

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
The government investigation of a “schizophrenic”: Part I
By Lawrence C. Chin
October 21 – December 9 2008. Corrections December 2011, February 2013

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

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The Government's Investigation of a “Schizophrenic” Part I

Clarification as to what happened to me in 2007

Upon reflection, I realized that I have made gross errors in my description in “My Experience...” of what happened to me in the year 2007. I have also left out many details of my life for that fateful year. These details now seem quite important for an understanding of my subsequent narrative. Here I will correct the errors and add the details I didn't bother to include in “My Experience...”, in order to lay bare my motive for my subsequent flight to China which would so drastically change the international power structure .

First alerts

I have mentioned in “My Experience...” my ostracization from society through DHS's general warning to the residents about me in late December 2006 and January 2007 after I came back from Taiwan. Although, of course, the “warning” was kept a secret from me, by now I have come to a better guess as to what exactly the residents in Long Beach and West Los Angeles were alerted about me. Here is some elaboration.

After I came back from Taiwan in late December 2006, I immediately noticed that something very strange had occurred around me. Many of the people I ran into in Long Beach seemed to know something about me and tended to burst into laughter upon seeing me. Just to give a few instances:

One night toward the very end of December 2006 I went into a bar on 4th Street and Alamitos in Long Beach right near my apartment building. As I was sitting alone having my beer, one guy and one female, both typically white and in their late 20s, came in and sat at the table to my left. Somehow, a conversation was struck up between us. Thereupon the guy went to the restroom briefly, and the woman introduced him as a film student of some sort. (I don't remember what she said about herself.) When the guy came back, however, just as I was about to pose some questions to him, the woman hurriedly interrupted me and said to him, “I told him that you are a film student”, trying to prevent him from giving me contradictory information about him, which showed that she was lying and trying to hide the identity of both herself and her boyfriend. It seemed almost as if they knew I was a target of some sort – and thus the need they felt to hide themselves from me, as if they were the investigators and watchers – and they seemed somehow to know me, to know my Homeland Security story before I even told them. When I started telling them how many Homeland Security people were going after me, the woman laughed and said, “I know, I know”, padding me on my shoulder, obviously knowing what I was about to say. At the time I thought maybe they were from the FBI or something coming here to check on me and having been ticked off by the comedy of the vast Homeland Security exercise that had

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earlier turned the city of Long Beach upside down. But now I think something different, something far more degrading, might be going on. What if they were just ordinary people? What would then explain their foreknowledge of me? After the embarrassing failure of the vast Homeland Security exercise devised to fool me a single person, the Department's number one priority would be to suppress this incident as if none of it had ever happened, and for this end they would want to preemptively discredit me. So a better explanation for the foreknowledge of people concerning me such as in this incident would then be that a general alert had already been broadcast to the population via TV (most likely) saying that there was this schizophrenic – now both my pictures and my name would appear on the TV screen – who believed that every person on the street he saw was a Homeland Security secret agent because the Department of Homeland Security had evacuated the city he lived in and replaced the population with their secret agents. People who saw this alert on TV would of course laugh their heart out and, by making a mockery of me like this to everyone, the Department would have made sure that everyone who happened to run into me and hear me talk about my ordeal with the Department would simply laugh and think me confused and insane. Who would have thought that everything this “schizophrenic” said was actually true? Now I think it's far more likely that the guy and the woman in the above incident were actually just ordinary people who had seen the alert and, having been fooled like a donkey by their government, thought me comically nuts. They had to hide from me the fact of their having seen me on TV (or whatever other medium) because the alert also came with the instruction that all this must be kept a secret from me because I was still under investigation or something like that, and of course people, after being fooled like donkeys, would obey accordingly.

On another day around that time, I was having lunch at the Mexican restaurant next to my apartment on 4th Street and Cerritos. There came in a man and a woman of professional-looking. I was at the time permeated by a sense of sadness and apocalyptic mood, and I asked them carelessly what kind of work they were doing. They said they were lawyers specialized in implementing community's request to remove whatever unpleasant entities from the public domain. I asked them if they could remove from the streets of Long Beach all the Homeland Security people that had filled up every corner of my neighborhood since October that year. The man said with a comic laughter, “No we can't. See, for things like that we'd have nowhere to go to make the pleading.” And the woman continued, laughing, “If we get them put away, the police would just put them right back onto the street again.” Again, both of them seemed obviously to have already known about my ordeal with Homeland Security. At the time I just thought that these two professionals must have been affected by and alerted about the vast Homeland Security exercise that had engulfed the entire city since they worked closely with the city government. And I actually felt glad that they knew something true about what happened to me. But now I'm just not so sure anymore. Perhaps the same thing? But given their professional status, it *is* likely that they *were* aware of the Homeland Security exercise.

The same sort of foreknowledge about me also seemed to exist among the population in Westwood, especially among the UCLA institutions, which I frequented. Once I wandered into the Borders Bookstore on Westwood Blvd to do my reading, and a young woman near me kept looking for an opportunity to converse with me. Such thing of course would not happen to me under normal circumstance, and so I started talking to her. She looked at me as if I were some sort of curious

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creature, always ready to burst into laughter, having obviously already seen my face and heard something about me from somewhere, although she was a complete stranger to me. I didn't tell her my Homeland Security story, but only told her a little about my travel experience, making some funny comment about the Parisians who merely dug a hole on the apartment floor and called it a toilet. She laughed violently. She introduced herself as a UCLA graduate student studying dance. But, when I left her, I thought maybe she was another one of the girls under the employment of the Invisible Hand given how she considered me as “funny” and “cute”. Remember, the Agency's girls had been the only ones who had shown liking of me throughout my ordeal, and so I was a bit euphoric for a moment amidst my unhappiness of the time because, I thought idiotically, the Invisible Hand was still around watching over me, having some plan for me. But now I am not sure about this anymore. I later saw the same girl again at the University's Medical Center near the library, and she did seem to be a “real student.” Knowledge of the Agency's ability to fake things had completely confused my perception of ordinary phenomena. Now I think she was probably just one among the residents and students of the area who had seen the alerts that were broadcast about me to make me a laughing stock among people.

What had happened seemed to be this. Other than preemptively discrediting me, Mr Homeland Security Secretary wanted also to continue to put me under surveillance. But, because he wanted to forever bury the foregoing embarrassment of “Homeland Security exercise” in secrecy, he needed to watch over me under a different pretext. He thus decided to put me on the watch-list as a schizophrenic who needed to be watched over because I harbored delusions about governmental processes and officials. One stone two birds: in this way Mr Secretary could discredit me in case I should ever talk and yet continue to have me under surveillance. My guess is that in September and October 2006 the DHS team working on my case really did think that Rod was my co-conspirator in an upcoming “terrorist attack”, and that this was principally why my case was regarded as a super top-secret. It was embarrassing, one government agency suspecting another of terrorist planning. The mistake must be kept secret at all cost. The following “Homeland Security exercise” was embarrassing and so top-secret also, but it was embarrassing because of its ridiculousness. But if everyone involved was now to pretend that everything that had happened previously – the “terrorist investigation” and the “Homeland Security exercise” – had never happened, the Department must find a way to re-start my surveillance and broadcast alerts discrediting me all within the ordinary mechanisms of society, and not as part of intelligence operations that must be kept secret from the population. A simple way for them to do this would be to instruct my psychologist Deborah W (and possibly my cousin “Wendy” as well) to pretend to be concerned about my mental state and report all my utterances about Homeland Security, the Agency, Mr Secretary, and those techniques of surveillance (iPods, earphones, arm and leg casts) to law enforcement authorities, either directly or via the various psychological associations such as the American Psychological Association (especially its Division 41) or the California Psychological Association. These utterances, on appearance or by themselves, resembled symptoms of schizophrenic delusions, so that I could be labeled a schizophrenic and be discredited preemptively in case I should talk to people about my experience; but at the same time, because these utterances or the supposed delusions they expressed involved public officials, especially one preeminent public official (our Secretary of Homeland Security), the surveillance and investigation of me could continue in a better form, namely, under a different reason: a schizophrenic who might pose a danger to public officials

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because of his delusions about them and who thus needed to be put under surveillance by the government. I was now neither investigated as a terrorist suspect nor as a monster genius, but as a dangerous, politically oriented schizophrenic, the most disgusting type of sick mind. The neat thing about it was that the investigation itself automatically discredited me.

In other words, Mr Secretary of Homeland Security was going to frame me into a schizophrenic security threat through an artificial investigation of me. He came up with this technique after studying some of CIA's methods, and seeing that CIA had a long tradition of preemptively discrediting a target who came across its secrets by entangling him in the mental health system and recruiting his psychiatrists as operatives to (falsely) label him “schizophrenic”, so that, in the end, the man would come out of his ordeal looking crazy and without credibility. Rumors have been circulating on the Internet saying that the CIA has recruited doctors to participate in the composition of DSM (Diagnostic Statistical Manual) series in order to drill into the psychiatric tradition the notion that belief in one's association with the CIA or other intelligence agencies (either in partnership or as a target) should automatically be considered a sign of schizophrenic delusion. This is probably true. The Soviets have been said to recruit psychiatrists to label political dissidents as delusional and schizophrenic as the most effective way of neutralizing them¹, and it appears that their American counterpart has been doing the same thing. (The difference is, of course, that the Americans do not label you “insane” for criticizing the government, but for knowing government secrets.)² Our Homeland Security Secretary found this use of mental illness as cover for national security secrets quite to his taste, and he was here adapting the CIA's long-standing method for his own use. It's essentially the same method; it's just that when Mr Secretary framed you into a sick mind to cover up the secrets you knew, the sick mind he portrayed you as would appear far more disgusting.

The sign that this was the new tactic was thrown at me in early 2007 when I met with Deborah W during our usual appointment time. Reprimanded by her handlers from both the Agency and the Department as being overly liberal and tolerant in letting me say whatever I wanted, Deborah now always showed me an angry face and maintained strictly that I should not talk openly about all the clandestine operations by both the Agency and the Department or about Mr Secretary “as if these were real.” From now on any talk of this kind would be regarded as symptoms of severe schizophrenia. Then

1 Christopher Andrew, *The Sword and the Shield: The Mitrokhin Archive and the Secret History of the KGB*, p. 546 – 547. The most famous example of this old Soviet tactic is of course Natalya Gorbanevskaya. After protest with others on the Red Square against Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1969, she was arrested and sent to the mental hospital. She was there diagnosed by her KGB-collaborator “doctors” as suffering from schizophrenia. The details can be gathered from Daniel Weissbort's introduction in *Selected Poems by Natalya Gorbanevskaya* (1972). Several years after she was released in 1973, Gorbanevskaya immigrated to France.

2 The latest case that can be consulted in the public domain is that of Susan Lindauer – whose story, as she has documented in her self-published *Extreme Prejudice* (2010), bears a striking resemblance to my case here. She was recruited by the CIA and the Defense Intelligence Agency in the 1990s as a go-between for secret negotiations with Libya and Iraq while these nations were under sanction and could not hold regular diplomatic relationship with the US. When her work was terminated and she attempted to reveal the secret negotiations to Congress she was framed, arrested, and committed to prison where she was diagnosed as “delusional” for ever believing that she had worked as government's “secret agent”. That's how her “work” was covered up and how she was disposed of.

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that day she showed me a paper in which she summarized all that I had told her up to that time – that the “Kingdom of Heaven” came to me but that the Department of Homeland Security tried to disrupt my “entry into the Kingdom of Heaven” -- and asked me to sign it. Out of respect for the Agency, I had until that time always referred to them in my talk with Wes and Deborah only as “Kingdom of Heaven”, a suitable nickname given their resemblance to an early Christian cult. But now, under instruction, Deborah was to use my words of respect against me. I didn't know what the trick was about at the time, and thus I signed the paper carelessly, although I did know that the outline was devised to make me look delusional, with all these seemingly religious references to “Kingdom of Heaven”. Now I think Deborah must have then – per the instruction given her by both the Agency and the Department – passed the paper to either the American Psychological Association or to the California Psychological Association or similar entities for them to report it to the Secret Service so that I may be considered as a dangerous sick mind in the official record. It's an “operation” – and Deborah was to carry it out as an “operative” – devised to discredit me but keep me under continual surveillance at the same time.

Thus, according to the DHS, it was eventually like this that they got involved in the investigation of me: “We have received reports from a concerned psychologist that her patient, some schizophrenic, believed that we were going after him and running surveillance on him. We however have never heard of him. Since he harbors delusion about our chief, believing that our chief has a personal grudge against him, we are going to look into him along with the Secret Service.” A show was thus orchestrated, a technique which Mr Secretary would use again and again, determined to become a good “movie director” and justify himself against my roommate's and my unintentional mockery. All seemed to be going in a circle: I was being investigated for thinking that I was being investigated. Homeland Security investigated me and ran operations on me; I knew it and said so; so Homeland Security created a show where the people around me were manipulated (“directed”) like puppets in a show to get law enforcement and the Secret Service to investigate me as a schizophrenic with delusions about Homeland Security going after me as if they had never investigated me. If you read up on the Secret Service, you will learn that they regularly investigate and put under surveillance crazy people who harbor dangerous fantasy about government officials. Check out the famous case of a certain Weston in the late 1990s. The Secret Service has a special team of psychology professionals, the Behavioral Research unit, which composes profiles on the sick minds that have come to their attention, and the Service cooperates closely with local law enforcement when investigating targets.³ What seems to have occurred is this: while the Secret Service and law enforcement (LAPD) were compiling a *new* file on me – I was now reinvented as a schizophrenic of the worst type and all the former investigation by the Bureau etc., were being expunged from my record as if it had never occurred – Homeland Security lent

3 Secret Service's Behavioral Research Unit is part of its National Threat Assessment Center, established after the Exceptional Case Study Project in 1998. You might also consult Margaret Coggins, et al, “Integrating Research and Practice in Federal Law Enforcement: Secret Service Applications of Behavioral Science Expertise to Protect the President”, *Behavioral Sciences and the Law*, 16, 51 –70 (1998), available online at: http://joeldvoskin.com/Coggins_Pynchon_Dvoskin_1998.pdf: “Reviewing briefly the relevant literatures in these areas, this paper describes deficits in these literatures and the absence of a model for integrating research and practice in applied settings. The U.S. Secret Service Behavioral Research Program is explored as one example of how behavioral science expertise may be integrated with law enforcement responsibilities.”

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surveillance agents to law enforcement to track me as a dangerously delusional individual thinking Homeland Security was investigating him and running operations on him.

These Homeland Security agents usually operated out of local police stations, and I have amply described their tactics. Something I want to mention here is the obsession of this surveillance system with photographing me. As early as the beginning months of 2007, the Department's surveillance team, in cooperation with law enforcement agencies, had been sending people out to take photos of me. They always needed the latest photographs, so that the agents would come to me and take pictures of me about once a week. My guess as to the reason for this is that these photographs of me were to be incorporated into the latest alerts which the Department and law enforcement were to broadcast to the professions and population about me. The alerts – on which I will comment more below – must have always come with images of me, and the images must of course be constantly updated as to what I looked like and what I was wearing lately; otherwise, with a mere change of clothing and slight disguise of my face, I would be unrecognizable to the population, especially during winter times. Sometimes these “photographers” would be more discrete, standing at a distance away and pretending to be taking pictures of my background while they were really taking pictures of me; at other times they would stand close and photograph me right in my face. This practice had been continuing wherever I was throughout 2007. It's an extremely freaky experience. I am one of the most photographed persons in the world. These surveillance photographers usually dressed just like ordinary people, and were part of the general environmental change around me since the beginning of 2007, namely, a sudden increase of people taking pictures of insignificant things like trees or food or ordinary buildings or sky – along with people with arm casts and leg casts. Although I know now that one of the purpose of these pictures of me was for use in the alerts broadcast to the general population and professionals, I never know if the broadcast claimed truthfully that “these pictures of the schizophrenic subject were taken by surveillance team” or falsely that “these pictures of the schizophrenic subject were submitted by concerned citizens who accidentally took them and, recognizing the odd demeanor of the subject, submitted them to authorities.” I am trying to guess at the content of the alerts which Homeland Security and law enforcement authorities (probably including the California Highway Patrol) always took care to broadcast in my absence and which they instructed the people alerted to keep a secret from me.

Obtaining my Taiwanese passport from TECO.

With the household registration papers I had obtained in Taiwan in December 2006, I could now obtain a new Taiwanese passport from the Taiwanese consulate in Los Angeles (or the Taiwan Economic and Cultural Office which performed consular functions in the United States). I started doing this around February 2007. When I came to TECO for this business, Homeland Security again annoyed the hell out of everyone. Mr Secretary insisted on sending his agents (completely wired up with iPods and so on) to watch over my application for a new passport, and TECO officials had to cooperate with his Homeland Security Department by allowing the Department to replace some of the TECO employees with the ugly Homeland Security fake TECO officers. But this time the Taiwanese consul asserted himself. Since I was a Taiwanese citizen, I was guaranteed by Taiwanese laws to be given my Taiwanese

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passport, and the consul would make it plain to Homeland Security that, however much they liked to run operation on me, they were not to obstruct my application for a new passport. In March I would obtain my passport, but not without encountering another difficulty. My new Taiwanese passport had to make mention of my American passport, but on my American passport my date of birth was misprinted as my brother's, May 6 1968. This created tremendous bureaucratic problems but Mr Consul brushed them all aside for my sake. My Taiwanese passport, while including my American passport number, declared my correct date of birth, November 16 1969. This fact would have tremendous importance in the international crisis that would shock the United Nations eight months later.

Trip to Belgium to meet Regine

When I went to Belgium in April 2007 to meet up with my friend Regine⁴, I naively thought that she had been recruited by the Agency as an asset long before I met her again, perhaps during the “time of decision” around June 2006. I thought this because she had clearly been informed about me before I came to her. She knew for example the sources of my money which I never divulged to her or anyone else. She also seemed to be expecting it when I told her my CIA story. Now I realize what happened was actually something else. When I resumed communication with Regine through emails in March 2007, the DHS, monitoring this sick schizophrenic that they said I was, must have contacted law enforcement and the security personnel in Belgium, who must have then gone to Regine to warn her and explain the situation. “The Americans told us that this friend of yours is a schizophrenic who believes in his delusion he has once been investigated as a terrorist suspect and then undergone a CIA recruitment operation. He believes also in his delusion that he has had some personal conflict with the Secretary of America's Homeland Security Department, and he is now under watch for this reason. We want to warn you about this and need your help in our investigation of him.” Regine, being merely an ordinary person, of course believed this lie of the authority's, and agreed to help. She probably thanked the Americans for taking care to warn her about the “danger”. Thus the Department had again preemptively discredited me before Regine. They must have also told her many sorry details about my private life, such as my family's reservation of funds for me, in order to further make me look pathetic and without credibility.

All of this is of course just my guess. Just as always, included in this “warning” about me from Homeland Security and the Belgian security service was the instruction that she keep the whole thing – the warning, the investigation of me as a politically dangerous schizophrenic, and the enlisting of her help – a secret from me. For this end, they told her to keep calm and receive me into her apartment without show of worries. And Regine of course followed the instruction to the letter just like everyone else, being the obedient citizen that ordinary people in the Western world always were. They may also have bugged up her place to keep me under surveillance when I would be in her place alone.

It is thus that, although Regine was recruited as an asset by Homeland Security, she was told to help the operation against a politically dangerous delusional schizophrenic, and not against a national security

4 Lambrecht.

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threat. When I told her about my CIA story, she never said anything but accepted it without surprise, seemingly expecting me to tell her exactly this story. I actually thought that she believed me, and wondered if the Agency had come to her previously as well (hence her foreknowledge). How wrong was I. In reality she most likely just thought me a nuthead and didn't bother to argue with me. In fact, she was probably instructed to not argue with me but to pretend to believe me. The reason which Homeland Security gave her could be that “I would be devastated if I wasn't believed”: in this way they could make themselves look sympathetic to her (!). The real reason was of course that they didn't want to raise my suspicion but wanted to keep me in the dark about their “slander” of me. In any case, Regine knew I was under surveillance and was in fact in contact with the Homeland Security and/or Belgian security personnel who were watching me very closely. For example, during my second day there, while she was working, I toured Brussels by myself and wandered into the red light district around Gare de nord out of curiosity. She was told about it, and when she came back home that afternoon, she specifically asked me where I went, wanting to see what I would say. I said nothing of course, and she didn't particularly pass judgment on me for that. (She was not a judgmental person, and, besides, she was European.) But she most likely also thought me a nuthead when I pointed out to her the vast number of people wearing earphones and told her that that was what the DHS surveillance agents looked like. The warning which the Belgian security force passed to her probably contained also the information that one of the delusions that this schizophrenic harbored was that “people who wore earphones were surveillance agents.” I had fallen into Homeland Security's trap. As I have noted in “My experience...” – although I have not there grasped the whole spectrum – the DHS had through some trick which they had learned from the Agency “instructed” many segments of the population to wear non-surveillance, real earphones and to carry real portable music devices as “decoys”. (The same with “decoy” arm casts and leg casts.) They were counting on my mistaking these “decoys” as real surveillance agents in front of Regine so that I would look hopelessly “nuts” to her. A little more on this “decoy” later. Together with the fact that I was not very sociable at the parties she brought me to, my constant preoccupation with non-existent surveillance – even though I wasn't wrong that I was under surveillance and Regine knew so – had made me look completely idiotic and unattractive to Regine, such that she would entirely lose interest in me by the time I left.

Regine, however, was a very good person. She was just fooled like a donkey by her government just as everyone else was in the Western world. She would appear briefly in the next narrative where I shall recount my experience in Shanghai and Europe.

Trip to Montreal

When I went to Montreal in July 2007 to stay with Angelo for a few days, I didn't know that Homeland Security had already enlisted him as an operative against me for this trip just as they and the Agency together had enlisted his and Gaurav's help back in December 2006. Angelo cheated me in plenty. He asked me to contribute around 100 CAN to his rent (although he wouldn't refuse me if I wouldn't), while he himself was for sure getting plenty of pay from the Department for his work on me. He of course couldn't really be fooled like Regine was, because he was there during DHS' massive mobilization on me in Montreal in December the previous year.

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A general alert about me was definitely broadcast to the population of Montreal before my arrival. Angelo must have of course seen it too but have received clear instruction to keep the alert a secret from me. When Angelo picked me up from the metro station, we first went to a store nearby because he needed something. The young Arab guy who worked there stared at me without end, with a curious smile, as if he were looking at the strangest and most ridiculous creature in the universe. This was only one example of many Montréalais' apparent “curiosity” toward me when seeing me. This time I knew that it was a general, very slandering alert broadcast to all the city which explained people's seeming foreknowledge of me. I don't know what the alert said about me, although I can be sure that it made fun of me as a schizophrenic who believed he was entangled with “the Bureau, the Agency, and the Department” and that it probably gave out and exaggerated other embarrassing information about me: my finance, my hygiene, and everything else... For the alert had clearly made me a laughing stock, which explained why the Arab guy and many others looked at me like I was the biggest joke in the universe. The purpose was, of course, to fool the population into disbelieving any truth that might fly out of my mouth if I should choose to talk to anyone about my experience.

As usual, the alert included the instruction to keep all this a secret from me. While what can only be called the “slandering” or “defamation” of me on a vast proportion was circulating parts of the city, when I appeared, people would hush: “Shuuh... Hush hush. It's him. Say nothing.” The alert was well in the process of consolidating into the character assassination that I spoke about in the “Addenda to 'My experience...'”. I have thus far not seen any of the alerts broadcast about me from the beginning of 2007 to the middle of 2008. I am dying to see them for myself. I always imagine that, one day, when I finally see some, I would be so disgusted as to vomit. The alerts about me must have, by the time of my trip to Montreal, painted me into such a disgusting creature that people would be so disgusted when seeing me as to not want anything to do with me, but only to look onto me as if looking at the most disgusting creature in a zoo.

Mr Homeland Security Secretary had also decided to use my short stay in Montreal as an opportunity to avenge himself for his embarrassment last November and December and to demonstrate that he could top me after all. His perspective was that the government must be able to fool and deceive the people, everyone of them without exception, especially a lowly member like me, and his personality was such that he must win and successfully deceive every single person when he wanted to. He would persist in his goal until he should finally achieve it. He would never give up. He must successfully deceive me. He was a pathological liar and his greatest pleasure in the world was to see others fooled like a donkey by him without a clue while he smiled and got his kick out of it in the dark behind the scene, being the only one who knew the truth. This was a very typical neoconservative trait – love of deception – and he was the sickest among the sick anti-social personalities that made up the neoconservative movement. Now, the main DHS operation against me this time consisted not just of surveillance, but also of using Angelo's “friends” to run operations on me -- whether they were his real friends recruited temporarily (in the manner of “snitches”) for the purpose or just other temporary recruits sent in to pretend to be Angelo's friends. The “operation” consisted of two parts. Firstly, there was the simple game of “decoying”. The Department instructed all of these “friends of Angelo's” to

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constantly show up around me with earphones and portable music devices (genuine, non-surveillance ones, of course) in an attempt to either make me believe that I was wrong before about surveillance agents' wearing earphones and iPods, or, if I should fall into the trap again and openly identify to others the “earphones” as “surveillance devices”, to make me look crazy and ridiculous. Secondly, the Secretary's clandestine team wanted to demonstrate that they could at last muster the education to be able to have a deep academic discussion with their target when the target was so educated, just as the Agency was able to do. One of Angelo's friends, a Canadian English white boy, claimed to have intense interest in philosophy also, and Angelo, per instruction, enthusiastically introduced me to him. I dimly remember his name to be David or something, so I should just call him that. In any case, David constantly bombarded me with all sorts of philosophical questions and discussions. Most of his philosophical insights were quite dumb and confused, and our discussion was really just a continuous rambling of non-sense. But he of course had no clue that he was merely rambling nonsense, because no one knows what he or she doesn't know. And his Homeland Security directors behind the scene of course didn't have enough education to know this either, but most likely thought that they had succeeded in topping me with philosophical discussion when I appeared dumbfounded by the constant bombardment of garbage which could only sound like a philosophical discussion to non-experts.

The new alert system, especially at universities

As I have written in “My experience...”, in August 2007 I came under renewed intense surveillance by these Homeland Security style surveillance agents. It seems that one of the reasons for this was that I looked up many libertarian and investigative websites when I was researching to write “My experience...”. It seems also that the Agency had developed new interests in me starting at this time, partly because they became concerned as they watched me write my story – because, that is, it became increasingly evident that this story was to be of good quality and explain too many so-called secrets in detail. More on this later. If the Agency's intention was in any way positive, then Mr Secretary would try to interfere again, of course. In any case, I erroneously believed at the time that it was Homeland Security and none other that was still having me under surveillance and that they were doing this because they still considered me a “terrorist threat”. I was unaware that my status as a “terrorist suspect” had already been expunged as if it had never happened and that I was now being watched instead by law enforcement as a dangerously delusional sick mind. I was furthermore unaware that most of these Homeland Security surveillance agents and operatives that carried out what was now a law enforcement action were never even told the truth, namely the Bureau's investigation of me as a terrorist suspect, the Agency's business, Homeland Security's massive intervention, and finally the inter-agency rivalry.... This fact was revealed to me only during the end of October when I was flying back from Taiwan via Hong Kong. While I sat depressed and upset as ever in the plane that was about to take off from the Hong Kong airport – I'll talk below about my unhappy trip to Taiwan – a Filipino girl sat down next to me with her typical “homeland security accessories” (earphones and iPod). I don't know her name; I only saw the names “Jimbu Lin” and “Cu Ba” on her cellphone while she was playing with it. I was almost sure that she was a fake passenger sent here by Homeland Security since there was no way that, after having delivered a serious alert about me to the Cathay Pacific airline personnel, the Department would just let me sit with ordinary “real” people. The Department must have

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told the Cathay Pacific airline personnel: “This schizophrenic is politically dangerous to us and we thus have to replace his surrounding with our agents in order to isolate him from ordinary people and keep both him and others safe.” Hypocrisy. I don't know what the airline personnel thought about this strange mobilization of clandestine operations just for a supposedly sick mind. In any case, I started telling this “agent” in brief outline “my story” (the Bureau and the Canadians, the Agency, Homeland Security...) and she just giggled, obviously having already foreknowledge of what I was going to say and disbelieving me, thinking me a nuthead. Afterwards when I reflected upon the incident, I realized that, being a Homeland Security's clandestine operative, she must have been told (“briefed”) the falsehood by her superiors that I was a schizophrenic and so on who was politically dangerous and who harbored some grandiose delusion about the Bureau, the Agency, and the Department, namely, the story I had just told her. Apparently Homeland Security operated differently than the Agency: Mr Secretary had deemed it appropriate to brief his people, when sending them out on a mission, only with the “official story”, namely, lies – whereas the Agency always briefed its agents with the truth.

It was around this time that another round of serious alerts seems to have started about me. The alert system responsible for broadcasting alerts about me seemed to be modeled on the famous Amber Alert program; it is in any case just like the Amber Alert, a partnership program between law enforcement agencies, broadcasters, transportation agencies, and the wireless industry. Other systems that I have found on which this alert system may also be based include TRAK (Technology to Recover Abducted Kids) and EDIS (Emergency Digital Information Service): the former captures and distributes color photographs and images to law enforcement agencies, the media, and other organizations, and the latter, too, delivers information about emergencies and disasters to law enforcement, news media, and the public in California. The EDIS system furthermore produces electronic emergency bulletins that are made available by emails and pagers. Text messages and color images are also posted on the EDIS website.

It seemed that wherever I went alert about me would be broadcast to the population by local law enforcement agencies, most likely by the California Highway Patrol and probably via such company as Syniverse (which is responsible for the activation of Amber Alert). I would suffer greatly this alert system when I would be in Europe in early 2008.

Then, after the tragedy at Virginia Tech, universities around the country started developing an alert system that could reach all students and university personnel in case of emergency. We have all heard about this. I seem to have however fallen victim to this alert system also. It seems that, because I had in time past frequented UCLA library, all the students in all the universities in the Los Angeles area were getting alerts about me via text messaging on their cellphones or in emails sent to them. In UCLA the alerts were handled by Bruin Alerts. These alerts must have included the latest pictures of me taken during surveillance – very good pictures evidently, because the students alerted were always able to identify me easily by sight. I have always imagined university students suddenly getting emails or text messages on their cellphones with pictures of my face in them and the words “a very dangerous schizophrenic, who imagines Homeland Security is going after him, etc.” plus all the other extremely bad qualities from being a racist to being a sex pervert, and ending in the caution: “When seeing him,

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do not let him know that you have been alerted about him; act natural so as not to raise his suspicion. He's under investigation.” By the latter half of 2007, I had stopped going near the UCLA main campus. Besides, there were too many hidden cameras in UCLA. (When you are in UCLA, watch out for the air fresheners in the restrooms; some of them are actually hidden cameras, not real fresheners.) But even students of universities I'd never been to were alerted about me. I stopped by the USC campus once in mid-September 2007 and the students had obviously already been alerted about me. I merely walked up to one girl to ask her where a certain faculty department was, and she immediately recognized me and was instantly disgusted, yelling “I can't help you!” and quickly disappearing.

I was so depressed during August because of the renewed surveillance on me. One day in August I started crying in the quiet Biomedical Library. I then went to the cafeteria to have my dinner and continued sobbing there. I have mentioned in “My experience...” that everywhere I went people would often come up to me to ask me out of the blue if I felt sick and if they should call the paramedics. It was the strangest experience. What was in fact going on was just that Mr Secretary wanted to put me in the hospital for a thorough brain-wash and a complete relabeling as a hopeless nuthead so that the embarrassment of his Department from the previous year could be buried in secret once and for all, and that his clandestine team thus sent out many “agents” pretending to be ordinary people and coming around me to look for opportunities to report me and send me away. So, in any case, while I was sobbing, a lady (a DHS person pretending to be an ordinary person) came to me to ask me what was wrong. Feeling hopeless because I would never be able to escape from the Department or even let my pain be acknowledged when everything was super top-secret, I just ridiculously told the truth that “what happened to me was top secret and classified.” Pretending to be shocked, the lady went to the Medical Center personnel to ask to commit me involuntarily, but the hospital personnel replied that this wasn't enough reason. An hour later, while I sat outside in the court yard having my cigarette break, two police officers came to me and said someone reported me as having made threat to suicide. They wanted to involuntarily commit me. Of course they knew that I had been for a long time a target of some Homeland Security investigation, but made a show when coming to me of not recognizing me and never having seen me before. “The subject is Asian male and matches the description...” as they purposely did their pretending in front of me while communicating with the station. I was lucky this day when the officers simply couldn't find a witness to confirm that I made a suicide threat, and so they let me go. The law was still to be followed to the letter even though all this was simply a show orchestrated by Department's clandestine team: someone was directed – ordered – by the team personnel to make the false report about me, and the police officers were directed to come to me pretending not to know me, as if they were just responding to an ordinary law enforcement event by accident – as if all this were natural. Such was the age of the Patriot Act, of which, you know, Mr Secretary was one of the drafters. All governmental operations were now to be kept absolutely secret behind the scene, while on the foreground all government employees – from officials on the top to the police officers on the bottom – were required to put on a show as if everything still functioned as in the time before the Patriot Act. While, *behind the scene*, every one of your moves is being monitored by a totalitarian machinery constituted by the Department and a series of other high level entities, *on the scene* the government pretends you are not being tracked at all just as in the good old time of the 1990s and before, and the local law enforcement personnel that you have direct contact with all now have to

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get new training as to how to properly pretend, how to properly act, so as to deceive the people – especially the target of an investigation – that everything still goes on like before.

I mention this event because it was probably the trigger for a new round of alerts about me throughout universities as part of the tightening of security in campuses in response to the Virginia Tech tragedy. The police officers had obtained my name and other identification information through this seemingly ordinary event of responding to a suicide threat, so that Homeland Security would now definitely not have to come to the open and admit they had been watching me when they wanted to spread an alert about me in order to slander, defame, and thus discredit me. The campus police must have by this incident obtained a proper pretext to put me on the watch-list of the campus alert system and shared it around with all the other universities. My name and picture thus became known by all the students in the universities around – and eventually in oversea also, as you shall see.

The ostensible point of view of Mr Secretary who directed this show of the law enforcement alert system from behind the scene is that troublesome individuals must be secretly ostracized from society through alerting the entire population that he was being investigated and for what he was being investigated (which in my case is just plain lies) and requiring them to keep this a secret from him and to secretly report him behind his back: so that everyone might keep what he or she was told by authority about the target a secret from this target while pretending to be nice to him so as to not raise his suspicion; so that the target would walk through society like a “dummy” never knowing that no one would ever genuinely interact with him anymore, that everyone was deceiving him and talking bad things behind his back. Mr Secretary's goal was to make the entire society a Patriot Act society and took the greatest pleasure in making his target a fool. The requirement that the target of investigation must not know that he is being investigated is actually a technique of secret excommunication.

You must understand Mr Homeland Security Secretary's personality if you want to understand the nature of the new security system he had created specifically as a result of my case. As I have said, Mr Secretary is the kind of soul that derives the ultimate satisfaction of life from the feeling of superiority and domination which he gains when he successfully deceives and fools others. He's a pathological liar, partially anti-social in this regard. (Remember that, according to DSM-IV, a very important characteristic of Antisocial Personality Disorder is repeated lying.) In late summer 2007, Wes once returned to Santa Ana and I met him in Long Beach one day. I told him what Mr Secretary was trying to do here with the secret alert system: making the target into a “dummy” who walked through society having no clue that everyone talked bad things about him behind his back but put up a show of not knowing him or normality in front, that he was a secret laughing stock to all. The alerts must have been packaged with lies and slanders of such nature as to make me look ridiculously schizophrenic to the extreme. These lies Mr Secretary had created in the manner of movie script-writing, like creating a character in the movies. His clandestine team had probably contracted with the film industry: “Now, create a character of such ridiculous nature and so on”, and once the character was created, the script was broadcast to the population to make people believe that that was me. And the people were fooled to think that this movie character was really me. And, while everyone made fun of me behind my back, he or she would keep it a secret from me when seeing me. “Hush! He's here. That's guy! That ridiculous

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schizophrenic! Don't let him know! This guy is such a dummy! He has no clue that everyone knows him. Nobody tells him! Hahaha!” Mr Secretary of course felt no guilt for fooling the population like donkeys in this way, for he really thought being deceived was the proper lot of ordinary people. (That's simply your typical Antisocial Personality Disorder, absolute lack of respect for the rights of others.) Wes put out an example from his teaching: some student was absent from the class, and all the students in the class were making fun of him. When this student finally walked into the class, everyone hushed up, laughing inside but putting up a show of normality outside to deceive him that nothing was up, and this student, the victim or the secret laughing stock, had no clue. How would anyone like to be this poor student? This was the kind of fate that Mr Secretary wanted for me -- not ostensibly, but in reality, he simply enjoyed the sick pleasure of seeing the target of his wrath, the one who had once embarrassed him, reduced to the status of such “dummy” and “secret laughing stock to the whole humanity”. Then would he laugh out loud in the darkness behind the scene where no one would see him.

My suffering came exactly from this life in the prison of deception: I simply couldn't stand being kept like a dummy who should have no clues that everyone was merely putting up a show of deception in front of him, as if accepting him, in order to dismiss him perfunctorily while rumoring falsely about him and making fun of him behind his back. Who could stand this? Who would put up with living like this, when the scale of secret slandering was extended to include the entire society? But then, no one would care, because – thanks God – no one could really feel another person's pain. No one would care if I needed genuine interaction rather than being an object of secret pranks. There was no reason for them to care: they would never feel the pain I felt.