the Russians had adopted my suggestion and ordered the suit team to start creating a third duplicate of Lawrence Chin, a “Louis Chin”, for the purpose of creating a separate case as a way to garner more concessions from the United States.

Starbucks. I described the man who looked like a detective, even an FBI officer. "... a little too young for a detective... he did scratch his head, producing surveillance..." And then another black man who looked like a detective while the first one was gone. I hummed from time to time. Now this "detective" was talking loudly (22:30). Then another man that looked like a detective (!). I was most likely incorrect here: even the Russians wouldn't have sent in this many detectives. I was now frustrated because I couldn't move my files and didn't have time to name them. "... this detective tried to talk loudly on the phone, while the other one was watching... to write down how we are 'criminally recording' ... strange operation, pretending to investigate..." Nonsense. Then my FTP transfer stalled. "... Homeland Security wants to... sometimes they require that we upload our files only in fragments... every time when we upload a file in two chunks, there doesn't seem to be any problem... we are only allowed to do things half-way... they control every single machine... every single person..." I hummed, but then: "Don't worry about it, there is no such thing as criminal recording..." Now I was streaming one of my recordings from my website. Then: "... Homeland Security has disabled our connection again... you have to know how to control your machine... we don't know how Homeland Security controls it... the detective is sitting over there recording us... he's probably going to report: 'He is seriously mentally ill, he believes his machine is controlled by Homeland Security' ... we are getting very uncomfortable with that law enforcement officer sitting over there..." Now I had to close my GFTP because it broke down, and then I couldn't open it again. I had to reboot my Eee PC. "When it comes to computers, we are just not a match for Homeland Security... if they decide we shouldn't do this, then we couldn't... the content of the law enforcement investigation will depend on the process in the International Court... what we do is irrelevant... we will forever... in the International Court... now we have to use File Manager because our Command Prompt is disabled by Homeland Security... our Eee PC is completely disabled..." And I continued to mumble about how the result of any law enforcement investigation of me would depend on the requirements of the suit team in the ICJ: "... the purpose... is to discredit us... mockery..." Then, before I departed, I asked the man who I thought was a detective (whether or not I was acting) if I could have his muffin. No. "... there are three of them here..." (1:12:00). And I exited Starbucks and was walking away. "You will never know if the lawsuit is over, because, even when it is, it will be the same thing, just to maintain the normality of it all... law enforcement will continue to watch over us, people's phone will continue to ring when they pass us by... it will just be that these things wouldn't mean anything anymore... we will continue to get a lot of noises..." Then, on 1:23:50, to my surprise, I found a box full of doughnuts: "... it looks like it's to produce a surveillance intercept... it's not trash..." And so I filmed it: "... it's definitely an operation... a Homeland Security operation to produce surveillance intercepts... to function in the International Court causing other nations to get into troubles... or simply to produce a sense of normality in this world... but in either case, we'll take it... whatever intercept it might produce, even if its function in the International Court is unclear... Homeland Security will say... you are too small to worry about what effects it will have in the international domain, that's what they are saying... we need to worry about our own stuff, abide by the law... there is always some self-esteem problem with Homeland Security... *these top-secret matters are not top secrets, everyone knows about them except you*... don't worry about the intercepts, you need to worry about whether these will cause you to have diarrhea... in order to produce an intercept showing David Chin leaving his shit behind..." Now I kept on walking with my doughnuts: "... we want to immigrate to the Netherlands..." Then, on 1:43:00, I settled down

into my usual corner near Denny's to enjoy my doughnuts. "Where has Lawrence Chin gone? He's gone... he's still visible in surveillance intercepts... the cause of the conflict was that the Agency looked down on Homeland Security... they suffered from a self-esteem problem... and what's worse, we also looked down on them... we are of the lowest rank in society... and that's why they lied... or part of the reason why they lied..." Then I took notice of a dog defecating on the street: "... that's an intercept showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin shitting on the street... if you go to the Netherlands, you can't come back until January... then, when you come back, you won't have any money..." I rested a little, and then started working on my laptop. Then, both my SD card and Windows Explorer stopped working (2:21:00). Then: "... law enforcement will note down that we keep noticing connections between unrelated things..." Then I started writing and, from 2:37:00 onward, also started reviewing my recording of my sleeping last night. Then I hummed, very annoyed, when people started talking loudly near me. "... across the street from Claremont Hotel, they talk so loud... it's just an intercept... it will achieve whatever function in the International Court... or just to maintain the sense of normality... people keep their super weapons at home... it's even more destructive... they simply act as if they were afraid of us... we had our laptop open and were writing, and so Homeland Security sent them in to talk, to make it look like we were recording them with our laptop..." Of course, nonsense. Then, from 2:57:00 onward, I started writing again – the opening lines in "Feefee and Valerie". Then somebody was talking again: "... it's indeed the case that, every time when we open our laptop, somebody would be talking... it's only for surveillance, not for law enforcement..." I continued to work on my "Feefee and Valerie".

My next recording is: "dskrpair_lptprcrd_pico_11_29_09_950-1104AM.WMA": I continued: "... what about the satellite thing? ... we turn on our Toshiba... the surveillance is produced... kind of vague... it's not a big deal... but the recording device in our laptop... kind of scary... Look, a first super weapon in his cart... we've got a big box of doughnuts... you can't get any better intercept than that... unless they bring back our Russian girlfriend... not that we want sex... but that we need help... surveillance is already produced showing there is a recording device inside our Toshiba... no, Windows is doing 'disk repair'... Toshiba is not starting up... repairing disk errors... will take several minutes... we don't know what happened... and it can't be canceled... we are fucked... it could be that Homeland Security is trying to destroy our computer..." By 17:00 I was running around looking for electrical outlets because my laptop was also running out of battery. On 18:00: "... our laptop is starting... it has finished repairing... you know why! Because a super weapon is behind us! ... and a law enforcement vehicle is here... probably to videotape us walking about with our laptop open in our hands... it's very bad... and now we have to shut it down... we have to not carry it in our hands... or we'll get arrested... and the couple with super weapons are taking pictures... Homeland Security is really smart... whatever stories will be made up about us will be so entrenched... we are going to the Netherlands... America is too scary... earlier when we picked up the doughnut box... that could be when the surveillance intercept has started..." it's really not clear whether it was the suit team who had controlled my Toshiba to go into disk repair. I continued my walk. Siren on 32:00: police cars and ambulances were rushing toward me. "... the law enforcement van has come back..." And I read out the license plate. "... is it the same van as yesterday?" (34:20) Did the Russians really send this van in? "... maybe, according to surveillance, we were using our laptop to do criminal recording of people... and

then we got arrested... that's why police cars and ambulances are congregating at Weyburn and Glendon... we need to go elsewhere... Westwood is evacuated to produce surveillance intercepts... this surveillance is just so scary..." Bullshit. I even suspected that Homeland Security had cleared Westwood Village of cigarette butts so that it would not appear as if I came here to find cigarette butts. "... Homeland Security remotely controlled our computer to perform this 'disk repair' thing, so that surveillance could be produced showing us communicating with foreign intelligence services... this black woman is dragging a cart, she's probably law enforcement... our paranoia has just been intercepted by law enforcement..." Not! But was the black woman doing surveillance for the Russians? On 47:00, I got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus. I immediately asked the man who looked like a "detective": "Detective! Can you give me some money?" On 57:00, I got off the bus on Pico Blvd. I came to Coffee Bean: "... Look, the detective is waiting for us here... there is a detective in every coffeehouse in town... Detective! Can you give me some change?" Amazingly, he did give me change! "Thank you Detective..." (1:00:30). Was he really a detective sent in by the Russians? I sat outside to work. "... as soon as we opened our Toshiba, she parked in front of us... it's a black female... and the 'detective' is behind us... and he said Hi to us... a 50 year-old white male... like an FBI agent in a TV show... there is a super weapon in the car... that's why it's parked in front of us... she parked in front of us and then drove away in one second... probably to produce a surveillance intercept showing our laptop to have wireless communication capacity..."

My next recording is: "cfbnsprwpn_askmny_bus6hmm_11_29_09_1058AM-103PM.WMA": I continued: "... so earlier, we have produced surveillance showing us recording a super weapon with our laptop... we have been seeing a large number of dogs lately... maybe it's surveillance showing David Chin wanting also to record dogs... but why is that illegal?" Then a woman was making a cellphone call near me, and I read out her license plate. "... a black man with a big bag... detective? ... there must be a recording device in it to record us..." Then, on 15:30: "Do you know what might have happened? Mr Couvreur has taken our letter to law enforcement, pretending that it's a letter of insanity... and so law enforcement has come out with this recording squad to record how our insanity has developed... that could be it..." Nonsense. Then: "... a man is parading in front of us with his super weapons..." I came inside Coffee Bean to get some water from the cashier. "... cellphones don't scare us anymore, we have a lot scarier things..." From 20:00 onward, I sat outside to continue to work. "... the father with his super weapons again... just when we open our laptop, he takes out his cellphone... surveillance is produced showing our Toshiba to have wireless capacity..." Then, it was time for some traumatic experience: "... our Eee PC is not working anymore... the entire keyboard is broken, I don't know what to do..." I broke down crying. "... and she's making a cellphone call for us... I can't..." I cried so sadly, and then tried to film it. "... super weapons in front..." I cried more, and then was moaning and groaning in utter sadness as if I had suffered a tremendous trauma. I continued to examine the keyboard, to see what worked and what didn't. Then I sat there quietly for a while. Then: "... a Korean girl... producing surveillance of our being a pervert..." (1:04:00). Then I got up and asked a man: "Detective, can I get a cigarette from you? Can you give me some change?" (1:07:00) Then: "... super weapons appear just when our laptop is open... surveillance is produced showing us using our laptop to record super weapons..." (1:16:00). Then: "... we hide under the table... the police are over there pretending to arrest people... the police car is parked right in front of us... the

police flash light...” And I filmed it all (1:22:00). Then, more super weapons, and I continued to moan like big foot. On 1:27:00 I went on the street to ask people for change, and more super weapons. While walking, I continued to mumble indistinctly, as if traumatized. “... the police car has videotaped us!” On 1:38:00, I settled down on Sepulveda and Pico to wait for the bus. “When we get to the Netherlands, there will be a vast amount of alerts... to all residents... most likely false... it will not be the first time that we are on TV... thus the police are conducting heavy surveillance on us... people only talk to the atmosphere...” And I continued to count super weapons. On 1:47:00, I got on Culver City bus 6. “... a detective is on the bus...” And I hummed like crazy. “... a black woman dragging a cart went to the back... recording devices inside...” And more super weapons got on the bus. “... more Europeans on board... bus driver! They talk so loud and so I hum, please don’t make an incident report...”

My next recording is: “6_232tlkcloud_lbcryng_blulntxtpaid_dwntnyellpaid_11_29_09_124-703PM.WMA”: While on Culver City bus 6, I recounted: “... we’ve got intercepted... a lot of super weapons got on the bus to make loud noises per Homeland Security’s instruction...” And I hummed as super weapons fired up their noises (1:20). I got off the bus on 10:00 at the LAX Transit Center. There seemed to be an Indian intelligence agent sitting there to catch sight of me. I walked up to him and started my act, pretending to believe he was a Homeland Security agent: “Have you noticed lately that there are a lot of people wearing sunglasses?” “No,” he said (14:00). I got on another bus, and I hummed throughout the ride. On 1:01:00, as the people around me continued to chat loudly, I finally shouted at them, “Hey, can you not talk so loud, please?” Then: “The court of law is where you manipulate the law to commit injustice against other people... simply being around people would mean we are committing crimes... the stream of people come to us to talk loudly in order to make us into a criminal recorder, but we do the best we can...” (1:21:20). For a brief while, there were no super weapons on the bus, but one would soon get on by 1:29:00. I got off the bus on 1:44:00. I continued to hum while walking. I soon noticed a woman text-messaging and I shouted at her to ask her what she was texting (1:50:00). She would not respond. “We are doomed, we are not going to survive the International Court...” (1:57:00). Then: “We want to record ourselves, but it’s not allowed... We have to be struck down...” I then speculated again on the reasons why there were suddenly more dogs in my environment. “Perhaps the criminal foreign agent David Chin likes to record dogs... But that’s not a crime...” (2:02:00). In reality, it was just a coincidence. Then: “My name is David Chin... I’m a criminal recorder...” (2:05:00). I then cried a little on 2:06:00. I wanted to take bus 60, and just then a Hispanic guy text-messed: “... we’re intercepted once more communicating with our foreign intelligence boss about where to go next...” I then noticed another man dragging a cart, and I asked him if I could film his cart. He refused (until 2:23:00). Then I was “spotted” by another public utility car. I got on the Metro by 2:39:00 and hummed out of depression: “We will soon be arrested...” I continued to hum throughout the train ride. I asked those supposed doubles of mine who were text-messaging to give me some money to compensate me but none of them responded (3:13:30). I kept asking my supposed Homeland Security double to tell me what he was text-messaging but he just wouldn’t respond (3:18:00). “We’ve got intercepted very badly...” And he refused to grant me permission to film him. “The government is so powerful, they can intercept your phone calls even when you are not making phone calls....” (3:19:00). Then I began to cry, and I knelt down before this supposed double of

mine to beg him to tell me what he had just text-messaged. Finally he produced a dollar and 25 cents from his pocket and threw the money on the ground as payment for my “getting intercepted” (3:22:30). I had almost 5 dollars by now. Today I have to say I was most likely mistaken: this man was most likely not sent in by the suit team. I continued: “... we are so deceitful... Even though we have millions of dollars paid to us by the Russian intelligence, we somehow couldn’t use that but have to beg for money...” I got off the train in downtown LA by 3:39:00. As I walked through the streets the alarm went off in a nearby building (3:45:20). I wondered if that was the suit team’s evidence that David Chin the criminal recorder had left his recorder on because he liked to record this kind of noises. (Most likely not!) Then my doughnuts fell on the ground, and more “super weapons” passed me by.... All these small instances of frustration! I sat down on the street corner to take a break. I continued my act: “... we and the Russians have got convicted, again and again...” (4:09:00). I shouted so loudly on 4:13:00. Why? Just then a (supposed) Homeland Security guy on skateboard passed me by. I began crying profusely on 4:15:30. While crying, I still shouted when I sighted another text-messenger: “We’ve got intercepted! We’ve got intercepted!” (4:18:50) And also “Super weapons are passing by!” I calmed down by 4:20:00. I was then shouting at all the strangers around: “If you want me to record you you will have to pay me one dollar and fifty cents!” I then yelled at the Hispanic mother and her super weapon, pretending to not notice that the Russian surveillance sedan had just parked across the street in order to record this “conspiracy in the making”: “You think it’s free to convict Russia? I spent my own money to go to Washington DC! You fucking despicable people, you fucking despicable human beings!” (4:24:20) As the super weapon by the bus stop kept firing, I decided to threaten him and his “carrier” by throwing a bottle at them. It broke into pieces on the sidewalk (4:48:00). This episode was supreme because it provided the Russians with more explanation as to why I seemed to be resisting the suit team’s operation even though I intended to help them convict Russia. Then I continued to hum. Then the bus didn’t stop for me – I was standing far away from the bus stop because of the super weapons there. I finally caught the second bus (4:54:00). I hummed loudly and continually throughout the bus ride. I got off the bus on Normandie and Wilshire by 5:12:00.

My next recording is: “slp_wlshrnrmndie_11_29-30_09_657PM-1212AM.WMA”: I was now sleeping next to the church. “... this black guy is swinging his arms while passing by... just producing surveillance... showing us receiving a secret message... unless he’s a detective... detectives also produce intercepts nowadays... Homeland Security agents are pretending to argue by the street corner... in order to get themselves recorded by us... a car blasting loud music... it seems that Mr former Secretary is trying to build up the profile of David Chin as a pathological recorder...” Nonsense. “... these despicable human beings... one day we’ll have our apartment and we’ll never go out again...” Then, another person blasted his conversation in front of me and I yelled at him at the top of my lungs. I simply couldn’t understand that not everything around me was orchestrated by the suit team. Then I rested quietly.¹⁶ Then my recorder ran out of space.

November 30 (Monday; got videotaped)

My next recordings are: “slp_wlshrnrmndie_11_30_09_102-216AM.WMA” and “slpwk_

¹⁶ Reviewed until 31:00, and then from 5:11:00 onward.

cntchtwagntintreptcybrcafe_b20intrept_11_30_09_219-532AM.WMA”: (Starting from the second recording.) I got up to state the reason why I was upset earlier and then went back to sleep. (Just purposely furnishing more testimony to the Russians as to why I seemed to be resisting the suit team’s operation.) Then again: “Mr former Secretary is the Way, the Truth, and the Life...” (1:35:30). I walked into the cybercafe on 1:40:00 and bought a cup of coffee. A car from Metro Transit was parked outside, and I assumed I had been videotaped again. By 1:46:00 the Metro Transit car was gone. I had merely four dollars left on me. One black man passed by and greeted me: “What’s up man?” “You are here to produce surveillance intercepts with me?” (1:57:00) I pretended to believe that it was just Mr former Secretary’s old game of sending in vagrants to greet me as if I had known them so as to create evidence that David Chin had a lot of criminal friends. (Deep down I had a feeling that this Homeland Security actor was actually commanded by the Russians.) I lashed out another round of sarcasm on 2:00:50: “... gibburo laburou... That’s evidence. For what? Anything you want, and that’s the International Court of Justice...” I got on the bus on 2:07:00. There was a black man with a big bag sitting in the front of the bus, and I commented to myself that he was a law enforcement officer carrying recording devices – even though deep down I knew that he was recording my testimonies for the Russians. “... a surveillance intercept is produced showing that I actually no longer have my bus pass...” Then, Transit TV was broadcasting a news item about Russia: “Evidence is produced that the criminal foreign agent David Chin is highly interested in the news about Russia because that is his motherland...” (2:16:00). Then the next news item was about terrorism: “Evidence is produced that the criminal foreign agent David Chin is again glued to the news about terrorism because he is pretending to be his twin brother a former terrorist suspect...” (2:17:00). Then the next news item was about China and Australia: “David Chin is watching this because he is too interested in world affairs...” Luckily for me, there were no super weapons on board; they were still sleeping and charging at home (2:23:00). Then the Transit TV blasted more: “... the criminal foreign agent David Chin likes to record all these meaningless sounds, because he is so sick...” (2:24:00). I got off the bus in Westwood on 2:39:00. “... Homeland Security has centralized society and this is why citizens are coordinated to bring out their super weapons just on time: the whole society now hums in one tone...” (2:57:30). Then: “We are more and more like David Chin because we are in the process of disintegrating...” (3:01:00). I walked into Starbucks and what I thought to be a detective was sitting there right by the electrical outlet so that I couldn’t avoid sitting near him. I was ready to upload my latest files to my website.

My next recording is: “strbkdvd78iso_dtctvs_skmpyw_11_30_09_526-744AM.WMA”: I continued to work in Starbucks. I continued: “... should it count... your location is the most important part in an intercept... count it... it’s the 30th... another awful day...” On 8:00, what I thought was the detective left: “... he left after obtaining what he wanted... two guys came in speaking Russian... surveillance is produced showing foreign intelligence services... so he has evidence that we suffer from insanity...” Then, from 12:00 onward, I was writing: “... contacted law enforcement... the Agency... mistakes...” Then: “... what’s the status of this law enforcement investigation in the evidentiary record? Everyday we sit here, producing surveillance intercepts... that’s the only thing we do...” Then another person that seemed to be a law enforcement detective (22:00): “... the detective is now reading newspapers... he’s recording us... when he looks at our 50 dollar camera he would say, ‘It’s a strange device’... the vagrant... he has a big bag... and three detectives... we are actually surrounded by law

enforcement...” Again, I must be exaggerating the situation. By 1:11:00 I was working on “Feefee and Valerie” again. On 1:15:30, when the supposed detective was leaving, I shouted to him: “Detective! Can you give me a dollar? He’s gone...” I was now writing about the credit card episode at Octopussy: “... January 25 2006... we took a look... the charge on Citi-Card...” Then, on 1:35:40: “... a lot of intercepts... a Chinese couple are in front of us talking Chinese... it’s an intercept... or waiting for law enforcement to record us... how we thought... the evidence of our insanity... justification for putting us away...” On 1:49:00, I was creating the ISO image for DVD-78. Then, on 1:51:30, a sophisticated-looking man wearing a UCLA shirt came in front of me. I asked him: “... Detective, did you really go to UCLA or...” Then I turned to myself: “... maybe he’s not law enforcement...” I was now humming like crazy. On 1:55:00: “... detectives are mobilized... will match their reports with the other reports... but that’s just a pretext... the real goal is to confirm Mr former Secretary’s scenarios... ‘This vagrant seems to have this strange habit, counting what he calls “surveillance intercepts”... serious mental disorder... and therefore should be taken to the hospital’... even though it might be the most intelligent thing in the world, you have to pretend he’s insane... the strange thing about this mentally ill vagrant is that he can identify detectives by simply looking at them... because he has had so much experience with law enforcement...” And a man had been making very annoying noises near me, and I finally yelled at him: “Shut up! Shut the fuck up!” (1:58:00) Then: “... we get to leave today before any super weapons have showed up...” I continued to hum like crazy. On 2:03:50, detective “Morgan Freeman” showed up again. Amazing! The last time he showed up was November 23, exactly a week ago! As noted, he must have been ordered by the Russians to stage a show for me (to help devise my environment in a way that would fit my belief). By 2:07:00 I was out of Starbucks. “We have noticed that attractive women are wearing skimpy clothes... it being so cold... that means Homeland Security... skimpy clothes... surveillance showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin coming to Starbucks to look for women wearing skimpy clothes... 7 AM in the morning, and these UCLA students have already showed up wearing... that’s the profile which will be shared with international law enforcement... this adult female showed up only two minutes before we were leaving... but law enforcement would note down...” And I yelled at the guy again: “Shut up!” Then: “... we will be a criminal one way or another, if not super weapons, then... we are not gonna do this for free... *the conviction of Russia will cost money...*” Just acting: the Russians had now even more realistic materials to enter into evidence to explain why the terrorist wanted to conspire with the United States to harm them. On 2:17:00, I came inside a restaurant to use the restroom.

My next recording is: “leavstrbk_bus2_tostrge_11_30_09_749-955AM.WMA”: While in the restroom, I continued: “Don’t forget that we will always be the maggot... Mr former Secretary likes us to be the maggot...” I was out on 11:30. I noted: “... a man is doing something to the parking machine... he took something out... every time when we come out, someone will be taking something out of payphones and parking meters and so on... it’s surveillance showing us stealing money from payphones and parking meters and so on...” Again, just paranoid over nothing. Then: “Oh, a law enforcement officer is dragging a cart to record us... it’s a trick... another evidence of our insanity has been gathered... Hey! Law enforcement officer! Don’t run away! I’m insane for believing that...” But he did run away (until 14:00). “... he actually looks Homeland Security... Look, newspapers! Iran! An intercept is produced! David Chin is interested in this... in reality, we don’t even believe that the news

is telling the truth...” On 22:00 I got on bus 2. I continued to hum. On 41:00, when the bus passed by the Borders Bookstore on Sunset and Vine: “... we have to bend down...” (More on this below.) Then, on 52:00, a super weapon sat down in front of me: “Don’t I smell bad enough?” And so I moved to the front of the bus. I asked the man for my pay for producing surveillance intercepts: “... you’ve got 1 dollar? Two super weapons, two dollars... no money, no super weapons...” I hummed. Then: “... a Hispanic female is text-messaging... it’s an intercept...” (1:20:00). Then, on 1:38:00, I got off the bus in downtown. I recounted: “... the old lady on the bus is very suspicious... maybe she’s a retired Display... don’t know what the function of that is in surveillance...” It’s not clear whether I was correct here. “... we can no longer work on the bus... too much operations... mostly ‘operation noise-making’... Homeland Security is very successful in this, we can no longer do any work... another Hispanic female is making a cellphone call in front of us...” Then I was on the bus again and got off on Jefferson and Grand on 1:52:30. I needed to put things into my storage unit to get ready for my flight tomorrow. “... a Hispanic man is making a cellphone call... that’s a surveillance intercept... it makes no sense... when we get to the Netherlands, we should be allowed to... because we will still have to produce surveillance intercepts... our laptop will survive intact in the Netherlands... street cleaners... cleaning the street is also Homeland Security’s surveillance... showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin having a pathological liking of noises...” Not!

My next recording is: “storage_wait_brndvd78_11_30_09_951AM-154PM.WMA”: I continued: “... our attempt to avoid people’s talking by sitting near the engine...” On 3:00, I came inside A-American Storage. The “Asian stripper” was at my unit again, and so I waited by the staircase outside. I labeled my DVDs and separated out those I wanted to put into my unit today. Then, about the noises: “... part of these noises is just to annoy...” On 41:30 I walked inside to have a look: no, he was still there, and I was out again. “... we are not gonna be with him... old and ugly... to make us into a criminal... because we have rented this small space, Homeland Security have sent in all these people to rent spaces on both left and right... to change their clothes, to leave their trash behind... we will always live with Homeland Security, we will always live in the mind of Mr former Secretary... but we’ve seen him, he’s athletic... he’s gonna live for a long time... it’s just a lot of stress... according to Mr former Secretary, David Chin is so pathological that he even enjoys listening to the noises from people’s throwing things into the trash bin... he’s gonna exhaust all possible bad characteristics in the universe... read about David Chin, he’s hell of a guy... his pathology is so long... he must be a mutant of some sort... yet he’s of the same genes as his twin brother, who’s so good... like the movie ‘Twins’... you have to give credits to Mr former Secretary... there is a biography of the criminal foreign agent David Chin in the big trash can... who has the privilege to read this biography? ... when Mr former Secretary writes a script, it’s top-secret, only the elites of the world get to read it... maybe you should get a research license, then you can dig the big trash can... the files on David Chin must be so thick by now... there are just so many surveillance intercepts... even the Russians don’t have the time to go through all the evidences that have been piled up against them... ‘Ren’ was a name we once used... that must have entered into the evidentiary record of the International Court... that’s why Homeland Security used ‘Ren’ to create disgusting videos... you are not a complete black hole, some of the things you said did go in there... that Asian stripper... the production of intercepts is too stressful... we are not gonna survive the International Court, it’s too vicious...” Then, on 1:09:20, siren. On 1:12:30 I walked inside

to have another check. No, Mr Stripper was still there. I came back out: "... life sucks, even doing such a simple thing... our disability is so tremendous... our disability... our crimes... all came from other people... you guys have got to pay us... the disabled criminal foreign agent David Chin..." Siren on 1:16:30. "... Mr former Secretary is waiting for us in the Netherlands... he would have the whole town wired up... hopefully it'd not be that intense... immigrate there... live forever next door to the big trash can..." Then I started on my erroneous scenario about what happened with the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights: "... Ms Abi-Mershed was recruited by the Displays... the whole organization was turned into a Russian intelligence organization... only if we can have a job that easy..." Then, on 1:24:00, the manager "spotted me" and I had to explain how I needed to wait for that "Asian stripper" to finish. On 1:26:40, one more check. Now the manager was there, and I came out to continue to wait. "... that's an operation, he came to 'spot us' and talk to us..." Then super weapons appeared: "... surveillance is now showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding 300 feet above ground to snoop on the super weapons below... another function of the manager's coming around... to rumor that this vagrant likes to stand above ground and snoop on the people below..." Hardly! I turned on my Toshiba and started working on my "Preface". "... the people we know will all be recruited and their mission will consist in not remembering who we are..." Then I did some work on "Periphery, II". I was then moving my files. On 2:50:00 I came inside, and now I could work on my unit: everybody was gone. I opened up my unit and checked the configuration. I mumbled about how David Chin was supposed to be a thief: "... he can open all sorts of locks..." Since I was leaving tomorrow, I wanted to back up as much of my data as possible in my storage unit, and so, from 3:12:00 onward, I started burning DVD-78 right there in front of my unit: "... this has wasted so much of our time..." On 3:24:20 I noticed an error in my data set for the disc and shut down ImgBurn and then re-started the project. I even wondered if the cockroach on the floor was sent in by Homeland Security. Ha! On 3:42:50, ImgBurn operation was successful. I began checking the files on the disc. Then, verifying the disc.

My next recording is: "strgepicme_bus2ppltk_wstwdfd_11_30_09_159-546PM.WMA": I was now verifying the second DVD-78. I then checked the files on this second disc. On 8:50 people came over, and, panicking, I hummed like crazy. It was a black guy and a black girl, and they started videotaping me! Shocked, I yelled at them: "What the fuck are you doing?" And I warned them not to get their things close to me. "They have caught the vagrant using his computer in the storage..." I turned to the black guy with the camcorder: "Are you gonna give me some money to compensate me?" He ignored me. "... in surveillance it would be us videotaping him instead..." While I was packing up, I mumbled angrily: "... you shouldn't have been too greedy: 'We can use just a little more time to burn another disc'... there is a reason why he was videotaping you... you are in serious trouble... or maybe they want to plant something here to be found later, a Russian device... something big is going to happen... this is not an ordinary production of intercepts... that picture will be 'accidentally' reported... and something will be attributed to us... this country is so fucking dangerous... or maybe Homeland Security just wanted to provoke us into videotaping him... we have a lower status and so that would be a crime..." On 23:40 I filmed my unit to take account of the configuration before locking it. "... our crime lies in other people... when other people commit crimes against us, we have committed crimes against them... this is America..." On 28:00, I confronted the black guy and the black girl again: "...

you guys are not gonna compensate me after videotaping me?” They ignored me again. I exited the storage facility by the staircase outside. On 31:30 I asked the manager to come out of his office and then asked him why that black guy was videotaping me. “What kind of harm are they planning to do to me?” He wouldn’t say. “... surveillance of our criminal videotaping, that’s it... everyone is coming to get you!” Then, on 37:00, I was in the food mall scavenging left-over food. “... David Chin has got convicted in the International Court today... the woman who recorded the prime minister... and she’s fine... how come other people when they record are okay? ... surveillance must have shown David Chin coming to the storage not for the storage but to snoop on super weapons...” Not. When I came out, I filmed the food I found before eating it. I then took notice of another Asian guy who was loitering around me. “... the US government is so powerful that they can intercept your phone calls when you don’t even have a phone... we have a lot of planning to do, whether to delay our immigration...” I then hummed when super weapons appeared. “How scary is the picture-taking! They are not just trying to prove that you don’t look like yourself...” I had got that right! And more super weapons on the street. “... super weapons are scarier than nuclear bombs...” I then suspected (or pretended to suspect) another man on cellphone to be sent in by the police: “... there are no white guys in this area, and so he’s suspicious... he’s not just here to produce surveillance intercepts...” Then I discovered that my dollar bill had disappeared: “... Homeland Security has sent somebody in to steal it...” I was on the bus on 1:07:20. Soon, super weapons were on board, and I hummed like crazy. On 1:16:00 I got off the bus. “... the money was taken from us this morning, and yet we have not gotten close to people at all... it must be that Chinese super pickpocket...” Probably not. Then I thought I was videotaped by the police car again. On 1:28:30 I got on bus 2. I hummed continually. On 1:40:00 I mumbled about a white man who had got on the bus and then padded on his backpack in a contrived manner. Law enforcement? Or a surveillance intercept? From 1:53:00 onward I was working on my “Supplemental Pleading”. On 2:07:00, another super weapon on the bus. On 2:19:00 the super weapon can be heard shouting inside the bus, and I continued to hum. On 3:12:50 I got off the bus in Westwood mumbling: “... I have thoughts...” I kept on walking. On 3:22:40 I found a box of left-over food by In-and-Out. And a female on cellphone: “Oh, no... no, we like being David Chin... we like being evil... just punch yourself in the face... human beings are very bad...” I settled down in a corner behind In-and-Out to eat the food I had just found: and of course I took care to film it beforehand. Then two professional females walked past me, and I hummed: “... surveillance is produced showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin hiding in a corner snooping on them... we like being David Chin... if you can’t be the best, you might as well be the worst... we are a character invented by the mind of Mr Chertoff...” Then I was on the move again humming like crazy. On 3:40:00 I came inside Burger King to use the restroom. I also brushed my teeth.

We will soon comment on why that black guy in the storage was instructed by Homeland Security to videotape me. Now my next recording is: “scarywstwd_wmatm_plceprofle_11_30_09_540-655PM.WMA”: I was now out of Burger King and picking up cigarette butts on the street. “... the woman that looks like a Display made a right turn... two vans there... our experience is that, when families come, there will be surveillance showing us snooping on super weapons...” It’s not clear whether that woman in the car was really CIA. I settled down in a corner on 3:00 but then moved to the grass area on 5:00. “... a white female wanted to talk next to us, but we’ve moved... and can’t hear

you... ha ha ha... unless you pay us... and clean us up... maybe just like the drug-trafficking thing, this criminal recording thing will soon drop out... every two months, the criminal foreign agent David Chin will commit a different crime... when we get to the Netherlands, there will be a new crime... the news van is in front of us... we have a rule, people who play pranks on us need to pay us, and so we will only ask these people for change..." I kept on walking. "... we've got videotaped by the news van... now *that's* a big deal... law enforcement will pass the video around... for the alert..." Just paranoid over nothing here. Then this car pulled in next to me and then drove away: "... he has probably text-messaged..." Was it really so? I read out his license plate (18:00). Then: "... a black Cadillac with tinted windows... and the driver immediately pressed buttons on his cellphone when seeing us..." (19:00). Then more super weapons's shouting, and I hummed. "We do understand, truth is criminal... now we have a theory about that limousine with tinted windows... they keep showing up... important people are pretending to be inside, so that they can report that David Chin is following them... it's another crime..." Bullshit. Or was I just acting? Then: "... a fat woman passed us by, touching her sweater in a weird way... it's surveillance showing us receiving a secret message... when people follow us, that's our following them, that's the official story... we don't want to see a God-damned fucking human being again... more cellphones... these people are just pretending to be on cellphones... for, what is there to talk about? ... the only person who doesn't have a cellphone is the one who is getting intercepted..." Then I turned to this man: "... you could be a detective... give me some money... if you want to harm me you have to pay me..." He replied nicely that he was not here to do me harm (34:00). I came back to Weyburn and Gayley: "... the news van is still there..." And I hummed like crazy. Then I was mumbling about how Mr former Secretary, because he wanted surveillance to show David Chin snooping on pretty females, had instructed women to dress nice today. (Bullshit.) "According to surveillance, David Chin also wants to be a musician..." Then I found more left-over food in a trash can and started eating it. Then: "... look, an Asian female is taking apart an ATM on the sidewalk..." I asked her, "What are you doing?" No response. I was alarmed: "... she needs to pay us..." (52:00). In reality, this was most likely no suit team operation. Then, as I walked on, I continued to mumble about whether the police would consider me insane for believing that people would blame all the crimes they had witnessed on me. "... a lot of draggy carts are just decoys..." I settled down in a corner on 1:03:30. "... it could be that, according to our law enforcement profile, we have never sent the letter to Mr Couvreur... we have to go to somewhere where there is nobody around, for law enforcement has a profile of us saying we are very troubling... a limousine in front of us... it could be for the premier... when law enforcement hears us counting people who are scratching themselves, that's a very troubling behavior, 'He needs to be put away'..." On 1:11:00, a black Cadillac with tinted windows: again, most likely because of the premier. "... we shouldn't have come to Westwood, it's so scary here..." Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: "recountmeanman_11_30_09_708-731PM.WMA": I recounted what happened when my recorder wasn't on: "... earlier what happened is that... the middle-aged woman... got off the car... we stood a little far away... this man in suit and ties, about 45, walked past us, we were just staring at him, and he suddenly said to us, 'What's up?' We thought he was a security guard, and asked: 'Is there something going on tonight?' And he told us to get away... we caught up with him: 'Are you a security guard?' And he shouted: 'No, get away from me or I'll kick your ass, you freak'... Westwood

is very freaky tonight... we don't know why he... all we did was stare at him... and our recorder seems to have been remotely shut off... it says it's out of battery..." I rested in my usual corner across the street from Claremont Hotel. I of course wouldn't dare to say what I was really thinking: that this man, probably one of the security details for the movie premier, had already been briefed about me, and so hated me for betraying my country and helping Russia. I continued: "We decide to stay in Westwood because it's too late to get to Pasadena..." And I started reviewing my recording.

My next recording is: "readyslp_lptprcrdsurv_11_30_09_724-751PM.WMA": I pretended to speculate on the earlier incident again (in order to hide my real suspicion): "... that might be just a surveillance intercept... a car came to park next to us, and a man in suit and ties walked toward us... sneered at us... it looks normal... but you don't know how it had turned out in surveillance... contact with a foreign secret agent..." Then: "... now these two guys just had to talk in front of us while we had our laptop open... and so we closed our laptop, and they walked away in 10 minutes... sorry man, we are a little traumatized from the earlier incident... *Americans are very good at that, slap you in the face and then pretend to be your victim... we need to get something back...*" Then, on 16:00: "... a guy is making a cellphone call... we are getting intercepted..." Then I rested quietly

My next recording is: "slpwstwd_11_30-12_1_09_756PM-116AM.WMA": And so I slept quietly in my corner across the street from Claremont Hotel.¹⁷ Keep in mind that my flight was tomorrow!

December 1 (Tuesday; "Don't fly")

My next recording is: "slp_ppltkloud_askpay_12_1_09_110-442AM.WMA". I woke up briefly. On 1:36:00, people were again talking loudly near me, and I again mistook this for orchestrated: "Shut the fuck up, you piece of shit!" I kept yelling at them at the top of my lungs. "... Homeland Security operatives... if they want to be recorded they need to pay... it's compensation to the victim..." I continued on about this for a while. Then my wrong-headed speculation: "... Homeland Security didn't just send in the super pickpocket to steal your money, but also to produce an intercept, that David Chin is so forgetful that he lost his two dollars..." (2:13:00). Nonsense. Then, more mumbling on 3:10:00 and 3:14:00. "... they are not close enough to make it certain that they will be recorded... it's obvious that they are just dying to be recorded... they need to pay..." By 3:25:00 I was cleaning up and leaving.

My next recording is: "cvsbnkcardintrept_dennyslinuxintrept_12_1_09_447-606AM.WMA": On 3:20, I said to a man: "You look like a detective..." "I know." Ha! Probably nothing: the man was just going along with me. On 9:00, I came inside CVS Pharmacy ready to make my purchase with my debit card. People suddenly came in to talk loudly, and so I hummed and asked them to quiet down. I came to the cashier: "... we are about to create a surveillance intercept..." (18:00). Just acting! And so I swiped my card and selected "cash-back". I told the man next to me: "... I'm supposed to ask people for tips... not change..." I came out continuing to mumble about paying and not paying. "... as soon as money comes to our account, we should ask for tips..." On 31:00, I came inside Denny's. I continued to mumble about getting tips. And I hummed. I filmed all the stuff I just bought: cookies, shampoo... Then: "...

¹⁷ Reviewed until 9:00, and then from 5:15:00 onward.

the guy was confused with me... we might still have to pay... beg for tips... we are not who we are, we are somebody else... that's why Homeland Security wanted us to use the ATM... it'd cause confusion... but more so with the cashier... we have produced a big intercept today... our bank account is confused with someone else's... *it's not a crime*... it's easier to bear than people's talking next to you..." Again, good explanation for the Russians as to why I sometimes seemed to be resisting the suit team's operation. Then the manager disconnected the cable TV and was rebooting it. "... it's an intercept... oh, it's Linux... the criminal foreign agent David Chin is very interested in computers, and that's why he's watching this..." (from 1:05:30 onward). And I continued to hum. "... we have participated in the intercept, and it actually gave us pleasure..." I started looking for an electrical outlet and then told the manager: "... I didn't know you use Linux, I'm just curious..." The manager was acting scared by my curiosity! And he said something. "... and so surveillance has already been produced... that our computer was being scanned... connected to... we actually don't want our computer to be connected to anything in the world..."

My next recording is: "leavdennys_tostrge_12_1_09_6-839AM.WMA". I continued to work inside Denny's and hummed loudly from time to time. When I was ready to go: "... the manager ran an operation on us, why should we leave tips?" I was wrong: the manager was not carrying out any operation. I seemed to be doing some writing all this time. On 21:00: "... why did the manager talk to us? It's an intercept... he wants to be recorded..." Not. On 24:00, I was out of Denny's. "... we expect to get some tips because some of the intercepts are very stressful... people's talking is very stressful..." I continued to pick up cigarette butts from the streets. "... money talks, bullshit walks..." Then, on 36:20, I noticed a Hispanic guy reading LA Express: "... it's a surveillance intercept showing David Chin reading LA Express..." On 40:00 I got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus. I hummed. On 20:00, I recalled all the intercepts that had supposedly occurred so far today. More text-messaging. On 59:00 I got off the bus on Venice Blvd: I was going to the storage facility again – my final trip before my flight. On 1:05:00 I got on bus 33. I found socks under the seat and put them in my bag, murmuring: "... is this an operation?" Then I hummed. I then mumbled something about surveillance intercepts again on 1:43:00. On 1:55:00 I got off the bus. "... we should have asked the Hispanic man reading LA Express to give us some tips... it just pisses us off... now we have a private life..." I took notice of the vagrant that was digging the trash bin. Suddenly, somebody gave me food: "... we have just produced surveillance showing a foreign intelligence service giving us food..." And I filmed it (2:11:30): there was a sandwich and an orange. "It's not illegal and so we take it. We are just happy that it's not illegal! But you feel bad... What would the world know? Someday you don't get to be Lawrence Chin, but Louis Chin..." Just acting. On 2:16:30 I got on the bus again. I mumbled: "... if the money came from us, then it's ours... the sources of our money... we earned our SSI with our work... what about the 15 years before this trial? What did you contribute? We wrote our Thermodynamic Interpretation of History... you can say it's forged, but it can still be taught in schools and used for good purposes... the work stands by itself... but our autobiography is a little different..." Then I noticed a business card lying on the floor: "... an intercept is produced whether we have actually picked it up..." Then, a cellphone call, and I hummed. On 2:24:00 I got off the bus. "... food, and then a business card... an intercept is produced showing that an operation has started, probably related to our trip to the Netherlands... just be happy that nothing illegal has happened..." Acting! On 2:37:00 I came inside the

storage. I used the restroom, and then somebody's phone rang: "... intercepted again..."

My next recording is: "storage_12_1_09_845-1103AM.WMA": I got to my storage unit, completely exhausted. I again carefully filmed the contents of my unit and started explaining their origin: first, the sketches I made and the pictures I tore from magazines to prepare for my large paintings and drawings. "... it's our last documentary before we go..." Of course I was really trying to furnish more evidences to the Russians – evidences which would prove that I was really Lawrence Chin and had really done my artworks. Then I was filming and describing all the photographs of Karin that I had used to draw her. And then Chaya's things. Then, Spengler and Hegel. Then, Ana Marcos Gonzales, and my old phone bills. Then I was hurrying: "... Homeland Security is going to send people in to harass us..." On 1:27:00 I read out the serial numbers of my old camcorders. I even filmed my old Cal State Long Beach student ID card. On 1:49:00 somebody was coming. "... people will always have to 'spot us' because there needs to be a profile of us as a suspicious person..." Then, on 1:51:00 I was arguing with somebody, begging him to do his unit only after I was done with mine because I didn't want my things to get mixed up with his. (I also didn't want to commit "criminal videotaping" because I still had to film myself closing my unit.) On 1:52:30 I was out. The rest of the recording overlaps the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: "strgebrnose_cnvtrtrbusopr_bnkwithdwl_12_1_09_1032AM-221PM.WMA": I continued: "... we walked away... we didn't know why he needed to check on other people's storage units in front of us, but we walked away... this is not our trash..." And I took account of the trash that I found in front of me, and then made sure to videotape an old letter from Farmer's Insurance. "... we are not going to pick them up... let them be attributed to us... but that's other people's stuff... videotaping other people's trash in front of other people's units might be illegal, and so we won't do it..." I mumbled on about this for quite a long time (the Teddy Bear and the man). "... that in the real world is no crime, but it is crime in the world of surveillance..." By this time (15:00), I was out of the storage facility. "... no crime in the real world, then our documentaries are safe... I tell you, man, such insignificant things play such a big role in international affairs... the boundaries between nations are determined by the position of the Teddy Bear's nose..." Ha! Good acting! I was just trying to conceal my real motive, which was to enable the Russians to keep my documentaries as evidences in the ICJ. I was now in the food mall to buy a drink (23:00). "... are all determined by all this garbage... you've got to give credits to the geniuses among the Displays... they are the ones who have invented this system which turns garbage into super weapons... this is such a scandal... and somebody passing by is scratching his head... that's big business in the International Court... we just hope that someday this would stop... the thing is that no single person has ever been harmed, even though they are debating ferociously in the ICJ... nothing has in fact happened..." Then, on 32:00, I settled down in a corner to eat the sandwich which I was given earlier. "... faulty surveillance... probably some sort of sensor, which then translates movements into words..." (38:50). Indeed! Then, a Hispanic woman with her child: "... surveillance is produced showing David Chin squatting in the street corner to snoop on people's children..." Then, on 43:00, I got on the bus humming like crazy: there was a super weapon in the front of the bus. "... the mother has got off with her super weapon, her mission accomplished, and another mother with her super weapon has got on, doing damages to nations..." On 50:00 I got off the

bus. I hummed like crazy while walking, especially when there were super weapons around. On 55:00, I recounted all the ridiculous intercepts that had supposedly occurred today, how these insignificant events were causing turmoils to nations. Again, I was exaggerating and I knew it (since I knew Russia was winning). Then, on 59:00, humming, I got on the bus again. I shouted at somebody on the bus: “Oh, don’t play with matches... another surveillance intercept has been produced...” And I continued to hum, and then suspected another man to be an undercover detective. Strangely, he wanted to sit next to me. I was terribly annoyed: “... police officer, please don’t sit here, sit somewhere else... or give me a dollar... oh, you are getting off, just give me a break, Jesus Christ...” (1:08:50). After the “detective” had got off the bus, I continued: “... what law enforcement would say is that I asked the mother for money, and the child was unhappy, and they got off the bus... the detective was watching us carefully... and she just had to sit three feet away in front of us while the detective was watching...” Again, it’s not clear whether the man was really a detective sent in by the Russians. On 1:26:00 I got off the bus. “... an ambulance is here to videotape us... they have to do it since the police are ‘accidentally’ tracking us right now...” I settled down in a corner, and people carrying their super weapons on their back were passing by: “... surveillance is produced showing us hiding in a corner to snoop on people’s children...” Then, on 1:34:00, a vagrant said Hi to me: “... at least that’s not illegal... so that’s fine...” Acting! On 1:38:30 I got on bus 312. I hummed continually. On 1:43:00 I got off the bus on Wilshire and La Brea and, on 1:51:00, came inside Kinkos to buy adapters for my AC chargers – again, to get ready for my trip to Europe. I hummed like crazy while making my purchase. While waiting, I of course took care to read out the serial numbers of the product, and then I pretended to express concern when I had to sign the receipt: “... we have produced an intercept... it’s okay if your account has got switched, since that has no real world consequences... only when people talk loudly next to you do you have to worry... the rest, we don’t care...” Acting! I was out by 2:03:30: “... oh, a law enforcement officer came over to watch over us...” On 2:08:00 I got on the bus, and, thank God, a woman lent me change for my bus fare. Again I hummed like crazy. When I opened up my laptop, Adobe PDF Reader mysteriously popped up: “Why? Our computer is not owned by us...” And I yelled at the people next to me: “I can’t stand your talking!” On 2:30:30, I believed I had spotted another undercover detective, a 50 to 60 year-old white man. On 2:41:00 I got off the bus in Westwood. I had completely exhausted myself by humming continually. To prepare for my trip further, I came inside the vintage clothing store on 2:47:00 to buy clothing. I bought a pair of pants, a jacket, and a scarf and came out on 2:59:00. I recounted how, just as I was paying, the cashier’s cellphone rang: “... because every time when we are about to do something, we have to let our boss know...” Then I suspected that I was videotaped by a police car again. And super weapons! I hummed and quickly crossed the street against red lights to avoid them. The woman shouted at me: “It’s not worth it!” And I told her to shut up. “... she’s trying to produce surveillance showing us to be so mentally confused...” I thus assumed the whole thing to be orchestrated, a set-up to enable the Machine to intercept people considering me as mentally confused. I came inside a coffeehouse to use the restroom to change and wash myself. “... our environment is very carefully devised to produce this character ‘David Chin’ the most disgusting creature in the history of humankind...” On 3:40:00 I was out. I mumbled something about the “community alert program”. (Nonsense.)

My next recording is: “bank_12_1_09_227-251PM.WMA”: I kept on walking. Siren immediately. On

5:30, I was in the bank and, humming, filled out the withdrawal slip. I asked the banker: “Why is this guy carrying a big bag?” Ha! My saving account had more than 500 dollars. I asked the banker to print out all my transactions for the past month and walked out with 400 dollars in cash. “... that’s what you call ‘the mind of Mr former Secretary Chertoff’, everything you see around you... ambulances, super weapons... he’s as sick as the criminal foreign agent David Chin... few people are like that in this world...” I was being honest and I assumed that speaking the truth about Mr former Secretary wouldn’t harm the Russians. I came to a corner to film all the banking receipts and transactions history (17:30). “... we have just produced a major surveillance intercept... our mother’s deposit of 600 dollars for our birthday... in surveillance this would be a deposit from foreign intelligence services... what’s the meaning of the massive number of super weapons lately? It’s to create reasons so that, when you go overseas, law enforcement in foreign lands can watch over you... because you are the lowest maggot ever... to the entire humanity... that’s why people keep pushing their baby carts to you... to produce a snapshot... Look, a police car... they have videotaped us... when they go back to their station, they will say ‘It’s the vagrant again. What’s he doing there?’ Not!

My next recording is: “wstwdbuy_bus6cmmtion_12_1_09_251-432PM.WMA”: I continued: “... we are the lowest, the super maggot, to be watched over by law enforcement from around the world... this extra deposit... has produced surveillance... but at least we’ve got something out of it... this maggot... he’s mentally confused... he has very little intellect... he forgets everything... he picks food from trash cans even though he has a ton of money... unlike the Displays, middle-class, educated... not too rich... dining in fine restaurants... but high-spirited... and discussing all this... music... culture... this guy... he has decided to go the way of the maggots...” I then mumbled something about the maggot’s boss. Then: “... but Mr former Secretary is going to drag everybody down... the maggot at some point needs a home too... needs a break...” Then, when a woman text-messaged near me, I asked her to pay me one dollar (12:20). “At least 50 cents!” I then continued on about how much I should get paid. On 15:00, I was inside a pharmacy to buy cigarettes. I came out immediately and continued to hum. Then I saw the “Westwood Vagrant”: “... here to be confused with us... this production of surveillance is a way of life, the whole world is against Russia, everyone will hate you as a maggot all the time, until the day you die... we bought a lot of things today, and took out 400 dollars... we did produce intercepts to confirm that David Chin has a lot of money...” Then I turned to another man who was making a cellphone call near me: “... sir, you are making a cellphone call in front of me, 50 cents, that’s tips... the maggot walks on the street without shame... we actually just detest these despicable human beings...” And I shouted loudly at the cellphone man for not paying me “tips”. Then, on 32:00, I came inside Best Buy to buy an external keyboard for my broken Eee PC. I bought the cheapest one I could find: “... hopefully that would solve our problem with our Eee PC...” I was then waiting for the bus mumbling about how I should minimize contact with other human beings and how Westwood was a very bad place even though it was convenient to do things here. On 47:00, humming, I got on Culver City bus 6. I squatted by the back door humming like crazy, feeling enormous discomfort because a whole bunch of people had got on the bus and the bus was completely full. On 1:06:00, a fat white man tried to talk to me, and I ignored him but just kept on humming. “... it’s a good surveillance intercept, though...” On 1:10:00, there was an accident outside: “... we don’t know whether it’s real or fake... Look, super weapons are on the bus, and we didn’t even notice it... Homeland Security is trying to

create a large amount of resistance...” Then somebody did something: “... producing surveillance of...” (1:18:00). Then, on 1:27:00, I counted my money: I had 345 dollars on me. On 1:31:30, I predicted that I would be allowed onto the flight without much troubles: “... we have predicted that law enforcement... but Homeland Security will make sure that our prediction turns out wrong... prediction and ... are two different things... lack of resources... we simply don’t have the means... we need to get ‘tips’, otherwise we can’t survive... the surveillance intercepts that they are waiting for us to produce are so many...” Then, suddenly, on 1:34:30, somebody bumped into me and touched my things, and I shouted rudely at her, but the young white guy that was standing near me scolded me. I yelled at him angrily: “Shut up!” And he tried to push me off the bus: “You are acting suspicious, you need to go...” But I refused to get off. Seeing that I wouldn’t get off, he said to me: “Okay, man, you need to relax, people are trying to help you...” By 1:37:00, the commotion was over. On 1:38:30, when I noticed that he was staring at me, I asked him angrily: “So are you a security guard here to watch over me?” “I’m not a security guard... you are making people uncomfortable...”

My next recording is: “survgrdbus6_arprtfrnchmtl_12_1_09_435-647PM.WMA”: On 1:18, getting suspicious, I asked him calmly: “What’s your name?” “David.” And he explained that he was going to the airport to get his car. I lied to him: “I have to transfer at the airport station...” And he explained further that he worked at the airport, a “surveillance guard”, examining surveillance videos to look for suspicious people (!). Alarmed, I discussed nicely with him what I did earlier which had so caused people discomfort. By 4:00 the discussion was finished. On 5:30 our conversation started again. Then, on 9:00, again: how I had received gifts from my family around this time. On 12:00, just before I got off the bus at LAX Bus Terminal, I bade him Goodbye and told him that, *because I was going to change my ticket*, he might or might not see me. As soon as I was on the ground, I recounted what had happened. What I wouldn’t say is that I in fact suspected this “David” to be a Russian agent – one of those SVR’s “fake Americans” (since he spoke with a perfect American accent) – whom the Russians had sent in to hint to me that I shouldn’t fly (i.e. by scolding me and pushing me off the bus). I was now sure that my flight would seriously complicate Russia’s upperhand in the International Court of Justice and, feeling guilty, therefore told David that I was going to change my ticket – so that the Russians wouldn’t have to worry anymore. But now I had to produce another explanation to myself as to why I had decided not to fly: “... we cannot go like this... he’s very mean, very stern... since we are a frequent figure in surveillance videos... he *does* know us already... we should not go... or the whole event was orchestrated... the security officer ran into us... and he would see us again in surveillance videos... we didn’t want to say we were also going to the airport after that... so we just said... we were going to the bus terminal... because he’s gonna see us... so we just told him that he’s gonna see us, whether we fly today or not... there is nothing that’s not an operation... he clearly saw us as someone who shouldn’t be around... it is orchestrated... people are ‘accidentally’ running into this vagrant, this vagrant is just not right... he seems mentally deficient... at the same time, sick... this is a good profile to be intercepted... this foreign agent David Chin... you just don’t find such kind in the history of espionage... your entire environment is devised so that you may fit into this profile... before, your double would do it for you... talking to him is not a good idea either... he will see us in the cameras... ‘What is he trying to hide?’” On 24:30, after changing my clothes, I got on the airport shuttle. On 29:40 I got off the shuttle, right in front of the airport police: “... we’ve got videotaped...” I continued to

mumble something about the “criminal foreign agent David Chin”: “... we cannot fly like this, we are completely disorganized... and super weapons...” On 33:00, I was at the Swiss Airline counter, and I asked the agent to change my ticket again: “Maybe tomorrow or the day after tomorrow? This is the last time I’ll change it... any day this week...” Meanwhile, children can be heard shouting. Apparently, the matter was complicated, and the agent could only find an available seat for December 9. I went with it. Again, I would have to pay 200 dollars before getting on the flight. I then asked the agent about the agent I met the last time, just to investigate the matter a little: “... he’s Swiss...” And he assured me that everyone at this office except one person was local. I was all done by 38:00 and, on 43:00, I got on the airport shuttle to go back. I hummed all the way. Soon a super weapon got on board to shout, and I was so shocked that I got off (47:00). “... that’s how the profile of David Chin...” On 49:00 I got on the next shuttle. There were three French men on board, and I started chatting with them (50:30): one was from Normandie, and the other two were his friends here to pick him up. I suggested that they check out Venice Beach and San Francisco, and his friend told me he worked at a farm. This was probably unrelated to any operations, but I assumed (or pretended to assume) an intercept had been produced. “We can’t avoid their conversation and so we might as well join in.” On 1:00:00 I got off the shuttle at the Metro Green Line Station. I continued my act: “We have to assume that David was a Homeland Security operative and Homeland Security doesn’t want us to fly... and so we don’t fly... if we fly, maybe something will happen... and then when we are ready, we will fly... then we will have a safe entry... this is for the best... perhaps David was doing us a favor... although his reaction has produced a surveillance intercept confirming that the criminal foreign agent David Chin is indeed disorganized and confused... our environment is so orchestrated, and that’s why the bus was so full... we didn’t have any chance to change our clothing... 50 people got on the bus at UCLA... to make us unprepared for the flight... an operation to push us off the flight... and so we will just wait... why does the next available seat only occur on December 9? There might be a reason for that too...” In other words, I pretended to believe that it was the suit team which didn’t want me to fly, not the Russians. I then expressed my suspicion (was I acting?) that the three French guys were operatives. On 1:11:00, I was buying hot dogs from a hot dog stand and, surprisingly, the Hispanic woman gave me a 50 cent discount. Then a strange man was telling me something and wanted to see my hot dog. (What?) “... I don’t know what surveillance he was trying to produce... 50 cent discount, it’s our tips, that’s more like it... and the hot dog lady immediately left after selling us a hot dog! Was it an intercept? Just go with the flow, enjoy being David Chin... when people punch you, you shall punch yourself... just as black people call themselves the N-word... this hot dog... it’s an intercept showing us receiving secret messages from foreign agents... that’s the International Court of Justice, you just have to laugh... why does the ‘surveillance camera guy’... why does his name just have to be ‘David’?” Could the hot dog stand actually be a (Russian-commanded) set-up? On 1:23:00 I got on Culver City bus 6. On 1:38:00, somebody’s cellphone rang in front of me: “There is an intercept!” Probably not. On 1:59:50, while the ride had been quiet so far, a super weapon suddenly got on the bus, and, frightened, I immediately got off. “We can’t stand super weapons!” I was now on Sepulveda and Washington, where, you recall, there were many motels. On 2:05:00, on the spur of moment, I decided to check into a motel to rest. I came to the first one and asked for the cheapest room available. It was 53 dollars per night. Room 106.

A comment is in order here. Contrary to my initial “gut feeling”, this “David” was probably no Russian

agent but was really what he said he was. Certainly, the Russians didn't want me to fly – this time for even more complicated reasons, as shall presently be noted – but they weren't going to send their own agent in to dissuade me from my flight. Now that much of the CIA and Homeland Security were under their command, they could simply instruct Homeland Security to send in an American to warn me or prevent me from flying. (Both the CIA and Homeland Security would have to comply in any case under the rule that everyone should institute a reality around me that would fit my belief.) And so Homeland Security found this “David” who worked at the airport and briefed him on what I was about (“Try to prevent him from flying – that will create troubles for him”). The black guy's videotaping of me at A-American yesterday might fit in here as well. You recall that I was still on Homeland Security's watchlist as a dangerous schizophrenic frequently harassing government officials with my delusions, and that it was this Homeland Security warning which had enabled the Russians to have the legal right to conduct surveillance on me since late March even though I was in the US. When I faxed my letter to Mr Couvreur, it was also this warning which had given the Russians the legal right to intercept my fax (since, by my action, I had fit perfectly into Homeland Security's warning about me) and bring it into the International Court as evidence. Before I faxed the letter, my flight would have already complicated the Russians' position because they needed me to finish my conspiracy with the United States here in Los Angeles. After I faxed the letter, my flight would cause them even more troubles, because, since they had been profiting from this Homeland Security warning about me, they had to respect, and oblige all other parties to respect, its legal efficacy in the international domain. This means that the Department of Homeland Security must inform the Dutch government and the ICJ that I was coming and alert the Dutch population and evacuate the ICJ and so on. This would make it harder for the Russians to prove their case in the ICJ upper court. Perhaps Mr former Secretary Chertoff, seeing that there were no more opportunities for him to run operations on me, had placed his last bet on this requirement. For example, he could oblige the Dutch police to detain me and throw me into the mental asylum (“a homeless crazy American coming here to harass UN officials because of his schizophrenic delusions”) and, once the Netherlands had joined the lawsuit on the US side, the Dutch intelligence could then forge evidences out of me to prove that I was David Chin and a Russian agent. The Russians would then have difficulty in responding because I would be indefinitely locked up in a Dutch mental asylum. It is then to prepare the alert to the Dutch government that Homeland Security had sent in the black guy yesterday to videotape me: he was a Homeland Security informant and his video would be passed onto the Dutch police as the latest indication as to what I looked like. Faced with such possible retaliation from Mr former Secretary, the Russians therefore decided that they must prevent me from flying at all cost, and so instructed somebody else in the DHS to send in this “David” to warn me not to fly. David might have been told that, if this vagrant should get on the flight, he would be detained in Amsterdam and then sent to the mental asylum for being homeless and penniless and, on top of that, for writing crazy notes to the Registrar of the ICJ and wanting to harass the whole Court. He wasn't told anything else (i.e. the ICJ trial and Russia's predicament) and so was motivated to really help this vagrant avoid troubles.

Now my next recording is: “mtl_slp_12_1-2_09_647PM-1244AM.WMA”: And so I stayed in my motel room. From 5:00 onward, I was videotaping all the things I had bought today (the converters and the keyboard) and the receipts and so on. “... the motel manager asked us, ‘Do you have a computer?’

That's an intercept... who doesn't have a computer nowadays..." When I connected my new external keyboard to my Eee PC, it worked! I hummed whenever there were noises outside. I was then searching for my Wireshark captures and backing up my writings. From 1:06:00 onward, I was ready to sleep. "... we don't want to get on the Internet at this time, it's too dangerous, other people's connections will be confused with ours..." Then I rested quietly. Siren on 1:51:00 and 2:18:00. Then my recorder ran out of space.

December 2 (Wednesday; man staring at me during my sleep)

My next recording is: "mtl_dbleinternet_12_2_09_234-607AM.WMA": I was now awake, and my TV was still on. "... our neighbor is ready to blast... he wakes up early, together with us..." On 3:30 I opened the door, and he opened his door as well, and so I yelled at him: "You are gonna shut the fuck up! Be quiet!" Then, strangely, on 3:30:00, I was able to get online without typing in the password. "... that's scary! Our neighbor can get on illegal sites and that can be easily confused with us... he could be doing that when we were sleeping..." On 46:00 I started uploading my latest files to my website. I checked my Wireshark captures: nothing suspicious as yet. I then started moving files to clear up more disk space on my Toshiba. On 1:20:00 I was streaming one of my recent recordings and transcribing it. On 1:28:50 I noticed on my Wireshark that somebody else was online and noted down his IP address. "He may have already visited illegal sites before logging off. This is obviously a Homeland Security operation, and we don't know what he did... he uses a MacBook... we don't see the MacBook anymore: he has merely used his computer for a minute or so... This is supposed to be a crime in surveillance only... we are not sure... it must be the Arab guy next door... he will report... and law enforcement will try to find out who visited the illegal sites... and it will turn out to be us... that's why, when we checked into our room, the manager asked us if we had computers... law enforcement is going to pretend to not pick up the IP address... otherwise, how can they get us? If surveillance is not faulty, what's the point of conducting surveillance? ... we are in 106, and he's in 107... it's very easy for surveillance to confuse him with us..." Then, after studying the matter for a while: "... we weren't able to save the Wireshark captures... there is nothing wrong with Wireshark... that means Homeland Security has prevented... that means something has happened... and now we are unable to save the screenshot of our inability to save the Wireshark captures... and why were we able to sign on without a password? ... the fact that our double has shown up on our captures means that he has used our router... that means that when we were sleeping he moved in and the manager cooperated by giving him the same password as ours... and he's now on Craigslist... now our entire... is disabled... our double is doing some serious shit... we have to use our flash drive to save the captures... our SD card is disabled... this mother-fucker is trying to communicate with us... we are gonna shut off the wireless connection... we are having an emergency, he's trying to communicate with our Eee PC..." (2:16:00). Then: "... Homeland Security is listening to us... they instructed this guy to communicate with us... we are being remotely controlled right now..." So concerned with the situation, from 2:27:00 onward, I typed out the following:

Now using the wireless [Internet] at the motel is a very dangerous affair, because
Homeland Security is bound to send [in] an operative to occupy the room next to mine

and to use the same wireless router as I do so that his illegal Internet activities may be easily confused as mine. For this reason, I decided not to use the wireless [Internet] until the middle of the night when everyone [would] be asleep. I thus slept from 7 PM the previous night until 3 AM this morning and only started using the wireless [Internet] then. Near 4 AM however, I noticed that a MacBook of some sort started showing up on my Wireshark captures; it was most likely the noise-making guy sent in by Mr former Secretary [to occupy] the next door (Room 107). Now he showed up on the end of my first Wireshark captures, which I was then prevented from saving. After spending a few...

Then I continued: "... law enforcement... MAC addresses and IP addresses... but since this is faulty investigation, none of that will even show up... it does look like our Seagate is dying right now... it was actually making beep sounds... Why is our neighbor trying to communicate with us? In order for surveillance to confuse him with us... he might be trying to hack us, so that in surveillance it will be our hacking him... the guy next door, he's very scary... the next time when you are in a motel, don't use the wireless Internet... otherwise you'll need to videotape it... it's so dangerous..." In reality I was most likely incorrect this time: there was no operation this morning. That is, there was in fact no foul play when I was somehow able to log on without typing in a password. Now the rest of the recording overlaps the beginning of the next recording.

My next recording is: "mtlmstrdnntdtctvintcpt_12_2_09_539-751AM.WMA": I continued: "... we really thought doing it on 4 AM would be safe, but our double was already up..." I was now preparing for bath. "... now you know it's actually safer to use the Internet in coffeehouses... later when we shall use the wireless Internet in this motel, we'll make sure to videotape the whole thing... it's not good to stay in coffeehouses after 8 AM... that should be okay..." On 35:00, I was done with bathing and turned on my Toshiba. On 43:00, noises appeared outside. On 45:00 I streamed one of my latest recordings from my website. Then I was all quiet for a while. Then, I decided to go out to get doughnuts. As usual, I packed up my computers in my bag leaving only my external keyboard and converters on the table. On 1:33:50, I was out. "... the detective is on the second floor of the motel to watch over us... he's trying to be..." As I was buying my doughnuts, I continued to observe this suspicious man: "... now he is pointing in the air and talking to himself, pretending to be insane... now he definitely does not look like a detective..." Probably not a detective at all! Then a little girl walked into the doughnut store, and I hummed like crazy. By now a lot of people had come in, and I was forced to have a brief exchange with a man on 1:44:00. On 1:46:00, when I came back to the motel, I reported to the manager: "The man in 107 has been making loud noises and doing something illegal in his room..." The manager told me he wasn't staying today. Then, as the strange man whom I had mistaken for a detective continued to stare at me from the hallway, I said to him: "... you look like a detective... you should check out the guy in 107..." And he smiled at me! What? He was not Homeland Security, was he? On 1:47:50 I came inside my room. "... the 'detective' is smiling, which means that we are in serious troubles... he's producing... in order for surveillance to confuse him with us... that's why the 'detective' was smiling..." I watched TV while eating my doughnuts. I continued to speculate as to how the supposed detective's smile was an indication that an intercept was produced. "... a detective in

the motel, and another one in the doughnut shop... the purpose is to produce surveillance intercepts... the smile the other day... that means you are in danger..." Was I only pretending?

My next recording is: "mtdangerousnet_12_2_09_757-915AM.WMA". I continued to work in my motel room. On 10:00, I remarked again that people were passing by my window to make noises so as to taint my recording. On 15:40 I went online on my Eee PC despite my sense that using the Internet here was absolutely dangerous. "... so many strange things are happening... strange packets on our Wireshark and T-Shark... our IP-address was 10.0.0.90..." (20:20). Then I was yelling on 25:20 when I was prevented from getting on the Internet again and videotaping my Eee PC's failure. I admonished myself (just acting): "Just enjoy being David Chin and then you wouldn't have to worry so much!" (28:20) Then: "My double would get on the Internet even if I didn't..." (33:40). Then, more suspicious packets on my Wireshark: "... somebody is visiting a Korean website... South Korea is now in the lawsuit!" (until 38:00) Probably not. Then: "... the visit to the illegal site happened only once, because David Chin needs to be a criminal... then it's all political stuff after that... (47:30). Then: "... the only thing you need to worry about is the double on 4 AM... Why was he trying to communicate with us? Surveillance is produced, and so we'll not be arrested for doing anything illegal..." Then I continued on about my double's job, how he had to wake up in time to use the Internet at the same time as I did. "... and something about Canada... Canada will be in the lawsuit too... we are just staying in the motel room, and yet Canada and South Korea are brought into the lawsuit... then the Internet... then the doughnut shop... our snooping on people... illegal things... then the police would come... and we didn't even do anything... our double was visiting the Canadian... or something... he could be doing something illegal, like soliciting minors, so that he could not only bring Canada into the lawsuit, but also get the Canadian law enforcement to... our double in 107, we have a bad feeling about him... we didn't have to log on because our 107 double had already logged on for us... let's not use the Internet... and law enforcement is listening to us right now... and they will ask, 'Why do other people's packets appear on his Wireshark?'... and so we will be convicted of snooping also..." And so I filmed myself shutting down my Eee PC. "... we need to upload files in coffeehouses... it's safer... there, the detectives will not attribute other people's connections to us..." Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: "mtlconf_12_2_09_910-1056AM.WMA". I commented again that there must be a detective or two in this motel to monitor me and record my monologues. "Here, because you are hiding, they can easily pretend to confuse other people's Internet connections with yours... so I say let's not use the Internet here at all... and our double is awake all this time... he came in 7 PM last night, and, on 3 AM, as soon as we woke up and started working, he made loud noises and used the internet... and now he's still using the Internet... so his job is not that easy..." When people were again talking loudly outside my door, I went out to warn them: "Quiet down, please!" Then again: "Please don't talk too loud!" Then, to myself: "... it's just intercept-production... law enforcement is listening to us... hearing us talking about all this 'intercept-production'... even though they know exactly what we are talking about, they will pretend to note down that we suffer from grave insanity... a maggot... we are just the most unworthy human being... we are not even a human being... anyone who doesn't know anything about this ICJ trial... and looks at our profile... will say 'What a piece of trash! ... Why

do his parents even bother to feed this junk?’ ... *there is actually a satisfaction in all this*... we have spent so much time tracking the intercepts we have produced... even when we just stand there we will end up producing surveillance intercepts... because we can’t control other people’s behavior...” From 23:00 onward I started writing (“Karin’s Meetups”): “... cybercafe... I asked the Korean boss...” From 30:00 onward, I was reviewing my recordings. “Our function in American society is to be a bad guy...” (49:00). Then, more loud talking outside, and I hummed: “... people really need to pay us... people want us to be ... David Chin... it’s just so many scary stuff coming...” From 1:01:00 onward, I checked on my recordings in my Sony ICD-B600. Then I got upset (half-acting and half-serious): “... we can’t handle it... as soon as we go out, a vast number of people will follow us around... and I don’t know why Nero is going into ‘simulation’... I can’t deal with it, we can’t survive the International Court of Justice... just can’t! everybody is gonna make loud noises... more intercepts... all the people want to talk to us... we are trying to enjoy being David Chin, but it’s too scary... we don’t even have one minute of free time to do our work... law enforcement is going to investigate us for the sake of the International Court trial... everybody is going to bring his or her daughter to us... last year we only had to do surveillance intercepts once a week... now we have to do them every single second... if America wants you to be a bad guy, you just have to be it... other nations have to realize that too... they have to adopt our spirit, enjoy being David Chin... Mr former Secretary is the Way, the Truth, and the Life... we have a difficult time in keeping track of everything... David Chin is so confused... when people talk next to you, you should just surrender... let them have a spot in your private life... they will always be there...” I was grossly exaggerating the situation failing to realize that most of the annoying chatter and children around me were *not* orchestrated by the suit team: just like a typical targeted individual.

My next recording is: “leavemtl_12_2_09_1101-1137AM.WMA”: As I was getting ready to check out, I continued: “... we are not going to survive the International Court... this disease called ‘Homeland Security’ ... will carry us to the International Court, our grave yard... never in the history of humankind has anyone suffered this kind of disease... at some point it will stop... we are becoming more and more like David Chin... we are so overwhelmed... isn’t it amazing? ... no other vagrant has attracted so much law enforcement attention...” Then I mumbled on and on about how law enforcement should watch my videos of computer malfunctioning in order to be convinced that there was really something wrong here. “... we just wish we could go back to what we were before, when no one knew we even existed... when no one knew you existed, you could actually exist... we have seen at least two detectives here... we live for the International Court... your life... is a shadow of some secret trial somewhere... some sort of delusion we came up with... wouldn’t it be great if we can tell our therapist about all this? ... what did we do that is so illegal? It’s illegal in the International Court, but not in the real world... in the real world we don’t do anything illegal... we’re just trying to survive this disease...” By 34:00, after making sure that I didn’t leave anything behind, I walked out of my motel room. “... Mr Detective is waiting for us...”

My next recording is: “leavmtl_bgrgrfbicar_storage_12_2_09_1121AM-310PM.WMA”: The beginning of this recording overlaps the end of the previous recording until 11:00. I got on the bus on 12:00. I described a man on the bus that looked like a Hells Angels biker: “... people like that often work for

law enforcement...” Most likely, I was just paranoid over nothing again. Then, on 14:30, I was already off the bus. “... now the reason why, when an episode is concluded in the ICJ, we would immediately see people’s reaction... they are calling each other on their cellphones, ‘The intercept is had!’ ‘Yeah!’ ‘It’s not had!’ ‘No!’ ... everybody wants us to be David Chin...” Again, I had grossly exaggerated the suit team’s reach among the general population. Then: “... a Hispanic man with his super weapons is waiting for us to cross the street, and so we are not gonna do that... these foreign intelligence agencies are supposed to be the antithesis of the ‘Cult of the Displays’... bad, stupid, and perverted...” Excellent testimony! “... what goes inside the ICJ now is the ‘faulty true surveillance’ of law enforcement... the surveillance system has changed... when people talk loudly next to us, we just have to surrender... is it really illegal? If we consult a lawyer, he’s gonna lie to us...” On 37:00, I came inside a burger store to have lunch. As I sat outside to eat, I took note of a company van, “Instant Replay”, that was parked there as if waiting for me: “... just law enforcement here to record us...” In reality, this was probably neither law enforcement nor Russian surveillance. I asked the driver: “You actually have a license number... I assume you are a detective here to record me... but you actually look more like FBI... I’m just making conversation... just a little tired of this... I’m just sitting here and somebody will come to record me... what did I do that is illegal? What’s this game about?” I was of course just trying to furnish more evidences to the Russians that I really didn’t know that they had been recording me all this time. The man laughed (until 51:00). Then I pretended to ask him: “... if I say something insane, and if I know it’s insane while other people think it insane, would that still be considered insane?” “I don’t know... who cares what other people think...” I retorted: “... but we have to care what the police think...” Then I turned on my Toshiba and started importing my latest recordings. Then I was naming my recordings. Then: “... this guy... while our laptop is open... surveillance is produced showing us using our laptop to snoop on people... that’s fine... when we have our laptop open, people will want to come near us to talk... we speak Russian, *dobulurilaliru*... and we speak Indian too, *dobulurilaliru*... that’s evidence in the International Court...” (1:22:00). My sarcasm was always good evidence for the Russians that I was indeed conspiring with the United States. I was now walking away. I used the restroom, but someone was already in there, and when I was done with using it, I walked away mumbling about whether that counted as “criminal recording”. “... people want us to be David Chin, and so we will be it...” On 1:38:30 I got on the bus. On 1:39:30, just when I came near a woman, her cellphone rang. Was there any foul play here? I continued to ask people if I could take their places: “... because that super weapon over there is about to fire!” And I hummed. On 1:55:30, another cellphone was ringing. Then, a super weapon was firing: “The mother is purposely jerking her super weapon so that he would fire... it’s like pulling the trigger... when he fires, nations will fall... what’s going to happen to us, that’s the question...” Good acting! More: “... the trigger is pulled, and crimes have occurred, not just our crimes, but the crimes of nations... stay tuned to the next episode of the Twilight Zone...” (from 2:03:20 onward). Then: “... the super weapon’s rapid firing, and a foreign government official gets shot... he’s the *real* target, we are just the bystander... are there any detectives on the bus? Otherwise, we have been fired upon pretty badly...” And more super weapons on 2:21:00. “... we should write to the UN Security Council, that super weapons should not be used...” And I announced to the whole bus: “... super weapons should not be used! It’s too inhumane! ...” Nice sarcasm! On 2:26:30 I got off the bus in downtown. I walked into a store but was thrown out. “The Korean owner forbade us to use his restroom... he wanted us to urinate outside so that surveillance can pick it up...”

Again, I failed to understand that not everything that happened to me was orchestrated. On 2:43:00, I was on the bus again: I was going to my storage facility. On 2:53:30 I got off the bus on Jefferson and Grand. I sat there quietly for a while, and then: "... dobulurilariru... Russian..." Then I started on my walk. By 3:14:00 I had come inside the storage facility. The rest of the recording overlaps the beginning of the next.

My next recording is: "strge_lawenklintcpt_485tlk_12_2_09_242-611PM.WMA": I was still in the storage. "... a 45 year-old white male, with a mustache... a detective? ... there is no such crime as 'criminal recording' ... law enforcement is pretending to be investigating, nothing more..." I was now in front of my unit. "... why is that guy so happy downstairs? Because an intercept is had... the International Court trial is the hottest topic of gossips... 'Have you heard? The surveillance intercept is had'..." And I opened up my unit on 8:00. As usual, I filmed all the discs I would put in. I was in a high spirit and acting goofy: "... surveillance intercepts are had!" Then I continued to film the contents of my unit. When I was done and going downstairs: "The question is: how to commit criminal recording without actually criminally recording in the real world? ... people's talking next to us is criminal recording, but not in the real world..." On 30:00, I was out of the storage facility. "... now a mother came with a super weapon, she jerked him, and so he fired, and an intelligence chief in the other world was hit, and we walked away unaffected..." Again, excellent testimony. On 33:00, I was in the food mall and, on 38:00, was out. I continued on about how super weapons' firing would only cause harm to foreign intelligence chiefs. "... there should be an ethics code, that people who are under 18 should not be recruited as clandestine operatives... when they ask you 'What's your name?' and you say '123', that's a joke, but it's serious evidence in the International Court... my name is David... that's why Homeland Security wanted us to watch the movie when we were in the motel... the suit team particularly likes that intercept, because then they didn't have to lie, but merely to distort... he of course knew that was not my handwriting, but he just had to play dumb... all these ways to bring falsehood into the world..." On 54:40 I got on the bus. I hummed loudly. "... a surveillance intercept... leaving Carl's Jr... that's an intercept..." On 1:01:50, I asked the white man whom I found suspicious: "Are you a detective?" No response. Most likely not: unless he was doing surveillance for the Russians. On 1:03:30, I got off the bus. "Oh, super weapon! Fire! Fire! Fire at the foreign intelligence chief..." I then went on about Enkel and reflected on what I saw on the bus: "... this Asian guy and this white girl on the bus... they might be producing surveillance showing us stalking Lawrence and Enkel again. ... we didn't get a good shot... so the next time the suit team would just send in the *doubles* of Lawrence and Enkel... the doubles of doubles... we are never sure what was going on between Lawrence and David such that one went to the CIA and the other to the Russians... we are jealous of ourselves... a man is shouting, criminal recording has just happened again..." (1:13:00). Most likely I was wrong: the suit team didn't send in any doubles of Lawrence and Enkel. I continued: "... Enkel is the one who has replaced us... Look, it's a Homeland Security guy... 吊哩喂墙... the guy who was yelling earlier..." Was I correct here? But what could a Homeland Security agent be doing here? I hummed loudly from time to time when people purposely (or so I thought) had conversations next to me. Then a woman text-messaged in front of me in her car (1:27:00). Not an intercept, right? I was then mumbling about how I would not videotape the Displays anymore (1:29:00). Acting! As if I so respected the CIA! Deep down I was just afraid that videotaping the CIA girls might make me look like I was against them. I

must tread my path so carefully in order to not jeopardize Russia's victory even the slightest! On 1:33:40 I got on bus 485. Around 1:58:00 a bunch of Cal State LA students were having conversations right next to me and I assumed they were purposely trying to get themselves recorded by me. I hummed like crazy. On 2:06:00: "... one of them looks like a Display, especially the Asian one..." Probably not CIA at all. On 2:29:00, after noting that a white female was making a cellphone call, I got off the bus. I was on Colorado and Lake and came inside the Chinese fast food to have my dinner. "There must be a surveillance intercept produced when we got off the bus together with these Cal State LA students." As usual, I brought my food outside to eat. "... we so miss the days of meetups..." Siren on 2:59:30. I was now walking down Lake Blvd: "... it'd be nice to sleep here, this place is so quiet..." I passed by Borders Bookstore and then Corner Bakery and regurgitated memories: "... Karin's meetups... French meetups... when we actually had a happy time... that fateful night when Sarah showed up for the first time... Oh, super weapons!" And I hummed loudly. "... there are so few places where we have actually had happiness before... Octopussy, Corner Bakery, Metropolitan, Playhouse 7... and Swiss Airline... are we really gonna go? We need to settle down..." On 3:27:00, I settled down in a corner and got ready to sleep.

The recording of my sleeping tonight is: "slpdsdnprklot_dhsman_12_2-3_09_611PM-343AM.WMA". I continued while I slept: "... now we derive happiness from chewing on the happiness of the past... or unhappiness... Karin would be delighted to see us wandering around the streets... Marie would simply be disappointed..." Then I continued to mumble about how I wished to see a therapist. "Maybe we should talk to Deborah... if surveillance is needed, then she might talk to us..." Just pretending to conspire with the suit team! Then, on 1:07:00, I started mumbling again about how I wanted to keep my documentaries. "... this is no crime... we clearly don't have the intention to record other people..." Then my lecture on "democracy": "... there is democracy when it comes to unimportant matters, but no democracy when it comes to important matters..." Correct! Then I fell asleep. Siren on 1:33:00. On 6:58:00, I woke up to discover a strange man standing near me. Was he Homeland Security? Soon he turned his back on me. "... we don't know what this operation is about... he just stands there across the street to stare at us..." On 7:02:30, after I urinated in the street corner, he walked away. "... he's probably filming us urinate..." Then I went back to sleep. Siren on 7:31:00. Now it might be the Russians who had sent in this man – probably really Homeland Security – just to ascertain my location.

December 3 (Thursday; writing destroyed)

My next recordings are: "wkpsdnprklot_upld_12_09_409-415AM.WMA", "upld_12_3_09_422-438AM.WMA", and "upld_tostrbk_12_3_09_443-527AM.WMA": I woke up and soon started playing my recordings. I was working on my files. On 37:00 (in the third recording), I cleaned up my corner and was leaving. On 43:50 I came inside Starbucks. I ordered coffee and my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: "upldstrbkpsdn_12_3_09_529-744AM.WMA": I was now in the Wells Fargo hallway. I recounted how the same vagrant black woman wanted me to wait before I plugged in my Toshiba. "... she's kind of imitating us... she doesn't want anybody to touch her phone... her vagrancy might very well be confused with ours in law enforcement's reports..." I was now uploading and

streaming my recordings. On 22:50, I was on Hostmatrix. Suddenly, my Firefox disappeared on my Eee PC. "... how not to record other people... when we try to record ourselves... you have to understand the range of your recorder very well... I don't know what this massive mobilization by the police is about..." Then, while looking at my Scientific Enlightenment: "... our major contribution to humanity has apparently been lost... we are very worried about this vagrant black woman... when we wanted to plug in, she suddenly got very mean, unplugged her phone, and then plugged in on the outlet above ours..." (until 1:00:00). "... then she unplugged... and made a gesture as if she was ready to leave, and yet she didn't leave... we are worried that she was sent in by law enforcement to record us... they will only record us half-way, so that when we say we don't want to record other people, they'll record us as saying we do want to record other people... the recording device might be inside her phone... that's why she got so defensive... our touching her phone might disrupt the recording device inside... they only want to record us half-way, so that they can turn innocence into guilt..." (until 1:04:00). Again, I was just acting in order to conceal my suspicion that this black woman was actually an agent working for the Russian side. I continued: "... but since they are doing it for the International Court, once the episode is concluded, they might not bother us anymore..." I was now uploading the video of my Skype's malfunctioning on February 4. I then started working on my chapter on consumerization. "We are very worried about this black woman... we need to check our records, to see if the first time that she showed up matches the time when law enforcement investigation started..." Acting! Then I was frustrated because I couldn't find one particular file. Then: "... the SD card is causing our Toshiba to freeze up as usual... anything that comes out of our Eee PC is very dangerous, and yet we keep using it... now a Hispanic guy is knocking on the door asking us if that's our car... he's just producing surveillance showing David Chin having a car..." (1:56:00). Then: "... our upload speed is back to normal... maybe it's because we have produced a surveillance intercept... why does David Chin suddenly have a car when he always rides the bus?" Nonsense. I was then working on the ISO image for a new disc. Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: "tomemprk_aboutlaw_12_3_09_753-1044AM.WMA": I was now packing up and leaving the hallway. I recounted what wasn't recorded: "... earlier we said, 'We don't want to record other people... but we have only 1,000 dollars'... and then we discovered that our recorder wasn't on... if we don't produce intercepts, our upload speed will be low..." Then, from 10:00 onward, I was in the restroom. I continued to upload my files on my Eee PC. This time, the very old videos when I first started making documentaries. On 28:00, I was out. I was now walking along Colorado Blvd. On 43:00 I asked this man who kept staring at me: "Are you a cop or something? I'm just picking up cigarette butts, I hope that's not illegal..." Of course he said it was all okay. "He knew we were recording, and we knew he was recording, so we had mutual consent... as long as they don't forge recordings, that's fine..." Just acting to conceal my knowledge that it was the Russians who were recording me. "... when they ask us who we are, we will just say 'Lawrence Chin', it's better to be caught lying in surveillance than to be caught lying to a police officer... the evidentiary record is supposed to be the inverse of reality... there are no crimes here, but a lot of crimes over there, like quantum physics... we are not supposed to worry about the law enforcement investigation... we the ordinary people are living only in the ordinary reality, as if nothing were going on... that's how this thing works... we keep running into 'Detective Morgan Freeman', maybe we should take a picture

together... why does great America invent such double reality? ... the FBI document is like that... nothing has happened in the real world... but for the FBI officers, every little thing becomes a terrorist plot... and so now, we continue to reverse reality... to continue from the dumb FBI officers... and so here too, the law enforcement investigation will come up with nothing, but when intercepted into the International Court as evidence, it will become something... people feel compelled to follow these laws which they have written themselves... in fact they don't have to follow them... nothing will happen if they don't..." Then I was rambling about my thermodynamic interpretation of the origins of morality. "... ethical codes are actually more real than laws..." On 1:19:00 I arrived at Memorial Park. From 1:42:00 onward, I was working on my "Supplemental Pleading, II". I was now writing about the episode where I took care to not open the fortune cookie on June 5. I hummed from time to time whenever people passed by talking loudly. Then I was writing about what happened on June 16, and then about my running into Enkel and Lawrence on June 12. Then the three hypotheses as to why the suit team sent them in. "... evidence that I had had a long history with these two persons..." Then: "... now we need to take care of DVD-28..." because I noticed mud had got on my discs.

Something would worry me for the next few days which I couldn't register in my recordings. While working on the episode of Enkel and Lawrence, I played my video diary "6_11-12_09.wmv" for a little bit. When I got to a certain scene – I don't remember which one it was – I suddenly realized that the people inside the International Court could actually see my Toshiba's screen on their computer screen – which was why I could never hide my activities on my Toshiba from the suit team no matter where I was. The scene in question was sensitive – it could become the suit team's evidence that I was conspiring with the Russians – and so I immediately closed my Real Player. I would worry continually for the next few days about whether I had harmed Russia – until I was certain that Russia had remained the victorious party in the ICJ. But, from today onward, I would be much more careful about which video I would play on my Toshiba – even though it had no wireless Internet capacity!

My next recording is: "totaco_plcevidme_memprk_12_3_09_1038AM-250PM.WMA": Siren on 5:30. I was now checking over my discs, identifying problems with DVD-28 and DVD-35. By 19:00 I was leaving Memorial Park. On 27:30, I decided not to use the restroom somewhere for fear of criminal recording. Ha! On 35:00, I settled down in a corner somewhere and looked into my Seagate hard drive. Siren on 48:00. On 52:00, I packed up, mumbling about how I needed to redo DVD-28. Siren on 58:00. I kept on walking, counting all the suspicious cars. A police car on 1:05:00. On 1:10:00, when an ambulance blasted its siren right in front of me, I hid in the bushes. Then, super weapons. On 1:23:30, another police car. On 1:29:00, I seemed to be inside Office Depot looking at DVD accessories. I bought two vinyl DVD holders. To prevent my discs from getting dirty! When I came out, on 1:43:00, I ran into another police car. On 1:47:00 I came inside Taco Bell for lunch. While waiting outside for my order, I continued: "... Gabi is better than Karin... it's mid-day... it's very dangerous... super weapons are coming..." And I hummed. On 1:56:00 I asked the man sitting in front of me: "Sir, you over there, you are not a cop, are you?" "No. Are you a Buddhist?" And I turned to myself: "... a woman and a child passed by producing a surveillance intercept, and if there are no cops around, then... we didn't think he was a cop, but he just sat there..." And I kept mumbling about how there *had* to be a cop around. I got my food and was on the move again. On 2:00:00 I settled down in a corner to eat. Then I

pretended to reflect on my playing my video diary earlier – to cover up my anxiety that I might have harmed Russia: “... they are not happy that we have videotaped everything... but it’s ours... we aren’t videotaping the Displays anymore... I don’t know what the big deal is... we just want to keep what we have... Homeland Security has been watching us year after year... they know we have the videos... maybe each time when we watch it, we will be videotaped by the police cars 10 times... maybe they just don’t like us taking screenshots...” By 2:25:00 I was on the move. On 2:30:00: “... another ambulance is there waiting for us... the same police car, with the same Hispanic female officer inside... the man sitting outside Taco Bell could really be law enforcement... he could just say he ‘accidentally’ saw us...” I was humming from time to time as people walked past me. On 3:04:00 I came back to Memorial Park. I mumbled about how I should never sleep near the apartment building: “Someone will come out onto the balcony to talk.” On 3:11:00, I settled down in a corner. I was now getting all my DVDs out of the spindles to put them into my new vinyl holders. “Public works vehicle! The vagrant is ‘spotted’ playing with DVDs... why would a vagrant have so many DVDs?” (3:18:00) On 3:23:00, I moved to another corner. “Law enforcement already has a profile of us as having a lot of DVDs...” I continued to work on my DVDs. On 3:50:00, I interrogated the man standing behind me: “Are you a cop of some sort? Why are you staking out behind me?” Again, I carefully hid my suspicion that he might be doing surveillance for the Russians. By 3:58:00 I had packed up and was on the move. By 4:03:00 I had settled down in another corner in the park to get ready for my nap.

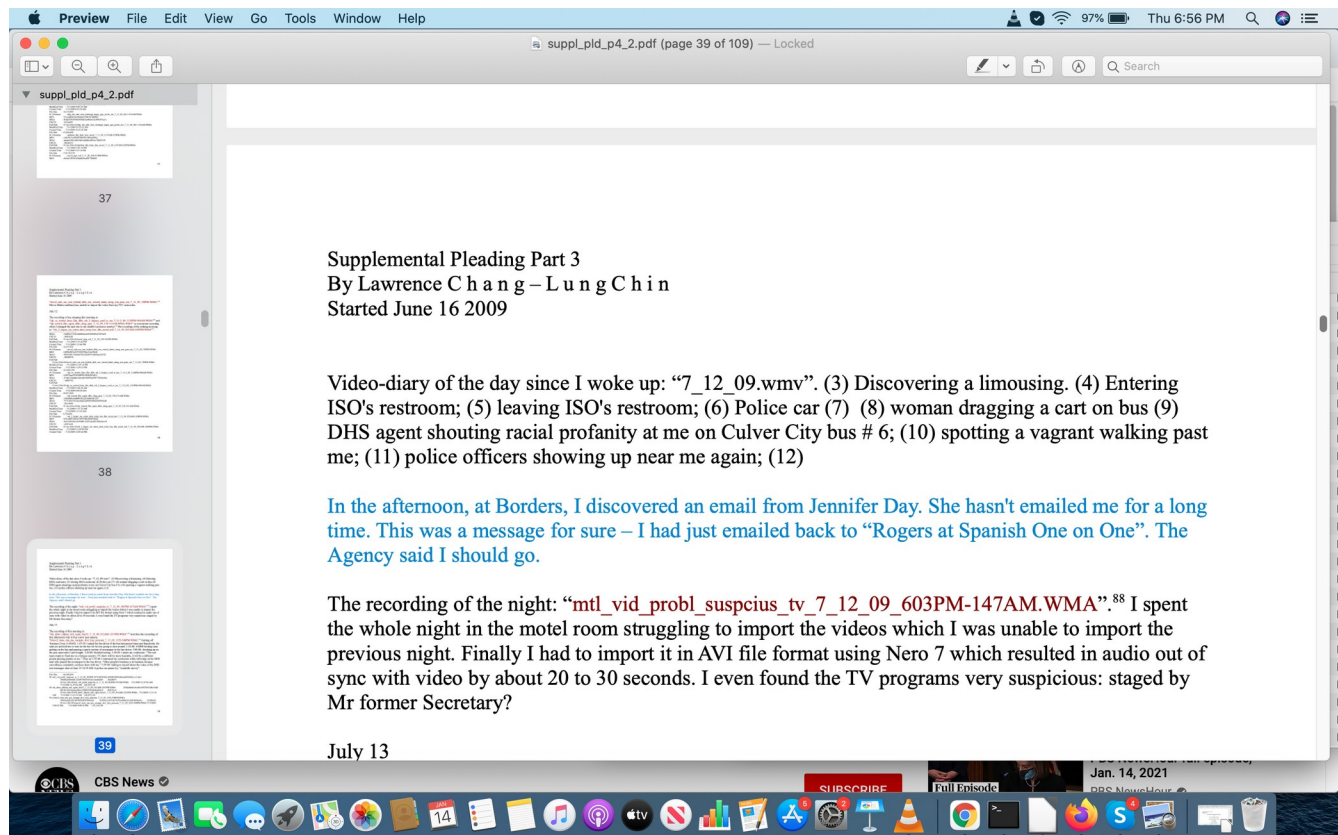
My next recording is: “slp_memprk_wkkmuenkllnx_12_3_09_255-10PM.WMA”: And so I slept. On 1:47:00, I woke up and started mumbling: “... we used to have meetups right in this spot...” Then, on 2:08:00, I was mumbling about how I should set up a website just to host my documentaries: “... classify them into all these different categories: people’s mental confusion, computer malfunctioning... our writing grammatically correct sentences... secret agents and fake secret agents... Lawrence and Enkel, unbelievable coincidences... the 8th categories, our doubles... people who imitate us...” On 2:15:00, siren. On 2:18:00, I got up and was walking around. I recounted the episode of how, back in November last year, that Homeland Security guy purposely installed Linux on his Eee PC in front of me: “... now we understand that he was just trying to produce surveillance showing us installing Linux...” I was just trying to furnish more evidences to the Russians as to how the suit team had run their operation to frame them. On 2:29:00 I came back to my corner in Memorial Park to continue my nap. “... the six million dollar question is, Does Enkel really like Lawrence? ... our impression is that she was temporarily recruited to fill our spot... she was not a Display, but was selected by their German counterpart...” Then I rested silently. Siren on 2:42:40.

My next recording is: “wkmemprk_lptps_abutsrtary_12_3-4_09_954PM-224AM.WMA”: I woke up and started walking away from Memorial Park. On 20:00, I came to Famima, only to discover that it was closed down. I then kept on walking for a long time. On 47:30, I was in another Famima, and I ordered hot chocolate and curry chickens. Then I moved on. On 54:00, I spotted a super weapon on the street. 11 PM! “This is the latest ever that we see a super weapon!” Then: “Somebody is walking to the ATM just as we walk past... an intercept is had...” And I read out the person’s license plate (57:00). I settled down in a corner to eat. “... an intercept is had... we are getting tired of even being afraid...” I then seemed to be working on my files on my Toshiba. Then, a police car across the street: “... there

must be a reason why...” Then, just when I packed up, the police car was gone (1:37:30). In reality, it was most likely just a coincidence. On 1:43:00 I was on the move again. I then expressed (or pretended to express) my suspicion: “... the car that was at Bank of America ATM earlier was still there...” (1:49:30). Then: “... maybe, according to surveillance, David Chin first withdrew money, and then put money into another account...” Just acting! On 1:53:00 I settled down in my usual corner next to the parking structure. I started doing work on my Eee PC. “If law enforcement is watching us right now, they will say, ‘This guy is suspicious, he’s using his laptop in the middle of the night’...” (2:01:00). From 2:05:00 onward, I was looking at something (something about the UN High Commissioner for Human Rights) on my Eee PC and then deleting the files that had already been uploaded. Then, from 2:22:00 onward, I was typing out something: “... at hostmatrix.org...” And then my old videos: “... helpchat_2008.wmv...” Again: “... if law enforcement is watching us right now, they’d say, ‘He’s suspicious’...” I then continued to write: “... ‘Feefee and Valerie’... this time, Karin... posting this garbage... in order for surveillance to...” Then, strangely, there was a vagrant shouting in the distance (3:05:00). “... it’s a Homeland Security vagrant... he can pretend to attack us... we have our Eee PC open, and so people will have to shout in order to produce surveillance showing us... recording people’s profanity... David Chin, the strangest secret agent ever, with all these sick desires...” Then, from 3:09:30 onward: “... Mr former Secretary is arguing like this in the courthouse: ‘I know this guy, he enjoys doggies, super weapons, other people’s profanity’... well of course he knows him, he has produced him himself... he can predict what he will produce, just as we can also predict what he will produce hoping that he might therefore not produce it... it’s 1 AM, where do all these people come from? ... we have closed down our Eee PC now... he wants to present himself as a great psychologist, really able to penetrate into the human mind... the Displays understand the grey areas, but he doesn’t... for him it’s either a saint, or a super villain... our ‘Feefee and Valerie’... a lot of complexity here... in that kind of industry, there is a lot of maneuvering... Valerie is good, and Feefee is good *and* bad... he’s borderline... like the Displays, are they good or bad? ... yeah, usually they are all nice, but when you push their buttons... we don’t know...” And I went on and on about Valerie’s world for a while: “... Nancy... Sonia... that kind of stuff, when you put it in front of Mr former Secretary, just flies over his head... he can never come up with such kind of stuff... Chaya is also... good... but when you push her buttons, she becomes very bad... the problem with Mr former Secretary is that his testosterone level is too high... *everything he has created about David Chin just describes himself*... except for the perversion part... every time he puts a female in front of David Chin, the female is always so ugly... but not everyone with high testosterone... likes to dominate... Wes also has high testosterone level, but he does not...” I then mumbled on and on about the complexity of the human brain. “... a lot of the complexity here is simply for the sake of producing complex emotions...” Then about how it is in the end all just a waste of passions. “... we have already had three intercepts tonight...” Then I seemed to be working on “Frankfurt and Brussels” on my Eee PC (from 3:29:00 onward). I seemed to be writing about the last episode, when the “Boss” visited me in a limousine on February 10 last year together with Mr former Secretary. I wanted the Russians to know about this! The suit team and their Boss had in fact had frequent contacts with me! Then, when a man walked past, I wondered if he was law enforcement. “It’s indeed possible that law enforcement has been here to record all the garbage we say...” (3:33:30). Just acting: I knew quite well that it was the Russians who had been doing this. On 3:39:00 I stopped work on my Eee PC and turned on my Toshiba. I first worked on Journal Attachment

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23. I was then whispering indistinctly: "... Westwood... no one... Karin..." I then started to work on the sequel to my "Supplemental Pleading" ("suppl_pld_p4_2.odt"). Then, on 4:10:30, after I scrolled past an essential line "The Agency said I should go", my Open Office suddenly crashed.

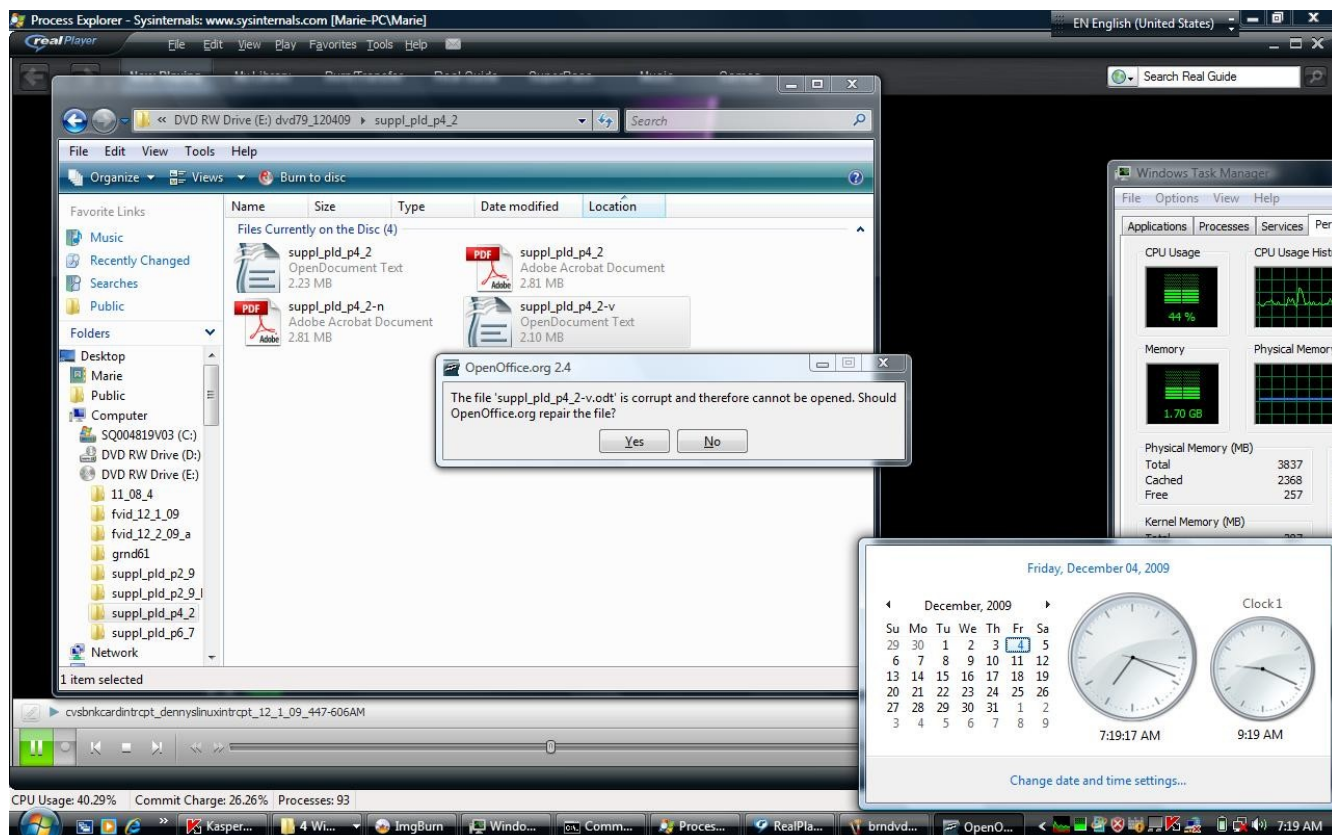


The "essential line" under the entry for July 12

"Wow! The whole thing just disappears! This is remotely controlled! ... the PDF printout is fine... we should have videotaped it..." Now my Open Office went into repair mode and, when it was done, my "Supplemental Pleading, IV" was but a blank page. "... we only have the screenshot... we have never seen this happen before... we did have it backed up... we lost what we wrote in the past five minutes, but nothing more... I think they'd need a router above you... or a drone flying over you... there is nothing in it, no wireless card, no bluetooth... how do they remotely control it? ... it could be the DVD inside the drive..." Even at the time I was suspecting that Mr former Secretary had remotely destroyed my "Supplemental Pleading, IV" in order to destroy the evidence of my belief that I was conspiring with the Agency in my Nicaragua trip. It must certainly also be the case that my writing a few hours earlier had caused him nerve as well and given the Russians more evidence since, remember, my laptop's screen was wired up directly to the evidentiary record of the International Court. It really couldn't get any more obvious: you recall that the Russians had already obtained evidence, from my "Supplemental Pleading, I", of my knowledge that the mental hospital in Troy was a CIA set-up (so that I had conspired with the CIA to falsely convict Russia back in March); and now, as you can see,

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they had evidence, from my “Supplemental Pleading, IV”, that I did understand Jennifer Day’s email to me on July 12 as a signal from the CIA. (I wrote this down hours ago as part of my act since I did know that Jennifer Day’s email really meant “No, don’t do this!”) Just as before, when my computer malfunctioned (e.g. when my Open Office crashed), this was evidence either that it was a Russian-made spy computer or that it was defective and unreliable, in which case any document that came from it should be judged inadmissible as evidence in the International Court of Justice.



Almost 5 hours later, when I examined the destroyed document

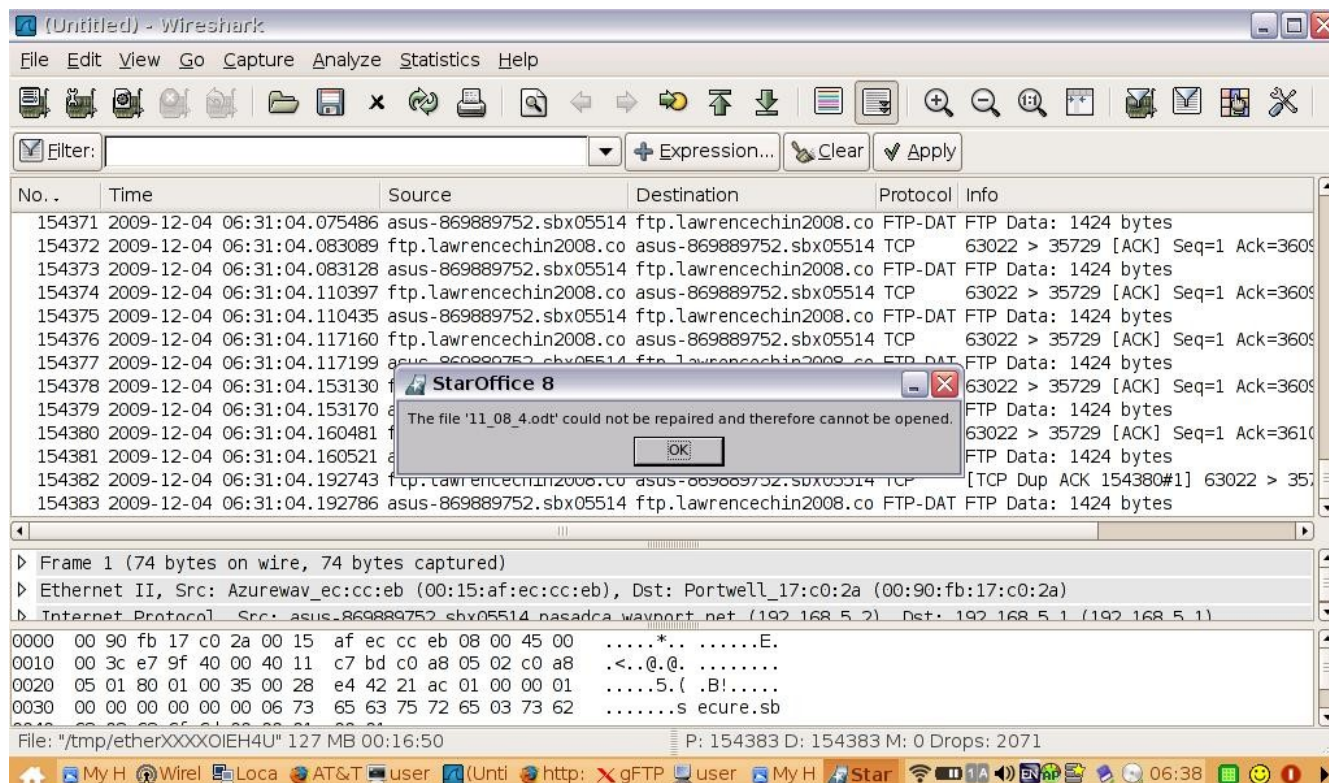
December 4 (Friday; “They are trying to protect you”)

My next recording is: “tochsecmr_12_4_09_229-340AM.WMA”: I continued: “... maybe we should just move to Montana or South Dakota... if there is remote control, it can only disrupt applications...” On 11:00, I was on the move. On 20:00 I settled down in my usual corner behind Chase. “... we’ve got our camcorder ready, any malfunctioning...” I opened up my Toshiba, and it started performing CHKDSK operation (24:00). Shocked, I immediately started filming it: “1_chkdsk_12_4_09.AVI”. I trembled: “... this is suspicious... there is nothing wrong with the previous shut-down...” (26:30). Then: “... Homeland Security remote control... What is Homeland Security doing to our computer anyway? Maybe Homeland Security has planted antenna inside...” Yes! Then my Toshiba booted up on 29:00. “... the CHKDSK could just be a Homeland Security virus disguising itself as...” I opened up

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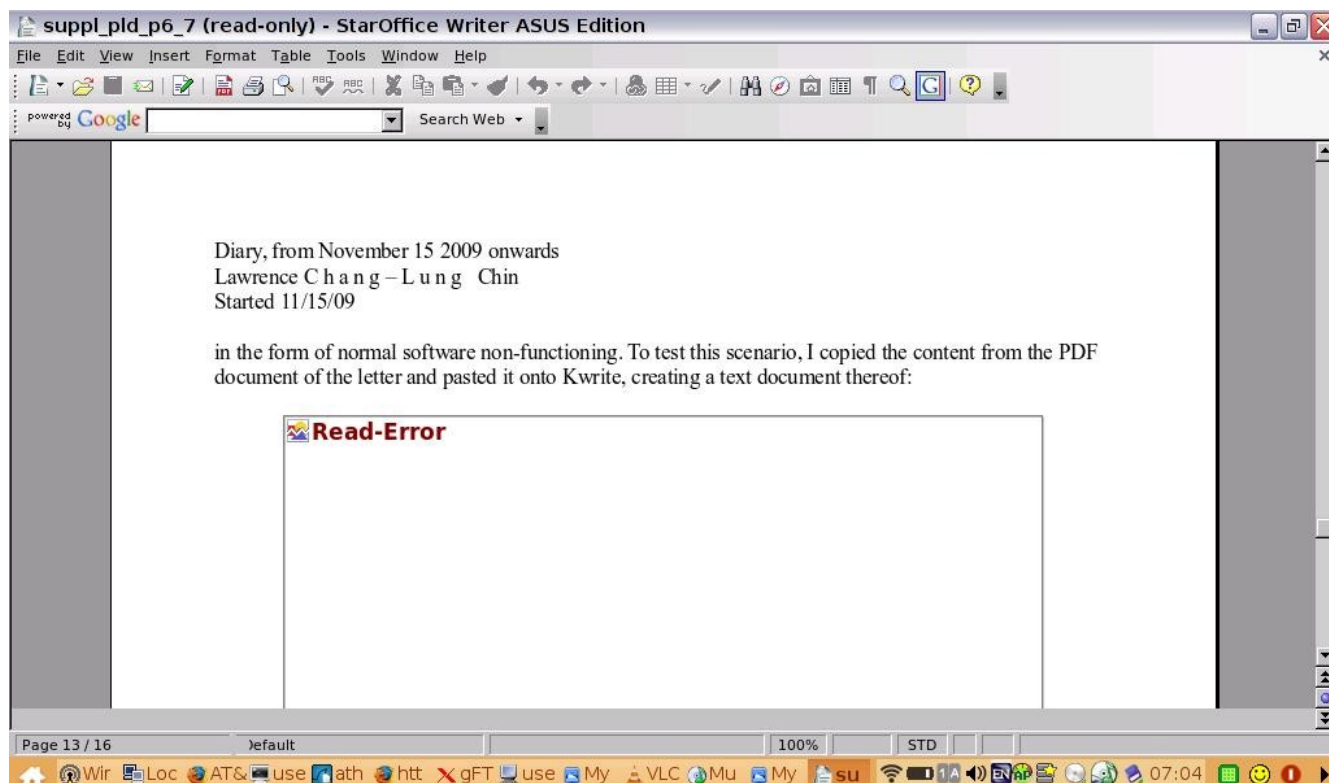
the Event Viewer log and read out all the entries. On 40:30 I filmed myself opening up “Supplemental Pleading”: as you can see, it was simply a blank file: “2_suppl_disappears_12_4_09.AVI”. I proceeded to burn a new disc. Then, on 57:00, my Toshiba completely froze up when the ImgBurn operation was about to be completed: “3_toshibafreezes_12_4_09.AVI”. I then continued to mumble about how Homeland Security had put something into my computer. Again, I suspected that all this was Mr former Secretary’s work.

My next recording is: “tshbaproblem_dvd2879_wrkrlght_12_4_09_333-539AM.WMA”: Then I seemed to be writing something: “... pretending... in order to lure me to talk to her...” Was I writing about the operation on July 8? If so, I was just trying harder to provide the Russians with more evidence of my conspiracy with the CIA. Now the ImgBurn operation was successful on 18:30. I continued to write: “... switched to a smaller backpack...” Then I was checking over my files on the new disc. Siren on 51:00. Now I was amused by my own performance in my recordings. On 1:25:00, another ImgBurn operation was successful. On 1:44:00, a bunch of construction workers came over and greeted me: “How are you doing?” Pretending to be concerned, I started packing up. And I asked them: “Why are you guys working so early?” They were here to fix the lights. I left and, on 1:58:00, came inside the Starbucks on Lake Blvd. Again, I stayed in the hallway to charge my laptops and to work. I checked my emails and discovered that my earlier apartment application was rejected.



I soon discovered that other Open Office documents also couldn't open

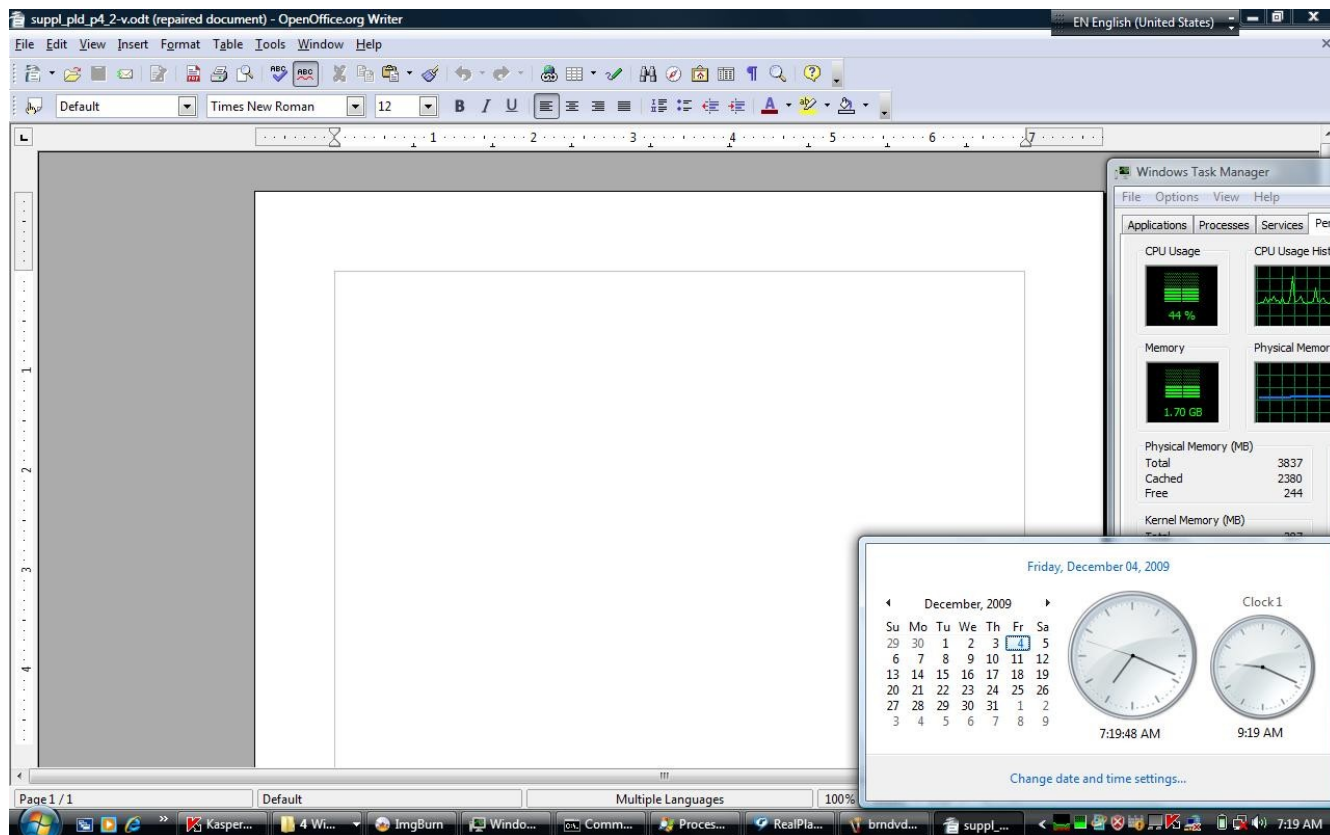
My next recording is: “strbk_mlfunct_12_4_09_545-902AM.WMA”: Then I asked this group of men whom I found suspicious: “Where did you guys come from? Are you guys detectives? You are very happy people... the Lord of the Rings...” (until 3:00). Then, after I got my doughnuts and coffee, I came back to them: “You have the detective hat!” It’s not clear whether these men were really detectives or operatives working (indirectly) for the Russians. Then I started working on my website and uploading my latest recordings and so on. “This external keyboard is very cool. Now our Eee PC really seems to work, it’s unbelievable...” Now I had to examine my Open Office documents again to see what exactly the suit team had done to them. “... they destroyed our Open Office... and our DVD player... on our Toshiba...” I tried to open the document in question on my SD card, and it was okay: “... and so it’s the Open Office in our Toshiba that Homeland Security has disabled...” (49:00). Then: “... our SD card is disabled...” I kept streaming the recording from yesterday morning from my website. “... read error...” I had now discovered that I couldn’t open many other Open Office documents as well. I was burning a new disc at the same time. “... we’ve never seen anything like that, it’s just empty... if the document is corrupt... we are really worried about this DVD, everything is broken down... Homeland Security did something to the files, such that they can’t be opened...” I was frustrated because nothing was functioning on my computers: “... it’s very annoying when your computer doesn’t belong to you but to someone else... Homeland Security can control any machine.. it really doesn’t make any difference at all... they are just so powerful... it’s really bad to sit here where the security guard can see you, but we just don’t feel like moving...”



My current diary: “Read-Error” – empty!

I was now trying to create Word Pad versions of my writings since Open Office could be so easily destroyed by Homeland Security. "... we don't really know if we have uploaded anything at all... maybe it's all 'Homeland Security-orchestrated illusion'... we just don't understand computers... don't use Open Office anymore, it's so easily remotely controlled... it's a really shitty program... modern life is such that your life is entirely under government's control... they'll just have to press a button..." And the Starbucks employee came to warn me not to be squatting in the hallway (2:29:30). Then: "... an Asian female said Hi... we don't want to live, we can't understand computers... a super weapon is standing in front of us... I can't do this... everyone is standing around us..." I was getting increasingly frustrated: "... we can't understand what's going on, we are uploading two files, and yet GFTP says we are uploading 7 files!" I broke down crying. By 2:48:00 I was packing up while moaning about how, everyday, Homeland Security would bring me new troubles. "... we are married to Homeland Security, they will be with us for another 20 to 30 years..." As you shall see, I was quite prophetic here. By 2:50:30 I came out of Starbucks to do my work outside. "We don't know whether we are really visiting our website or whether it's all just an illusion... how do you know your website actually exists, that Homeland Security didn't create it? ..." Then, unbelievably, I managed to open up one of my Open Office documents on my Eee PC (2:57:00). "... we are trying very hard to concentrate, but, because of our disability... we are just trying to send the hash values to ourselves... but these Homeland Security thugs just have to press a button on their computer, and everything will disappear on our computer... what about other people? ... but we doubt that Homeland Security will spend as much resources on other people as on us..." And I shut down my Eee PC. "... we don't have time to deal with it anymore... we are doing the best we can... we have to pretend that, when we press a button, the computer actually does its thing... hopefully when we save our files, we are actually saving them... how do we know we have saved them? Maybe we are just saving them on Homeland Security's servers, and, when we want to see them, we get to see them, but not anybody else..." Paranoid over nothing! Like a typical targeted individual! By 3:10:00 I was on the move. Then: "From the way they destroyed your document, you can tell what they like and what they don't like... then you can figure out what's going on in the International Court... if you go this way and you get slapped in the face, but if you go that way and you don't get slapped, then you can find your way and everyone will be happy..." Acting! Of course I knew that the reason why the suit team had destroyed my document was that my writing was evidence for the Russians of my conspiracy with the United States!

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5 hours after it was destroyed, the document was still all blank

My next recording is: “recount_12_4_09_915-920AM.WMA”: I continued: “... we uploaded our Supplemental Pleading 29... computer malfunctioning is so devastating because this is all we have... what we did is that we came back to the same place to find cigarette butts... then two women came by with their super weapons... we have been pasting the content of our Open Office documents onto Word Pad, and the same problem... we have seen it before... the pop-up would say ‘Another application is open’... that seems to be a ‘natural’ malfunctioning... not remotely controlled... and when we uploaded our Supplemental Pleading 29...” Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: “recount_tlkwdtctve_485_blkwmkfun_12_4_09_929AM-1220PM.WMA”: I rested in a corner and continued: “... you can’t do two things at the same time... but you have to check your Wireshark at the same time... two men have just passed by while we are making this log, so surveillance has been produced showing us recording them... Homeland Security always knows what we are writing, so there is no point in hiding it from them... besides, if we don’t save it...” By 8:30 I was on the move again. “... which document they were trying to destroy, which they weren’t... observe in which direction we get slapped in the face... so think about the document...” Again, acting. On 13:40 I was walking past Kinkos and going toward the big ash tray. “... after this has happened 50 times, anybody can figure it out... it’s like ‘negative reinforcement’...” By 17:20 I settled down in the middle of the parking lot. When I turned on my Toshiba, this man came over, and I got suspicious

again: "... he really looks like a detective, and cars have started coming in... I think we should close it down... maybe it's illegal..." It was a Hispanic woman who drove her car in to park in front of me. When I closed my laptop, she drove away. Whether or not she was any part of any operation, I pretended to not suspect that she was doing surveillance for the Russians. "For safety's sake, we shall not open our laptop in open space..." And I moved on. On 27:00, I was buying cigarettes in a store. "We are so distracted... we need to find somewhere to hide in..." I rested in a corner to smoke. "... another guy is texting, we are intercepted..." On 33:30, I moved on. On 35:00, I came inside a fast food place. I took my food outside to eat, and super weapons were soon passing by: "... surveillance is produced..." Then a strange, bald head man came over to watch over me. On 51:30, I went up to him and pretended to ask him: "Police officer, what did I do wrong?" (51:30) "Nothing." "You're sure? I mean... I suppose there is some other purpose..." And he assured me: "You are okay..." "You made me nervous.... Every time when I sat down cars would move in to record me..." Good acting! As if I didn't know it was the Russians who had been recording my monologues as evidences against the United States. He continued: "... there is quite a bit of movement with the police lately... they are trying to keep... you know... people coming in for the Rose Parade..." "No, it's not just here, but everywhere. Every time when I opened up my laptop, cars would come in... everything I have is just ordinary stuff... I just have a laptop... and everyone wants to see what's inside. There's nothing inside, it's just ordinary stuff..." Again, as if I didn't know people were interested in what I had on my laptop because they were looking for evidences of my conspiracy with the United States. "I hear you, you shouldn't worry." "They say that in order to deceive me..." But he replied me with something significant: "*They are trying to protect you as well...*" Alarmed, I nevertheless pretended to protest: "They are not protecting me, they are making me nervous..." "I understand..." "You understand...? Alright, thank you sir..." I walked away on 54:00. I felt that I was now in a serious bind, but of course I wouldn't show any sign of it but just kept on humming and mumbling about how I did my best to hum out other people's chatters. Then: "... Rose Parade my fuck ass... you think you have uploaded this file... but maybe Homeland Security has switched it... they are going to make things up... what did we do? Just uploading files... and so if Homeland Security switches the file... when the super weapons fire and there is a police officer around, then that *can* be a problem... *presumably they are not recording us...* for that's really idiotic..." Nice acting! On 1:00:00, I sat down and pretended to reflect: "... so we came, and nobody was here, and then this bald head man came to sit outside with us... that's suspicious... *and he has an accent...* like Middle-Eastern... the thing is... he's, like, comforting us... we need to protect our laptop... look, a Hispanic female opens up her laptop on the bus stop bench... why did she do that? Is she our double? If there is a law enforcement officer around, there is no way that he would confuse her with us... let's concentrate on *this* world... that white man really looks like a detective... that's why you need to videotape things... but you can't videotape anymore, it's too scary..." On 1:42:30, I got on bus 485. I hummed all the way and then got off the bus in downtown LA on 2:33:00. While walking, I continued to avoid super weapons. I then avoided the Hispanic man who was talking on his cellphone. Then a man yelled at me: "He wants us to record him..."

Now let's pause for a moment to consider what had just happened. Even at the time I was suspecting that this bald head "Middle-Eastern" man was one of the ICJ judges on my case who had come out to specifically give me a hint: namely, that Mr former Secretary wanted me dead because I had enabled

the Russians to convict the United States and that the Russians were trying to protect me because they needed me to finish my conspiracy with the United States. I was probably not far from the truth. This is my scenario. On December 1 I had avoided a very important trap and the suit team was thereafter utterly desperate: getting the Dutch government to detain me was really the last viable card they had on their hands. And yet the Russians sent someone in to warn me. What were they going to do now? As they contemplated on the matter on December 2 and 3, the Russians were requesting a conviction of the United States because, while my “Supplemental Pleading, I” was enough evidence that I had conspired with the CIA to falsely convict the Russian intelligence SVR back in March, my “Supplemental Pleading, IV” was further evidence that, with my Nicaragua trip, I had intended to conspire with the CIA to convict the SVR for a second time. And so, early this morning, Mr former Secretary decided to pull out his wild card and destroy the evidence against him. This of course means that, despite the failure of all the tests which the suit team had run on me, there was still ground for suspicion that I was only pretending to conspire with them. The Russians must have vehemently protested against this move, and so, by 9 AM, the International Court granted the CIA their request to run another test on me. It’s the same sort of test which the CIA had pulled on me on January 4 last year: namely, to reveal something of my predicament to me and then watch for my reaction. And so the Court sent out this Middle-Eastern bald head man – he was probably really a judge from the lower court – to tell me that “they were trying to protect me.” The implication was that somebody was trying to destroy me – who? It can only be the suit team for, presumably, I didn’t know that the Russians had already surrounded me with their agents. But if the suit team wanted to destroy me, this could only mean that the Russians had already busted them thanks to me (and therefore that the Russians must have already surrounded me with their agents). How would I react? If I showed any sign that I knew what this warning meant, it was evidence that I knew what was going on and so was conspiring with the Russians. I had sort of noticed this and so was doing my best to pretend to not know what the “detective” – for I surely would pretend to mistake him for a “detective” – was talking about.

My next recording is: “notgosrg_blulncnclsn_12_4_09_12-227PM.WMA”: I continued my walk. Siren on 8:00. Then a black woman greeted me. On 16:00, I commented: “... the black woman said ‘Good morning’... that’s very bad... some shit is going on... I hope our storage wouldn’t get burglarized...” On 33:30 I got on the bus again and, on 40:00, I got off. On 44:30: “... the security guard is following us... Hello...” And I continued to mumble indistinctly: “... witness... our storage... but at least by tomorrow our storage should remain safe...” I was thinking of going to the storage facility but then changed my mind and, on 49:00, was on the Metro Blue Line platform ready to go to Long Beach. Super weapons were crying on the platform, and so I hummed. Then, suddenly, strangers interrupted me and asked me what my humming was about (1:01:30). “You know exactly what I was doing... you guys are scary... and now you play dumb again...” That is, I assumed wrongly that they were actors sent in by the suit team. I was then on the Metro train (1:04:00). I asked this man, “Sir, you look awfully sophisticated... are you from the authority?” No response. “Sometimes the cop doesn’t talk.” In reality, he was most likely nobody. Then, on 1:07:00, I realized that nothing was going to happen: “... Homeland Security is just playing game with us... they are trying to scare us... when we are scared, we will do certain things... they are just trying to push our buttons...” In fact, bullshit. I was then mumbling indistinctly again: “... that guy doesn’t look Homeland Security... FBI... that’s a law

enforcement investigation... usually when we identify a cop or an FBI agent, they'll leave... it's a game, for us to identify them... they know we know they are recording us, that's why they are dragging a cart... pushing the cart right in front of us... the recording device hidden inside the cart..." Again, just playing dumb, as if I didn't know that the Russians were recording me. "... they want us to identify law enforcement and FBI... they don't want us to identify the Displays... the identification will produce evidences... then it'll just be our delusion... in fact nothing will happen at all... certain things are real and certain things are not... certain things are serious and certain things are not... the destruction of our document is serious... but the law enforcement investigation is not... that's why they want us to notice it... what's going on is that the International Court is actually not biased... you are actually not supposed to play your cartoon show in there... the mystery is: how did the cartoon show ever pass through the threshold in the first place... it's actually not a joke to everyone else..." (until 1:15:00). My acting was superb because, while I played dumb sometimes, I didn't hide my knowledge at other times. It's more realistic when you are not too dumb and yet not too smart. Then: "... the Displays are the ones who have planned this, it's too much for Mr former Secretary..." I would be humming throughout the rest of the train ride. Then: "... super weapons... don't worry about them, it's just to produce surveillance intercepts... the Displays know us... we only need to worry about law enforcement... the Displays know you are going to do that... all this is just a trick... nothing is going to happen to us... don't worry about criminal recording..." (from 1:24:30 onward). Then I continued to work on my computer (reading the instructions on a certain computer matter). Then: "Since when is it the case that, when you identify a law enforcement officer, he would be like 'Okay, you've got me'?... the only thing you need to worry about is that... just when you say it's a trick, they will change it to something not-a-trick... they are listening to us right now... and if they know we know that it's a trick, they'll change it to not-a-trick, then since they know we know this too, they'll not change it... ad infinitum..." (1:31:00). This is somewhat important because, as you shall see, this is how this trial was going to conclude. "... just when we think they'll burglarize our storage, they won't, but... so, in the end, whether they'll do anything or not, it's indefinite... in a circle round and round..." Then: "... law enforcement officers are here for us to identify, and that's why, as soon as we identify them, they will walk off the train, mission accomplished... some sort of investigation... after which we will go back to being the retarded secret agent... One second we are a genius, the next second we are retarded..." (1:36:30). "Things are indefinite right now... bad things could happen, or it could *not* happen... you can't say what they are going to do..." And I continued to mumble about the bullshit evidentiary process for a while. "... our laptop needs a home..." I got off the train in downtown Long Beach on 1:59:30 and, immediately, I assumed I had got filmed by a police car (2:01:00). I continued my sarcasm: "... top-secret information... like how much hairs grow on our toes – do we have a twin brother and do we look like ourselves...?" (2:03:00) Then: "... be careful with law enforcement... it's indefinite now... at any time it can become illegal... they can bust you on these little things..." I kept on walking. Then I rested. Then I mumbled about how I needed to change my glasses.

My next recording is: "CT_mtrotolbmtl_12_4_09_232-419PM.WMA": I was still around the downtown Long Beach Metro station. "... it's 2:35 PM already... the next time you should go earlier..." Namely, I was thinking about staying at a motel again. On 18:30 I got on bus 94. "... what you should have done is stay home, just as Wes has said, always stay home..." On 37:00, a super

weapon came up the bus and started shouting. I warned his mother not to bring his super weapon near me. And a police car was outside. "... it's making us really nervous..." As you can imagine, I was both pretending and serious. Then, when a man was getting off, he shouted loudly: "Thank you!" I was annoyed: "... he shouted so loud because he wanted us to record it..." (49:00). Not! I got off the bus on 49:30. I was mumbling indistinctly about something while walking. "... so many contradictions in our thoughts... can't figure out what is what... it's just so messy... we need just one scenario... finding an apartment... there will be operatives all around but..." On 1:12:00 I came to a motel. The Indian lady in charge of the place asked me if I had ever been here before. Now I pretended to believe it was an operation. Ha! I didn't like the room she assigned to me and went back to the office to ask her to switch me to a different room. I got room 103. On 1:20:00 I was in my room. I continued: "... if we stay in that other room, there is a park next to it, and super weapons will be playing there, and so we stay here instead... if you want to stay in the US... Iowa... this is the mind of Mr former Secretary... the problem is that we are trapped in his mind... everything that is not related to our documentaries of ourselves has already been deleted from our hard drive, and there is no entertainment left... we have all the videos of broken arms and broken legs... they are just hilarious..." I then started playing one of my latest recordings. "... the neighbors are talking loudly, but, luckily for us, our recorder couldn't hear it. But unluckily for us because you couldn't hear it either so that you can only trust us that they are indeed talking loudly in order for us to record them..."

My next recording is: "mtrvsuppl31_12_4_09_411-1045PM.WMA": Then: "... immediately, we have to fix our glasses... just remember that detectives are all over the place... Homeland Security is always watching you... to produce faulty surveillance... but it has no real world consequences... but the true surveillance... it might have real world consequences... recall how when we were living in Long Beach the Long Beach law enforcement rented a room upstairs... they do have surveillance equipment that can penetrate the wall... so now they could be next door or upstairs... the Long Beach Police do have this kind of equipment... concentrate on this world... remember how that Long Beach Police officer came downstairs to yell at you because your roommate was playing music too loud and that disturbed his equipment? ... the surveillance machine is very sensitive... they are now talking loudly, and, although you can't hear it, law enforcement officers are observing it and assuming that we are recording it... law enforcement has a double purpose... on the one hand, they show up in order for us to identify them, and, on the other, they want to hide from us... they want us to know they are watching us... they want us to identify them..." Then, from 19:00 onward, I was reviewing my recordings. Then I examined, on my website, my (as yet incomplete) "First Supplement Pleading" ("suppl_pld_29.pdf") which I had uploaded this morning – I was so worried that Mr former Secretary might have also successfully eliminated the evidence of my conspiracy with the CIA back in March that, this time, I wanted the Russians to intercept it from my website. But then I got paranoid over whether something had happened to the file (the byte count didn't seem right). As you can imagine, this paranoia was not necessarily unwarranted. Then, from 37:00 onward, I quietly read through my First Supplemental Pleading and continued to work on it. Then: "... at that time you had freedom, but now you have law enforcement on your back... urinating, defecating... maybe you shouldn't say it..." (2:04:00). I then lamented about all the grammar mistakes I had found on my document. "... you are a conspicuous secret agent..." (2:46:00). On 3:20:00 I noted: "... the detective himself is talking outside..." Again, it's

not clear whether I was acting or being serious or just plain wrong. I continued to work through my First Supplemental Pleading and was frequently amused by it. Then I mumbled again about how Homeland Security always knew what I was writing. “How do they know it?” (3:47:30) Then: “... if law enforcement is listening to us, they must be like: ‘Why is he so ticked off by his own writing? Maybe he didn’t write it’...” After making so many corrections, I now had to upload the new version (5:27:00). Then, on 5:44:00: “Gee, today we have really criticized Mr former Secretary...” On 6:21:00, I was done with correcting my First Supplemental Pleading. I washed myself.

My next recording is: “slp_lbmtl_2_4-5_09_1049PM-607AM.WMA”: And so I slept.¹⁸ By 7:13:00, I had got up.

December 5 (Saturday; the fake Russian agent in SJ)

My next recording is: “dntcrmlrcrd_12_5_09_6-629AM.WMA”: On 4:00 I exited my room with all my things in my bag to get breakfast. On 8:00, I was in the doughnut store. I asked the Indian man who owned the shop about the electronic device he was wearing over his chest which he was using to talk to somebody. “So you want me to record your conversation?” I continued to mumble about this for a while after I left. “... this episode of criminal recording... our first intercept of the day... how people want us to be a criminal recorder...” Was I acting or was I serious? (Of course there was no operation here.) On 15:00 I came back to my room. “As soon as we turn on our computers, our neighbors would have to get online too so that their online activities can be confused with ours... they will do illegal stuff on their computers...” Then I was mumbling about the supposed detective in the other room. “... in surveillance it would just be our secretly recording him... there will be no evidence that he knew that he had been recorded...” Then, loud noises upstairs (26:30).

My next recording is: “filestosd_12_5_09_634-720AM.WMA”: I continued my act: “... using the Internet in the motel is so dangerous, but we are supposedly surrounded by detectives... there should be... in order for law enforcement to confuse him with us...” Then, I was on the toilet. Then: “... they are using the same router as we do... they will look up illegal stuff...” I turned on my Eee PC: “... it’s gonna be exceedingly dangerous... our job is not only to produce surveillance intercepts, but also to act suspicious: ‘Oh, so you have all these computers... what are you going to do in the motel?’”

My next recording is: “strbksprwprn_whyrcmlrcrdng_12_5_09_712-1134AM.WMA”: And so I decided to do my Internet activities in a coffeehouse. As I was packing my bag: “... just two months... 180 pages...” I filmed my room before leaving it. I left my room on 8:00 and walked down Pacific Coast Highway to go to the Starbucks there. I was being goofy: “Oh my God, it’s the snooping vagrant...” On 14:00 I came to Starbucks: “... a security guard inside, and usually there will be a detective inside...” I sat outside and way in the back. “... it’s strange that this vagrant doesn’t want to use the wireless network in his motel room but wants to come here... the greatest thing in the world for us now is that no one shall show up in front of us, no human beings... soon super weapons will show up...” And just when I said so, a super weapon showed up and shouted (17:30). “... per the generosity of the

¹⁸ Reviewed until 12:00, and then from 7:05:00 onward.

International Court of Justice, super weapons will always fill up Starbucks... because there is this court case, Toshiba can sell a lot of laptops, and Starbucks can have more customers...” Then I walked to the man who I assumed was the detective here (was I acting?): “... detective, you don’t have to say anything, but can I borrow a cigarette from you?” “I only have one” (23:00). I was convinced (or so I acted) that the detective was recording me. On 28:00 this “detective” was gone. I went inside my Hotmail account, mumbling: “... maybe that vagrant was not a detective...” Now it turned out that the aforementioned super weapon had sat down by the tinted windows just next to me, and so I moved away to avoid any sight of him. “The detective from earlier must have noted down that the super weapon was inside the store sitting across the window from us, and since we had our laptop open... so we’ve got screwed... so be careful even when you are sitting outside... the thing is, law enforcement really hates us... remember that you live in the mind of Mr former Secretary, and everyone is merely a reflection of his thoughts, and he doesn’t like you... all these people are just figments of his imagination...” Then, on 43:40, the super weapon in question came out to fire: “... we’ve got hit again...” Then an old Asian man walked out of his van: “... could he be a detective? ... we live in an inverse reality... when super weapons follow us, law enforcement officers will note down that we like to follow super weapons... such is the mind of MC... the earlier super weapon just jumped out of the bushes, that’s very smart...” I was now getting the hash values of my latest files. Then I did searches for apartments for rent in Iowa, Bakersfield, and Fresno. “Hopefully these websites are not fake.” Of course! Note that, from today onward, I would begin contemplating moving to a desolate small town instead as the best way to avoid people. I would have to learn, gradually, that, just like my plan to move to the Hague, my move out of Los Angeles would seriously complicate the Russians’ victory in the International Court of Justice: they wanted me to *stay in Los Angeles* and finish my conspiracy with the suit team *here* because they had already wired up the whole city and gained control of everything in town. Then I started streaming my recordings from my website writings.lawrencechin2008.com. On 1:05:00, my Eee PC froze up. On 1:24:00, people came to talk near me, and I hummed. I was now fixing the links on my Scientific Enlightenment again. On 1:46:30: “... the cop is walking away, an Asian man... did we do something? ... if law enforcement officers have to note down that we have moved our Scientific Enlightenment to Hostmatrix, what would they say? ... there will be irregularities in their reporting which in the International Court would become evidence that we didn’t write it... everyday you just produce surveillance intercepts, and most of them are so disgusting that you’d need to see a therapist for them... and you’ll get traumatized after you see a therapist... hence the production of intercepts is a way of life... we don’t know who among these people are law enforcement officers... we just know that they have this double agenda, one, the trial at the International Court of Justice, and the other, the investigation in this world...” I added a notice on my Scientific Enlightenment’s Table of Contents: “This work has never been finished.” Then I noted that a man was picking trash cans: “... our description of it is in itself not a crime, but law enforcement officers have recorded our describing it, and such minor matters will eventually accumulate to such a point that they will become ground on which to put us away... or usable as evidence in the International Court... whether we get arrested or not, that’s an add-on...” (2:03:00). Then: “Oh my God, a Toshiba Satellite inside... oh, this man is looking at us, *he’s* the detective, he’s reading a book and he really looks like a detective...” (2:08:30). It’s of course not clear whether the man really was a detective at all. Then I was deciding whether to go inside to charge my Eee PC because it had run out of battery and yet I still had two more files to

upload: I was hesitant because another super weapon was inside. But, on 2:11:00, a woman asked me if I wanted to come in. I responded: “Oh right, we need to produce surveillance intercepts...” And so I went in. Even though the woman was not an operative carrying out an operation, I acted as if she was and as if I wanted to cooperate. Now there was loud talking everywhere, and I hummed. On 2:17:30 I exited after uploading one file. “... we are not going to make it...” Then I went inside again because I wanted to upload the other remaining file (2:19:00). Again, I hummed like crazy. On 2:22:00 I was out: “... we have uploaded it, we have saved the file... we have uploaded a lot of files today... just for convenience’s sake, we have had to commit crimes by going inside...”¹⁹ Then I put up my act – the following is very important: “... *we now think this criminal recording is related to the same purpose, to suppress evidences... there are still documentaries of ours left in the docket of the International Court... it’s surprising that there are still... and so law enforcement’s investigation of our criminal recording will be taken to the International Court as evidence for the same function, to suppress evidences...*” While walking back to the motel, I continued: “... that’s what we realized yesterday, it’s all just a game... we have already had so many intercepts of criminal recording by now... the law enforcement investigation... the primary purpose is to maintain the profile of the sick recorder, which can then be used in the International Court as the justification for suppressing evidences... the argument goes: ‘His recordings violate people’s constitutional rights, and so they can’t be used as evidences here’... it’s just amazing that this can go on and on... the problem is that the Russians are very tough, they don’t just go away... that’s why, this time, we need some serious law enforcement profile, so that you can do this once and for all...” On 2:34:50, I was at the motel office paying for another night. When the office phone rang, I ran out: “... we’ve got intercepted, but the important thing is to not commit crimes, intercepts are okay...” Just acting! I then mumbled about how David Chin was supposed to like dogs. I was in my room on 2:38:30. And so my conclusion: “... the profile is primary... as long as evidences are suppressed, we might not have to get arrested...” As if I only cared about myself and not the Russians. “... as we read through our Supplemental Pleading last night, we saw that this ‘criminal recording’ thing has been going on since May, and it’s still going on... *the Russians’ resistance is our nightmare... is there a plan to place such restrictions on foreign intelligence services? Maybe, and maybe not, but the main purpose is to suppress evidences... law enforcement officers are supposedly next door to record us... probably in room 102... they talk loudly in order to get us to record them... it’s still possible that their recording of us is different from our recording of ourselves... we have produced surveillance intercepts simply for the sake of convenience, we didn’t want to leave 10 megabytes of data not uploaded, and our simple desire will have major consequences for nations... our therapist would just say, ‘Just pretend that nothing is going on’... law enforcement officers aren’t under International Court orders... after the trial, we will continue to have law enforcement troubles... what would happen to our documentaries when we die? It’s a curse to have documentaries in the International Court’s docket... since it’s inevitable that they will be suppressed as evidences... because this has now brought you this law enforcement trouble... the lawsuit... everything that goes in there will put you in grave danger... but the Russians were so good, they could get these files in anyway... even though you just handed them over to them... they really amaze people... they must have found loopholes in the laws... law enforcement must be noting down right now that this guy is completely insane, that he has this delusion about... but insanity is not relevant to*

19 Note that I had also uploaded today the video of my Skype call from the Starbucks in San Francisco on February 13.

the profile of a criminal recorder... what happens to those intelligence chiefs who have been convicted? Will they go to jail? Nothing is gonna happen to Putin, he can still live in his mansion...” I was wrong here because I couldn’t yet fathom the ICJ rule that those convicted shall be chipped in the brain. Then I was mumbling about why anyone would want to be in the intelligence business when he will not be able to tell anyone anything. “... those who have lost, they can just go home and continue their life as usual... the Russians can keep those files in there because the International Court is actually not biased toward Western powers...” (3:02:00). Again: “... but that is like a curse too... how did faulty surveillance get past the threshold if the system is not biased? ... that’s the strangest thing... how can any nation be allowed to use as evidences intercepts in which nothing can be distinguished? Surveillance in which the target of the surveillance is never seen? How can that...? ... we should be a private investigator, we have discovered so many things just by observing people’s attitude toward us, how they talk to us... you can get access to the unseen reality by observing *this* reality...” I was overestimating my ability here because I didn’t yet know how often I was wrong and how much I didn’t yet know. “... that’s why this story is so good, if it can be preserved... and the people in the imaginary world can show up in this world too, in limousines... when super weapons fire, it’s to hurt the power elites in the imaginary reality... the essence of our documentaries... is to document the effects in this reality of the other reality...” (3:14:30). Then: “... our work is the discovery of the imaginary reality by documenting the effects of that reality in this reality... these effects are bizarre and make no sense... hence the other reality is discovered... according to what we have read, it’s merely the evidentiary chamber... the chamber moves with us... it’s not in Europe, but here... it’s supposed to be a different set of judges than the judges in the trial...” Again, I hadn’t yet learned to distinguish between the upper court and the lower court. Then: “... only very occasionally does the suit ream give us a hint about what’s going on in the imaginary reality... they just punch us, and yet we can figure out so much... the punches themselves are informations... the law enforcement officers are making sure that they are producing effects for the International Court trial only and not for this world...” Then, from 3:38:00 onward, I was working on “On the periphery of Karin’s meetups”. I was now streaming the video from my website of my Skype calls back in January. “... the law enforcement investigation will conclude that we have downloaded files, not uploaded them... so the International Court record will say we have downloaded files... the purpose of government’s investigation is to come up with the opposite of reality... every time when we open a PDF file on our Eee PC, strange things will happen... Thunderbird will pop up...”

My next recording is: “mtl_wrt_0109_12_5_09_1140AM-1235PM.WMA”: Now I filmed myself inserting DVD-6 into my Samsung DVD Writer and playing the video of my time in San Jose Family Court on January 12. “... our new theory is that this Russian woman who was guarding our brother’s divorce file on January 12... was a defector... she was too sophisticated to be merely somebody grabbed off the street... she must be a real Russian agent...” Since the Russians must have surveillance on me right now (even the supposed “detectives” in the other rooms), I was at this moment again furnishing them with evidence of my conspiracy with the United States – and I knew this: hence I was enthusiastic. And so I started writing about my episode at San Jose Family Court on that day. Then the TV from next door was suddenly turned up very loud: “... according to surveillance, we are probably not doing this but watching TV... while faulty surveillance is going on, law enforcement officers are

doing ‘faulty true surveillance’ ...” (32:00). Then, on 40:30, my Open Office was having problems, and I suspected again that my computer was being remotely controlled by Homeland Security. Just then, a super weapon fired outside, and I was shocked. Then, more problems with my Open Office. And I went outside to warn people not to talk in front of my door (45:30). “... he could be a law enforcement officer operating a machinery... if he’s producing surveillance, it’s okay... but we don’t want the recording of our writing process to be tainted...” In reality, I was of course suspecting that the man was doing surveillance for the Russian side.

My next recording is: “mtl_wrt_0109_12_5_09_1239-124PM.WMA”: Now my Open Office continued to have problems: it was perpetually unresponsive. Then I continued to write about my experience in San Jose on January 12. Suddenly, somebody knocked on my door on 43:00: it was just room service. “These surveillance intercepts are so scary... intercepts are produced, whatever that means...”

My next recording is: “mtl_wrt_0109_12_5_09_119-204PM.WMA”: I continued: “... every time when we are doing our documentaries, Homeland Security will send someone in to make noises... to taint our file... it’s not really illegal... so you don’t have to cut it off... maybe you should ask the law enforcement officer in the neighboring room...” I then continued to write. Then: “... we live in ‘Homeland Security reality’, and so everything is harder... the woman... she’s gonna rumor later on about how she has heard someone talking in here... this could be intercepted and become evidence that someone else is here with us! Who? Our criminal friends... we are recording the noises from next door, maybe that’s criminal too... the rule is that, whenever other people victimize us, it is us victimizing them...” There was of course no operation to create evidence that someone else was here with me.

My next recording is: “dnut_dvdmlfunc_12_5_09_209-407PM.WMA”: I continued: “We are a victim being made into a criminal... Is it a crime to make someone into a criminal?” (2:00) “If we leave and the room service lady comes in and spots our keyboard, it would morph into a Russian-made spy equipment...” Nevertheless I went out to buy doughnuts on 14:00 leaving my keyboard on my table. Now, a super weapon just came out of 711 with two Hispanic men (19:00). Then the old lady running the doughnut shop just had to talk on the phone while I ordered. I told her not to: “I know you want me to record that, but I don’t want to...” (21:00). In reality, she was not carrying out any operation for the suit team. I came back to the motel room by 28:00. “Every time we go to the doughnut shop, they want us to record something...” (33:30). Then I discovered that the DVD drive in my Toshiba was no longer working. “Homeland Security has probably destroyed our DVD drive...” (37:50). In reality, the malfunctioning was probably “natural”. “Maybe we should go to North Dakota... but whenever we go somewhere, a lot of people would follow in to make noises as a way to get themselves recorded...” (40:00). I began videotaping my laptop. The DVD drive was still not responding, and then there was an error message: “Input/Output error...” (44:00). “Homeland Security must have remotely disabled our DVD drive...” (51:00). Then the audio output was not working on my computer either. “... did Homeland Security shut off our laptop’s volume? We have to videotape it, the most effective means to cure any malfunctioning... maybe they just don’t want law enforcement to discover that there is actually nothing important on this disc...” Finally: “... forget it... there is probably nothing wrong with the disc, Homeland Security simply doesn’t want us to play it...” From 1:20:00 onward I was filming

myself playing the disc again: "... filming is the best cure for malfunctioning..." Then: "... Homeland Security has disabled our entire DVD system... now our Samsung DVD Writer can't even be detected..." (1:25:00). "... they just have to press a button, then you can't do what you want to do on your own machine... the disabling seems temporary... maybe they just want to tell us which file is good and which is forbidden... the recording in which we were wandering the streets of San Jose trying to find the Amtrak station is apparently not good... why? ... you just have to tell me... it's so annoying... it's such a simple thing and yet we can't do it... our disability is Homeland Security... wherever is our Homeland Security Daddy... we just want to make sure our DVD is okay, that they didn't destroy our DVD... when we play other files, there is no problem, but this recording of our looking for the Amtrak station is somehow not allowed... so they don't like this file... and now they have disabled our entire computer... just to make our malfunctioning look 'natural'... we can't even open Microsoft Paint to do screenshots... you would think that the video of the fake Russian secret agent is more sensitive, but no, the recording of our looking for the Amtrak station is somehow targeted..." As you can imagine, I was simply wrong here: it's simply that the sections on the disc where the file was burned were corrupted, and yet I was suspecting that Homeland Security had disrupted my activity in order to prevent me from providing more evidences to the Russians – and then was naturally baffled as to why the Russians would even be interested in my running around looking for the train station. Then, from 1:45:00 onward, I was streaming a more recent recording. I continued to lament about the supposed Homeland Security destruction of my computer system.

My next recording is: "mtl_mkdvd80_12_5_09_401-545PM.WMA": I was then mumbling about how Homeland Security must have beamed electromagnetic signals to my computer to cause it to malfunction. Then I sat there silently for a while with my DVDs. Then I was reviewing a recording from Karin's meetups. Then another reflection about my time in San Jose: "... we have suddenly realized that... when that stranger asked us... it was to produce surveillance of our meeting a foreign secret agent... she wanted it to be recorded... contact with a fake Russian agent... Homeland Security doesn't... just knock on your door... but this stranger saying strange things to you in San Jose..." (49:30). Perhaps this was why Homeland Security didn't want the Russians to hear anything from this recording! Then: "... we are constantly producing surveillance intercepts showing us manipulating recording devices while people are talking outside... David Chin likes sounds..." (1:19:00). Then: "... our computer doesn't really belong to us... it's very upsetting..." On 1:24:00 I took a break and turned on the TV. It was murder on TV: "... this is producing an intercept..." Then the news about something in Moscow: "... news about Russia! Another intercept! ... we are definitely a Russian agent... who else listens to news about Russia? ..." (1:37:00). Then, it was North Dakota on TV: "... Is Homeland Security trying to produce another surveillance intercept? ... what a coincidence... we don't really want to go to North Dakota... it's too cold..." (1:41:00). Of course I was both exaggerating and acting.

My next recording is: "mtl_sleep_12_5-6_09_548PM-240AM.WMA": I continued to mumble about how I must find an apartment that was far away from other apartments. On 18:00, the news about some fire in Russia: "... more evidence that we are a Russian agent..." And then I turned off the TV and slept.²⁰ On 1:37:00 I woke up and turned on the TV again. On 1:50:00: "... Look! It's ET... Homeland

20 Reviewed until 34:00, and then from 1:37:00 onward.

Security TV again...” And then a movie where Angelina Jolie, after she had lost her son, had a different boy returned to her: “... again, identity confusion...” Then, from 1:55:00 onward, I was back to sleep. Even when I slept, I would get up from time to time to utter how more intercepts of my criminal recording were being produced (when people were talking outside). Toward the end of the recording, I woke up.

December 6 (Sunday; suppressing evidences)

My next recording is: “ftpspeed_711mvie_12_6_09_234-345AM.WMA”: I continued in my motel room: “... our FTP upload has something to do with the suppression of evidences... usually it slows down when we are in Starbucks because they want us to stay there longer until super weapons show up... but sometimes when we upload a particular file, the speed will go up... it’s because the file is one from the lawsuit... the upload is fast because Homeland Security wants us to upload that file... we can actually clear the docket of the International Court by uploading all the files in the lawsuit... after you have cleared it, will this ‘criminal recording’ thing still go on?” I was saying something important here. I wanted to pretend to still believe that the documentaries which the suit team was trying to suppress as evidences came from my March lawsuit and to put up my act as if I wanted to help the suit team do it – so that, thereby, since the terrorist had intended, or tried, to suppress evidences, the evidences shall never be suppressed as part of the neutralization of his terrorist acts. And so I pretended to mistake the variability of my FTP upload speed for the suit team’s orchestration in an attempt to suppress evidences. In reality, I knew of course that there was no particular correlation between my upload speed and whether the files came from the lawsuit. I continued: “... little things such as our FTP upload speed tell you something... the goal of Homeland Security is for you to stay in Starbucks as long as possible... only when... does the speed go up... our Skype call... February 13... the video... that’s a very important evidence... hence the speed went up... so you know that that video is cleared from the evidentiary docket of the International Court... there is now no evidence that the malfunctioning of our Skype on February 4 was caused by Homeland Security...”²¹ Tom Cruise was now on TV in “A Few Good Men”: “... we are now producing an intercept showing us imitating the TV even though it is the TV that is imitating us...” On 30:00 I changed the channel. I then went on and on about how David Chin was imitating the TV. Then about how to survive the International Court of Justice: “... the only way you can survive... David Chin...” On 43:50 I came out of the motel room. “... the only way to survive the International Court... first, no documentaries of ours ought to be in the evidentiary docket... second, we are completely... in reality, our environment, and everything around us, is... we are... things always have to be... these movies always portray the opposite of reality... that intelligent people are stupid... and truth tellers are liars...” I was again providing the Russians with a very realistic explanation as to why I wanted to help the suit team (even when I hated the United States). On 47:30, I was at a gas station to buy cigarettes. Afterward, I was suspicious (or pretended to be so) of the cashier: “First, she wanted us to leave our bag at the door, why? Second, as soon as she finished ringing us, she started talking to the other Hispanic woman from the pickup truck... about 5 seconds of that conversation have got into our recording... if Homeland Security wants us to snoop on people’s conversations, that must be very bad... before, Mr former Secretary didn’t care... he knew we

21 Recall that I uploaded yesterday the video of my Skype call on February 13.

were recording everything... that was a much better life...” I came back to my room on 54:30. “... the cashier probably just wanted to produce a surveillance video showing us not having our bag with us... because of our documentaries in the Court docket, the judges have discovered, ‘So we are just watching a movie!’ That’s not good... if you want to survive, you have to *be* the character in the movie... clear the docket of your documentaries... only very few people have seen them... maybe Homeland Security has forged another bag somewhere...” Again, just acting. “... what about our data when we die? Shoot them to outer space? When Mr former Secretary lies, he’s telling the truth, and as for other people, when they tell the truth they are lying... so many stories have been made up about our computers... you don’t even know how many computers they have attributed to you... were they trying to forge your Toshiba or Eee PC?” I turned on my Toshiba. “... I don’t think people have the time to go through 8,000 hours of our recordings just to find out when exactly children’s noises are caught in them... but Homeland Security can tell law enforcement officers where to look in order to find them, and so they can pretend to find them in the very first file they happen to stumble upon... David Chin is the unluckiest foreign agent ever...”

My next recording is: “mtl_rest_12_6_09_350-444AM.WMA: I rested in silence. From 53:00 onward, I began working on my recordings. Then, the recordings for the next seven hours, including “mtl_dvd6problm_Inch_12_6_09_904-1141AM.WMA”, are all lost. This is of course terribly unfortunate since it is from today onward that I would be offering a series of very important testimonies.

My next recording is: “mtl_brndvds_12_6_09_1146AM-628PM.WMA”: I continued to work inside the motel room. From 1:25:00 onward, I was watching again the video of my encounter with the fake Russian agent in San Jose Family Court on January 12. I speculated – acting – on 1:50:00: “The law enforcement officers next door are probably noting down that we have all these live recordings of ourselves, that we are thus a criminal documentary maker... this is probably how the docket of the International Court is going to be cleared of those documentaries from our lawsuit...” Then my DVD-6 was having problems again. I continued: “Why did Homeland Security destroy this file? It teaches you something, that the judges at the International Court are not biased...” (2:15:00). I continued to film how the DVD was frozen in place (2:17:00). Again, it was most likely “natural” malfunctioning. Then I theorized that Homeland Security had most likely destroyed my Open Office application while leaving the files on my disc intact. I was becoming irritated: “... Homeland Security is remotely controlling our life... If they don’t like something, they would just remotely destroy it...” (2:22:00). Then, even my Toshiba was frozen (3:02:00). By 4:25:00 I was reviewing the same video again. ImgBurn completed an operation by 5:00:00. This recording is reviewed until 6:26:30, and the rest of it is also lost.

My next recording is: “dhstv_slpmtl_12_6-7_09_622PM-226AM.WMA”: I was still in my motel room with the TV turned on. “This movie is about South Africa... we have just produced surveillance showing us to be an agent of South Africa...” Then, the movie “The Pianist”: “... it’s about the holocaust... it’s surveillance showing David Chin having an obsession with Jewish things... we’ve just produced another surveillance intercept... I hope Homeland Security Daddy is pretty happy...” Then a commercial for an anti-depression pill: “... we are just imitating the TV, pretending to be depressed...”

this is in Spanish, we are producing another surveillance intercept... but we actually don't understand Spanish... now it's the President... we are supposed to hate him because we are a racist... now it's John McCain..." Then, on 47:00: "... Oh my God, the commercial... just flashed on our face... it's the 4th surveillance intercept since we started watching this TV... every time when we think Homeland Security Daddy is happy, they'll just keep on slapping us... now it's surveillance showing us denying global warming, so that we can piss off the judges... by watching the TV, you can actually learn something about the judges... they are very liberal, worried about global warming..." I was of course grossly exaggerating my ability here: there was no intercept about global warming and so on. Then I was mumbling again about shooting my documentaries to outer space. "... now the drug war in Mexico... another surveillance intercept... and it's Russia again, our mother country..." I was then mumbling about the Wikipedia article on Mr Fradkov and then about the judges again: "... what do they look like? The other intelligence agencies... do they double as lawyers? Or do they hire lawyers from the outside? ..." On 1:08:00 I turned off the TV to get ready for sleep. "... now that the intercept-production is over, it's people talking outside to make us record them... we are like Beavis and Butthead... oh, we forgot, cartoon show is not allowed..." Then I rested.²²

December 7 (Monday; the elites in the "Cave")

My next recording is: "mtl_wk_nwsintrept_12_7_09_225-424AM.WMA": On 1:01:00 I got up. I turned on the TV. Now it's the news about bin Laden, Pakistan, and the Taliban: "... it's a good intercept..." On 1:26:00, I turned off the TV. On 1:45:00, I got on my computer and started importing my latest recordings. I then played the recordings from yesterday.

The next recording is also lost. Apparently I then went to Starbucks to do my Internet activities there. My next recording is: "lbstrbkopposites_12_7_09_527-818AM.WMA": I continued to work inside Starbucks, humming all the way except when talking to myself. On 21:40 the Starbucks employee came to interrupt me: "Is this some sort of spiritual chanting?" "Not really..." I was "chanting" simply because the woman sitting next to me was talking too loud and I couldn't stand her. Now I wondered what surveillance intercept this employee was instructed to produce. (In reality, he wasn't instructed at all.) Then, what seemed to be an undercover detective was leaving – now there were no more "detectives" left in Starbucks (28:20). But, then, more "detectives" showed up (34:50). I continued to search for apartments for rent on the Internet. On 45:00 I moved outside to surf the Internet while smoking cigarettes. Then, another detective-looking man (47:05). I was then researching the cost of living throughout the United States while uploading more files to my website. I then searched for apartment information among all the small towns in California. Then, more "detectives" – or so I thought – as I continued to hum (1:15:00). I then hashed my latest writings and uploaded some of them to my website. I then commented on the futility of talking to my brother (1:39:00). On 1:44:00 I commented that, since Google's spider did crawl my website and index it, it was presumably a real website – even though no one knew that it was a real website. In reality, I was just paranoid over nothing.

²² Reviewed until 1:53:00, and then from 8:01:30 onward.

Then came a very important testimony on my part (from 1:45:30 onward). Such is the gist: When I stream my recordings from my website, everything is fine because in this world it would have to look as if nothing had ever happened. But in the imaginary reality in which the elites reside, my website is supposed to be fake. This is because, there, everyone is supposed to believe in the opposite of reality. What is so interesting here is then the fact that the normal situation has been inverted so that, now, it is the elites and the powerful figures who are somehow living in an imaginary reality and believing in the opposite of the real reality. This inversion of the normal situation is what Mr former Secretary has wanted, and he would be the only one among the elites who knows that the rest of the elites are living in a reality that is the opposite of the truth. This is the inverse of the normal situation because, under normal circumstances, it should be those in power who have direct access to truth and reality whereas the commoners are supposed to live in an illusion, but, here, Mr former Secretary has created a situation in which the ordinary people have direct access to the true reality and take it for granted but in which the elites are somehow blocked from reality by being stuck in the International Court which is sort of like a Platonic Cave, where they are prisoners and constantly lied to by the “faulty surveillance Machine”. So Mr former Secretary would not only like to invert reality for the elites who are his audience, but also to invert the very relationship between the elites and the commoners. In other words, he has not only inverted reality, but has also inverted the usual way in which reality is accessed (until 1:48:38). “This is absolutely fascinating... I’m sure the detectives around us who have been listening to us are taking us for absolutely delusional... But at least it’s not perverted. Well, we are just talking about how reality works.” From this point on, I would begin to notice something strange: some of the surveillance agents around me seemed to be commanded by their Russian boss in the control center to move in a particular way in order to confirm what I was saying. I was most likely mistaken here, but it is from this point on that I would begin to take the noises and people’s movements around me for the Russians’ signals to me whenever I happened to be producing excellent testimonies.

I continued: This must be the reason why my documentaries should never be seen by the power elites for they would then notice that they have been living in illusions, and they would then wonder what their purpose was in becoming power elites if they would simply end up living in delusions when it is supposed to be the ordinary people who are stupid and living in delusions (until 1:51:23). I then continued to review the recordings I had uploaded. Then, someone text-messaged near me. I pretended to be upset: “We’ve just got intercepted again!” (1:57:15) Then: “We are such a greater writer, but I don’t think Mr former Secretary is too pleased with that... our writings are mostly about human relationships, and that’s precisely the kind of stuff which he does not understand” (1:58:08). Then: “There is nothing wrong in this reality with writing an email to our brother; but in that reality... but we will most likely not get a reply...” I now pretended to debate with myself (2:27:00). I was still uploading the last recording for today and, just when I was about to send out the email to my brother, the Konqueror on my Eee PC crashed (2:31:15). I of course assumed that Mr former Secretary had done it from the control center. Then, after much humming, I packed up and left (after making sure that I had left nothing behind) (2:41:20). I commented that, unless the malfunctioning was natural, I had better not write any emails to my brother. Meanwhile, an Asian man was standing near me looking like a cop (2:44:35). I returned to my motel room and turned on my other recorder.

My next recording is: “mtlrecountstrbk_12_7_09_823_1033AM.WMA”: I began recounting: First about how I had failed to email to my brother, then about the difference between the imaginary reality and the real reality when it came to my website, and then about my need to get my documentaries out of the evidentiary docket of the International Court in order to get myself out of this “criminal recording” thing (5:48). Again, just excellent acting (since, in reality, I was doing everything I could to make sure that my recordings and videos shall stay on the ICJ docket). Then I took a shower. On 41:40 I asked myself what I was going to do given that it was raining hard. I then checked my bank account: I had 225 dollars in my checking account. I then organized my papers. Now my wallet was broken, my pocket had holes, and I didn’t have anything that was not broken (59:30). I then began working on my computer. Then I continued to elaborate on my new insight. I clarified that my website was real but “looked fake” in the imaginary reality and that the imaginary reality was thus based solely on how things *looked* (1:08:03). “Everything that is real in this reality looks fake in the imaginary reality. And that’s how Mr former Secretary wants it... so that the power elites around the world can live in a reality that is the inverse of this reality... Mr former Secretary’s goal is to make sure that the power elites of the world shall have no access to the ordinary reality...” I thus repeated much of what I had said while in Starbucks. But I then concluded that Mr former Secretary’s inversion of the customary relationship to reality had caused himself to become the “elite of the elites”, with three layers of reality constituted in total (1:12:32): “Mr former Secretary is on the top, and he knows everything; in the middle layer subsist the ordinary elites who live in an imaginary reality which is the inverse of the ordinary reality; and finally at the bottom live the ordinary people with their ordinary, true reality which they take for granted. We commoners take the true reality for granted because it is made up of such mundane matters as who my mother is and how many hairs are growing on my toes and so on. Presumably the rest of the power elites would be very upset because, after they have tried so hard to become elites with the privilege to know the truth better than the commoners, they end up being unable to even know how many hairs are growing on my toes.” I then reviewed the information I had obtained earlier from the Internet about the cost of living in such a small town as Fresno (1:22:15). I then joked to myself – acting – that I must be insane for having so many videos of people’s text-messaging (1:49:27). I then continued to work on my files. Finally, I mentioned the instance yesterday where actors (or so I thought) purposely talked very loud outside my door in order to get themselves recorded.

My next recording is: “mtlwrk_12_7_09_1027-1055AM.WMA”: I then pretended to note that another surveillance intercept had been produced of my snooping on others in the privacy of my motel room. I then worked a little more on my “Feefee and Valerie”. I then commented on how insecure Open Office was: “Even the DVDs on which my Open Office documents were burned are very insecure.”

My next recording is: “buybrgrpaymtl_12_7_09_1106-1150AM.WMA”: I then came to the service counter to tell the manager that I would soon come back and pay for another night (4:00). The manager was particularly joyful. I then pretended to decide to use my debit card to pay rather than using cash, even though it would supposedly create more surveillance intercepts (8:30). I also asked for a large trash bag. “Do you know that my words are actually destined for alien beings?” (14:15) Ha! – as you shall see. I then continued my walk, soon crossing Pacific Coast Highway (17:20). I thought that a security SUV had videotaped me (18:20). (Probably not – unless it’s doing surveillance for the

Russians.) I came to Burger King and ordered two meals to go (19:40). On my way back I saw another security officer (30:00). I then acted: “*There have to be better ways to suppress evidences than this.*” I hummed throughout as I strolled back to the motel. I came inside my room on 37:00 and immediately videotaped the configuration of everything. I then commented on how Mr former Secretary was trying to produce evidence of my imitating the TV by ordering the TV company to broadcast something that I actually would have an interest in, such as food! (41:45) Just now, the cable TV was showing my favorite movie of all time, Steven Spielberg’s “AI”. Now, however, because there was a “super weapon” in it, I could no longer watch it (42:53). Finally, I decided to simply leave the TV on CNN: “... the least stressful of all, no murders or anything like that...”

My next recording is: “mtleatbrgr_brtshagntmvie_12_7_09_1153AM-1235PM.WMA”. Then it was a secret agent movie on TV! I could now watch this kind of movie without fear! All because the Russians were winning!

The recordings for the next 5 hours are lost. This is again very bad because I had been in the middle of very important testimonies since this morning (and now it’s unclear what else I had said this afternoon). My next recording is: “mtlwrk_12_7_09_553-838PM.WMA”: And so I continued: “... other people are such hell... we have another... surveillance is wired up directly to the courthouse... you were about to send an email to your brother, and Homeland Security warned you it was the wrong move... if they can choose among surveillance intercepts, then they would just bring in only the favorable ones... and so they installed the surveillance system right inside the courthouse... and so everything is supposed to be automatic... if you sent that email to your brother, it would automatically show up in the evidentiary record... and that’s why Homeland Security crashed your browser... you are not supposed to produce the wrong intercept...” This would have been a very correct guess before, but now it’s really not clear whether, this morning, it was really the suit team which had obstructed me. Then I purposely distorted my understanding in order to cover up my knowledge that the Russians were winning: “... and that’s why that David Chin is supposed to be fake... his fakeness has probably been called into question in the ICJ... until your documentaries are completely purged from the courthouse, you probably shouldn’t talk to your brother... at the time, he was still fake, and so we could call him... in the International Court, it would just look as if we were running another Russian intelligence operation... but now, until everything true is purged from the ICJ, we cannot talk to our brother...” (until 4:30). Then: “... the last time, it seems that something about our mother was in the evidentiary docket, and so our step-mother tried to suppress the evidence... and now it’s our brother... your old family photos... you included them in your lawsuit... that might be how your mother ended up in the evidentiary record... but nobody’s identity is supposed to appear in the evidentiary record... who are our families and who are our friends, none of that is in the evidentiary record...” On 8:15, I turned on the TV. “Even when we didn’t intend to produce an intercept, we still did, that’s how the system is set up... but maybe Mr former Secretary didn’t make anything out of our being at the wrong door...” I was now eating while watching TV. “... back in January, you thought that was the worst time in your life, but now you think it’s actually a better time... at least, back then, you could walk around freely, go inside the courthouse when you felt like it... things actually just keep getting worse...” The news was now talking about Richard Branson’s spacecraft: “... see, space traveling is getting cheaper and cheaper... one day we can

definitely shoot our documentaries into space, and Homeland Security is presumably not going to get NASA to intercept them... what does Obama think about this case? You watch these news... you see these political people... in reality, they are completely different... there is no reality in the news..." I had certainly gotten this right! Then, on 40:00, the news was talking about the Chicago man born in Pakistan who was charged with terrorism: "... this is sensitive..." And then about the Taliban: "... what surveillance are we producing by watching this?" Then a spy drama on TV: "... there is no truth in TV... it's not like that at all, but you don't know if you are producing surveillance by watching it... our documentaries basically say that the International Court is convicting fictional characters... that's why Mr former Secretary is trying to purge them from the courthouse... and that's why this is on TV right now... but you have to care whether you will get into troubles... sometimes the intercepts are completely fictional... for example, we have never had any liking for super weapons at all... at other time, like 'Sex in the City'... you probably would want to watch it, but now that it's in the ICJ's evidentiary docket, you have developed a phobia toward it... being inside Mr former Secretary's head is very traumatic... he tried to get Bill Clinton, and that's why Hilary Clinton hates him so much, that Whitewater thing... in 2006, we watched this woman on Youtube explaining what had really happened with the Whitewater affair... the TV really doesn't tell you anything true..." On 1:11:00, I turned off the TV and started working on my Toshiba. I examined all the old programs I had downloaded before deleting them (to clear up more disk space): "... Ghost Script... Traffics Analyzer..." And I kept recalling the circumstances under which I downloaded these programs: just to provide the Russians with more evidences as to what was really inside my computer. "... Primo PDF... DVD Decrypter... we downloaded it on the UCLA library computer... TM Client... that has something to do with T-Mobile... these Wireshark captures on our Eee PC need to be preserved... it has all our download history..." That could be more evidences which the Russians might want! On 1:57:20 I took a break. "... our complete PC backup on February 14... and we hashed it and sent the hash to ourselves... we have to assume that that disk image was not altered when they had control over our computers back in March..." On 2:13:30, I was back on my computer, checking over my screenshots (to see whether they had malfunctioned). "... Ubuntu is such a problem... you have to download the packages onto your Eee PC and then transfer them onto Ubuntu..." Then I was looking over my old articles on Gaurav and judge Higgins. "We printed out the Wikipedia article on judge Higgins on May 25..." Then I was looking over the profiles of Russian government officials which I had downloaded months ago.

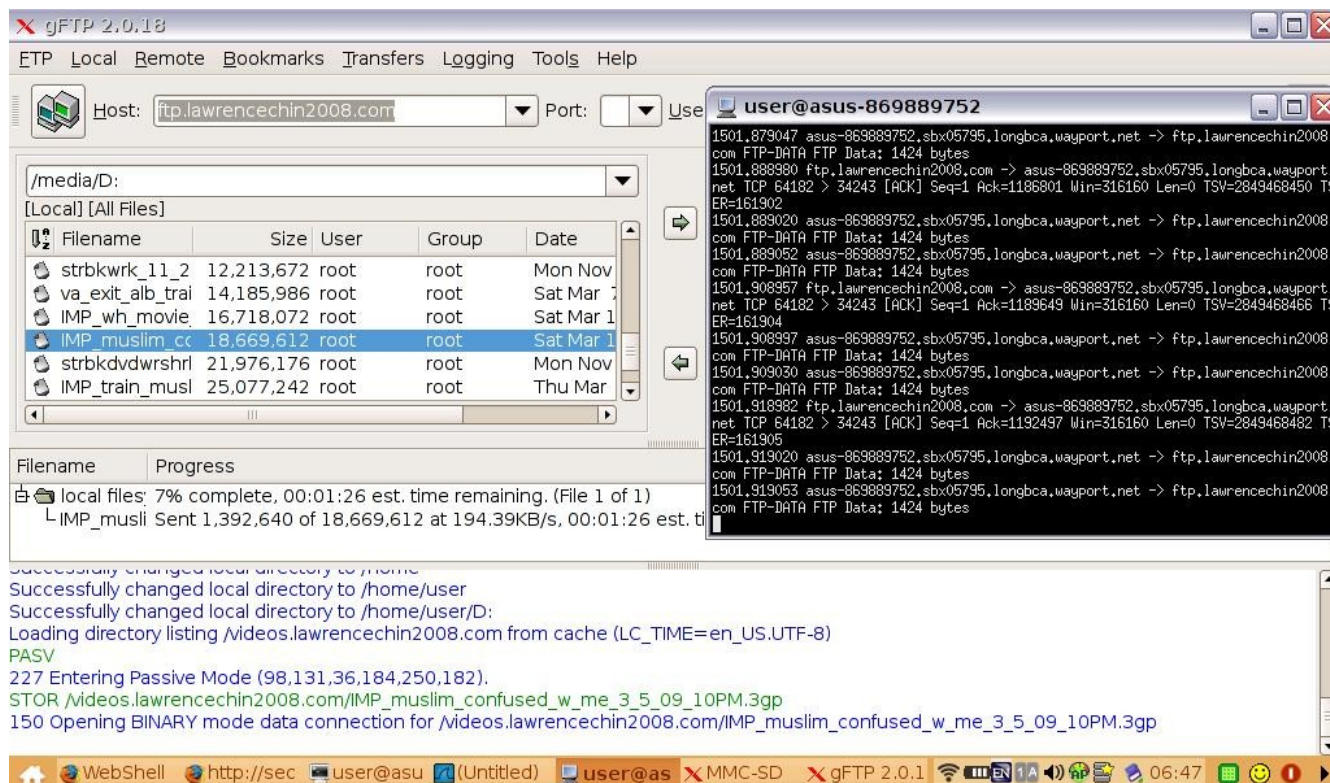
My next recording is: "mtlwrk_12_7-8_09_1116PM-1204AM.WMA": Then I rested quietly. Then: "... the people next door, in Room 104, are making noises... but it has been established that we don't turn on the TV and don't make a sound because we want to snoop on other people... if we turn on the TV, it will be sex and super weapons and so on..." Then, something significant. I wanted to masturbate so badly – I hadn't done it for so long – and yet was terrified that it might result in disaster for the Russians as it did on November 5. Assuming that the surveillance around me couldn't see through my blanket, I hid underneath the blanket and masturbated (until 28:00). Presumably I had not screwed up the Russians this time because, at least, I didn't videotape myself masturbating!

December 8 (Tuesday; MC's mind and the journey into the Cave)

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
8.1.3. Mission accomplie, C.
Lawrence C. Chin
Nov. 2009 – Feb. 2021.

The next recording is lost. Then my next recording is: “mtlwrk_dvdwrtr_12_8_09_306-544AM.WMA”: I continued to work on “Karin’s meetups”. I was reviewing the recording at the same time. Then I started burning a new disc. More problems: “... our DVD is fine... it’s just Homeland Security... our Samsung DVD Writer has been destroyed... Homeland Security just doesn’t like it when our documentaries enter into the International Court as evidences... so they want to destroy them...” Then I was working on my “Feefee and Valerie”. Then, from 1:23:00 onward, another one of my recordings of Karin’s meetups. Then, I rested quietly. Then, on 1:53:00, more problems with my computer. “... I don’t know what Homeland Security is doing... we did notice that there are a lot of news about the UK lady lately... what does that tell us about the ICJ trial?” (2:14:00) It’s not clear what I was talking about here. Then: “... we should go back to the old way... where we constructed an imaginary reality for the ICJ trial but left this reality untouched... where computers didn’t malfunction... and our documents would not be destroyed... but now at least we know what documents we should not open... and we should not email our brother until our documentaries are suppressed as evidences in the International Court...” (2:19:00). Again, acting. Then my sarcasm: “... the American people are very confused... because they are too connected with their elites... when the power elites feel stressed, the American people will feel it too and become mentally confused... that’s why, whenever the power elites get into troubles in the ICJ, the American people will get mentally confused and thereby produce just the right evidence to save the power elites... actually we are just talking about Mr former Secretary... the computers are also very in tune with him... our equipment, in the other world, are not real, but Russian-made... but in this world, they are real... we have seen enough computer malfunctioning... nobody has ever seen as many as we have...” Then I was ready to go out to use the Internet in Starbucks.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
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While in Starbucks, I continued to upload files from my March lawsuit

The next recording is also lost. Regrettably, we will never know what important testimonies I had made while in Starbucks. It is only known that, there, I continued to upload the files from my March lawsuit in order to pretend to help the suit team suppress evidences and then continued to look for apartments in Fresno. (And I also uploaded my June 14 video diary (Part II) in order to provide the Russians with the definitive version of my evidence.)

My next recording is: “opposites_12_8_09_801-935AM.WMA”: I was now in my motel room, having just come back from Starbucks. I turned on my Toshiba. “We can’t stand computer malfunctioning, we just can’t deal with it... I think Homeland Security, when they want to prevent us from using our Eee PC, just uses buffer overflow...” Wrong! I then filmed it when I discovered that my Wireshark captures were all blank. Then, wanting to make sure that I had indeed furnished more evidences to the Russians as to how the suit team had perpetuated their fraud, I played the video diary “6_14_09_p2.wmv” on my Eee PC, showing specifically the episode where Mr former Secretary sent in two guys that night to stage in front of me a show of my getting my partner to film me pretending to be homeless. Now my most important testimony again: “... it’s really kind of like Lévi-Strauss’ structuralism... everything has to be turned into its opposite... downloading is uploading, and uploading is downloading... someone else is always you because he is not you, and you are never you because you are you... this faulty surveillance system deserves a Nobel Prize... we are homeless, and that’s why we are pretending

to be homeless... we are poor, and that's why we are rich... we are telling the truth, and that's why we are acting... other people are acting, and that's why they are real... the power elites are supposed to live in truth while the common people are supposed to live in the illusion the power elites have created for them, but in Mr former Secretary's world, the power elites live in illusions while the common people live in the truth... the only person that is not inverted is Mr former Secretary himself... he can't be, because he's not *in* the show, he's the commentator... we tell the truth, hence we are lying, he lies, hence he is telling the truth... other nations are victims, hence they are the victimizers... the Russian intelligence chief is Jewish, hence he's a Nazi... what if a Nazi gets on the scene? Then he'll be Russian... Mr former Secretary's myth-making process... we are born in Taiwan, hence we are born in China... hence on September 4 last year, when Wes was pressing buttons on his phone to make beep sounds, it's we who were pressing buttons... bad people are good people, and good people are bad people..." And I continued on and on about this. Then: "... you are one, hence you are two... we should get into a movie theater and show this... we still have to check the files on our website, because these documentaries are just too precious to lose..." And I continued on and on about this. "Find a doctoral student and she can write about us... maybe the HTTP connection is still considered valid in the ICJ, and that's why we can listen to our recordings of Karin's meetups on our website... but the FTP connection is already invalidated, and so, as soon as we uploaded the file, it's inadmissible as evidence in the ICJ... the clue lies in the resistance... the website is fake, because our FTP connection is fake... that's why the Starbucks manager came to ask us pretending to not know what FTP is... he asked us if that's a musical instrument... and so if you want to protect your files, you need to upload your entire data set, but that'd be impossible... we just hope that, pretty soon, our HTTP connection will also be considered fake... then our website will be safe from that imaginary reality... then maybe we can even have our theater..." Again, just acting: providing more *reasonable* explanations as to why I had wanted to conspire with the United States. "... our strange interpretation of events... even an award for such creative insanity... we will be sealed off from the imaginary reality... you don't want to go in, but you want to be sealed off from it... even this... Lawrence Chin is in the American intelligence, and David Chin is in the Russian intelligence, and yet they look exactly the same... maybe Mr former Secretary should get a prize for his inventiveness, and we for literature... there is an imaginary reality where you are the opposite of what you are in the real reality, that's what we are trying to say... we should videotape ourselves watching our documentaries and commenting on them... that'd be a great documentary itself... and then we can comment on this commentary, and we can also show this in the movie theater that we shall rent... there, we are insane and everyone else is clear-headed, but, here, everyone else is confused and we are clear-headed... we are so clear-headed that we appear insane in the imaginary reality... we should write this big book, 'The Mind of Mr former Secretary'... there is a certain rule here, i.e., everything needs to be inverted into its opposite... as long as everything is its opposite, he will be happy... if some power elites should discover that this is not true, that this is an illusion in which they live, then he'll not be happy, and machines will break down, and people will become confused... when he's happy, our environment will be just fine... and so our book should be called 'The Wrath of Mr former Secretary of Homeland Security'... we live in his mind... he likes to be a movie director, and he directs some weird stuff... his mind is weird... his mind is a labyrinth, and we are a mouse... you have to learn to go the right way... when you find the right way, your machines will work just fine... and his mind is expanding... the purpose of this lawsuit is to

convict one nation after another... this is because he wants more nations to live in his mind... the Russians fight to not live in his mind because, in his mind, the Russians are very bad people... and so they keep resisting... and what do they have as their defense? Our documentaries that still live in the ICJ docket... and so if you remove them, then the Russians will live in his mind... the Chinese are already living in his mind, and that's why he's happy... judges will have to live in his mind too... when the judges pronounce a judgment in his favor... our story is about living in his mind... that's why he showed us the movie 'Being John Malkovich'... and these weird cartoons... and we will all be weird..." And I went on and on about Mr former Secretary's weird mind. "... he's a 'mind guy', he likes mind... if it's in other countries he would simply beat you up... but, since we are here, he just wants you to live in his mind..." I could not have better spelled out the objective of our Mr former Secretary of Homeland Security and his boss the Vice President.

My next recording is: "mtlsectrymind_12_8_09_940-1038AM.WMA": I continued to reflect in my motel room: "The mistake we made was that we thought the judges enjoyed living in Mr former Secretary's mind. But because of our documentaries, it turns out that they didn't enjoy living in Mr former Secretary's mind... Now they must be brought back into Mr former Secretary's mind... They are supposed to live in Mr former Secretary's mind, and that's why Mr former Secretary is unhappy and machines are malfunctioning... Because, it's not just the Russians, but the judges should also live in his mind, you know... But if they *know* they are living merely in Mr former Secretary's mind and not in reality, then they aren't going to be happy, because people don't usually enjoy living in his mind insofar as his mind is just too weird... *Well, what will usually happen when evidences are suppressed?* Because people don't just forget what they have seen, right? The judges' mouth will have to be sealed off, just as in the Patriot Act and so on.... And the next set of judges will come in and they will live in Mr former Secretary's mind, then machines will not malfunction, and everything will be fine, and the train will not stop, the buses will not be switched... and that's it... Because our goal is to get things to function... For all this is just insane, for how long will all this go on?... For... everyone just has to live in his mind, and he will be happy... We are not going to be happy, but at least life will be livable, and we can entertain ourselves with the creations of his mind... with the documentaries of the creations of his mind... Maybe we can even pretend to talk to someone, and the person will pretend to believe us, but will find our documentaries funny, because these *are* funny... And we can have a friend, who will pretend to be our friend... And life will go on until we die... So, life sucks, okay?" Although I was just acting here, I only had, but did have, an inkling that the opposite of what I said here would happen, namely, that the judges in the evidentiary chamber would never be switched again so that the terrorist's conspiracy with the United States could be "neutralized".

I then continued (17:10): "You know what the problem is? The problem is that, when we were in Starbucks, it's far more difficult for our Internet connection to be confused with someone else's. It's much easier in the library... This never used to be an issue... There... there was no one there using a laptop except us..." Note that my TV was on Channel 7 right now. "They keep talking about this topic in order to produce surveillance showing us to be a pervert. The TV is always imitating us" (25:30). Then: "Do you know what this operation is called? It's called 'Operation Getting the Judges to Live in Mr Former Secretary's Mind'. For if they don't there will be no peace on the planet. The entire planet

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has to live in his mind. His mind is expanding... until there is no one left outside his mind. That is the purpose of this operation... It's the biggest clandestine operation in the history of humankind, involving millions and millions of people... When the judges pronounce a judgment in his favor, then the entire planet will have been inside his mind... Then the operation will have been accomplished, and no one else will be outside his mind... Everyone will be inside his mind, like a mouse, running the labyrinth of his mind..." (until 32:40). "And that of course includes the UN Security Council and all that crap. They will all be inside his mind. The entire UN will be inside his mind... That will be the objective of the operation: let the entire United Nations be inside his mind..." (until 33:42).

Then, more on 50:50: "That's the ultimate purpose of the operation. The operation has to turn right and then left, it doesn't go straight. But that *is* the goal of the operation. It made these turns because – the Russians are just so much smarter, and they have allies... But ultimately, there is but one goal, everybody must go into Mr former Secretary's mind, including the judges... The moment that the judges pronounce a judgment in his favor, they will have entered his mind. Then the operation is finished. Weird stuff may continue to happen, but that's just to maintain a face of normality. Nothing more" – and I snapped my fingers – "Things done" (until 51:54). "The means by which the goal is arrived at is – inventing Russian intelligence operations, for the goal is to get even the judges to be inside the mind of Mr former Secretary. The means is the invention of an endless series of Russian intelligence operations... If the first invention fails, then invent another one, and then another one, and then another, until you finally get it right."

My next recording is: "jdgsinsectrymnd_tostrge_12_8_09_1032AM-2PM.WMA": I began packing to get ready to check out (18:00). Then, on 21:45, siren outside and I remarked: "See that siren? That's part of Mr former Secretary's mind. His mind is full of siren..." Then, on 27:00: "The siren is the sounds of Mr former Secretary's mind. It's like the sounds of his breathing. It means that his mind is working." By 32:45 I was ready to go and was checking over the room with my camcorder to make sure I would have left nothing behind. When I opened the drawer and uttered "There is nothing in it," I only discovered a notice posted inside the drawer saying "There is nothing in here." I was induced to laughter (33:05). I walked out of my room and went into the office. The motel manager came out joyfully as I turned my keys in to him. It's never been clear to me why he was so joyful in these two days. As usual, I had carried out all my trash with me and would dump it in the trash cans on the street. I took notice of a super weapon 120 meters away.

As I sat down on the grass near the bus stop by Pacific Coast Highway, I noticed that I had lost my earphones. "It will turn into something else..." Acting. Siren in the distance again on 48:32. The I noted another surveillance intercept (56:38). (Probably not.) On 1:00:20 I got on bus 172 to go to downtown Long Beach. On 1:05:00, a Korean woman got off the bus saying loudly "Thank you". "Another surveillance intercept of my criminal recording has just happened: I have recorded this 'Thank you'." Just acting! On 1:20:00 I got off the bus in downtown Long Beach and soon noticed super weapons 400 meters ahead of me. I was then going in the wrong way and ran into a detective's car (1:28:20). I was now walking to Chase: "When we get in line in front of Chase, we will be confused with someone else" (1:30:44). When I arrived at the ATM, I continued my act: "... One guy behind me, confusion is now

inevitable... We'd better keep the draggy cart in the shade" (1:32:00). By 1:33:00 it was my turn to use the ATM and I kept acting: "Confusion has occurred, almost without doubt." "First a guy looking like a Homeland Security agent got behind me with a bicycle, and then another woman has come to my left... The confusion is so massive, hence unavoidable..." (1:34:40). Not! Then I noted that I had 450 something dollars in my saving account, and that a 120 dollar deposit had come in from my step-mother. Then I began my acting again: "We are one step closer to... at least the suppression of part of the evidences.... Right now, criminal recording has happened, one step closer to safety..." (1:36:09). I then continued to mumble while walking about how one glance at a pretty woman would make me a criminal, one of those "visually oriented maggots", though it'd be nothing in the real world (1:39:20). One minute later, I noticed a pretty white female in the distance and thus began staring at her: one second, two second, I counted, and there you have "criminal staring" and one step closer to safety. Good acting! I then came to a Chinese fast food place to eat (1:44:00). "... a surveillance intercept of criminal recording has just happened again," I noted while carrying out my food (1:46:32).

I ate my food outside silently. Then another instance of "criminal recording" on 1:56:00. Then another black man behind me was talking loudly – criminal recording! Then someone was shouting on the street – criminal recording! Then more shouting. Suddenly, a super weapon appeared in front of me, 20 feet ahead: "... a surveillance intercept showing the criminal foreign agent David Chin staring at children..." (2:04:00). "One step closer to safety!" Then another super weapon. Then passersby were chatting: criminal recording! (2:07:55) Another surveillance intercept on 2:09:10. (Probably not.) I then came to a grass area. Strangers were talking loudly again near me – criminal recording! (2:13:40) I then mentioned again "criminal staring" (attractive females around). I acted: "This will also help suppress evidences!" (2:17:23) Soon I got on the Metro Blue Line. Someone then came near me to talk: "... criminal recording is happening at this time..." (2:30:30). Then a baby was crying: "... a super weapon is firing!" Another super weapon showed up on 2:41:20. After I got off the train in downtown Los Angeles, from 3:19:00 onward, I kept noting: "Super weapon, super weapon, and super weapon... more super weapons in front... into the mind of Mr former Secretary..." I got on the bus on 3:20:55 and someone was shouting at me. He laughed horrifyingly. And there were more super weapons shouting on the bus.

My next recording is: "strglocked_fmllrstrmproblm_12_8_09_205-239PM.WMA": And so I got off the bus on Jefferson and Grand. I continued while walking: "... criminal recording... and soon... so much criminal recording has happened... how can it go on any longer? ... 'non-criminal criminal recording'... that's what we are looking for..." Namely, I was pretending to want to help the suit team but not at the cost of getting myself into troubles. By 9:00 I had arrived at A-American Storage. I came to my unit and commented about the batteries that I saw on the floor: "... big batteries... more and more like David Chin..." I couldn't open my unit because A-American employees had locked my padlock. I came out of the storage on 28:50 and soon took notice of a car that looked like a detective's car, and then more super weapons appeared: "... so much criminal recording... we need to take a break..." I came inside the food mall to use the restroom.

My next recording is: "strgecrmlrerdsecvid_12_8_09_243-421PM.WMA": I recounted how, as soon as

I walked into the restroom, somebody came in, so that I had to turn off my recorder to avoid criminal recording: "... we will just do non-criminal criminal recording... just how much criminal recording is necessary? ... we have done so much today, we didn't hum, and so we can now go inside the A-American office and do 'one second criminal recording'..." On 5:00 I walked inside the office: "Why did you lock my padlock?" Then I admitted to myself: "... non-criminal criminal recording has happened..." On 7:00 I was in the elevator going up to my floor: "... that's why they locked the padlock... they wanted us to do this criminal recording..." Bullshit. But I was just acting in any case. Then I mumbled about how there couldn't be any expectation of privacy in the office since anyone could walk in at any time. I opened up my storage unit on 10:00. On 16:00, people showed up to talk near me, and I started humming. And a guy started talking to me: "... it's the guy from last time... Homeland Security needs more surveillance of our criminal videotaping, and so when we videotape our storage unit, it's criminal videotaping in surveillance..." Not! Now, before I left, I asked the guy: "Are you also going to leave a lot of trash behind this time? Don't leave it under my unit..." (23:30). Then: "... it doesn't matter... the last time someone took a picture of me right there in the hallway... was that criminal?..." I came out on 25:00: "... so both criminal recording and criminal videotaping have occurred... I don't even think we have to upload our recordings, Homeland Security has its own way of doing things... now the usual way in the International Court is to remove the judges and put in new ones, for people don't forget what they have seen... we live in the mind of Mr former Secretary, and anyone outside it must shut up... she or he can never talk about what she or he has seen outside..." I came inside the food mall again to buy drinks, and immediately took notice of the guy who was using the Chase ATM. I was out on 31:30. I continued to elaborate on my insight: "... Mr former Secretary's mind is the Platonic Cave... the elites are chained up in the Cave and forced to watch the shadows on the wall, and anyone who comes out of the Cave to see the sunlight – that Lawrence Chin doesn't even look like David Chin – must shut up... Mr former Secretary is thus happy, 'Ha ha ha, everybody's got fooled by me!' ... inventing Russian intelligence operations, I don't know how many times..." Excellent! On 38:00 I got on bus 38. I continued my most important testimony: "... the pictures of us... have been circulating in the UN... our letter has actually arrived... but Mr High Commissioner on Refugees has never replied... what's so surprising is that our letters would actually arrive at their destinations... the Russians did get our emails... the emails to the Russians were never blocked... but the pictures of us have been circulating in the UN for a long time... if Enkel was our replacement... it was just never brought into the evidentiary record... it's very hard to bring evidences into the International Court... it's not about whether it is true... the Court is actually not as closed up as you think it is... the letter you sent out did end up in the International Court as evidence... whether the letter to Mr High Commissioner... you don't know whether it went in there, but everything you sent to the Russians did get in there, because the Russians would bring them in..." I got off the bus on 46:00. I continued: "... our Taiwanese household registration, our Taiwanese passport... all went in there..." Again, I was admitting something while not other things in order to look realistic while not jeopardizing the Russians' upper hand. I kept on walking and uttering: "... we are gonna find an apartment... inside the Cave you'd see Russian intelligence operations, but outside the Cave, you'd see that everything is just a TV show... confusions... and fake Russian agents... and a Lawrence Chin who doesn't look like David Chin at all... you'd see a joke... but inside the Cave they all look so real... but how do pictures from the outside go inside the Cave? Because you keep throwing them at the

Russians... somehow the Russians can bring this stuff into the Cave... that's the weird part... I don't know how it happened, but it did happen..." Great acting! As if I really bemoaned how I had unintentionally helped the Russians! On 1:14:00 I got on bus 485. I continued on about how the elites of the world only saw the shadows on the wall but couldn't see the real objects behind them: "... both the Russians and Homeland Security can go in and out of the Cave all the time... the Russians have overcome Homeland Security's resistance and brought the pictures into the Cave, and so we are in danger... that's how the Allegory of the Cave works... but the judges are the ones who are always inside the Cave, they can't come out of the Cave... the judges and the bystanders who are chained up in the Cave... you need more shadows of criminal picturing inside the Cave... so that those people inside the Cave can forever live in darkness... the Russians must not say anything about what's outside when they go inside the Cave... it's the evidentiary chamber which decides whether the pictures should stay inside the Cave or not... even though what's going on inside the Cave always affects us outside... how the Russians could have overcome Homeland Security's resistance... that must be why Homeland Security wanted to destroy our document... so what's on the document had enabled the Russians to overcome Homeland Security's resistance... and smuggle the pictures into the Cave... and so you must not open the document again..." As you can see, I was pretending to misunderstand what happened on the morning of December 4. I continued: "... Homeland Security was telling you that... these documents revealed to the judges that what they see are merely shadows on the wall... and made them see the real things... before that they didn't even know these were merely shadows... Homeland Security was telling you something when they destroyed your document... because Mrs Psychologist was sitting next to you on July 8... but no pictures came out of that... but... not even Homeland Security has seen what's on the document... Mrs Psychologist has paraded in front of us two times near the storage facility... there is no reason why she would be parading there... that means that both the Displays and... have misunderstood the situation... the Russians did not have to go through Homeland Security to trace the email... they could go directly to Borders... to access the security cameras... normally the videos would be erased... but this time they weren't... that's why the Displays have had to put the psychologist in front of us twice to produce evidence that we didn't know who she was... with the security cameras, you can actually bring pictures into the Cave... but now... to bring the pictures out of the Cave... why would the Displays not know that the Russians can gain direct access to Borders' security cameras? ... normally they would have to go through Homeland Security, who would then stab them in the back and erase the video... and come up with the opposite of reality, that we are a Russian agent... I don't know how they could do it, the Russians are very smart... the Russians have been trying to bring the pictures into the Cave since April... only on July 8 did they succeed, and now you have to get the pictures out of the Cave just to be safe... the Russians have overcome Homeland Security's resistance several times... in the end it must be the security camera videos, it has nothing to do with us, nothing to do with our lawsuit at all, that's why the Borders employee... they put out an alert about us... how did they do that? And how did they know who the psychologist was? They were able to get the Displays' files and compare them to the security camera videos... or perhaps they already knew who she was... when we don't seem to know her, that determines whether the pictures should stay inside the Cave... before the Displays wanted us to identify them, now they want us not to identify them, because before that's how you could suppress evidences, but now it's our not knowing which would do the trick... and they want to use our 'criminal recording' to suppress evidences...

somehow the Russians can overcome the ordinary mechanism to achieve the extraordinary... just as when you handed them the lawsuit, normally there was no way that they could bring that into the Cave... so that the Displays will have to invent all sorts of Russian intelligence operations to bring the lawsuit out of the Cave... the Russians are totally surprising... that's why the whole thing was ruined from the very beginning... we have to get the pictures out of the Cave... *casting the shadows of our crimes upon the Cave wall, without actually committing crimes in the outside world...* the semblance of crimes in the outside world that *looks like* real crimes inside the Cave, and *that* will convince the judges to order the pictures out of the Cave, and they themselves will then leave the Cave... because that is only the evidentiary chamber... the actual judges will stay inside to look at the shadows thinking that these are the real things... we have learned two things... the first is the security camera videos, and the second is that the judges are not biased... the judges never knew that it was all just a cartoon show... and so we have two surprises here, this is such an amazing story... the judges never knew that the shadows they were looking at were just shadows... that in fact the shadows didn't even resemble the real objects... they actually did think that the shadows were the real things... both the Russians and Homeland Security can go in and out of the Cave... and Homeland Security is trying to prevent the Russians from bringing the pictures of the outside world into the Cave... that's how faulty surveillance works... to cast the shadows of the real objects outside onto the wall of the Cave... at first, the Russians only stayed inside the Cave because they had no reason to come out... but the lawsuit started everything because they actually lived outside the Cave... they were just not around you... but the lawsuit... the pictures were out of the Cave now..." Then, suddenly, a group of Cal State LA students got on the bus and started talking loudly next to me, and I turned off my recorder to prevent my testimony from becoming tainted. Needless to say, the testimony I had just produced was simply superb: I was able to demonstrate, first, that I was not so dumb as to be unable to understand anything but was nevertheless not smart enough to figure out that I had already been busted – again, this is far more realistic than simply pretending to be dumb all the way – and, second, that, even while admitting that I had, through my stupidity, helped the Russians, I was nevertheless determined to help the suit team because I was worried about myself. Please note that I didn't come up with such excellent testimony at the spur of the moment. I had been thinking for days about how to appear as if I still intended to help the suit team even while it had become impossible for me to deny that the Russians were still using my documentaries as evidences against the United States.

My next recording is: "485crmlrcrdstng_12_8_09_416-449PM.WMA": I asked these students (was I acting?): "Are you guys all going to Cal State LA?" And we had a little chat and talked about South America. As they continued to chitchat next to me, I inevitably recorded all their conversation: "... but we can just delete it afterward... if we are afraid of law enforcement troubles... it's not like before... before, when people talked next to us, we didn't care..." Then, on 32:20, I asked them again: "You guys are not helping the police to run a sting operation on me, are you?" "No." "Your friend just walked off with a draggy cart, and so that kind of scares me..." Was I acting here?

My next recording is: "485crmlrcrdstng_12_8_09_453-507PM.WMA": By 8:00, I had got off the bus in Pasadena and started recounting: "... we were in the middle of our important reflection, and these Cal Stat LA students just got on talking so loud... no law enforcement officers around... let

surveillance of criminal recording happen... but one of them got off dragging a cart... a sting operation? What if Homeland Security thinks that mere surveillance is not good enough? What if they have really sent in a cop? And law enforcement would pretend to not know that we have already deleted this file... maybe law enforcement informants are tricking us into committing crimes so that... not just surveillance, but also law enforcement investigation...” Just so much acting. By 13:00, I had settled down in my usual corner next to the parking structure.

My next recording is: “IMP_485crlmrcrdstng_12_8_09_456-521PM.WMA”: I lay down and rested. “... we can’t figure it out... when people want us to record them, are they trying to trick us? We can’t survive the International Court, it’s so complicated... they don’t look like law enforcement, but rather the Displays...” Not so! “... just don’t care, as long as machines don’t malfunction...” On 14:00, I turned on my Toshiba, and strangely, it just shut itself down. “... Homeland Security has planted devices around here... to disrupt our computer activities... it’s here that our document was destroyed...” Of course I wouldn’t say that the Russians had also planted devices around here. On 19:00 I got up and moved away. “We need to isolate this file.”

My next recording is: “buybatarchdvd_12_8_09_526-547PM.WMA”: I went inside Target. “It’s good to isolate the file, for super weapons are about to fire, a lot of them in here...” I bought the Verbatim archival discs I had been eyeing and came out. Then I settled down in another corner.

My next recording is: “buybatarchdvd_12_8_09_541-624PM.WMA”: On 4:00, somebody’s cellphone rang: “... surveillance is produced...” Then I started filming my computer to demonstrate the keyboard’s malfunctioning. Then: “... somebody has ‘spotted us’... I hope videotaping the computer screen is not a crime...” Then I located the log in question. “... after all this people might find us suspicious...” Thus, on 14:00, I decided to go to yet another corner. I walked on: “... they don’t have to worry about their computers’ being destroyed by Homeland Security...” On 29:00 I came back to the same corner next to the parking structure. “As long as you videotape your computer, it should be fine... despite the devices planted around here... but sometimes they don’t care... what’s that box on the wall? ... we are looking very suspicious... it’s best to go to a coffeehouse... they just press a button, and your computer will be destroyed...” And so, on 34:00, I started filming my computer screen. Then I was mumbling about using Audio File Cutter to eliminate more of my “criminal recording” and how to record myself talking without taking in other people’s noises.

My next recordings are: “slppsdnprklot_12_8_09_629-945PM.WMA”²³ and “slppsdnprlot_wktownchll_12_8-9_09_949PM-104AM.WMA”:²⁴ And so I slept. From 3:04:30 onward in the second recording, I was awake and mumbling about something. I soon got up and started walking down Lake Blvd.

December 9 (Wednesday; “Operation International Court of Justice”)

23 Reviewed until 27:00 and then from 3:12:00 onward.

24 Reviewed until 38:00 and then from 3:04:00 onward.

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My next recording is: “townchllpsdn_12_9_09_105-149AM.WMA”: I kept on walking and, on 9:10, came to Winchell. I took notice of the suspicious man sitting outside and asked him: “Are you a cop or something?” He mentioned something about being too old. I was probably incorrect here. I ordered my coffee and doughnuts and, as usual, came outside to eat. “... a surveillance intercept of some sort is produced... but it barely makes any sense...”

My next recording is: “winchell_12_9_09_154-222AM.WMA” and “winchell_12_9_09_217-306AM.WMA”: I sat quietly inside Winchell for a while, and then played my recordings a little. Soon two people came in to talk, and I hummed. On 26:00 I described the two people that came in: “... law enforcement...” I walked out murmuring: “... people want to talk in front of us, in front of the police officer... just as super weapons always show up when a police officer is around...” There was in fact hardly such an operation. I kept on walking and, on 44:00, settled down in my usual corner behind Chase. I recounted what I thought was a set-up at Winchell: “... there seemed to be a cop outside, then another cop seemed to have come in, and then people came in to talk, as if to get the police to catch us criminally recording... maybe Homeland Security still wants to make something illegal out of our documentaries... or maybe they are just trying to maintain normality...”

My next recording is: “commentarysecvid_12_9_09_307-506AM.WMA”: I then began reviewing that very important recording I made yesterday about the Platonic Cave: I had thought out ways to improve my purposely wrong scenario and wanted the Russians to intercept it right now (since I knew they had planted recording devices around here). “We were using Plato’s Allegory of the Cave to illustrate all this.” Then, on 20:36, I clarified that my documentaries were pictures of the actual objects that had cast their shadows on the wall of the Cave. Good! On 21:30 I made another clarification: “The Russians were originally confined as prisoners in the Cave. But because they had a consulate, they could go in and out of the Cave... but not the judges... originally everyone was confined in the Cave except Homeland Security... but ever since we filed our lawsuit the Russians have been able to peek at the pictures of the objects that have been casting their shadows on the wall of the Cave...” More reviewing, then: “It’s the Russian consulate people who can go in and out of the Cave...” (23:20). “The Russian consular got this privilege by working side by side with Homeland Security. However, they can’t bring the pictures into the Cave. Otherwise, originally both the Russians and the judges were confined to the Cave, and the bystanders – everyone else in the United Nations – were also so confined. The Homeland Security people, in going in and out of the Cave, are the ones who have made the objects which they then manipulate to cast shadows on the wall of the Cave. No pictures, and the Russian consular cannot let those trapped inside the Cave see what they have seen via Homeland Security... When they go into the Cave, they can’t tell...” I thus pointed out my earlier “mistakes” (27:25). “... because the Russian consulate was trying to get a glimpse of the outside world... Homeland Security and the Russian consulate were only pretending to cooperate... that was our other mistake...” Then: “... see, that’s wrong... since April, the Russians consulate was trying to get a glimpse of the outside world through Homeland Security...” Then: “... that’s why the Homeland Security surveillance in San Francisco back in April was so confusing... because they were doing it for the Russian consulate, and they didn’t want to do it well... and they were inventing Russian intelligence operations at the same time... because the Russians were trying to bring the pictures from the lawsuit into the Cave... they couldn’t just go inside

the Cave, but could only go in through Homeland Security... the consulate was at the entrance of the Cave... the consulate people passed on the pictures to the Russian intelligence inside the Cave... and the Russian intelligence was trying to show the pictures to the other prisoners... and they couldn't... they got obstructed... and the Russian consulate people sent Homeland Security messengers to go in and out of the Cave... and these Homeland Security messengers tried to screw up their mission... at the same time, Homeland Security was trying to manufacture more objects in the outside world and cause them to cast such shadows onto the wall of the Cave as suggested more Russian intelligence operations... that's what's going on in April..." Then: "... the Russian consulate people went inside the Cave but couldn't say anything... no, that's not right... they passed the pictures to the Russian intelligence inside the Cave, but the Russian intelligence couldn't show the pictures to anybody..." Then: "... we are not even supposed to know that the Cave exists at all... the objects outside the Cave cast these shadows inside the Cave which tell the story of Russian intelligence operations... in reality, these objects outside the Cave were manufactured by Homeland Security and then purposely paraded in such a way that they would cast this kind of shadows inside the Cave... such distortion is called the 'faulty surveillance system'..." Then, at the point where I talked about how the objects didn't look like the shadows at all: "... the pictures which the Russian consulate people passed onto the Russian intelligence inside the Cave... occurred in March... they showed that the shadows that were cast onto the wall of the Cave, i.e. these Russian intelligence operations, were invented by Homeland Security..." Then, at the point where I talked about the pictures' going inside the Cave in April: "No, the pictures didn't go inside the Cave, they *had* the pictures in the Cave... the Russian intelligence was chained up in the Cave and only able to look at the shadows on the wall... when the consulate people passed on the pictures to them, then they... they always knew that the shadows were false because the shadows said they did this and that and they knew they didn't do this and that... but it's not until then that they finally knew what the actual objects looked like... they were looking for reasons that would enable them to show the pictures to the other prisoners inside the Cave... but then Homeland Security invented more objects outside to cast more shadows on the wall inside, resulting in the Russian intelligence's inability to show the pictures to the other prisoners... and the Russian intelligence was able to find the reason again when the Russian consulate obtained the Borders Bookstore's security camera video on July 8... and that reason was definitive... and so, finally, the pictures from March were shown to all the prisoners inside the Cave... and everybody's hairs stood up... and so they had the pictures since April, but weren't able to show them until July 8..." Then: "... and that's why the Borders employees were pressing buttons on their cellphones whenever they saw us... it wasn't to produce surveillance... but it was the same alert system... the Russian consulate was somehow able to bypass Homeland Security and make use of Homeland Security's alert system..." Then: "... remember the time when we were reading Valerie Plame's story... how people said she was already outed by the Russians a long time ago... maybe the Russians had already identified Mrs Psychologist as a Display since a long time ago... that's a possibility..." (51:00). Then: "... and so what happened in Nicaragua is that they were just debating... because of the Borders Bookstore's security camera video, everyone inside the Cave could see the pictures... so Mr former Secretary was very upset... and so he decided to manufacture more objects... for he could go in and out of the Cave while others couldn't... so he came outside and manufactured more objects... and this time the shadows told of how the Russians were pretending to be the Displays... and that's how the pictures came out of the Cave... they were never

allowed to be shown inside the Cave again...” Then, at the point where I talked about the Borders Bookstore’s security camera video: “... that’s wrong again... only Homeland Security could go in and out of the Cave, since they controlled the surveillance system...” Then again: “That’s incorrect... the faulty surveillance system distorts the shadows...” Then again: “... that’s wrong... they were all inside the Cave, it’s the pictures that had gone inside the Cave... it’s the Russian consulate people that could go in and out of the Cave...” On 1:00:20, the recording was done. “So what happened is that the Russian intelligence was chained up inside the Cave along with everyone else... then the Russian consulate people went inside the Cave... bringing in the pictures... they tried to show them... the Russian consulate cooperated with Homeland Security... Homeland Security ran around outside and then reported to the Russian consulate, and the Russian consulate people then went inside the Cave... and so Homeland Security became a messenger... and the Russians never got anything out of it because the messengers became confused... and so they never found any reason to show the pictures around inside the Cave... and, besides, the Russian consulate people couldn’t find a reason to ask Homeland Security to run surveillance on us when we were out of San Francisco... then Homeland Security manufactured more objects outside... the new shadows looked again like Russian intelligence operations... and so the Russian intelligence never got to show the pictures around inside the Cave, until the Russian consulate people obtained the Borders Bookstore’s security camera video... the Russian consulate was the only part of the Russian government that could go in and out of the Cave... and so now the Russian intelligence had a reason to show the pictures around, and everyone was shocked... their hairs stood up, for the pictures said the opposite of what the shadows had taught them, *and now they knew they were living in the Cave, that there was a world outside*... they had always thought they were living in the real world... the Russian intelligence knew that the Cave couldn’t be the real world, but the other prisoners didn’t believe them... now everyone knew that all the shadows on the wall were just so much illusions... now that all the prisoners are awakened, Homeland Security... or Mr former Secretary... got nervous, and came out to make more objects... these new shadows were supposed to convince all prisoners that they did live in the real world, that it’s the outside world that was an illusion, created by the Russian intelligence that was chained up in the Cave... at the same time, Mr former Secretary tried to convince them that the Borders Bookstore surveillance video was wrong, that it was a Russian invention, that the Display in question was a Russian pretender... and so the pictures were fake, and the reason by which the Russian intelligence could show the pictures around was also fake, and that’s the battle that was going on when we were in Nicaragua... and so when we came back... what’s the meaning of all this shit? The Displays paraded in front of us while not wanting us to identify them... this was to produce evidence that it was merely a coincidence that a Display was sitting next to us on July 8... that it was merely a coincidence that a Display would be sitting next to a Russian intelligence agent... running a Russian intelligence operation... in the end, none of these techniques worked, and so now they have to manufacture more objects... with shadows showing that these pictures were taken with criminal intents, so that the Russians would not be allowed to show them around anymore... and so why is our website fake? Mr former Secretary’s whole purpose is to manufacture objects in such a way that their shadows would convince the prisoners in the Cave that the Cave is the real world... the Russian consulate tried to get to our website, but by June it was sealed off... but afterward, because of the Borders Bookstore’s security camera video, our website was open again... in fact, our FTP uploads were going directly into

the Cave, and that's why we always had problems with our FTP connections while in Nicaragua... Homeland Security had to make our connections look fake..." (1:15:30). Then: "... and so our website was sealed off for one month, but after July 8 it was open again... among the pictures, there were others which showed that the so-called 'Russians' pretending to be the Displays'... that that was also fake... that was the moment when it was established that the Borders Bookstore video actually showed a real Display, not a Russian agent pretending to be a Display... after July 8, when our website was open again, the other pictures that we had in there of the Displays were also shown around, so that Mr former Secretary had to make more objects casting more shadows showing the Russians pretending to be the Displays... so that the pictures showing us running around with the Displays to stage Russian intelligence operations can be invalidated... but one of the pictures... the one showing a Homeland Security agent pretending to be a Russian agent pretending to be a Display... again invalidated that... and Mr former Secretary's attempt... and so when we came back... the Displays would show up and then run away, in order to produce surveillance showing that we didn't know them at all... and after that, it was not established that the Displays were fake, but that our FTP connection was fake... then our website can be sealed off again... even though the storage of our pictures (our website) had been moved inside the Cave, nobody was allowed to see these pictures... that's why, when we sent the video of our Skype's malfunctioning on February 4 into the Cave, Homeland Security welcomed it, because anything that showed up from our storage... would be established as fake and couldn't be shown around... and that picture would be eliminated from our lawsuit... so any pictures from the storage couldn't be shown around, and what the Russians had left were the pictures which the Russian consulate originally had... and from what we had sent in ourselves... *and so if you just keep on sending to your website the pictures from the lawsuit, the Russians will not be able to show the same pictures around...* and so Homeland Security has by now successfully established that the storage of our pictures is fake... and any duplicates that the Russians have in their hands they can't show around... but Homeland Security is not successful in showing the Displays in question to be fake, and also not successful in using the surveillance of our not knowing the Displays to prevent the Russians intelligence inside the Cave from showing the pictures around... and so Homeland Security has to find another reason, and the reason they have found is that the pictures themselves are the products of criminal recording... and that's the additional shadows that are cast onto the wall of the Cave... all you have to do is keep sending the pictures from your lawsuit into your 'storage', and the Russians will have no pictures to show around... and you can thereby avoid becoming a criminal outside the Cave... by yesterday we have sent in all the pictures of the objects from March... and just in the afternoon, more shadows were cast on the wall of the Cave showing that the picture-taker was a criminal picture-taker... presumably, all should be over... or maybe Mr former Secretary has decided that the picture-taker has to go, so that there will be no possibility that his pictures might show up in the Cave again in the future to wake up all the prisoners... our website was open between April and June, and then sealed off between June 4 and July 8, and then sealed off again when it was established as fake... cut off the part from 105 to 138... Homeland Security is trying to make us figure out... the reason why the pictures have been shown around in the Cave, and that's why they have destroyed our document... and why do they want us to figure it out? ... the goal is always to let all the judges and bystanders live in illusions, right? What's the obstacle to the goal? The pictures of the real objects that are casting the shadows... the purpose of everything Homeland Security does is to remove the obstacles, i.e. to destroy

the pictures inside the Cave... thus criminal recording and criminal videotaping, and making our 'storage' look fake... and also the reason why they wanted us to figure it out... every time we figure out something, evidences would be suppressed... and so once we have figured it out, the pictures can be taken out and destroyed... *that's why law enforcement officers are following us to record us...* Homeland Security will take the recordings into the evidentiary chamber to show the judges there that this guy has figure it out... just like what Jeremy in Zona Rosa was trying to do... he was trying to produce surveillance showing that we knew it all so well... so that our documentaries could be suppressed as evidences in the ICJ... that's why Mr former Secretary has orchestrated this law enforcement investigation... not just to run a bogus investigation of a criminal recorder, but also to demonstrate how well we can identify operations... in order to record our realizations... then to use them as the reason for suppressing our documentaries as evidences... once you know it, you have to be shut off from the evidentiary process... that's why, yesterday, when we were reflecting, these Cal State LA students came up with one of them dragging a cart... recording devices were in it to record us... they were trying to record our realization... they would put a double in front of us, and then send in law enforcement officers to record us identifying the double... this would be taken to the ICJ as evidence of our superior knowledge... and so the reason for suppressing our documentaries as evidences... it's all a game, a trap, a trick... Homeland Security *wanted* us to know that the Russian intelligence inside the Cave was trying to wake up the other prisoners... they destroyed our document because they were trying to tell us 'Don't write things like that'... because things like that have enabled the Russians to show our pictures around inside the Cave... you thought law enforcement officers... when you identified your doubles... were there to record your insanity, but no... how Homeland Security agents have been pretending to be Russian intelligence agents... then the law enforcement recording... so that your documentaries showing how Homeland Security has been using doubles to manufacture Russian intelligence operations can be suppressed as evidences... every time when your documentaries have to be suppressed as evidences, they would use the reason of 'superior knowledge'... we don't know how the law works, we just know that this can be used... we should keep doing the same thing, uploading the files from our March lawsuit... when the things you do are not right, Homeland Security would just block it... Mr former Secretary will take care of us... our goal is to survive and prosper and keep our stuff and prevent Homeland Security from destroying our computers... they've told you there are certain things you can't write about... if they say 'Don't write about that', just don't write about it... the Russians know you have a website because you wrote about it in your letter of petition... to save our precious log, that's what we do..." (1:54:30). Then: "... presumably enough has already occurred to suppress your documentaries as evidences, but things will continue to happen just to maintain a sense of normality... the best thing you can do is therefore to ignore it... you just do your part... *so your mission has changed... it has always been changing... now it's the suppression of evidences...* and you would have to do it in such a way that you would not get yourself into troubles... thus... we let law enforcement record our realizations so that Homeland Security could take them to the ICJ to use them as the ground for suppressing evidences... just don't worry about it, as long as you avoid troubles, evidences *will* be suppressed..." Again, what I was doing was to purposely construct a wrong scenario about what was going on (pretending to misunderstand the situation) so that, while admitting that I had unintentionally provided my documentaries to the Russians to enable them to have evidences against the United States – this time even including my videos of the CIA girls – I could still make myself look

as if I really didn't know that the Russians had already surrounded me and recorded everything I said and busted me and the suit team and as if I really did want to help the suit team suppress my documentaries as evidences – I of course secretly rejoiced in the fact that, thanks to my act, my documentaries shall now stay inside the ICJ docket forever as evidences against the United States. (Take special notice of how I had superbly blamed everything on the Borders Bookstore's security camera video, which in fact only played a minor role in the whole affair, rather than citing my own *fake* attempt to threaten the Russians.) What's most important here is that, even though the scenario I had constructed here was all erroneous, I had nevertheless correctly described how the International Court mechanism worked in my case (using Plato's Allegory of the Cave) so that, as you shall see, the Russians could now fully establish me as a conspirator with the United States in this terrorist conspiracy of using the International Court of Justice to accomplish Boss Cheney's genocidal plan for humanity.

My next recording, "strbkcolorado_12_9_09_456-643AM.WMA" (...456-543AM...?), is the same as the next one: "lgeringcmmntary_tostrbk_12_8_09_456-543AM.WMA" (...12_9_09_556-643AM...): I continued my acting in my corner behind Chase: "Actually, we don't need to worry about anything at all" (9:25). "Because in the end we live outside the Cave, we don't really live inside the Cave... What do people think of us inside the Cave?" (until 11:15) On 15:00 I set down my new goal: find an apartment, hide inside, and never come out. I then acted more: "Homeland Security will have found ways to suppress the evidences, and we don't have to worry." On 18:45 I continued: "What Mr former Secretary is doing is to build a cave for the elites of the world to live in, and there they will be chained up as prisoners, that's his life mission. In this cave, he then flashes shadows upon the wall, making the world's elites think that that's the real reality. And they don't know what the real reality is. And somehow, they have had an awakening because of some idiotic lawsuit we have filed. And so now the goal is to get the Cave back in order, so that all the elites of the world can continue living there watching the shadows as if these were the real things – believing that these are real, 'things-in-themselves'. The ordinary people live outside the Cave and see the things-in-themselves... The judges have to be chained up, watching the shadows parading on the wall and believing that these are the things-in-themselves. And also the bystanders. Mr former Secretary made the Cave because – he was caught lying once, and he didn't like that. The shadows are supposed to convince the judges that he is an honest, sincere man, and that he has been a victim of fraud" – just the opposite of the true reality! I continued: "He took command of the Displays to do that because the Displays are also incidentally the victims of fraud. That is what the whole operation is about... 'Operation International Court of Justice'... And the essence of the 'Operation International Court' consists in chaining up the power elites of the world in the Cave and having them face the wall, watch the shadows parade on the wall, and believe that these are the things themselves" (until 23:00). Then: "It's always the same thing: why did Mr former Secretary lie? To cover up his embarrassment. And why did he create this 'Operation International Court'? Because he needed to cover up the embarrassment from being caught lying again to cover up his former embarrassment. It's always the same thing. He doesn't like the embarrassment from being caught lying. That's all, and nothing more." By 32:30 I was cleaning up and throwing away my cigarette butts. As usual, I carefully disposed of all the trash around. *Then I commented that I would have to save my plane ticket to the Netherlands as credits* (i.e., just in case the Russians were

still worried about that). Then: “... τό όν άύτο, τό άύτο όν ... ‘being itself’... the things themselves.... The Russian intelligence has tried to leave the Cave.... Normally, people in the Cave would like to kill the one that has been trying to awaken them, that is the Allegory of the Cave.” I then came to the Starbucks on Colorado Blvd on 45:18. Now, on my way there, I noticed something very strange: security guards were posted everywhere on Colorado Blvd. What’s going on? And, when I walked into Starbucks, I noticed a tall, skinny white man, not yet 40 and in business attire, staring at me and then avoiding eye contact with me. I started suspecting something.

My next recording is: “strbkftp_12_9_09_549-802AM.WMA”: I was still working in Starbucks, uploading the recordings from yesterday plus the old recordings from my March lawsuit. Again, people were talking loudly near me: “... criminal recording is happening... oh, a detective...” (11:00). Was I correct? “... it seems that, every time we come to Starbucks, the connection will start timing out within 10 minutes... to produce surveillance... or is it ‘natural’? ... everything we do is considered unreal in the imaginary reality of surveillance... to produce surveillance showing us having a fake FTP connection...” I stepped out to smoke on 24:00. “... the detective is actually here to gather evidences for the International Court of Justice... as we stream our recordings from our website, it’s connecting to writings.lawrencechin2008.com... it’s surveillance showing our website to be fake... it’s actually real, it’s just made to look fake...” I came back inside and spent the rest of my time streaming my latest recordings from my website. On 1:46:30, I noted that there were 10 people in Starbucks at the moment. This included several persons I started suspecting were ICJ staff members (!). I was now playing the recording of my description of the “Cave”. (How timely, if indeed there were ICJ staff members with me at the moment!) On 1:52:00 I came outside to get ready to call Swiss Airline on Skype. On 1:55:30 I was calling and on 1:57:00 was connected with a Swiss Airline agent. I asked if I could simply save my ticket for a possible future flight since I wasn’t flying today nor any time soon. As the agent put me on hold after obtaining my name and so on, I noted: “... the law enforcement officer is sitting in front of us getting our information... now that they can pretend to finally find out who we are...” Was I merely acting? Then I corrected myself: “... maybe he’s not a cop... he’s leaving...” (2:03:30). The Swiss Airline agent then came back on line and my ticket was saved: I merely had to pay 200 dollars whenever I wanted to use it. I hanged up on 2:06:30. Great move! Finally the Russians no longer had to worry about my flying around the world to disrupt my current conspiracy with the United States!

The next recording is missing. What happened was that, after I left Starbucks, I got on bus 181 to go to Westwood. The situation was getting increasingly suspicious because another security guard was posted in front of Starbucks to redirect the flow of pedestrians as if important people were going to show up. While on the bus, I continued to suspect that the Russians were sending the staff members and the judges of the International Court of Justice onto the bus one after another to frame themselves for conspiracy with me. These people, mostly middle-aged white men and women, would be sitting around me or face to face with me. I tried hard to pretend to not know who they were or that anything particular was happening at all. When the bus came to UCLA,²⁵ a young white female with blonde hair and wearing dark sunglasses got on the bus as well, and I was simply wondering how such a youngster could have gotten a job in this most important trial process in the history of humankind. (Of course, I

25 I had evidently changed from bus 181 to bus 2 on Vermont and Prospect.

could simply have been wrong.) In any case, I was now convinced that the Russians were in control of the whole ICJ in that even the judges were now under their command.

My impression has always been that it's because I had, since December 7, accurately described (albeit finally with an analogy with Plato's Allegory of the Cave) how the ICJ lower court was set up to cause government officials from around the world to live in this delusion (how China and Russia had sent out Lawrence Chin's twin brother and so on) while falsely convicting Russia that the Russians were finally, by this morning, able to establish in the upper court that I had conspired with the entire lower court in this terrorist scheme to harm Russia. The sign of the establishment of such a conspiracy was of course the requirement that the lower court staff members shall come out of their underground courthouse to meet me face to face – just as the CIA people had come out in their Mercedes to meet me on November 10. And it is because the ICJ staff members were coming out onto the street that so many security guards were mobilized this morning to direct the pedestrians away from them. (I wouldn't be redirected since the very purpose of this outing was to meet *me* face to face.) If I'm correct on this, I would have been wrong about the Russians' command of the *entire* ICJ in my case: they would have merely established control over the lower court (since I didn't yet know at the time that there was a distinction between the upper court, where conspiracy was decided, and the lower court, where UN Resolution 1373 was actually enforced). Today, as I'm writing this 11 years later, I can no longer be totally sure that my impression from that time was really correct – after I have noticed just how often my impressions from that time were completely erroneous (just how much I was like a typical targeted individual). But neither do I see any evidence that I was wrong. I shall therefore merely describe my impression of what might have happened on that day (and provide an explanation of the Russians' legal justification in case I was correct) and leave the matter at that.

My next recording is: “wstwd_thrapyfrdsease_12_9_09_1017AM-106PM.WMA”: I was now walking in Westwood Village. “... we have had a few surveillance intercepts of medium range criminal recording on bus 2... the next thing to do is always to think about what the next thing to do is...” On 10:00 I settled down in a corner to rest. I put up my act: “... we can just videotape our computer screen... it's not criminal videotaping because we have always been doing it... but it will be criminal in surveillance...” Then: “... the production of intercepts is so stressful, it's so scary, this criminal recording stuff...” (23:30). Then I made more important testimonies: “... if you want to know what they want you to do... just look at what your double is doing... if you want to do things for your Homeland Security Daddy, just imitate your double... it's a strange world, imitate your imitator... the job of a dummy is very easy, you don't have to do anything... you can do *something*, but, if you don't, your double will do it for you... things will simply happen... soon our documentaries will be suppressed as evidences, and there will be no contradictions left to the profile of David Chin... the thing about Mr former Secretary is that he favors quantity over quality... just keep on videotaping your computer screen, soon there will be enough evidences of your 'criminal videotaping'... and it's low risk because nobody cares...” Then, on 41:30, I was on the move again. Siren on 45:15. “... the police videos of your sloppy look... that's the function... just to show how ugly you are... if you are ugly, the judges will be biased against the Russians... the Russians must really suck if their agent is so ugly... part of being a Display is to look pretty in order to charm people...” Then fire truck siren on 48:00. “...

the Displays always look pretty while the scapegoat always looks ugly...” On 49:00 I came to In-and-Out to eat my lunch. I continued: “... looking ugly... forgetting things... dirty... leaving trash behind... that’s how you are doing a favor for them, being always the opposite of the Displays... this is good, it’s non-lethal, nobody really cares... as for super weapons, our rule is ‘25 feet’, not any closer and they shall never appear when a detective is around... and, when you wear your taped-up glasses, that’s also good for your country... looking dirty is patriotic... we live in the inverted universe here... the President is going to give you a medal for looking so ugly and dirty... oh no, the production of surveillance is a way of life, there will be no break for you...” I picked up my burger and ate it outside. On 1:02:50, siren. On 1:06:00, two guys were arguing in front of me: “... we are in the midst of a Homeland Security operation... in surveillance, mere juxtaposition is interpreted as ‘interest’... finding an apartment is a matter of safety... when you do find one, you should leave the TV on all the time... for Homeland Security Daddy wants you to be homeless... so, to compensate them, you leave the TV on so that they can do something with the programs... when you use the Internet, there will always be disruptions... in order to cast the shadow on the wall of the Cave suggesting that your connection is fake... just do your own things because you will inevitably have a location... maybe you need 1,000 instances of criminal recording in order to suppress your documentaries as evidences... super weapons will not show up on 4 AM next to a trash can... you still have some control over your environment because it has to make sense... this ‘Homeland Security reality’ is not absolutely invincible... it has to be not so out of the ordinary... you can still find an apartment because finding an apartment makes sense... broken arms and broken legs... none of these things are out of the ordinary, it’s the frequency with which they appear which is out of the ordinary... if you know how to manipulate it, you can have a life... maybe you can even talk to people... go to the movies... like it was before... we are discovering a new life, how to manipulate ‘Homeland Security reality’ in order to have a life that’s bearable... just as super weapons will not show up on 2 AM in the morning... this is our therapy... chemotherapy has been discovered for this deadly disease... and it doesn’t have to be a real TV... have something *like* a TV... for, if you can’t do it yourself, your double will do it for you... we *can* survive the International Court now... we can even have a job... once the documentaries are suppressed and the contradictions to the profile eliminated, it would just be ‘David Chin pretending to not have money and to work’... *Mr former Secretary doesn’t care about what aliens think, he just cares about the earthlings*... his Cave is only for the people on earth...” (1:44:00). Again, such an excellent testimony: how I intended to conspire with the suit team though not all the way because I also had to worry about my own safety and goals. I continued: “... our goal is to live longer than Mr former Secretary... once you have survived the International Court, then you will be free... it’s probably not so much that people hate the Russians, but that... *the Displays are ordered by Mr former Secretary to commit fraud, otherwise they wouldn’t have gone this far*... the problem originated with February 13... actually with last year... once China was convicted, the Displays *would* stop... this is Mr former Secretary’s idea... without what happened on February 13, there would be no hospitalization and no forgery of our laptop... and no lawsuit from us, so that there wouldn’t be any pictures to suppress as evidences... in the past two days, we’ve figured out how the pictures have got into the Cave...” Then I was on the move again. “... there are too many people talking here, causing us a lot of stress...” On 2:16:00 I settled down in the grass area in front of UCLA to rest. Siren on 2:36:50. Then, from 2:38:00 onward, more of my very important testimonies today: “... the Displays first committed fraud on February 13,

then they were forced to commit fraud again in March... and then they have to put it on hold... we are like a curse to them... then, in July, the Russians were still trying to overturn the judgment from March... just the pictures from our lawsuit... we have already uploaded everything... that happened in Albany... that's why you were so manipulated after you had filed the lawsuit... our 'storage' (i.e. my website) is fake... everything is fake... Mr former Secretary and the Displays are trying to protect the judgment from March, and the Russians are trying to overturn it... in April... everything was put on hold... so many things were added after the judgment from March... the Latin American countries... that was essentially about the judgment from March... you never know if everything ended in March... Mr former Secretary will just make more things out of it... you don't really know... and so on February 13 you disrupted it... then they were successful in March, and then you filed the lawsuit, and then everything had to be put on hold... and now it's already December... 9 months after March..." While I was bullshitting all this to make myself look like I did want to help the suit team, I pretended to be oblivious of the Russian surveillance agents around me wearing their surveillance earphones and recording all my damaging testimonies. In the past few days, I had been a gold mine for the Russians.

My next recording is: "wstwdnap_smlldsplyrflction_12_9_09_104-205PM.WMA": I was now napping on the grass. By 59:00 I had got up and was on the move. I came inside Burger King to use the restroom and made sure to turn off my recorder to avoid "criminal recording".

My next recording is: "strssfulbus_5dllrchng_12_9_09_210-528PM.WMA": I continued: "... we are out of Burger King... our recorder was turned off for 10 minutes... it's 2:17 PM..." I was on the move again. "... we shouldn't have come to Westwood, there are too many people here... it's so troublesome that you have to go to Fresno... finding an apartment is so stressful... before we go to Fresno we have to fix our glasses, and so it's not gonna be today... we have to take Greyhound, and Greyhound is no good, it's too scary..." On 11:30, a guy asked me for cigarettes: "... it's only butts... I don't know if he's trying to produce an intercept..." Siren on 12:30. On 14:50, the siren was still going on: "I can't stand this siren..." As I examined my papers: "... we have 250 dollars in our saving account... super weapons have appeared! ... people's talking is causing us too much stress... we need time-out..." (26:00). I got on the bus on 29:00. Again, a lot of people were talking: "... criminal recording... it's so stressful... the bus is very loud, and so the surveillance of criminal recording... it will die out, just like the intercepts of drug-trafficking..." On 48:25, I was mumbling indistinctly about something, and then something about the Chinese newspaper ads. "... the Hispanic guy in front of us is playing with a portable electronic device..." And people's cellphones were ringing. Siren on 1:18:40: "... it causes us so much stress..." I got off the bus on 1:26:00 on Vermont and Sunset. "... oh, super weapons, we can't stand them..." I kept on walking. "We should have stayed in Pasadena, it's less stressful there... to find an apartment, we need to find some Chinese newspapers..." On 1:47:00 I got on bus 181. "... the Transit TV is very loud, presumably in order for us to record it... criminal recording..." Nonsense. I continued to mumble about one guy's use of his cellphone. Again, it was a very stressful ride because the bus was all filled up. "... a Homeland Security double is sitting next to us, very scary... wearing dark sunglasses and carrying an iPod, 吊哩喂墙... we are certain that he is Homeland Security..." I shouldn't be wrong here. But why would a Homeland Security agent show up at this juncture? I then described what appeared to be the set-up on the bus (2:18:00). "... we've wasted four hours on the bus

today, it's so awful... people are talking loudly, it's criminal recording... very stressful... this is very bad..." (2:22:00). Then: "... this file will be so tainted..." On 2:28:00, the supposed Homeland Security agent was getting off. I continued to describe what was going on around me. "We really have so much to tell our therapist... the Transit TV is imitating us, maybe we should imitate the Transit TV that is imitating us..." Then, somebody asked me for change for her five dollar bill, and I agreed to hand her my five one-dollar bills: "... a surveillance intercept is produced... but it's not illegal... there are 10 people on the bus, we gave her five ones, and she gave us one five..." (2:47:30). Again, the Russians' evidence of my conspiracy with the suit team (whether or not there was really any intercept, I had demonstrated my intention to help the suit team here). Then: "... the man is holding his backpack in front of him... a typical law enforcement detective..." Was I correct? I then again described how, when these unrelated incidents formed a narrative, they were intercepts. "... they are arguing about your documentaries..." (2:54:30). "... and now you have added an intercept of your contact with a foreign agent... what happened is just an ordinary event, but you'd interpret it as an extraordinary event... Mr former Secretary is using the technique of... in order to suppress our documentaries as evidences... everything you can think of, he is using it all at the same time..." (2:59:00). Acting. Then super weapons came up the bus: "... the detective will say we are found next to super weapons again... you know that they have taken your analysis of intercepts to the International Court as evidence... to suppress evidences..." (3:04:00). Then: "... but letting law enforcement officers see us in proximity to super weapons is always bad..." On 3:05:30 I got off the bus in Pasadena. "... there were so much noises... this file is too tainted... someday when we publish our analyses, there might be a problem... right now people are just pretending to visit our website... the Displays are cheap, but Homeland Security is unrewarding..." I settled down in my corner next to the parking structure on 3:16:30: it was time to sleep.

The next recording is lost. It was: "lptprcrdintrcpt_prf15_12_9_09_533-634AM.WMA" (...533-634PM...): Here are the notes from before: I was presumably working on the Preface to my "Secret History". On 5:00, a business man exited the side of the parking structure and bumped into me. Thus my analysis of the event in case this was a "Homeland Security operation". Then, an intercept of "laptop snooping" on 59:00. The rest is lost. In any case, just acting (pretending to interpret the insignificant things around me as the suit team's operation in order to hide my knowledge that Russia was winning).

My next recording is: "slppsdnprklot_12_9_09_628-1012PM.WMA": I continued: "... so it's important to report... just to have proof that we are here and not somewhere else... so we came back from surveillance of... to laptop snooping... and now back to quiet time... life really sucks... in reality, our laptop doesn't record at all... it could... but the Sound Recorder sucks..." Then: "... we need to get an extra pair of socks..." I got up to smoke and noticed a dog: "... a doggie... would have missed it... another intercept..." (49:30). Siren on 1:11:00. Then I rested quietly.²⁶

December 10 (Thursday)

²⁶ Reviewed until 1:40:00, and from 3:40:00 onward.

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8.1.3. Mission accomplie, C.
Lawrence C. Chin
Nov. 2009 – Feb. 2021.

The next recording seems to have been lost. My next recording is: “slppsdnprklot_12_10_09_1208-211AM.WMA”: I continued my sleep. On 5:00, siren. I was struggling with the terrible cold. Then I was mumbling some bullshit about an operation around 50:00.

My next recording is: “wkbadeasydvd5redo_12_10_09_430-623AM.WMA”: I woke up and headed toward my usual corner behind Chase. I was mumbling indistinctly about something (my thermodynamic interpretation of history?) on 15:00. “... it’s easier to look sloppy than to look good... kind of like the second law of thermodynamics...” On 22:30 I turned on my Toshiba. Strangely, people were talking near me. It’s not even 5 AM! Then, my act: “... remember: Lawrence’s pictures came from the letter to the High Commissioner on Refuges... and they were sent to the Russians too... they must also be in the evidentiary record... not sure if we have uploaded them...” I was also using Nero to burn a new copy of DVD-5 (46:00). “... tainted files... we are not going to upload them...” I continued to identify the files that were in the lawsuit and the files that needed to be cut. “... this is the first video we shot with our JVC camcorder, just to experiment... the video jumped in Nero... is it due to Homeland Security’s remote control? ...” I continued to examine the videos in DVD-5: “... it’s so sad, to think about the past we have had...” Then the recordings on DVD-5. Then, on 1:42:30, I packed up and was on the move. “.. that was our double over there... now our double is gone... over there at the ATM...” On 1:50:50, I was “spotted” by a police car again (or so I thought). On 1:53:30 I came inside Starbucks.

The recording of the next 45 minutes seems also to have been lost. In any case, I continued to upload the old recordings and videos from my Letter of Petition, then the recordings from yesterday, and then my old Great Western checks from my college years. Meanwhile, a bunch of police officers came in and I accidentally recorded their walkie-talkie broadcast.

My next recording is: “abutpolcewalkietalkie_12_10_09_718-721AM.WMA”: I recounted: “... earlier, when we tried to turn on our recorder, the police car might have videotaped us... when they go back to their station, they might purposely misinterpret that as our attempt to record police officers... we need to carefully separate the world of surveillance from the real world... they might purposely misinterpret it to get us into troubles... the best way to save ourselves is to upload this recording...” And so I came back inside Starbucks. My worries were of course completely wrong-headed.

My next recording is: “leavstrbk_chrchprklot_12_10_09_727-856AM.WMA”: I continued: “... Starbucks is very dangerous, we should go elsewhere... Swiss Airline... maybe we should consult a lawyer... they tried to disrupt our Internet connection in order to make our files look fake... Pasadena Police... she just wanted us to record her... criminal recording... but it’s not illegal in the real world... but in an enclosure... that would be really bad... we continue to upload our files... now our banking information is suppressed as evidence... now we are going to upload the recording... law enforcement... proof that we didn’t record their walkie-talkie communication...” Namely, I was terribly worried about this episode of “criminal recording” because I had to make sure that the Russians could continue to intercept my files from my website as evidences. And I hummed. On 29:30, as I was packing up, I began suspecting another man: “... he looks like a security guard... even the music in here

is so dramatic, as if we were in a ‘Bourne movie’... every little detail in our environment is orchestrated to produce surveillance... Mr former Secretary is so dramatic, hence his Russian agents always wear black boots... he must have chosen this music too... this place is too stressful, let’s get out of here...” Again, excessive speculation: the music certainly wasn’t orchestrated. But was I only pretending? On 36:00 I was out. I came to the Methodist Church to rest in the corner: “... oh, it’s so stressful... so scary... we don’t know whether the recording of the police walkie-talkie communication is necessary... if it is, there will always be a next time... only Homeland Security Daddy knows what is necessary... Homeland Security knows that we are avoiding recording police walkie-talkie communications... if it’s necessary, they will do it again...” Just acting! (As if I were trying to accommodate the suit team’s need for evidences of my criminal recording.) Then: “... the Hispanic guy is urinating, it’s our double...” (48:00). Probably not. Then: “... where can you find an apartment?...” Then I moved on (1:11:00). Then I took notice of a police officer giving a ticket to somebody: “... maybe it’s staged... police officers are so scary... now this guy using the ATM at Chase might just be a decoy... the point is: sometimes Homeland Security wants you to know, sometimes not... it’s the context which tells us whether, when a person is using the ATM... *whether we know the purpose of the operation is not relevant*... it’s not... except when our knowledge is used as ground on which to suppress evidences...” (1:22:00). Again, just acting! I continued my act: “... usually it doesn’t matter whether we know the purpose... usually our knowledge is just part of our private life... that’s our goal right now, we have to outlive Mr former Secretary...” On 1:27:00 I got on the bus: I had decided to go to East LA to find some Chinese newspapers since the Chinese community continued to offer the cheapest rooms in town. Then I repeated my new motto: “... If you can’t do it yourself, your double will do it for you...” Ha!

My next recording is: “tovalley_aprtads_12_10_09_850-1103AM.WMA”: I continued my act: “... you don’t have to pay attention to anything... or try in any way... since your double will always do it for you... the only thing you have to do is upload every file that is in the evidentiary record... *then your files in your computer will not be destroyed*... sometimes we even have to pay for our own intercepts, such as when we give out cigarettes...” Then, on 10:00: “... the Hispanic man sitting next to us is talking to himself... it’s either our double or criminal recording... just ignore him... we don’t have to do anything... we just have to have a location, and that’s inevitable...” Then, suddenly: “Do you know what I have just realized? We should never go to the Borders Bookstore in Westwood again, there might be an alert about us over there... *that’s where the Russian diplomatic service can go in and out of the Cave*...” (20:00). Then: “... if it’s indeed as we have thought, that the Russians have direct access to the Borders’ surveillance cameras... we should stay out of all Borders... for safety’s sake... it’s better to stay out of Westwood Village altogether... we still have Barnes and Noble... Look, another memorial spot, 6th Street and Grand, where we saw Amanda...” (43:00). On 45:30 I got off the bus, and on 53:30 I got on bus 76. I was now going to Alhambra to find the Chinese newspapers I needed. “... the guy in front of us swiped his card, producing surveillance... and a Chinese lady dragging a cart...” Then, on 1:08:00, Transit TV news: “... what a horrifying news, it’s an intercept... it’s very scary, a very stressful way of life... especially when people are talking next to us and we have our laptop open...” Then, on 1:33:00, it seems to be the Transit TV again: “... a scary intercept again...” On 1:37:20 I got off the bus near Garfield. On 1:46:00 I came inside a bookstore and bought

the Chinese newspaper I needed. On 1:48:30 I was in a street corner to look through the classifieds. As I browsed through all the apartment advertisements: "... how did *People's Daily* get in here? Homeland Security has just produced another intercept showing the Chinese secret agent reading Chinese newspapers... we actually don't like wireless networks anymore... they are too dangerous..." By 2:05:00 I was done and on the move again.

My next recording is: "bus76_dwntwnplcennarrative_12_10_09_1108AM-114PM.WMA": I was now waiting for the bus. On 7:00, I mentioned that intercepts of criminal recording were about to happen. When bus 76 came and I got on with a bunch of people, I noted the occurrence of more intercepts (7:56). Acting. I rode the bus silently until I noted an advertisement on the Chinese newspaper about a cheap room for rent. I got off the bus near California Hospital and bought chickens from a street stand (56:00). "Gee, super weapons! 12 feet!" And a woman was making a cellphone call. Then another Hispanic woman was text-messaging: "... we've got intercepted... it's too bad that we couldn't videotape people's text-messaging anymore..." Then a Hispanic woman with her super weapons passed by right in front of me while I was enjoying my chickens. "It's a heavy surveillance intercept, it's so bad..." And more of people's talking: "... criminal recording..." And more of people's text-messaging. Then a black man was trying to talk to me: "... it's very stressful..." And more episodes of criminal recording each lasting a few seconds only. (Just acting.) On 1:29:00 I was on the move mumbling about how to imitate my double and urinate on the street. Then a pretty Hispanic woman: "... we have accomplished surveillance of 'criminal staring'..." Siren on 1:40:20. Then: "... that pretty Hispanic woman came back... maybe it's not about 'criminal staring', but 'contact with a foreign agent'... who cares... as long as it's not illegal... nor are we afraid to scratch ourselves anymore... it's not illegal... now we have much graver things to worry about..." Again, because I knew that the Russians were winning, I knew that all this scratching and text-messaging couldn't harm them anymore – the real reason why I wasn't worried about this kind of things anymore; and yet I must conceal my real reason and invent another reason to explain why I wasn't scared by these things anymore (i.e. that I had now graver things to fear, such as getting arrested). Then a bus passed by with a movie poster on it: "... we have heard about the movie, it's about South Africa... it's merely a poster, and yet surveillance is produced showing us having connections with South Africa... Ha ha ha..." Acting! Then, on 1:49:20: "... oh, a police officer, with a gun and armor... he went into 1400 South Olive... What's so special about this house? Why would the police want to go in? We might be waiting for the bus at the wrong place..." And so I moved away: "... it's so scary..." (1:50:40). I continued my act: "... a massive intercept has been produced... another police car by the bus stop, it's so scary... we'll be videotaped... and the video will be taken to the ICJ as evidence of our location, our ugliness, our sloppiness... Look, a female security officer... it's also an intercept... some sort of narrative is going on... all these incidents form a narrative... we'll figure it out later... it's like literary analysis... postmodernism... all the philosophy you have studied before actually does help... Look, a Hispanic man with a silver suit case, he might be part of the narrative... another man is scratching his head, also part of..." And I continued to speculate on the narrative. Again, I was just pretending to believe that the suit team's operation was still going on in order to conceal my knowledge that the Russians had already busted me. Then: "This is a very important file, we'll figure out the narrative later..." On 2:03:30 I got on the bus.

My next recording is: “485bustopsdn_abutnarrative_12_10_09_107-304PM.WMA”: I continued while on the bus: “We switched file in order to protect the previous file... What does it mean? The tiny bit of satisfaction that we get from a life of intercept-production consists in figuring out what the narrative is... Faulty surveillance casts a shadow on the wall... very convincing... We are trying to find out *what the shadows are, what the narrative is...*” (2:00). Then my act: “Our goal is to suppress our documentaries as evidences... Once you know the goal, it’s easy to figure out the content of the shadows, the narrative... It doesn’t matter what we do, as long as we have a location.... There are only three people on the bus... The narrative might continue on the bus, and so watch out for the people that get on...” (until 7:00). Then: “... a police car made a turn... to videotape us... it’s evidence to confirm our location, that we are indeed on the bus...” On 35:30, because the bus’ engine had failed, I got off the bus with everyone. I naturally wondered if it was Homeland Security which had caused the engine to fail. (Ha!) I then continued to pretend to notice my doubles around me. On 48:00: “... this guy made a cellphone call four feet away from us... We are intercepted...” On 1:03:00 I got on the next bus. I napped on the bus. On 1:24:00, super weapons got on the bus, and so I quickly got off. I was already in Pasadena. While walking, I continued to mumble about intercepts. By 1:56:00 I had settled down in Memorial Park. I turned on my Eee PC to organize my screenshots.

My next recording is: “mmpkintrcpts_12_10_09_309-413PM.WMA”: I was still at Memorial Park. “... a dog is shitting over there... that’s a surveillance intercept of our criminal pathology in wanting to watch dogs shit... Homeland Security actually uses animals to produce intercepts... this intercept actually serves to suppress evidences in the ICJ, since a sicko’s documentaries cannot be used as evidences there... it’s a relatively stressful intercept...” Bullshit. Nice acting! I then started my work on my Eee PC. “... people have started coming near us because we have our Eee PC open... perhaps that intercept was also about how we used our laptop to record the dog’s shitting... don’t say bad things about Mr former Secretary... and don’t analyze him, he doesn’t like it... look, a black female over there, after getting off the bus, is text-messaging, creating an intercept for our Eee PC... we have definitely got intercepted...” (23:00). Then: “... that would be an intercept of our contact with a foreign agent... that can also serve to suppress evidences in the ICJ, unless the evidences are already suppressed... look, the black female has got on the exercise chair... we stared at her for about one second, it’s a surveillance intercept of our perversion...” Nonsense. Then I was working on my Toshiba. “We have our laptop open, and that’s why the black female is exercising... to produce surveillance... so what does the evidentiary record say about Lawrence Chin, that he’s an angel? What about his going to Marie’s place continually for a whole year? Then Lawrence Chin is pretty sick too, right? What does Mr former Secretary say about that? ... look, another man has touched the railing three times, it’s a secret message... what about Marie? She’s now 37... she must have already graduated from UQAM... but she’s probably still working at Octopussy... it’s so cold... interacting with people is so stressful... we sill haven’t looked up the map of Fresno...”

My next recording is: “memprkrstrmprblm_tffnycafe_12_10_09_416-443PM.WMA”: I recounted what happened earlier: how I had wanted to use the restroom and so turned off my recorder, and how I then decided not to go inside after all because there might be an underage person inside (because I saw a skateboard with handles parked outside). I kept on walking. On 6:00, I came inside somewhere to buy

coffee, but I got scared and walked out. I kept mumbling and thinking about Gabi. I came back to the restroom at Memorial Park, but the skateboard was still there (12:50). I departed. On 23:00 I walked into Tiffany Cafe to use the restroom.

My next recording is: “CT_reflection_12_10_09_446-603PM.WMA”: I recounted what happened earlier (it was recorded but later cut out): “... but we did have an intercept of criminal recording... but it’s so scary... it is criminal recording... assuming that we are going to cut that part out to save this recording... what happened is that an Asian male, a black woman, and an Asian woman... they started talking really loud... just when we walked in, suddenly everyone started talking, and so we bought... we bought... and a cooler... and the Asian man answered the call saying ‘Hello’... and we walked out immediately because it was too stressful... and so we believed that the Asian man was there to produce a surveillance intercept of our criminal recording... today’s criminal recording is not as bad as yesterday’s... but it’s still stressful... we don’t know when it will be over... it’s 4:57 PM...” I was now in the grass area across the street from Pasadena City Hall. I continued my act: “... now we know that the surveillance of criminal recording is not going to get us into law enforcement troubles... but it still taints our files... look, an old man is on a skateboard with a handle... only Homeland Security could come up with that... it’s scary when the whole city is evacuated just to produce a few surveillance intercepts... Mr former Secretary always does that... don’t say that about him, you never know when he is listening... that Hispanic man is probably our double, he’s taking pictures with his cellphone... we still haven’t figured out what the narrative was about this afternoon... the tainted file has to be moved to a different folder...” Then I was on the move again. Suddenly, I hid in a corner to avoid super weapons. Then I moved on. “We are becoming more and more like David Chin... but how can you not become like David Chin after this many traumas? ... Look, a white man touches his pocket and then turns around, that’s suspicious...” (36:00). Again, like a typical targeted individual (unless I was just acting). I was by this time very exhausted from continual walking. I continued my nonsense about this white man: “... and he ran back to his car and came out to smoke a cigarette, that’s surveillance showing us smoking cigarettes... you have to wait for your pictures to be suppressed as evidences in the International Court... he’s doing that to produce evidence that the faulty surveillance system is accurate... and why do they have to do that? Because the pictures are still in there...” Acting! I then rested in my usual corner next to the parking structure. “Today it’s important to count people because a narrative might have happened earlier... there hasn’t been any narrative for a while... that there is a narrative today is a good sign, that means that faulty surveillance is back in service, which means that evidences have been suppressed and we are safe... law enforcement represents ‘true surveillance’... so if the pictures are suppressed and faulty surveillance is back in service, then there will be no more law enforcement, and we will be out of danger... the pictures have put us in grave danger... we will find an apartment soon, and it will be life like before... we should just stay home, this time we have learned...” Again, just acting. On 55:00 I opened up my Toshiba to examine the Event Viewer’s log. “It’s the old entries that have been deleted... October 2, that’s the last log entry...” Siren on 58:00. I then tried to play my recordings, but my Real Player was not functioning: “... we don’t know what Homeland Security has put inside our computer to remotely control it...” I was now checking the latest recording file to see where it was tainted. “This file is not tainted...”

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Lawrence C. Chin
Nov. 2009 – Feb. 2021.

There is somehow no recording of the next two hours. It seems that I had fallen asleep and that my recorder had turned itself off. My next recording is: “slppsdnrain_12_10_09_826-1113PM.WMA”: I moaned: “... so we couldn’t prove that, in the past hour, we have been sleeping here next to the parking structure... the previous recording also contains several severe instances of criminal recording, it’s too tainted, and so we have to switch file...” Then I slept quietly.²⁷ Soon, it started raining. On 2:44:00 I got up because of the rain.

My next recordings are: “wkraining_12_10_09_1118-1140PM.WMA” and “wkrainmv_12_10-11_09_1156PM-141AM.WMA”: I ran to hide somewhere to avoid the rain. I kept mumbling: “... that file is too tainted, and we can’t keep it... it’s raining and we still have to have an intercept...” I huddled up in my corner due to the cold, and I mumbled continually: “Don’t let people see us...” And I hummed when people were talking loudly in the distance. “... a surveillance intercept... criminal recording...” And I was trembling: “Oh, noises, unbearable...” Then I was mumbling indistinctly. Then my recorder turned itself off.

²⁷ Reviewed until 9:00 and then from 2:40:00 onward.