

officers – all Quebecer guys in their late 20s or early 30s – sitting across me started laughing violently at me and mocking massively all the stuff I had said on the phone with Deborah in recent times (about how much I missed home, etc.). The other guys just turned their head in annoyance. I stared at the officer in disbelief – how does a complete stranger know the topics of my phone conversation? It took me a while to figure out what was going on and I told Deborah during our next conversation my suspicion that the FBI had gotten the Canadians to investigate me as well.

Now, someone in the FBI was very insistent on my case. Later happenings would reveal that the agent – or at least the leading figure of the team – that had insisted on reopening and continuing my case was a 30-something white female, perhaps new to the Bureau, whom I would later on always refer to as “Big Sister” for convenience’s sake. “Big Sister” and her team worked in the Federal Building in Westwood, Los Angeles. For her, there was something personal about my case. First of all, my past didn’t speak well to her. She was rightly offended by the fact that I made obnoxious anti-patriotic statements while at the same time receiving government aid. She and the other females on her team were further offended by the remarks I frequently made while talking with Deborah about my jealousy of Marie which would sound to them disrespectful of women. Adding to her fire was my critique of feminism which I put on my website and which had an anti-white female tone to it. In other words, I had acquired a misogynist aura for her. This misogynist aura combined with my sexual frustration to produce a repulsiveness that the female kind couldn’t avoid feeling about me. Most likely mistaking me for someone else, “Big Sister’s” team was thus motivated more than ever to intensify their investigation of me. The final shot came when, blaming my mother for the way I turned out which then led to Marie’s rejection – long ago she was a very troubled person and not a good mother and didn’t raise my brother and me; but that was another story – I wrote her a nasty letter saying she should have aborted me given all her troubles at the time. The “girls at the Bureau” now found this guy to be about as detestable as a human being could get, and were dying to bust him. The problem was that the Canadians – those RCMPs – just didn’t share this enthusiasm and, making fun of him right in front of him, now gave the whole thing away. The “Big Sister” must have complained bitterly, and the RCMP would try a little harder. And so, a mere few days later, when I was walking home late at night and just about reached my apartment building, a car followed me to where I was and stopped to wait for me to enter my apartment. The driver, a Quebecer guy in his 30s, stuck his head out to watch me open my door. I pretended to be doing something at my door before entering, to see if that would get him suspicious, and then I watched him from inside the building through the pin hole on the door. Lo and behold he walked out of his car and came to my door to check out what was there. I abruptly opened my door and asked him (in French) if there was something here. He was shocked at my “interception”, stared blankly aside for a minute, then came back to his senses, said no, and walked away. I watched him drive away and was sure that the guy was a Canadian agent, though only later would I understand that this was a RCMP officer.

I was all over the phone with Deborah and Wes about this incident. The blatant manner in which the officer conducted surveillance again bespoke RCMP’s lack of seriousness about my case. “Big Sister” must have complained again, so that, after this debacle of RCMP’s, CSIS took over my case once more. For the rest of my time in Montreal I can remember two specific instances of CSIS’ physical surveillance of my interaction with Vahe. Once I met with Vahe and a colleague of his from the past (a young lady of Italian background) at the Starbuck on St. Catherine in the gay district, and, as usual, CSIS sent in a man in his late 40s to sit at the table next to us. He was

returned home, and got on the bus to Albany the next day. I had lunch with Wes at Albany, discussed with him my sadness over Marie's refusal to be my friend, and flew back to Los Angeles from there. As I stepped onto my plane an average-looking blond in her mid-20s got behind me and studied me intensely for 5 minutes at last, her face filled with disdain. Well, in her cautiousness the "Big Sister" would definitely have sent someone to watch over me on board a flight, and this girl must be it. After being briefed she must have been disgusted with me as well, such that she chose not to sit next to me even though she was supposed to watch me and Southwest flights always operated on "open seating." at least

By returning to California I was getting myself into the hot spot of FBI investigation and surveillance. However, the FBI did not expect that I would turn their ultra serious terrorist investigation into a Quentin Tarantino style comedy show. I would be the funniest terrorist suspect they had ever investigated, and provide them with un-ending laughter. This began immediately.

As soon as I got off the plane in LAX I took the bus directly to Westwood/ UCLA area, where I planned to pass the first two weeks before moving back into my old apartment building in Long Beach. "Big Sister" or her team that was on my case had decided to welcome me with some insults. I dragged my luggage into Ralph supermarket to buy some daily necessities and two young white guys were already there waiting to ambush me. "Hey, chaste! Are you chaste? You are chaste, aren't you?" they shouted as they came up to me. "Big Sister" had sent these two guys to mock me about my sexual frustration in regard to Marie in an effort to provoke me, but, perhaps fortunately for me, I didn't know at the time what the word "chaste" mean! The two guys continued mocking me without end about how miserable I was, and I nestled toward the security guard and she took sympathy of me and threw the two guys out. The two guys were so angry at this that they followed me for a block or so to continue their mocking. They shouted something about how I should tell the security guard about the money I took from someone - I couldn't hear whom.

Afterwards, struck by the strangeness of all this, which followed closely upon the fake marriage sting operation, I couldn't help but suspect that "Big Sister" was responsible for this. I called up Wes a day later to tell him my suspicion. I mean, these two guys clearly knew something about me. Just before I left my mother gave me 100 dollar and our conversation about this on the phone was of course picked up by the FBI. The two guys seemed to be referring to this: they were angry that this security guard didn't know what an offensive loser I was - after insulting my own mother I dared take money from her - and so unjustly took my side. Did the FBI hate me so much that they sent in two guys in UCLA student police to try to provoke me? The only problem, I told Wes, was the name they were calling me - I didn't know what it meant! "Chased, chased..." I tried to imitate to Wes what I heard. "What does it mean?" But Wes suddenly got it: "Chaste! Someone who doesn't have sex!" I said, "See, how did they know that?" That's definitely another clue that these two guys had already been briefed about me. But Wes played his typical role of devil's advocate: "I'm sure when people look at you they would say, 'Yes he has sex, he has sex this morning.'" "Alright", I said, accepting the explanation, but no, I didn't buy it. These two guys clearly knew my history.

You can imagine the laughter around the FBI officers who were listening to the conversation and the reaction of "Big Sister" when they told her about it. Provoking me was her plan, and the plan floundered as her provocateurs were thrown out of the store instead. Yet, she failed, she thought,

more anguish. Maybe this is not the case with other people, but it is with me. Physical safety is much lower in my hierarchy of priorities than mental clarity, inter-subjective sharing, and freedom from others. Those former days of FBI investigation were truly the days of paradise in comparison with the current times of Homeland Security. The FBI does not massively involve population and control and alter the reality around you but simply wants to watch you. Life is hard enough for me before this incident given my Borderline constitution, and now my BPD loneliness is magnified to the extreme by government security operations. The only meaning left to me in my utter loneliness is to share with a few others this story of mine so as to have a few (just a few!) witnesses of the enormous misfortune I have endured and to prove to myself that I'm not the bad and crazy creature that the DHS has made me out to be for the whole world. At least, not *that* bad. Besides, I'm sick and tired of living a "double reality" as I had done in January to July 2007 when I was loyally keeping secrets for the CIA and told no one about my extraordinary ordeal I had undergone. And yet this sharing is precisely the thing that the DHS (and probably the CIA) doesn't like me to do. What a pain when your personal suffering is regarded as some sort of national secret! But how else can you alleviate the pain from the trauma of so much clandestine operations and informants and operatives, which often wakes me up in the middle of the night?

So I feel enormous guilt about bringing my "plague" of Homeland Security to all those around me that I like, e.g. Karin, Wes, and Deborah, and the only way to alleviate this guilt is by rationalizing that, well, as they are all forced to serve as informants or operatives, they all at least have an extra source of income by being in contact with me. This means that I should hang out only with good people so as to allow only them to profit from my misery, and stay away from bad people such as Danny and the like so as to prevent them from profiting from my misery: rewarding the good and depriving the bad: that shall give some meaning to my suffering. As you have seen that not all the good people around me enjoy their "second job". Nevertheless, I have to think in this way to survive. You cannot imagine the pain coming from the fact that you cannot trust anyone you meet since he or she is most likely an informant or "operative" pretending to be nice to you while undermining you behind your back. But through this rationalization I can allow the good people to undermine me on government's behalf without feeling that terrible sense of oppression and injustice which would come from being undermined by not-so-good people: at least my suffering has rewarded the good. This is the only way I can keep myself down.

Eventually the solution to all this is either the way of Christ or death as the final exit. I have been thinking a lot about the question "whether I'm a good person or a bad person." I'm not a bad person but neither am I a good person. Good persons give to others and I cannot give to others because I have only emptiness inside – that typical Borderline constitution – by virtue of which I constantly have to cry out to others for help. And now this desperation is made all the worse by Homeland Security open-space prison. I reflect often on the causes of my present predicament, how I have incurred the wrath of the Department of Homeland Security and its Secretary, something far more terrible than AIDS or cancer: being angry with the Department of Homeland Security for taking away my "CIA friend" and wanting him back. Is this so bad? I certainly pose no "threat" to the general population or the nation as a whole. But it's definitely foolish: one does not make friends with non-existent ghosts. Other than this foolishness, it's just plain bad luck. Why is it that my flight to see Marie just had to coincide so closely in date with that

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would never reply me anymore. In my last email to her I expressed how saddened I was. “I know she [Big Sister] was so angry because she couldn’t squash me like a piece of pancake. Why does she hate me so much?” Immediately after I wrote this I got an AOL instant message from someone posing as a Middle-Eastern man. I ignored that and then I got another one from someone purporting to be a minor. “How old are you?” the message asked. “I’m an adult! How old are you?” I replied. Now I had been using AOL on and off for 6 years and I had never gotten even a single instant message. Obviously “Big Sister” – or whoever was working with her – was upset and was sending me these messages as a final try at stinging me – with anything, if not terrorism then pedophilia. But I just wouldn’t fall for it – for, what interests did I have in Islam or pedophilia? In any case, to my dismay, “Big Sister” was still angry with me because of her blunders in my investigation.

In my next meeting with Deborah I cried: I was upset because there were still a few incidences of surveillance on the bus; because I just didn’t understand why “Big Sister” would even think I wanted to “attack”: Look at this city, I said. Everyday you ride the metros and buses and you see nothing but poor blacks and Hispanics and the neighborhoods they pass by all look like Pakistan. Why would anyone “attack” these people? Meanwhile “Big Sister” doesn’t know how lucky she is being a beautiful white female, that most prized entity in society. This was the heart of my frustration: racial and gender inequality. The sexual frustration an Asian male might experience in this society as compared with males from other racial groups can all be traced to this. I don’t know how “Big Sister” and her colleagues felt about this “confession” – it was very strange to me that she had ever thought she could find something with me. Then in the next session with Deborah I commented on the ridiculousness of this whole investigation: “The target is going to the strip club again! Total mobilization! Send agents there!” thus would FBI officers shout. Deborah warned me: “Don’t you think you have gone too far with your little game with the FBI? Why this? They are watching you and you are watching them?...” After this the FBI surveillance and sting operations suddenly all stopped. Clearly, no threat was emanating from me and there had been enough of this crazy surveillance game. The CIA was to take over from now on and they had a much different purpose.

The beginning of CIA clandestine service recruitment

In the underground bunker beneath the Federal Building in Westwood, officers from the CIA clandestine service had been working side by side with the FBI officers. These CIA officers were responsible for the Agency’s domestic operations, directed from the National Resources Division headquartered in Colorado.¹ They must have been watching my case evolve for a while, and they must have been laughing along the way. At some point it must have become clear to both the CIA and the FBI that “Big Sister’s” team had got the wrong person.

But the game of “counter surveillance” I had been playing with “Big Sister” – along with the great entertainment I had provided – must have greatly impressed the CIA clandestine officers that had been following my case. This guy was naturally gifted for espionage, they thought. He possessed a

1 See Dana Priest, “CIA Is Expanding Domestic Operations: More Offices, More Agents With FBI”, October 23, 2002: <http://www.raven1.net/mcf/news/cia-expanding-domestic-operations.htm>.

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once she had been given a new assignment and thus a new fake identity, the supporting “documents” for the old would all disappear without a trace.²

This night for going home I took the Culver City bus #6, but amidst all the black poor people that were recruited by Homeland Security to serve as fake passengers getting onto the bus was one attractive white female in nursing suit – obviously a CIA clandestine agent. I saved the seat next to me just for her and she, getting the hint, promptly sat right there. She introduced herself as Danielle. Meanwhile the DHS bums had been trained by the CIA to properly pretend: to keep up the realism, instead of sitting there like automatons nervous about my noticing them, they relaxed, and chatted with one another as naturally as possible: one asked another about the bus routes, another pretended to know another and started conversing about daily affairs. The acting and pretending was just overdone, however, and the DHS sent in so many of these movie extras that the entire bus, at most half-packed at night time normally, was again jam-packed with hardly room to breathe. The fakery was furthermore obvious because the #6 bus passed through white neighborhoods and so was normally not filled with poor black people from the ghetto. Danielle couldn’t help but burst into laughter because of all the comical acting around. “It’s strange that so many people are taking the bus today,” I joked. “Yeah, especially during this time of day,” she said while giggling. We then chatted about her childhood in Oregon and her family composition, enjoying each other’s company while ignoring the theater all around. She then got off the bus on Sepulveda and Olympic – much later other CIA agents would also get on and off the bus on this intersection. The Agency had something there.

On Wednesday I tried my luck and went to UCLA again to see if I would run into Celine once more. The Research Library was evacuated for me again and I sat amidst the bums DHS hired to fake students, and waited, but Celine never showed up. I gathered up courage to go into the Humanities office building and searched for her office in the History Department, but found nothing. The place was quiet, and, amazingly, no DHS surveillance agents followed me in to conduct surveillance on me. I finally went to the History Department’s main office to ask the personnel there for the office of a “Celine Dauvert”. The students that worked there searched through their lists and replied me completely bedazzled: “We don’t have this person here.” Of course, as it had suddenly become clear to me: Celine was a CIA agent pure and simple, not a UCLA PhD student recruited by the Agency as I had previously thought, and those webpages that advertised her UCLA academic status were entirely fake. “Celine Dauvert” did not exist – was no more than a ghost.

Then I sealed my fate that Wednesday night. Coming back from Westwood I found no beautiful CIA agent escorting me on the bus and metro. There were only those ugly and uneducated DHS bums serving as fake passengers to keep me company. Mr. Secretary had evidently decided to cut the CIA off and own me entirely with his bums. I just blew up. When I arrived home and was lying on my bed, knowing that every word I uttered in my apartment was recorded, I addressed angrily the Secretary of DHS himself: “Yes I know I know every single person on the bus and metro is fake! Because you don’t know how to do it, you dumb mother fucker!” Referring to Monday night when I entered the UCLA research library to find that all students there had been evacuated and replaced with his bums

² I would be quite wrong about this, as I look over this manuscript again on May 2011.

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paradise environment of beautiful and cultural people, and yet the DHS just had to stick their nose in it, ruin it because they suffered from paranoid schizophrenia, and then replace it with their hellish reality of ugly and uneducated bums from the ghetto. Why is it that in life I never have what I want, but what I don't want is always right in my face and just wouldn't go away? I felt like Genie,³ that girl badly abused and having never learned to talk, who then became the object of study for a psychologist who took her in to her own home. She was happy there, because the psychologist's family was white collar educated professionals, and surrounded Genie everyday with culture, music, and tenderness. But then she was transferred to a foster home, an uneducated working class family, and there she became depressed because there were only vulgarities, ugliness, and emptiness in the house. The paradise is always only for a moment, then the trash can will last for the rest of the time. So, although since the patch-up between the CIA and the DHS, the DHS people were no longer displaying what I regarded as unjustified hostility, so that the black guy on my right actually said hi to me with a friendly face, I went into a rage and lashed out on him: "I feel sorry for your mother for giving birth to you, because you shouldn't be alive!" The man didn't expect to receive all of a sudden such incredibly vicious insult, and just turned back, visibly hurt. On the bus another DHS extra sat down next to me, a white trash trailer park extract. I started insulting him too: "What grade did you graduate from? Sixth grade?" He was hurt too and got off the bus. This acting-out would prove to be a grave mistake, for, just when the DHS bums became happy as they were now being pampered and trained by the CIA – something they had never dreamed of when growing up in the ghetto – I immediately antagonized them with the most vicious insults imaginable. From then on the DHS personnel would brand me a "racist" and the fight between us would become personal. It would seem that my former "gravest complaint" had reversed itself: my disdain for white people's – especially white females' – superior status had now been replaced by my disdain for the poor minorities. "This guy likes the CIA because they are all white and detests us because we are not!" the DHS thought. In reality I detested them, not for their race, but for what they had taken away from me – unjustifiably because it was really their strange stupidity (thinking that I would pull off an "attack" right under CIA's scrutiny) that caused them to disrupt CIA's operation – and their ugliness had more to do with their uneducation which felt like a prison wall because, unlike the CIA, they would not be intelligent enough to understand anything I put forward.

So the DHS surveillance bubble continued throughout the month of November and I was surrounded by about 1,000 surveillance agents and movie extras per day with few repeats. Most of these surveillance agents or fakes were clearly hired on the spot just for this because they were either disgruntled males who couldn't get a job elsewhere or poor immigrants or gang bangers and old folks "recruited" out of jail houses and nursing homes. There were also Japanese foreign students (again), teenagers, kids... Often the extras came in families: husband, wife, and children came together to play fakes. Many of these families were clearly from out-of-state, looking very rural.

As if the thousands of surveillance agents weren't enough of an exaggeration, once when I returned home late at night and the street was short on surveillance agents (perhaps they were changing shift) the Department of Homeland Security got a police helicopter to fly above me (again!) to conduct surveillance on me until I entered my apartment.

3 *Genie: A Scientific Tragedy*, by Russ Rymer.