

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 7: Homeland Security reality in Shanghai
Lawrence C. Chin
May – June 2009, April 2011; December 2011, December 2012, November 2016.

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4.

How I have been made into a different person

Part I

China and Europe

Chapter 7

Homeland Security reality in Shanghai

The next morning I went back to the Guangzhou train station to see if I could buy a ticket to go back to Shanghai, and, surprisingly, I purchased one easily. The hard time that the custom officer gave me the previous night – that there would be no more tickets left – was just a chimera. After I bought the ticket, I wandered around the city center for a while or so. Guangzhou was a boring and quiet city with very few people on the streets, and neither side seemed to be running operations on me here. No one seemed to have been alerted about me. I am not sure if this was because, although the people were alerted with Mr Secretary's slander of me, no one cared, or because, instead of Chinese government's help in neutralizing my threat, the MSS was able to maintain here the normal modus operandi in a terrorism investigation (by not broadcasting the investigation to the whole population). In any case, I was eager to go back to Shanghai, because I missed Xiuxiu, and because I didn't know whether Homeland Security was soon coming to occupy Guangzhou in an attempt to crack open the infrastructure here using me as a pretext.

Just like the last time, the Chinese government sent onto my train a ton of security and police personnel. Besides that, Mr Secretary had filled up my train entirely with his movie extras. There were no real passengers on the train, but only these vulgar and poor looking Chinese immigrants imported from United States and Canada. During the long train ride, I took out the two Chinese magazines on computer hacking which I had bought in Hong Kong and began devouring the articles on “Netrobocop” and “ARP hijack”. The articles were not really comprehensible to me, but one of Mr Secretary's fake passengers who was sitting in front of me suddenly asked me if I was “working with computers”. “No,” I replied coldly. I found it strange that these actors would pretend to make a big deal out of my magazines when I was clearly struggling with computers. I didn't know that Mr Secretary was trying to make something out of my new found passion for computers. Since the FBI document had mentioned that my brother “David Chin” was a computer programmer, he could use my constant immersion in computer matters as new “evidence” that I was really “David Chin” and not “Lawrence Chin”.

Arriving in Shanghai, I immediately returned to the hostel. Xiuxiu and Guoming were eating lunch together at the table in the bar lounge. I ran to them, dragging my luggage cart and jumping up and down, shouting: “Big Sister! Big Sister!” Both of them burst into laughter and almost choked on their food. I sat down to join them, ordering a cup of coffee from the counter.

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While I was sitting face to face with Xiuxiu, I told her that “I tried really hard to figure out what was going on” while in Hong Kong. “So have you figured it out?” she asked me. (想清楚了没?) “I have figured it out,” I told her. (想清楚了。) Then I thought, wouldn't our exchange here be a little too problematic, making it look obvious to the ICJ judges – who of course would be watching – that I knew now for sure that Xiuxiu was a MSS operative and that the MSS had in fact pretended to regard me as a terrorist threat instead of as a defector. I mean, I wasn't supposed to know anything, at least that would be what the MSS director had wanted so that there could be no ground on which to suspect a “conspiracy”. But I simply didn't see the point of pretending idiocy any longer now that I had visited, while under surveillance, the websites of the UN Security Council and the International Court of Justice. In fact, after our talk, I went to the public computers at the hostel and continued researching on the individual judges of the ICJ and the non-permanent nations in the UN Security Council that were unfamiliar to me. In the next few days, I would continue my research at the cybercafe as well, reading up on China's own part in the enforcement of UN Resolution 1373. It was quite a learning experience, for I didn't know that China would have that much to do with terrorism at all.

This time that I was in Shanghai everything was turning increasingly against me. Because I had, by my visit of the websites of UN Security Council and the International Court of Justice, produced a piece of evidence seemingly indicating that I had *not* planned the whole thing and was *only now* coming to an awareness of what was going on, Mr Secretary and the Allies were actually proposing to the Chinese president that my threat to the United States had just magnified. Their argument was that I was purposely *acting like* I had only recently come to an awareness of what was going on. The argument had no force for judge Higgins for lack of evidence, but suspicion was enough to force the Chinese government to work harder to neutralize the threat I posed to the United States. This is why the Chinese government had to earlier send onto the train a vast number of police officers to watch over me. Mr Secretary had not only assumed full command of this joint operation “Operation Shanghai” devised to neutralize the threat I posed to the United States, but was on the verge of taking over the MSS itself. A very important development toward the law governing conspiracy was in the working – a law governing compensation of conspiracy with a terrorist suspect which would assume paramount importance in my subsequent narrative: the CIA and the State Department were ready to argue that the requirement for nations to work together to neutralize the threat which the terrorist suspect had posed to any one of them should result in the requirement that the nation's intelligence agency suspected of conspiring with the terrorist suspect to harm another nation be taken over by that other nation which was being harmed in this conspiracy, as a way to prevent the conspiracy from continuing to hurt its victim and to force the conspiring nation and the conspiring intelligence agency to fulfill their obligation to help the nation which the suspect was threatening. In time, this new requirement would evolve into the international law governing the resolution of all conspiracies of this kind. As the Chinese government was now temporarily under the command of United States and its allies, the Chinese foreign intelligence service, the MSS, would in the end by this law fall under the permanent command of the United States, and, in the future, any intelligence agency which has been shown to be conspiring with me to hurt any other nation would fall under the command of the victim nation.

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Now that Mr Secretary had requested that everyone work harder to neutralize the threat I posed to the United States, the entire environment of Shanghai began to change. For one thing, Lingling had disappeared from the hostel, leaving Xiuxiu as the only one left from the MSS, and the rest of the Chinese hostel staff, insofar as they were from the “other side” of the Chinese government, were now becoming overtly hostile toward me. In addition, Mr Secretary had finally had enough time to establish his entire “Homeland Security reality” in Shanghai proper. His “neutralization” consisted precisely in imposing on me what I was trying to escape from. This meant not just that the population were duly alerted about me in the same manner as were their counterparts in Taiwan and Canada, but also that Shanghainese were beginning to lose their fashionable look and to look more and more vulgar, with ever increasing number of them wearing earphones and carrying iPods, especially in the metros. Obviously, Mr Secretary was showing off his skill in clandestine operations by replacing an increasing number of Shanghainese on the street with his own movie extras whom he had imported from North America or recruited from the local Chinese population. Since he was not aware that he was not very smart, he didn't know that, by ordering his Homeland Security theatrical troupe to dress them up according to his own taste, he was making everyone around me look increasingly ugly. At the same time, as the Chinese authority was required to work harder to neutralize my threat to the United States, the mayor of Shanghai and the Chinese Public Security Ministry had had to cooperate in passing out portable music devices among the population, who were then told to contribute to the American cause of suppressing this vicious schizophrenic by confusing him with earphones. Laptops were also becoming ubiquitous among the fake lodgers back at the hostel, and everyone there began carrying iPods without exception, whether he or she was of Chinese or Western nationality.

Since Guoming had been calling me “cute”, Mr Secretary, in his project of “neutralization” (vengeance), had to make her hate me. Mr Secretary's temperament was such that anyone who had offended him and anyone whom he despised must be hated and despised by all humanity as well as by him and completely excommunicated from the human race. My cuteness with Guoming had been slowly exhausting itself anyway. I had been calling her “Miss Comic Book” because of her hair style and thick black frame glasses, and I especially enjoyed playing with her. One night when I was chatting with her by the front counter, she said to me: “We have by now learned something funny about you. You are very into sex. It's very easy for you to fall into 'honey trap'!” (你很好色。很容易中美人計。) She then buried her face on the desk to hide her wild laughter from me. I was surprised by her comment which hit right on the target and, out of embarrassment, shouted to her: “You talk nonsense! You talk nonsense! You talk nonsense!” (你乱講！你乱講！你乱講！你乱講！) She responded with more laughter: “Your acting like that obviously means that my comment about you is correct!” (你那樣，那就是說中了嘛。) Well, actually, she was right. I had the feeling that she was specifically referring to Gaelle, for Gaelle was the one who had so successfully lured me to bad-mouth about the Chinese government itself. A genius like me who had supposedly “set up two super-powers” – that, remember, was what the United States was arguing and what many in the Chinese government suspected as well – and yet this genius fell so easily to such simple trap just because it was a woman he was only meeting for the first time. Guoming was probably also referring to my blunder in the night

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club in Hangzhou, about which she had been briefed but of which I had mentioned nothing to her. I was also surprised by the fact that everyone here at the hostel must have been watching my actions outside the hostel on surveillance TV as if I were a TV show: Guoming – and others of course, including Xiuxiu – must have been watching me having my coffee chat with Gaelle. I was a TV star without privacy, and this is another good reason why I should stop looking for other females around on the Internet in my attempt to reconnect with humanity. I thought I should avoid embarrassment with Xiuxiu and just concentrate my attention on her.

Since Mr Secretary wanted me to be hated by all humanity as the most disgusting and detestable piece of trash ever in human history, he was deeply hurt by how I was having fun with these Chinese government clandestine operatives around me. And so, one day, when I returned to the hostel, I found that Guoming no longer looked at me like the cutest thing in the universe but had suddenly reversed her attitude toward me 180-degree. She now avoided me as the most disgusting and detestable pestilence one can find on the surface of the earth. When I crossed path with her, she wouldn't even look at me or say “Hi” but would walk past me as if I hadn't existed. It's easy to guess what had happened: Mustering up his neoconservative talent in slandering his political opponents, Mr Secretary must have sent in his Homeland Security thugs to broadcast to all the operatives from the Chinese government the surveillance videos of me he had collected from all the surveillance which his and other agencies had conducted on me in the past. He cannot just give everyone the same sort of alert he had been broadcasting everywhere about me, because his story that I was a schizophrenic who had imagined up in my delusion being investigated as a terrorist suspect and then coming into contact with the Agency wouldn't really work with these Chinese operatives. He must have simply showed them many surveillance videos showing me doing embarrassing things in my privacy, such as picking my nose, scratching my balls, masturbating to pictures on escorts' websites, etc., and Guoming, among others, would be so shocked by the sort of bad habits that this “cute thing” did when no one was watching him that she would become completely “disillusioned” and would never want to have anything to do with me again.

In the same way, all the other employees of the hostel – all the pretenders from the “other side” of the Chinese government – were increasingly distancing themselves from me following Guoming's suit. When they did talk to me, it was because they had to lure me to make anti-American statements or to admit that I had planned this lawsuit to help the MSS director harm the United States. Their only interest in me was to help United States neutralize the threat I posed to the United States, in other words. One time when I was asking the fake manager whether I could get a job at the hostel washing dishes, he scolded me: “A big man like you should think about doing great things!” He thought he could lure me to admit that I had attempted a “great project” (namely, bringing down United States in international relations), but I replied, “Doing great things? I am satisfied if I won't cause 'great trouble'!” To judge Higgins, this sounded increasingly like I had not planned the lawsuit, but had just discovered it, which was consistent with my earlier behavior in Hong Kong.

But Xiuxiu was different from the rest of the fake Chinese employees. Probably because she was the

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big sister of her little sister, she had the same sort of generosity and openness as Marie did. One night I asked her: “If someone tells you all the bad things about me, you are not going to believe it, are you? These are lies.” She replied affirmatively and enthusiastically, as if to comfort me: “Okay, I’ll not believe these.” (好, 不信!) Just that simple. I absolutely loved this girl. I then told her about how I had sent her an email while in Hong Kong and how it was blocked and returned to me. But she explained to me that her email address was actually cheryl-xiuxiu and not cheryl_xiuxiu as I had entered in my earlier email to her. I suspected however that she was just playing a trick, that my email to her earlier was really blocked by Homeland Security, and that, now, to cover up the operations on me in accordance with the normal procedures in an intelligence investigation of a suspect, the MSS and Homeland Security had together changed her email address in an attempt to deceive me into believing that my earlier email was returned only because I had entered the wrong email address. No matter, for she permitted me to resend her the email to this “correct” email address of hers, and I immediately did so from the hostel’s public computer just feet away, and then came back to the front desk to watch her read it from her email account. “I am really very touched by the email” (我真的很感动也), she said. I was quite surprised. I didn’t expect her to be so easily “moved”

Sometimes Xiuxiu would become distant and would seem to be avoiding me – probably in order to avoid the appearance of a “conspiracy” – and even disappear for a day or two, and I would consequently be in an awful mood and become very rude toward the other Western hostel “fake” lodgers. My mood thus became increasingly dependent on her mood. I remember how, one night, after Xiuxiu had withdrawn and disappeared while I had to reckon with “Homeland Security reality” in Shanghai all by myself, I became so angry that, when a 20 something British fake lodger who had newly arrived crossed path with me at the bar lounge and greeted me, I gave him a middle finger instead. I was expressing my hatred for him as a Homeland Security actor pretending not to know me. “What’s that for?” he acted surprised. Then, an hour later, when Xiuxiu reappeared at the front desk and was acting nice and intimate with me, I reversed into such good mood that, when the same British guy showed up also, I voluntarily apologized to him and, making up some reason about misunderstanding his remarks earlier, actually started chatting with him about all sorts of nonsense, all this in front of Xiuxiu. “Where are you from?” he pretended to ask. “Los Angeles,” I said. “Why are you here?” he asked. I joked about how I was drifting on a life boat or swimming across the Pacific Ocean and how I got rescued by the Chinese coast guard. It was an idiotic conversation about nonsense in the midst of an international crisis, and Xiuxiu looked on at us in bedazzlement. I don’t really know whether she was impressed by my fluent American English, grossed out by my unappealing voice and accent, or simply having difficulty in understanding what I was saying.

The Homeland Security agent “Grey” was still staying at the hostel, spending most of his time at the bar lounge with his MacBook and iPod. I never saw him leave the place – he was only here for his mission anyway and, given his anger toward China – how the Chinese intelligence had cheated against the United States – he probably had little desire to tour around the city anyway. As United States was securing increasing cooperation from the Chinese government, “Grey” was becoming more and more

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hostile toward me. Late at night at the bar I often saw him chatting with a Swiss woman who looked half-Chinese and half-white. The woman claimed to be working at the restaurant next door, but since there wasn't really anyone here who wasn't a secret agent or a movie extra of some sort, I guess you would not veer off course by thinking that she was also a secret agent from Switzerland. As I saw my avenues to a new life gradually closed off and felt increasingly hopeless, my behavior was loosened, as if nothing mattered anymore. Then I would throw in a word here and there at the couple (“Grey” and the Swiss woman) and, while the Swiss woman had no particular reaction for me, “Grey” would pretend to be gravely annoyed by my intervention.

One day, around noon, “Grey” was sitting in the bar lounge drinking beer with a rather coarse and vulgar looking Irish lodger (a British or Irish secret agent, most likely). A cornered animal, I became increasingly upset and would simply defy him. I sat down to join them. They pretended not to know me – Grey pretending to remember me as coming from Canada and the Irish guy introducing himself (rather rudely) as coming from Brazil. Well, it's not as if truth mattered very much here. Since they had been rude and made fun of me, I took up the Irish guy's beer and drank a full gulp. “Hey, what are you doing? You just drank my beer,” he said angrily. “Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know it's yours,” I played dumb. As usual, Grey had his MacBook open in front of him with iTunes on the screen. Meanwhile, I just stood behind him and continually looked over him at his MacBook as a way to annoy him. “Hey what are you doing? You are freaking me out,” Grey protested angrily, but I just stood there without saying a word as if I suffered from Attention Deficit Disorder. Finally Grey got up and wanted to beat me up or “kill me”, but instead turned to the fake Chinese hostel employees and their friends who were sitting and chatting about six feet away from us on the sofas. Although these Chinese hostel youngsters were all from “the other side” of the Chinese government and thus supposedly in full cooperation with their Homeland Security partners, this time they came to my defense. “Grey” continued to shout about how much he wanted to kill me and how much I had bothered him the last time when he shouted how much he wanted to kill me. “Lin” said in his average English, “he is also a customer here,” referring to me. Thus, although Grey wanted the hostel employees to take action against me for harassing him, none of them did, and I just took off to conduct my daily business in Shanghai. But that night when I came back to the hostel, those Chinese pretenders at the counter said to me, “Big Sister wants to talk to you.” “Really?” What a surprise, but that meant that she was not here to tell me good news. Soon, Xiuxiu appeared from the hallway and said to me, “You have to behave well. That American guy has lodged a complaint against you,” referring to Grey. I apologized to Xiuxiu, and started noticing that this was from now on a new tactic which Mr Secretary was going to use on me, namely, instructing the fake lodgers under his command to catch me in my mistake as much as possible no matter how insignificant it was and to complain about me to the authority as much as possible in order to build up an artificial profile of me as a troubling and mentally unstable public nuisance. I should have called the police the last time when Grey threatened to kill me and lodged a complaint against him, I thought, regretting and feeling increasingly pushed to the corners by Homeland Security as they advanced aggressively toward me each day.

I was losing patience and started getting angry everywhere I went. When I first arrived in the Shanghai

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train station, as I saw the same old Homeland Security surveillance agent wearing his earphones and holding his iPods standing in front of me to keep me guarded – seemingly recruited locally – I couldn't help but throw my burning cigarette at him. It was the inescapable Homeland Security reality. As the number of Shanghainese carrying iPods had quadrupled during the last weeks that I was in Shanghai – obviously per Homeland Security “fixing” – I got so angry once when I was exiting the metro train and saw another guy coming in carrying his iPod, that I violently ripped the iPod from his hand wanting to see what exactly was inside these little machines which Mr Secretary was so fond of having everyone carry. The guy responded violently and hit me on the head with his bag, yelling “Thief! Thief!” and I just walked away in plain sight in front of hundreds of people. Believe it or not, China was not a totalitarian police state, so that no police officer came after me to knock me down on the ground. **Everybody simply let the** event float past, although it would of course be seen in surveillance by all the important people (the Allies, the Chinese government, the MSS, and the three judges of the ICJ). By the time I was on the plane flying to Germany on January 22, I estimated that I had personally run into 2,000 Homeland Security fake people (“actors and actresses”) and agents and that the Department had spent a total of 50 million dollars for this “Operation Shanghai” (not including the cost from the intelligence agencies of other countries).

I began encountering the same sort of Homeland Security acting toward me everywhere I went. When I returned to one of the two cybercafes I had been frequenting, the same girl that worked there who had already seen me suddenly had the same change of attitude which I had seen many times back home. She, having been instructed by Homeland Security as to how to hide from me the widespread alert about me as a white supremacist and political extremist suffering from schizophrenia, pretended not to know me and produced this artificial “courtesy” smile which all the people back home in Los Angeles had been trained by Homeland Security to put on, the sort of smile which Mr Secretary had learned from the CIA, devised to make me feel comfortable so as to dissipate my suspicion. People's attitude was really changing; it was no longer the case that nobody behaved any differently toward me because nobody cared about the alert. Then, on that day, more terrible malfunctioning of the Internet when I sat down on my computer station. I no longer saw the point in job hunting, and so, by now, I was on the Internet mostly for my own personal purposes. I continued reading about computer matters and then kept up my research about the UN Security Council's Counter-Terrorism Committee and the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights. Then, after that, I wanted to call up Wes on Skype. I had so far refrained from calling Wes since I had arrived in Shanghai because I didn't want the Chinese surveillance to pick up our live conversation. But now that the Chinese government was cooperating with Homeland Security in making my life miserable, there was obviously no longer any need in “protecting him”. It was still January, and so Wes was not in Albany but was still at his parents' home in Santa Ana, and I thus called his parents' home. But my Skype call simply could not connect, obviously per Homeland Security blockage from Shanghai Telecom. I went to the counter to ask the cybercafe employees to take a look at the problem. All these employees had already been instructed and “trained” by Homeland Security and operated under Mr Secretary's command, and they came over to pretend to suspect problems in the connection cables at the back of the computer, plugging and unplugging them and so on, even though they all knew just as I did that the disconnection was due to “man-in-the

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middle” blockage. Then, after they had pretended to be unable to fix the problems, and after I had tried calling several more times and couldn't get through, I was suddenly permitted to get through to Wes' home in Santa Ana. Wes' mother answered the call and told me Wes wasn't home. She sounded normal enough, as if nothing were going on, even though I was pretty sure that she had already been briefed by Homeland Security about how I had betrayed the United States to China through an ICJ lawsuit that was at the moment tearing apart the UN Security Council.

It is kind of obvious that the reason why Homeland Security blocked my call to Wes was that Wes' information was also on the FBI document which the Big Sister had passed to the Chinese. When I called him, therefore, the MSS would be able to obtain more evidence demonstrating that I was none other than Lawrence Chin. Now that Mr Secretary had the entire infrastructure of Shanghai under his command because the Chinese government had to cooperate with him in neutralizing the threat I posed to the United States, he could exploit the infrastructure in such a way that it would only produce evidences in his favor but would break down when it was about to produce evidence in his opponent's favor. Then, my call went through only because Homeland Security personnel, on the other end of my call, had already instructed Wes' mother to lie to me and prevent me from speaking to him. The evidence in MSS' favor was thus not produced.

I continued to enjoy the little bit of Shanghai that I could. Every now and then at night time, I would employ the tactic of suddenly jumping onto a taxi and ordering the driver to take me to a randomly chosen night club where I could “chill”, namely, listen to some nice music and watch some pretty people dance – although this could normally go on for only about 15 minutes before Mr Secretary would send in his ugly youngsters to fill up the place so that I wouldn't be in contact with “real Shanghainese”. I needed the 15 minutes of genuine music and real people to recuperate from the immense pressure under which I had been subsisting. I would also go to the “tea houses” from time to time to finish up writing the “Addenda” to “My experience...”. I would continue working on it on my half-broken Gateway laptop which I could now use only in safe mode. On such an occasion, a surveillance agent – Homeland Security style, wearing surveillance earphones and using surveillance laptop – would come in to sit near me. I didn't know that I was producing evidences in MSS director's favor, for, as you recall, Mr Secretary had been wanting to create evidences showing that I didn't write “My experience...” but had stolen it from the “real” Lawrence Chin. Then, when I finally finished the story, something scary occurred again. It was January 16, 2008, and, in accordance with my usual practice, I deposited the manuscript (in RTF format) in my various email accounts, including my 126 email account, only to discover on the next day that, just as in previous times, the story had disappeared from my 126 account. At the time I wasn't sure which side had deleted it. Although this “Addenda”, unlike “My experience...”, had no real intelligence or evidentiary value – you can see for yourself the text in its entirety which I shall append at the end of this narrative, in the Appendix – the MSS director had apparently thought it better to delete it from my 126 account in order to avoid the misunderstanding that I was depositing my story in order to secretly pass information to him. This was of course another sign to me that the CIA had argued to the ICJ judges that I had purposely deposited my story “My experience...” in my 126 email account in order for the MSS to intercept it. Then,

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whenever I tried to visit the Meetup website – whether from the hostel's computers or from Internet cafes – to see what Karin was doing back in California, the whole website would be unavailable – even though I was able to see it in Hong Kong. Similarly, my Feefee blog at Blog Spot couldn't be seen in Shanghai, although I could see it in Hong Kong. It was *not* the policy of the Chinese government to censor Blog Spot or Meetup; my blog and Meetup dot Com were blocked in China because Mr Homeland Security Secretary had requested the Chinese government to block them as a way, firstly, to prevent the MSS from “gathering intelligence” in websites like Meetup which were filled with pictures of Homeland Security operatives recruited from, or sent to infiltrate, the various meetup groups, and secondly, to prevent further evidence about who I really was from being intercepted into the International Court as evidences. When I tried to post the “Addenda” on my Feefee blog, I discovered however that, although my blog itself was blocked, I could still log into the control panel of Blog Spot where I could save my story as a post. The fact that Blog Spot and Meetup could be seen in Hong Kong demonstrated that Hong Kong was not officially under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of State Security. My persistence in backing up my writing in my email accounts and in my blog account had however probably further convinced judge Higgins that I had really deposited my story “My experience...” in my 126 account for the sake of safe-keeping, not in order for the MSS to intercept it.

Browsing bookstores in Shanghai was however a fascinating experience. For someone dying to learn about computers and network security (or “hacking” if you will), China was heaven insofar as the bookstores here were filled with explicit and high-quality tutorial books on computer hacking and defense against hacking which would never be found in the bookstores in the United States. Eager than ever to raise my computer literacy, I bought one such high-quality tutorial – something like “Bible on defense against computer hacking” – and one book on PHP which was actually translated from English. Another fascinating thing about China was the movie theaters, the multiplexes constructed in imitation of those in the United States and Western Europe, and so different from the old-fashioned single-theater cinemas to which I was accustomed while growing up in Taiwan. I had however never succeeded in watching a movie here. In my last days in Shanghai I tried to watch a new Chinese patriotic movie about the communist revolution which portrayed the battlefields as realistically as “Saving Private Ryan” (集結号). The theater ticket crew looked at me as a disgusting laughing stock in the same way in which movie theater employees back home did, and, because I missed the 7 PM show, I didn't bother to wait around for the 10 PM show and just went back to the hostel.

These two acts of mine were bad for the MSS director and evidences in favor of the United States and its allies. As my French-speaking was fading away in significance, Mr Secretary, the CIA, and the State Department became increasingly dependent on my new found obsession with computer security as the evidence to keep afloat their counter-scenario that I wasn't Lawrence Chin but David Chin. Furthermore, wanting to watch a Chinese patriotic movie produced the impression that I had wanted to benefit China.

Gradually I decided that I needed to leave China as soon as possible, both in order to spare China continued occupation by Homeland Security and also in order to knock on the front door of the UN

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High Commissioner on Human Rights to “seek resolution about my problem”. I had seen how beautiful China was, and how free the people were – nothing was true of the depiction of China as a dark totalitarian land where the government oppressed its people – but at the same time I couldn't help but remark just how fragile this country was, that, despite all the energy and construction around, the progress in modernization that had been so tirelessly promoted could fall apart as soon as you touch it with the slightest force. Without having as yet an exact notion as to what the MSS director had done at the International Court of Justice, I actually felt hurt when I saw the infrastructure of this fragile land being so torn apart by Homeland Security. I had by then also developed the fantasy that, since all the information about me was now lying bare for the first time in the International Court of Justice, I could perhaps ask the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights – one organ of the UN – to get it out of the ICJ – another organ of the UN: this shows you just how naïve I was when it came to international politics and bureaucracy. I thought I could then prove my “innocence” – whether my innocence as a “terrorist suspect” or my innocence as “the politically dangerous schizophrenic”. So what I needed to do was to buy a ticket for Geneva, where the Office of the High Commissioner was located.

Mr Secretary picked up my intention to fly to Geneva from the surveillance of my Internet activities and, for a particular reason unknown to me at the time, couldn't have found my action more threatening to the United States. He immediately instructed the entire Chinese population around me to obstruct me as a way to neutralize my threat to the great USA. I first went to a travel agency located right next to the People's Square (thus very near Etour). But the entire personnel in the travel agency had already been instructed by Homeland Security to obstruct my attempt. So, when I arrived and started inquiring about a plane ticket to Geneva, the young girl working there resisted by saying she didn't know what “Geneva” was. I was frustrated because I had forgotten what the Chinese equivalent for “Geneva” was. I seriously doubted that she would know so little English as to not know what and where “Geneva” was. I had become so frustrated with the breakdown of the infrastructure around me whenever I wanted to do something important that I walked out of the agency in anger, swinging the glass door so hard that it slammed into the wall and broke into pieces. There was screaming among all the employees, and I sneaked away quickly in embarrassment. I even surprised myself because I had been such a gentleman ever since I had arrived in this ancestral home of mine, fearing, as I have noted, to break any part of it as if it were the most fragile thing in the world. This would be the first time I had lost my temper and broken something. When I tried to disappear into the crowd in the mall across the street, however, one of the lady employees from the travel agency caught up with me and, grabbing me, stated that they had called the police and demanded that I compensate them for the damages.

Soon, two police officers wearing the prettiest gray uniform arrived. After checking my passport, they left and another police officer arrived, this one wearing a helmet and an arm band. These Shanghai police officers were just about the nicest police officers I had ever met anywhere in the world, polite, gentle, and non-violent, and were asking me questions in a cavalier fashion as if nothing particular had happened. Such a far cry from the LAPD who always seem ready to beat people up in order to show off their big muscles and demonstrate their authority status. When the travel agency lady went to consult with her boss by phone, I was actually afraid that the police officer in helmet might leave because I felt

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so secure now that he was here. “Mr police officer please don't leave,” I cried. “I'm not leaving,” he said nicely, as if comforting a child. “Where are you from?” he asked – or rather pretended to ask, in an effort to feign that he hadn't been alerted about me as a “terrorist suspect” whose status was under international dispute. I explained that I was Chinese, born in Taiwan, and raised in United States. “You were raised in the United States and you can still speak such good Chinese?” he said. It's a comment I had heard many times already, and I just explained that my family all spoke Chinese at home. Finally, the travel agency lady came back and announced that her boss was willing to settle for 800 Yuan as compensation. More money to be wasted, I shouted inside myself. But of course I could only agree. And so I said I would have to use the ATM to withdraw cash, for I hadn't had that much cash on me. But all of us had to wait for two other police officers to show up so that we could all head toward the bank down the block to use the ATM inside there.

After I withdrew the cash, we all agreed that I should write a note, signed by both me and the travel agency lady, confirming that I had paid the damage. So I wrote in Chinese: “I, Lawrence Chin, with the American passport number of 211415885, have paid 800 Yuan to the so and so travel agency for accidentally breaking their glass door”, etc. At some point, because I hadn't written any Chinese for a long time, and because I had actually never written Chinese simplified script by hand – typing simplified script with Microsoft IME 3.0 didn't require one to remember the actual strokes of each character – I got so frustrated for not remembering how to write a particular character that I shouted to the police officer and the travel agency lady, “Please write the note for me, and I'll just sign it.” But they all insisted that I write it myself, and they tutored me to the task: write this stroke here and that stroke there and you have this character. When all was done, they let me go.

At the time I had no idea that I had fallen into a setup devised by the MSS director to gather evidences to save himself. When the MSS director saw from everyone's common surveillance on me that I had broken the glass door, he immediately mobilized his moles inside the Shanghai police to send in two police officers to work on me. The purpose of the operation was to obtain a sample of my hand-writing for analysis back at the office, and this was why the police officers insisted, in accordance with their “mission”, that I write the note myself. Recall that idiotic letter for help which I had mailed to the Chinese Consul General of Los Angeles on September 11 2007.¹ That letter had also been transferred to China's centralized database and, since it was prefaced by my hand-written note in Chinese, it contained the only sample of hand writing in Chinese which the Ministry of State Security had from me. Ostensibly, the MSS director was continuing his “honest” investigation of me to gauge the “threat” I posed to China. The MSS director would use the surveillance video of my writing out Chinese characters on today's note to confirm that I was indeed the person who had written that “letter” addressed to Chinese Consul General in September 2007. Once this was confirmed, since I asked on that letter the Consul General to “help me”, the MSS director would note down in his “investigation” of me that I was most likely coming to China to escape from troubles, not to cause harm – just as he had concluded the last time when he recruited Gaelle to work as an informant against me – and that Big

1 I have recounted it in “Government's investigation of a schizophrenic”, Part II.

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Sister's information about me was not trustworthy. But of course this investigation was hardly what he was really concerned with.

Now that both the Chinese government and the Allies were not successful in proving that I had conspired with the MSS director to harm the United States (that I had planned the whole thing), the dispute over whether I was Lawrence Chin or Lawrence Chin's "twin brother" was deadlocked. After judge Higgins had ruled that the FBI document might not describe my current state, the Allies and the Chinese government had only recent photographs and my obsession with computers to prove that I wasn't Lawrence Chin, while the MSS director had my US passport number, my drawing of Guoming, and my banking information to prove that I was Lawrence Chin. He had not only intercepted my banking information from my use of ATMs, but had probably downloaded it from my cellphone as well (since I had used my cellphone to check my bank account balance). He had also obtained surveillance showing me writing my "Addenda", which he could use to counter Allies' claim that I didn't write "My experience with the FBI, CIA, and Department of Homeland Security". The MSS director had thus gained an upperhand by a slight margin. By confirming that I was indeed the person who had written the "letter for help" to the Chinese consulate, the MSS director was now on the verge of winning the argument. This is because, when the Chinese consulate received my letter, the Homeland Security thugs, under Mr Secretary's secret direction, must have not only informed the Chinese Consul General that the guy who wrote this note was a schizophrenic under investigation and that nothing he wrote should be believed, but have also given him information about me which had now turned out to be the same information found on the FBI document. The MSS director had now proved to judge Higgins that it was the same person who had come to China and who had written the "letter for help" to the Chinese Consul General of Los Angeles. The MSS director had not only obtained an important piece of evidence proving that I was Lawrence Chin. He had also proved to judge Higgins that the US Department of Homeland Security had been systematically hiding from the Chinese government my status as a "terrorist suspect" several months before the affair was even blown open. This criminal intent itself was proof that I could only be Lawrence Chin and none other.