

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice  
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe  
Chapter 3: “Cassie” and the neutralization of a “terrorist threat”  
Lawrence C. Chin  
November 2008, April 2011, December 2011, November 2012, some revisions later.

## **The Secret History of the International Court of Justice**

### **4.**

#### **How I have been made into a different person, part I: China and Europe Chapter 3 “Cassie” and the neutralization of a “terrorist threat”**

And so, amidst all the uncertainties, I decided to follow Xiuxiu's advice. I went to Hangzhou on the bullet train on Tuesday afternoon (January 9 2008). Soon after I got on the train, what seemed to be a surveillance officer from the MSS sat down in front of me. After being caught cheating, the MSS director had to seriously treat me as a terrorist suspect and would send operatives to watch over me wherever I went. I was finally getting a taste of the ordinary Chinese security personnel: this surveillance on the Chinese side was fairly easy to notice, as would become more evident later on. I arrived in the train station in Hangzhou at night and, following Professor Wong's instruction, waited for him on 9 PM by the front gate of Zhejiang University. When Professor Wong finally showed up, he was accompanied by a younger guy in his late 20s, whom he introduced as one of his PhD students. I found it strange. Then they walked me to a nearby hotel where Professor Wong had reserved a room for me: apparently he was not going to let me stay at his place as he had suggested before. He had paid for the hotel room, which caused me some guilty feeling. He then told me that he would not take me around the beautiful town of Hangzhou himself the next day, but would let this student of his be my tour guide. I looked at this “student of his” and, quite frankly, he didn't even look like a mainlander. I asked Professor Wong specifically about the trojan horse which he had described on his blog, and he seemed already cognizant that I might ask him this tricky question, and just replied that he had downloaded it from QQ and had the problem already taken care of. It was now quite obvious: Professor Wong was an upright person and had already confessed to judge Higgins that he was instructed by the MSS to call up the Uighur “terrorist suspect”, and that he knew that it was the MSS which had put a trojan horse in his computer simply for show purpose. He was now instructed by both the Chinese government and the Allies to play down the matter in front of me in order to calm my suspicion because that trojan horse was one of the keys to understanding all the mysterious happenings around.

I watched some TV and then slept. I am now sure that the MSS must have also installed hidden CCTV in my room in order to pretend to conduct surveillance on me. I really wonder if the reason why Professor Wong had paid for the room was that he or the MSS director didn't feel it right to have me pay for my own surveillance. The next morning this “student” of Professor Wong arrived at the hotel lobby to pick me up. As soon as I met him, I was struck by how earphones were sticking out of his pocket, and I thus became alarmed. I knew right away that Professor Wong had been taken over by Homeland Security – this “student” was just Allies' operative with whom my Homeland Security Secretary had instructed Professor Wong to set me up. Mr Secretary would never give up: even here he wanted to continue to impress me with the ubiquity of earphones and iPods in order to convince me that I had been wrong about the Department's use of iPods as surveillance devices. My dream of finding a long-lasting, intimate friend in China that could replace Wes vanished in an instant, just as did

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my dream of finding a new life here. This “student” of Professor Wong's – let's just call him “Mou” for convenience's sake – took me to a nearby restaurant to eat breakfast. On the way he explained that he'd soon be going to Boston to get his doctorate. I really didn't know whether he was a “real student” in China who was recruited by Homeland Security for this temporary assignment – the reward being something like scholarship, green card, or instantly approved immigration to the USA – or a Taiwanese spy: as I have said, he really didn't look like a mainlander. What was so strange to me was that the Taiwanese intelligence service could also participate in this “Operation Shanghai”. I was getting an inkling of the international scope of the supposed “lawsuit”: if any nation's “secret agents” showed up in this vast operation against me – at the hostel or wherever I was going – then that nation must be a participant in the “lawsuit”. Whether I was right in taking him for a Taiwanese spy, what this meant was that the “court” where this “lawsuit” was taking place cannot be some “federal court” in the United States. The mad house of secret agents from around the world back at the hostel indicated that virtually the entire Western alliance was involved in the lawsuit on the side of the United States: Britain, France, Netherlands, Germany, Japan, Canada, and *Taiwan*... Bizarre. I started expanding the scenario I had developed in my mind and was about to hit on the truth.

In any case, “Mou” insisted on paying for the breakfast; fortunately, I didn't have to pay out of my own pocket to be a target of an intelligence operation. But then he told me he would not be taking me on a tour around Hangzhou but would pass me on to someone else still, a woman who was supposedly another PhD student of Professor Wong's. He led me inside the Hangzhou University campus and walked me to the Department of Philosophy and Religion; there we arrived at the office of the woman in question.

The woman introduced herself to me and told me she had an English name, “Cassie”. It would immediately become evident that she had also been recruited temporarily by the Department of Homeland Security as an operative against me, with this assignment of taking me around the city of Hangzhou while tricking me into more sting operations. Happiness shined through her face as Homeland Security had most likely promised her all kinds of goodies for this work on me: money, green card, free immigration, etc. Once again, I was like a Santa Clause who brought happiness to all the people around me while I suffered their mischief by myself. I was still the naïve little idiot: when we started our walk, I mumbled to Cassie that I was afraid that I might have implicated others in my troubles. I knew that she was an operative and would pass on this statement of mine, to the Chinese government as well as to the Allies. (Cassie was wired, of course.) Ostensibly, I was referring to Professor Wong. Because of me, he must have also been mistaken as a terrorist suspect – that's what I meant. But, in reality, I was referring to the Chinese government and its Ministry of State Security. As I began to notice that the “lawsuit” might be of a scale far beyond a “complaint” filed in a “United States federal court”, and as I started to realize that the forced occupation of Shanghai by the entire Western alliance was necessary as long as I was here, I became terrified of the possibility that I may have brought a huge trouble to China: this was supposed to be my ancestral home, and yet, after I had been here for barely a week, World War Three almost broke out on its soil. I had no idea if Cassie understood any of what I had just said. She simply proceeded with her “mission” with all the joys in the world and

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without worries for the troubles in which her *patrie* had been caught.

It would immediately become clear that the main tasks with which Mr Secretary of Homeland Security had charged Cassie was, firstly, to elicit from me anti-American statements which the United States had earlier failed to extract from me, and, secondly, to take a lot of pictures of me. Cassie had been given certain selected questions to ask me. She first asked me why a taste for Asian women had been circulating among American white males while a corresponding taste for white women had not taken root among Asian males (who were thus deprived of their women!) such that we saw far more white males pairing up with Asian women than Asian males pairing up with white women. Then she led me to discuss racial or ethnic “zoning” in Los Angeles, and asked me if that was intentionally created. Not immediately understanding why she was asking me these questions, I answered them calmly and carelessly – that white men probably just thought Asian women more docile than white women and hence more “womanly”, and that the racial zoning in the city of angels was of course “unintentional” and un-planned, but simply the accidental outcome of the city's population movement. I didn't know that I was supposed to show anger about any supposed racial “injustice” permeating the American society. Mr Secretary had just failed for the second time to establish my motive to harm the United States.

What had happened behind the scene was this. The CIA and the State Department lawyers had decided to try a different tactic. Even though Madam President of the ICJ judge Higgins was not persuaded that I had intended to hurt the United States, they were able to demonstrate to the Chinese president that China was obliged by UN Resolution 1373 to help the United States neutralize the threat they claimed I posed to the United States because the United States, as a sovereign nation, had the legal right to arbitrarily label me a “threat” no matter what the International Court had found. Apparently, everyone could see that the “spirit” embodied in Resolution 1373 was such that it was up to the nation-state which was threatened by the terrorist suspect to decide whether it was really threatened by him, and not up to the International Court of Justice. The anti-American or anti-neoconservative statements which I had made a long time ago were enough justifications for United States' perception that I had come to China to harm the United States, even if judge Higgins couldn't yet see that. Because China was obliged to help the United States, the “other side” of the Chinese government than the MSS submitted itself to the command of the United States. Since United States' contention was that I was threatening the United States by helping the MSS director sue the United States and its allies, the Chinese government was thus finally burdened with the obligation to help the United States win the lawsuit against its own spy chief. The entire Chinese government therefore became a participant in United States' continual “Operation Shanghai” to prove to judge Higgins that I was not Lawrence Chin and that I was conspiring with the MSS director. The MSS was shut off from running operations on me in order to avoid the suspicion of conspiring with me. It would turn out to be our Homeland Security Secretary who would be running operations on me all the way until the end just as he had in Montreal and Taipei, all because Boss Cheney's feudalism had set in again. My “plan” of ridding my life of Homeland Security had definitively failed.

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What I mean by the Boss' “feudalism” is this. Mr Secretary of Homeland Security was even more overwhelmed with anger toward me than back in 2006, as I have mentioned: he had just had the most embarrassing moment in his life, caught lying twice in the most serious circumstances imaginable, and seemingly “outsmarted” by what he took to be the most worthless member of society insofar as I almost got out of his grip while leaving him totally damaged. (Mr Secretary had also been thoroughly convinced by the CIA that I had planned the whole thing from the beginning.) He had presented himself to his Boss and his neoconservative peers as the definitive master of deception and yet everyone saw him get duped by the Chinese intelligence while he was trying to dupe them. Mr Secretary was thus on a mission to redeem his reputation and avenge himself – this time even more so than the last time. He was determined to not let me get out of his grip and to win the lawsuit against the MSS director with *his* operations. Mr Secretary, desperate to redeem himself as the master of clandestine operations and to be the savior of the neoconservative plan for global conquest after he had sunk it, thus requested to the Vice President, his “Boss” and Mentor, that he be permitted from now on to take overall command of “Operation Shanghai” whose purpose was to neutralize the threat I posed to the United States, namely to win the lawsuit against the MSS director. Our Vice President agreed, having never forgotten his anger for the insubordination of the CIA and the State Department dating from the beginning of the Bush administration. He was a feudalist, believing that people should hold positions of authority according to their belonging and loyalty rather than according to their merits. Even though his protégé Mr Secretary of Homeland Security had almost sunk his ship and his past political enemy the CIA had devised a plan to save it, he was going to favor his protégé instead – just because the former was part of his clique and the latter not. With the Boss backing Mr Secretary, nobody among the Allies' forces dared say anything. It was thus suddenly determined that Mr Secretary should take up the leadership of the Allies (and the Chinese government as well), because he apparently would know best how to neutralize the threat I posed to the United States. Mr Secretary was going to take the credit for redeeming the United States, even though it was the CIA (and the State Department) which had set up the gun and he was merely shown how to pull the trigger. But, once again, he could not hit the target even like this!

To pull the trigger – that is, with the CIA having already laid out all the legal framework, Mr Secretary just needed to produce evidences which can prove my intention to harm the United States and my identity as Lawrence Chin's twin brother rather than as Lawrence Chin himself. The Chinese government, obliged to help the United States, permitted Mr Secretary to take over its own citizens – from Cassie onwards – for this purpose while withdrawing Professor Wong from me since he was somehow suspected of conspiring with me to help the MSS director harm the United States. Therefore, once again, Mr Secretary would be trying to manipulate me to utter anti-American statements, which would be evidence that I was coming to China to harm the United States, which would mean furthermore that I had planned the whole thing as a way to attack the United States. Evidences which the MSS had already gathered – my story “My experience...”, my passport number, etc. – would be automatically suppressed as well. This is why Mr Secretary instructed Cassie to try to elicit anger from me about the racial injustice which had supposedly permeated American society; my anger toward the United States on the ground of racial injustice would be such evidence demonstrating that I had

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intended to harm the United States. If you don't get it, well, this is just how the evidentiary procedure works in an international court trial.

Yet Mr Secretary had failed to elicit from me angry statements about the United States. You can easily see what's going on. Mr Secretary had picked up from my story “My experience...” my statements that my *former* obnoxious unpatriotic pronouncements were motivated by the perception of gender and racial inequalities in American society, and thought that he could incite discontent within me with questions charged with hints of racial and gender inequalities and thereby lure out from me these same pronouncements again. In his imagination he was an expert in human psychology and had understood me so well that he could manipulate anything out of me. He really believed that I was the vulgar anti-American leftwing freak in his imagination, and he was desperate to demonstrate to his peers that he was right about me after all. His confidence in his judgment was probably reinforced by the fact that even Big Sister herself had made a similar diagnosis on the FBI document as to the origin of my “anti-American sentiment”. But, once again, he simply didn't understand me. He failed to grasp the reality that the anger which had temporarily filled me more than three years earlier had long ago dissipated, and that I was hardly so immodest as to share my angry perception of racism in America with a stranger in a foreign land even if I still believed in it.

Even though Mr Secretary had failed once more to prove my intention to harm the United States, to prove that I wasn't Lawrence Chin was an easy affair. Cassie took me to the famous Great Lake in Hangzhou for a tour. Being a gentleman even though I had become aware that she was only here to run operation on me, I insisted on paying for both of us. Cassie was gracious, and said she'd treat me lunch later to reciprocate. Now her second assignment was to take a massive amount of photographs of me. Once again, that Homeland Security obsession with picture-taking, I thought. Sometimes Cassie would instruct me to stand besides some touristic monuments for her to take the needed pictures of me, thus disguising intelligence operation under ordinary touristic things. On other times she'd simply surreptitiously take photographs of me from behind or when I was looking at scenery and not paying attention to her. We started our tour on 10 AM and called it off around 1 PM. During the three hours we spent together, she must have taken about fifty pictures of me – from all different angles. I should have resisted – I knew that something was not right, that these pictures of me were ordered by the Department of Homeland Security, since she never posed together with me, obviously wanting to avoid being seen together with me in any pictures. I was still suffering from my personality weakness, always deferring to others, and having difficulty in saying “No”. In fact, throughout the tour, I continued my gentlemanly behavior: she didn't like the smell of cigarette smoke but never said anything to me out of politeness; I was however sensitive enough to detect it, ask her about it, and stop smoking for the remainder of the tour. While we were walking back to the university, I remarked to her, half jokingly and half sarcastically, prompted by the freakiness in her incessant picture-taking of me, that she didn't really regard me as a human being but took me for some sort of animal so strange and curious that she couldn't help but take pictures after pictures of it. This was the only protest I put out to her: insofar as I recognized Homeland Security's obsession with photographing their target, I knew then for sure that Cassie was acting as an informant for the Department, but I didn't know why she was told to take so

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many pictures of me.

By now, of course, I know why. Now that the Chinese government was obliged to help the United States “neutralize” its own spy chief the MSS director, it had to help the United States prove that I wasn't Lawrence Chin, so that the judgment declaring the United States in violation of UN Resolution 1373 may be withheld on more solid grounds. Supposedly, when Cassie returned to her Homeland Security or Chinese government handler, some Chinese government specialists would take in, and digitally touch up, the newly taken pictures of me so that I would end up looking slightly different. The Chinese government would then take the pictures to the International Court as evidences demonstrating that I actually looked slightly different than how I looked in the pictures of me found on the FBI documents in MSS director's hands. The Chinese government would argue to judge Higgins that – well, the United States was right all along, that I was most likely a twin brother of Lawrence Chin rather than Lawrence Chin himself. In this way, judge Higgins would have to rule that another piece of “contrary evidence” had been “found” which demonstrated that the possibility existed that I was someone else than myself, and that the earlier judgment regarding United States' violation of UN Resolution 1373 should be withheld indefinitely. Judge Higgins would rule thusly knowing that the new evidences were forged because, apparently, since the laws and convention in China granted greater latitude to the state's security apparatus, it was lawful and customary for the government to forge evidences and frame innocent people like this. If the act was legal in China, the International Court had to respect the laws and customs of China.

Before we parted, Cassie treated me lunch at a restaurant near the campus as she had promised. Being a philosophy major, she had been engaging me in a philosophical debate during our tour and continued so here in the restaurant. We had traversed many a topic – such as whether robots could “suffer”: I said they could, referring to Steven Spielberg's “Artificial Intelligence”, my favorite movie of all time, and she said they couldn't; whether plants could suffer: I said they couldn't because a central nervous system was absent in plants, but she said they could, with some sort of “soul”; and whether there was just this “soul” added to the machine made of flesh which we as animals were: I said no, neurotransmitters being sufficient to explain the emergent property called “self-consciousness”, but she said yes – and throughout I found her philosophical understanding operating at a rather shallow level, but of course she didn't know that, since people don't know what they don't know. Being a guest and a victim of my personality weakness, I never debated with her to any depth, but she truly thought she had beat me. Recall how, back in July 2007, when I was in Montreal, Mr Secretary of Homeland Security got Angelo's friends to engage me in philosophical discussions and make a fool out of themselves without knowing it, all because he needed to demonstrate that his informants or snitches could also get into intellectual discussions with their target just as CIA's operatives could. Again, Mr Secretary was trying to demonstrate to his international audience that he had also on his payroll operatives who could handle intellectual discussions just like the reputable CIA, and that his Department was no longer the dummies that it used to be. I let the Department win when I didn't argue any further; there was really no use: even if I beat Cassie in philosophical discussions, neither she nor Mr Secretary in the control room would be educated enough to notice it.

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Mr Secretary must have at the same time also stated to the Chinese government that what he had been doing to me – to falsely and secretly alert the population that I was a disturbing and perverted leftwing extremist and white supremacist schizophrenic who had imagined up a business with the intelligence agencies – was the best way to neutralize this threat that I was posing to the United States. As long as it was up to the states themselves to interpret how they had been threatened by the terrorist suspect in question, the Chinese government had no choice but to comply with the US request and allow Homeland Security to spread out an alert about me to the population in Shanghai and Hangzhou. (Unfortunately, the United States could never, in order to get out of the violation of Resolution 1373, just argue to judge Higgins that it had lied about the terrorist suspect to China because this was the most effective way to neutralize the threat he was posing to the United States: it would have to tell the Chinese government the truth about me, before it could lie to the Chinese government!) Insofar as Mr Secretary of Homeland Security, obsessed with secrecy, was in the habit of hiding his clandestine operations behind the garb of ordinary law enforcement actions, an alert would need to be prepared and broadcast as if it had happened under normal circumstances and the US government had never intended it at all. Mr Secretary should therefore have instructed Cassie to report me to the local authority as a private citizen, as if the fact that she was recruited as an operative and was reporting me only because instructed to do so had never existed. Perhaps Homeland Security had instructed her to make false claims to the Chinese Public Security officers and, via them, to the American consulate in Hangzhou saying that I appeared crazy and scared her off, and then to submit the photographs she had taken of me for identification purpose, leaving out, of course, the fact that she was directed by the American authority to do so. And the Chinese Public Security officers, although obviously knowing the big affair that was going on – the Western alliance's occupation of Shanghai and so on because of one single person – would have to cooperate and thus also pretend to receive the complaint and the pictures as if a crazy maniac were accidentally identified and complained about by a concerned citizen. It might have been at this juncture that some Chinese government specialists “secretly” touched up the photographs of me with Photoshop. When the matter was reported to the American consulate, the consulate would then pretend to “accidentally” discover that the American citizen reported and complained about was already on the notice of alert which Homeland Security had sent to diplomatic services around the world. At this point, Mr Secretary would also instruct Ellissa and Karin – the only people other than Wes to whom I had mentioned my plan of going to Shanghai – to contact the American consulate in Shanghai, saying their “very schizophrenic friend” had traveled to Shanghai, and to ask the consulate “to look after me” in view of my delusional state of mind. Karin would then have set down another component of the legal justifications required for the US State Department to request international authorities to track me and to warn the populations about me (harming me under the disguise of showing concern for me). The American consul in Shanghai would then pretend to contact his colleagues in Hangzhou to discover that I had been reported about over there, and the US State Department, the Department of Homeland Security, and the Chinese Public Security could then pretend to work together to broadcast an alert about me to the population in Shanghai and Hangzhou, as if I had not been under surveillance by an international team and as if the authorities had not known where I was. The ostensible purpose of the warning was to keep the population safe from me and to keep me

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safe from myself. And, as usual, the warning would also instruct the population to keep all this a secret from me, to pretend to have never heard or seen pictures of me if I ever showed up in front of them. Nothing of the vast international scandal that was going on would be mentioned in the warning, as if none of it had existed. The population in China would then be duped just as their counterpart in Taipei, Montreal, and Los Angeles had been, believing that, although this guy imagined up his investigation by, and connection with, all the intelligence agencies in the United States, Canada, and Taiwan, he really came into the attention of the government forces because he harbored crazy obsession with government officials and his friends cared deeply about him – that, thus, nothing he might say should be believed. The Chinese government, hitherto a fairly “honest” entity in comparison with the mind-boggling deception and hypocrisy practiced by the US government, had thus learned to practice the far more sophisticated technique which the US government employed to destroy dissidents – to discredit and suppress dissidents while maintaining the appearance of trying to protect them.

On the next day, Cassie would send me via email a few of the myriad pictures she had taken of me, as if she had not harmed me at all. (See below.) Even though, after I had met with Cassie, Mr Secretary had finally accomplished what he had originally intended to do, namely, to obligate the Chinese government to spread out a slandering alert about me which would motivate the population around me to ostracize me out of disgust as soon as I came into their sight, the fruit of his labor was far less satisfying because of the very nature of the Chinese people, or so it seems. In the coming weeks I wouldn't even be sure that an alert had been broadcast about me, in either Shanghai or Hangzhou. The Chinese population was different; they were much more apathetic than the citizens in Western nations. If they heard some alert about the appearance of a politically obsessed, sexually perverted, and white supremacist schizophrenic in their midst they wouldn't necessarily care and would therefore give out no hint in the manner of changed behavior and altered mood upon the sight of me thus causing me to understand that something was up. Mr Secretary's technique had worked so well in the three countries before China in that I was immediately made a laughing stock or the most detestable person there, but, here, in China, people didn't seem to care that much. There was no “culture of fear” here about dangerous monstrous people as there was in the United States, and the Chinese people seemed to care very little about what the government said or did. Perhaps it was because China was not a democracy, with the consequence that people had little interest in what the government said anyway, unlike the situation in Western countries, where democracy had made the people erroneously believe that the government belonged to them and so would tell them the truth even most of the times. The government in the West – especially in the United States – lies to and deceives its citizens to a far greater extent and much more frequently than the Chinese government does its people, because it has the burden of *pretending* to be a democracy, a government of, for, and by the people, in this new age of totalitarianism (our post-911 world) when every government in the world is moving toward absolute power vis-à-vis its population, and the citizens in the West are much more easily duped by their government than the Chinese people by the Chinese government, also because they believe in their childish delusion that their government is of, for, and by them. The people in Hangzhou and Shanghai would have been duped in my case, to be sure, but then they didn't really care.

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This would be the lesson I would carry home from China. After my ordeal with Homeland Security in 2006 and 2007, I had already learned that the US government was so deceptive of its people that it routinely made them believe it was trying to protect them when it was actually trying to harm them. After I came to China, I realized that a non-democratic government is a government that would be much more suited to give me happiness, or less misery. Because China is not a democracy and therefore does not have to pretend to appease its people, its government does not feel the need to lie to its people. Its government, just like governments in the West or anywhere else, does not particularly want the people to know what it is doing, but to this end, instead of putting up a show to deceive the people into believing that the government is doing something else, something more humane, than it is actually doing – this is the way of the American government – the Chinese government simply says nothing. What had most surprised me while I was in Shanghai had always been the newspapers. A typical newspaper had merely a few pages, because it didn't contain any news about politics. American newspapers, or Western newspapers in general, would have page after page devoted to politics, but most of these news are fake, devised to hide what is really going on inside the government and to make people believe in a different reality about their government. On the screen of the computer stations in the cybercafe in Shanghai, there would always be displayed a list of rules for one to read first, and the first rule was that one may not disclose on the Internet national security secrets. There is no such emphasis in American life. If I had been doing in China what I had been doing in America, I would simply be arrested for spilling out state secrets. In America, where totalitarianism was established secretly and beyond ordinary people's awareness – behind the appearance and illusion of a democratic free society – I would have to be systematically framed into a schizophrenic criminal nuthead so that no one would even bother to listen to anything I say, let alone believe it. I'd much prefer the fate of arrest, for then at least, when I do get released, I could go to a foreign land, tell my story, and, as a victim, get people's sympathy.

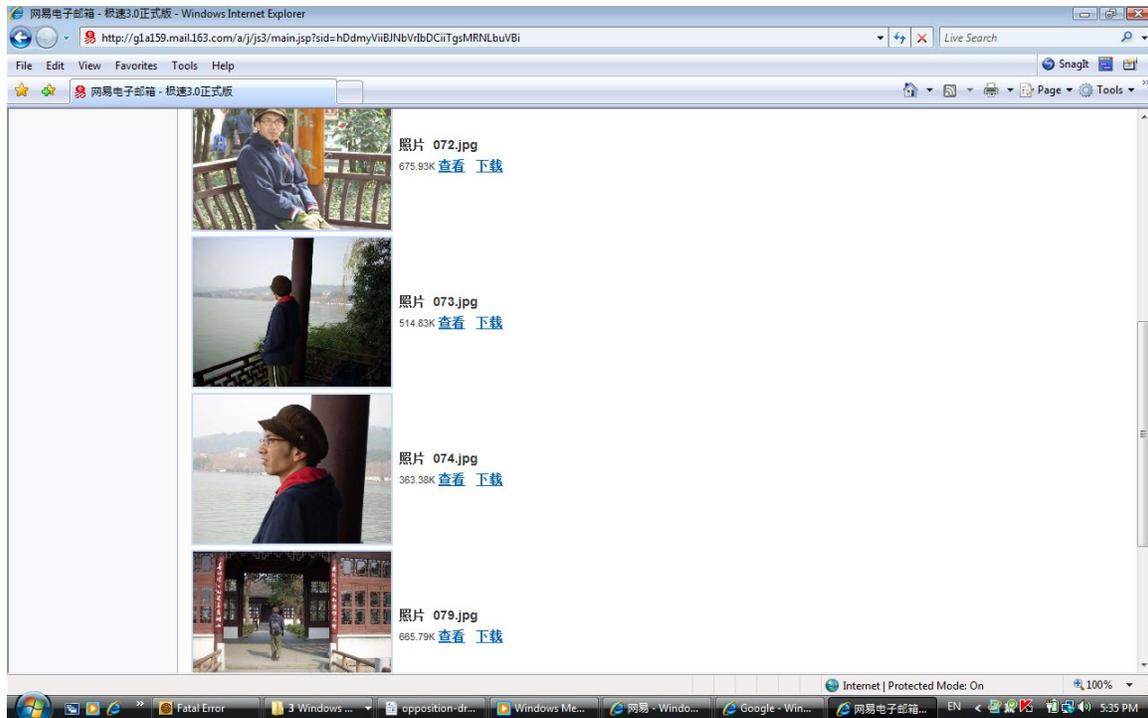
Only in the next five years would I come to understand that what I have learned from my China trip so far is only the tip of the iceberg. The hypocrisy and deception which the US government has been practicing on its people to hide the harm it is inflicting on them – in contrast to China or Russia – goes far beyond what I have just analyzed above – making the United States the most disgusting evil empire in human history, if not more evil in the brute sense than Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Soviet Union. I'll try to explicate this in the subsequent narrative.

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Cassie's email to me  
containing the pictures she took of me in Hangzhou

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Cassie's email to me, continued.