

How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 5: The trip to Hong Kong
Lawrence C. Chin
February 2009, April 25 2011, December 2012, some revisions later on

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

4.

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Chapter 5 The trip to Hong Kong

As my life in Shanghai was becoming increasingly unlivable – constant machine malfunctioning, the daily disappearance of my funds, and my increasing isolation, insofar as I would eventually have no one to talk to in the hostel except Xiuxiu and Guoming, since every other lodger at the hostel was either one of those vulgar Homeland Security movie extras or a secret agent from whichever nation – I at last decided to take the radical step of going to Hong Kong to swap citizenship, knowing that this might mean that I would never see Deborah, Karin, and Marie again, even though I still believed I could see Wes again, in Brazil or some such place. Now, how do you get to Hong Kong?

I had by this time figured out pretty much who was from which side among all the Chinese “employees” working at the hostel. Xiuxiu and Lingling were the only ones from the MSS, I gathered, while every other “employee” of the hostel, including the manager, was from the “other side” of the Chinese government working against the MSS, all except one – there was one Asian guy working at the bar who claimed to be a native Chinese but who clearly wasn't from China at all. His accent indicated that he had learned Chinese as a second language, Chinese ancestry though he may have. In his mid- to late-20s, he was probably an “ABC” (American born Chinese) and therefore a Homeland Security import from the United States. His “pretending” was also typically Homeland Security: every time when he was working at the bar he would have his English lesson books laid out on the counter in order to pretend to not know English well and be studying English when it was not so busy, even though, I can bet, English was in fact his native language. I have completely forgotten his name, so let's just call him “Dave”.

With my humor I had earned a bit of compliment from even the female employees from the “other side” of the Chinese government. Guoming kept calling me “cute”. Mr Secretary, again, would find this most displeasing. He hated it when there were still people left in the universe who didn't hate me like roaches, and he would soon do something about Guoming. The bald-head manager, however, continued disliking me throughout my time at the hostel. In hindsight it is easy to discern his reason: to get out of my personal troubles, I had “set up” the Chinese government against the US government and thus brought China into a crisis with a bait its foreign intelligence chief had found it hard to resist. Since the hostel was “haunted”, namely, it was principally a Homeland Security setup and stank as hell (aesthetically speaking), despite the presence in it of a few agents from other countries, I thought about suddenly changing to a different hostel as a way to obtain “real” human contact. But then I would miss the company of Xiuxiu, and so I never did, and continued to live in my prison house. In other words, I

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was continuing my pattern of becoming attached to my prison guards!

When I asked any of the employees from the “other side” of the Chinese government questions about the schedule of the train going to Hong Kong, they would invariably give me an ugly face and refrain from telling me anything. Their hostility indicated to me that, whatever the true attitude of the main elements in the Chinese government (namely, its “other side”) toward me, their priority at the moment lay in “appeasing the United States”, and therefore in cooperating with Mr Secretary who was determined to not let me “get away”. In reality, the reason why the Chinese government was not favorable to the idea of my “repatriation” was that they were obliged under UN Resolution 1373 to neutralize the threat I posed to United States and that, by re-entering China from Hong Kong as a Taiwanese citizen, I would save the MSS director and threaten the United States. Only when I asked Xiuxiu did she reply quietly: “Let me tell you. There is a train to Hong Kong from Shanghai every other day on 5 PM.” But Xiuxiu didn't bother to tell me which day was “every other day”, and she refused to look it up for me on her computer. While I was baffled at the time, today I suppose it was because, after their embarrassment, the Ministry of State Security must avoid all semblance of wanting to help me repatriate in China. Helpless, I went online on the computers in the hostel to look up the train schedule. But, every time when I got on the website of China Rail and typed into the query box the schedule for the Shanghai-Hong Kong connection, the whole website would malfunction and produce the notice that the operation was currently unavailable. Of course it was Homeland Security which was disabling my Internet activities from their base in Shanghai Telecom. But this only made me ever more determined to go to Hong Kong to swap citizenship, for, if Homeland Security wanted to stop me from doing something, it must be good for me, it must be an avenue of salvation for me, it must mean that I was right in thinking that, once I became something like a Chinese citizen, Homeland Security would lose the right to run operations on me. So I tried and tried, but fruitlessly of course. But if I searched on this website for the train schedule for the Beijing-Shanghai connection, the website would suddenly function perfectly, indicating to me once more that Mr Secretary and the Allies in general were desperate for me to go to Beijing so that they could have an excuse to take over the infrastructure of the capital and crack open its secrets. At the time I still didn't have the time and energy to guess at the entire happening at the International Court of Justice; I simply felt enormous anger for being manipulated like this – I was a little patsy with which Mr Secretary could make accomplishments and claim credits for cracking open the enemy's secrets, but where was my rewards? Mr Secretary, obsessed with obtaining the status of “master of deception”, couldn't enjoy more the feeling of manipulating his enemy to benefit himself while slandering and destroying him. Thus I just went to Xiuxiu to declare to her that I was not interested in going anywhere in China other than Shanghai and Hong Kong, that I was definitely not going to Beijing. In this way the “important people” on Allies' side, especially Mr Secretary himself, could let go of the idea of using me to crack open the infrastructure of China's capital. Xiuxiu stared at me with her eyes wide-open. I had no idea that I was creating more troubles for China because I sounded like I knew what was going on and was intending on helping China.

It was now the Friday of my second week in Shanghai, and I called up the lady at the Taiwanese Affairs Office again. “You said that, when I get to Hong Kong, I could just use my Taiwanese passport to re-

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enter China as a Taiwanese compatriot and then get the certificate for that later... Can I do that in the weekend?" I asked. "Of course," she replied, "the custom is open 24 hours and 7 days a week." I really couldn't wait, and so I decided to simply go to the Shanghai train station to check on the schedule of the train and buy a ticket.

I was clearly making the right decision, for Mr Secretary had filled up the entire train station with his surveillance people and so on, tons of people wearing earphones. While I was in line for the ticket booth for the Hong Kong train, suddenly, the speaker announced that this booth and the adjacent ones were closed and instructed everyone to go to the booths on the other side. When I went there together with many other people who were in line – who knows how many of them were real and how many fake – all the regular rail employees – those Chinese government employees wearing uniforms – suddenly got up and were replaced by fake employees who did not wear uniforms but instead carried a tag "In training". We are talking about 30 or so rail employees all suddenly getting replaced by Homeland Security fake China Rail employees! The sense of oppression weighed heavily on me as I was again sealed up in Homeland Security's fake world, unable to get into contact with the "real China Rail". Again, since the Chinese government had to cooperate with the United States in neutralizing the threat I posed to the United States, when Mr Secretary decided that the way to neutralize my threat was to prevent me from coming into contact with any real Chinese government personnel, the Chinese president had to agree to let Mr Secretary replace the original Chinese government personnel with his fakes – as if this would make any difference! When I got in front of my booth, I asked to buy a ticket for Hong Kong. Fake though everything may be, you can only buy your ticket as if nothing were going on. What else can you do? The fake China Rail employee "in training" said something to the effect that, although there was a train on the next day (Saturday), only the train after that (on Monday) would have seats available. I immediately suspected that Homeland Security was purposely orchestrating a delay in order to have more time to "prepare" Hong Kong. In reality, Mr Secretary and all those on the Allies' side were probably also buying time to settle some legal problems. I therefore felt the urgency to get to Hong Kong as soon as possible. Thus, even though I bought this ticket for Monday, I immediately took a taxi to the other Shanghai train station located in the southern part of the city. I was counting on this, that Mr Secretary would not expect this sudden maneuver on my part and so wouldn't have time to evacuate South Shanghai station and replace the China Rail personnel there with his operatives pretending to be "China Rail employees in training" – thus that I might per chance run into a "real" China Rail employee. This technique of course assumed that Mr Secretary had not mobilized more resources to have preemptively evacuated *every* train station in Shanghai. Well, it worked. At the South Station, as I got myself in line for the ticket booth for the Shanghai-Hong Kong connection, it was a real, or at least non-DHS, China Rail employee in uniform who received me and permitted me to change my ticket's time to the next day (that is, Saturday). See, there were still seats available for Saturday's train after all. I did catch Mr Secretary by surprise; he thought I would go back to the hostel after I had purchased my ticket. And the ticket officer at the South Station was actually a MSS mole: the MSS, just like the CIA, had recruited personnel from various Chinese government branches as its moles, the lady at the Taiwanese Affairs Office being one of those. The MSS director wanted me to go to Hong Kong. Mission accomplished, I duly returned to the hostel to get ready for my trip tomorrow afternoon.

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You of course cannot really believe that Mr Secretary was going to let me get on a normal train that was not “fixed” and mingle with the “real” ordinary Chinese people, and that he would leave Hong Kong alone “as it is” for me to explore. The next day, after I got onto the train on 5 PM, I of course found that the whole train was evacuated of all “real” passengers and filled up with Homeland Security actors and actresses pretending to be train passengers. It was just like before. These were mostly poor Chinese singles and families imported from Canada and the United States to fill up the space around me. The entire train was loaded with several hundred fake passengers accompanying me to Hong Kong. It was a long ride, and we arrived in Hong Kong around noon the next day. It was a painful ride, because, just as always, you were surrounded by people who had already believed all the made-up lies about you (namely, they had been “briefed”) and would consequently, while seeing you as their target, never interact with you genuinely, but would only pretend all the way through: the prison of deception and theater. All throughout the ride, I kept worrying: it couldn't be this easy to rid myself of this ghostly “Homeland Security” once and for all, a disease which, just like schizophrenia, would become part of your very being once you contracted it, almost as if you were born with it. And of course it couldn't be.

I wasn't much of a fan of Hong Kong, and so, as soon as I descended the train and passed through Hong Kong custom with my American passport, I turned around, bought a return ticket for Shanghai, and went into the custom again. But the Allies had already had their prevention ready. As I was standing in line, the security officer purposely directed me to a particular booth in which, not a real Hong Kong custom officer, but a Taiwanese intelligence officer impersonating Hong Kong custom officer, was to receive me. I mean, this man was clearly from Taiwan and not from Hong Kong, judging from his accent. Following the instruction of the lady at the Taiwanese Affairs Office, I pulled out my Taiwanese passport, nervous and unsure whether this would be the end of my suffering. That would be too good to be true! Sure enough, the man asked, “Where is your Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate?” “I don't have one,” I explained, and I furthermore repeated what the lady at the Taiwanese Affairs Office had told me. He rejected that argument, and asked me angrily with what passport I had entered Hong Kong, for I couldn't have entered Hong Kong simply with a Taiwanese passport that had neither a visa stamp on it nor a Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate accompanying it. Of course this man – part of the Taiwanese intelligence's contribution to “Operation Shanghai” – knew that I had just entered Hong Kong with an American passport, but he had to pretend that he didn't know, for the vast operation was supposed to be “in secret”, just as an ordinary terrorism investigation was supposed to be kept secret from the terrorist suspect. And so I told him that I had entered Hong Kong with an American passport. “If you have entered Hong Kong with an American passport, then you must exit Hong Kong with an American passport. When you are in Hong Kong, you can use any document you want. But the document you have used to enter Hong Kong and the document you want to use to leave Hong Kong must be identical. Take out your American passport!” he shouted angrily. I wouldn't take it out, but simply turned around and went back into the station's main area. This meant, of course, that I had just wasted 60 dollar or so on the ticket, for the ticket could not be used for another time. I was only impressed by the anger that this Taiwanese officer had shown me. What exactly did the MSS do that so angered everyone? I was following one clue after another to eventually discover with confidence the tragedy that had occurred in the International Court of Justice.

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There was a specific reason why the Taiwanese intelligence officer wanted me to produce my American passport. Remember that the Chinese government was obliged to help the United States neutralize the threat I posed to the United States. The most urgent act of neutralization so far consisted in overturning the judgment declaring the United States in violation of UN Resolution 1373 – which was temporarily withheld – and proving my conspiracy with the MSS to harm the United States. In regard to the first objective, the Chinese government had to help the United States prove that I wasn't Lawrence Chin. Now that judge Higgins had ruled that the characteristics which Big Sister had attributed to me on the FBI document may not describe my current condition, there were but a few photographs to prove Allies' contention that I was an impersonator of Lawrence Chin. Since the most important piece of evidence which the MSS director had to prove my identity as Lawrence Chin was my passport number, the Allies wanted a piece of counter-evidence showing me to have a different passport number. Mr Secretary thus requested the Chinese government to help produce some falsified evidence of my passport number – through a mistaken interception of my passport number in which the number would be confused and mistaken as some other number. The Allies could then present this different passport number to judge Higgins as “contrary evidence” proving that I was legally speaking not the terrorist suspect since my passport number “differed” from the information recorded on the FBI document. Again, even though judge Higgins would know that the evidence was incorrect, she would have to accept it. For, just as in the case of those digitally altered photographs of me, the Chinese government would argue, for United States' sake, that it was “customary” in China for the government to forge evidences to frame innocent people so as to neutralize the potential threat they may pose to the state. The Court should thus respect China's laws and conventions when the Chinese government, following its conventions, *pretended to make mistakes* in the interception of my passport number and presented the mistaken intercept to the Court as evidence! In other words, the very argument which the MSS director had used to get away with forging evidences was now used by his opponents to knock him down: what the CIA and the State Department had wanted. This was only the beginning of the battle over a falsified passport number of mine which would rage on so intensely later.

When I came back to the main area of the train station, however, a woman dressed as an employee of the China Rail intercepted me and, pointing at the custom, said to me, “Those people that were just going in were headed for Guangzhou. Now it's time for those people going to Shanghai to go in.” I really had no idea what nonsense she was talking about: I was just denied entry because apparently I wasn't allowed to enter China with only a Taiwanese passport. What does it have to do with passengers going to Guangzhou or Shanghai? So I just said to her, “No, I didn't have the right document.” The lady, disappointed, simply groaned, “Oh, you don't have the right document!”

Under such circumstance, the first thing I did was to go to the Hong Kong office responsible for issuing Taiwanese Compatriot Certificates. The lady who received me, just like the entire staff of the office, had already been notified about me and gave me a very mean look. She knew exactly what I wanted, but pretended, as part of the secret operation on me, to not know me at all. “I want to apply for a Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate”, I requested. “Do you have a Taiwanese Identification card?” she asked. “No,” I said. “Then you can't get a Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate,” she replied coldly and

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with an angry face. I took out my Taiwanese household registry certificate and asked her if this would work. “No.” This was always a mystery for me, for, clearly, together with the passport, the household registry certificate should prove my identity. She was of course playing to the letter of the law in order to obstruct my process of repatriation. “So I’ll have to go to Taiwan first to apply for an Identification card?” I asked. “Yes,” she said.

As soon as I stepped onto the streets of Hong Kong, it was revealed to me that the entire island had been occupied and fixed by Homeland Security. Surveillance agents were everywhere, and the entire town had been fixed so that one out of every three persons wore earphones and carried iPods. It was a most unfriendly place. What had happened was clear: the Allies had gone to the governor of Hong Kong and requested that the Hong Kong government, under UN Resolution 1373, help the United States neutralize the threat which I – and the MSS director – posed to the United States. Currently, *I posed a grave threat to the United States by wanting to repatriate as a Chinese citizen*, and the Hong Kong authority must stop me from repatriation at all cost. Another “terrorist threat” which I had posed to the United States, Mr Secretary explained to the Hong Kong governor, was that I had discovered that some of those iPods and earphones were surveillance devices. Mr Secretary thus explained to the Hong Kong governor that he knew how best to neutralize this particular threat I posed. The Hong Kong governor therefore permitted Mr Secretary to send in tens of thousands of his movie extras to occupy the island, take complete control of the island's infrastructure, and “fix” its society in such a way that earphones, iPods, picture-taking, and people with broken arms and broken legs would be ubiquitous, so that I would either confuse them as surveillance agents or convince myself that I had been delusional in mistaking iPods and earphones for surveillance devices. The Hong Kong authority also permitted Mr Secretary to broadcast slandering alert about me to the population of Hong Kong so that everyone would be convinced that I suffered from schizophrenia and ignore me if I tried to share my “national security secrets” with them.

While the Chinese government and the government of Hong Kong were obliged by UN Resolution 1373 to prevent my repatriation by never bending the law even slightly to allow me to reenter China with my Taiwanese passport, the MSS still had the right to operate on me as if I were a real potential threat who was not conspiring with them. I have always thought that the reason why the MSS director had wanted me to reenter China as a Taiwanese compatriot was that he could thereby prevent the Allies from running operations on me. It wasn't until almost four years later that I realized that the true reason why he hoped I would re-enter China with my Taiwanese passport was that he knew that my Taiwanese passport contained my correct date of birth, November 16 1969. The United States could drag on this lawsuit forever by arguing that there was the possibility that I was David Chin, a twin brother of Lawrence Chin. If somehow my Taiwanese passport could enter the evidentiary record of the International Court, then the Allies' argument could be nullified that I could be my twin brother rather than myself because my American passport had my brother's date of birth on it. Besides this, the MSS director would have the authority to arrest me independent of United States' protest once I should become a Chinese citizen.

The MSS had plenty of moles inside the China Rail and the Hong Kong custom. Their moles in the

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Hong Kong custom had been instructed to purposely play loose with China's and Hong Kong's immigration requirements and let me pass the custom with only a Taiwanese passport – even while the rest of the custom was determined to enforce every letter of the law. (Again, the greater leeway which security organs in China had in operating on targets who were potential threats to the state meant that their moles could bend the law.) The lady at the Hong Kong immigration office responsible for issuing Taiwanese Compatriot Certificates duly gave me cold shoulder and refused to help me because she had strict orders from the Hong Kong governor to follow Mr Secretary's instruction as to how to neutralize the threat I posed to the United States. As every nation that was party to the lawsuit had a right to contribute to this “Operation Shanghai”, this time it was the Taiwanese intelligence which had obtained the right to replace the Hong Kong custom officer with its own officer. But the MSS, since it had not yet been convicted of conspiracy with me, still had a right to “contribute” and had replaced another Hong Kong custom personnel with its officer ready to let me pass, and had in addition one of their last agents in place among the Hong Kong train station personnel. This was the lady who was exhorting me to go back into the custom. That was in fact my last chance to “escape into China”, but I missed it, unaware of what was going on. Everyone in the US, Canadian, and Taiwanese government must have fallen to the ground when they saw me missing the instruction of the MSS secret agent – this time out of relief. I had no idea that, when I was contemplating on getting my Taiwanese Identification card during my last day in Taiwan in October 2007 but gave up the attempt out of laziness, I was in fact forfeiting my last chance for a cure of this most horrifying disease in the universe called Mr Secretary of Homeland Security. It's clear that, after this, “repatriation” would be but a pipe dream.