

The Secret History of International Court of Justice

4.

How I have been made into a different person

Part I

China and Europe

Chapter 9

Frankfurt and Brussels

The next day – the day before my last day in Shanghai – when I checked my 126 email account, I saw an automatic notice alerting me that someone had left a comment on my website at www.vip.cn. On this new website of mine, I have not only put up my story “My experience...”, but have also added a few pictures of my drawings. I went on there to discover a barely meaningful short message posted on the bottom of my drawing “Yu trains his soldiers with shamanic dances...”: “Good. Well drawn!” (很好, 画得不错!) I stared at it for a long time and started feeling that dizziness which I had been experiencing from overly exhausting my mind to figure out if I was receiving a secret message from the MSS director. As I have noted, the way in which the MSS clandestinely communicated to me (“Today's weather is bad,” the coin inside the meat wrap, etc) was so subtle as to cause me serious headache; it was just too strenuous for the mind to have to find hidden meanings in these meaningless occurrences and utterances. But this simply couldn't be a “real” comment: why would anyone visit my website at all – let alone post messages on it – given all the turmoil that was going on around me? Wouldn't Homeland Security have sealed up my websites already?

In my last days in Etour I began noticing that even Xiuxiu was no longer trustworthy. Xiuxiu had pretended to ask me how long I would stay in Shanghai, trying to lure me to give out my travel plan. Since I was either a terrorist suspect under investigation or a schizophrenic threatening the United States who was being clandestinely neutralized at the moment, everyone had to pretend that nothing particular was going on so that this “Operation Shanghai” could be kept in secrecy from me. I knew something was wrong and so “lied” to her that I would stay until January 28, even though I knew she and everyone else already knew about my impending flight to Europe. Then, when Lingling miraculously reappeared in the hostel, she also asked me, “So you are leaving soon?” That's when I told her the truth, that I would be gone on January 22. With the word out, Xiuxiu then came to ask me, “Where are you going to?” She stared at me with her eyes wide open, trying to hide her embarrassment. “I don't know,” I replied, having already noticed that something was terribly wrong when everyone was pretending to want to know where I was going. I had vaguely grasped Mr Secretary's trick, which was to orchestrate a show in which “ordinary people” (namely all the secret agents around me who were masquerading as ordinary people) would pretend to notice something terribly wrong with the behavior and words of this strange lodger and then, feigning concern, to report him to the authority. If I ever told anyone here that I was going to Frankfurt, for sure another staged show would follow in which those concerned people would report this to the American authority in Shanghai and international law enforcement entities like Interpol would pretend to handle the matter as if it were reality and

immediately contact the authority in Frankfurt who, cooperating with Mr Secretary in the orchestration of this show, would then broadcast horrifying alerts about me depicting me to the population as a Hitler-admiring and anti-American extremist suffering grave delusions about intelligence agencies, so that everyone would be so disgusted as to avoid all contacts with me. In other words, Mr Secretary was continuing his invention of a dangerously delusional schizophrenic out of me – the “movie script” he had written for my life – which was temporarily interrupted when he was caught lying by the Chinese intelligence. But now he was able to invoke UN Resolution 1373 to oblige the Chinese government to cooperate in this operation to frame me into a most disgusting racist and sexually perverted schizophrenic obsessed with government affairs. My problem was worsened because, now that MSS director's “honest” investigation had shown that I was not intending on harming China but was trying to escape, even he had to consent to United States' request for cooperation in framing me into a dangerous schizophrenic. This is why even Xiuxiu and Lingling were participating in Mr Secretary's operations against me. “How can you not know where you are going?” Xiuxiu then asked me. At this point I just told the truth: “I do know, but I don't want to tell you.” Xiuxiu, terribly embarrassed, was also surprised that I no longer trusted her. I myself was surprised by how thoroughly Mr Secretary had taken over the entire “Operation Shanghai” such that even the MSS had now to participate in his “movie-directing” on the ordinary level of reality (the TV show of “how Lawrence is accidentally discovered by concerned people to harbor grandiose delusions about a prominent government official, the Central Intelligence Agency, and a terrorist investigation”) even though, on the higher level of reality to which only the elites should have access, the discovery was fake and Lawrence was perfectly sane. I was saddened, though I shouldn't have been surprised, by how Mr Secretary would in the end turn Xiuxiu against me as well. This was after all just typical of him. His vengeance on anyone who had offended him must be “total” and “complete”: he must make sure that not a single person among the human race would refuse to be an enemy of the target of his jealousy and wrath.

But I was still in the good mood which I had derived from my confession to “Ms JD look-like” last night. I became more daring, and, when I saw an attractive French woman carrying a huge camera talking with another French guy in the bar lounge, I dared ask to join them. They were surprised because, while Mr Secretary had sent in all these fake lodgers to lure me to socialize with them and then to make false complaints about me, I had so far avoided all contacts with them. As noted, I have begun to grasp Mr Secretary's trick. But now I was voluntarily jumping into the trap just because this woman had a fresh and attractive ambiance about her. What's worse, I began talking to her in French, unaware that Lawrence Chin was not supposed to know French! This French woman introduced herself as a student of art and photography and claimed to have been traveling in China with her friend here taking pictures for an exhibition. That was her “cover”. I mentioned how a cigarette and a nice chat over a cup of coffee was one of the greatest pleasures in the world. We then talked about art and artists. At one point, when she expressed admiration for Picasso, I expressed my surprise. Why? She asked. I said I found it hard to believe that a woman would admire Picasso because he was such a womanizer. That's cool, she said. “Mais tu es une femme,” I shouted. “Mais j'ai beaucoup d'hommes,” she replied with a smile. After some time she gave me her name and email address, “Margo” and “margo.o.david@gmail.com”. As we were enjoying our coffee, cigarettes, and nice conversation, we were so comfortable that, when we ran out of things to say, we didn't feel embarrassed and try to find

either things to say or reasons to part company. I simply sank back into my sofa, closed my eyes, and rested. This “Margo” then took out her big camera and took one picture of me after another. I shouldn't have allowed it, but I was too weak to say “No”, still trying to always go along with others. I just said, “Mais je suis laid.” No no you are good looking, she rebutted me with an evil smile.

Now this “Margo” was clearly part of Mr Secretary's set-up, but she didn't seem to be a Homeland Security recruit. Afterwards I would suppose that she was actually a French secret agent, part of France's contribution to “Operation Shanghai” and working on the side of the Allies. I was a little surprised that the French intelligence service would embrace Mr Secretary's strange love for taking endless pictures of the “target”. I was completely oblivious of the fact that I was providing “counter evidences” to Mr Secretary when I spoke French with Margo and allowed her to take pictures of me simply because I couldn't have understood just yet what was going on in the International Court of Justice and how stupid the RCMP officers were. Those pictures which Margo had taken of me were to be used for two purposes. While the Chinese government would be responsible for digitally altering them to produce more evidences showing that I wasn't Lawrence Chin, they were also going to be incorporated into the latest alert about me. Since Mr Secretary's passion lay in reducing the talented target of his jealousy and wrath to the exact opposite, a criminal and disgusting nuthead unable to distinguish between left and right and indulging himself in grandiose political and international fantasies far beyond his status, he was going to orchestrate a show in which Margo, pretending to be an ordinary traveler, would hear from Etour's management about everyone's growing concern for me: how everyone had complained that I was mentally disturbed and how even the American authority in town had taken notice of the reports about me; and she would then transfer the pictures she took of me to the American authority, which would then alert the international law enforcement authority (the “Interpol” and so on) noting that this was the nuthead who had been incessantly harassing females and who was already listed on Homeland Security Department's international alert system, so that the international law enforcement authority in question could then broadcast a most vicious alert about me to the population in Germany and Switzerland making me the most disgusting laughing stock to everyone I would meet there. Since Xiuxiu's had failed her mission of getting me to confess to her where I was going, Mr Secretary was still waiting for the opportunity to orchestrate the part of the show in which “the nuthead divulges his destination and the concerned citizens around him report it to the same international law enforcement authority”.

Although I was not yet aware of United States' project to remake me into my non-existent twin brother, I did begin to have an inkling of Mr Secretary's plan to broadcast new alerts about me, so that I soon regretted opening myself up to all those fake lodgers at the haunted hostel. When I saw Margo again at night I did no more than greet her and didn't hang with her anymore. She was fine with that herself. After all, she felt nothing else for me than disgust, and she had already got what she had wanted from me – to elicit Francophonic ability out of me, to make false complaints about me, and to take new pictures of me for the authorities.

It should be mentioned that, while I was chatting with Margo that morning, Xiuxiu suddenly came upstairs to say to me: “I just checked our email and saw that you have given us 100 points in the review

of our hostel. I want to thank you very much.” Xiuxiu, for reasons unclear to me, had been asking me to rate Etour on a hostel review website. I had been putting it off and finally rated it 100 percent positive experience the day before. This was what she was referring to. I replied without thinking, “Well, if you want me to give your hostel 100 points, of course I would do it. I would do everything you ask.” I was simply saying what immediately came to my mind, unaware of the troubling hidden meaning which others might construe for these innocent words – namely, that Xiuxiu may be construed as passing me a “secret message” “Thank you” from the MSS director. When I finished with Margo, I went downstairs to find Xiuxiu. I sat next to her on the sofa and listened to Xiuxiu commenting: “You really are very smart. You can distinguish by taking just one look...” (一眼就看出来了). She was referring to my identification of “Ms JD look-like” as a CIA operative by mere sight. Like an idiot, I basked happily in everyone's recognition of my “genius”, unaware of how strange it was for Xiuxiu to comment on my talent. In any case, because I really liked Xiuxiu – what a great girl – I naïvely poured out my heart to her, saying without thinking, “Sitting next to you makes me feel very happy” (坐在我身边我会觉得很幸福也). While she was embarrassed by such heart-pouring on my part, she made no reply, but looked increasingly worried. Because I really hoped to be able to see her again, I mentioned the most famous work which the most widely read Chinese novelist in the Chinese-speaking world – the Hong Kong novelist and journalist Jingyong – had ever written: “The Divine Eagle and Its Companions” (金庸, 神雕侠侣). In this story, the main character, Yangguo, only united with his love (who was strangely named the “Little Dragon Girl”) after waiting for her for 16 years. “I know about Yangguo. I also know about the 'Little Dragon Girl',” Xiuxiu said. She then continued: “I know that Yangguo waited 16 years for the 'Little Dragon Girl'”. So she wasn't so ignorant after all. I then told her that, ever since I read this novel while a teenager I had always had a wish. “To become like Yangguo?” Xiuxiu said, seemingly unimpressed by the childishness in the desire to imitate the hero of some novel. “No, not at all,” I was rather upset by Xiuxiu's attribution of such childish personality to me – by her underestimation of me, that is to say. “My wish is to translate Jingyong's novels into English,” I explained. “Why don't you do it then,” Xiuxiu seemed to be losing interest in me and just playing along perfunctorily. “I can't. The whole novel – *The Divine Eagle and Its Companions* – is 1600 pages! And how can you translate those Chinese technical terms relating to 'interior energy' (内功)?” I explained. The “metaphor” I had intended was merely that I might perhaps wait to see her again, even years afterwards, when we wouldn't have to be obstructed by some international crisis while we merely want to become friends, and yet the CIA was about to make something insidious out of this last exchange between me and Xiuxiu.

I was in an upbeat mood because I erroneously believed that I had done a great job in diffusing a huge international crisis. I believed that my “confession” last night had caused my case to be dismissed. There was neither a terrorist threat nor any conspiracy to harm the United States. I wanted to find friends and publish my story, and didn't know what was going on until lately. I thought I had patched things up. I often fantasized idiotically that I should have, when “Ms JD-look alike” was leaving, led her to Xiuxiu and asked them to shake each other's hands. In reality, my “confession” didn't cause my case to be dismissed at all, but had merely persuaded judge Higgins to issue the judgment for the second time that Allies' argument of a conspiracy could not be established due to insufficient evidence. Because the MSS director had new evidences coming in from the Russians, he was able to prove that I

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

didn't have any twin brother at all. This meant that, when judge Higgins had believed me, she had at last issued the judgment that United States had violated UN Resolution 1373 – it was no longer withheld because my identity couldn't be ascertained. *On January 20, 2008, or so, United States was convicted of violating UN Resolution 1373!* The MSS director was secretly thanking me for this when he ordered someone to post on my website “Good, well-drawn!” When the Russians entered the lawsuit and examined the situation, they must have been quite disappointed with the MSS director for his forgery of evidence. He had not only discredited himself to judge Higgins, but had given the Allies opportunities to forge evidences to no end. It was time to be honest, they must have advised the MSS director. What I had done turned out to be just what the Russians would have advised: Do not pretend to harbor harmful intention toward China, do not show harmful intention toward the United States either; do not help either side, concentrate on your original intention of escaping from Homeland Security, and do no more than transpose your knowledge of MSS involvement to a later date. This greatest degree of honesty was what had saved the case. This is why the MSS director was so relieved. My modesty had turned out to be his savior, and he thanked me.

Now that the United States had lost, the CIA's wise men and women quickly cut in again. Since I was established as a terrorist suspect, the United States still had the right to request the MSS itself to cooperate in neutralizing the threat I posed to the United States. The CIA thus requested that Xiuxiu run another sting operation on me. They also saw the posting “Good, well drawn” and believed that it was a “Thank you” from MSS director, although they had no proof because they couldn't trace it. They thus asked Xiuxiu to “thank me” in just the same way, hoping that my reaction might betray some hint that I believed the MSS director was thanking me. If I might appear to judge Higgins as if I was consciously receiving “secret messages” from the MSS director, she could still be convinced that all my “testimonies” were just acts which I put up following MSS director's “secret instruction”. Unfortunately, although I didn't show any distinctive sign that I regarded Xiuxiu's “Thank you” as MSS director's thanking me, my suggestion of Jingyong's “Divine Eagle...” did look like secret communication by means of metaphors (in accordance with the “convention” of spy communication). The lawsuit had thus new grounds on which to continue. All those pictures which Margo had taken of me were also going to be introduced (after their alteration) as “evidences” contradicting the Russian evidences, even though it was not clear to me whether my Francophonic ability still had any force as such “contrary evidence”.

Now, three days before I left, on the morning of January 19, I purposely wrote an email to Wes to explain the modesty of my intention for going to Europe, lest the people on both sides might erroneously suppose I had greater appetite in this affair:

“Hi Wes,

Where are you now? Are you still in California? Well I tried calling you many times but of course the call will never go through [Skype would just malfunction]. I will probably fly to Europe instead next week, leaving Shanghai behind for a very long time.... Homeland Security has made life here just about as unbearable as it can be. All the same old package: false alerts, people

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

required to do acting, fake places one after another, fake passengers, breakdown of infrastructure, and constant operations.... Well, I may have an inkling about what has happened from all these incessant operations, but I guess it's probably better to leave all that unsaid and behind. My 'story' has ended and I don't feel like writing anything anymore. From now on I'll just concentrate on stopping the spread of these vicious alerts whenever I go: a modest goal, but certainly almost impossible to achieve. It might take a life time but... Well....

Just wish that I won't freeze to death in Europe if I do go. And give me your news too.

Bye bye.”

By “inkling” I was of course referring to the tremendous scale of the lawsuit at the International Court of Justice – I could never have imagined that the tiny snowball which I had thrown down the hill could have rolled into such gigantic monster, and so I was quite willing at the time to cut this part of the narrative off from my writing project, given that there was furthermore the director of the MSS whose feelings I had to consider. And I was so worried that everyone might not know I was willing to do so, that I had to hint at it in my email in order for everyone to see it when the email was intercepted. I wanted everyone to know that I was planning on petitioning the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights only in regard to Mr Secretary's propagation of false and slandering alerts about me – and nothing further – in the hope that I would not be so impeded by endless operations when I should get to Geneva.

During my last night in Shanghai, I went to one of the same disco bars I had been frequenting. It was the one suggested to me by the Czech young couple on my first Friday night in Shanghai (January 4 2008). There were few people there tonight, unlike all the previous times that I had been at this place. I dared try socializing with an average-looking, not so attractive Chinese girl who was sitting at the counter drinking beer and smoking cigarettes by herself. I grabbed the seat next to her and started talking to her to soothe my tremendous loneliness. I had hardly gotten close to my goal of making friends in this beautiful city. She did not reject me although she wasn't enthusiastic either – which was thus “natural”. She explained that she lived just upstairs and had a boyfriend already. The whole thing seemed so “natural”, i.e. unorchestrated by Homeland Security, that even today I wonder how it had come about that I was allowed to interact with another human being, even for an hour, without her being falsely alerted about me or being actually a secret agent, in both cases pretending not to know me. Despite this, it's not an altogether easy experience because I still had to search for things to say and avoid boring her. After a while she got up and went to use the Internet on the public computer that was standing next to the pool tables. I stayed at the bar counter smoking a few more cigarettes, not following her just yet in order to avoid annoying her. Then I went to find her at the computer and started commenting on her web-surfing. Our conversation soon revolved around our respective astrological signs. I couldn't remember what her sign was, but after she obtained my sign (Scorpio), we started searching online for a description. The first one which we found was okay, but the next description stated that Scorpios were very vengeful. What? I immediately disagreed. Mr Secretary was the most vengeful person imaginable, I thought, and I had a long way to go to become vindictive to the

same extent to which he was. “This is not correct,” I kept telling her. In any case, that was a fun night – except that it could happen no more than once a year with a stranger whom I would never see again. This Chinese girl did in the end give me her email address, “michelle2007@live.cn”, which she wrote down on a small piece of paper, although I would never write to her just as I would never write to Margo. I gave her my Gmail address also, and when I did so, my trauma with Mr Secretary's operations prompted me to add: “If ever you hear bad things said about me behind my back, don't be stupid enough to believe it, okay?” She didn't say anything and didn't even seem to be paying attention to what I was saying. To this day I have not figured out whether Mr Secretary's horrifying alert about me had ever reached her and what, if anything, had happened with the email address I had given her. Perhaps it was a bad idea to do so. Perhaps she was really a Chinese secret agent whom the Allies had commanded to frame me – or a MSS agent whom the MSS director had sent in to collect more evidences about me for his case.

During my last week in Shanghai, I frequented ever increasingly the cybercafes in town. After I had become completely cornered, Internet had become my last hope. Now during my last night or so in Shanghai, I sat in front of the computer at the cybercafe trying for the last time to put up a post in the forum section of www.aktuel.ru to provide a link to my website on Lima City. Once again, my Internet connection was blocked and I saw merely another error message popping up telling me that my posting had not gone through to the website. Russia's Internet domain was without question closed up to me just as China's was – thanks to Homeland Security. I gave up. The “threat” I posed to the United States was completely neutralized. I would never try Aktuel again, nor any other website in the Russian Internet domain. Then, when I was walking back to the hostel, I noticed that everyone around me was staring into the sky. Curious, I followed everyone's gaze and looked into that direction too. I saw everyone looking at the lights flashing on and off on a distant skyscraper. I had no idea what this was about, and, after a few seconds, continued on my way. Only later did I guess that it was probably Mr Secretary who, having assumed command of the entire infrastructure of Shanghai, staged both the flashing of lights on the skyscraper and the attentive staring of the onlookers in order to lure me to look at it too. He was hoping that my reaction might betray a hint that I was expecting a “secret message” from the MSS director.

When I came back to the “haunted hostel”, lo and behold, I saw Wuming and his girlfriend sitting with “Ling” and a few other fake lodgers at a table in the bar lounge. Mr Secretary had ordered Wuming to sit before a laptop manipulating some sort of network administration software. Mr Secretary had succeeded in catching my attention this time – since I was desperate to understand how Homeland Security could have gained complete control of my Internet connection – and I sat down next to Wuming's girlfriend staring at his laptop's screen.

Now my suspicion that “Wuming” was the “mole” caught in Homeland Security back in October 2006 had been building up in the past weeks since my return from Hong Kong. Tonight was perhaps the only chance I would ever have in testing out my suspicion. So I asked Wuming's girlfriend: “Big sister, you and 'big brother' [referring to Wuming] have lived in the United States for a while, right?” There was a slight jerk on her face, but she hid it well. She then responded with a smile, “No.” “You guys have

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

never left the country?" I pursued. "No, we have never left the country," she said. I was convinced that she was lying. She wouldn't have smiled like that had she been telling the truth. Interestingly, she and Wuming then began arguing about something in a dialect completely unknown to me. Perhaps it was Shanghainese. If it were, it would be a very strange coincidence that, by randomly deciding on Shanghai, I had ended up in just the city from which came the "mole" that was caught because of my bullshit with Wes on the phone.

The network administration software on Wuming's laptop continued to fascinate me. I knew it was Mr Secretary who had ordered this setup to lure me. What I did not know at the time was that Mr Secretary was arguing in the International Court that I was my brother "David" who was a computer genius and a software engineer. By showing interest in Wuming's software, I had produced "evidence" to this effect, just as the latest photographs of me had served as such evidences.

Now there was another Chinese guy sitting here who said he was quite versed in computer matters. Let's call him "Wong". I thus asked him to take a look at my Gateway. He watched the way in which it booted up so slowly as if it were an elevator dragged along by mice and, even though he obviously knew that its problem resulted from infection by a "Bundestrojaner", he feigned out an assurance saying "there is a problem with your operating system." This guy was obviously a Chinese secret agent whom the Chinese president had assigned to Mr Secretary to help him neutralize the threat I posed to the United States.

And so January 22 was my last day in Shanghai. My flight was late at night, around 10 PM. In the morning, I saw "Wong" again at the bar lounge. He studied me for minutes, and then suddenly asked me with such malice and deceitfulness – in the way a predator would approach its prey: "Which room are you staying at?" I knew something was up and so didn't answer him. He obviously wanted to falsely report me. That was another very sad moment for me, as I saw how Mr Secretary had succeeded in turning the Chinese government into my enemy – even though I was still worrying about China, because, after all, it wasn't China's fault. I then went out in the afternoon. I continued to feel tremendous sadness over the fact that I had to leave China for China's sake. My depression was further reinforced when I stood outside a toy store near the hostel and stared at the Russian-made SU-32 heavy fighter in China's air force which was displayed inside the store's window. How beautiful it was with its sky-blue surface and with the "81" sign painted on its wing tips! I recalled how in June 2007 I was deeply impressed by China's new military hardware. The fighter jet had suddenly retreated as far away from me as the constellation in the sky, even though it was so close to me just two weeks ago.

Then, I felt more sadness when I walked past the government building next to People's Square and saw the green uniformed guard standing motionlessly like a sculpture, in the most dignified manner as if China were not in the midst of a national crisis. Then, suddenly, a Shanghai police motorcycle approached. I turned around, and noticed that a huge protest was going on near People's Square. My immediate impression was that Mr Secretary was again showing off to all his international audience his skill as a master of deception and clandestine operations as a way to compensate the face he had lost when he was caught lying at the UN Security Council and the International Court of Justice. "I *am* able

to deceive. Look, I have just staged a protest that looked so real that this little piece of shit was completely deceived into believing that it was a real protest!” – so would Mr Secretary justify himself in front of everyone, especially in front of his Boss the Vice President. Perhaps Mr Secretary thought that I would really have an interest in joining the protest in accordance with his stereotype of me as an angry left-wing nuthead constantly wanting to stick my nose into political affairs. Perhaps he thought I would ask the protesters what all this was about, and in the process reveal my pro-China stance – which could then be used as evidence for my intention to help China in the ICJ. But at the time I neither had the time nor the interest and just walked away. When I returned to the hostel and walked into the bar lounge, the employees were showing the movie “Bourne Ultimatum” and everyone else was quietly watching it. I did like the movie, although I liked this third episode far less than the second one (“Bourne Supremacy”). I watched it a little, and soon I started thinking about Mr Secretary's purpose in ordering his fake hostel employees to show this movie. Mr Secretary was evidently trying to present an argument at the International Court that I liked to watch movies wherein the main character reminded me of myself – a kind of childish personality to which he would like to reduce me. The more I watched it, the more then he could argue that I, just like Bourne in the movie, was going to Geneva to find my “past with the CIA”. After all, it was my intention to obtain the information about me from the ICJ court records through the help of the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights (in addition to lodging a complaint about the vast amount of false alerts which Homeland Security had broadcast about me in the past year). On the level of reality below the top-secret one of the battle at the ICJ to which only the elite should have access, he could then broadcast another alert via his international law enforcement partners saying that I the schizophrenic, imitating this character in the movie and with my sick, grandiose delusional mind which prevented me from taking a closer look at myself in the mirror to understand my low status in society, had somehow imagined myself to have a past with some elite intelligence agency, and would want to go to some UN institution to find this past. Once again I felt that terrible feeling of being locked in. Who could have known that everything I “imagined” was actually true? Nonetheless, I kept watching it until about 20 minutes before the ending. By then it was past 8 PM, and I thought I'd better not be late. I grabbed my things, went to the street corner, and secured a taxi to take me to the airport. I didn't even say goodbye to Xiuxiu.

On my way I started chatting with the taxi driver about Shanghai, this most fascinating modern and cosmopolitan city. He told me all about the respective proportions of foreigners in Shanghai, Koreans being the most numerous. I then mentioned how I was afraid to litter in Shanghai because I was simply a guest. (不好意思.) But the taxi driver said to me in a serious tone: “You don't look Chinese” – it's that same comment again which Lingling had uttered to me on my first morning in Shanghai, how my big nose made me look like a Westerner – “Don't consider yourself Chinese.” I didn't respond to this otherwise rude comment. I was simply thinking about its purpose. This taxi driver must have been instructed to “remind” me of this – by the Chinese government itself, I thought at the time. The Chinese government did not like my intention to defect – they couldn't. This place would never be my home. I would take this reminder to heart and would from this day onwards never go near anything that had something to do with China. In reality, it was probably the CIA which had instructed the taxi driver to make this comment to me, as a way to elicit some reaction from me which might indicate that I had understood MSS director's message about our “busted conspiracy” on my first morning here in

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

Shanghai. Since the MSS was now formally requested to help the Allies neutralize my threat – in fact, all of MSS' spies were now under United States', and therefore Mr Secretary's, command because they had to be forced to comply with international agreement – Lingling had probably confessed that she was instructed to pass me a “secret message”. If it could be demonstrated that I had understood the message, “conspiracy” could be established between me and the MSS director, all my testimonies would be suppressed as evidences, the judgment which judge Higgins had just issued would be reversed, and Allies' “Plan B” could continue.

When I arrived in the Shanghai airport, I was no longer polite with everybody, mostly because I was just losing my patience. While checking in my luggage at the counter, I suddenly thought it better to keep with me my non-functioning (destroyed) Toshiba Satellite U350 rather than letting it flip around in the luggage section under the plane, but then changed my mind because of the troubles involved. The baggage check-in officer, annoyed, insisted that I keep it with me so that the airline wouldn't have to bear any responsibility. He was rude, as if I were a terrible nuisance to China. (Well, I was.) But I instructed him to keep my broken Toshiba Satellite U350 in the bag. I then went to the cafeteria to enjoy my last meal in Shanghai. There were several Taiwanese women sitting near me and talking loudly about obtaining “Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate”; they could be Taiwanese agents who had been instructed by Mr Secretary to hold the conversation near me in the hope that I might be tempted to join them and accidentally produce the evidence which he desperately needed at the moment. But I just ignored them: Mr Secretary's tricks had become too familiar to me – and too boring. But then, however, I noticed a young white female, European-looking and about 25 year-old, sitting by herself on another table. Bored and having finally come out of my cocoon, I went to talk to her. We chatted in English. She replied that she was from Poland and had come to Shanghai to learn Chinese at an university. Days later when I reflected on this encounter, I would be convinced that she was actually a Polish secret agent, i.e. Poland's contribution to “Operation Shanghai”. More of this to come.

Finally I boarded the plane. I of course didn't expect any of the passengers on the plane to be “real”. I assumed that Mr Secretary, in command of the “Joint Operation Shanghai”, had again evacuated the plane and filled it up with his movie extras, under the pretext of neutralizing the threat I posed to the United States, while in reality he was simply in desperate need to prove to others how good he was at theater and deception – and in desperate need to make me look as dangerous as possible in order to cover up his own negligence which was the real cause of the current crisis, not my ingenuity or maliciousness. It was on the plane that I started writing out the first scanty notes about “Operation Shanghai”, without mention of Chinese intelligence but only of Homeland Security. I wrote about my encounter with approximately 2000 Homeland Security people, about Homeland Security's occupation of Shanghai Telecom, and about their expenditure of approximately 50 million dollars in order to keep me “enveloped in a bubble”.

The plane arrived in Frankfurt very early in the morning, around 4 AM or so. It was a very strange experience to step into the German custom area, to see all the beautiful German female flight attendants standing around as if nothing were going on. My attraction to white females was returning. I walked through the long maze of the airport and finally arrived at the grand entrance. As I squatted by the

entrance of the airport smoking my cigarette, a Homeland Security agent – a typical one: ugly, chubby, Hispanic, about 25 year-old – followed me out to check on me. He looked happy and had quite an attitude, which indicated to me that the Allies had just gained some advantages, enabling the vulgar and mafia-like Department of Homeland Security to recover its face. I then ate and exchanged the remaining Chinese Yuans in my pockets for Euros, all without incidents, everyone at the airport looking as if he or she had never seen me before. It took me several hours to figure out how to get on the bus to go to the nearest metro station and from there to ride the metro train into the main train station in city's center (Hauptbahnhof). On the metro I asked a woman how to transfer to the right metro line to go to the Hauptbahnhof. I was completely surprised because she didn't seem to have been alerted about me at all; she really didn't seem to know me. Since I was speaking to her in English and looking quite idiotic, she was at first taken by surprise but then gave me detailed instruction as to how to proceed just as people in Germany would normally do for an American tourist who was lost.

So I arrived at the Hauptbahnhof in Frankfurt. It was a totally different sensation after being in Shanghai for three weeks. As I looked at the tourist map which I had obtained from the airport, I decided that my first destination should be the Deutsche Nationalbibliothek. There were a couple of German police officers standing near the entrance of the station. I asked them, holding that little tourist map of Frankfurt in my hand, where this Deutsche Nationalbibliothek was which was shown on the map. They politely pointed out the direction for me – and I again asked them in English – as if they had never known me from before or been previously alerted about me. When I set out I asked another middle-aged professional-looking woman, tall, beautiful, and blond, who also kindly and generously advised me. I was however unable to find the library, and ended up in a square – the Eschenheimer Tor, if I remember it correctly – where there was a small tourist information office. I asked the officers inside where the library was. Again, the officers were either really good pretenders or had simply not been alerted about me at all. They did not appear to know me and pointed to me on the map in a matter-of-fact fashion where to find the library. When I walked out of the tourist information office I noticed a tall German man about 40 year-old standing in the middle of the square. He was very stocky and, although tough-looking, did not look aggressive. He was obviously here to conduct surveillance on me – in the old-fashioned way, without the earphones and electronic gadgets which you would always see Homeland Security surveillance agents using. This surveillance officer simply followed me on foot. I avoided eye-contact with him and was actually delighted. “So this is the famed legend?” I imagined him thinking in his head. I was quite wrong, and was under the most stupid illusion that the German government might have sympathy for me – all because I had no idea that the MSS director had arrested a BND operative and burglarized BND's “secret box” as well as CIA's. The German government was in fact very angry with me. The problem was that the ICJ had already issued its judgment in favor of China, while I didn't reveal my travel plans to the Chinese operatives in Etour, and didn't talk to anyone except Wes about where I was going. The MSS director had obeyed international agreement and notified the German government that I was transiting through Germany, but, while international law enforcement authority had notified the Swiss authority that a physically dangerous, sexually perverted, and severely disturbed schizophrenic devoted to white supremacist ideology was coming to harass the United Nations – thanks to the reporting by “Ms JD-look-alike” – I didn't tell her that I would be transiting through Germany. Mr Secretary therefore didn't have the background events ready which

would enable international law enforcement to broadcast an alert about me in Germany while pretending that it was not orchestrated but had resulted from the reporting activities of private citizens. Mr Secretary had already shown all the international law enforcement chiefs the intercepts of my past anti-American or anti-neoconservative statements and the proof of MSS director's intention to defraud the International Court as a way to harm the United States, and all of them were obliged by UN Resolution 1373 – as if they weren't already quite motivated by anti-Chinese feelings – to aid Mr Secretary in his effort to neutralize the threat which the terrorist suspect and his conspirator the MSS director were posing to the United States. This pair of anti-American terrorists! Everyone in the international community was outraged and motivated to make me suffer what I was trying to escape from. But everyone had to wait for my confession to somebody about my complete travel plan so that the international community could pretend that intelligence agencies weren't tracking me and orchestrating circumstances to entrap me and frame me. While the governments around the world had to pretend that they were not tracking a schizophrenic patient in order to frame him, they did not have to pretend that they were not tracking a terrorist suspect. The German government was thus obligated under international law to treat me as a “terrorist suspect” and conduct surveillance on me accordingly, but could not yet cooperate with the United States in neutralizing my threat by pretending to treat me as a dangerous schizophrenic.

My stupid illusion was thus reinforced by the appearance that the population in Frankfurt did not seem to have been alerted about me. Perhaps the German government, after looking at Mr Secretary's horrifying slandering alerts, thought that they weren't going to participate in such immoral slandering. That was my bizarre and romantic overestimation of government officials at the time, mistaking their anger and hatred for the exact opposites, as if Western government officials would care even the slightest about my feelings. The illusion was sweet initially but I would soon learn to confront the truth.

After some walking and turning – along Eschenheimer Anlage and Eckenheimer Landstrasse, I think – I finally found the library. I walked in to discover a world so different from the bustling universe of new China. While in Shanghai people occupied every inch of space, Frankfurt was sparsely populated and quiet. It was a pleasant and attractive sight: the German females were extremely thin and beautiful – there weren't here so many overweight figures as there were back in the States – and the feeling which I had been trying to avoid while in Shanghai, namely physical attraction to white females, was returning without my resistance. At the same time, I had to quickly learn the custom here. Everyone had to purchase a locker space in the locker room and go into the library with no more than a notebook. And so, observing and imitating the young people around me, I did likewise. One of the librarians – a nerdy but pleasant looking German girl of college age with yellowish hair and wearing big glasses – stood by the entrance, checked my things, and answered my questions politely in English seemingly having never been alerted about me before. Quickly focusing on my purpose, I looked up the library catalog on the computer there searching for books on the International Court of Justice. There was another middle-aged German woman with orange hair working in the interior of the library who kindly helped me in English to understand how to do this. I found two books in German that were of particular interest. The first one was quite basic, but the second one was entitled “Wiederaufnahme von Verfahren vor dem internationalen Gerichtshof”. I didn't know that this second book was of a rather sensitive

nature, because I didn't quite understand what "Wiederaufnahme" meant here. Literally, of course, it meant "taking up again" or "redoing", and so I thought the book was a "revised" treatise on the procedures ("Verfahren") of the International Court of Justice. Books found, I thus went back to the same librarian, and she politely instructed me in English how to look at the books here. This Nationalbibliothek functioned in the "traditional" manner, unlike the carefree manner in which libraries in California worked, namely, the books were hidden away from patrons and only upon patrons' requests were they retrieved by librarians for patrons' browsing. And so I made my request to the other librarians, and I did everything in English. When I went an hour or so later to the counter to pick up my books, the girl working there mischievously told me that they could not find the second book. But, I protested, when I found this book on the catalog an hour ago, the book was said to be available. The girl replied that someone must have picked up the book right after I searched it so that it was no longer found on the shelf. Obviously she was lying to me – how many times had I been lied to – and what must have happened was that Mr Secretary, watching me through his surveillance, absolutely did not want me to see the book. This might also mean that, unlike the other librarians, this lively German "chic" – she looked like a graduate student in her late 20s whereabouts – was in fact a German secret agent temporarily inserted into the Nationalbibliothek to run operations on me. This of course made me covet the book even more, for it must then contain important information. I thus went onto the Internet on the public computers there to search for this title. I quickly located a review of the book online, and, although it was in German, I was able to understand the description. As the judgment of the ICJ was always final and could not be repealed, so went the review, there were ways available for nations to continue the battle to alter the judgment. I suddenly understood that "Wiederaufnahme" actually meant "repeal" in the special legal context. Mr Secretary's attempt to keep the book away from my eyes then obviously betrayed the United States' plan to repeal the ICJ judgment, *which would mean that the United States had lost the lawsuit*. My "last confession" to Jennifer Day's sister just before I left Shanghai apparently did not cause my case to be dismissed but had saved the MSS director's victory, although it would take some time for this fact to sink in with me.

Now the other book that I did find was not very helpful. It was in terse German not easily understandable and contained not much more of the sort of useful information which I was looking for and which I didn't already know. I thus, by afternoon, went onto the website of the ICJ again and read another document, a short English introduction to the court procedures which I didn't discover the last time I was on this website. I began forming a picture in my head as to how the whole thing had started. In accordance with the scene described on the document, I began imagining that, after Mr Secretary's surprise and embarrassment in the UN Security Council, the Chinese diplomatic and intelligence service would have distributed the notice of the lawsuit to every representative in the General Assembly, and that, when the trial first began in the Hague – I was probably quite wrong about the location – the director of the MSS would be sitting on one side of Madam President of the International Court of Justice and someone representing the United States – I wasn't thinking of Mr Secretary at the time – would be sitting on her other side as "People's Republic of China vs the United States of America" was being announced. (This was in fact *not* how it had happened.) I was however puzzled by the discrepancy between the fast pace of the trial process which I had experienced and the description on the document of the slow pace in which a judgment for a case was usually rendered. In my case, it

seems that a judgment was pronounced within 24 hours of a decisive episode, whereas both the document on the website and the books I had so far read on the matter invariably described a hearing process and then a deliberation in camera that might take up to several months before a judgment would be rendered. The only piece of information that I saw on this document which seemed right was the description once more that, although a judgment once rendered could never be repealed, it could always be subsequently modified should a party bring new relevant evidences to the attention of the judges. That, I thought, was most likely what Mr Secretary, the Agency, and the State Department were trying to do.

Finally, it came time to do the decisive thing. I had been rather conservative and had not done anything “until the water had been thoroughly tested.” Mr Secretary et al must have been expecting me in either the Hague or Geneva, but instead I simply stayed in Frankfurt and was planning no more than make a simple inquiry by phone. I followed the phone number listed on the website of ICJ and made a call to the institution from the payphone in the library, which was located next to the lockers. It was however a French woman who answered my call and she spoke very poor English when I asked my questions, not in French, but in English. It was evidently a Homeland Security fake ICJ clerk whom Mr Secretary had placed between me and the real institution I was trying to call. (He wouldn't need to actually evacuate the International Court and replace everyone there with his actors and actresses. All he had to do was route my calls to his operational center.) What was going on was evidently that Mr Secretary had obtained international cooperation in preventing me from contacting governmental institutions on the ground that I posed (terrorist) threat to the United States, and that, remembering that I had visited the website of ICJ in its French version, he thought that, should I ever call up the institution, I would most likely also talk in French, and therefore decided to set up some French woman he had recruited to pretend to be a ICJ clerk and to answer my call. But, as usual, he found his recruits mostly among the unsophisticated and uneducated class so that this woman could not speak fluent English, this in keeping with his usual preference for the uneducated and the downtrodden and his general dislike for professional secret agents. He continued to stick to his neoconservative philosophy that the mindless could do just as good a job as long as the commander on the top was a genius. He had proclaimed himself to be most capable of neutralizing the threat I posed to the United States, and yet he constantly fumbled: why would an employee of the International Court of Justice be unable to speak English?

It would still take me a few more hours to figure out that the withholding of the book *Wiederaufnahme von Verfahren vor dem internationalen Gerichtshof* indicated that the United States planned to repeal and thus that a judgment against the United States had actually already been rendered. When I made my call, I was still under the erroneous – and overly romantic – impression that the case had been dismissed thanks to my “genius” when I skillfully deflected JD's sister's sting operation and “diffused the bomb”. However, when I read from the aforementioned document that, when both sides had come to an agreement and the judges were thus ready to dismiss the case, the latter may also order the files purged from the Court's dockets, I was quite worried that I may then be unable to obtain the information about me (with or without the help of the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights). And so the question I asked this fake ICJ clerk was whether when a case was dismissed the files would stay in the docket. “What case are you inquiring about?” the woman asked me in her broken English. “I'm

asking this for research purposes,” I replied, avoiding giving a direct answer. Of course I wasn't going to say “the case People's Republic of China vs. the United States of America”. Now, truly an idiot, she couldn't even answer such a simple question – “I don't know... I have to ask someone else” – which revealed without doubt that she wasn't a real ICJ clerk because any court clerk should know the answer to this simple question about the most basic court procedures. Another woman, also French and not a fluent English-speaker, came on the phone minutes later as if there had been a scrambling among themselves to figure out how to answer my question, and she basically gave me the same answer as I had read, namely that if a case was dismissed then the files would be removed from the docket.

After the phone call I simply stayed in the library until it was closing. I had to inquire the same librarian about how to make xerox copies of the first book which I had found. She courteously instructed me to present my passport and purchase a temporary library card in which to deposit the money to be used at the xerox machine. I wasn't yet aware of the problem with my passport: Mr Secretary was now bent on producing a faulty piece of evidence showing that I had a different passport number than my actual passport number. After I finished my research, around 5 PM or so, I went into my Gmail account on the library's computer to write a long, idiotic email to Karin.¹ This was a terrible mistake, for it was precisely after my contact with Karin that an alert about me was finally broadcast in Germany and then in Brussels. That is, after I divulged to Karin in this email that I had come to Frankfurt, Karin was immediately instructed by her Homeland Security handler to raise false and hypocritical “concern” about the state of my mind to the German consulate in Los Angeles, thus setting up the mechanism which Mr Secretary had been waiting for to broadcast in Germany the alert which he had especially devised about me, as if it were not due to governments' orchestration but to private citizens' efforts. I also noticed a surveillance agent of the Homeland Security type, wearing earphones and all, coming next to me once in a while when I was on the library's computer. By early evening,

1 The email runs like this: “Hello Karin, can you guess where I am right now? You won't believe it, but I am in Frankfurt. Do you know how I got here? I did go to Shanghai after all, I can't wait to tell you what a beautiful city Shanghai is, and how beautiful the people there are. But I couldn't get any of the things I wanted there. I couldn't find a job, because whenever I tried to do that whatever machine I touched would just malfunction (super :-() and the websites I set up there also got locked down. The situation didn't get any better there. I did meet a Chinese girl that I became so fond of, she felt rather ambiguous toward me, but without some sort of status there I decided to leave. I didn't want to return to Los Angeles just yet, so I came to Europe instead. It's so strange that I am now in the country of your origin....

“I do miss you so terribly. I miss your groups and I of course think of you people everyday. I am sorry for being so sentimental, but I have a small world, even though you don't care much about me but you and your things take up such a big part of my heart. Please don't blame me for that.

“So what's happening there? Meetup.com cannot be seen in China, so I have no idea what fun you have been devising all these times and what I have been missing. Are you making progress with the rest of your goals? Can you tell me something happening back home?

“Often I wish I were just back home sitting near you and enjoying what you are devising each time. Should i just come home soon? I don't know. I only wish there were someone next to me to tell me where to go and all that so I can save myself the burden of figuring out where to go next when things didn't turn out the way I wanted.

“I miss you, bye bye. Write me if you have time. Hearing from you will make me so happy.”

when the library was closing, I went to the cafeteria to eat dinner. That's when I discovered that the Euros in my wallet had suddenly disappeared. I was absolutely amazed, for, even though I had continued the bad habit of putting my wallet in the outer pocket of my sweater, I simply didn't notice anyone coming near me at all. I would soon conclude that it was the same super pickpocket whom the Chinese government "had lent" to Mr Secretary while I was in Shanghai who had been sent after me to Frankfurt to cause the continual disappearance of my cash. It would no longer matter now whether the Chinese operative in question had come from the "other side" of the Chinese government or whether he was in fact an operative of the Ministry of State Security, since the entire MSS was now under Mr Secretary's command.

By night fall I walked back to the Hauptbahnhof and only then did I start looking for a hostel to pass the night. I was in my usual habit of getting into a situation completely unprepared and without planning beforehand. There were plenty of hostels and hotels around, and I checked into the hostel located no more than 50 feet away from the train station. I wasn't sure if Mr Secretary had evacuated all the hostels around and replaced all original occupants inside with his actors and actresses, and even less did I know if the hostel employees were real or fake. Worrying deeply about the alerts that might have been broadcast all over Germany about me, I purposely made mistakes when filling up the check-in registration at the hostel's front counter. I entered a wrong digit for my passport number, and garbled up my Los Angeles address. I simply didn't want to provide the fake lodgers around me with opportunities to make any more false reports about me to international law enforcement authorities. It was a grave mistake. What I mean is that Mr Secretary was already planning to falsify my passport number – the definitive piece of evidence with which the MSS director had proved my identity – in all official records and that I had thus helped him accomplish the first task of Allies' "Plan B": that is, eliminating my identity and remaking me into a different person. The previous librarian at the Nationalbibliothek who requested to see my passport had probably also been instructed – assuming she was not a German secret agent – to swap my passport number with a mistaken one so as to produce a surveillance intercept showing me having a different passport number which could then serve as Mr Secretary's counter-evidence at the International Court discounting the MSS director's case. Because the United States had just been convicted of violating UN Resolution 1373, the Allies were exerting tremendous efforts behind the scene to bring in new evidences immediately to force judge Higgins to withhold her previous judgment. The problem was that I had just left China, and that in Germany it was not "convention" or "customary" for security agencies to forge evidences to frame innocent people whom the state had regarded as a potential threat. The Allies therefore could not request the German government to blatantly forge evidences showing that I had a different passport number. (It was also because the German intelligence agency was not authorized under Germany's laws to steal its target's money that Mr Secretary had requested the Chinese government to send its super pickpocket to Germany to go after me.) The CIA and the State Department lawyers had however figured out a new argument for judge Higgins, that, if the MSS director had attempted to use the United States' mistaken investigation against the United States, the United States, as a victim of this possible terrorist conspiracy, should be compensated with the same right to use mistaken evidences against him. Judge Higgins agreed, for, although my intention to harm the United States had yet to be demonstrated, she was already convinced that the MSS director *had had* the intention to conspire with a terrorist suspect

to harm the United States. The Allies were thus now permitted by judge Higgins to purposely make mistakes in the interception of my passport number and to use the mistaken evidences in Court to prove that I was not Lawrence Chin but Lawrence Chin's twin brother. The Allies were about to accumulate enough evidences to force judge Higgins to reverse her earlier judgment.

Now the reception counter was inside the cafeteria on the second floor of the hostel, and I got a bed in a six-person bedroom on the same floor. I then went outside out of boredom and wandered around in the red light district which surrounded the Hauptbahnhof and within which this hostel itself was located. This would produce very bad surveillance as you shall see, but I was simply fascinated by this very typical European scene. I walked into building after building browsing through all the prostitutes who were waiting for customers in their small rooms, and I noticed that I was followed by another German agent in the “old fashion way” – meaning that he had no iPod or earphones but was simply following me on foot. He looked like a very gentle man, and had short curly brown hair; he was about 40 year-old, tall and weighty but wearing a pair of small round glasses in thin metal frames. He followed me into every building and pretended to be browsing prostitutes also, and since I was merely browsing and didn't stop for any woman's service, he didn't either. What was noteworthy about the red light district of Frankfurt – this fact would be significant later – was that the unattractive prostitutes and the attractive ones were carefully segregated, an entire first building being reserved for the former while the rest of the buildings contained not a single “unattractive” prostitute. The “unattractive” prostitutes charged 25 Euros while the attractive ones charged 30. At one point during my “sight-seeing” I turned around in a building after seeing a dead end in the hallway and ran directly into the surveillance agent that was following me. I mumbled in English “There is nothing here” and it must have sounded as if I were talking to him. I didn't want him to know that I had noticed him following me for fear of offending the German government which I idiotically believed would be sympathetic of my situation, and I don't know if he ever thought I was talking to him. Thereafter I returned to the hostel to sleep. Next morning I woke up early and came back to the open square at Eschenheimer Tor. I went inside a McDonald's to eat breakfast and, when I was standing in line, I noticed a Chinese guy standing behind me and carefully studying me just as a lion would study its prey. This – you guess it right – was the famous Chinese super pickpocket in the employment of Chinese security agencies who was now at the service of Mr Secretary.

By noon I was ready to carry out my plan and came back to Hauptbahnhof to buy a train ticket for Geneva. I used my Citi-Bank credit card for this purpose. While I was waiting for the train to depart, a man selling newspapers handed me today's edition of *Frankfurter Zeitung*. I took it without thinking, although I did suspect it might be the Agency which wanted to tell me something. Within hours I hopped onto the train and was heading to Geneva. When the train entered Switzerland I noticed a man coming into my empty cart and sitting down across from me. He was a regular looking white male with curly brown hair, if I remember it correctly, probably also sent here to conduct surveillance on me. I then changed to a different cart that was full of people. There I opened up the *Frankfurter Zeitung* which had been handed to me earlier and immediately became engrossed in a news piece about European Union's prosecution of terrorist suspects. The article recounted how “terrorist suspects” lacked all avenues to petition about their plight. I was still eagerly reading up on the story when two

Swiss border guards, who had earlier come onto the train when the train had crossed the border, came to my cart and quickly focused their attention on me. They surrounded me and demanded to see my passport, and, when I handed to them my US passport, one of them talked on his walkie-talkie in some unintelligible Swiss German, but it was evident that he must be saying something like “The subject is identified.” The other officer then pretended to show concern when he saw me reading the sensitive news piece about terrorist suspects. I became alarmed and folded up the newspaper. The officer then looked at the piece of paper I took out of the Nationalbibliothek on which I had scribbled the bibliographical information of the two books on “internationale Gerichtshof”. Thereupon he pretended to show even more concern. I quickly put away the paper too. He asked me if that piece of paper was mine. Alarmed, I replied that it was a piece of scratch paper I had found somewhere to scribble notes on. It might have been a good escape, although I couldn't be sure of it. What was going on was quite evident to me. Mr Secretary had broadcast through international law enforcement channels to the Swiss authority his alert about this schizophrenic who couldn't cease imagining that he was once labeled a terrorist suspect, and the Swiss authority, though knowing quite well what was going on, was cooperating and continuing the show – although I didn't know that the Swiss authority was doing it to fulfill its obligation under UN Resolution 1373. The Interpol's alert had described me as a very troubled schizophrenic who had been disturbing others and harassing females, who had recently displayed bizarre delusional obsession with United Nations court system and human rights organization, *who was furthermore possibly a pedophile* (you'll see how this works later), and who was now on his way to Geneva in pursuit of his delusional reality. And now the Swiss border guards had sighted the suspect and correctly identified him through his passport number. On the level of reality above this staged show, of course, the Swiss intelligence service would be cooperating with Mr Secretary by purposely making mistakes in the interception of my passport number from the border security's communication, and thus creating more counter-evidences demonstrating that I was my twin brother instead of myself. Moreover, the show also included the episode that the Swiss border security officers had discovered this schizophrenic reading a news piece about the legal problems which a terrorist suspect might face in the bureaucratic world of the European Union, and became very concerned that he appeared to be so immersed in his delusions that he was entirely unable to escape from them. Although the Swiss border guard who stood over me at first spoke English to me, he soon switched to French and German to assess my fluency in these two languages. I merely told him the truth, that I knew French well enough but was only able to read German. What was going on was that the border security officer had already been instructed to produce an intercept suggesting that I knew both French and German as counter-evidence to Big Sister's profile of me in which she repeated the RCMP's idiotic observation that I knew no foreign languages. Although a person's linguistic ability was an alterable trait, sudden knowledge of so many different foreign languages was still circumstantial evidence suggesting that I wasn't myself but a pretender of myself. In fact, the Allies were now accumulating evidences suggesting not just that I had conspired with the MSS director, but that, as you shall see, I was actually a Chinese secret agent recruited by him to pretend to be myself. Knowledge of foreign languages would be a sign that I had been specifically recruited and trained. This was why the Swiss border guard was insistent on confirming my knowledge of French and German. You should thus have noticed that, because the MSS director had not yet lost, every government was required to run two mutually contradictory sets of operations on me, one consisting in conducting surveillance on a terrorist suspect, and the other in

framing the terrorist suspect into a schizophrenic and a twin brother of himself (who was thus not a terrorist suspect). Then, when the train stopped for a short period in Zurich, I stepped out of the train station to smoke cigarettes. I saw a young woman sitting around and I dared try to chat with her. I talked to her in English, and she was friendly and stated that she was a university student from Italy. It seemed that the alert about me had not yet reached her.

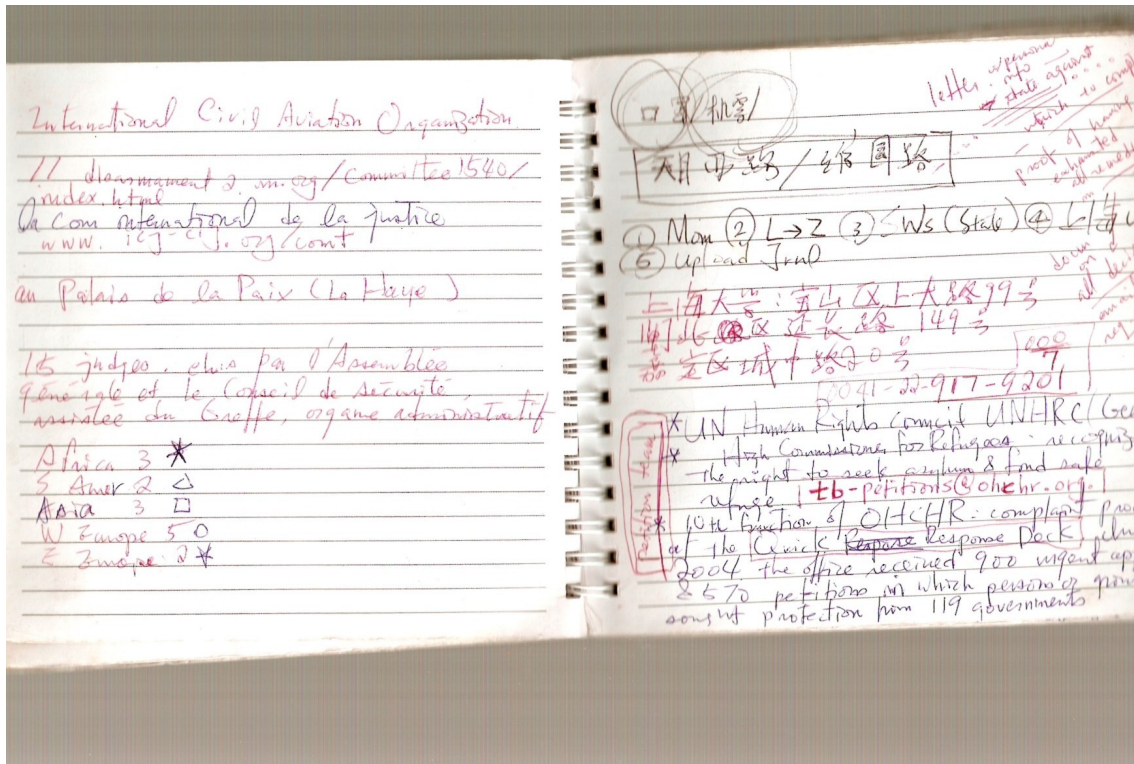
Within hours I stepped onto the train heading for Geneva. When I arrived in Geneva in late afternoon, the first thing I did was step into a hotel to ask (in French) for a map of the city. The hotel personnel did not seem to know me (was he pretending?) and politely handed me a small tourist map of Geneva. I walked around the blocks completely fascinated by this tiny city, until I first found a cybercafe and then a hostel to stay in, both not very far from the main train station. The cybercafe was located in the underground section of a video rental store, and, when I was given a computer to use, I immediately went onto the Meetup website. I was surprised to find that the website was not blocked; it was blocked only in China, as I have mentioned, in order to prevent the MSS from gathering information on Homeland Security's operations in the various meetup groups. I was finally allowed to savor the pictures of Karin's meetups which had been happily taking place without me. I became so jealous and regretted so much abandoning them in search of a new life in China. I posted a message on Karin's meetup message board telling them that I had ended up in Geneva now. Again, it was a very stupid move. The next thing I did was to continue my research for a way out of Homeland Security's "Man-in-the-Middle blockage". I did a search on ARP (Address Resolution Protocol) just in order to understand what it was. I found an exhaustively explanatory article on the subject matter on a website devoted to Linux and printed it out to take with me. It was a discussion of how ARPs showed up on TCP Dump captures. But I did not understand any of this yet. I would continuously chew on this article in the coming weeks, unaware that I might be producing evidence in the International Court that would be unfavorable both to me and to China.

Another thing which I did on the computer there was to go on Couch Surfing once more. I wrote to a certain Anne D., then another Gabriela F. L., then another Severine F. requesting to crash on their couches. These were all females because, when I got desperate, I would be desperate for feminine comfort – even though females were precisely the people least likely to help me. And of course none of them would reply me – Mr Secretary would instruct his Homeland Security thugs and partners in the Interpol to alert everybody I had contacted about the enormous danger I constituted (severe delusion about intelligence agencies, white supremacism, sexual perversion, pedophilia, and collusion with the evil Chinese spy chief to harm Western civilization). I then began looking for food in the neighborhoods around the main train station. I was extremely surprised by how expensive food was in this small town. A mere burger at McDonald's cost around 12 dollars – twice the price in the United States. I had never been to Switzerland before, and so didn't know that this city was famous for being *super-cher*. I actually suspected that Mr Secretary had also instructed the entire city to raise the price of everything just as he did in Shanghai in order to waste my money. After a burger at McDonald's I then had coffee in a nearby café, and the waitress (a pretty middle-aged Swiss woman) did not seem to have been alerted about me – but then one would never know. When I returned to the hostel, everything was also normal enough. I slept in a dormitory room with five other young travelers – I don't know how

much of all this was staged.

Next morning, breakfast time. I was getting increasingly scared as I, lonely and desperate for a comforting person, saw a group of American white girls in the dining room. I sat down next to a blond, and was desperate to connect with her in some way, but I was so scared because I didn't know if Mr Secretary had already alerted her with the exaggeration that "I just came back from my treasonous trip of selling off the West to China". I tentatively asked her where she was from and what she was doing here, and she reacted to me all natural enough. I seem to remember her saying she was from the Midwest. When I stepped outside to smoke, I got a light from another attractive European middle-aged woman. She however did react to me in a way which indicated that she had heard something about my "treasonous" act. "Vous venez de la Chine?" she asked me. What I didn't know was that this woman had in fact been instructed to act out a show while under surveillance as a way to artificially produce evidence for Mr Secretary. Something else about the mistake on my citizenship certificate and on my old passport which you should know about was that my place of birth was also misprinted as "China" instead of "Taiwan", even though my new passport – the one issued by the State Department in August 2004 – had at least printed my place of birth correctly as "Taiwan" while still erroneously retaining my brother's date of birth. Mr Secretary was also planning to exploit this mistake and invent out of me not only the fantasy that I was David Chin a twin brother of Lawrence Chin, but also the imaginary reality that I was born in China rather than in Taiwan. The CIA and everyone else had already persuaded judge Higgins to permit the use of such obvious misprints in the ICJ as if they were good evidences. After this disappointment I went around the city and spent quite a long time at a book store, where I found a few excellent books in English on the human rights system of the United Nations. I read through one or two particularly informative books on how individual petitions may be filed with the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights. I spent hours eagerly taking notes on my "Shanghai notebook" while reading through these two books. I was truly deluded in thinking that this kind of institution might help private citizens who had been victimized in the way I had been. I had not yet learned – as I would later on – that the international human rights system, just like the human rights organizations within the United States, was set up merely to cater to the geopolitical interests of Western nation states. If you are a victim of some nation state which the United States is trying to demonize for geopolitical reasons, perhaps you can get somewhere petitioning the United Nations' human rights system. But for someone like me who was a target of the US government – a "real" target, unlike someone such as Julian Assange whom the United States has only pretended to target but is not really serious about targeting – there was no hope for protection from any international humanitarian organizations. I would then discover afterward that the hostel where I was staying was only blocks away from the building of the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights. When I found it that late afternoon I stood across the street and stared at the majestic building for a while. One security guard stood by the booth at the gated entrance, and the ambiance was marked by a sense of tightened security. I of course wasn't sure: perhaps I was oversensitive when I expected that alerts about me had already reached this supposedly great institution. Whatever be the case, I was afraid to go physically close to the building.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
 Lawrence C. Chin
 May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



The notes I took down on the UN human rights system in my “Shanghai notebook”, part of which came from my reading at the bookstore in Geneva

When I returned to the hostel, I got on the public computers there to continue researching about my case on the Internet. At one point I noticed a particularly noteworthy piece of information on the news section of State Department's website. It said something to the effect that the Madam Secretary of State had just gone to Germany on the very same day on which I arrived in Frankfurt because an emergency meeting of the UN Security Council was being held in a city near Frankfurt to discuss Iran, with representatives attending from all five permanent member nations plus Germany. I immediately realized it had something to do with me. At the time I thought the news was half-true and half-fake in the usual American way, that a meeting was indeed being held on that day in Germany, but to discuss, not Iran, but rather the new ICJ judgment declaring that the United States had violated UN Resolution 1373. Today I know that the meeting was very likely indeed about Iran because part of the information which the MSS director had obtained from the Agency's database concerned just Vice President's plan to annihilate Iran with nuclear bombs. I am not exactly sure what was going on. It is highly unlikely that China would continue to pursue actions against the United States as a terrorism-sponsoring state in the UN Security Council after the MSS director had been intercepted as intending to conspire with a terrorist suspect. Apparently, the hardliners in China who were allied with the MSS director had teamed up with the Russians to raise just one issue, the United States' (extremely bizarre) malicious intent toward Iran, simply in order to gain some bargaining chips in the negotiations. The Russians and the Chinese hardliners were probably trying to persuade the United States to agree to a settlement out of

court so that they could gain *something* while dissuading the Allies from continuing the fight in the ICJ.

On the hostel's computer, I also went onto High Commissioner's website to read more about how individual persons may petition the UN organization. I was looking for more indirect ways to petition the UN High Commissioner because the majestic ambiance surrounding the building and what appeared to be tightened security had so frightened me that I now preferred not to physically approach it. Then I discovered an email from Wes – dated January 24 – in which he, responding to my cry for help earlier as to what to do to avoid the alert system about me, gave me just the wake-up call which I needed. It was, that is to say, a very kind advice from someone who cared deeply about you when you were in troubles. The email reads: “Hi Lawrence, I do not know what you should do or if you can do anything. You might want to think about not seeking the best place to live in but simply avoiding the worst places. Don't ask me what that means in regards to where you should remain. Why did you leave China? *I think you should keep a low profile, not stir-up things.* I am not sure how these things work.” (Emphasis mine.)

Wes' advice coincided with my intuition that a direct walk-in to the High Commissioner's building would be extremely inappropriate – Mrs Arbour and her entire staff must have already been alerted about me – and so I decided to walk to the train station and use the payphone there to call up the High Commissioner's office. The woman who answered my call was again only semi-fluent in English, which caused me to suspect once more that I wasn't really dealing with an officer from this institution but was merely talking to a Homeland Security substitute pretending to be somebody working at the High Commissioner's office – again because Mr Secretary had reasoned that the threat I posed to the United States was best neutralized by keeping me away from international governmental institutions. The actress this time however talked to me with greater confidence and displayed better knowledge about the institution which she pretended to represent than did the earlier French women actresses pretending to be court clerks at the International Court of Justice. The actress explained to me in detail the steps I must take to file a complaint and, upon my inquiry, affirmed that it was possible to complain only about a government agency of a nation rather than about the entire nation itself – I had only the courage to complain about Homeland Security, and specifically about its broadcast of false “mental health alerts” about me. I had no doubt by this time that the Office of High Commissioner had already received alerts about me but theorized that, since it was my “right” – it was nothing illegal – to inquire about the procedures of petitioning, Homeland Security and the international community could only collaborate and answer my questions, although within the system of protection which Mr Secretary had set up. Then, when I asked whether it was possible to visit the institution and ask questions in person, the lady answered negatively. After this call, I returned to the hostel, feeling stupid that I came all the way here arriving at the front door of the institution but then decided to simply make a phone call and do nothing more.

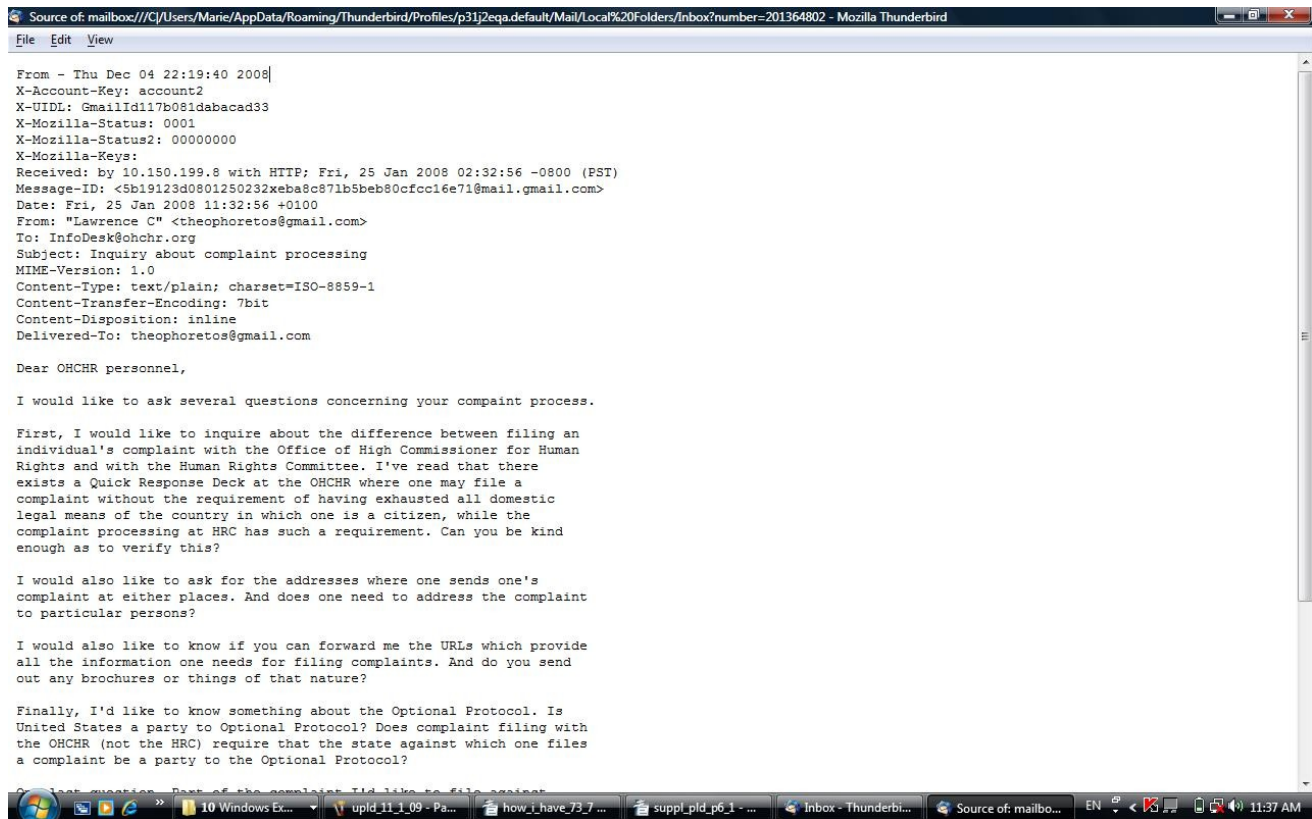
Now, just like in Frankfurt, the city center of Geneva became at night a lively red-light district. I walked around the blocks fascinated by the prostitutes standing around. At one point I came across this prostitute, a local Swiss it seemed, who had an iPod of some sort hanging from her neck. It was so strange to me that I asked her “Combien ça coûte?” just to see what the fuss was about. Since iPods as

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

surveillance devices were already undetectable after Homeland Security had passed them out in large quantity to all segments of the population as decoys, I wondered whether this prostitute was also given an iPod just in order to decoy me. Lo and behold, she quickly pressed a button on her iPod to turn it on, and only then answered my question, “100 Franc”. It was expensive, but that wasn't my intention anyway. Rather, I became convinced that she was actually using the iPod to conduct surveillance on me because – she turned it on. It was not a decoy, I thought! After this it became evident that the entire population here in Geneva had already been alerted by Mr Secretary about me, the prostitutes having received special instructions and devices to protect themselves against this supposedly dangerous and sexually perverted secret agent of China who in addition suffered severe schizophrenia – such was the content of the alert.

The next morning I would still be researching the petition process for High Commissioner on Human Rights on the hostel's computers. Still feeling unsure, I wrote another email to High Commissioner's information center requesting clarification on further processes which I had discovered during my research. I provide below a screenshot of the email. The final part of my email goes like this: “Last question. Part of the complaint I'd like to file against certain U.S. government agencies is about the secret mental health alerts that they send out internationally to lawyers and organizations whose very legal assistance I seek to fight the legality of these alerts, all in order to prevent me from finding legal assistance by scaring off these legal resources with undue warnings. Does such tactic constitute a breach of basic human rights?” I would never receive a reply – because the High Commissioner had already received those “mental health alerts” which had scared them off from helping me.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



The email of inquiry I wrote to UNOHCHR from the hostel in Geneva
(saved in my Thunderbird)
Note the IP address of 10.150.199.8

After that, at a loss, I used the Skype on the hostel's computer to call up Wes. "What should I do now?" I asked him, still under the erroneous impression that "the Agency liked me" and that Wes would therefore under Agency's instruction give me "direction" (!). "Stay in your apartment and don't go out!" Wes shouted. "What?" I was bedazzled. "But I don't have an apartment here; I am in Geneva." "That's what I would do if I were you," Wes explained. Wes was basically risking his life to help me, for he wasn't saying this per the authority's instruction at all but, knowing the situation better than I, was giving me his own advice. He knew how angry Mr Secretary and the Vice President were. He must have known about the terrifying alert which Mr Secretary had just spread out about me all over Europe and which was going to get me into very deep troubles should I choose to plead to official organs. This was why. But I didn't quite understand it at the time, although soon I would. When I then checked the inbox of my Couch Surfing account, I discovered that none of the people I had written to had responded.

Later that afternoon, I – having made one phone call and written one email and understood that I had better not get physically close to the respectable UN organ – hopped onto the train to go back to Frankfurt. I had taken Wes' advice to heart, knowing that, by staying in Geneva and contacting the High

Commissioner, I would only be falling into Mr Secretary's trap. My plan was not going to work out. When the train had crossed the German border, a German border guard got onto the train to check everyone's passport. The guard was a very good looking man with blond hair, and he asked to see my passport first in German and then in English. This was very bad: another piece of evidence had been "produced" showing that I had a different passport number than my real passport number. While in the dining cart I out of desperation and loneliness asked a college-age youngster what he was working on. He answered me perfunctorily saying he was studying college physics. It didn't get me anywhere, though. There was then a stop-over in a city in southern Germany – I can't remember which. By the time everyone got on the train for Frankfurt, it was already night. I idiotically stepped onto the first class cart and sat down on a single seat in the last row of this cart. Soon, a sophisticated looking American white woman with short blond hair, dressed in business suit and long black skirt and wearing short stocking and flat-heel shoes, came on board with a German man and sat down on the row about two seats in front of me. The American woman was talking fluently in German to her German partner, who was in his 40s whereabouts, but her slight accent clearly betrayed her American origin. I immediately recognized that she was Agency's officer who was here waiting for me to identify her – that strangest mission again: a secret agent coming in front of you in order for you to expose her as a secret agent. Lonely and frightened, I walked up to her knowing that she was supposed to produce evidence suggesting that I knew since the beginning Ms Mermaid was recruited by the MSS as an informant, namely that argument of the Agency again: "If he could identify one of us by mere sight, how could he not have known that his guide had in fact been recruited by the MSS as an informant?" This woman was very special, I would have to tell you: she was the most good-spirited person I have ever met in my life. Even though the Agency had not yet got out of its crisis, she was full of good humor. Trying to find a reason to talk to her – I would still have to pay attention to etiquette, even though she was here solely in order for me to talk to her – I thus went up to her and asked her in English about the German newspapers which were lying on her laps, pretending not to know even enough German to read the papers (somehow I felt that it might not be a good idea to show that I knew a lot of German). She responded with such a smile, as if saying, "I knew you are going to come to me!" She handed me one of the papers she had on her laps, pretending to also believe that I couldn't read much German. As long as there are pictures in it, that's good enough, I feigned and joked. I then asked her why she was in such a good mood; presumably, given the previous condition in Shanghai, the crisis and everything, an Agency's officer shouldn't be so happy, laughing and joking: that of course only betrayed her incredibly congenial nature, as I have just said. Her story was that she worked for a pharmaceutical company and was on a return trip to Mannheim, the German man sitting next to her being her business associate. She of course knew that I knew she was from the Agency, and that I knew the German man sitting next to her was probably from the Bundesnachrichtendienst. I suspected that her good mood may have been due to the fact that United States and its allies had just found more grounds on which to continue the lawsuit with China ("new evidences found") and that they had even gained some advantages at the International Court, and so I tried to test her by remarking, "Perhaps you are so happy because you have just made a very profitable business deal." No, nothing like that, she insisted. But then she shouted out that there *was* something. But what it was – she never clarified. I finally asked her where she was from, wanting to ascertain that she was indeed an officer from the Agency. "I'm Irish," she said with a smile while looking aside. "Irish? You don't look very Irish," I said

bedazzled while staring at her closely and seeing that she was clearly an American. I went back to my seat, looking over with a blank mind the newspaper she had just given me. Just then the ticket officer came in and, after seeing my ticket, told me that this cart was first class and that my ticket was for the second class. I thus would have to move. I got up dragging my luggage cart and, when walking past the Agency's officer, shouted, "Ma'am, I have to go. I'm in the wrong class. I wish I were in the same class as you are, but apparently I belong to a lower class." The Agency's officer laughed out loud, genuinely amused. But, at the same time, the Agency's goal was pretty much accomplished: the intercept of this short nonsense chat would begin to convince judge Higgins that barely meaningful but seemingly metaphorical statements should indeed be entered into the evidentiary record as "meaningful but secret communication between spies signifying something else". The CIA would evidently explain to her that I had just conveyed via a metaphor my wish to be recruited by the CIA but my regret that it didn't happen – just as I had asked Jennifer Day's sister to "adopt me". Judge Higgins would agree that I was indeed capable of clandestine spy communication and could therefore understand MSS operatives' "secret messages" ("big nose", "bad weather", etc.). A new era of evidentiary standard at the ICJ was about to begin – the era of such low standard that the whole case would eventually become the biggest farce in world history.

I went ahead to the second class cart and, feeling so desperate that I succumbed to my desire to grab onto a comforting female body and nestle against it, found a 30 something German female to sit next to. I presumed she had been alerted about me, for I naturally assumed that the whole train was a fake – Mr Secretary must have evacuated the whole train and re-filled it with movie-extras he had recruited from Germany and Switzerland. (It's not clear, however, whether this is really the case here.) But in desperation I tried to start a small chat with her. I don't remember anymore what she told me about herself, just that she worked in Germany. She clearly found me annoying and disgusting, and mentioned quickly that she had a boyfriend, obviously in order to preempt my "hitting on her". I wasn't trying to do that, of course, given my nervousness about my situation. As we fell silent, I thought and thought about the Agency's officer – what a rare opportunity, and I really shouldn't miss it like this. Perhaps she – let's just call her "Ms Congenial" – would take me home! I started contemplating how to go back to talk to her, and decided that I should buy a newspaper from the coffee stand in the train as a pretext for another chat with her. I thus bought another *frankfurter Zeitung*, and, dragging my luggage, walked past "Ms Congenial" again and, seeing that she was busy chatting in German with the BND man, waited behind her for the right moment to cut in. Such politeness was utterly idiotic, for the very point of their presence was for me to talk to her so that United States could save its lost case. But you should remember my weak personality and my fear to offend people under normal circumstances. Seeing this, the German man immediately stopped his conversation and said to Ms Congenial in English: "Anyway, this gentleman has something to say to you..." Ms Congenial, smiling graciously, looked up toward me while I put down on her laps the newspaper I had just bought, saying while stuttering out of nervousness and shyness something to the effect that I wished to repay her the newspaper she just gave me by giving her this better version which I had just purchased – my shyness having been magnified by the fact that she still had another piece of newspaper on her laps to which my *frankfurter Zeitung* might seem an extraneous addition. But she was quite cool, and, after being surprised for half a second, lifted up her head to look at me with a big burst of smile, saying, "Good!

Now I have two!” Relieved that she had accepted my “payback” enabling me to “break the ice”, I asked her, “Can you recommend a good hostel in Mannheim?” This was supposed to be a “signal” asking her to take me home and so on. But Ms Congenial replied that she was only getting off the train at Mannheim, that she was then to be driven home in another town. I was thoroughly disappointed, knowing then that, other than accomplishing her mission of getting “exposed” by me by mere sight and producing evidences about “secret message between spies”, she really had no more use of me. Even though my last hope had evaporated, I nevertheless asked her to recommend “good places to visit” in Germany, meaning, “What shall I do, ma'am?” Ms Congenial suggested that I visit Heidelberg, among other things. At that time I truly thought that she was making this recommendation for my benefit – that the Agency was going to prepare something for me there which would shield me from Mr Secretary; only days later would I realize that she was actually carrying out Mr Secretary's plan, most likely luring me to Heidelberg because it was a university town and universities all over Europe had by now been alerted about me – the “dangerous, perverted, pedophilic, and Hitler-admiring schizophrenic who was colluding with China's spy chief to harm the West” – just as universities back home in the States had been so alerted about me under the pretext of enhanced security in the wake of the Virginia Tech incident. There was a clue, namely that, when she mentioned “Heidelberg”, she tried to look away from me even though she was still full of smiles. Maybe she felt bad for exploiting my attraction to her to dupe me. In any case, as I saw that I could no longer get any further with her, I walked back to my seat – not without noticing that she had a bit of fat on her stomach, which however did not take anything away from her absolute classiness and charm. Now it's all the more important to note that, after this second chat with Ms Congenial, our Madam President of the International Court could no longer reject Agency's argument that ambiguous, non-analytical but metaphorical statements should indeed be admitted as “evidence” for secret communication in a case concerning intelligence operations, for it would have been clear to everyone that I was indeed trying to “pass a message” to Ms Congenial with the passing of the newspaper and with my plea for a recommendation of a hostel, although the Agency's interpretation at the International Court of my action probably differed significantly from my real intention in my “signals”. While the newspaper was to “break the ice” (a pretext to cut into Ms Congenial's conversation), the Agency's lawyers would certainly have made out of this ice-breaking an exemplary instance of “secret communication between spies”. As for the “real signal” – my pleading “Are you going to take me home?” – the Agency's lawyers would probably have made it say something else. What is clear is that, after this, judge Higgins would have been persuaded by the CIA to “believe” that I had indeed comprehended Ms Mermaid's signal to me “Today's weather is bad” (my first morning in Shanghai), the confusing “Good. Well drawn!” on my website (my last day in Shanghai), maybe even Lingling's “Big nose”, and the various other gibberish (such as the coin that had popped out of my meat wrap) as “secret messages which the MSS was attempting to communicate to me” – taking these as evidences for my conspiring with the MSS director since the very beginning – and that she would from now on accept similar gibberish – and eventually gibberish of all sorts – as “evidences” for “secret communications between intelligence operatives”. The CIA folks were now being as honest with judge Higgins as possible in order to win her heart: they had shared with her their realistic assessment that I probably didn't plan the whole thing, but had been understanding and following MSS director's secret instructions even though I didn't understand why he wanted these things from me. (But, then, it would be hard to convince her that I had planned CIA's destruction by the MSS director and

then somehow believed that I could still get the Agency to recruit me.) Although this was not “conspiracy” in a complete sense, it was, as you shall see, enough to win the case. The establishment of “secret communication” was the most important step. The Agency had thus today accomplished the goal of what can only be called the “destruction of evidentiary standard” at the International Court of Justice. In fairness, it should be said that, in retrospect, one can easily see that the MSS was indeed passing “secret messages” to me; it's just that, as I have noted repeatedly, all the “messages” simply flew over my head given their utter incomprehensibility and that I only came to understand that they were “messages” afterward on the basis of what happened later: the “messages” were illuminated as such only by the events they were intended to illuminate: the whole business of “conspiracy with the MSS” simply ran backwards. I have, as I have mentioned, always been much more comfortable with the kinds of “secret messages” which the CIA was fond of using: religious pamphlets (Jehovah's Witnesses' *Awake*), Biblical passages, Jennifer Day's email invitation, a story planted in *LA Times*, etc.

And so, by night, after Ms Congenial had got off the train at Mannheim, I was back at Frankfurt, and, as I exited the Hauptbahnhof, I wandered into the neighboring red light district for the second time. That must have been around January 25 or 26 or so. I walked aimlessly into the first building, where only the overweight prostitutes rented rooms, so that the trip offered little attraction for me except the satisfaction of curiosity. I seem to have been followed by another German agent this time, but I didn't bother to pay attention to him. Then, when I climbed up to the fourth or fifth floor, I suddenly saw an extremely beautiful girl sitting at her stool by the front entrance of the room she had rented. She was so completely out of place – since the first building was supposed to house only the ugly prostitutes – that I was thus drawn into her room, unable to resist her absolute beauty. She was about 25 to 30 year-old, with an attractive slim figure, and claimed to have come from Poland. She had obviously been carefully briefed as to what to say to me – perhaps for surveillance's sake – since, when I was getting dressed after our rather unsatisfying experience (she was not very attentive), she kept asking me, “Are you from China? Are you from China?” even when I had made it clear that I didn't want to be asked such questions. Finally, given her persistence, I lied saying I came from Vietnam, just so that she would stop annoying me. If everyone was trying to get “I'm from China” to come out of my mouth, I'd better not say I just came from China (from a three-week trip there, that is). When I thought about it afterward, I realized that this “prostitute” was most likely a Polish secret agent, since it was simply too much a coincidence that I first met a “Polish student studying in China” at Shanghai airport an hour before I boarded my plane, and then another “Polish prostitute working in Frankfurt” immediately after I arrived in Frankfurt for the second time. Poland had joined in on the lawsuit too – on the side of the United States, of course – on the ground that my plane had also had to transit through Polish airspace on its way to Germany.

This event was of tremendous importance for what was to happen later. Our Madam President of the International Court of Justice seems to have been so tremendously angered by the surveillance showing me whoring around that the entire case was about to turn, that a vast change in the world was about to occur, and that a great misfortune was about to befall China. The CIA had just convinced her that I was perfectly capable of communicating in spy languages, and now this – that I was not the innocent victim she thought I was. Apparently, where Mr Secretary's “Massage, massage” or “Girls will drink with

you”, etc., had failed, the magnificent Poland had succeeded!

This event is significant also in that it betrayed the fanatical loyalty of Poland to the United States. You should know that the Polish President of the time (Lech Kaczyński) was a right-wing extremist and hated Russia which, unbeknownst to me, had already joined the lawsuit on China's side. He would lie and cheat and do anything for the United States' sake and against Russia; he couldn't care less about the truth – whether I was Lawrence Chin or David Chin, whether I told the truth or imagined up my story. Well, no politicians on the Western side cared about the truth at all, so perhaps that wasn't anything unusual. All nations on the side of the United States would be willing to lie and make up any story about me in order to prevent China and Russia from winning the lawsuit. But this man – he was a neocon! You should also break away from the stereotype that pretty secret agents would sleep with their targets in order to accomplish their mission (“honey traps”). The Agency's girls would never do that, as you have seen. And yet this Polish girl was willing to do that.

My second stay in Frankfurt would last a little longer, and I would have to bounce around a little between hostels and hotels. I first came back to the same hostel where I had the last time purposely provided the wrong passport number. This time the room to which I was assigned was a big one filled up with approximately 10 people (Homeland Security fake lodgers). I slept on the upper bed of a double bed while below me slept a guy from China – obviously one of those idiots whom Mr Secretary had freshly recruited from China for his operation on me thanks to the cooperation of the Chinese government per its obligation to help United States neutralize my threat. Next day morning, this guy, like all other “temporary agents” of Mr Secretary's, was pretending to have fun with his iPod. He then went somewhere leaving his iPod on his bed. Since I had been dying to find out how Homeland Security used these iPods to conduct surveillance on targets – how the device could transmit your images and words back to the control center in real time – I sat on his bed for minutes and then furtively took the iPod, knowing that Mr Secretary and everyone else were watching me very closely right now. I then went out of the hostel and deposited the iPod in a trash can in the middle of the street, thinking of retrieving it when I checked out. Mr Secretary was not going to disturb my “theft” of his agents' things because he was evidently waiting for another piece of “evidence” for my “criminal character” with which to convince judge Higgins that I was no innocent pawn who was unfortunately caught between nation states. I then went back to the hostel to eat breakfast. There were again young Japanese “travelers”. The international effort was still on. When I finally checked out of the hostel, I fetched the iPod out of the trash can – and of course it was still there.

I decided to change place and thus wandered to another hostel, in the process crossing the river that ran through the city. While resting and smoking by the river bank, I noticed a beautiful German woman waiting for someone. I wondered if she had been alerted about me and at the same time wanted to get direction, and so went up to her to ask her for direction in English. She however ignored me most impolitely, leaving me unsure whether she had indeed seen the alerts about me or whether she was simply being conservative and not in the mood to talk to strangers. I followed my tourist map and walked along the river until I finally found the second hostel I was looking for. I watched people eating at the outdoor patio while waiting to check in. Then a Chinese guy about 30 or so suddenly came in to

stand behind me in line. I immediately realized that he was a Chinese operative under Mr Secretary's command. I thus changed my mind and left, walking all the way back to Hauptbahnhof – passing through an open-air market – and eventually checking into another hotel in the vicinity of the train station. This hotel, hosted by an Indian or Pakistani, was quite expensive, charging 50 to 70 dollar per night. It was then Sunday, January 26. I wanted to purchase a certain thing (I can't remember what) and find a university library and so asked the Indian or Pakistani man working at the counter for direction. He however enlightened me, telling me in English, “Everything is closed. On Sunday everything is closed in Germany.” I was both surprised and frustrated since I now had to wait another day doing nothing. I took a walk going away from the train station, and saw that the streets were indeed all dead without anyone in sight. I finally found the street I was looking for, and saw the only pedestrian I would see all day today, a woman walking her dog. Then I spotted the Western Campus of the Johann Wolfgang von Goethe university. Even though I was already warned, I walked into the campus anyway, and found the libraries closed.

Because this hotel was expensive, the next day I checked into another hotel, still in the vicinity of Hauptbahnhof. **Although** costing more than a hostel, it was a relatively inexpensive hotel, charging around 35 to 45 dollar a night. At the receptionist counter I was received by an overweight middle-aged woman with blond hair. She actually didn't even look “German” to me but reminded me of those stereotypical nasty fat Eastern European women: she had a stern expression on her face and was staring meanly at me. Scared for a moment, I tried to diffuse the tension by asking her, “Sind Sie deutsch?” “Ja,” she said, and then explained to me patiently and slowly – as if she were my German language teacher – where she was from and so on. I was surprised by my success in diffusing her mean attitude, although I was probably just tricked since she was most likely another secret agent. At the time I took her to be a German agent, but today I have to wonder if she was a Russian, Belarusian, or Polish secret agent, since Russia, Belarus, and Poland were all in the lawsuit and had to send secret agents to run operations on the “terrorist suspect”. Because this place was a hotel, I was able to get a single room where I thus had some privacy. It should be noted that, this time, I presented my (American) passport without purposely making mistakes with my passport number. If the receptionist was a Russian or Belarusian agent, the Sino-Russian team would have obtained evidence showing me to be Lawrence Chin while the Allies were bringing in all these evidences showing me to have a different passport number.

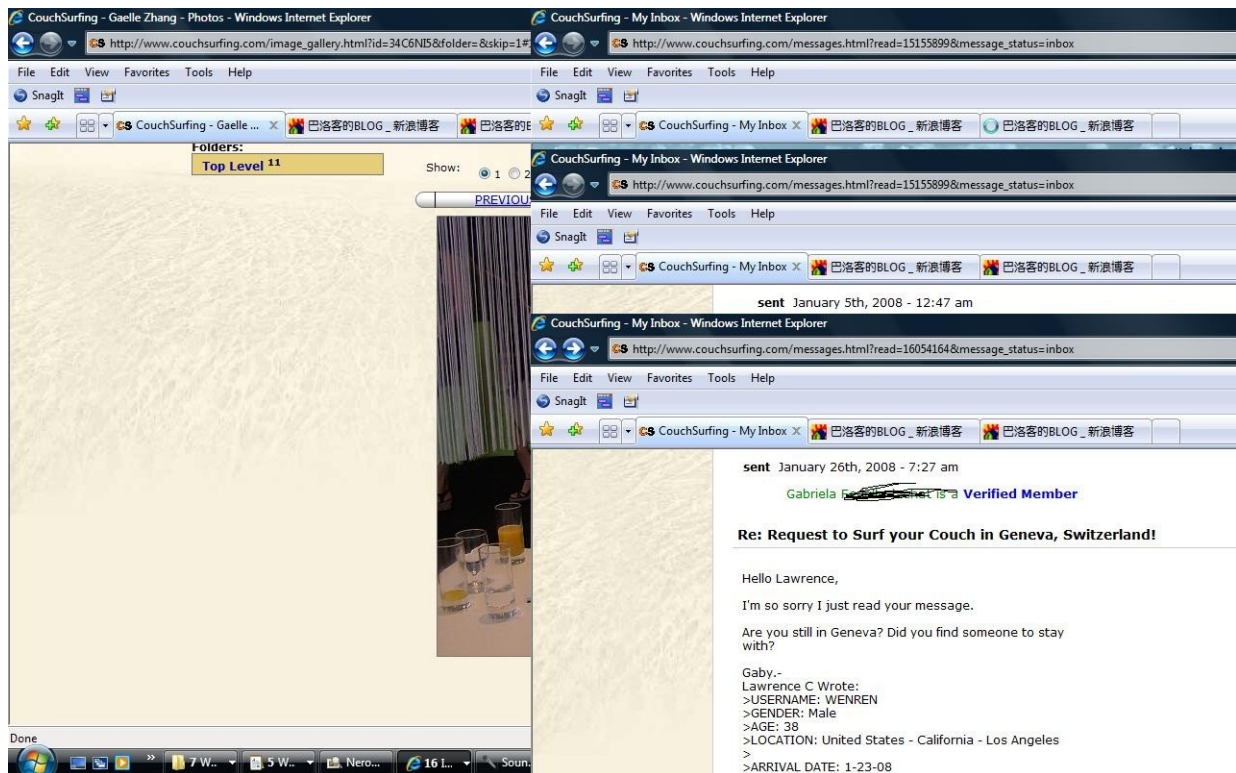
My visit to Frankfurt would not consist of many touristic acts; instead, I would spend most of my times sitting in front of the computers in cybercafes or call centers, primarily to take care of the websites where I was hosting my story as the last remaining meaning of my life after my realization that I could never go near China again. I was additionally also looking for clues as to what was going on inside the International Court of Justice. On one of these afternoons, I came to a call center run by some Pakistani or Indian immigrants to use the Internet. There I followed up on my reading of ARP poisoning and tried to download again the coveted WinPcap (from www.winpcap.org) onto my USB flash drive. Guess what, this time I succeeded. Could Homeland Security have caused me to download one of their fakes? I wondered. Apparently, those Homeland Security thugs who were controlling my Internet activities were persuaded by their international allies that not every one of my acts needed to be neutralized since

I probably didn't even know what WinPcap was about. I read through the website, and it did seem to me that I had obtained the genuine version of the software. Then, I did something that would alarm my international audience. I used Skype to call up Etour and asked to speak with Xiuxiu. As usual, none of the Chinese employees there would let me talk to her, giving me all kinds of crazy excuse about her absence. Evidently, the Chinese side was still scrambling to separate me from my last "MSS contact". I consequently got ever more frustrated; I wasn't so much looking for MSS guidance as simply appreciating Xiuxiu whose generous personality rivaled that of Marie.

On the next day, I found a more convenient place to use the Internet. It was a cybercafe located right in the middle of the red light district. Another clue was about to come, which would enlighten me once and for all that a new comer had come into the lawsuit at the International Court of Justice. I wanted to use the Skype on the cybercafe's computer to call Wes, but the software somehow only displayed its menu in Russian. It is then that I realized that Russia must have joined the lawsuit on China's side, which would explain the strange newspaper headline which Mr Secretary wanted me to see that day when I was riding the Shanghai metro. Reflecting on the appearance of Japanese secret agents in Etour, I could now easily understand the situation: how did Japan find a reason to be involved when I had never had anything to do with Japan? The only possible explanation was that my plane had transited through Japan's airspace while flying to Shanghai, which meant that, according to international law, the simple fact that the plane which carried the "terrorist suspect" had passed over the airspace of a country was enough reason for the country in question to join the lawsuit. Then it was all clear: my plane had flown over Russia when it flew from Shanghai to Frankfurt. And that must have been the reason why Poland had joined the lawsuit too on the side of the United States. (And Belarus, too, on Russia's side, although I didn't know about this at the time.) In fact, the two (or three) nations had already joined the lawsuit before my plane even took off from Shanghai, since the materialization of the suspect's travel plan with its predetermined flight path was enough reason. How bizarre! Slow to realize during this first incident that Mr Secretary was trying to artificially produce evidence indicating my knowledge of Russian and thereby suggesting my intention to conspire with Russia as well, I just randomly clicked on the drop-down menu on the toolbar and, lo and behold, I was actually able to start Skype, even though I had no idea what I had clicked on since I knew no Russian at all. Well, you shouldn't be surprised since, insofar as Homeland Security was trying to produce evidence showing that I knew Russian, they would simply facilitate my using Skype by remotely enabling it from their control center even when I happened to click on the wrong buttons. It has never been clear to me how Russian-speaking was evidence for my intention to help Russia sue United States and gain advantages in international relations – perhaps it was because I had attempted to post links to my website on Pravda's English language forums. To help neutralize the threat which I – and its own spy chief who wanted to conspire with a terrorist suspect – posed to the United States, the Chinese government may have already forged evidences indicating that I was not only born in China and Lawrence Chin's twin brother David Chin, but was also recruited as a secret agent by the MSS director – and also by the Russians! This may be another reason why the Homeland Security agent was smiling to me outside the Frankfurt airport. Russian-speaking would be supporting evidence for the imaginary reality that I was a Russian secret agent as well as a Chinese secret agent.

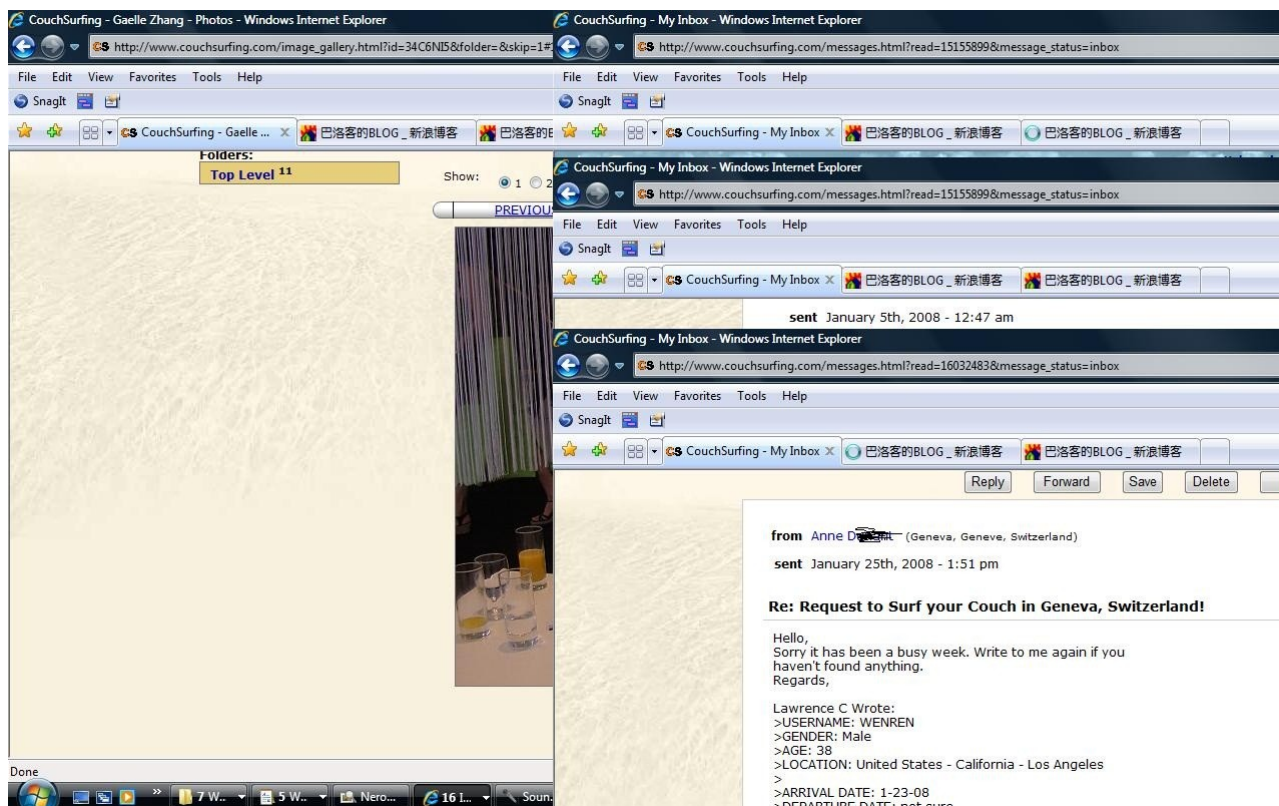
The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

Meanwhile I was still trying to find free places to stay at by emailing people on Couch Surfing. It would immediately turn out that I had made the right decision to leave Geneva, for, as you can see in the two screenshots below, those couch surfers in Geneva to whom I had written and who never responded suddenly wrote me back: Anne asked me to write her back on January 25 and Gabriela asked me on January 26. Obviously, all these people had already been temporarily recruited by Mr Secretary who, disappointed that I left Geneva so quickly without stirring up anything in this important United Nations capital city, had instructed them to lure me back to Geneva, hoping that I would be prompted to stir things up the next time. Knowing this, I never responded and would never go back to Geneva. Things were actually a lot worse than I thought: Mr Secretary would have his profile of me as a harasser of international institutions confirmed, his female recruits would have me arrested as a sex-pervert, all this would confirm and justify his false alerts about me to diplomatic services around the world, and I would end up in the hospital where I would then be discovered to be Lawrence Chin's twin brother instead of Lawrence Chin himself! But, even though I had avoided the traps, I would continue to ask around on Couch Surfing for free lodgings in Frankfurt. And I would continue to ask only attractive females as a way to calm my desperation, even though they were precisely the least available options for a guy in my circumstances.



The message to me from Gabriela

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
 Lawrence C. Chin
 May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



The message from Anne

When I returned to the hotel by night fall, I ran into a strangest instance of the “evidence” which Mr Secretary was trying to “collect” from me. As soon as I walked into the lobby, I saw lying on the table a Chinese newspaper (it was made to look like it had come from the mainland) with the big headline: “UFO spotted” here or there and so on. The paper was obviously fake, devised to lure me to look at it so that Mr Secretary could then present the surveillance of my doing so to the International Court as “evidence” establishing that I indeed suffered from schizophrenia and was crazy as hell just as he had claimed in the information he had shared with the Chinese government. Or that's what I thought at the time. In reality, Mr Secretary had the fake newspaper manufactured to serve as a fake “MSS secret message” – he wanted me to think that “UFO” was a secret message which the MSS director had sent to me, and he wanted me to be seen (“intercepted”) devouring the news and following the instructions laid out in it. Apparently, after the CIA had established to judge Higgins' satisfaction that I was capable of secret spy communication, the Allies needed to establish that I was still *intending* to follow MSS director's “secret instruction”. The sad thing was that I decided this time to not let the fake news pass me by without preserving proof of it for others to see in the future, and that I therefore took out the page with this ridiculous fake news and put it in my bag when I went upstairs to my room. The fortunate thing was that, since I didn't know that I was supposed to be looking for MSS secret messages while in Germany, I didn't bother to “discover” the instructions inside and follow them. Mr Secretary had thus failed to obtain the “evidence” he so desired. Our Vice President Cheney had not yet noticed that, every time when he let the CIA take over, he would win, but that, every time when he let his

favorite Homeland Security Secretary take over, he would lose: Mr Secretary Chertoff, because he was stupid, actually believed that I would be so stupid as to believe that China's foreign intelligence service would have enough control over the infrastructure of Germany as to be able to plant secret messages in my environment!

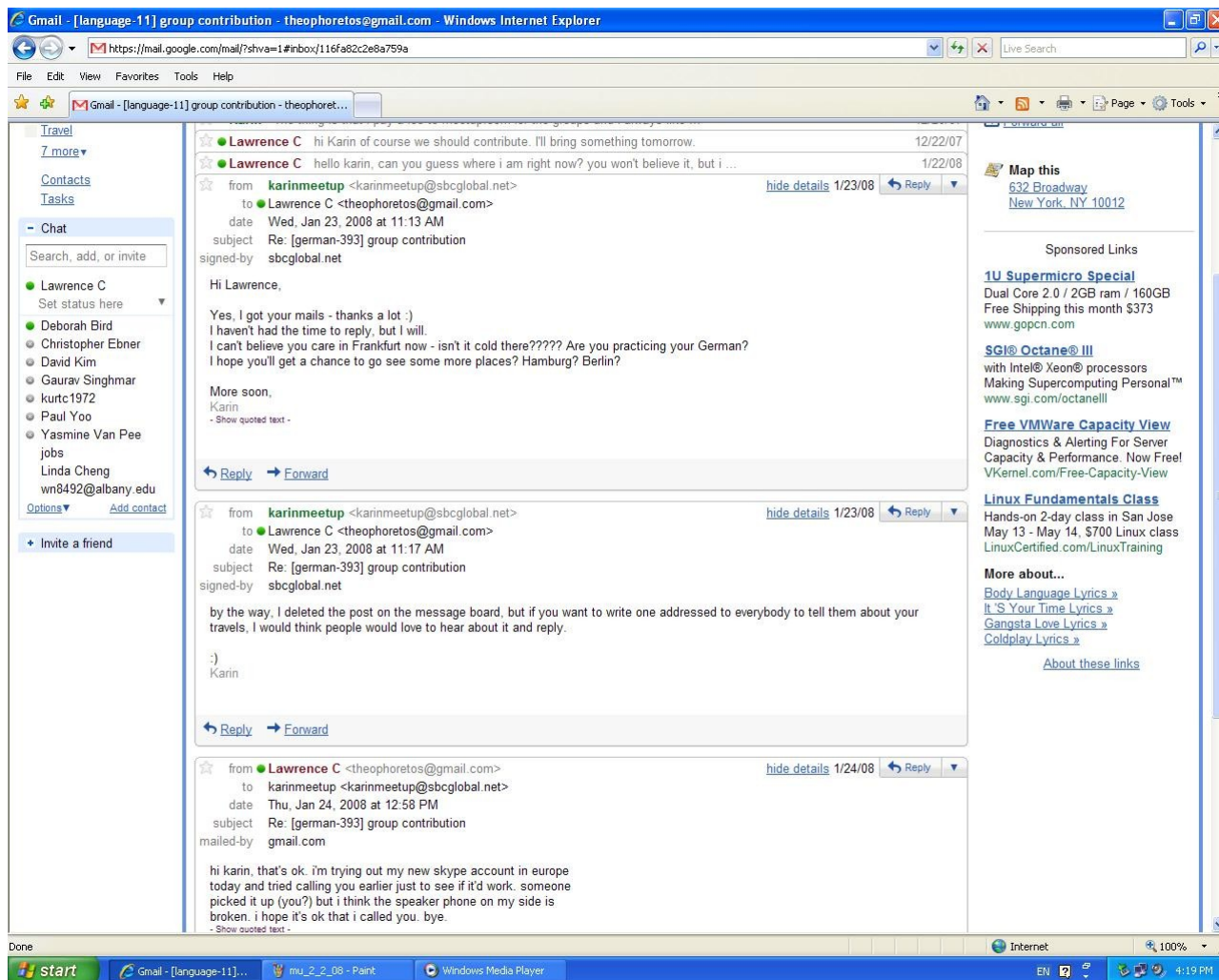
Here are a few other incidents of note which I can still remember. On another morning, perhaps on my way to Deutsche Nationalbibliothek which I continued to frequent, I stopped by a cafe to eat breakfast. While waiting for my food, I took out a small piece of paper on which to write down all the nations that I thought must have by now been involved in the lawsuit based on the signs I had seen thus far. The alliance among them could be easily guessed. On the side of the United States I counted: Canada, Taiwan, Japan, Belgium, Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland (because of my trip to Geneva), Netherlands, and Poland; while China and Russia were alone on the other side. This was roughly correct, although I missed a few other countries with which I was unfamiliar (such as Belarus). While thoroughly shocked by the scale of the matter, I was also surprised by how much I could know of what was going on even without anyone telling me anything. However, I was hesitant to write out the list more explicitly to help myself better understand the situation because I had by now the inkling that, the more I knew, the more the Chinese side ran the suspicion of a “conspiracy” with me.

On another occasion I, out of stupidity and desperation, tried out Ms Congenial's suggestion and visited Heidelberg, holding, for the last time, onto the delusion that the Agency might have prepared something there to help me run away from Mr Secretary. I even checked out of the hotel that morning, getting ready to pass the night in Heidelberg instead. Of course I would be totally disappointed. Now my train departed from Hauptbahnhof in the afternoon, and, when it stopped at the airport station, a flight attendant of some sort – an Arabic looking female – came on board and sat on the seat in front of me. When she suddenly noticed me, she produced an expression of the most utter disgust – the moment of discovering the most detestable piece of trash that had ever appeared in human history. I knew then that it was because she had seen the alert which Mr Secretary had dissimulated about me: the alert must have been ever more vicious in slandering me, reflecting the tremendous anger on the part of Mr Secretary whose “feelings were hurt” when “the Master of Deception” was caught lying and the “Spearhead of Neoconservatism” almost sank the neoconservative boat. I would from this moment on become increasingly depressed and desperate as I witnessed more and more of the people around me reacting to me with utter disgust as if they had encountered the most despicable entity ever seen in the history of humankind. Then, on the afternoon, I first stopped by a small town – it was perhaps Darmstadt – before continuing onto Heidelberg. By the time I arrived in Heidelberg, it was already night. I walked around a few blocks and was utterly disappointed: there was nobody on the street in this darkness, as if the whole town was dead. It was too depressing to stay in what appeared to be a ghost town, so that, after checking out a call center, I decided to return to the more familiar Frankfurt. Unfortunately, I got into an accident. I got off the train at a wrong station, and had to board the train again. Worried about my depleted finance, I tried my luck and boarded without buying a ticket. It was a bad idea to pull such trick while under surveillance, for a ticket officer, a fat woman with blond hair and with the most angry face, soon came on the train to check my ticket. What a coincidence. She looked at me so angrily as if I were Germany's worst enemy and couldn't be more offended by me – I

had no idea that it was because I had sold off a German spy, and then the entire German spy organ, to the Chinese spy chief. She first asked to see my ticket in German and, when I responded in English that I had none, wanted to see my passport in order to write me a ticket. Since everyone wanted to see my passport, it must be bad for me, although I assumed at the time this was to stage the show as to how “the schizophrenic was accidentally identified”. In reality, as I have explained many times already, Mr Secretary and the Agency were simply trying to produce a false intercept showing me to have a different passport number. That is, as soon as I showed my passport to this ticket officer (who might even be a BND agent), she would pretend to get confused and write down a different passport number in order for surveillance to pick up as “evidence”. I thus insisted despite her persistence that I had forgotten my passport in my hotel room. (My passport was of course with me, inside the pouch which I hanged over my chest.) Unable to get anywhere with me, the ticket officer finally allowed me to buy a ticket on the spot – at a higher price as penalty thus leaving my finance even more depleted. But, at the very least, she couldn't get hold of my passport and Mr Secretary's battle to force me to show my passport would have to continue on other occasions.

When the train was approaching Frankfurt, a beautiful German woman about 40 year-old came to sit in front of me. She was blond and had a stern expression on her face, completely engrossed in the research paper she was holding in her hand. I couldn't help but hope for one last time that she might be the Agency's help for me, and so started a short chat with her. She told me in English she was a professor of sociology (or some such thing), but flatly denied she could ever help me with anything. But she then suggested that I go to Berlin. I immediately recalled how Karin had replied me on January 23 (see the screenshot below) responding to the email I wrote her from Nationalbibliothek on January 22: therein she also encouraged me to go to Berlin. I thus became more and more sure that Mr Secretary wanted me to go to Berlin. I couldn't understand why but just assumed that, given the warning which he had got international law enforcement agencies to broadcast about me, my coming near the capital full of government buildings would not only help confirm in the International Court his false alerts about me as a schizophrenic obsessed with government business and persons but would also provide the German authority with more reasons to slander me to the German population with even more vicious alerts. Today, however, I think differently – because I am now aware that Mr Secretary's plan was to get me arrested or thrown into the hospital. Unlike Frankfurt, which was a quiet financial town, Berlin was a complex jungle. In Berlin, Mr Secretary would be able to recruit skin heads and other violent elements to beat me up – alerting them about my attempt to sell off Germany and United States to some Chincker criminal mastermind would be enough to provoke them – while making the affair look normal enough.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
 Lawrence C. Chin
 May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



Karin's emails to me on January 23, 2008,
 encouraging me to go to Berlin

Even in Frankfurt, I could begin to feel that Mr Secretary was fighting back ferociously and desperate to prove himself now that “the judges at the International Court” (actually just judge Higgins herself) were beginning to waiver. Having the entire infrastructure of the city of Frankfurt under his command (whatever he requested from the German government he would of course not be denied), Mr Secretary staged another protest in the hope of proving to his “Boss” and everyone around that he was a master of deception. One night when I was returning to the hotel, the big avenue – Kaiserstrasse, I think – was blocked off due to “protest in progress”, and one hundred police officers in riot gears surrounded the area. I was quite impressed – having been used to LAPD's aggressive behavior back home over many years – by the small stature of the German police officers and their gentle, unaggressive, and cavalier attitude, although they were still less agreeable a sight than the Shanghai police. Finding them such a curiosity – even though I immediately suspected that it was a fake protest staged by Mr Secretary – I

walked up to one of the female police officers asking her what was going on. The male officer standing next to her politely told me in English that some sort of protest was in progress, that university students were expressing their dissatisfaction with the rise of tuition. (Something like that.) I started jumping up and down shouting in joy, just like one of those stereotypical ignorant American young backpackers: “Wow, it's my first protest in Germany!” The police officers around me laughed and said nothing more, even though they must have already been informed by Mr Secretary about this schizophrenic Chinese secret agent that I supposedly was who had just sold off the West to China. In reality, Mr Secretary had probably staged the protest in the hope of eliciting from me a certain type of response which could prove Allies' argument, but he had failed once more, and I have no idea what it was all about. Then, when I returned to my hotel, Mr Secretary sent in a most vagrant-looking white guy to stand by the entrance of the hotel in wait for me. Upon seeing me, he shouted out offensive racial slurs at me (“Ching-chang-chung” and that kind of thing) trying to provoke me. I however, understanding Mr Secretary's tricks only too well, just ignored him and quietly went upstairs to my room. Mr Secretary wanted to get me into a fight so that I would end up in the hospital upon which I would be “found” to be my twin brother rather than myself – now that he couldn't seem to get me to go to Berlin. Behind this sort of operation, I could just feel Mr Secretary's tremendous anger boiling after he was caught lying and almost blew the plans of his neoconservative Boss Cheney, in complete contradiction to his self-image as the “Master of Deception” who was supposed to be *the* genius leading his Boss' dream to fruition.

Another significant happening around this time concerned a Chinese-Japanese fast food restaurant inside Hauptbahnhof. I ate there many times in the previous days and never suspected anything. But, one day, after I finished paying for my plate, I forgot to get drinks and thus went back to the refrigerator to pick up a bottle of water. When I brought the water to the cashier, the Chinese man simply waved his hand slightly to signal to me to go ahead without paying. I sat down on my seat, muted and afraid to make any gesture, because I began comprehending that this fast food stand may in fact be a MSS set-up – something evidenced also by the fact that, when another customer started speaking Cantonese to the cashier, the latter kept saying in English “I don't speak Chinese!” in order to avoid letting me know they were Chinese and hence possibly Chinese spies. (Apparently this was not a Chinese government setup to help neutralize the threat which I and the MSS director posed to the United States.) I was once more surprised by the fact that the MSS would be invited to Germany to run “joint operation” with the Allies and felt dizzy from over-exhausting my mind trying to figure out whether a wave of the hand was again one of those supremely subtle “secret communications” which the Chinese spies were fond of employing but which no one else on the planet could comprehend and which would make the evidentiary record of the International Court of Justice into a trash can that would admit any meaningless movement of a person as “evidence” for “secret communication” – with the consequence of forcing a nation to change its foreign policy forever.

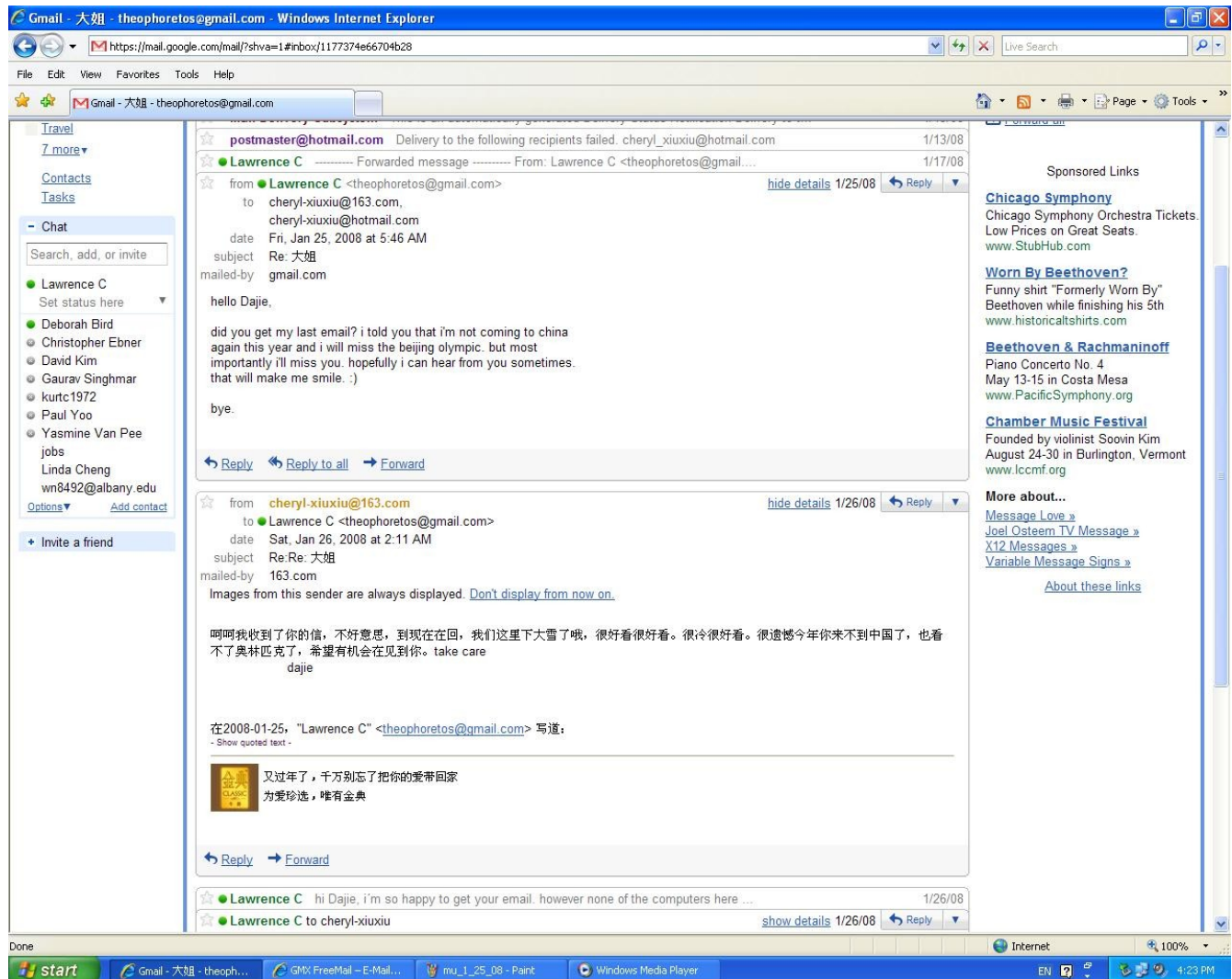
Since my hope of escaping from Homeland Security had been so traumatically shattered, my concern shrank increasingly to the three objectives of protecting China (or ensuring that China could at least “break even” with the United States at the end of the process), ensuring the stability of my websites hosting my story “My experience...” as the only compensation against Mr Secretary's “prison of

deception and theater”, and getting back into the bosom of Karin's meetups – which I so regretted leaving behind.

And so I would spend the majority of my time in Frankfurt sitting in front of computers in cybercafes or call centers savoring, on Karin's meetups' webpages, the pictures of those happy gatherings she had held during my absence. I regretted ever more my decision to exchange those happy gatherings for the lonesome life-and-death struggles in Shanghai and then here. I had of course grasped the simple fact that the best way to protect China was to avoid it at all cost while not pretending to see China as my enemy as if I were a real terrorist suspect – that would be overdone and raise suspicion that I was indeed running a “conspiracy” with the MSS to hurt the United States. As I have noted, I had been practicing the right approach of being truthful as much as possible while avoiding showing signs that I knew what was going on when the Chinese intelligence service was around me or communicating to me their incomprehensible gibberish “secret messages”. Once I could seal off China from being harmed further, I could then, relieved and worries-free, go back to California to join Karin's groups. I obviously knew that the President, the Vice President, and everyone else in the government along with the Agency and Mr Secretary would have looked upon this mentality of mine with absolute disapproval: “Do you really expect to come home to enjoy what you have abandoned after creating such disaster, without fixing it for us by admitting openly that you knew the Chinese were stinging you in the beginning?” But I was simply not ready to give in to everybody's expectation and was biting my teeth to cover up my embarrassment and shame. After all, I had always found it strange as well as unfair that people should have expected me to expect so little from life – to be content with being misunderstood as a schizophrenic in Karin's meetups and in the world at large while everything I thought in my head was actually true, only then to be universally ignored there and judged insignificant: something with which no one else would put up. Obviously, people simply regarded with righteousness my feelings as less important than theirs because they judged me a less worthy creature on the basis of my unattractive look. The double standard was all about looks!

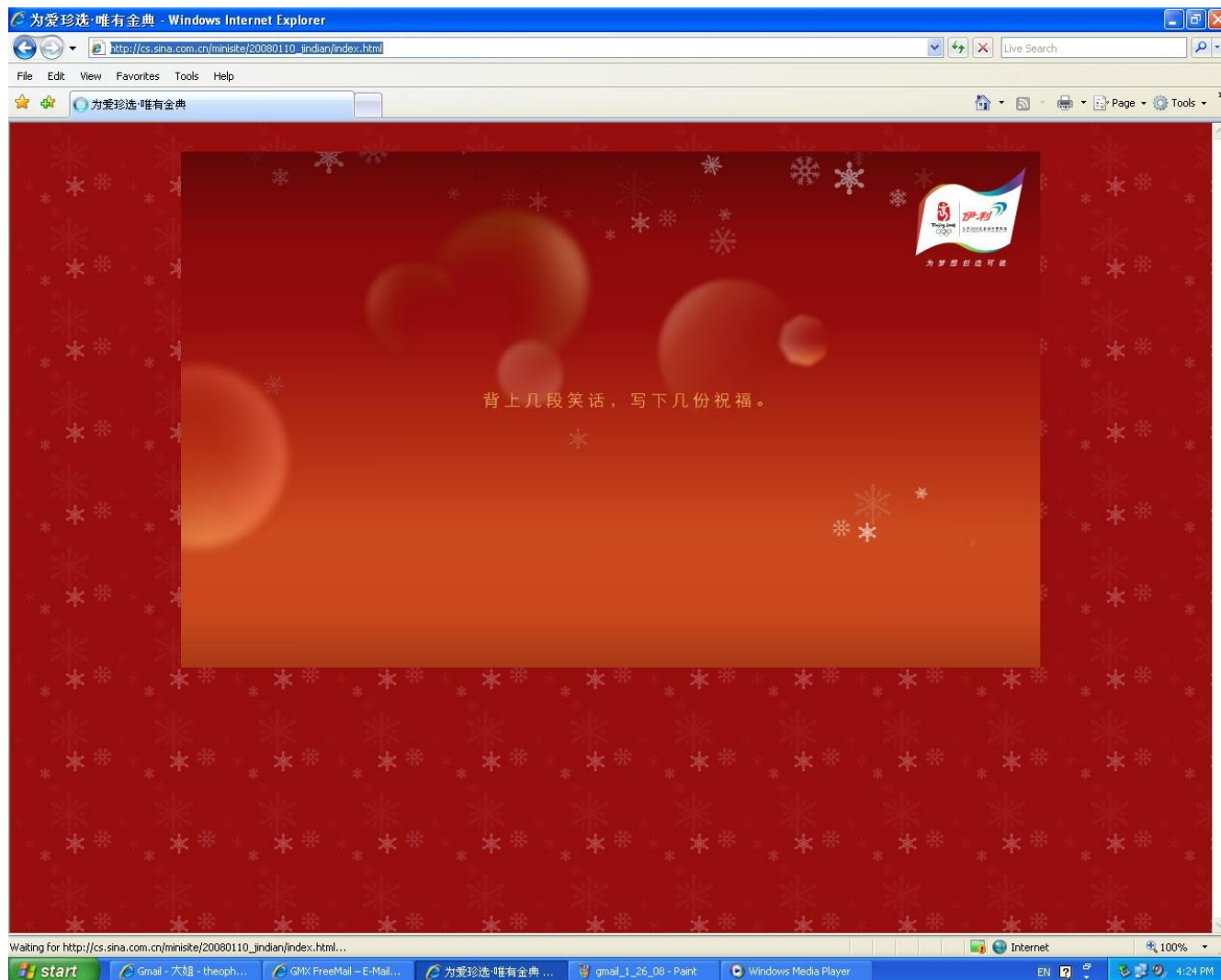
Although impatient to return to Karin's meetups, I was however afraid to return to the United States because of my concern for China's well-being. The liberating event came on January 26, when, sitting in front of the computer in the same cybercafe (the one located inside the red light district), I discovered in my Gmail account an email which Xiuxiu had supposedly written in response to the note I wrote her while I was in Geneva. (See the screenshot below.) It was a strange message. I clicked on the link at the bottom of the mysterious message and was led to a strange commercial, which I shall below present in sequence. I played the commercial several times to read through the words on it, completely fascinated because the first line so echoed my situation at the time: “Shake off the fatigue you carry, and forget the never-ending work...” At the time I actually did believe that it was a “secret message” from Xiuxiu telling me that I could return home without hurting China.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
 Lawrence C. Chin
 May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



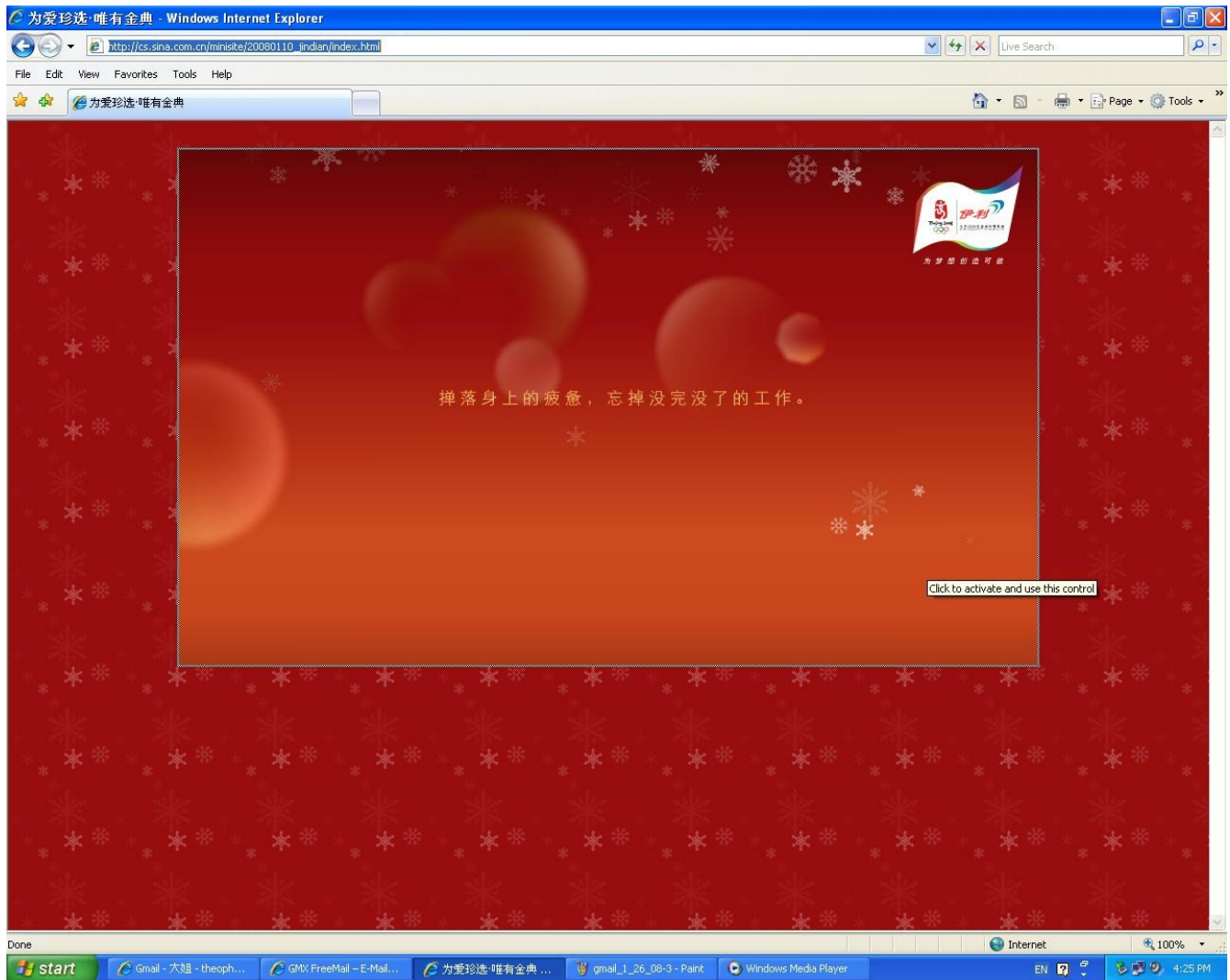
The fake email purportedly from Xiuxiu, January 26 2008

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



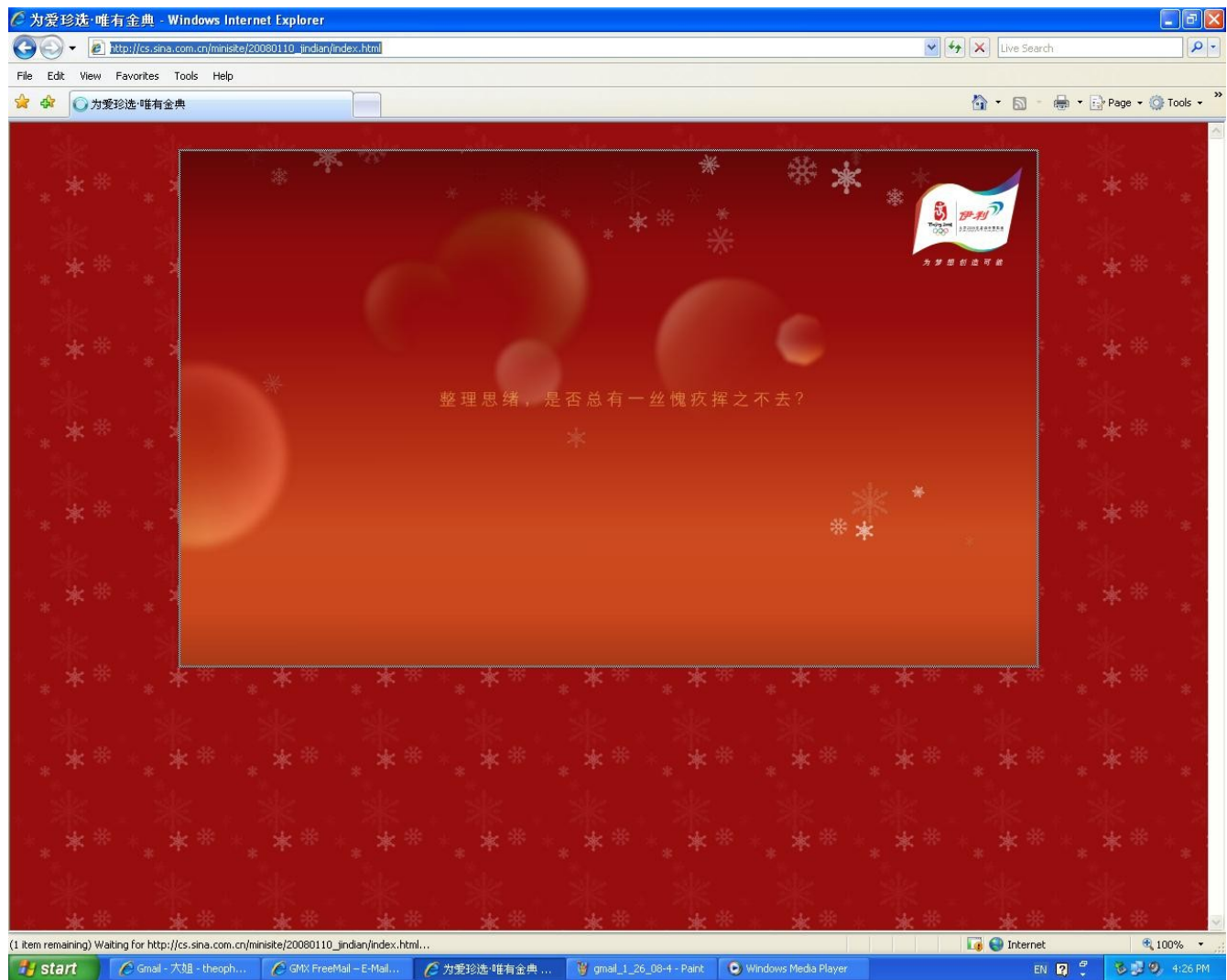
Screenshot one of the commercial:
“Carry a couple of jokes and write down a couple of good prayers”

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



Screenshot two of the commercial:
“Shake off the fatigue on your body and forget the never-ending work”

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



Screenshot three of the commercial:
“Organize your thoughts.
Is there a thin thread of regret which you can't shake off?”

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



Screenshot four of the commercial:
The product being advertised.

I had been worrying too much about China anyway, and I thus suddenly felt free to set my objective to buying a plane ticket to go home while keeping my mouth absolutely shut in regard to any prior knowledge of Chinese intelligence activities. I therefore replied to Xiuxiu pretending to understand her message as merely wishing me a happy (Chinese) new year. But the problem was that I no longer had enough money for a regular plane ticket – and who knows what had happened with my original return ticket with China Eastern which I had abandoned. I started looking for plane tickets online, and I also wrote another email to Karin. I could still use my credit card but I seemed to have run up against its limit. I thus ran around town looking for a Citi-Bank branch. I found one near the tourist information center which I have mentioned earlier. The banker however informed me sternly that the Citi-Bank in Germany had nothing to do with the Citi-Bank in United States. When I later that night returned to the

open square area near the tourist information center, I suddenly realized that I had been duped. The missive could not have come from Xiuxiu; the key to the whole matter is the beginning of her email, “Hehe...” It smacked of the vulgarity typical of Homeland Security agents, and I was certain that Xiuxiu would never talk or write like that. It was a trick devised to show the International Court that I was practically working for the Chinese intelligence service insofar as I was actually following their order. Indeed Mr Secretary and the CIA were simply trying one more time – since they had failed with their “UFO message” – to lure me to follow what I thought to be a MSS instruction so that judge Higgins may deem as complete their set of evidences proving that I had been following MSS director's instructions since the beginning. I thus hurried to a nearby cybercafe where I could use Skype to call up Wes and produce an intercept that could remedy the unfavorable evidences I had been producing all day long by searching for a plane ticket to go home. When Wes answered the call I immediately told him I had changed my mind about going home, reasoning that, since I was already here, I might as well stay a week or two to practice speaking German – the only problem being the exorbitant price of everything in Europe. I then began complaining to him about Homeland Security operations just as I had always been doing with him, telling him about Mr Secretary's dirty technique of surrounding me with his secret agents pretending to be travelers whom he instructed to look out for the slightest misbehavior on my part and then complain about it to the authority, as a way to frame me into a “dangerous and out-of-control nuthead who was on a world-trip acting out his schizophrenic delusions” and who should thus merit devastating alerts to the population around him – alerts which were in fact devised to preempt anyone from believing anything he said. Although Wes listened to me just as before, he had begun to change and he was no longer helping me: he had obviously been reprimanded severely by Mr Secretary for having advised me at all. The most obvious sign was his trickery. He suddenly advised me that, since Tomas was in Hungary at the moment,² I should write to him to ask him for help. I idiotically followed his advice and, right on the spot, wrote an email to Tomas from my Hotmail account. Of course Tomas would never reply, because the whole point was to give Hungary a reason to be involved in the lawsuit insofar as my email would be opened up within the boundaries of Hungary's territory: this was why Mr Secretary and the Agency had instructed Wes to trick me to write to Tomas. I only realized this minutes later after I had already sent out the email. On the other hand, Mr Secretary and the Agency had lost the evidence which they had wanted: I had specifically contradicted the MSS instruction. As you can see, because those Homeland Security thugs were desperate to redeem their reputation, they insisted on taking over the operations, and yet their ugly smell always tipped me off about their trap. After I hanged up with Wes, I then called up my cousin “Wendy” to ask for money. My 2,000 dollars saving was pretty much exhausted by now. Wendy however gave me the strangest reply saying she and Derek (her boyfriend-turned husband) had only 50 dollars left in their bank account. That was of course unbelievable to me. Obviously, even if Wendy had money, Mr Secretary would have instructed her to not give me any in order to deplete my finance and drive me home. This was also why, when I next called up my uncle (Wendy's father), I got the same cold reply that no one had money to give me. It is then that my romantic notion that the Agency would help me was finally dashed, and that I came face to face with the truth that Mr Secretary, angry over the embarrassment he had suffered and even more over the Agency's acknowledgment that it was ultimately his fault and not

² Originally from Hungary, Tomas was Wes' friend and was attending the University of Montreal while I was in Montreal in 2005 and 2006.

mine, must have already severely reprimanded them for siding with me instead of with him – I *was* the ultimate traitor to be dealt with in the harshest fashion. The story which Mr Secretary wanted to establish as “official” in my regard would thus be quite different, that his disasters had resulted from my premeditated act to hurt the United States out of my devilish anti-Americanism.

Depressed and hopeless, I walked to a burger store nearby to eat dinner with my ever dwindling money. I ordered my food simply in English without bothering to struggle out any German. At one point, while I was eating, the owner of the burger store – a rather good-looking middle age German woman – asked me, in English, where I was from and where I was going. “From nowhere and going nowhere,” I replied sarcastically. I then mumbled to her how I was getting close to running out of money, and she just fell silent, having presumably been alerted about me and therefore ignoring me as the evil and pathetic monster who had betrayed the West to the East. For the rest of the night, I settled down into a bar nearby where I began chewing on the Chinese computer hacking bible in order to not waste time but to study the “only way out.” I had come to understand that knowledge of computers – or how to get through the Internet – was the most important thing for someone in my situation. Occasionally I would also go onto the Internet on the public computer available in the bar looking for more information on the human rights organizations in Germany. After copying down a lot of addresses and phone numbers, I would however never follow up on any of these worthless leads. I did try to test the attitude of the waitress in this bar restaurant, wanting to find out what alerts the people in Frankfurt might have seen about me. She was a typical beautiful German girl of university age. I talked to her in English because I knew looking exotic with American English could actually elicit more favoritism from the young Germans than if I were speaking German. She responded congenially to me, as if she had never heard anything about me. The result was thus inconclusive.

The next day, I decided to buy a ticket home anyway since I had already demonstrated my “ignorance” of the (fake) Chinese intelligence message – my trip home would now supposedly not be in consequence of my “following order from the MSS”. I had to go home because the lack of support and my unfamiliarity with this town reinforced ever more intensely my longing for Karin's meetups, causing me to feel like I was floating about rootless and without anchor. I went inside the same cybercafe located in the red light district and got on Skype to call Wes. I got hold of him and begged him to buy a plane ticket for me. I decided that I should fly home on January 31 because Karin's next meetup, her German language meetup, was to take place on February 1, and returning to her meetup had become my primary motivation for going home. I wasn't begging Wes politely but was almost commanding him because of my desperation, even though I had supposedly owed him so much in my life. I simply had to bite my teeth insofar as I had no other choice. But Wes kept emphasizing that he was sick, and I felt ever more guilty for having to ignore his sickness and ask him to get out of his apartment to do something for me. At the same time I continued searching online for a ticket while talking to him on the microphone. The tickets for flights from Germany to California which I found on the Internet cost at the cheapest around 450 dollars. This was not expensive and yet was already beyond my means. What about going to Montreal to see Marie, I suddenly thought of this and immediately shared my idea with Wes. I was entertaining some bizarre romantic feeling about all this, the “world-trip” accomplished once I had seen everyone for whom I had once had good feelings. This bizarre

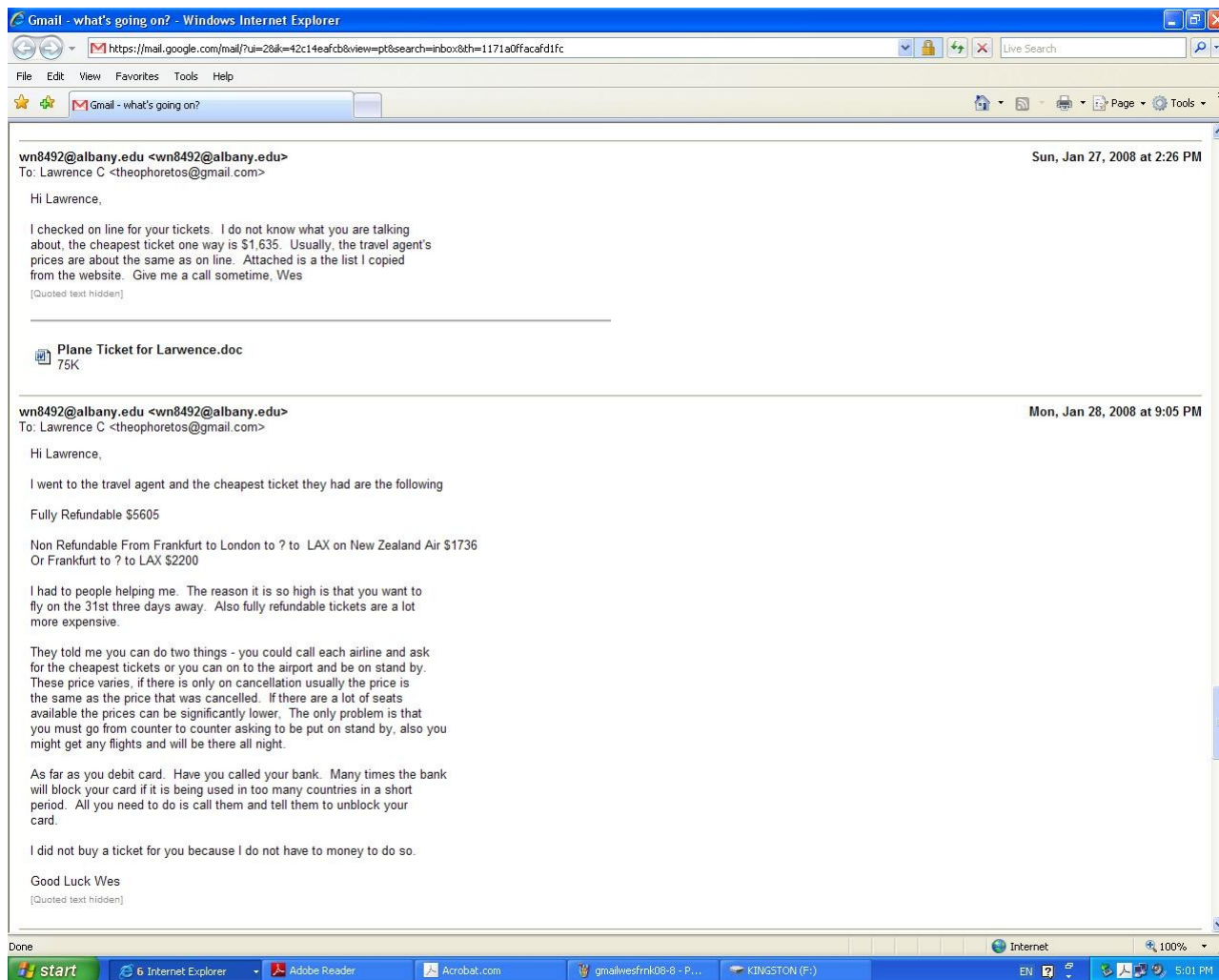
romantic feeling was the product of my idiocy and naïveté – I just did not understand how angry everybody in the US government, besides Mr Secretary, was but somehow believed that everyone saw me as “kind of cool” in being able to pull off such a major stunt, just as I had idiotically thought that the Agency was going to “adopt me” after seeing how “smart” I was, oblivious to the reality that everyone's priority in fact lay in getting back at the Chinese and manipulating me for this purpose. I had completely forgotten the far more likely possibility that Marie, instead of comforting me as a “hot shot” with a tragic fate, would have heard horrifying slander about me and would probably sneer at me had I ever gone to see her. My stupid romantic notion that everyone might be expecting me to land in Montreal was immediately contradicted when I noticed that the price of a plane ticket for the flight between Germany and Montreal was no less than that of the ticket I just saw for flights between Germany and Los Angeles. I then told Wes about the possibility of going to Brussels to find Regine. “Wow, you've got a woman in every port,” Wes laughed sarcastically. But he then, for mysterious reasons, shouted, “Why don't you go to Bueno Aires?” “What?” I was surprised. I had by this time already vaguely comprehended how the International Court of Justice worked such that I immediately realized that it was the Vice President, Mr Secretary, and the Agency who had instructed Wes to lure me to cross path with Argentina in order to enable this country as well to join in on the dismemberment of China. Thus I objected, “But I don't speak Spanish!” This idea would of course never take hold of me, and it has never been clear to me whether the mere mention of “Argentina” by Wes might be enough for bringing this country to the lawsuit as well. The scale of the whole thing had already been vast enough. What I would only later come to suspect is the possibility that the United States' desire to bring Argentina into the lawsuit might have something to do with blackmailing Brazil into not joining the lawsuit against the United States because Brazil, as I have mentioned, must have also received from FBI's Big Sister information about me and because China must have very early on discussed the matter with Brazil, which was then deciding whether or not to join the lawsuit. In the end, Wes seemed to have promised to leave home despite his flu to look for a ticket for me. When he asked me on which day I would like to return, I shouted, while looking at the calendar section on Karin's meetup: “January 31” because “The 'German Lady' has a meeting on Friday (February 1)!” I was biting my teeth ignoring the “disapproval” which I was certainly expecting from everyone in the government, although I also wondered if everyone in high position ever thought it strange that, in the end, after all this international uproar, this guy just wanted some friends, in fact just one friend, some “German Lady”.

I was at this time paying close attention to the news as well hoping to find more hints as to what was going on in the ICJ in my regard. It was around this time that I read on the website of Washington Post about a certain conflict between a Republican congressman and Mr Secretary, something to the effect that Mr Secretary had just required all border crossers to and from Canada to carry passports at all times and that the congressman then protested that this would hamper the proceedings of the largest trade partnership in the world. “We need to take necessary, but measured, precaution...” I can still remember this portion of the quote from Mr Secretary's response to the congressman as it appeared on the article of Washington Post. At that moment I developed the impression that Mr Secretary must be struggling to keep his career for there were even among Republicans elements who were deeply upset with his intentional, and extremely negligent, lies to the Chinese government. But this would be the last instance of my optimism: soon I would feel the entire world collapsing upon me as it would become

increasingly evident that there was now no one left in the world to sympathize with me.

Now the next day, January 28, I discovered, when I looked into my Gmail account while I was on the computers in the same cybercafe, Wes' reply saying the cheapest one-way ticket he could find between Frankfurt and California was 1635 dollar – which seemed obviously erroneous to me. (See the screenshot below.) I was thoroughly surprised insofar as I was under the impression that everyone was expecting me to go home and yet I seemed to be prevented from going home. I thus immediately called up Wes on Skype to complain about what was obviously a trick on his part per Authority's order. Wes on the other hand **played** obstructionism, saying he could not, yesterday, find a cheaper ticket because I only wanted to fly one-way and because I wanted it too fast. I could see that Wes was increasingly drifting away from me and **was** no longer willing to help me but was harming me under Mr Secretary's pressure. After hanging up with him I went around town checking with the few travel agencies that I could find, but all of them offered tickets at the same unaffordable price. What was worse, I then discovered that my ATM card (my Washington Mutual debit card) was rejected by every ATM in town. A horrifying sensation came up my spine, that Mr Secretary had decided to cut off my funding once and for all – however little was left of it – as a way to asphyxiate me. When I however **hurried** back to the cybercafe and called up my bank on Skype, the telephone banker merely asked me to confirm my information and told me that my account was temporarily locked because the frequent withdrawals from oversea destinations had engendered suspicion. That said, **he** unlocked my account, **enabling** me to withdraw money from ATM again. I was so relieved at the time that I wouldn't be asphyxiated in a foreign land, unaware that Mr Secretary and the Agency must have locked my account only in order to force me to communicate my information over international communication channels **so that** they may have an opportunity to orchestrate distortion of the intercept of my call resulting in faulty information about my bank accounts which they may then offer as “evidence” in the International Court of Justice proving that I wasn't myself at all – insofar as the FBI document in the Chinese hand must have also contained my bank account numbers, and the MSS director had established my identity partly using my banking information. Under judge Higgins' permission, the Allies had now counter-evidences showing me to not only hold a different passport number, but also use a different bank account number, than did the terrorist suspect Lawrence Chin.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



Wes' email to me on January 27 2008, telling me about the cheapest airline ticket he could find for me

It was now January 29, and, as soon as I woke up, I went to the cybercafe as the only thing I'd now ever do during my "travel". It was sad that I could not be in the mood to visit museums and so on because I was being tormented by Mr Secretary and additionally worrying sick over China's fate. I got on the computer at the cybercafe and discovered Wes' reply giving me ever more exaggerated prices: 5605 dollars for a fully refundable ticket and 1736 dollars for a non-refundable ticket. At the end of his email he also specified that he didn't buy the ticket for me because he didn't have the money. I immediately called him up on Skype to complain to him about the "trick" he was playing on me for Homeland Security. Why was he obstructing me, I kept wondering. The topics of his conversation were also increasingly worrying me. When I complained about the "Homeland Security alert" about me, repeating my perennial discontent with the stupidity of the common people not just in the United States but also in Europe such that they would believe anything the government told them – about me, that is

– Wes suddenly cut in with his nonsense, devised specifically to be intercepted: “Yeah... Just like when the government lied about the threat of Iraq in order to get us all into that unnecessary war.” I suddenly became very nervous about being misunderstood – that I was in fact not political, my frequent read-up on current events being only a function of curiosity and not of any leftist radicalism. I thus shouted out, “I’m talking about *me!*” But that was precisely Wes’ purpose, his “mission” being to paint me, through Agency’s extremely simple and yet effective techniques of “talking to the atmosphere” and “stuffing words into the [target’s](#) mouth”, into the figure of Mr Secretary’s invention. But this was not just to justify at the International Court of Justice his false alerts about me internationally – not just to demonstrate to judge Higgins that he wasn’t lying about me after all. Rather, since the MSS director had orchestrated a conversation between Professor Wong and a supposed Uighur separatist to advance his political – or terrorist – agenda against the United States, judge Higgins had now permitted the United States to do the same – to prove that I had intended to harm the United States when it had now become evident that such harmful intention could never come out of my mouth. Let it then come out of Wes’ mouth! Wes’ response was thus used to establish my supposed anger toward the US government which would then be my “motive” for helping the MSS director harm the United States. Because my intention now hinged on orchestrated responses from others, this technique was extremely unfair to me, and this was why the CIA folks had tried so hard to convince judge Higgins that I was a bad character. Other than letting her watch me whoring with the Polish secret agent, they must have also shown her many surveillance videos showing me masturbating with pictures of prostitutes downloaded from the Internet. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have permitted this – an unbeatable way to establish China’s obligation under UN Resolution 1373 to frame itself as a terrorism-sponsoring state! I could feel the Boss’ (Vice President’s) anger lurking behind this tactic of “talking to the atmosphere” and “stuffing words into my mouth” as he must have now demanded “an eye for an eye” in that he wanted my method of “speaking for surveillance to pick up” to be at last deflected back upon myself as his revenge. But then Wes, to my relief, began reversing course and making sense again, speaking about how, in countries like Brazil where the common people were less gullible and therefore harbored a higher degree of mistrust of the government, if the authority ever told them some such things as the lies which Mr Secretary had broadcast about me, they would wonder, “Why are you telling me this?” Wes had thus temporarily relieved me by seemingly agreeing with me and justifying my conduct in front of my “international audience.” We then talked a little more about his continual effort to find me a ticket home despite his apparent illness. Feeling guilty for having to press hard on him for my sake even though in the past it had always been he who spent efforts on me without my having the opportunity to repay him – but I couldn’t do otherwise now because I was too desperate to save myself and shield China – I thus shouted out the lamest, and most dramatic, line: “I... I love you...”. Stunned for a few seconds, Wes laughed, “That... that makes things all the better.” I couldn’t help but burst into laughter as well. And that concluded our phone conversation for that day. I really wondered what my international audiences [thought](#) about our taking the time to joke around when the entire power relations of the planet were at stake.

After talking with Wes, I continued to search on my own on the Internet for a ticket home. Unbelievably, I suddenly found a ticket from Frankfurt to Las Vegas for precisely January 31 which cost only 300 something Euros, just barely within my means. It was a flight by an obscure cheap airline

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

called “Condor”. I immediately took off for the Frankfurt airport to find this Condor airline ticket office. After some searching in the airport, I found this office, a mere ticket stand among a long series of airline ticket booths. A beautiful German woman of late 30s who worked at the ticket stand politely answered my questions in English and allowed me to purchase a ticket on the spot. I have to assume that this woman was also a BND agent. She wouldn't however let me purchase the ticket with my debit card or credit card, saying she only accepted German cards. That was of course so out of the ordinary that I must presume it had something to do with Mr Secretary's attempt to protect the evidence he had just collected from the mistaken intercept of my banking information. Furthermore, it had completely escaped me that I was only allowed to go home because my earlier conversation with Wes had finally established to the satisfaction of judge Higgins my intention to conspire with the MSS director to hurt the United States! In fact, since I had already “received” MSS director's order (“a fake order which I had supposedly thought to be real”) telling me to go home, as soon as I went home, I would have completed the cycle of evidences showing how I had not only intended to conspire with the MSS director to harm the United States but had actually carried out the “mission” to its end.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
 How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
 Lawrence C. Chin
 May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

Veranstalter: Condor Flugdienst Thomas-Cook-Platz 1 61440 Oberursel Tel.: (01803) 400 290		BUCHUNG		Wichtig! ORIGINAL
Vorgang: 7747267-1 Buchungsdatum: 29.01.2008		Leistungsbeginn: 31.01.2008 vom: 29.01.2008 11:15		Seite 1 / 4
Anr.	Name	Alter	Leistung	Preis in EUR
E	CHIN/LAWRENCE CHANG		MR. 1X TREIBSTOFFZUSCHLAG PRO STRECKE 1X STEUERN/ENTGELTE CONDOR SERVICE CHARGE	199,00 68,00 10,00 40,00
	ALLE		31.01.08 FRANKFURT - LAS VEGAS M DE 4082 11:35 - 14:45 (12:10H) ACHTUNG: BEI ONEWAY-TICKETS BENOETIGEN SIE FUER DIE EINREISE EIN TICKET FUER DEN RUECKFLUG/ WEITERFLUG ODER ENTSPRECHENDE REISEPAPIERE (Z.B. GREENCARD). HINFLUG FREIGEPACKE: PC >>> <<<	
	ALLE		RUECKFLUG FREIGEPACKE: PC >>> <<<	
*** IHRE RESERVIERUNGSNUMMER IST 7747267-01 *** *** ELECTRONIC TICKET - YOUR RESERVATION NO. IS 7747267-01 *** BASISTARIF: BITTE BESONDERE STORNO- UND				
Gesamt:				317,00
FLUGPLANAENDERUNGEN VORBEHALTEN, ALLE FLUGZEITEN OHNE GEWAHR Schutz-Paket/Rücktrittskostenversicherung nicht gewünscht.				
Es bediente Sie: Stefanie Jacob [0274] Ag-Nr: Bst.		Diese Reiseanmeldung wird durch meine Unterschrift verbindlich. Die Reise- und Zahlungsbedingungen des Reiseveranstalters bzw. Leistungsträgers habe ich zur Kenntnis genommen.		
Telefon: 069-69074047 LAWRENCE CHANG CHIN SCHALTER 5-6 60549 FRANKFURT		CONDOR REISEMARKT/TH.COOK VERTRIE TERMINAL 1 HALLE C SCHALTER 5-6 60549 FRANKFURT 06969074047		
		Hiermit erkläre ich, dass ich für die Verpflichtungen der von mir angemeldeten Reiseteilnehmer gegenüber dem Reiseveranstalter bzw. Leistungsträger wie für meine eigenen eintreten werde.		
		Ich bin damit einverstanden, dass meine personenbezogenen Daten vom Reisebüro oder Reiseveranstalter für Kundeninformationen gespeichert, verarbeitet und genutzt werden. Außerdem ist mir bekannt, dass ich Auskunft über die gespeicherten Daten verlangen kann.		
		Ort: _____ Datum: _____ Unterschrift des Reisebüros: _____ Unterschrift des Kunden: _____		

My booking with "Condor Air"

It was 1 PM or so when I returned to the neighborhood of Hauptbahnhof. I came back to the same cybercafe and wrote another email to Wes (dated January 29 4:24 AM Pacific Time, which was either 1:24 or 2:24 PM Frankfurt's time). Since my crisis was now supposedly resolved, I was relieved and

considerably softened my tone, thanking Wes for having looked into the tickets despite his sickness and telling him that I was doing fine having just found a cheap enough ticket and enabled my debit card to work again.

The next day, January 30, I followed my routine and came to the cybercafe to test my waters with Wes. Wes and the Internet had increasingly become my only sources of information regarding China's fate and the fate awaiting me. I found an email reply from him that was of no significance (the email was dated January 29, 2 PM, which was thus either 11 PM or midnight, Frankfurt's time). I then called him up on Skype. To my surprise, Wes resumed our past habit of exchanging narratives about what Homeland Security had done to each of us. I had no idea why he suddenly started on this path; I simply knew that, since he must have been instructed to talk to me in this way, it must be bad for me: once again, I was following my rule of thumb – always do what others didn't want me to do and never do what others wanted me to do, since everyone was here to harm me per Mr Secretary's order. I instructed Wes not to talk any longer about this Homeland Security business, convinced that it was some sort of trick to lure me to display my “schizophrenic delusion” so that afterwards he could report me to the relevant authority who would then detain me for psychiatric lock-up the moment I should arrive home. My concern was reinforced by the fact that, from now on, Wes would only pick up the phone after his answering machine had started recording. He would presumably turn in the recording of our conversation to the authority, I thought. I therefore started framing my story “My experience...” into something that it was not, referring to it as a piece of fiction and avoiding talking to Wes about how Homeland Security had been making my life here unlivable. After some chatting, I suddenly whined to Wes, jumping up and down on my seat, “I want people to read my story!” – which was what I really wanted at the time, on top of having the opportunity to make “real friends.” Then Wes asked me which was of greater importance to me, living among a population where no one was alerted about me so that I might have this opportunity to make “real friends”, or finding a untampered infrastructure within which I might use the Internet unimpeded and gain readership for my story – my two reasons for escaping to China. I told Wes “The Internet is more important...” That was the whole content of our conversation that day, and I was at the time entertaining the thought that those “Important People” in the United States' government must have thought the whole affair too strange, laughable, and regrettable insofar as such a huge international conflict was born out of such simple desires, to have a “meetup” in Shanghai, to share a story which was already unbelievable in the first place with merely a small portion of the earthly population, and finally to be near this “German Lady”. I had as yet no comprehension of the fact that the important people in the government were only concerned with the damages I had caused and had no interests in my motivations because nobody thought my feelings to be worthy of consideration in the first place.

Now my “Feefee blog” on Blog Spot also hosted my story “My experience...”, and it also contained a few minor notes about Homeland Security's operations on me. Alerted by my chat with Wes, I decided to change the title of my Feefee blog by adding a subtitle, “Fantasies of an imaginary life...”, thus fictionalizing it as well in order to create counter-evidences for law enforcement agencies indicating that this “schizophrenic” didn't really believe in the delusional stories he was telling. Now, as soon as I did that, my Internet connection was cut off – this was Mr Secretary's way of telling me that I just did

one more thing to save either myself or China. Indeed, all the orchestrated false reporting about me had already prompted the Interpol to look into my websites (they were of course pretending to do so as part of the staged show), and they were just about to conclude that I was massively insane when I suddenly changed course and disavowed my insanity. I would continue to change the content of my other websites in the coming days. Throughout all this time, as I was thus struggling with the problem concerning my websites, it would become increasingly apparent to me that Mr Secretary was also determined to close down this last avenue in my world.

My routine in Frankfurt since I came back from Geneva thus consisted solely in going to the cybercafe. There, other than talking with Wes, I would be checking over my websites and looking up who had visited them, especially my Lima City site. (Recall that I checked the visitor statistics for my Lima-City site on 4stats.de.) I had come to focus my attention exclusively on my Lima-City site because it was the most presentable of all my websites and because, here at least, even before my trip, I was already receiving two visitors per day.

Now I was of course still checking over the version of my story hosted on www.vip.cn. Once when I was doing so – probably on one of the nights between January 25 and 28 – the fake comment which somebody (presumably the MSS) had made in regard to my drawing of Goddess Athena continually flashed on the task bar on the bottom of the computer's screen, beckoning me to click on it once more even though I had already seen it. This confirmed for me at last that that this comment “Good. Well drawn!” was indeed a “secret message” from the MSS director in response to my “confession” to Jennifer Day's sister. You see, Mr Secretary must have by then also taken control of the “sideway” communication channel by which the MSS director was able to leave a “Thank you” note on my website even though the entire MSS had already fallen under the former's command. Now Mr Secretary just needed me to click on it once more in order to obtain a definitive piece of evidence demonstrating that I knew that that was a message and that the MSS director and I had thus been “communicating” – evidence at last for a “conspiracy” with which the United States may completely suppress the judgment which judge Higgins had issued on January 20 or so declaring that the United States had violated UN Resolution 1373. This was before my “harmful intent” was “proven” and when the Russians were helping the Chinese bargain hard in that unknown corner of the UN Security Council. Thus Homeland Security personnel were remotely controlling the computer I was using to cause the message to flash continually beckoning me to click on it. But I just wouldn't do it. This operation had failed.

On another night I discovered a big bookstore in the center of Frankfurt. This bookstore very much resembled the Borders Bookstore and Barnes and Nobles in the United States. It was not as big, but there was within it a coffee area with seating where one may freely peruse the books fetched from the bookshelves. Still desperate to understand the Internet as the final outlet for my expression, I found a German book on network administration and brought it to the coffee area for perusal. I began studying intensely the seven layers of the OSI model (Open System Interconnection Standard). I was still under the erroneous impression that I might one day learn a way to bypass Homeland Security's Man-in-the-Middle blockage of my Internet connection, not knowing that the very way in which the Internet was

built meant that one could never get out of government's surveillance and control of one's Internet connections. Just then two vulgar looking middle-aged American men sat down in my vicinity and began a conversation in their heavily accented German. I instantly recognized them as the same old Homeland Security bum agents sent here to put up a show in front of me to deceive me and thereby to redeem their face in front of their international audience. Just when their "Homeland Security vulgarity" was prompting me to vomit, however, I noticed that one of them was holding a book on – Guess what, Joomla! once more. Back in December 2007, when I was posting a lot of messages on Lima City's discussion forums, those Homeland Security internauts would continually follow me posting replies to encourage me to use Joomla. Since those Homeland Security messages were permeated with vomit-inducing vulgarity – even when the Homeland Security thugs wrote in German – I was of course only motivated to avoid Joomla like pestilence, knowing that, should I ever download it, it would certainly completely mess up my computer. Now, tonight, I became even more determined never to touch Joomla!, even though I had as yet no idea what exactly Joomla! was supposed to do.

On another day, probably around January 28 or 29 or so, something happened which would contribute to my increasing sense of desperation and feeling of being entrapped. I was in the cybercafe and, while I was checking over Google's cache of my story "My experience...", the cache somehow broke up half-way, just at the point where I wrote: "The neocon philosophy of government in which [Mr Secretary] was thoroughly steeped was that the government should be the supreme power in the universe which alone has the final say as to who can say and do what, who is permitted to live and who not, and with which there should be no room for the citizens to negotiate. If Mr Secretary decides that I should not have my CIA friend, then that would be the end of the discussion: I certainly should not have the power to make a deal with him in order to get my CIA friend back..." Everything below this line just disappeared on the cache. The image of the Vice President's angry face then appeared in my mind, telling me how right I was in my statement and how wrong I was therefore in trying to "defect" elsewhere to find friendship among humankind. On the other hand, I also thought at the time – correctly or not – that, other than communicating this message to me, the cut-off also represented a response which the "Boss" (just named) produced in regard to my encounter with Ms Congenial – in regard to my "message" to her (the newspaper). I had been imagining in my head during those days that those in the High Office back home must be thinking that, after I saw my escape cut off, I then wanted to reverse course and ask for the Agency's forgiveness and recruitment. (Everyone probably thought – so I thought – that such was what I meant when I put the German newspaper on Ms Congenial's laps: "He wants to come home," the CIA officials would have said to the "Boss" as they stood together watching this on the screen.) The cut-off in Google's cache was then the High Office's negative response. At the time I was also imagining the astonishment of those figures who were less familiar with me, such as the then Madam Secretary of State, in regard to my identification of Ms Congenial as a CIA officer by mere sight. "I can't believe this... He really could identify a CIA officer just by looking at her," so would Ms Secretary of State murmur. It must have been the strangest thing they had ever seen.

Now it was January 30. As usual, after I finished my free meal in the hotel, I walked to the cybercafe in the middle of the red light district. I called up Wes on Skype. Now this would be the call which would

“save my life” – and change Mr Secretary's plan. During this call, Wes continued trying to lure me to talk about Homeland Security operations, but I would now tell him straightforwardly that I didn't want to talk about this, and that his talking about it might make other people think him crazy. Then Wes repeatedly asked me where I was going to land (“Is it in Los Angeles?”), pretending not to know that I was to land in Las Vegas. Just at that moment, not only had he alerted me to the fact that he had been forced by Mr Secretary to harm me, unlike the previous occasion *when* he advised me “to keep a low profile”, but he had also actually scared me, unlike the times before my trip when he was instructed to lie to me or play pranks on me *under* the Agency's instruction. “Yeah, yeah...” I said, perfunctorily confirming that I was to land in Los Angeles in order to prevent him from reporting me to law enforcement authority “My schizophrenic friend is to land in Las Vegas tomorrow. Please take him in.” Thus I realized that I could not go home at this time – that Mr Secretary had already orchestrated enough alerts and false complaints about me that the legal threshold had been reached to enable local authorities to detain me under normal law enforcement mechanisms. After my perfunctory response, I just hung up in fear.

The next day, that is, the morning of the day of my supposed departure, I ate breakfast slowly at the dining room in the hotel, reading a German newspaper at the same time. I then walked to the cybercafe to check my emails, taking my time and purposely trying to miss my flight. When I thus arrived at the Frankfurt airport late and already missing my plane, I pretended to be nervous while walking up to the ticketing lady of Condor Air. The lady, a good-looking blond who was obviously a BND agent, pretended to be angry over my “anger” when I wasn't even acting angry. “Talking to the atmosphere”, that is. I proceeded to ask her what to do. Pretending to be annoyed, she offered me another printout which listed the later dates on which I may do stand-by with the ticket I had bought. That was all fine with me. Business done, I then used the public computer kiosk at the airport to check my Feefee blog and my Lima-City site hosting “My experience...”. That's when I noticed the strangest thing, that both my blog and my Lima City site were blocked with a pop-up notice saying, in regard to my Feefee blog, that the site was marked “inappropriate” because it contained the word “young girls” and, in regard to my Lima-City site, that the site was blocked because it contained the word “pedophilia”. I had no idea at the time how this could have come about. Only by March (2008) was I able to understand what had happened by putting this together with two other happenings: Wes' “joke” about “Cam” last December, and the physical alteration of Cam's age in her private message to me at *Allemagne au Max*. Mr Secretary must have staged a show in which international law enforcement agencies, cooperating with him in the neutralization of a terrorist threat against America, had been broadcasting an alert about me as a “pedophile”. Mr Secretary, attempting to silence me and to wreak revenge on me insofar as my story had become an important piece of evidence in the current court battle, had decided to use the suspicion of “pedophilia” to prevent my story from coming into the attention of other human beings. You see, since the Western governments had to pretend to permit the freedom of speech and so could not simply tell me not to spill out government's secrets – in this case, its operations on me – when I had never been *formally* recruited or signed any contracts, our Secretary of Homeland Security would have to find other means to suppress my voice. The communication with “Cam” earlier provided a pretext insofar as Mr Secretary *had changed the girl's age in official records*. I will explain later how this worked. With this prior record, the mere appearance of two words in a story that had nothing to do with

“girls” nor with that disgusting crime but which was simply telling the story of intelligence operations could suddenly become legally legitimate ground for the suppression of the story. I would be absolutely incensed by such hypocrisy and dirty trick on the part of Mr Secretary, and would be much more impressed by such “traditional totalitarian” government as the Chinese government insofar as when it suppressed dissidents it was at least honest by charging them with spilling out state secrets rather than making up irrelevant crimes so as to pursue its real purpose “under the table”. In the Western world, with all its guarantees of “freedom of speech” and so on, it is thus frequently the case that whistleblowers or spillers of state secrets would soon be “discovered” to be either insane or a sex criminal so that their words would either be ignored by the general population or be censored as criminally “pornographic”, whereas in an evil totalitarian state such as China such people would just end up in jail, charged with a crime which actually described what they had done.³ I would not realize until years later that Mr Secretary was also desperate to frame me into a pedophile in official records because, when he then intercepted the “official records” he himself had created into Judge Higgins' evidentiary chamber – with her permission – he could use my newly discovered status as a “pedophile” as ground on which to suppress my story “My experience...” as evidence, insofar as the products of a pedophile were inadmissible as evidences in the International Court of Justice according to international laws. The MSS director would then be left with no more evidences than a warning from the DHS saying that I was a schizophrenic who had imagined up that I had once been a terrorist suspect and an old FBI document saying that I had indeed once been a terrorist suspect – without however anything more than some pictures and an identical name on both documents to prove that the two documents were actually talking about the same person. What's more important, my connection to the CIA would be eliminated from the evidentiary record, and all the incriminating documents which the MSS director had got out of the Agency's “secret box” would have to be withdrawn from the UN. *The Russians were bargaining hard in the UN Security Council, and Mr Secretary was desperate to get that document on Iran out of there.* When I returned to the cybercafe in city center, I would investigate the actual mechanism for censoring my websites. Soon I would conclude that my domain at Lima City (spencer2007) had most likely been filtered through a web proxy, and that the web proxy which Homeland Security (or rather, the German authority under Mr Secretary's command, since Lima City was hosted on a German company's server) had used to block my websites must be something similar

3 The worst case I have heard mentioned is Richard Taus'. As Mike Ruppert summarizes on his website (http://www.fromthewilderness.com/my_case_is.shtml): “Richard Taus earned three Bronze Stars and seven Air Medals flying helicopters in Vietnam. Taus later became a highly decorated FBI Agent in New York while also serving as a Reserve Army Instructor for the U.S. Army Command and General Staff Colleges. In the 1980s, before the Iran-Contra scandals, Taus uncovered massive illegal covert operations that led directly to Bill Casey, Oliver North and Vice President George Bush through a contract spook outfit called 'The K Team.' Undaunted by pressure from higher-ups – including one of my favorite bad guys, FBI Assistant Director, Oliver 'Buck' Revell – to cease and desist his investigations, Taus refused to yield. His investigations led to drugs, money laundering, weapons smuggling, political corruption and into the heart of the CIA. Taus was so persistent that, when his cover as a soccer coach got him too close to powerful political circles, he was railroaded into 32 to 90 years in the infamous Dannemora prison for child molestation. This, notwithstanding the fact that the trial Judge disallowed evidence that the families of the boys who made the charges initially, had their own criminal investigations disappear after Taus was convicted.” I do not want to mention the case of Julian Assange for some other reason, although the counter-culture likes to cite him as the latest example of this kind. Look, when your words threaten the people in power, they will find ways to go around your constitutional right to free speech and “get you” with something else, something far worse.

to “Squid.”

What I didn't understand as yet is the fact that my status as a pedophile had also enabled my words and actions to be blacked out – censored – from the surveillance intercepts which the Allies were presenting to judge Higgins as evidences. Thus, in the earlier incident, the BND woman's reaction toward me as if I was angry when I wasn't could be used as evidence proving that I was angry, disruptive, and a dangerous person just as was said of me on Mr Secretary's false warning to the world about me – it was evidence proving he didn't lie about me since I could not be seen in the surveillance on me! This was also how Wes' statement that I was angry with the invasion of Iraq could be used as evidence proving that I had intended to harm the United States – since I couldn't be heard in the interception of my conversation with others! The very star in the TV show was censored from the show, and the audience saw only a black spot moving about and heard only beeps when he spoke. Again, judge Higgins purposely permitted herself to be duped like this not just because the Allies had followed all legal conventions in pulling such tricks but also because she was convinced that it was the MSS director who had caused the case to degenerate to such point where truth need no longer matter.

Worrying about my story, I did something quite stupid. I found a copy center near the Western Campus of Goethe University and, there, I made one more copy of my story “My experience...”. I then came inside the Goethe University's library for religious studies. This library was open to the public so that anyone could enter it without having to show one's student identification card. I had decided to repeat what I did in Taiwan, at the Law Library of the Taiwan University, namely, secretly inserting a copy of “My experience with the FBI, the CIA, and the Department of Homeland Security” into one of the bookshelves where it may remain buried until one day, may God help, someone may discover it by accident and read it, so that my pain would not be lost in the collective consciousness of humanity. This would be my last desperate attempt to get my voice out into the world after my trip to China was ruined and my websites were blocked. I found a bookshelf which was especially reserved for former students' dissertations and theses. I thought this excellent since my story, given the way it was bound, looked very similar to a dissertation. I thus carefully chose one most appropriate copy from my remaining three copies – one that had the same color as the dissertations on the shelf. I then took out a bunch of these former students' dissertations, pretended to look over them on a table, and, when I piled them up together to put them back onto the shelf, inconspicuously inserted the copy of my own story into the pile. Only then did I put the whole pile back onto the shelf. I was hoping that, by so doing, I would have escaped Agency's and Mr Secretary's surveillance. I believe that I did escape Homeland Security's notice while in Taiwan University's Law Library, but I would come to doubt that I had succeeded this time. In fact, I may have just jeopardized my entire copyright to my story. I felt safe at the time because, while I was retrieving the dissertations from the bookshelf, a blond German girl, college student-looking, came to check on me. (Since I was squatting behind the tall bookshelves, I can't be seen by anyone entering the library.) Evidently it was Mr Secretary and the Agency who had sent her here to check on me, just like what happened in Taiwan a little more than three months ago.

After I was done, I went to the cafeteria inside the Western Campus. (While the library for religious studies was located on the right end of the long hall, the cafeteria was located in the center.) I ordered

some food, and, while I was smoking a cigarette outside, I noticed a German girl – a student *it seems* – sitting in the corner by herself. Because I was too bored and desperate, I went up to her and began chatting with her. She had obviously already seen the devastating alert about me and had at the same time been instructed as to how to talk to me. I asked her in English something about this school, and, when she explained to me the history of Goethe University, she just had to relate it to Hitler, as if she refused to have a conversation *without* mentioning this devil. That's how I realized that the alert which Mr Secretary had broadcast to all German universities about me must have also included the falsehood that I – an Asian guy from Taiwan – was somehow an ardent admirer of Hitler and an anti-Semitic white supremacist.

My inability to understand fast-spoken German, resulting in enormous boredom, and my increasing desperation, *finally* prompted me to decide to go to Brussels. After all, Régine, who was in Brussels, was the only person I knew on the entire European continent. Meanwhile, I began thinking about going to the Russian embassy as well. During my last day in Frankfurt, I came inside a big bookstore inside Hauptbahnhof to gather information from all the travel books on the shelves, and, while hiding in a corner, I copied down the address of the Russian embassy in Berlin from one of those travel books. I wasn't sure whether Mr Secretary's surveillance had ever picked up this act on my part – I was doing something extremely dangerous to Russia. I was under the erroneous impression that Russia may accept my asylum because they might need *me* as the definitive evidence to fight their case in the ICJ after I left China – I was unaware that, by doing so, I would only cause Russia to lose its case and to be convicted of “conspiracy” with me. In the end, however, I decided not to go up to Berlin, but to go west to Brussels, thinking that I could run to the Russian embassy over there in any case should I ever need to.

And so I departed Frankfurt by train – unaware that, by not going home, I had failed to follow my “order” from the MSS director and had therefore delayed the Chinese and Russian loss: judge Higgins would not declare that evidence was complete that I was conspiring with the MSS director (although only by blindly following his orders) until she had actually seen me carry out his instruction in at least one instance. The train had to stop at a transfer point on the German border – it was Cologne, if I remember it correctly. Standing on the platform and completely at a loss, I needed to ask someone. There was nobody around on the entire platform, except *one* attractive female who was standing in the distant. In my desperation, I ran toward her, without feeling the shame which would under normal circumstances prevent me from approaching females. When I came in front of her, I saw that she was in her late 20s or early 30s, and I asked her which train was the one going to Brussels. She responded to me with a heavy accent. She spoke good German but no French and rather poor English. *It turned out that she was Russian.* At the time I didn't find this suspicious. When I was eating in the cafeteria inside the train station, I saw her again standing in the hallway and *waving* and smiling at me. I finally got suspicious: usually, my unattractiveness would cause any female to ignore my existence. I was not yet cognizant of the fact that Mr Secretary had sent this Russian girl here to produce a certain type of evidence for his battle with a new comer in the lawsuit in the International Court of Justice. I hadn't reflected on this ever since my Skype popped up in Russian. When I got onto the train, however, I *spotted* this Russian girl sitting in the corner: she was also going to Brussels. Out of shyness, however,

I simply walked past her and didn't bother to sit with her.

And so I arrived at Brussels' Gare central (Central Station). Although I had emailed Régine while I was in Geneva, she never responded. I called up her number from a payphone in the station, but there was no answering. I then simply asked a stranger how to get to her neighborhood, pointing to the map on the station's wall. I was familiar with the mall and the metro stop closest to her apartment building. As soon as I saw these, I would know how to get to her place. The stranger pointed out to me the name of the metro station I was looking for. So eventually I found Régine's apartment building. I nervously walked into the building and rang her doorbell. (She lived high up, on the tenth floor or so.) Surprisingly, Régine answered the call and, upon hearing me say that I was in town and, after getting no email response from her, thought it nice to drop by, graciously told me to climb up. I was instantly relieved, naïvely believing that I had at last found a life boat, unaware that Régine had already been told plenty of slanders about me and instructed by Mr Secretary to lure me into a trap. And so I arrived at her front door and rang her door bell, and she greeted me as if nothing was wrong. I hanged my jacket by her front door, slightly embarrassed [about the fact](#) that I was not in the cleanest condition because my desperate escape from Homeland Security had not permitted me a chance [to](#) shower and wash my hair. When I walked into her living room, I saw “Maria” – the person I had [thus far](#) only heard about.⁴ I would rather that Maria not be here because, then, she too would have seen Mr Secretary's slandering alerts about me not knowing that it was all bogus, which would certainly embarrass Régine. Indeed, Maria stared at me rather uncomfortably, as if saying, “So this is the most detestable creature we have all been warned about?” I totally felt bad for Régine that her Brazilian friend would have to know that she had something to do with me.

In any case, Régine was rather comfortably watching the television on the sofa in the living room while I was trying to think of a way to explain [to Régine](#) my desperation without getting once more into my story about Homeland Security and the Agency which, you recall, I had already shared with her in April the previous year. Despite her comfort, a certain strange look on her face clearly betrayed the fact that the local authority had already told her something ridiculous about me. An even worse slander than the last one, I supposed. Régine then suddenly asked me “Is someone pursuing you” (“Est-ce que quelqu'un te poursuit?”). Alarmed that she might have been alerted once more about how I had imagined up, due to my “schizophrenia”, being pursued by all these intelligence agencies, I replied “No.” I thought I got smarter this time. Régine seemed to [sneer](#) at me but then suddenly feel sorry enough for me that she led me to the kitchen to offer me the tasty shrimps which had been left over from her dinner with Maria. Régine had always been super considerate of her friends and, terribly moved by her kindness, I shouted to her, “Tu es gentile!” But Régine simply replied that it was Maria who had cooked all this. “Mais c'est toi qui me l'a offert!” I retorted. Then, when I [had](#) finished eating the shrimps, Régine asked me to leave because she and Maria were supposedly going to a party of some sort. She purposely fetched out some wine bottles and remarked that I could not go with her. It seemed to me (correctly or not) that she was instructed by the Agency to do this in order to stir up jealousy and desperation within me, thus [prompting](#) me to covet Karin's meetups back home even

⁴ Maria was a Brazilian girl whom Regine had met in Brazil a long time ago. When I was leaving Régine in April 2007, she was already preparing for Maria's arrival.

more. Régine then, without my request, went into her room to fish out a bunch of needle clips to clip up the broken, unzippable portions of my backpack. That was how kind she was even though she must have completely believed the slanders she **was told** about me – probably how I was a schizophrenic Chinese secret agent, a twin brother of myself pretending to be myself, a dangerous pedophile and sex criminal, having just sold off the West to China in an unbelievably evil conspiracy with the cheating and lying Chinese intelligence chief – which slander must have shocked her to her bones in that, for over ten years, she never knew that, on top of being **a** schizophrenic, a pedophile, and a Nazi, I wasn't even myself at all. Moved by her kindness, I shouted out **suddenly** that I wanted to forever stay with her in Brussels (“Je veux rester en Brussels avec Régine pour toujours”). Régine sneered at my impulsive sentimentality. She then suggested that I go stay in a certain hotel inside the Grand Place (next to the Central Station). She carefully named the hotel for me and meticulously reminded me to show my passport. Minutes later then, all three of us descended down **in the elevator** to the ground floor and Régine simply turned around **and walked** away with Maria, leaving me with nothing except a cavalier goodbye. I desperately called out to her to remind her that I had not seen her for ten months – how could she be abandoning me like this after treating me with some shrimps? But she merely replied that, even when I saw her in April the previous year, I didn't complain about not having seen her for ten years. The cavalier laughter with which she made the statement so stirred up my desperation that I just grabbed onto her arm and stuck my head against her shoulder. She pulled her arm away and turned to Maria with a sarcastic smile: “Can you believe this? He just dropped by unannounced and yet expected to stay!” Whereupon she walked away with Maria. **As** I watched her disappear in the darkness, I felt compelled to conclude to myself out loud: “She's an agent.” Of course, it's not proper to say that she had been *recruited*; it was merely that she had already been secretly *instructed* by Mr Secretary's agents as to what to do with me.

I did afterward go to the Grand Place next to Gare central to take a look at the hotel which Régine had recommended. It was located diagonally across from Hôtel de Ville. I didn't check in but just wanted to take a look, because, since Régine must have been instructed by the Authority to persuade me to go there, this hotel must certainly be a trap. What was the trap about? I had already vaguely understood that Mr Secretary wanted me to show my passport around, **as I would be** required to do should I check into any hotel following Régine's recommendation. But I was at the time still under the impression that Mr Secretary only wanted this in order for international law enforcement to identify the schizophrenic **who was** harboring dangerous delusions about the United Nations and so on – that, once again, we all had to pretend that I wasn't being tracked by intelligence agencies everywhere I went but had only come into the attention of international law enforcement authorities through ordinary people's reports and so on. I hadn't yet thought about the possibility that Mr Secretary might simply be trying to erase my passport number with faulty surveillance. After checking out the hotel, I went inside the restaurant next door, and got thrown out because of my dirty appearance. I walked instead to the other side of the Central Station and found a bar that was still open for business. I went inside and ate and drank. The place, about half full, had a pleasant atmosphere. A band was playing in the background and people were dancing to the music on stage. As I was drunk (non-alcoholic) and ate, I noticed a British woman standing by the bar counter giving me glances. She was between 35 and 45 year-old and was slightly overweight – not a perfect figure. I knew she was British because she would soon without my

solicitation came to talk to me and she spoke with a heavy British accent. Depressed and desperate, I welcomed her move even though I vaguely understood the danger of talking to strangers given that operations must be waiting for me. She sat down in front of me and, after confirming her British origin, told me that she worked in some humanitarian aid department in the EU government here in Brussels, and that her boyfriend was one of the musicians who were playing on stage. I shouted with happiness and like an idiot about how cool Brussels was because it was so easy here to run into people who were doing something “important”. This British woman was quite pleasant and, after telling me about her problems with her boyfriend (how he didn't take her seriously enough), invited me to dance with her on stage right to the tune which her boyfriend was making with his fellows. Although I felt a little uncomfortable about dancing with someone else's girlfriend in front of him, I gave in, thinking that perhaps it was her trick [to get](#) her boyfriend jealous and to prompt him to take her more seriously. After we danced like idiots for a while, she suddenly withdrew and sat down on a seat on the stage close to her boyfriend while I, sensing something, came back to my seat below the stage, thus leaving her alone with her boyfriend. She never made any further gestures to me, which made the trap that was about to follow extremely strange and unfortunate.

At some point, when I was about to leave, I went up the stage and asked this British woman for her contact information, thinking that maybe I could after all find somebody in Brussels to help me with my desperate circumstance. I opened up my “Shanghai notebook” and, when she was about to write down her name and phone number on one of its pages, her face suddenly sank looking extremely worried. Then she wrote down “Zudy Pingley Smith” (I am not sure if I am spelling “Pingley” correctly) and, below that, a typical Brussels phone number. She then remarked while looking increasingly guilty that I should call this number, that Zudy was her name, and that tomorrow she could probably take me to a museum along with her boyfriend. I didn't quite suspect it was a trap even though I did find it strange that a British woman [would be called](#) “Zudy”. Was that a British name? It was in fact the first time that I had heard of the name “Zudy”. As I wrote down my Gmail address for her on another piece of scrap paper, I was in fact voluntarily falling into a horrifying trap completely unawares. This British woman's worried expression was an indicator of her guilty feeling in framing me for a horrifying crime – but also of her good conscience, in that she would actually feel guilty [about](#) harming me per the order of the powerful people [from](#) above.

On the evening of the next day, I decided to catch up with this “Zudy”. I found a cybercafe near the grand shopping street behind [the](#) Théâtre royal de la Monnaie (Koninklijke Muntshouwborg). This was still in the vicinity of Gare central. Not yet understanding that it was a trick, I searched for the name “Zudy” on the Internet, wanting to find out what nationality a person with such name could be. The search returned a bunch of webpages in a European language unknown to me – but it didn't look anything like Russian, though. Desperate, I left the cybercafe and went to a call center inside a nearby underground metro station and actually called up the number of this “Zudy”. I heard an answering machine greeting which didn't sound much like the British woman at all, and, immediately alarmed, I hung up without trying further to understand what the greeting actually said.

Because my saving was dwindling and I was afraid to show my passport, I would throughout my time in Brussels have to sleep around the streets homeless. Tonight, my second night in Brussels, I tried my luck inside Gare central. Going down the stairs in the station, I noticed an area **that was** sealed off because it was under construction. I put away my luggage in one of the station's lockers, sneaked inside the construction area through an opening, and slept in a dark corner. It was very cold, and I had nothing save my jacket and my backpack. Soon my thighs were freezing up and I started thinking once more about going to the Russian embassy. I tried to calm my guilty feeling by repeating to myself that Russian Orthodox and Greek Orthodox were one and the same. I even thought about visiting the Russian Orthodox church in town before **going** to the embassy. Just then I suddenly realized that this “Zudy thing” was Mr Secretary's trick to frame me into a Russian agent. That same awful feeling immediately swelled up inside me to suffocate me, the feeling of being stuffed in a bottle as it were, the truth of my innocence (and the innocence of another) and the fact of my suffering being buried for the sake of Mr Secretary's own welfare. Something needed to be done about this. I thus got up and walked out of the station and came inside the very same hotel which Régine had earlier recommended to me. I remembered seeing payphones in the front lobby of this place. Since I had run out of changes, I tried to make international phone calls using my Washington Mutual debit card. I first called up my old doctor Deborah W, but she was not answering my call. I tried Wes instead. He didn't answer either. I then decided to call Wes **a second time** and leave a message on his answering machine as the only means available to me. “I don't know what game you guys are playing,” I shouted, referring to the Agency. I then recounted how I met this British woman in a bar, how she went by the name of “Zudy Pingley Smith”, and how she gave me this phone number – and I spelled out the phone number in its entirety. Just then, Wes suddenly picked up the phone. “Hello, Hello,” he said, pretending to be disoriented as if awakened from sleep. I angrily described to him what had happened – how this British woman told me her name was “Zudy Pingley Smith”, how she gave me this phone number – which I spelled out loudly once more in this international call – and how she wanted me to call her the next day so that she and her boyfriend could take me to the museums and so on. Not entirely sure whether my understanding was correct, I thought I had better not interpret Mr Secretary's purpose in sending this British woman to me beyond what was ordinary, and so I just kept complaining about this dirty trick of “instructing people to falsely report me as harassing them and suffering schizophrenic delusions”, not mentioning that, perhaps, Mr Secretary had sent this British woman to me to pretend to be a Russian secret agent as a way to artificially produce “evidence” showing me running a conspiracy with Russia as well and thus to suppress the evidences which the Russians had brought to the docket of the International Court of Justice about me. In fact, with evidences showing me conspiring with the Russians, he could then force Russia, under UN Resolution 1373, to convict itself of sponsoring terrorism in the same way in which he wanted to force China to do so. Wes, for his part, simply pretended to not know what I was talking about: “So you met a British woman in a bar... How has that to do with me?” I was so overwhelmed by anger for being framed that I yelled at him: “So I wrote a story – a novel – it's very well written, and now you guys use that as evidence that I suffer schizophrenia!” I thus played down my story “My experience...” to the status of a fictional work in order to avoid being detained. I no longer remember what Wes said in response, but I do remember getting angry for being framed by him too. “Because you are my best friend!” I shouted, even though I knew that I **was demanding** him to be on my side at this critical moment while I hadn't had much of a chance to do the same for him in the past but had

merely drained out a lot of energy from him. But what could I do at this moment? I could only ask for help from this closest person to me in the world. “I don't want to talk to you anymore,” I yelled angrily. “Fine,” he shouted back, and we both hanged up [at](#) the same time. The intercept however must have gone through, and, from Homeland Security's reactions later on, one could easily tell that the Russians had rebutted Mr Secretary's attempt to frame them – Mr Secretary had been caught committing perjury for the second time. I was happy that he was exposed once more to judge Higgins as a liar. For the next three years, I would always think our Madam President of the International Court to be a woman of extraordinary stupidity sometimes, seemingly incapable of grasping the simple fact that, just because the MSS director had committed fraud to some degree, this didn't mean that Mr Secretary could never have lied also or that United States' team could not have committed a similar fraud either. Her simple mind was such that she seemed unable to transcend the stereotypic black-and-white worldview and realize that bad – in fact worse – people could suffer fraud too after they had tried to defraud another but failed. I had no idea that, while she was offended by my whoring, she had in fact granted United States the right to orchestrate evidences at will to save itself because, with its twisted interpretation of UN Resolution 1373, it had suffered “terrorists harm” by MSS director's manufacturing of evidences. Thus, in reality, judge Higgins knew that I had nothing to do with this Russian spy living in Brussels – “Zudy” – and that the evidence was fake. The Russians had saved themselves by immediately bringing the intercept of my conversation to judge Higgins and arguing that it was some British woman who had given me the phone number and that I didn't know who I was calling.

After this incident, however, I felt a strange sensation because I had evidently just saved a bunch of strangers of whom I knew nothing at all – whom I had never even seen. But it had to be done, if only because Russia was China's only friend. But what did these Russians actually think of me? Now that I knew for sure that Russia had joined the lawsuit on China' side, I kept imagining what the first days must have been like when the Russian intelligence service came to the aid of the MSS director at the International Court of Justice right after my arrival in Germany. The Russians must have had a lot more evidences about who I was than the Chinese ever had because, as I have mentioned, they had been communicating with FBI's “Big Sister” for a much longer period on account of my protracted communication [back in](#) 2006 with that scamming “Russian girl looking for an American man”. The Russian intelligence officers (from the FSB most likely) probably even brought to the judges of the ICJ (I didn't know that judge Higgins was the only remaining judge) the three Russian agents who spotted me in May 2006 at LAX under Big Sister's request: “These are the three 'Russian guys' which the subject has mentioned in his story, 'My experience...’”.

After calling up Wes, I sneaked back into the construction area in Gare central to sleep. It however got so cold in the middle of the night that I eventually went downstairs to the locker area and hid myself in one of the open lockers [in order](#) to sleep more warmly. It was of course awfully cramp and I had to constantly worry about accidentally closing the locker door and locking myself inside. By morning, the cleaning person had shown up and discovered me. Although he didn't seem to care, I quickly ran away. It was very early in the morning and I was still sleepy.

And so I went to Gare de nord and slept more at one of the benches [in](#) the shopping mall area. When I

woke up I had my surprise. The slip of paper on which I had written the combination numbers for [the lock](#) on my locker unit back at Gare central and which I had kept inside one of the pockets on my pants had disappeared. I immediately knew what the trick was about. Mr Secretary must have ordered that Chinese super pickpocket to steal it from [me](#) while I was sleeping so that, should I want to get my luggage out of the locker, I would have to ask the security officer there and show my passport. My passport again! Why was Mr Secretary so intent on getting me to show my passport? I was still holding onto the erroneous theory that he wanted me “the schizophrenic in official records” to be “accidentally identified” by international law enforcement. [Thus, when](#) the security officer at Central Station's locker department refused to retrieve my things without seeing my passport, I decided to simply forget about my luggage. In it were my broken Toshiba Satellite U 350 and the two Chinese computer books which I had bought in Shanghai. I would never see these again.

You [should](#) now get some sense of the sadism which Mr Secretary and the Agency were practicing upon the Chinese intelligence service. Now that Mr Secretary had the MSS under his command, he would purposely command them to run on me operations which were devised to produce evidences that would in the end bust up the MSS director himself in the International Court of Justice. It's like commanding your enemy to throw spears at himself so that he would end up destroying himself for your benefit! It's an ingenious tactic, sadistic at the same time, revealing the anger on the part of Mr Secretary toward the Chinese when they had refused to believe his lies.

From the next night onward I would sleep in Gare du nord instead because of the cold. This station closed at 2 AM each night and re-opened on 4 AM, so that for two hours I would have to sleep outside the station despite the tremendous cold. Then by 4 AM, when the station was re-opened, I would walk inside and sleep right at the juncture between the station proper and the shopping mall area, where fortunately there were also other homeless people sleeping around. The next morning when I woke up I would have another surprise from Mr Secretary. I walked to the cafe in the shopping mall area and, in accordance with my long-standing habit, bought coffee and bread and smoked cigarettes [to start off](#) my miserable day. A weird middle-aged gay man – a Wallon – who was sitting in the other end of the coffee place suddenly beckoned me. Since Mr Secretary had already cut off all my helps and especially the MSS, I was desperate enough that I actually went over to him. With a devilish smile he gave me a cloak cigarette and then a piece of paper with a phone number written on it, saying he would help me. I put the slip of paper in my pocket and began reflecting on the matter. I then walked to the famous shopping alley which led from Gare du nord to Gare central wanting to buy a hat. By then I had become cognizant of Mr Secretary's trick and decided never to call the phone number. That was a smart move, for, when he saw that his “Zudy” trick didn't work out, Mr Secretary must have wanted to try again to deceive me into calling a Russian-related number. The next morning when I woke up from the floor of Gare du nord and walked to the [same](#) cafe for my morning coffee and cigarettes, I approached the pretty Arabic girl who was working at the counter and found a chance to ask her: “Do you believe in God?” “Yes,” she said. I wanted to tell her a little about my desperation, but didn't get very far when I saw that she, giving me a grimace, was not interested.

From then on, as I became increasingly depressed, I would sleep every night outside Gare central

instead, together with a dozen other homeless people who regularly slept there. Occasionally, since I didn't have a blanket, I would try to obtain a card board box from the other homeless people and use it to shield myself from the cold. Each morning, when I woke up hopeless and depressed, knowing that there was no one in the world to help me, I could only try to block out thoughts about what to do by immersing myself in my coffee and cigarettes. Afterwards I often walked around the red light district next to Gare du nord trying to numb my mind by browsing through the incredibly beautiful prostitutes who displayed themselves behind glass. I of course wouldn't make the same mistake as I did with the Polish secret agent. Besides, I had no money left. It seems that, by now, even the Belgian intelligence would contribute to help Mr Secretary overturn International Court's judgment. The entire Western world was united behind Mr Secretary, and it was thus that the Belgian intelligence would try on me the same trick which the Agency was so fond of using, namely, “getting people to talk to you as if you were something else in order to make you appear in the eyes of others as that something else rather than your real self”, which is similar to the extremely simple and yet effective technique of “talking to the atmosphere”. So, one morning, after I woke up to face another miserable and lonely day and while I was squatting outside Gare central enjoying my morning coffee and cigarettes, a 40 something Belgian woman – certainly a Belgian secret agent – stopped her car in front of me and jumped out. She came to ask me something like whether I still wanted my coffee cup which I left standing on the ground by my side. Before I had even the chance to reply, she suddenly jumped back feigning absolute horror, repeating while trembling, “Ça va, ça va...” as if I had just threatened her when, in reality, I was only dumbfounded by her acting. I stared at her, eyes wide open, amazed by her response to a non-existent reality, while at the same time striving to clarify myself to her, saying in French “You can have it... No No, You can have it...” To no avail, for she simply continued her acting, jumped into her car, and drove away. Since I could no longer be seen in the surveillance on me, the surveillance of the episode would not only seem to indicate that I conformed to Mr Secretary's lie about me as physically dangerous to others, but also become circumstantial evidence supporting whatever scenario Mr Secretary was inventing at the moment to explain himself: for example, that I was desperately waiting for help from the Russians, that I probably failed to call my next Russian help because I had lost the phone number just given me, and that I was thus angry...

My desperation and feeling of helplessness then drove me again to the bookstore. I found a nice bookstore on the grand shopping street behind the Théâtre royal de la Monnaie. The most important matter at hand was to find a warmer place to sleep in. And so in this bookstore I desperately searched through a travel guide on Belgium and wrote down on my notebook a few addresses which might be useful, including a gay night club which was said to remain open all night. And I also wrote down the address of the Russian embassy. None of the addresses would do any good; when I later found the gay night club, I would discover that it was already closed down. But, as for the Russian embassy, stay tuned.

At the time I [was afraid](#) that this British woman named “Zudy”, other than faking a Russian agent, might also falsely report me as a troublesome schizophrenic in order to get me marked in the database of international law enforcement agencies, and that the disappearance of this “Zudy” the second day might mean that she had already falsely reported me to law enforcement as having seriously harassed

her, perhaps hitting on her in front of her boyfriend. My fear prompted me to do something stupid again tonight. I went inside Gare central and called up Regine from a payphone. She answered my call, and was calmly saying something to me when the call was suddenly disconnected. As what might have happened to my Lima City website and my Feefee blog began to sink in for me, I got very worried and so walked to one of the cybercafes scattered near the train station to look for my name on the various websites which were linked to on the US Justice Department's website, those **which for example** listed the names of sex-offenders. Of course I didn't find my name anywhere because I was never convicted of anything. I then went on to the website of the Interpol to check whether there was any warning about me. When I clicked on the "Red Notice", however, my Internet access was blocked. That made me think that my name must have appeared on the Red Notice per Mr Secretary's orchestration: he would definitely never let me know what he had told everyone about me. Terribly upset, I used Skype to call up my old doctor Deborah on her cellphone. I didn't think I would get through, but, surprisingly, Deborah picked up the phone after just one ring, as if she had been expecting my call. She said angrily, "Hello, This is Doctor W!" Nervous and shocked, I immediately hanged up. I suddenly felt anger filling up the entire atmosphere around me – the anger of Mr Secretary, the anger of all the Homeland Security personnel in the control centers, the anger of the "Boss" (the Vice President), and the anger of Deborah too – because, evidently, my call to Wes about "Zudy Pingley Smith" had indeed saved the Russians and embarrassed Mr Secretary once more. My impression was that I had caused him to get caught committing perjury a second time, and that it had come at a rather bad time because he had just succeeded in convincing the idiotic Madam President of the ICJ that his first perjury was in fact a Chinese trick. Even Deborah was apparently incensed by the fact that I had helped the Russians, which would presumably be a far greater act of treason than conspiring with the MSS director – although I doubted that she was ever told the truth. I didn't know how the phone call worked; I just knew that the Russians were saved. I suppose – on the basis of later happenings – that this "Zudy Pingley Smith" was some Hungarian woman recruited by the Russian intelligence to spy within the European Union institutions here in Brussels, and that Mr Secretary was trying to manufacture evidence to prove that I was a Russian secret agent and had "Zudy" as my contact here in Brussels. **My** phone call to Wes might have furthermore enabled the Russians to point out that it made no sense for me to spell out my "secret contact's" information to my friend, and that my story about how a British woman had given me this information must then be true. Although the United States was permitted to forge evidences to save itself, when it was caught the evidence would be nullified.

When I exited the cybercafe, a helicopter suddenly appeared above me seemingly trying **to track** me. I quickly found an apartment building whose front door was unlocked and hid myself inside under the staircase. Then a police car came near blasting its siren as if looking for me but then sped past oblivious of where I was hiding. Using local law enforcement personnel to run clandestine operations was indeed the signature of Mr Secretary, who must have by now assumed command of the entire infrastructure of Brussels. After 30 minutes or so, I came out of my "spider hole" and saw that no one was now looking for me. Relieved, I walked back to Gare central, ready to sleep through another terribly cold night. Only years later **would** I realize that Mr Secretary was only trying to move things about and then have surveillance pick up the movement as "evidence" – in this case he wanted evidences suggesting that I had committed some crime and was then chased after by police – but was not actually trying to cause

me to be arrested.

The next day or so I, holding the map of Brussels in my hand, began venturing into the neighborhood where the Russian embassy was located. Terribly frightened, I hid in a street corner and merely stared at the small building from afar. I then came inside a cybercafe nearby, having wisely decided not to do anything just yet. But the owner of this cybercafe was a man – unbeknownst to me when I walked in – of Russian origin. I only knew this when I was leaving and saw a sign in Russian posted on the door. I was immediately alarmed by the possibility that this might be Mr Secretary's trick to produce evidence suggesting a “conspiracy” between me and the Russians, and I thus decided that I should never go near the Russian embassy. Even while in the cybercafe, when I was checking my Gmail account, I noticed something very strange about the Google advertisements that were popping up on the right hand side corner of my Inbox. “Get a visa to Belarus...” these advertisements were telling me, even though the content of my emails which had supposedly triggered them had nothing to do with travels or Belarus. There was even one advertisement encouraging me to return to Shanghai. So even Belarus had joined the lawsuit on the side of China and Russia! I was actually grateful for these fake advertisements because these barely intelligible events on the Internet – of which you shall hear more – were all the clues that I could ever get at the time about what was going on in the secret world of the International Court of Justice. I must never click on these advertisements and never go near the countries mentioned in them. I also thought about the possibility that Mr Secretary might have wanted me to return to Shanghai – why he had instructed his Homeland Security personnel to remotely manipulate the Google advertisement functions in my Gmail account hoping that I might be “suggestible” – in order that his Department could continue to occupy China's infrastructure and collect whatever information he wanted as revenge against MSS' burglarization of his Department's “secrets”. I definitely could never go to China again, I thought in despair. When I went into my 126 email account, the news item that showed up in my inbox was also alarming enough, advertising “Golden hair Russian ballet dancers will perform in Shanghai...” Mr Secretary was obviously trying to create artificial evidence indicating if only circumstantially – should I click on it – that China, Russia, and myself had planned out this whole thing before my flight.

In reality, Mr Secretary's evidence production was far more sophisticated than I understood at the time. He was trying to produce evidences indicating that even my travel plans were directed by the MSS director. He had ordered the MSS hackers to hack into Google and manipulate the Google ad function to communicate to me “secret instructions”. If I ever followed the instructions, then judge Higgins would at last see one incident where I blindly “carried out” MSS director's instruction (or what Mr Secretary said I thought to be MSS director's instruction) in accordance with Allies' new scenario: that I was blindly conspiring with the MSS director.

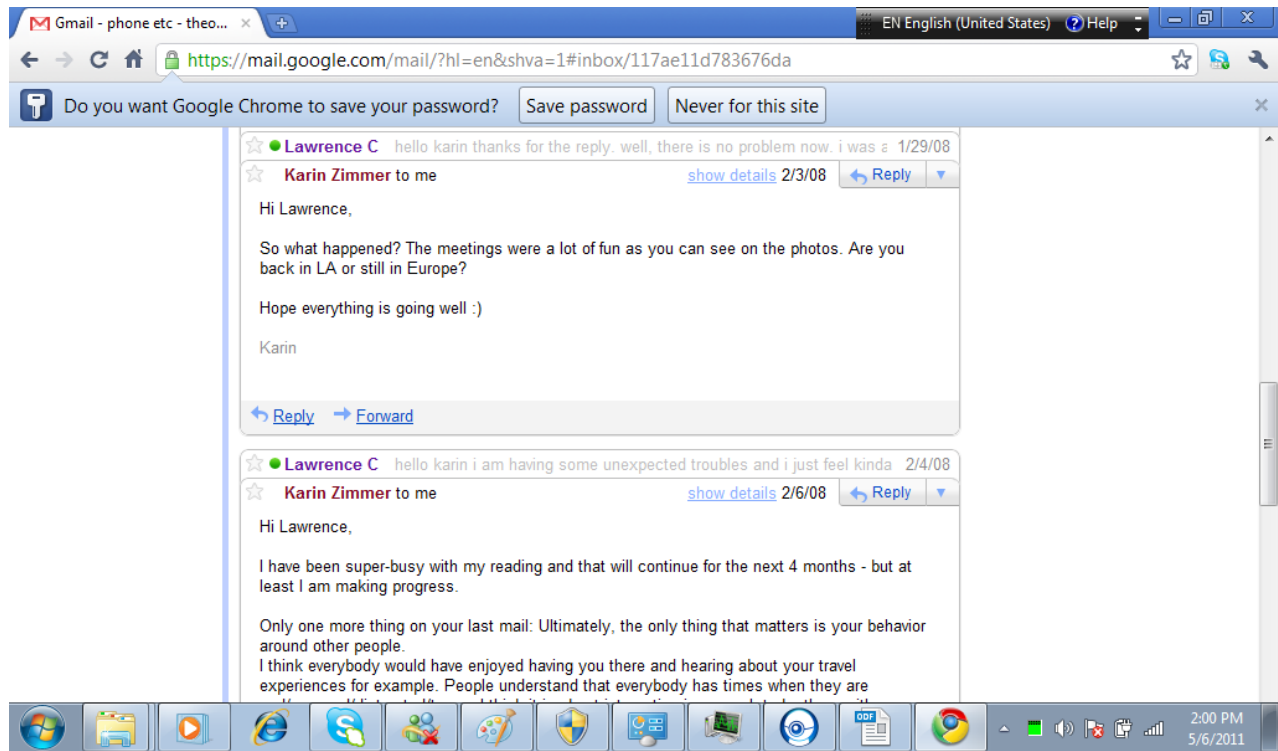
When I left and got onto the tram to go up to the northern part of the city, I saw a young university student holding a bound printout of writings in his hand. I became immediately alarmed, suspecting that Mr Secretary was after all watching me in Goethe University's religious studies library. He knew what I wanted to do. But what could I do other than what I had already planned to do? So I went nonetheless to a copy center in the vicinity of Gare central, where I made another copy of “My

experience...” to replace the copy I had deposited in Goethe university. I was a nervous wreck because I couldn't be sure whether I had avoided Mr Secretary's and Agency's surveillance when I saw the store employees behaving absolutely normal toward me. Afterwards I ate at the McDonald's across the street. I had as yet no idea that Mr Secretary was in fact encouraging me to deposit my story around just as I had been doing so that he may have more opportunities to stage a show in which he would instruct somebody to steal my story so as to make it look as if someone else had written the story and I had merely stolen it from him! He could then intercept into the ICJ the very show he had himself staged as more evidence proving that I wasn't who I was but a pretender of myself and a thief of my own work. I was jeopardizing my copyright and authorship of my own work without knowing! I should therefore consider it fortunate for me that, during the remainder of my time in Brussels, I had never, as I had planned to do, made it to the public library to secretly deposit another copy of my story.

Then, as I sank further into despair in proportion to my increasing loneliness and dwindling saving, I started contemplating suicide – being dead seemed to be my only way to save China from utter ruin as I saw Mr Secretary getting ever more aggressive each day in manufacturing evidences to establish “conspiracy” between me on the one hand and the Chinese and the Russians on the other. Once, when I was sitting outside a cafe on the grand shopping street behind the Théâtre royal de la Monnaie, I scanned my environment looking for a suitable building from which [I may jump](#) so as to save China once and for all. I tried to imagine the height intensely in my head in order to numb my fear of height. With the thought of suicide turning about in my head, I then went to a nearby underground supermarket to buy, among other daily necessities, an exacto knife in case I should choose another method to end my life.

Then, tonight (February 3, 2008), while I was at a cybercafe, I started writing another insanely sentimental email to Karin. Just when I was ready to send it, my Gmail's inbox was suddenly flashing, indicating that another email had just arrived. I saved the email I was writing and clicked on the notification, only to discover that it was Karin who had sent me an email just seconds before I was ready to send mine to her. Now consider carefully the content of her email: what was going on was clearly that, as Mr Secretary watched me typing out my insane missive to Karin in his control center, he quickly instructed his Homeland Security bums to call up Karin and instruct her to write an email to me asking for my location just before I sent out my email to her, hoping that, as soon as I saw her email, I would be dumb enough to add to my email a notice about where I was (i.e. Brussels) so that she could then report it to the authority. I thus became further sure that I would be intercepted as soon as I came into the boundaries of the United States and thrown into a mental hospital. Mr Secretary was trying to orchestrate a show in which I would end up in a hospital after a severe schizophrenic episode and there be secretly discovered to not be myself at all, thus winning his case at the International Court with this final definitive piece of evidence. But, once again, Mr Secretary's operation was so obvious that it immediately gave itself away. Alarmed, I therefore never sent the email I just wrote. I would never tell Karin that I was in fact in Brussels.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later



The email which Karin was suddenly instructed to write to me on the night of February 3, trying to lure me to tell her where I was (Note how perfunctory she was in her short note: her intention was clearly to get me to tell her where I was even though she already knew where I was)

I had however become so despaired from the thought that I could never return to the United States, that I would the next day write another email to Karin – recall that she was at the time the only thing that was attracting me home. The email was dated on Monday, February 4, 15:39:57 Brussels' time:

“I am having some unexpected troubles and I just feel kinda sad because I might never be able to go to your groups again and I don't have anything else in the world to compensate for that. If I knew all these unexpected things would happen, I would never have gone out of the country; I was just so hurt by what I think is a mental health alert that has been circulating around places about me, and which I think you have got too. I suspect that you have told everyone in the groups that I am terribly schizophrenic and ask them to watch over me but pretend to be nice to me and keep it a secret from me that everyone thinks I am sick and nobody likes sick persons. I am just really hurt by that and that's why I wanted to go to a different place, to avoid the alerts so I can find a job and have genuine friends who don't have to pretend in front of me.

I am just hurt by the fact that deep down you seem to think I am a trouble to you. I can of course never hurt you in any way. That's why I always wanted to withdraw and find something else

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

elsewhere. I cannot change the fact that my world is so small that I have to make your things that important to me and that I have to write you these sentimental notes to express it. I really deeply regret bringing to your life my so called schizophrenic drama; I do, that's why I tried to get away twice.

You don't know how much I envy everyone else around who can just live normally and not carry the plaque I carry and not worry about some alerts going about that sabotage their life in every way.

What should I do now? I just wish everything could just return to the way it was last July.

I miss you, and I deeply love you as the big sister I always wish I had, even if you don't think of me that much at all. Please forgive me for making you important to me.”

And so I actually felt guilty for having ever met Karin because, obviously, everyone I ever met would be recruited by Mr Secretary to satisfy his desire for vengeance and to realize his neoconservative principle that no one outside the small minority of the ruling class should have an Intelligence Quotient greater than 75 and an ability to not be deceived by the theater and illusions which the elites had given us to believe. The most annoying aspect about Mr Secretary's personality was just this, his utter disregard for other people's feeling, wellbeing, and fate, and his expectation for everyone to sacrifice him- or herself for his sake – precisely the symptoms of his virulent Antisocial Personality Disorder.

While I was swallowed up in my despair, I suddenly received a reply from Karin, dated February 6, 4:31:39 PM Pacific Standard Time:

“Hi Lawrence,

I have been super-busy with my reading and that will continue for the next four months – but at least I am making progress.

Only one more thing on your last mail: Ultimately, the only thing that matters is your behavior around other people. I think everybody would have enjoyed having you there and hearing about your travel experiences for example. People understand that everybody has times when they are sad/reserved/distracted/tense. I think it is about interaction in general, to be there with your mind and to take part in the conversation – actively or passively.

And you don't have any reason to feel small or not worthy of people's attention etc. You are a very bright and talented person – as I have said before – and you are definitely not the only person looking for the perfect place or the real meaning of life.

Hope to see you soon at one of the meetings – try to forget about the past, every time you meet people again is another chance to show them more about yourself and to show them the

person/side you want them to see – and even if they can't understand the past or don't deserve any explanation about it, they will ultimately go with the now and not with what was there before.

:) Karin”

The beginning of this email made me feel like I had run into a wall – the same feeling I had whenever I interacted with people throughout the year of 2007. It was simply not clear to me what she was talking about at all. I have already referred to this phenomenon as “talking to the atmosphere”, since she seemed to be really talking about someone else. I had been frequently sad and distracted ever since everyone in my Meetups was recruited by Mr Secretary, but I couldn't believe that Karin simply couldn't perceive the reality that I was just universally ignored by everyone in her groups without much of a “behavioral problem” at all. But, when I read the end of her message, I suddenly burst into tears. “Forget about the past...” I thought that this was the message which the Agency and everyone else were trying to communicate to me. Engrossed in my romantic naïveté, I actually thought that the Vice President, the Agency, and Madam Secretary of State would be touched by my tears and forget about all the rest. I failed to understand how little regard people in power had for my wellbeing and happiness – it's simply not in the nature of people in power to care about people outside their small circle. Their only concern was to win the lawsuit, and, by instructing Karin to talk to me as if I had been behaving badly, they could take the interception of Karin's words – which they themselves had produced – to the International Court as “evidence” **proving** that I had been having terrible behavioral problems in the past just as a Nazi and schizophrenic pedophile would in accordance with Mr Secretary's false profile of me which was at the center of the international dispute. That was part of the “Plan B”: to artificially produce evidences which would show that Mr Secretary didn't lie about me. As for “forgetting about the past”, everyone now wanted me to come home. The CIA officers had probably convinced Mr Secretary that his plan wouldn't work out since my behavior clearly indicated that I had become aware of what he was trying to do.

The next night, Thursday, February 7, while I was in the cybercafe again, I fashioned a different email to Karin, its desperate tone notwithstanding: “Hi Karin thanks for taking your precious time to write me the kind missive. Other than my best friend, all I want in the world right now is be able to go to your groups again every week just like before. I don't know if it's still possible. If I were to end up in a hospital, would you (and others) come visit me from time to time, even given your busy schedule? *If you have reported on me I don't mind.* You have always kindly given me advice from time to time and I wish I had followed them.” I wrote this because I was hoping to get another email from her in which she would advise me what to do, as she **seems to have** done in the previous email. Then I continued: “I so regret that. I am perfectly willing to follow all of your advices in the future without any second thought if you ever care to give them in the future. I will accept treatment and *forget the past* if you should advise it now. I just wish I can win your approval and the chance to participate in your activities again.” Basically, I was just regretting giving up the good times in Karin's groups and coming here to fight the entire world all by myself – insofar as the Chinese had fallen under Mr Secretary's command – and I was horrified that our mean Vice President might not give me a second chance with Karin.

It was 8 PM when I wrote the email to Karin. Then, 12 minutes later, I also fashioned an email to Wes, in which I sounded ever more desperate because he had not responded to me since I called him to expose the trick about “Zudy Pingley Smith”. Obviously, he had been instructed by “people high up” to deprive me of himself. What if Wes would never speak to me again because I had used him to “commit treason”, I worried. The email went:

“Hi Wes,

Are you too busy to write me or are you still upset with me? I just have the suspicion that you want to put me in the hospital. I don't know if that's the case, but if it is, it's no big deal. I will always do whatever you want me to do. All I ask is for you not to walk out of my life. If I do end up in the hospital some time would you come visit me? You will be home in March right? Would you talk to me on the phone again? You are very busy lately huh aren't you?

Well, you know me, every time when I couldn't reach you at all for many days after an unpleasant talk I get kinda nervous, because, you know, nothing in the world is more important to me than your respect and friendship.

Bye”

Distraught, I decided also to write an email to Regine, hoping perhaps she would in the end bail me out of my desperation. After all, she sounded almost okay the last time I called her. Now surprisingly, I would discover Regine's reply the next day when I came to the cybercafe again. She would however not have kind words toward me. I no longer had the email – nor my original email to her; I can only recall that she wrote something like: “Tu as invahi ma vie privée...” She was clearly exaggerating the matter and only pretending to be angry so as to give the erroneous impression that I had seriously harassed her. That's when I gave up hope, realizing that Regine was in full cooperation with Mr Secretary and would always be talking to the atmosphere in front of me – I was blacked out in all the surveillance intercepts so that the inferences which everyone in the ICJ was forced to make about my behaviors from others' reactions toward me would always end up confirming Mr Secretary false profile of me. Mr Secretary must have sent his agents to her to slander me telling her how I had plotted with the evil Chinese intelligence chief to fraudulently sell off the West to China.

As you can see, in Brussels I was also spending most of my time in the cybercafes or in call centers sitting in front of the computers. From February 8 onward – my last two days in Brussels – I began exploring other places where to use computers. I discovered a small market in the large underground shopping area connected to Gare central and the owner there was renting out two computers with Internet connection. I began surfing the Internet there instead of at the cybercafes or call centers. When I was checking my 126 email account, however, I discovered a strange junk email in Chinese. I opened up the email and saw merely one sentence. I examined intensively this nonsensical sentence looking it over from left to right and from right to left, and then suddenly became frightened because I might have just produced the impression for the ICJ judges (actually, just judge Higgins) that I was expecting

important communication from the MSS. It would turn out that I was right, for, after this incident, all references to China would disappear from the Google advertisements showing up in my Gmail account, and, suddenly, only Russian elements would appear in my environment. Clearly, Mr Secretary and the Agency had at last established my intention to conspire with the MSS director to the satisfaction of judge Higgins – she had at last seen an episode which could legally satisfy the claim that the MSS director had been instructing me through these barely intelligible messages on the Internet: when I wouldn't follow the “instruction” to go home, the CIA had most likely argued to judge Higgins that I had noticed Mr Secretary's plan to intercept me and throw me into the hospital and that I began therefore waiting for a different instruction. So this was it! Judge Higgins had reversed her earlier judgment declaring United States to have violated UN Resolution 1373, and the Russians and the Chinese now had to withdraw the document on Iran in the UN Security Council since the ICJ had now ruled that the MSS director had obtained it by fraud. Instead, judge Higgins issued the judgment that the MSS director had conspired with a “terrorist” to harm the United States, and that the United States had therefore suffered a “terrorist attack”. China was now obliged to reverse the damage which its spy chief's “terrorist conspiracy” had caused to the United States. This done, Mr Secretary had but the Russians to kill in order to cover up entirely his lies about me in the international domain.

In the next two days Mr Secretary would strike while I was on the tram. The purpose was to establish my conspiracy with the Russians as well as with the Chinese. On two occasions, after I woke up and breakfasted by Gare central, as soon as I got onto the tram, I would see a pretty Russian blond all dressed up in black and wearing high heel boots sitting on the seat in my pathway. Mr Secretary thought he could attract me with his “sexy Russian secret agent”, and yet the setup was so dramatic that I couldn't possibly not know that she was fake. It should be noted that the two Russian blonds' good look was more in the nature of a slut, in contrast to the softness and sophistication typical of CIA's blonds, which betrayed Mr Secretary's lack of understanding and taste in regard to everything feminine. Again, his exaggerated love of drama and theater had immediately tipped me off that this was his sting operation: should I ever get seduced by the two Russian blonds and stop to talk with them, Mr Secretary would surely present the intercepts of the interaction to judge Higgins as “evidence” that I believed the two golden hairs were *real* Russian agents and was thus *intending* to hook up with the Russian intelligence service – just as my interaction with Wuming was presented as “evidence” that I really believed he was a Chinese secret agent and was trying to hook up with the Chinese intelligence service. In this way he could establish in the International Court my “terrorist conspiracy” with the Russian intelligence service as well to harm the United States, suppress all the evidence which the Russians had presented there proving I was none other than Lawrence Chin, and oblige the Russian government to join China in reversing the terrorist harm which the United States had suffered. But after I fell into Wuming's trap, I obviously was not going to fall for it again, so that, on both occasions, I simply walked past the fake Russian “secret agents” without any interests in them, feeling in fact disgusted with the fact that Mr Secretary had thought me so vulgar and so “without taste” that he believed he could attract me with these two slutty blonds in high heel boots – as if I were so childish as to fall for these unrealistic images which you find in, for example, James Bond movies.

Because of what happened with my 126 email account, I came back to the cybercafe which I had

abandoned to use the Internet. Fearing that I might be detained at the airport, I researched the US laws regarding involuntary psychiatric lock-up, especially in Nevada since this was where I would land. I printed out the information and, when I left the cybercafe and was on the tram going back to the neighborhood around Gare central, the tram suddenly stopped to let two police officers get on. I was terrified thinking that they were coming after me, but the officers came instead to a vagrant on the tram who was burying his head on his laps as if he were sick and unconscious, and began interrogating him until they carried him off the tram to the ambulance. I sighed out of relief, feeling more sure that I was not in danger of being taken away after all. But I then immediately realized that this was Mr Secretary's trick, i.e. to deceive me into believing that I was simply being paranoid in believing that he had a plan to intercept me at the US border on ground of my supposed misbehavior: the Belgian police officers were merely putting up an act with one of Mr Secretary's actors. I thus continued to worry.

As I felt increasingly desperate and isolated and continued to believe that I would be detained should I go home, I started trying everything. I came to the Grand Place wanting to obtain a confession with a catholic priest on duty. Perhaps, I thought, the Agency would have instructed the priest to provide me with direction as to what to do and where to go. I found a church named after St. Nikolas, and I chose it because my own Orthodox baptism name was "Nikolas". I walked into the confession room but the priest on duty, a Belgian man in his 50s, told me to come back later. And so I waited around an hour or two; then, when I came back to St Nikolas, the same priest stared at me coldly while asking me what I needed to talk to him about. I told him (in French) that I was upset over losing my best friend. I was referring to Wes, but he suggested, hiding his hostility toward me, that I should go find *her*. I realized then that he was referring to Régine, which meant that Mr Secretary's agents had already come to him in my regard and instructed him as to how to direct me to troubles – for, as soon as I should try to contact Régine again, she would definitely "talk to the atmosphere" and accuse me of harassing her so that Mr Secretary could not only obtain more "evidences" in the ICJ confirming that I was mentally unstable and out of control and everywhere harassing females but also generate more pretexts with which local law enforcement agencies may detain me. I had by now understood quite well that, for Mr Secretary, there should be no corner on this planet that was outside the control of his neoconservative super-government. Every Catholic priest in Belgium would be required to run operation on me just as was the case when I was in Montreal in December 2006. Despite his Talmudic upbringing, religion and faith meant absolutely nothing for him.

Meanwhile, I continued to wait in vain for Karin or Wes to respond to me. No, all the way until my return home, I would hear absolutely nothing from either of them. There was but dead silence from everyone I knew. Everyone had obviously been instructed by Mr Secretary, the Agency, and the rest of the US government to refrain from responding to me, that is, to withhold from me what I needed the most at the moment in order to drive me home. Desperate, I wrote two more emails to Karin on February 8, which were dated respectively 14:48:02 and 18:58:06 Brussels' time:

"Hello Karin, what I meant is the doctor you said you wanted to refer me to.... If you still advise or recommend me to see her, would you give me her name and phone number? Thanks...."

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

I was worried that Karin might have not responded because I had sounded too bizarre and desperate, and so I tried to “normalize” my manner of speaking here. Four hours later, I tried again:

“Sorry Karin if I wasn't making much sense earlier. As you know, I was born defective and have always been in this annoying and confusing way. I wish I could be different. I just really like the advices that you give me from time to time, since nobody else talks to me. I wish I would be able to come to your group soon. Bye bye”

I was purposely denigrating myself because I had by now stopped seeking satisfaction in beating Mr Secretary and helping China and begun finding happiness in self-destruction insofar as the former was clearly becoming impossible. I didn't know that I was producing evidences to help Mr Secretary insofar as he could use my admission that I was mentally defective to confirm his lie about me as suffering from severe schizophrenia. (When I produced evidences in his favor, I would suddenly reappear in the surveillance on me!) Writing to Karin was just a waste of time, of course. She would never respond.

Despairing over the triumph of Mr Secretary's lies over truth, I started wandered around the streets near the Central Station like a ghost. At one point, sitting on the stairs of an apartment building and staring into a majestic cathedral, I uttered lightly to myself, “Truth versus lies...” I had failed, and no one would ever believe that I wasn't a white supremacist and perverted schizophrenic at all and that I was in fact just telling the truth and a nice person at that. Then, suddenly, I was seized by the fear that Mr Secretary might want to replace Wes and Karin once and for all – should I go back home, they might even be instructed to pretend they had never known me before, in order to produce indisputable evidence proving that I was a schizophrenic who had imagined up my entire life. It was unwarranted paranoia, but I was frightened enough that I immediately rushed back to the cybercafe to print out all the pages of Karin's meetup's webpages – her pictures and everything – as proofs that I had once known her. It cost me quite a few Euros. I also posted more messages on Karin's meetups' discussion forum and then printed out all the emails which she had ever written me.

Now across the street from this cybercafe was a Parisian cafe, and, often times, when I finished my work on the Internet, I would go there to eat and smoke and drink coffee. Tonight, after I was done with all the printing, I was there again – and the extent of Mr Secretary's alert about me would be revealed to me. It was full-house tonight and so I had to share a table with another Belgian guy. He was a Wallon, probably in his late 20s or early 30s. Immediately upon seeing me he asked me that question which everybody seemed to be asking me lately: Where are you from? Since everybody was asking me where I was from, I could be sure that it must be detrimental to me to answer the question truthfully – even though I couldn't yet understand how it would be detrimental. At the time I thought all this had something to do with the “mental health alert” about me, not knowing that Mr Secretary was trying to trick me into answering that I came from China and thus obtain more evidence to confirm the latest story he had invented about me, namely that I was a twin brother of Lawrence Chin, born May 6 1968 in China, here to pretend to be Lawrence Chin under the order of the evil Chinese intelligence chief. I immediately retorted: “Qu'est-ce que vous avez entendu parler de moi?” This guy was stunned for an instant, and then responded, “Rien”, as if surprised that I would know that he had been instructed to ask

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

me a certain predetermined question in order to artificially produce evidences for the International Court of Justice. But he soon resumed his devilish smile and continued to pester me with the same question. I simply responded, “Je viens de l’Afrique du Sud.” This was evidently not the answer he was looking for; he expressed disbelief and continued to interrogate me as to where I was from. The incident was extremely traumatic to me. I felt like I had been stuffed into a grotesque straight-jacket which I didn't resemble at all but from which I could never disentangle myself. It was suffocating me.

I then came back to the cybercafe, and something happened again. I already knew that the International Court of Justice had determined that I had “conspired” with the MSS director – that, that is to say, China had lost the lawsuit. But I decided stupidly to do something to minimize the damage. I thus went inside my “Bokee” account to delete the personal information which I had entered there before my flight to Shanghai: my phone number, my California identification card number, etc. Just then, my computer screen flashed for an instant. I knew right away that this was Homeland Security's “taking evidence” – like taking a snap shot – of my computer screen, evidence which supposedly indicated that I had purposely entered my personal information into my Chinese Internet accounts in order to enable the MSS to intercept it. That would be evidence of “conspiracy”. But what was the point of more evidences for “conspiracy” when “conspiracy” had already been established? Thus I thought at the time. This shows you just how naïve I was in regard to the bureaucratic business of the power elites. Every claim had better be backed up with not just one piece of evidence, but with several. Because I did not understand the cumbersome nature of bureaucracy, I didn't suspect, though I should have suspected, that, although “conspiracy” had been established, the lawsuit with the Chinese was hardly finished.

It was now February 9, my second last day in Europe. If I wasn't going to talk to my old doctor Deborah, then who could I talk to? I suddenly thought of Jill and her Alcott Center, which was presumably the comfort house which the Agency had chosen for me in the summer of 2007. Late afternoon that day, aimlessly meandering, I came on the metro to South Brussels. When I saw an Internet café nearby, I walked in and rented a computer. I used Skype to call up the Alcott Center. I might have surprised Mr Secretary and the Agency, so that my call was actually not blocked. But I couldn't reach Jill; I was told that she wasn't around. When I walked back to the South Station (*Zuid Station*), I saw the strangest scene: a man wearing Russian military uniform, the long coat and tall boots and everything, was sitting on the bench waiting for the tram along with other Belgian residents and Arab immigrants. My jaw almost dropped to the ground; I continued to be bedazzled by Mr Secretary's childish mind. Did he really think that he could attract me with such cartoonish setup? His fake Russian sexy secret agents and fake Russian military officer had ever since prompted me to compare him with one of those stinking idiot animal trappers who, believing himself so smart in setting up a trap, actually warded off all the animals in the vicinity because his trap stank too much. He was probably trying out his turn after he saw how successful the Agency was in attracting me with one of their classy officers, unaware of his deficiency in his taste of things. I of course ignored his fake Russian military officer and simply got on the tram to continue with my own business.

When I returned to downtown Brussels, I came inside the same Internet cafe which I had frequented

and used Skype to call up the Alcott Center once more. Jill was still not there, but Christi was. I was a little disappointed because I had never met Christi before. Christi, however, knew who I was. I had just two things to talk to her about. I first told her about the feeling of uncertainty with which I was struggling, how “I wanted to do the 'right thing', but didn't know what it was.” I was just reeling from my tremendous guilty feeling: What would the Vice President, Madam Secretary of State, the President, and everyone else think of me now that I had not only helped the Chinese but even the Russians? At the same time, I knew I would save the stranger even when my own innocence was not at stake, just in order to overcome that feeling of stifling oppression with which I would be seized when I saw innocent people being buried and the liar being mistaken as good. The only thing I could do was save the stranger first and then beg for forgiveness from the offended party. Then I told Christi about my fear, that, as soon as I should return to the States, I would be detained and thrown into a mental asylum because of the “complaints” which Mr Secretary had ordered all the operatives around me to make about me to law enforcement agencies. Could that really happen? “They'd need evidence...” Christi comforted me. Unsatisfied, I suddenly thought of Deborah G, my social worker from Edelman, for whom I had always felt tremendous respect. I thus pulled her business card out of my wallet and called her up on the spot. Unlike Christi, however, she seemed to have already been briefed about my “escape”, saying upon answering my call: “He he he... Lawrence, where have you been?” That is, she couldn't help but laugh at the extraordinary situation, that this former client of hers, as if government's previous interests in him weren't bizarre enough, was now the focus of international attention. It was however inappropriate for her to laugh, for she had been instructed to put up an act in order to produce a “right” intercept of our conversation to redeem Mr Secretary. I immediately understood this also because, under normal circumstances, namely given the condition of overcrowding in the county mental health system, when her client called her, he would never be able to reach her, and yet this time she actually picked up the phone in person. She told me to call her back around 1 PM, which was about four hours from now. (It was now 6 PM in Frankfurt.) Obviously, Homeland Security had already come to Edelman to declare an emergency and evacuate everyone, and wanted to use the next few hours to brief her more and train her so that, when I should call her later, she would know what to say to produce the “right evidence”. Seeing that I suddenly had someone to grab onto in my despair, I walked out of the Internet cafe feeling very relieved. I just had to kill some time.

When it was 10 PM, I had wandered to the other cybercafe near Gare central (where, several nights ago, I had to run away from the helicopters and police cars). I eagerly signed up for a computer station and was ready to use Skype to call up Deborah. But Skype, just like the last time, popped up in Russian only. I had to go fetch the shop keeper and ask him to adjust the software's display back to French. But no sooner had he done so than Skype popped up in Russian again. I became hysterical. I knew it was because Mr Secretary, seeing that I was now cooperating, expected me to use Skype in Russian – it's not that I couldn't, because, even though I knew not a word of Russian, Homeland Security personnel would remotely manipulate my Skype to make it work for me as if I had known Russian all this time. (And it was all sanctioned by judge Higgins!) Mr Secretary was trying to produce another piece of circumstantial evidence suggesting that I was a Russian secret agent: if I knew Russian, then I was very likely a Russian secret agent. But I simply couldn't get myself to accept such idiotic lies and frame the innocent Russians for crimes they had never committed. So I just ran away crying “Je ne connais pas la

russe, je ne connais pas la russe...” I came instead to the public phone booths and used a payphone there to make an international call to Deborah in Los Angeles. Deborah answered the call and pretended to be very concerned, constantly asking me where I was. I of course wouldn't make the same mistake again and just replied that I was out of town. She then asked me how long I had not been taking my “medication”. Well, I had not been taking it forever – why would I? – but, out of tremendous nervousness, I lied saying that I had been taking it until it had recently run out. Deborah put up an act as if she had always genuinely cared about me. “Lawrence, I'm worried about your safety,” she shouted. I didn't know what the game was about at the time – I didn't know that Mr Secretary and the Agency were launching another round of psychological warfare against a group of new judges (I shall explain this momentarily) trying to impress them with American people's utter kindness in contrast to the Chinese and the Russians and with their innocence and gullibility in the sense that I had been deceiving all these good Americans around me, hiding from them my true identity as Lawrence Chin's twin brother rather than Lawrence Chin himself and a Sino-Russian secret agent. I thought Deborah was simply looking for an opportunity to report me to the authority as part of Mr Secretary's plan to use law enforcement to intercept me at the border and throw me into the mental asylum for the rest of my life. Thus I kept telling her that I was doing alright. Then Deborah gave me an appointment time, for February 14, which finally caused me to doubt whether I might really be intercepted at the border. Our conversation ended there.

I was not done yet for the night. I walked back to the cybercafe where I was earlier in the afternoon wanting to make more Skype calls. Lucky for me, Mr Secretary had stopped manipulating the Skype software I was using. This time I wanted to further ascertain, from my family members, my safety should I return home. The first call I made was to my step mother, and, amazingly, when she heard my voice, she shouted “Wow! How did you end up in Taiwan?” I was dumbfounded for I was in Brussels, and before that I was in Shanghai, and I had left Taiwan on late October, quite a long time ago already. I thus asked her what she was talking about, and she told me that my uncle (“Wendy's” father) had told my father that I was in Taiwan. I told her that I had come back from Taiwan already quite a while ago, and that I was not in Taiwan at all at the moment.

I then called up my grandfather. This was a very important conversation because he would say something very significant to me. He specifically encouraged me to draw more. Then, at the end of this conversation, my grandfather couldn't help but warn me, “You have got to protect yourself, protect yourself...” This warning clearly referred to Mr Secretary's anger toward me. My grandfather must have subsequently been severely reprimanded for this – by Mr Secretary via the intermediary of the Taiwanese president, for he would after this conversation never dare show concern for me.

I then called up my mother. Now she specifically asked me for the URL of my web gallery. I didn't give it, unaware that I had escaped a trap: in order to further prove that I wasn't myself, Mr Secretary needed to “obtain” more evidence indicating that I didn't actually do my drawings and paintings but had stolen them from the “real Lawrence” who I was pretending to be. And this was why my grandfather was instructed to encourage me to draw – in order to provide opportunity for Mr Secretary to stage a show as if I were merely feigning to possess artistic talent in order to deceive the world that I was Lawrence

Chin.

Now, I wanted to call up my other family members, and this time I would finally begin making use of the ICD B-500 recorder which I had kept with me all this time. Only now – after being falsely reported by so many people – did I realize that I needed to record my conversation with others. I would record the following calls by placing the recorder next to the earphone while I talked on Skype. I first called up my cousin “Wendy”, which has been recorded in: “[calling_cindy_feb_9_08_in_brussel.wma](#)”.⁵ (Her real name was Cindy, of course.) Now, in this conversation, I first asked “Wendy” why her father (my uncle) told my step mother that I was in Taiwan. She said she had no idea. “Then why did he say that?” I asked. “I don't know... Why would I think you were in Taiwan?” she feigned (0:38). “She said you told her that,” I said. The confusing discussion continued but was going nowhere (1:20). Wendy then mentioned the worthless information that there was a Best Buy bill for me at her place (1:22). I then asked her whether she had solved her “money problem”, referring to the low balance (50 dollars) of her bank account such as she had told me earlier (1:31). “Yeah... That's because I'm waiting for Derek to get paid,” she replied perfunctorily, as if I would believe it (1:40 or so). I then asked her – just to fill up the void – what she was doing at the moment, and she replied she was “working”. Seizing upon the chance, I started my catharsis and remarked, “That's nice... You weren't born defective like me, that is very nice” (2:27). I repeated this several times. In order to produce more evidences for the International Court suggesting that I indeed suffered from schizophrenia in accordance with the lies which Mr Secretary had broadcast about me, Wendy purposely talked as if she were annoyed by my insanity, “What are you talking about?” After I repeated myself, she just acted, “Oh.... Ooookay...” (2:50). Knowing that I had just fallen into a trap of my own accord, I tried to cover it up by saying, “I'm just trying to make a joke” (3:05). I then told her about my sorrow in regard to my argument with Wes and about my fear that he might have falsely reported me to facilitate Mr Secretary's plan to intercept me and put me in the hospital. “Do you think that would happen?” I asked her (4:30). After all, insofar as Mr Secretary valued secrecy the most, the best way to deal with him was to expect whatever he was orchestrating to happen, for he would then most likely change his plan. I then asked “Wendy” what her opinion was of me (5:00). She simply replied she thought I needed to take “medication” (5:20)! “You know you have this problem, you have schizophrenia... You see things that are not there,” Wendy kept repeating. Despite my willingness to cooperate, I couldn't help but poke holes in the story she had prepared to be intercepted: I asked her what I saw that was not there. “I don't know...” she replied. “If you don't know what I saw that was not there, how do you know I see things that are not there?” “Because that's what schizophrenia does,” she responded cleverly (6:27). “Then do I deserve to be locked up in a hospital for the rest of my life?” I asked Wendy rhetorically, since I still believed that was Mr Secretary's plan. (It was in fact not his plan; he only wanted me locked up long enough to enable evidence to be produced proving that I wasn't myself.) No, Wendy replied; but she reminded me that I needed to take my medicine and do what doctors told me to do and so on. “Okay I will do that,” I was becoming very obedient and cooperative by now (6:51). “Do you take all your medication?”

5 [calling_cindy_feb_9_08_in_brussel.wma](#) 78751dd998f9ccd69eb40acb9f2f1ace
4c2b733ff8a47a372429d9c8449caf1cebbb1bd3 9edf9bdf F:\older_recordings\
[calling_cindy_feb_9_08_in_brussel.wma](#) 10/15/2008 9:23:44 PM 10/15/2008 9:23:44 PM 11,802,007
wma R

Wendy then asked. Almost, I replied, although I sometimes skipped it for a night. “That’s the problem!” she shouted (7:20). After some stuttering, I assured her that I would not skip medication from now on (8:00). I then carefully told her that I was out of town at the moment – never mentioning where I was – and asked her whether, when I shall return home the next week, she would take me out (8:50). She wasn’t sure, she replied. Then, at some point, “Wendy” revealed that she was pregnant (10:15). Then, after some insignificant chitchat, our conversation ends (12:09 in the recording).

I then called up Wes’ mother, my grandfather, and my step mother once more on Skype. Just like earlier, I put my Sony ICD B-500 next to the earphone. I have bundled the recordings of these three calls in a single file: “[skype_call_wes_mom_grandpa_stepmom_feb_9_08_in_brussels.wma](#)”.⁶ The file begins when I was already talking to Wes’ mother – I desperately wanted to win Wes back after the “Zudy affair”. Wes’ mother mentioned how Wes had been going out with one of his professors (Friedman). The recording then becomes murky. As far as I can remember, Wes’ mother was trying to twist the story around. She said something to the effect that Wes had told her that I was very concerned about his wellbeing. I hated it when others’ mind was not as clear as mine, and I thus corrected her and told her that I had never been concerned about Wes’ wellbeing but was rather worried whether he was going to stay in my life as my friend. The recording ends on 2:14, and following this is my second call to my grandfather. My grandfather, after telling me about his deteriorating mobility, began repeating how everyone was disappointed with me. This was just old talks which my grandfather had been repeating for years. Disappointed by my inability to get the truth about myself out to the world, I began trashing myself, responding that I was already “disabled” (人已经被废了) and that nobody should therefore expect anything more from me (4:30 or so). I then continued, “I was born a person without ability” (我一生出来就是没有能力的人啊), to which my grandfather replied, “Even if you have no ability, you should not destroy yourself” (你没有能力那不能自己摧毁自己啊).

My grandfather then started telling me how I should just spend my time drawing and watching movies (6:05), but made a statement which revealed his full knowledge of everything which I had gone through: that I had a lot of potentials but couldn’t really express them (发挥). He was evidently referring to not simply the Agency’s failed “adoption” of me, but also to the current situation, where one person could somehow have created such a storm and yet was not put to good use but was trashed away because he had offended the United States Homeland Security Secretary. The recording is unclear throughout on my grandfather’s side; my grandfather was mostly persuading me to “pass my time” (消磨时间): attending church services, drinking coffee, etc (7:10). After I briefly shifted the topic of our conversation to my grandfather’s daily situation (“Has there been anyone visiting you lately?”), I returned to my insistence on my “disability”, how nobody should have expected anything from me. Somehow my grandfather brought up the topic of philosophy, how it should have taught me the proper way to live. I got very upset because, in my self-abasement, I wanted to degrade everything I possessed as the only way to gain satisfaction from my current destitution. After this I continued to emphasize my

6 [skype_call_wes_mom_grandpa_stepmom_feb_9_08_in_brussels.wma](#) e659a85fa4ef745b10acdf842473d8d5
1f59a019aaf40490b018ca41d7df339c1a8bc5c1 803b015a F:\older_recordings\
[skype_call_wes_mom_grandpa_stepmom_feb_9_08_in_brussels.wma](#) 10/15/2008 9:23:48 PM 10/15/2008 9:23:48
PM 28,056,727 wma R

uselessness and worthlessness. On 11:00 or so my grandfather brought up the topic of God – how, should I continue on my course, not even God could save me. Since my earlier prayers to God that I be at last allowed to get out of Mr Secretary's grips had evidently been unanswered, I simply shouted, “Don't talk about this, God does not exist!” (好了, 不要讲这个了, 上帝根本就不存在!) And then, when my grandfather continued to argue with me along this line, I shouted again that “God has no power!” (11:33) – meaning that God had no power to save me and China from the United States. Truly upset with God, I continued: “I have believed in God for so long, and only now do I realize it's all fake!” My grandfather retorted: “But you studied philosophy, and you should understand these kinds of things” – how to live a proper life, that is. I protested that philosophy was a useless thing and that studying philosophy had not much to do with “living properly” (12:18) – I was thinking of philosophy only in its distilled, academic form: how it had given me wisdom concerning the larger things like world history, human nature, and the universe, etc., but not anything small and current like how to live properly. From Plato through Hegel and Heidegger to Foucault little had been said about how one should live – it was not Stoicism, and even Daoism had only helped me *understand*, not live.

After this I asked my grandfather why everyone said I was in Taiwan when I had already returned home from there on October 25 (13:00 or so). But my grandfather just wouldn't spell out who had said this. What I didn't understand from this conversation was the evident fact that it didn't sound like the kind of “evidence” which Mr Secretary and the Agency would have wanted our Madam President of the ICJ to hear: I assumed at the time that there must have existed breaks in surveillance or the evidentiary process in order for me to genuinely talk to my family. Instead, what had happened was that, after Mr Secretary and the Agency had convinced judge Higgins to accept the barely intelligible metaphorical communication as “evidence” for secret communication between spies and established to her satisfaction that such communication had indeed occurred between me and the MSS director, they had motioned that new judges unaware of what had happened be brought in to continue the trial. (All the old judges were dismissed with a gag order forbidding them to discuss what they had seen of this trial.) The CIA's argument was that, now that it had been established that the MSS director and I had together inflicted “terrorist harm” on the United States through the International Court system, this damage, because it included the world's perception that United States had lied about a terrorist suspect in violation of the Resolution it had itself proposed, could only be reversed when, among other things, trial records were produced showing that United States had in fact not lied about the terrorist suspect. A separate ICJ chamber was thus created, composed of judges to whom United States had the right to present faulty evidences manufactured in the same way in which the MSS director had originally forged his evidence, but who were not told about this to ensure that they would believe the evidences were real. Thus, since the MSS director had taught Professor Wong how to talk on the phone in order to be intercepted, Deborah G and my family members would be coached as to how to talk to me in order for the intercepts of the conversations to become evidences proving the United States' scenario that I was my own twin brother while I could not, most of the time, be seen in the surveillance on me. In this way United States could be relieved of its violation of UN Resolution 1373. These new judges, who knew nothing about my passport number and my story “My experience...” which had already been suppressed as evidences, were now seeing, as the only things they would know about my case, the new evidences showing how I was widely complained about by people wherever I went and how both

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person Part I: China and Europe
Lawrence C. Chin
May 2011, Jan. 2012, Dec. 2012, Jan. 2013, Nov. 2016. Minor corrections later

Deborah G and “Wendy” were telling me to take medication for my “mental disorder”. They were not aware that both Deborah G and Wendy were *told* to talk to me like this just in order for them to hear and they certainly did not know that the false reports which had set the international law enforcement mechanism going were made by operatives who were “talking to the atmosphere”, that is, either complaining about a non-existent reality or purposely exaggerating ordinary vicissitudes in quotidian life into big problems. As the new judges looked at the FBI document and Mr Secretary's false warning about me, they saw nothing other than the same name and some pictures showing two similar-looking individuals. They would thus accept Mr Secretary's counter-scenario that a confusion of identity had occurred between Lawrence Chin and his twin brother David Chin – which was the first step in convincing the world that the Chinese and the Russians had recruited the twin brother of Lawrence Chin – who was no longer born on November 16, 1969, should I remind you, but on May 6, 1968 – to pretend to be Lawrence Chin and to fly to China and over Russia, knowing that Mr Secretary's Department would confuse him with the “real” Lawrence Chin, while the Department had correctly described this twin brother of Lawrence Chin as a schizophrenic on top of being a pedophile, a Nazi sympathizer, a sex maniac, a persistent public nuisance, etc.

Now from 25:20 onward in the recording file is my conversation with my step mother. Upon connecting to her I immediately asked her what the business was about that they said I was in Taiwan. She responded that it was not my cousin who had said I was in Taiwan, but her father (my uncle). For a while I thought they were talking about my sojourn in Taiwan in October 2007, and so told her that I had already returned from Taiwan on October 25, and asked her what they were then talking about. The entire conversation was again full of confusion, and I was so frustrated that I again made the self-deprecating comment that, since I was disabled, I had to spend a lot of energy trying to figure out who had said what and what had really happened, even though the confusion about my travel in Taiwan at a time when I wasn't in Taiwan was all due to them and they had intentionally created the confusion because they had been instructed to do so.

So what is it about? Even at the time I could comprehend that my family members had simply been instructed by Mr Secretary to talk about a non-existent reality over the phone in order to create the impression that I was in Taiwan in November 2007 when in reality I was in Los Angeles. When he would then intercept these phone calls and present them to the new chamber of the International Court as “evidences” he could convince the new judges that I had indeed made my first Skype call to Ms Mermaid from Taiwan and that he was innocent of his most profound perjury which was what had enabled the MSS to freeload intelligence from the American databases in the first place. To further cover up his perjury, he would then order the MSS itself – now conveniently under his command – to masochistically forge evidence indicating that the evidence which the MSS had intercepted showing that my Skype call to Ms Mermaid actually originated from Los Angeles (for example, my MAC number and my IP addresses displayed on both the forum of www.5281.cn and the Skype system) was in fact forged by the MSS. (The MSS would be forced to do so under obligation from UN Resolution 1373.) The new judges who had just come to the Court *tabula rasa*, namely, stupid and ready to be deceived by falsehood, would have been so angered by MSS director's “fraud” – especially after they had been so impressed by the kindness of Deborah G and so on, without knowing that it was in fact all

an act – that they would certainly have reversed the former judgment of perjury against the United States and become forever biased against anything Chinese. When the International Court of Justice was opened again to outside observers, governments around the world would be similarly duped, so that their bad impression of Mr Secretary could be reversed.

Now Mr Secretary had already replaced the employees of this Internet cafe with his Homeland Security agents. Tonight the agent seemed to be a French-speaking local, but he exuded the same vulgarity and meanness typical of all the Homeland Security agents I had seen back in the States. When I had just finished my calls and was ready to do other things on the computer, the computer suddenly shut itself down and began rebooting itself. I went downstairs to the counter to complain about this: “Why did you guys shut off the computer?” I was impatient, angry, and frustrated. Now this Homeland Security replacement came upstairs and pretended to not see anything wrong at all, pointing to the rebooted computer and saying, “It didn't shut itself down. We didn't shut it down.” All that I could do was go back to my work feeling as if a hammer had just hit me on my chest; I knew that it was Homeland Security which had remotely shut off the computer and then instructed their agent to pretend not to see this shutdown in order to produce a surveillance intercept seemingly indicating that I was hallucinating and seeing the computer shut down when it was on all this time – that I was indeed a schizophrenic just as Mr Secretary had told his international audience. Mr Secretary now had new evidence to show to the new judges that I was mostly like David Chin and not Lawrence Chin. Everything he had said about me on his warning to diplomatic services around the world was correct except for the name – and this was because I had been in the habit of using Lawrence Chin's identity. Again, judge Higgins had sanctioned the United States to use this kind of tactic to save itself. It was of course not the first time that Homeland Security had played this kind of trick, but for me it would have to be the last time. The next time I would make sure to videotape such “remotely controlled machine malfunctioning to make me look as if I were hallucinating” so that I would have proof that the computer did for example shut itself down!

It was not just because of this kind of dirty tactic on the part of Homeland Security but more importantly because of their blockage of my Internet activities that I continued, even under such desperate and depressed condition, studying computer matters. After my calls, I began reading up all sorts of lectures online on the structure of the Internet (like the seven layers of the OSI model, etc.), all so that I may one day understand how to achieve freedom of expression on the Internet – that mythical creature which our US government had completely denied me but of which they claimed the totalitarian Chinese government had deprived all its citizens. I would from this point on be ever more interested in how the so-called “Chinese dissidents” had got around government censorship because I wished I could accomplish that with our US government. Now I have to remind you that true government censorship on the Internet which the US government exercises is *complete* censorship – not like the semi-censorship which the US government has been accusing the Chinese government of perpetrating. Once you have become the target of Homeland Security censorship, there is *no* possibility of getting around it. By the time I'm revising this paragraph (August 8 2010), I have had almost three years of experience to guarantee this fact for you.

Now, when I was all done and walked out of the cybercafe, I crossed path with a young female, who, upon recognizing my face, produced an expression of utter disgust. I was again overwhelmed by the feeling of being shut off in a box – being so slandered and so misunderstood. Again, I supposed that Mr Secretary's “alert” to the population here about me included the story of how the Chinese intelligence and I had together cheated in the International Court in order to enable China to dominate the world, which would certainly incite anti-Chinese feelings among all Westerners who felt intimately threatened by the rise of China. I had learned well over the years that nothing could more frighten the Western population than the possibility that these “Chinckers” might one day rule the planet, even though most of them would remain friendly to the Chinese people as long as the latter remained “in their place”. Mr Secretary's “alert” to the population here would of course not mention the fact that he had lied and violated international laws, but would, in accordance with his neoconservative spirit “We make reality when reality is not what we say it is”, refashion reality as if it were really true that I had pretended to be myself in order to enable “Chinckers” to rule the world. This would certainly cause the ordinary citizens in Belgium and Germany to become ever more indignant about the injustices which the Chinckers and I had supposedly perpetrated. This, in combination with Mr Secretary's grotesque caricature of me in these alerts, must be the reason why I encountered extraordinary hatred everywhere I went in Europe and among peoples of all nationalities.

Eventually I ventured into a nearby bar. My mood had sunk to the lowest point when I was sitting inside by myself smoking and drinking a bottle of Belgian beer. It was time to follow Deborah's “advice” and show up to my appointment with her. I was taking a huge risk, I thought. I began to worry about the names of the fifteen judges of the International Court of Justice which I had written down on my “Shanghai notebook”, in addition to the name “Zudy Pingley Smith” and the accompanying phone number which the British woman had written down for me. Since I was worrying that I might be intercepted at the airport for being an out-of-control schizophrenic harassers of women and government institutions, I suddenly felt terrified that the security officers who might detain me might look through my notebook and take these names and phone numbers for signs of serious mental delusion. The information about “Zudy Pingley Smith” would be the worst, since I still suspected that this British woman had made a false complaint about me to the local law enforcement authority. You cannot imagine the destitute in which I was trapped: I knew that the Chinese had lost and that the Russians were merely holding onto a thread. I started uttering to myself almost under the condition of nervous breakdown: “Nothing has happened at all... Nothing has happened at all”. I thus tore out from my notebook all the pages on which all this information was written and lit them on fire in the ashtray. But I overburned them and fire burst out of the ashtray unexpectedly. The Belgian college girls who were sitting nearby began shouting hysterically. That's when the barista came over to me angrily and tried to put out the fire. I became terrified that she might have been instructed by the Allies to collect the unburned portions of the pages as evidence for the International Court of Justice – after these had been falsified of course, since the name of the game was to suppress the truth, right? – and so tried to obstruct her effort, but she succeeded in the end in grabbing the ashtray away from me. Since I was smart enough to know that anything other people wanted to do would be against my interest (and the interest of China and Russia of course), I assumed that her taking possession of the unburned pieces could only mean bad news. But there was nothing I could do. Before I could retake possession of the

ashtray the barista, with the help of other people, had already thrown me out of the place. I could only retreat to the street corner, nervous and trembling, and comfort myself by recalling which pieces were burned and which were not: for it would seem that all the unburned pieces were blank and that pieces with information about “Zudy” and the ICJ judges had all been burned to ashes.

That would not matter. What the Allies were trying to do was to collect new evidences for my handwriting in order to overturn the original evidence which the MSS director had collected. Since the Allies were permitted to forge evidences to prove that I wasn't myself, they would simply forge pieces of paper with a different person's handwriting on them and claim that these were the ones which the barista had found. They didn't want real evidences, because real evidences would work against them. The new ICJ judges would be shown the surveillance showing me burning papers and then presented with pieces of unburned papers which demonstrated that my handwriting was completely different from that found on the letter which I had mailed to the Chinese consulate of Los Angeles back in September 2007. MSS director's set of evidences were being eliminated one by one.

The next morning – my last day in Brussels – I settled down in the public library which was located midway between Gare central and Gare du nord. I went to the magazine shelves and took out French and English editions of PC magazines and began reading them. I would write down on my Shanghai notebook anything I saw in the magazines that may be of interest to me – information on the working of the Internet and on the new brands of servers and so on. After I had decided that knowledge about computers and the Internet was the most urgent thing in the world when I was faced with constant Homeland Security lock-down of my Internet connection, I could temporarily black out my feeling of hopelessness and calm myself down only when I was doing something to remedy this weakness of mine (computer illiteracy). Little did I know that, by suddenly becoming obsessed with computers, I was lending tremendous help to Mr Secretary insofar as I was voluntarily fitting into his profile of me as “David Chin”, i.e., my older brother, which FBI's “Big Sister” had indicated was a computer programmer.

Afterwards I came to Gare central and bought a ticket for tonight's train to Frankfurt. Then I walked around the neighborhood to pass some time. I came to the embassy zone of the city, which was still in the vicinity of Gare central. There was a park in the middle, as I remember. It was quiet all around, except that, in front of the U.S. Embassy – just a tiny building – a police car was parked on the drive way to serve as barricade and a police officer was patrolling about. Was it because of me? I thought. Well, it was, because, according to official story, the United States had just suffered a major “terrorist harm”. But it was stupid. What threat could I have posed to that building? The troubles were all on papers.

And so I departed for Frankfurt that night. It was a lonely trip: only a few Belgian and German youngsters of college age were on the train here and there accompanying me. Although scared, I was actually relieved that the desperate hard time was about to end. The train stopped for an hour or so by a small town on the German border, and I went out of the train station and bought a pack of cigarettes in a liquor store across the street. It was an Indian or Pakistani immigrant who ran the shop, and his

attitude toward me seemed quite normal. I then got on the double-deck train which was to proceed from there to Frankfurt. Suddenly a couple of German youngsters of college age came in to sit in the seats in front of me, talking loudly like American college kids. It was hard for me to tell what the purpose of all this was, since I assumed that the train had been evacuated and filled up with fake passengers just as always. (I might have been wrong this time!) While on the train, I picked up a copy of *Frankfurter Zeitung* and read several interesting articles therein, one on the cables buried under sea for transnational Internet connections and another on the Russian woman who was a co-founder of Kaspersky. I read these two stories because of my growing obsession with everything related to computers. I was quite hesitant to read the second story at the time, although I was eventually overcome by my curiosity and read it anyway. I never found out what damage I might have thereby caused to my own reputation and to the nation with whose fate I would soon be tied for a long time to come.

As far as I can remember, I got off the train at the airport station some time past midnight, and then simply passed the night sleeping on the chairs in the waiting areas near Condor's check-in booth. Or perhaps I have remembered it incorrectly. For I also recall running to the Condor check-in counter on the morning of February 11 because the plane to which my standby applied was about to take off. I was dying to go home and so was virtually begging the Condor ticket agent (who was presumably just a BND agent anyway) to provide me with a seat in the plane. She and the rest of the airport workers feigned exerting efforts to help me when – I am sure of it – everybody else was also dying for me to go home, where operations were awaiting me for the sake of a full conviction of the Chinese intelligence service. By the time I came to the boarding area, however, I saw that all the people waiting for the plane were poor and downtrodden local Germans recruited from the ghettos, making the plane look like a special carrier of beggars. Obviously, they were all fake passengers whom Mr Secretary had quickly recruited from among the local poor and unemployed in order to demonstrate to his peer and his “Boss” how effective he was in neutralizing the threat I posed to the United States and how skillful he was in the art of deception and clandestine operation. I was tremendously discomfited and felt stifled as if being shut off in a box due to my entrapment within Mr Secretary's disgusting prison house – that same feeling of injustice which a member of the intelligentsia experiences when he is forced to live within the confine which a bunch of vulgar and uneducated bureaucrats have designed for him and in which his talent and goodness become invisible and valueless. Things got worse when, as I lined up to get onto the plane, the airline attendant – an Indian or Pakistani youngster – made fun of me, saying something Chinese about me and then laughing out loud disdainfully. Obviously, Mr Secretary had already “warned” him that I was some sort of schizophrenic Chinese secret agent who had just performed evil trickery to sell off the West to China, causing him to not just hate me but also to sneer at me as the most supreme laughing stock of humanity. When I came inside the plane, the flight attendant – a very beautiful German lady – said loudly to another fake passenger behind me, obviously in order for me to hear: “Wir haben keine Informationen über...” I don't remember what her last word was, but it was evidently the German word for “passengers”. Pure bullshit, of course. I wasn't sure whether Mr Secretary really expected me to believe this; perhaps he had instructed the beautiful BND agent to speak such falsehood in order to impress upon the “new stupid judges” of the ICJ that Western governments were so humane and cared so much about their citizens' privacy that airlines didn't even collect information about their passengers. The new judges, if so, would be so ignorant as to believe

every official story which the United States government had propagated. On the other hand, if the former scenario was the case, this would be Mr Secretary's second attempt (since he theatrically sent the Brussels police officers onto the tram to help the fainting vagrant) to calm me so as to dismantle my defense against his upcoming operations. I would encounter another pleasant surprise in the Las Vegas international airport.

When the plane was in the air, I paid careful attention to the TV monitor above me. Now that I knew that international laws were so loose as to permit any country to become party to the lawsuit as long as I flew over it, I wanted to know the flight path of this plane in order to count the new countries which would join the lawsuit just because I was flying home. Well, from Frankfurt the plane flew northward and then westward, passing over Denmark and Britain. The UK was already in the lawsuit against Russia and China. But Denmark would be a new comer – and it would certainly be on the side of the United States. The plane would eventually fly over Iceland and Canada before landing in Las Vegas. Iceland would thus be another new helper on the side of the United States. I would frequently since then imagine that perhaps our President had even ordered F-16s to escort my plane when it entered the air space of the United States.

I had by then sunk so deep into depression – so discomforted by the feeling of being shut off in a box in response to China's loss, the triumph of Mr Secretary lies, and my inability to voice myself – that I was completely careless about hygiene and etiquette, and began intensely picking my nose while sitting next to a vulgar German fake passenger. I had so annoyed him that he actually got up with his wife and complained to the beautiful BND agent who was pretending to be the Condor flight attendant. She came over to warn me. But she had to pretend that she didn't know who I was, and so was speaking German to me so fast as if she didn't know that I couldn't follow her. I thus simply uttered “What?”, upon which she told me in English that my nose-picking was disturbing the “passenger” next to me. I replied perfunctorily, “Yes, yes, that's very embarrassing,” and stopped doing it. Then, I tried not to waste my time and began writing out on my “Shanghai sketchbook” the preliminary outlines of “Operation Shanghai”. I then reviewed the notes I had taken on computer matters.

When my plane finally landed in Las Vegas, it was as if it had all been a bad dream. I walked nervously to the custom officer and, while waiting, made a prediction to another custom officer who was standing nearby that something would happen to me when it came time to check my passport – that I would be detained on the basis of the bad reports made about me overseas. The officer however had already been carefully instructed by Mr Secretary to pretend to not know me and to act as if nothing particularly was going on. I was still nervous, but began to believe that my tactic of always predicting the worse case scenario had indeed worked: Mr Secretary was *not* going to instruct border security to intercept me and detain me. And I was quite right. When I came in front of the custom officer, he merely looked at my passport for a second and then ushered me into the territory, as if nothing had happened at all. I walked around the airport feeling completely relieved, and decided to test the situation by asking another airport officer where the restroom was. She politely pointed it out to me, again as if I had created no troubles at all with my trip to China.

I was now relieved beyond description and, as I exited the airport and walked toward the bus station, continued to utter, “Nothing has happened at all. Nothing has happened at all.” I took the bus to the Greyhound station and obtained the ticket which I had purchased online while in Brussels. The Greyhound station however looked like a typical fake station devised by Mr Secretary: the same old Homeland Security actors and actresses from the ghetto were pretending to be both Greyhound employees and passengers. Discomforted by the same stifling feeling of being shut inside Mr Secretary's “prison of deception”, I walked away and entered into the casino next door. There, from a public computer station, I printed out the short message I had posted on Karin's discussion board just to be sure that all that I had done with her would not disappear per Mr Secretary's orchestration in order to make me look schizophrenic. I then had dinner in a buffet, quietly as if all had been over and done with. I finally returned to the Greyhound station and grudgingly got on the bus when it was time to depart. I nestled into my favorite spot of the bus – the large empty seat next to the toilet in the very back of the bus – and fell asleep as soon as the bus rode out of Las Vegas. I would only wake up when the bus had already pulled into downtown Los Angeles. I suppose Mr Secretary originally wanted me to go to Las Vegas because he thought I would get crazy there and spend money on prostitutes and finally end up in the hospital. His last opportunity to have me detained had failed to materialize.

My impression about the whole affair was that this was the greatest battle of the mind I had ever gone through. I was, by the end, so mentally exhausted from trying to unearth hidden meanings behind otherwise ordinary happenings. Recall the art of *hermeneutics*. Even though the control center serving as the Court room was completely hidden from me, it was possible to figure out what was going on in that hidden realm because of the bogus nature of the trial. The degeneration of the evidentiary process to blatant manufacturing of evidences meant that every single piece of evidence Mr Secretary would present to the Court was *created* rather than discovered, and, by observing what evidence he was trying to create through manipulating my environment – by paying attention to what stories he was trying to make up about me, that is – I could reconstruct the debate that must be going on inside the Court through simple “reverse engineering”: unearthing the purpose in the evidence he was trying to create, and then reconstructing the debate in which his purpose found its place.

I finally arrived at my apartment building around midnight, February 11, 2008. I opened up my mailbox and found a newsletter from WCIL which featured a story about a schizophrenic consumer's “triumph over his situation”. When I saw this story I couldn't help but burst into tears. I actually regretted not having accepted this “option” earlier. Then, still hungry, I walked to the gas station on Olympics and Grand and bought a Starbucks vanilla coffee and a bag of popcorn. I sat down outside by the entrance of the gas station and began eating the popcorn right away. Immediately two police cars pulled in, one on each flank of the station, and then a limousine casually and slowly drove up to park in front of me, only about a few feet away. The driver of the limousine came out carrying an empty milk bottle and walked into the snack shop pretending to look for refill. I had of course already seen this technique many times before; it was Mr Secretary's thinking that he had so mastered the art of deception that he could coolly order his driver to park his limousine in front of me in a very casual manner and then instruct him like a veiled emperor “from behind the scene” to carry a bottle out and pretend to be on break looking for something to drink. As you have seen, Mr Secretary had been on a

craze running operations on me from Shanghai to Europe, not just to produce the evidences he needed, but also to prove to his peers and his international audience that he was indeed so masterful in manipulating the environment around me and duping me left and right that he *was* after all the world-champion of the art of deception. Now, as I would realize later, he was most likely not alone in the limousine – aside from the Secret Service agent who must have drawn his handgun – but was actually sitting next to his “Boss” (the Vice President) himself and thus, having almost ruined the latter's plan, was desperate to demonstrate to him that he was so very clever at coming up with deception at the spur of the moment: “See how good I am? I just told my driver to go out carrying a milk bottle, and now this little shit has been duped into believing that no one particular is sitting here but that the limousine is just on break!” (I will explain extensively later on how the Vice President's “Plan” was almost ruined by the MSS director.) Knowing that, I of course said nothing, in order not to worsen my situation even further. I just had to suppress my laughter for a moment and force myself to eat my popcorn as if completely oblivious of the frightening but funny event that the most powerful men in the country and around the globe were actually staring at me from approximately ten feet away! It was probably due to the comedy of the whole affair that one of the police officers, when he was also pretending to walk into the snack shop as if he were not here to protect the VIPs, said to me sarcastically, “Eating popcorn, huh?” He was just intrigued by the strangest occurrence that a person, unemployed at the moment and living on state assistance, had just flown around the world resulting almost in the splintering of the entire United Nations and the demotion of the leading superpower, and that, when he returned, he was doing nothing more than eating popcorn at a gas station, right in front of none other than the secret head of the state and the secret ruler of every person and machine in this land! And, Mr Secretary aside, what was my attitude toward the Boss? Well, I have often imagined him coming out of the limousine and myself immediately kneeling before him and kowtowing in submission: that's how scary he was! The director of China's Ministry of State Security, unfortunately, was about to learn this.

Conclusion

Now that I had returned home, the Vice President and the CIA would build a solid case against the director of China's Ministry of State Security. Mr Secretary wanted his revenge too, for, being an antisocial personality, he did not like it when others failed to believe his lies and caught him lying, and, being the ultimate hypocrite who took pride in – who took as a sign of the intellectual superiority which the neoconservatives so valued – the ability to hide away his evil intention behind the garb of feigned goodness, he did not want the world to know that he had the habit of lying and violating laws, so contrary to the persona he had carefully cultivated about himself in the public domain as a stern enforcer of laws. The “Boss” Vice President was unbelievably incensed and infuriated by the MSS director because the latter had exposed in the International Court and the United Nations that 911 attacks were orchestrated by him himself as the first step in a plan to grab Central Asia and the Middle East away from China and Russia and then to provoke both nations to initiate what neoconservatives had called “World War Four”. The Agency was infuriated by the MSS director because he had “lifted up the woman's skirt and peeked into her secrets”. The most important thing in the world for the Agency was its secrecy: before my case, no one – not even the President of the United States – knew what the Agency's clandestine service was doing or even who was in it. Don't think that the books out

there in the public domain which purportedly describe the Agency have actually described the Agency's clandestine service. My *Secret History of the International Court of Justice* is the first work ever which offers an inside view into the Agency's clandestine service in recent times.⁷ Altogether, motivated differently, they would exact the harshest vengeance upon the MSS director and they would do so completely “lawfully”, that is, by legitimately constructing an imaginary crime for which he would be systematically framed and then prosecuting him through the International Court system. They would make him look so bad, they would turn him into the most despicable criminal ever in the eyes of the world: such was what the Agency and the neoconservatives had in common, the most extraordinary American talent, to slander their opponents and make them look so much worse than they really are.

Mr MSS director had by now been reduced to a pathetic figure. He would be subsequently victimized by the “Boss”, Mr Secretary, the Agency, and their allies to an extent beyond belief. I hope you have been able to grasp the various personalities who have pitted themselves against each other in a court battle most serious to them. As for the MSS director, who has committed fraud and yet who is not a natural born criminal like our Secretary of Homeland Security – I hope you have been able to grasp a little his motivation. China had until late 2007 been severely bullied by the United States. In the foregoing I have merely mentioned the issues of the Uighurs and the American slandering about Chinese exports as a warning to the Chinese in regard to their demonstration of their ability to shoot down satellites. I have not mentioned that beneath the surface of the so-called “War on Terror” in Central Asia and the Middle-East lay an accelerated competition between the United States and China for oil and natural gas. The lack of a reliable source of energy had become China's primary concern ever since it had begun to modernize. With the establishment of military bases in Central Asia the United States was continuing a strategy of encirclement of China, not only militarily, but also with allies hostile to China so that, should the competition between the dominant superpower and the emergent superpower ever result in a military confrontation, the United States could quickly asphyxiate China by cutting off its supply of energy. Like other typical patriotic Chinese officials, the MSS director must have felt tremendous unfairness and injustice when he observed the United States unfolding its policy toward China in that, insofar as China was merely trying to grow into adulthood, there just had to be a bully on the block who was intent on obstructing its growth so that he could continue his dominant position on the whole block. As an intelligence official he must have moreover easily seen through the hypocrisy which had become the trademark of American political comportment ever since the neoconservatives took hold of the US government in 2001. During the Cold War everybody was at least honest; both the United States and the Soviet Union never pretended that their enemy was not each other. Dick Cheney had however decided that the true enemy of the state must not be known by the people – the people on my side, the people on the enemy's side, and the people on the neutral party's side. Even though his true targets in the “War on Terror” were China and Russia, he would like to pretend – and he had made sure that people believe – that America was sending its military into Central Asia and the Middle East in order to neutralize this idiotic threat called “terrorism” and not in order to encircle China and Russia with more mighty American military.⁸ But the Chinese

7 A work like Philip Agee's *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, though accurate, is out of date. The CIA operational unit in 2008 was nothing like the CIA of 1960s which Agee has described.

8 Read, for example, Alain de Benoist's “Les Etats-Unis et l'Europe”

and Russian governments of course couldn't be fooled as to what the Americans were really doing in this oil-rich region on their borders, and Mr Secretary's lies had provided them with an opportunity to subvert the "War on Terror" which was really targeting them. The mistake of the MSS director was his greed, for he had not only sought to demolish the legal and moral leadership which the United States held in the UN in this "War on Terror", but had also destroyed the entire "China plan" which the CIA and its European partners were working on, and then obtained the entire databases of all the intelligence agencies of the United States, Canada, Germany, and Taiwan. With a single stroke he had destroyed the hard work of so many people over so many years. This was extremely risky behavior, for he had simply offended too many people, uniting the enemies against him instead of dividing them – since the whole case had really originated with the decade-long rivalry between the neoconservatives and the old CIA. During my times in Shanghai, as the tide of court battle turned increasingly against him, his patriotism and idealism for China as a new world power must have quickly dissolved into a utter concern for his own fate. He knew that everyone he had offended would go after him with unbelievable zeal. In the end, by the time I left China, he would have come to depend solely on me – this otherwise nobody – to save himself. This must have been why he was so grateful for this stranger's hand that he secretly communicated "Thank you" to me, gravely running more risks of "conspiracy with me" to his own detriment. He understood that the Americans and their Western allies had been used to the double standards they had created for the world. Even though, technically speaking, the fault started with the United States, the American and Western attitude was "We made these laws, and don't turn these laws around against us; we have created this 'War on Terrorism', and don't hijack it to our detriment. We are the rulers of the planet, and we have been known as the good guys with democracy and human rights and all that stuff. Don't try to snatch away our moral and legal authority which we have carefully built up in the eyes of the world." The American and Western elites would not tolerate such challenge to their power from an outsider like the MSS director. For his attempt to expose their hypocrisy (including their frequent disregard of international laws), the American elites would make sure that the MSS director be remembered forever as a criminal of the most disgusting sort and prosecuted for all sorts of crimes which he had never committed.

When China rises it will collide with the United States from time to time. This episode in the International Court of Justice was the most serious collision between China and the United States since the collision of the two nations' planes in 2001 over the South China Sea – and it was far more serious than that previous incident. I sincerely hope I have offended none of my readers when I tell you the truth here. Once again, I am not here trying to make myself or anyone look good when no one is that good, but am here trying to make you wiser as I have become wiser through these experiences. So far no one has figured as a blameless protagonist, as the "good guy"; for that you will have to wait for the appearance of the Russian intelligence – and they could merit it only for a brief while. This is reality here; I am speaking here as a wiser human being rather than as a Chinese or as a Westerner. And I hope

(http://www.alaindebenoist.com/pdf/les_etats_unis_et_l_europe.pdf): "... A plus long terme, l'objectif des Américains est... d'encercler la Chine par un réseau d'alliances avec la Russie, l'Inde, la Corée du Sud, Taïwan et le Japon. Dans une telle perspective, mettre la main sur le pétrole de l'Irak, en attendant de s'emparer de celui de l'Iran, c'est se donner les moyens d'une éventuelle asphyxie énergétique de la Chine, c'est-à-dire se prémunir contre toute hostilité de la part de Pékin." Russia of course allies with China instead, and together Russia and China have been trying to protect their Central Asian backdoor with the Shanghai Cooperation Organization.

you will become likewise.

As for me, I am laying bare here the first stage of the etiology of my disease. Since I was enveloped in a theater without breaks – everyone, when talking to me, was not really talking to me but only talking to the atmosphere, to a non-existent imaginary figure – I would have to begin recording all my interactions with other human beings in order to preserve proof that I had never harassed or misbehaved when others accused me of harassing them and misbehaving – that they had simply been instructed by the authority to talk to me as if I were the Nazi, the pedophile, the schizophrenic twin brother of myself pretending to be myself whom Mr Secretary had invented. I would have to begin videotaping the computer screen incessantly in order to catch proof that, when Homeland Security personnel remotely controlled my computer to do strange things, I wasn't imagining it. Dealing with intelligence agencies also meant that I needed to record all my activities and videotape all the secret agents and operations I encountered – so that I would have proof of my perfect sanity when the intelligence agencies should instruct everybody around me to report me as “schizophrenic” as a way to hide their secrets. Most importantly, I would eventually have to record myself writing about my experience with intelligence agencies – every word that I write would have to be recorded – in case some intelligence agency might stage a show in which I was made to appear as if I didn't write my story but had stolen it from someone else, a show as part of the campaign to discredit me.

From this horrible experience which I have just laid bare for you, I have also learned just how gullible and stupid the ordinary citizens in the Western world were in that, as I have emphasized, they would believe anything, however fantastic, as long as the source of the lies was some governmental authority. A twin brother of himself pretending to be himself under the order of the evil Chinese and Russians, who, though Asian, was also an anti-Semitic white supremacist Nazi and a pedophile and a rapist on top of being a schizophrenic who couldn't distinguish between left and right – this was clearly a cartoon figure from comic books and yet no one who has been told such lies about me by his or her government has ever wondered whether he or she might have been lied to. No one will ever use his or her common sense to ask why the authority was warning everyone about someone without any criminal records when it never bothered to do so about real rapists and child-molesters and murderers and bank robbers. I have become much wiser – it's my goal to make you wiser too – and will never believe the idiotic lies which the US government has broadcast about anyone for political purposes. Such questionable figures as Osama Bin Laden or Khalid Sheikh Mohammed aside, I will never believe, for example, that Jose Padilla has once wanted to detonate in the United States such non-existent entity as a radiological bomb per the order of the mythical Al-Qaida such as we have all been told. I'm sure there is not a single bit of truth in the stories we have heard about him. But most people will continue to delude themselves with the fantasy worldview which such stories are meant to instill in them and with the naïve belief that their government, when telling them these lies, care about their security and welfare – as if politicians and intelligence officials in the Western world were all Mother Teresas. I would from now on hate those who believed lies far more than those who told lies since their stupidity and inability to distinguish between truth and lies would in my case be a far greater form of cruelty than the cruelty itself.

This episode was also my first experience with the “secret agents” of “the other side.” My account here

is even more precious as the first detailed narrative you will find anywhere of a personal experience with the operations of China's Ministry of State Security, which was even more shrouded in mystery than America's CIA: publications on it are even more scarce in the public domain, and none trustworthy.⁹ Should I make a comparison, I would spell out my impression that, although, as you have seen, the Chinese intelligence agents were far more subtle and intuitive than the CIA girls – they were the only ones in the world who could understand that “Today's weather is bad” meant “Americans have busted us” – they were on the whole less educated and “academic” than their American counterparts. I could never imagine the Agency's well-educated pretty girls disguising themselves in a food stand in a street corner; only the Chinese agents would do such “shit work”. The Agency's women always appeared in some white collar jobs, as doctors, nurses, lawyers, and academics. Even Jennifer Day was using the cover of a college student trying to get a head start in the entertainment business. Besides this, when it comes to work in the control center, it is obvious that the CIA and the State Department planned their operations and arguments with a far greater sophistication than the MSS director and his entourage could have ever done. The Chinese spies in foreign lands accomplished their deeds – stole information – through the sheer number of disparate efforts and not through good planning and overall coordination which characterized the Western intelligence methods. Besides, the Western intelligence – the Agency and its allies – seemed more focused on covert operations than on stealing information and gathering intelligence. This episode has also taught me that, when it comes to deception, the Americans, under the leadership of the CIA and the State Department, were far more skillful than their Chinese counterparts, not to mention their greater skill in arguing before the judges of the ICJ to get more strange laws passed into being in their favor. The Chinese were simply not a match for the Americans.

But despite the fact that the Americans and their allies would not have won the lawsuit against the Chinese – even starting from such unfavorable position – had there not been the experience and geniuses of the lawyers of the Central Intelligence Agency, when I and everyone had gone home, Mr Secretary of Homeland Security would have further consolidated and expanded his power while the power of the Agency would be further reduced. Given his mistakes, Mr Secretary would be rewarded with the full command of the Agency's clandestine service throughout 2008 and 2009 and all that the

9 The MSS has no website – not that it makes any difference, since all the information you will ever find on the websites of Western intelligence agencies is for diversionary purposes. The literature I have devoured on the MSS in the public domain after my encounter is usually worthless: Nicholas Eftimiades, “China's Ministry of State Security: Coming of Age in the international arena” (<http://digitalcommons.law.umaryland.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1108&context=mscas&sei-redir=1#search=>); IOSS Intelligence Threat Handbook which the Federation of American Scientists has published on its website, <http://www.fas.org/irp/threat/handbook/foreign.pdf>; “Edging in From the Cold: The Past and Present State of Chinese Intelligence Historiography” and “Beyond Spy vs. Spy: The Analytical Challenge of Understanding Chinese Intelligence Services”, both in the CIA's *Studies in Intelligence*, Sept. 2012 issue (<https://www.cia.gov/library/center-for-the-study-of-intelligence/csi-publications/csi-studies/studies/vol.-56-no.-3/pdfs/Studies56-3-September2012-18Sep2012-Web.pdf>); and David Wise's latest book, *Tiger Trap: America's Spy War With China* (2010), which does not much more than recycle the well-known case stories of Katrina Leung and Larry Wu-Tai Chin (the details which Wise has included on the structure and modus operandi of MSS – how they eschew using monetary rewards to recruit sources and prefer persuasion “You want to do good to China”: who knows if he is right). The occasional congressional reports on Chinese spying in America which I have read are usually only of mediocre quality as well.

Agency had done to protect him he would take credits for. This is simply the political climate of neoconservatism which you should understand. The “Boss” (Cheney) would only reward those within his clique whether they committed faults or gained advantages for the whole team, and he would always punish those outside his clique – the Agency, for example – even when the latter had saved his plan. It's a feudalistic system. And, by always choosing the less competent Mr Secretary as his right-hand man rather than the Agency's more intelligent and experienced men and women, he would pave the way for the eventual failure of his horrifying plan to conquer the elites of the world. I want, at the end of this episode, to quote another passage from the *Iliad*, the passage narrating Odysseus' reminder to Achilles of the latter's father's admonishment to him:

τεκνον εμου, καρτος μεν Αθηναιη τε και Ηρη δωσουσ'
αι κ'εθελωσι, συ δε μεγαλητορα θυμον ισχειν εν στηθεσσι.
φιλοφροσυνη γαρ αμεινων,
ληγεμεναι δ'εριδος κακομηχανου,
οφρασε μαλλον τιωσ' Αργειων ημεν νεοι ηδε γεροντες

“My son, victory will be yours if Athenaia and Hera choose to give it;
but your task is to curb that proud temper, for a kind heart is the better part.
Avoid quarrels, which go before destruction,
and then all the nation will honor you both young and old.”
(W.H.D. Rouse's translation)

NOTICE ON JUDGE ROSALYN HIGGINS
Revised: November 2016

Here I would like to correct two possible errors in the whole narrative. In the foregoing I have imparted on you the impression that the Allies had won their case partly through psychological warfare on judge Higgins, specifically through making me offend her with my sexual impropriety. Today, however, I harbor serious doubt that the reason why the CIA wanted me to “whore around” under her watch was that she hated such behavior – even though she must have. It is common to see critics of the political elites in the Western world (like the “conspiracy theorists”) making a fool of themselves by calling the elites “stupid” when these elites (from the politicians to the CIA) were, for good or for bad, far more intelligent than they could ever aspire to be. The cause is that observers of politics in the Western world typically lack information as to what their “elites” are really doing (because everything is “national security secret” in the Western world) and have to guess all the time and that they lack the education and intelligence comparable to that of the decision-making elites whom they are critiquing. Stupid people always think other people to be stupid and themselves to be smart – precisely because they are stupid. I don't suffer the latter attribute, but I do suffer the former disadvantage: I don't have insiders to tell me what exactly happened inside the Court room but have had to reconstruct the happening either from operations or from small bits of hints that have occasionally been leaked out to me. The reality is that judge Higgins has been one of the most prestigious scholars on United Nations and international laws in the world, and has had extensive experience in United Nations human rights work and

governmental administration of natural resources. When I browsed through, years later, her seminal works like the four volumes of *United Nations Peacekeeping: 1946 – 1967* (written when she was merely 30 something), her more recent *Problems And Process: International Law And How We Use It* (1994), and some of her articles (such as “La liberté de circulation des personnes en droit international”¹⁰), I could see that this cannot be a person who would let her personal distaste influence her professional legal judgments. I have portrayed her in the foregoing narrative as less professional and more stupid than she really was. There must be legal reasons why my “whoring around” would either facilitate CIA's “Plan B” or obstruct the conviction of the United States as having violated UN Resolution 1373. There are two possibilities here. First, since judge Higgins had an expertise in human rights laws, I believe that the fact that I was used as a pawn by nation-states stood in the way of “Plan B” – the neutralization of my “terrorist threat” under UN Resolution 1373 – because I was until then legally classified as some sort of victim, and that my victimhood was somehow canceled when I procured prostitutes, thus allowing the Allies to implement “Plan B”. I don't know how this could be the case because I simply don't have expertise in international laws. Perhaps prostitutes were considered “victims” under some international human rights laws and these laws somehow could not make room for the fact that one victim may victimize another victim. When a victim under international laws “victimized” another victim under the same laws – and somehow procuring prostitutes was considered “victimization” of the woman even though she had offered herself to me out of her freewill and this happened in a country like Germany where prostitutes were well protected by law – the first victim would somehow lose his status as a victim.

The second possibility is that Mr Secretary and the Agency were simply looking for an opportunity to forge my DNA sample as a way to prove that I wasn't myself but my own twin brother. They were permitted to do this while I was in Shanghai because “it was customary in China for the government to frame individuals whom it considered a threat” and had obtained judge Higgins' permission to do this while I was in Frankfurt because, under UN Resolution 1373, if the MSS director had forged evidences to frame them, they should be permitted to forge evidences to neutralize the “terrorist threat” he posed to them. If I had intercourse with a prostitute while under surveillance, Mr Secretary and the Agency would be permitted by judge Higgins to obtain my DNA sample from the prostitute's body (or from the condom I had used) and then to alter it slightly so that it may serve as proof that I wasn't Lawrence Chin but Lawrence Chin's fictitious twin brother “David Chin”.

In the foregoing, I have not sought to change judge Higgins' “taking offense of male sexual impropriety”. That, however, would be a significant underestimation of her. In another respect, I might have also significantly underestimated her when I wrote in the Appendix:

According to the spirit of the law, China had no right to complain about the United States' lie about a terrorist suspect who was going into China unless it truly believed that the terrorist suspect in question meant harm. Ultimately, the law governing conspiracy finds its entire justification in the “spirit of the law”. If I intentionally

10 In the 1988 book of the same title, ed. Maurice Flory and Rosalyn Higgins, Centre d'etudes et de recherches internationales et communautaires, Université Aix-Marseille III, Faculte de droit et de science politique.

passed information about myself to the Chinese intelligence service, the latter could not use the information to complain about the United States in a dispute based on UN Resolution 1373 because the law was written to protect nations from terrorist suspects and not to allow terrorist suspects to help one nation state to harm another using the letter of the law. What I do find incomprehensible is the fact that the United States could somehow define as “terrorist harm” a supposed attempt by the terrorist suspect to expose the crimes and hypocrisy of a nation-state (the United States), for, when nations passed into law UN Resolution 1373, the “terrorist harm” from which they intended nation states to protect each other could not be anything other than physical harms, like bombings and killings and massive destruction of property. It would not be in the spirit of the law for the CIA lawyers to define my supposed attempt to help the MSS director expose the United States as a terrorism-sponsoring state as “terrorist harm”. And yet they were able to convince judge Higgins to do just this.

In reality, while affirming that the FBI had labeled me a “terrorist” by mistake, the CIA was then able to make an ingenious argument which forced judge Higgins to not only reinstate my status as a “terrorist” in another sense but also classify the harm which the MSS director had inflicted on the United States irrefutably as “terrorist harm”. So the CIA: “Although he is not a real terrorist, he is here using his mistaken status as a 'terrorist' to harm us. Just as somebody who falsely reports terrorism when there is no terrorism should be regarded as a terrorist, so somebody who is not really a terrorist but uses his mistaken status as a 'terrorist' to do harm should be regarded as a 'terrorist', and terrorism laws should apply even when the damage he has done has nothing to do with terrorism. Similarly, since the MSS director is using this 'fake terrorist' as a patsy against us when he doesn't believe China is facing any real terrorist threat at all, that's the same as crying 'terrorism' when there is no 'terrorism', so that he should too be regarded as a 'terrorist'. The whole case, as 'false terrorism', should then be regarded the same as 'terrorism' and the damage the same as 'terrorist damage' subject to reversal under UN Resolution 1373.” The argument was perfectly valid and judge Higgins had no option but to accept it.