

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

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How I have been made into a different person Part I China and Europe

Chapter 1 Agency's sting operation

The failure to escape Homeland Security reality

I did not go to bed after I came back from Karin's meetup. I wasn't going to take the risk. What if I overslept and missed my plane, that is. I stayed up in my room throughout the night, putting everything in order. I felt only sad that I couldn't take my artworks with me. I was counting on the fact that I could in the future ask my cousin "Wendy" to send these to me in China. Instead, I took with me my two broken laptops – the Gateway and the Toshiba Satellite – hoping that, if I could really get to meet the Chinese intelligence officials, they would fix these two babies for me.

Before daybreak, I walked out of my apartment building with my bags and, lo and behold, found two copies of *Los Angeles Times* lying by the front door of the building waiting for me to pick them up. I immediately knew these were meant for me. When I opened up the papers while riding in Metro Blue Line, I saw two full pages right in the middle of the papers devoted to the story of a young woman struggling with schizophrenia – with all her delusions about non-existing people and so on (such as her delusion about belonging to a gang group when the gang group had never existed). I knew right away that this was the last attempt by the same old folks in the Agency to retain me – to persuade me to accept my fate as a fake schizophrenic and to thereby be content with a life in a fake reality or prison of deception. This wasn't the first time they – or the Department of Homeland Security for that matter – tried this technique: implanting news – real or fake – in *Los Angeles Times* or on Internet news sites to try to make me look like I suffered schizophrenia while at the same time passing a message to me! That is, pernicious as it sounds, the Agency had developed a secret message system modeled on the delusions of psychotics so that the recipient of the messages, when receiving messages and understanding so, would look like he was delusional and thus be shut in upon himself, unable to make anyone else believe that an intelligence agency was really communicating with him and that all was not his delusion only. He would be thereby rendered an obedient pet, carrying an unspeakable burden.

This is the last time that the old folks in the CIA clandestine service would try "Plan A". "Plan A" was safer than "Plan B", and that's why they were trying it until the very last minute. At the same time, the CIA

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

seemed to be giving me a warning out of courtesy. After all, while I was in Taiwan in October 2007, I did tell Wes over international phone call that, if the Department of Homeland Security lied to the Chinese government about my case – that I merely imagined up the FBI investigation, the CIA recruitment, and the Homeland Security vengeance – the Chinese government would not believe it, given their awareness of at least the outline of my case. The old folks in the Agency could have hypothesized that I made the call purposely in order to provide a warning to Mr Secretary: “Don't lie, or else...” He didn't listen and so disaster followed. Since “Plan A” was what they preferred, the Agency's officials could afford to reciprocate the warning: “Don't go, or else...” And I didn't listen and so disaster was about to follow.

My flight was in the morning, and, although I arrived in LAX very early in the morning, it would turn out that my flight was delayed. Waiting for it was a very unpleasant experience, for the entire China Eastern staff had been replaced with Homeland Security bum “clandestine agents”. They seemed to have come from all corners of the earth, they even included Hispanics, but, curiously, there were no Chinese nationals among them. I still couldn't escape Mr Secretary's tactic of evacuating my entire environment and then filling it up with his bum actors and actresses recruited from the ghetto. All the passengers that were lining up for the delayed flight also looked tremendously ugly, signaling that they were actors and actresses temporarily recruited by Mr Secretary to occupy the space around me. There wouldn't be any real passengers on my flight.

And so we waited and waited. Finally, when everybody was allowed to board the plane – it was already past noon – we could not do so directly from the airport. Mr Secretary had regarded me as so grave a threat that he had parked the airplane in the middle of the airport, so that all the (fake) passengers and I had to get on a bus and be transported to the middle of the airport to board the plane. You simply have to understand Mr Secretary's personality, namely his constant need to prove himself to be intellectually superior in front of his neoconservative clique, especially in front of his Boss the Vice President. He thought he could have shown off to his Boss what a master of deception he had become in being able to deceive the Chinese intelligence, and yet he was deceived by the Chinese intelligence instead. He was all the more ready to buy into CIA's scenario that I had orchestrated the whole thing and had deceived and entrapped him, because, by regarding me as a super evil genius, he could avoid recognizing himself as negligent, not very detail-oriented – and stupid. He now regarded me as the gravest national security threat that had ever appeared in the history of the United States – given his conviction that I had planned the whole thing and the fact that the United States had never suffered this kind of damage in its entire history – rather than admitting that he had made a mistake. Even at this point our Secretary of Homeland Security wanted to act according to the image he had constructed of himself as the extremely “security minded” Homeland-Protection Tzar – the way in which he had been getting the media to portray himself, even though he had come onto the scene purely through his political connections and knew not a thing about securing anything, let alone a nation. He wanted to look like he

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

was being extra careful with this incredibly evil genius who could single-handedly sink the greatest superpower in human history, and so not only had he evacuated the entire airport and hired tens of thousands of movie extras to fill up the whole place, but he had also thoroughly bugged the Chinese airliner and moved it to the middle of the airport, making sure that I would not come into contact with any real person but only with his actors and actresses. Just like before, Mr Secretary could only distinguish his clandestine operations in terms of the scale of mobilization, not in terms of the quality of operations. All the participants with a functioning brain, such as the Agency's officers, knew that such mobilization and evacuation was a waste of money only and had nothing whatever to do with the threat I was posing – which consisted simply in using the Internet to expose Mr Secretary's criminal intent – but no one said a word, now that everyone was hurt by my exposure.

The flight was extremely boring. I was sitting with a Taiwanese woman who apparently worked for the state of California. Only the airline stewardesses were pretty and looked real – that's probably because they were all MSS spies sent in to replace the original flight attendants. Our airplane was a Boeing 767, and it had to fly over Japan before landing in Shanghai. As I have mentioned, this fact was important because it was in this way that Japan could enter the lawsuit on the side of the United States.

It should be noted that, as soon as my plane had taken off, the entire staff of the International Court of Justice and all the parties involved – around several thousand intelligence and government officials from a dozen countries – would also be on their planes flying to Shanghai with me. Not to mention the vast number of Homeland Security “operatives” whom Mr Secretary would also import into Shanghai after me.

When I descended my plane and walked to the custom, I showed my American passport to the Chinese custom lady. She was pretty and polite and wearing the most beautiful uniform. You recall that my passport number had been the greatest mystery for me. The custom lady however merely glanced at it and, stamping it, permitted me to go through. I stood outside the big airport for a moment smoking cigarettes, then came inside again, exchanged money, and went outside to take the bus that was to take everybody to downtown Shanghai. As soon as I boarded the bus, however, I noticed a Chinese agent, a rather sneaky-looking middle age man, taking a glance at me but then turning his head to avoid eye-contact. That was a MSS surveillance agent.

It was now late night, December 30, 2007. When I arrived at the hostel “Etour”, I immediately noticed that something was up. A Chinese police officer had been sent in to stand guard at the front gate, and he immediately recognized me when I came in – he was waiting for me – and greeted me full of smiles as if I were the most comical figure he had ever seen. He had obviously been briefed that a terrorist suspect – one who had caused such an international uproar – was to lodge here, and had found it too comical that a massive joint operation between East and West – around ten countries – had been mobilized to create this fake hostel just for him. It was really the lawsuit which had caused such

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

mobilization, not the extent of the supposed “threat”. And so I walked in and made my tour through the place. My heart sank, for the place was almost certainly a Homeland Security fake reality setup. It was filled with vulgar-looking youngsters, all of them either on their laptops or listening to iPods. I was now reminded of how, during the second half of December, even when I discussed my stories at those Chinese Internet forums like 5281, Homeland Security “internauts” would replace the regular users and use their handles to post fake responses to my posts. I had now come to terms with the reality that Homeland Security had after all succeeded in persuading the Chinese government to “cooperate” with them – I was as yet unaware of all the struggles which I have just narrated that were going on in the International Court of Justice. I was about to find out that the “cooperation” had occurred on an unimaginable scale: Homeland Security had not only taken over the hostel and remade it into a fake, but had also occupied all the key components of Shanghai's infrastructure (e.g. the Shanghai Telecom) in order to control all my communications. In fact, Mr Secretary had flown into Shanghai around 20,000 or so “movie extras” of his ready to remake every environment into which I would enter into a fake. Again, from his point of view, such mobilization was justified on the ground that I constituted the gravest threat the United States had ever encountered from a single person in its history. While he (or rather the Agency and the State Department) had originally forced the Chinese government and the MSS to agree to such massive “cooperation” by invoking UN Resolution 1373, his purpose was obviously not to help Chinese neutralize the threat I posed to China but to neutralize the threat I posed to the United States. Although the MSS itself would also participate, the vast majority of the participants in this “Operation Shanghai” would be supplied by the Department of Homeland Security.

When I woke up on the morning of December 31, I would begin to identify who was who in this fake hostel. Eventually I would be able to ascertain that two of the fake hostel employees came from the MSS – “Xiuxiu” and “Lingling” were their names. Then, I concluded that most of the fake lodgers from Western countries were “movie extras” supplied by the Department of Homeland Security. A few other fake lodgers were however supplied by the Canadian agencies: one of them even left his RCMP official headshot on the public computer in the hostel for me to discover later on. I have never been sure whether the several fake lodgers from Germany and the Netherlands were temporary actors recruited and brought in by Homeland Security or whether they were actual German and Dutch agents posing as travelers. I would become sure within a week, however, that the Japanese travelers in the hostel were definitely Japanese secret agents. In other words, the hostel was simply a mad house of secret agents from around the world – even if well over half of them were make-shift operatives brought in by the Department of Homeland Security – and Shanghai had become, because of the enormity of the case, a mad city of intelligence agencies from around the world. I'm telling you something about the magnitude of what was happening: never before in the history of humankind has something like this occurred – as if this terrorist threat was so great that the intelligence agencies of the entire northern hemisphere except Russia all had to be mobilized. What had basically happened was that any intelligence service or security agency which was party to the lawsuit had the right to participate in “Operation Shanghai” and operate on me: DHS, CIA, FBI, RCMP, CSIS, BND, and the

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

other intelligence agencies of the rest of the Western alliance.

The positioning of the several other Chinese fake hostel employees however thoroughly perplexed me throughout my first week here. They did not seem to work for the MSS, nor were they brought in by Homeland Security. They were Chinese government agents who took orders directly from the Chinese president and seemed to be working against the MSS. Somehow the Chinese government was per force split on my case: while the MSS stood their ground in their opposition to the Allies in this legal battle, the rest of the Chinese government had somehow distanced itself from the MSS and was forced to help the Allies. Something had gone wrong with the MSS, and so face-loving was the Chinese government that it had disowned its own hypocritical MSS and had set up a counter-MSS operation of its own. I didn't know that I was witnessing the full implementation of "Plan B".

The CIA sting operation, December 31 2007

I was assigned a room upstairs which I shared with five other fake travelers. When I woke up around 7 AM on December 31, I came downstairs and ordered coffee at the spacious bar lounge which dominated the bottom floor of Etour. A young Chinese girl in her early 20s was working at the bar – it was Lingling. I began chatting with her in Chinese; she was very smart and sleek, but told me that "I didn't look Chinese with my big nose". I didn't know as yet that she was a MSS operative and was communicating to me a "secret message" – that "defection" was suddenly not a done deal anymore. After this, I went to the front counter and made a phone call to Ms Mermaid. She however did not want to meet today, which thoroughly puzzled me. After slight hesitation, she suddenly said, "Oh, because today's weather is bad." "What? Today's weather is bad?" I exclaimed unthinking at this cryptic message, stunned because the weather outside was perfectly fine, sunny and all.

Although I was still unaware at the time of the vicious lawsuit going on in the International Court of Justice, I did develop, given the enormous resistance which both Homeland Security and the Agency had put up to my trip, the impression that some sort of argument had broken out between China and the United States. Perhaps they were arguing about some treaty, I thought. A treaty about "defection", I thought naïvely. It was evident that the Chinese had caught Mr Secretary lying about me and that the United States was in consequence terribly embarrassed. But I couldn't yet guess what could be going on beyond that.

I was then further perplexed when I checked my Gmail account on the public computer at the hostel. I saw Jennifer Day's email inviting me to her upcoming concert. I was absolutely bedazzled. Why would the Invisible Hand order his agent to send me an email when he knew I was in China? Huh, I got it, it must be a test, I thought: he wanted to see whether I would sell out his agent's identity to the Chinese intelligence who were for sure monitoring my email communication right now and who he knew I knew had already believed my story. I promptly deleted the email from Jennifer without ever opening

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

it. In reality, the CIA was running an important sting operation on me, and it had just failed. But another, far more important one was coming.

Working at the counter was “Xiuxiu” – the other MSS operative I have mentioned. I developed an immediate liking for this good-looking twenty five year old girl upon my first sight of her. I singled her out from among all the (fake) hostel staff members and asked her for her name because I noticed intuitively that she had a very pleasant and generous personality. Her face instantly brightened up as if a sleeping beauty had just been kissed and awakened by prince charming. In retrospect you can easily guess why. The perception had already been going around among the MSS operatives that I was a hero to China and a genius who had planned the whole affair to help China. The Agency's tactic had succeeded, that is – and to the detriment of the MSS, as you shall see. Xiuxiu simply couldn't help feeling fortunate to be eyed by the hero, even though trouble was coming near.

Two other fake hostel employees whom I should mention at this point are Guoming and the fake hostel manager. Guoming was a twenty something girl wearing a pair of funny black frame glasses, and the fake hostel manager was a short but stocky man with a shaved head. These two operatives were from the “other side” of the Chinese government – clandestine operatives whom the Chinese government had set up to work against the MSS. Guoming would be pleasant toward me, but the fake hostel manager seemed to harbor a deep sense of hostility toward me.

I then went out and made my tour around the beach of Shanghai, looking at the sunny sky and feeling scared because I wondered whether it was because Ms Mermaid had found me too boring that she had come up with such an idiotic excuse not to meet me. While I was amazed by the beauty of the architectures and scenery all around me, I was also upset by the evident fact that Homeland Security had already recruited locally or imported from the states quite a few Chinese people to carry iPods and wear earphones as a way to either conduct surveillance on me or to decoy me. Quite a few Homeland Security Chinese recruits were also photographing me on the streets – just like Homeland Security had done back in the United States. First the Homeland Security fake hostel, and now this. I was thoroughly disappointed that the Chinese government did have to cooperate with Homeland Security after all.

The United States had also obliged the Chinese government to conduct several tests on me while I was touring downtown Shanghai during my first morning here. A Chinese guy ran past me shouting some sort of patriotic slogan at me, and then a file of soldiers marched past me. I didn't particularly respond to the setup; I was just curious of the soldiers of “People's Liberation Army” – because it was the first time I saw them in person. I didn't know that this was a test to see whether I actually loved China or hated China – this was the first sign of the implementation of “Plan B”. You will understand the purpose later.

When I returned to the hostel in the afternoon, I showed Xiuxiu the small gift I had especially

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

purchased during my first morning tour to please her – I don't remember what I bought her, but, though small and cheap, it was pretty and cute and was in a nice wrapping. I had already an inkling that she was from the MSS, because her pleasant personality stood out from the ambiance of vulgarity which the other Homeland Security movie extras who had occupied Etour exuded. I was being reminded of how Homeland Security tended to immediately reveal the one CIA jewel among their midst during their “exercise” back in the autumn of 2006. I was now beginning to understand the nature of the conflict that was going on behind the scene.

That night – it was the New Year Eve – because I was still hopeful that Homeland Security may soon be gone, I was in a good spirit and not too vigilant, and that's how I fell into the sting operation. When it was late and I was passing through the courtyard returning to my room to sleep, a Chinese man suddenly beckoned me to join him. He and his girlfriend were sitting around a huge cooking pot together with the fake hostel manager, everyone having drinks in hand. I should have known that all this was a setup, that they were only pretending to be celebrating the coming of the New Year. Since the man never formally introduced himself, I shall refer to him as “Wuming” (“Nameless” in Chinese Mandarin: 无名). He seemed to be in his late 30s, rustic looking and heavy-built, very masculine, with a semi-shaved head, while his girlfriend was a beautiful and slender Chinese woman in her early 30s. In the beginning Wuming was mostly talking to the hostel manager as if they had been old friends, but later on he suddenly turned to me and began talking to me. He was clearly up to something as he tried to lead me to express patriotic feelings for China. He began referring to me as his “Taiwanese compatriot”, asking me whether I knew the criteria which distinguished the North from the South in our “ancestral land” (祖国). I thought I knew the answer, and replied that the North was distinguished by the Yellow River and the South by the Yangtze River. He affirmed that this was not correct, and proceeded to teach me the proper way by which to distinguish between China North and China South. I no longer remember what he had taught me; I remember only that, after instructing me, he commented with an evil smile that the Nationalist (Guomindang) didn't teach me right. “The Nationalists have ceased to exist a long time ago,” I joked. As you can see, this was clearly another test to demonstrate that I loved China and hated my Taiwanese past. Since I was merely a guest here and had as yet no experience as to how people here really thought of their country, I just went along with whatever he said for politeness' sake. He seemed to have succeeded in demonstrating I loved China, although it was not quite clear whether this meant I had abandoned my loyalty to Taiwan. Then, Wuming began suggesting to the manager – it's all an act of course: “So, Big Brother, when it's Chinese new year let's drink at your place.” I was in such a playful mood that I joined in uninvited, shouting, “Okay” (好). Wuming turned to me and said, “What are you okaying about?” regarding me as more pathetic than humorous. There was enough indication that something was not right here, but I simply wasn't using my head: both Wuming and his girlfriend looked at me as if I were a piece of delicious meat to be devoured, while the hostel manager seemed to regard me as a nuisance who had brought troubles to his country. Wuming soon repeated to the manager that they should gather for a drink during the Chinese new year, and I again joined in

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

uninvited: “Okay”, upon which Wuming repeated to me, “What are you okaying about?” After this Wuming inaugurated the climax of the show: he turned to me and remarked with confidence that, while China was now rising, the United States was now sinking, and then shouted, hitting his right fist on his left palm and trying to lure me to agree: “[China should] bomb America, bomb America!” I, however, became extremely uncomfortable with his overt aggression toward the most terrifying nation in the history of humankind – it’s probably safer to insult God in this way – and, feeling unable to concur even when politeness required thusly from a guest, mumbled, “The American government is very scary!” (美国政府是很可怕的) In other words, I ended up hinting to him that he should watch his mouth. “Scary...” Wuming murmured in disappointment, but he then quickly resumed, commenting that China's gross domestic product had already surpassed that of Germany, that it would even surpass that of the United States in a decade or two, and that China should therefore fear nothing from the United States. Thus he made his final move: “Therefore you should defect to us” (我看你還是投奔我們好了), making a gesture of “coming over” with his hand. Since my goal was precisely to “defect” – my highest expectation – or at least to live in China as long as possible without the Department of Homeland Security intervening in my life any longer – my lowest expectation – I said, “Okay! So how do you obtain the Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate?” That was my original plan, remember? If I could succeed in getting the Chinese government to not cooperate with Homeland Security, then I could become repatriated as some sort of Chinese citizen through this certificate. But, upon hearing me, Wuming simply dismissed me, saying while waving his hand, “That's your problem, you have to figure it out yourself!” I was totally surprised by Wuming's noncooperation and disinterest, for I had really believed that the MSS had prepared somebody to help me. I thus shouted innocently and like an idiot: “Really, really, I saw it on the Internet. Since China considers Taiwan as part of itself, it considers Taiwanese citizens Chinese and not foreigners!” Wuming's girlfriend however also repeated Wuming's dismissal, and she did so in her not-so-fluent English: “That's your problem!” Meanwhile, both of them were smiling mischievously at me. I knew that something was strangely wrong here, and so fell silent for the remainder of the night. Wuming and the fake manager then continued their chitchat until 3 AM in the morning, later joined by another Chinese fake hostel employee whom I shall nickname “Lin” for convenience's sake. They were all laughing happily and looked so normal that you can never tell that People's Republic of China was now in the midst of a crisis. Don't these people care about their country? No, they had strict orders from above to enforce international laws, whether it meant good news or bad news to their *patrie*. The only thing that caught my attention in the hour-long conversation which ensued among them was Wuming's mentioning at one point: “So, Big Brother, do you remember the time when we were both in the army?” “You are a military officer?” I suddenly lifted up my head and asked Wuming. That seemed to have got on his nerve, and he just looked away without answering me.

I could not sleep at all that night, terribly bothered by the mischievous smile of these two mysterious figures, Wuming and his girlfriend. I contemplated all sorts of scenarios in my head – I was making my

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

first step toward figuring out the major international development that had taken place in secret because of my flight to China. The next morning – it was now January 1, 2008 – Ms Mermaid came to the hostel to pick me up and proceeded to take me on a tour through Shanghai. She behaved completely normal. All along the way she would recount to me the major events of her life, but I had difficulty in paying attention to what she was telling me, being extremely bothered by what had happened last night. It got even stranger for me when she told me that, last night, she *almost* developed the idea of taking me out for dinner. Almost? And why didn't she? Apparently, the MSS had wanted her to take me away from the sting operation, but was obstructed by the United States. While we walked around, Homeland Security people frequently showed up to photograph us. I had no idea that the United States had just obliged the Chinese government to cooperate by digitally altering these new photographs of me in order to prove Mr Secretary's scenario that I was not myself but my twin brother! At one point, while we were sitting together at a popular tourist destination full of people, Ms Mermaid asked to see my cellphone, suggesting that she could perhaps activate my phone for use in China. Really? But I brought this cellphone here from the United States! She took out the SIM card from my phone, removed the SIM card from her phone, inserted her SIM card into my phone, and then turned on my phone. It of course could not have worked, so she simply put her SIM card back into her phone and said nothing more. I found her action extremely strange, and didn't yet know that the MSS was now in such a difficult and embarrassing position that they had to pretend to be investigating me, including instructing Ms Mermaid to download information from my phone.

A very important clue that I had yet to catch up upon occurred that night when I was walking back to the hostel. A car was parked near the entrance of the hostel and inside sat a man, his right hand still on the steering wheel and his face full of worries. He was past middle age and was wearing a white shirt and a dark suit. He was obviously sitting here to conduct surveillance on me, and yet he looked the other way to avoid eye contact with me. I merely glanced at him and tried to avoid eye contact with him also because I had intuitively realized that this Chinese man was a high ranking officer from the MSS and that his sad and worried expression was a sign that something was gravely wrong. I quickly walked past his car and hoped that nobody had noticed that I had noticed that I was under surveillance, for it seemed that I was not supposed to notice it.

After I came inside the hostel I began feeling increasingly uneasy. I simply couldn't avoid the suspicion that my encounter with Wuming last night was a sting operation which had not turned out in my favor – and I had been alarmed enough by all the unfavorable signs I saw around me for the whole day. Terribly frightened, I walked to the front counter and, upon finding Xiuxiu, whined to her, “I'm afraid to go back to the United States...” Xiuxiu stared at me with her mouth wide-open, seemingly terrified. She was terrified because I was giving out signs that I was knowingly conspiring with the MSS in a scheme to escape to China while leaving the United States totally damaged. It looked furthermore as if I *knew* she was from the MSS and I was begging her for help. All this was extremely bad for the MSS.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

The next two days, Wednesday and Thursday, I started job-hunting in Shanghai. I had begun to fall in love with this beautiful city called Shanghai, for the people were just so pretty and fashionable. I had really developed a wish to find a job and settle down here. But now my misery would begin. Mr Secretary and his Homeland Security thugs would begin to orchestrate a complete breakdown of Shanghai's infrastructure whenever I tried to use any part of it.

Fathom this: finding a job is all about using machines. In modern times you simply cannot go on living without manipulating machines day and night. Foremost was the Internet. Homeland Security had already set up their control center at Shanghai Telecom and installed on the Telecom's machines the LAN administration software system which they used at home to obstruct my Internet activities. Whether I used the Internet in cybercafés or in the hostel, as soon as I started searching for jobs or sending resumé's my Internet connection would malfunction – in the same way which I have described earlier in regard to my attempt to post links to my website on other people's websites or in online forums. All kinds of nonsensical error notices would pop up when I attempted to save my resumé's at job-search sites or to select jobs, etc. My Internet connection simply couldn't pass through Homeland Security's man-in-the-middle blockage.

While becoming increasingly frustrated, I also became increasingly anxious when the Chinese population here began looking unwelcoming to me. On Wednesday afternoon, when I was having a meal in a restaurant near the hostel, I discovered that I had run out of cigarettes. There was a middle-age man wearing suit jacket sitting behind me and smoking, and I went to him to ask for a cigarette. “Give you a cigarette? But we don't know each other...” he said to me while frowning. Embarrassed, I swiftly withdrew. Minutes later, when I was walking back to the hostel, a group of children came to me smiling and laughing and continually threw at me fliers advertising cheap airline tickets. Although they were full of smiles, they seemed to be telling me to leave China. When I came inside the hostel I lay on the sofa for an hour reflecting on this incident, the incident of the cigarette, and the incident involving the SIM card. Then, thrill came up my spine. I became afraid of the MSS: they didn't seem to want me here, I shouldn't even know that they might be involved, and the Chinese people didn't seem to want me here. The man from whom I asked for a cigarette – that might be a MSS officer conducting surveillance on me. Why was he looking all worried? And why did he refuse me by reminding me that we didn't know each other? And the children with the fliers – were they actually sent here by the MSS to hint to me that I wasn't welcome anymore? Homeland Security had frequently used children in their operations on me, and, given the sneaky and smooth manner in which the MSS operated – I had begun getting a taste of the Chinese intelligence service from the way they had been running surveillance on me – I wouldn't be surprised that they used children as well. And then I thought further: Why would Ms Mermaid care whether I had a cellphone in China? She clearly had an ulterior motive. It occurred to me that she was actually downloading data from my cellphone. Namely, all the numbers I had ever called. But why? Had her MSS handler instructed her to do this? Why was the MSS treating me like an enemy and downloading my data? As I

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

became increasingly afraid of playing around with the unfamiliar Chinese foreign intelligence organ, I realized that it was probably better to pretend to not suspect that they were around me at all. I then also considered the possibility that Ms Mermaid might belong to a criminal gang. Falling prey to criminals – which had not been a thing to worry about ever since Homeland Security had enveloped me in their fake reality prison house – had once more become a real possibility in Shanghai. I haven't mentioned how, within merely three days in Shanghai, I had already seen one pick-pocket running away from the police and encountered another middle age lady who, pretending to be a preaching Buddhist, tried to scam me by surreptitiously asking me for my banking information. In addition, everyone in this city wore his or her backpack in front in order to avoid pick-pockets picking from behind. The city was a jungle full of petty criminals and scamming beggars despite Homeland Security's secret occupation. Now putting these two fears together – that I had better not know about any MSS business and had better watch out for scammers – I decided that guarding against Ms Mermaid as a possible criminal while hiding my suspicion of her connection to the Chinese intelligence service was my safest option. I had begun to feel uncomfortable about running to China in search of a safe haven – perhaps I was bringing disaster to China?

I got up from the sofa and, settling down in front of the public computers, began researching the function of the SIM card – I had up until then no idea what it was. Then, after a while, I ran to the fake hostel employee Guoming who was sitting by herself at the bar to tell her about how “my tour guide had stuck her SIM card into my cellphone” and so on. I had to put up an act, disavow all my inkling about Chinese intelligence service's involvement, and reinterpret everything suspicious which Ms Mermaid had done in terms of criminality: Hysterical and frantic, I told Guoming how Ms Mermaid seemed to have wanted my passport number on purpose – how her wanting it to reserve a hostel room for me was merely a pretext – and how she even wanted my phone number two nights before my flight... Why would she need my phone number in the United States? Did she want to call me from China? Could she be part of an organized criminal group looking for stupid and innocent foreigners to scam? Could she be actually downloading data from my phone, such as my bank account number and Personal Identification Number, which could have been stored in my cellphone when I checked my bank account balance over the phone? Seeing me going frantic, Guoming, however, produced a big smile and began to actually look relieved. She comforted me and assured me that everything was okay, and then spent some time explaining to me what a SIM card was. After this staged show, I lay down on the sofa again for a brief nap. An hour or so later, I woke up and went to the computer stations to research more on the function of SIM card.

Thursday would be another day of frustration for me as my attempts to find employment continued to be thwarted by the complete breakdown of the city's infrastructure whenever I touched it. When I located another opening position with a local company, I knew that I had better not try to submit my resumé online, and so I decided to fax it to them instead. That way I wouldn't have to worry about the

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

breakdown of my Internet connection. I ran around the blocks in downtown Shanghai and finally found a small store that had a fax machine, but, as soon as the lady working there faxed out my resumé for me, she received a call from the company saying their fax machine had suddenly broken down. As I should have expected! Then, in the afternoon, I found an Internet cafe near the beach. I got on the Internet, and, soon, when I surfed onto Professor Wong's blog, I noticed that he had posted a message yesterday in which he described how a Trojan horse had infected his computer and locked up his latest manuscript. Strange, I thought. When I was translating my story "My experience.." into Chinese early December, you recall, my word document was also locked up in exactly the same way (permission for read only, no write permission). This would be another important clue for me as to what was going on behind the scene.

When I returned to the hostel that night, Ms Mermaid called to tell me that she wanted to take me to the art district of Shanghai on Saturday for a tour and asked me whether I could get myself a sketch book and make some drawings in it so that, in case we should run into some art dealers, I would have something to show. During our last meeting I had expressed to her my wish to find work in Shanghai, and now, curiously, she was suggesting that I work as an artist in Shanghai.

On Friday, as soon as I woke up in the hostel, I would discover a massive change of attitude among all the people around me. It was now January 4, 2008. As soon as I saw Xiuxiu sitting at the front desk I could tell that something "good" (from the perspective of the MSS, that is) had happened. Xiuxiu told me straightforwardly that, at the street corner one block away from the hostel, a street vendor sold Taiwanese style breakfast for only three Yuan, and I promptly followed her advice and went. I found the vendor and ordered a meat wrap. When I sat down to eat it, however, a one Yuan coin suddenly popped out from within. I stared utterly bedazzled at the Chinese lady who had just made my meat wrap: she was busy about with her cooking seemingly oblivious of her mistake – that she had just left a coin in my food. Meanwhile, another Chinese guy sitting in front of me – young, probably in his late 20s – suddenly lifted up his head, looked at me for a second, and smiled happily. I was in fact quite nervous, but tried hard to look normal, and just said calmly while putting aside the coin: "How strange is it that one Yuan would appear from within my food. Perhaps 100 Yuan would appear from my dinner the next time." I was nervous because I wasn't really sure what was going on. Was the coin in my meat wrap an accident? Or did the Chinese lady do it on purpose? In reality, this Chinese guy eating with me was another MSS agent and the MSS was secretly communicating to me in ways which were standard among themselves. As you shall see, I had begun to have serious problems with the way in which these Chinese intelligence officers communicated "secret messages" to me: their messages were too subtle and too indistinguishable from ordinary accidents and meaningless everyday utterances, completely unlike the way, more familiar to me, in which the CIA communicated messages (e.g. metaphors in Jehovah Witness' "Awake" or in newspaper articles). The MSS' "secret messages" would always cause me headache, and, even if I could figure out that the MSS was communicating something to me, I could not be sure whether their intention toward me was benign. Thus, this "message in a coin" completely confused me and frightened me for a while since I couldn't be sure

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

whether it was a good sign or a bad sign (from the perspective of my interest, that is).

When I returned to the hostel, I complained to Xiuxiu about my difficulty in finding employment in Shanghai because every machine, as soon as I touched it, would immediately malfunction. Xiuxiu of course must know that this was due to Homeland Security's obstruction of everything I wanted to do from the control center they had set up here in Shanghai. More and more I became certain that my original intuition was correct, that Xiuxiu was, among all the Chinese fake hostel employees here, the one secret agent from the MSS, and, not yet understanding the situation in the International Court of Justice, I wanted to get some sympathy from her in regard to my frustration with living in this "Homeland Security real world prison house" in which I couldn't freely use any machine and from which I couldn't seem to escape even by coming to China. Although Xiuxiu was a very sympathetic person, she couldn't particularly say anything comforting, probably because she was so obliged under the terms of this "China-Allies joint operation" ("Operation Shanghai"). I then asked her about the office where I could inquire about obtaining the "Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate", thinking that the only remaining way out of the grasp of Homeland Security was reentering China as some sort of Chinese citizen – because, I supposed, the United States wouldn't have the authority to run operations on a Chinese citizen in China. I was also testing my idea with Xiuxiu. Xiuxiu responded positively and quickly found the phone number of the government office in Shanghai that handled Taiwanese affairs. She then let me call the office from the phone on the front desk. But there was no answering.

And so I hanged up and started chatting with Xiuxiu again, but, just then, the phone at her desk started ringing. She answered it, acted confused for a second, and then passed the phone to me. When I answered it, the lady on the other end asked me whether this was a certain hotel in Shanghai. I was again bedazzled and answered no. But, after I hanged up, I suddenly had an idea – I started to have an inkling as to what was going on – and I called up again the Shanghai Office for Taiwanese Affairs. The same lady who had just called answered my call, and I proceeded to ask her about the procedure for obtaining a "Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate". I told her that I had a Taiwanese passport, and she asked me: "Do you have a Taiwanese Identification card?" "No. But I have my household registration." But she stated that wasn't enough, and then told me that I needed to reenter China not using my American passport. "Does going to Hong Kong and reentering China from there count as 'reentering'?" I asked. "Yes." "But what about not having a Taiwanese Identification card?" She told me to reenter from Hong Kong using only my Taiwanese passport and, once in Shanghai again, to simply apply for the Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate at the office here. I was quite surprised to hear that – it seemed that, at times, the rule didn't have to be so strictly adhered to. It was such a good news.

Then, I took care to follow Ms Mermaid's advice, went to an art supply store nearby, and bought a small sketch book. Outside the store, across the street, I noticed a sedan with tinted windows parked along side the sidewalk. Some important people from the Chinese government wanted to take a look at me, I could feel it. The same big splash as in autumn 2006, except that this time it was in China. This was clearly a sign that

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

the MSS had just been saved, just as the MSS official conducting surveillance on me from his car on Tuesday night was a sign that they had just been damned. But I couldn't yet comprehend how. When I came back to the hostel I asked Xiuxiu whether I could draw her a portrait, but she adamantly refused. I was surprised – but there was a very good reason for it, namely, that she was a MSS secret agent and didn't want her likeness to be captured. Meanwhile, Guoming was also sitting at the front desk, and so I asked her, and she agreed. I thus drew a portrait of Guoming. (See Chapter 1 Appendix.)

That night – my first Friday night in China – I called up Professor Wong from the phone at Etour's front desk. He was quite friendly, and we arranged for me to go to Hangzhou to meet with him the following week. Then I went to sit by the bar in the bar lounge. There were one middle-aged American man and another vulgar-looking, thirty something American white dude sitting to my right side. Lingling, who was working at the bar counter, furtively warned me “not to converse with 'that American man' because he was quite mean this morning when he came in”. I erroneously thought she was referring to the middle-aged man, even though, as I would learn from Xiuxiu the next morning, she was really warning me about the vulgar white dude. I'd soon see the purpose of the warning.

Right in front of Lingling, this vulgar white dude – I immediately recognized that he was a Homeland Security agent, and, typical of Homeland Security agents, he had his MacBook in front of him with iTunes on the screen – started shouting at me, something like: “I wanna kill you... Maybe the next time when I run into you in the hallway I'll kill you... You are a bad person, you are an awful person... And now you've got yourself into deep shit, and the only people that can save you now are those you are pissed with...” Then he came over and, although clearly intent on striking me, restrained himself and only knocked off my hat. “I don't know what you are talking about,” I replied, completely mystified by his unprovoked aggression. At the same time, he seemed to be purposely warning me about something, and, as I started understanding his hint in terms of the scenario which had suddenly come to me in the morning when I called up the Office for Taiwanese Affairs, I began to feel frightened over the possibility that, perhaps, what was happening now wasn't exactly in my favor. But this Homeland Security dude's threatening behavior simply angered me and so elicited the opposite response from me. “You don't really think you are scaring me, are you?” I shouted back at him. If we were in the United States, I would call the police on him for threatening to kill me, but, typical of my reserve, I did nothing – which was a mistake. A moment later, however, into the bar lounge walked another white man around 40 year-old, and he said to me while looking very disappointed: “My name is 'Joseph' [or whatever: I don't quite remember what he said his name was], and I'm from California, United States.” He then walked away after looking at me one more time with an expression of utter disappointment. While I felt nothing but defiance toward the Homeland Security thug, I felt a deep sense of guilt this time. This man's extraordinary disappointment caused me to realize that, somehow, I must have caused the United States a major setback vis-à-vis China. The comment of the vulgar Homeland Security dude – let's call him “Grey,” since he would be around during the whole time I was in Shanghai – that I was a “bad person” was another major clue for this. Everybody in the US government knew that I only ran to

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

China because Homeland Security's mental health alerts back home had painted me in such a negative light with its character assassination that I had to get to a place where there would be no alerts about me, where I would have a chance to not be mistaken as a "bad person". Specifically, "Grey" seemed to be referring to my email to Karin on December 26 in which I wrote "I wish you won't think of me as a bad, bad person." But now, apparently, "Grey" purposely affirmed the opposite of my wish in order to express his – and everyone else's – anger toward me, and why? It can only be that I had just caused a major catastrophe for the United States. I however found it strange that Homeland Security would have expected something different from me after what they had done to me. But "Joseph" was another story... Perhaps he was the "Invisible Hand" himself? Even though he didn't look sophisticated enough to be the "Invisible Hand", he was certainly a CIA clandestine service official.

As I continued to hang out in the lounge area, two more "secret agents" of the Western alliance came to chat with me. I had heard that Shanghai was an exciting place with all sorts of bars and dance clubs, and so I asked them about it. One of them, the guy, was from Czech Republic – I guess then the Czech Republic had also joined the lawsuit on the side of the United States – but I don't remember where the other person, the girl, came from. They spoke to me in perfect English, and asked me why I was in Shanghai, as if they were conducting an interview with me. I gave out my same old story that I wanted to find jobs and live here. This couple were secret agents trying to collect evidences from me, such as my admission – or any hint – that I was conspiring with the Chinese intelligence service to run away from Homeland Security. But I didn't say anything along that line, and they recommended to me a few famous night clubs in town. I hopped into the taxi and told the taxi driver to take me randomly to a nice dance club. Since I had picked out the dance club in random, I could enjoy the authentic, unadulterated club ambiance for about 10 to 15 minutes. After that, Mr Secretary's Homeland Security "Shanghai Operational Unit" would have enough time to mobilize, and send in, a large troupe of "fake people" to fill up the club, so that I wouldn't come into contact with any "real" Shanghainese – since there would hardly be even room left for breathing. The "fake people" or temporarily recruited movie extras, as always, would be vulgar-looking young foreigners, so that it wouldn't require much intuition to single them out from among the flashy and attractive-looking "real" Shanghainese. At one point, a muscular American black guy blocked my way, staring at me viciously and hoping that I could be provoked to hit him first. But I simply stepped aside. He was obviously angry with me because he had been briefed about how I had secretly collaborated with the Chinese intelligence service to sell off the United States in a scheme to defraud the International Court of Justice – and how I was still "acting" to bail China out even after the Chinese spy chief had been caught cheating. This must have been what the rest of the movie extras were told when they were recruited as operatives to neutralize the threat I was posing to the United States.

The next morning, it was the same thing: disappointment and frustration all over the Allied side. As I

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

sat in the bar lounge by myself in the early morning drinking my coffee, a short middle-aged man from Quebec invited me to sit with him, saying he was an artist who was here to show his works in Shanghai. He tried hard to lure me to speak French with him, and I did. Of course I knew that he was a Canadian secret agent working for the Allies, possibly from CSIS, but he was a very patient man, and spoke to me softly, without the aggression and disdain which “Grey” had displayed on the previous night. Although I only had a vague feeling about this at the time, this “Quebecker artist” was inaugurating a new series of aggressive operations against me. What are you here for, he kept asking me in French. To look for a job, I replied. You don't look like you are here for touristic purposes, he said. I said nothing in response, just feeling shy because my guilty feeling from last night still lingered on.

After this I went to chat with Xiuxiu at the front desk. Talking to her would always help me dispel doubt and discomfort from my mind because, given that she had a kind heart and was a good person, as long as I didn't get disapproval from her, then I would be good in the eyes of God (or in the nature of things). Just then two Japanese youngsters walked into the hostel, one male and one female, both in their mid-20s or so. While the guy began flirting with Xiuxiu in English trying to reduce the room price by 5 yuan (!), the girl turned to me and started asking me in Japanese: “Are you Japanese? Do you speak Japanese?” (*Nihonjin desu ka? Nihongo ga dekimasu ka?*) I knew immediately that they were Japanese secret agents – Japan's contribution to the Allied team – and that they were here to gather evidences about my multilingual ability (in this case, Japanese) just as the previous Canadian agent was trying to demonstrate that I could speak French. Although I didn't yet understand the purpose of this operation, any idiot could guess that going along with whatever the United States and its allies wanted me to do was probably not good for me. Although I could read Japanese most of the time – thanks to the large body of Chinese characters in Japanese formal writing in combination with the few years I had devoted to learning Japanese during my late teens and early 20s – I had only a rudimentary understanding of spoken Japanese – which however did not preclude me from understanding the simple questions which this Japanese secret agent girl was asking me. But I pretended to not understand what she was saying – which was a good decision, for, as I would later learn, the United States would exaggerate any understanding on my part of merely a few words of a given language into my full fluency in the language. After the two Japanese youngsters spent 15 minutes trying without success to lure me to speak Japanese with them, they left, and Xiuxiu commented how strange it was for the guy to argue so long about merely 5 Yuan. “They are here to test you,” I said, even though I knew they were really here to test *me*. The Japanese guy was of course just acting, and he was a very funny and smooth talker, at one point even saying to Xiuxiu in Chinese, “I love you,” as part of his attempt to persuade her to reduce the room price by 5 Yuan.

I hanged around Xiuxiu for another while. I was in a state of indecision and couldn't help asking her about it: should I go to Hong Kong and “swap citizenship” now? If I did that would I be able to see those people again to whom I felt attachment (i.e. Karin, my old psychologist Deborah W, and Wes)? Xiuxiu listened, but I didn't tell her about my real worry behind the whole matter, which was that

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe
Chapter 1: Agency's sting operation
By Lawrence C. Chin
May 2008, March 2011, August 2011, December 2012, December 2016

having Chinese citizenship might mean that I couldn't leave China ever again, especially given my “troublesome status”. I couldn't tell her that I wasn't completely confident that China would be a friendly environment for me because I wasn't really sure what was going on, even though I had good “hypotheses” in mind. Xiuxiu comforted me suggesting I should just do whatever was enjoyable at the moment and leave the rest to nature. I trusted her suggestion and so just said, “Good idea; then I shall go to Hangzhou to meet with Professor Wong first and worry about going to Hong Kong later.”

Ms Mermaid came minutes later, and she took me on a tour through the art district of Shanghai just as she had earlier suggested. Although I had brought with me the sketch pad with Guoming's portrait in it, we never had any use for it. The art district was basically a long series of work-live studios in which artists painted and lived. During the weekends they would open up their studios to let visitors see for themselves how they worked. The same “open studio” or “art walk” was of course common place back in the United States, but the quality of the works of these artists in Shanghai were quite extraordinary. By the end of the tour, as we were walking back to the bus station, Ms Mermaid suddenly said something very worrisome to me. She was kind enough to not charge me for this tour, saying she decided to do me a favor. This was of course a bad sign: the MSS was trying to compensate me for something. She gave me some references for finding employment in Shanghai – some websites and the email address of a British guy who was partly Vietnamese and who she said was a friend of hers from work. Then she suggested that I should just enjoy my tour for a week or so and then go home. I was quite alarmed: something was going on, something not in my favor. The Chinese government, or its spy chief the MSS director, did not want me to stay here.